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one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MAY 1958
FIFTY CENTS



IS YOUR CHILD

A HOMOSEXUAL?

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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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

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EDITORIAL

With both Democrats and Republicans on its staff, ONE is strictly non-partisan in all political issues not explicitly effecting homophiles. Unemployment does effect many homophiles now. Whether or not the country is hovering on the brink of a "hair-curling" depression, the situation is already rough for many individuals.

Without reading statistics, we see the evidence in our office. People come to us daily for help in finding jobs—an especially trying task for many homophiles. ONE, Incorporated isn't exactly an employment agency. But we do what we can. Usually just a bit of free advice on how to go about looking for work. Sometimes we actually can place someone on a job. Our contacts are as limited as our time and resources—and both of these are in very short supply. ONE was founded "to aid in the social integration of the sexual variant," among other things. Job placement is but one of many tasks implied by this for our Social Service Division.

In times of recession, or whatever you call it, members of variant or minority groups tend to be hardest hit. Those who differ recognizably from the norm are likely to be "last hired and first fired." Many homophiles are, partly for this reason, in peripheral employment already, in jobs that are always unstable and seldom protected by unions.

It's hardest on those who are easily recognizable, whose appearance gives them away—whether by inborn peculiarities or deliberate mannerisms. It's worse for those with a police record, whether or not they committed any real offense against society. And anyone who has once lost a job on suspicion of being homosexual probably still carries the Mark of Cain.

That Mark of Cain tends to absolutely close certain doors to most job-hunting homophiles—all security-classified jobs for example, as if homophiles really threatened their country.

But the Mark burns deeper than many realize. When job shortage makes suspiciousness general it isn't only the swish that suffers. Any unmarried individual is likely to be reminded of his or her "abnormality" when applying for employment.

Certain jobs seem to open naturally to homophiles. We have to find means to steer individuals toward those jobs. More than that, we must begin the long, hard struggle for job equality, just as other minorities are doing. This is a Social Service function few other agencies will touch, for the present at least. It's up to us.

Lyn Pedersen, Associate Editor

To the parent of a Homosexual



by Ruth M. Friedman

"What have I done wrong?" Or, "For what am I being punished?" Have you not asked these things of yourself at one time or another, because you are the parent of a homosexual?

Science tells you—"You have been too prudish." Science tells you also that—"You have been indiscreet. You have denied and/or indulged, suppressed, stimulated," and so forth ad infinitum. These contradictions don't make sense, do they? So, what are you to believe?

We are living in a time when science seems to be put on a pedestal much akin to the pulpit. The spiritual seems to be of secondary or no importance. What God creates seems to need an excuse.

You are the parent of a son or a daughter. Whomever, they love, does not make them any less your children or you any less a parent. If you were horrified at the first disclosures of their homosexuality, or if you were enraged, bear in mind that they too may have been. It's not always easy to learn that you are "different," that you are one of the people smut magazines write about, the churches deny, the majority scorns, ridicules and often despises. No. It is not always easy to be homosexual. So, if you've made the discovery of homosexuality in your child and found it hard to live with, hard to accept, remember what they may have gone through to resolve their decision to live in a way that is, to them, entirely normal—and decent—to their nature. This does not make sense to you? Let us put it this way then: if I were to approach you with the preposterous suggestion that you live a homosexual life, you would be horrified. Wouldn't you? You might even strike at me. Your sense

of decency would be outraged. And why shouldn't it be? I would be asking you to live absolutely contradictory to your nature; asking you to violate the inherent morals conducting your life. It would be a desecration—and not less. Why should it be different with the homosexual? Why should he be ordered to do something which to him is appalling? or unnatural?

If he or she has told you the startling truth that they are homosexual, be gratified in the assurance that they trusted you enough to confide in you. Had they used subterfuge, your love and trust in them might have been more apt to injury, that is, if discovery were made in another way. And, perhaps, in your case it was. But was he or she entirely to blame in keeping the secret from you?

I like to think of love as a kind of bridge, secure and high—where understanding may cross confidently and without fear of that bridge crumbling. I think that if your son or daughter does not share with you, reveal to you, the most important thing in his or her life, you have in some way weakened the bridge or shaken the understanding. Often as a result rebellion occurs: captiousness — promiscuity — parental hatred — etcetera, or, the more introverted: self-condemnation — distrust — suspicion — vulnerability — etcetera, which lead again to more pronounced social problems and other unacceptable and unwholesome manifestations.

It is understandable that you suppose yourself the parent of an unusual type. Homosexuality has always been a kind of weird unreality that exists on the "other side of the fence," a hypothetical fence that skirts on "other" horizons. "The idea!" you declare, "to not be like the Jones' is unthinkable!" Some of you are not

remotely aware of the number of Jones' who are among homosexual people. And why *should* you be aware of it, when only the overt homosexual is recognized by you. A lesbian friend of mine, well dressed, with a captivating smile and a propensity for striking up friendly conversation, had this to tell me. "We'd been talking at length, this matronly lady and I on a bus, about some movie or other we'd both seen and somehow the conversation drifted. The lady leaned over to me in a confidential manner and said how she 'met the strangest thing last night at a bridge party.' Apparently the 'strange thing' had short hair, a deep voice, was husky and ostensibly single. 'Could tell right off she was one of those queers. I can always tell. I don't know why—must be a second sense, I suppose.'" The woman descended the bus after this startling untruth and after having expressed a sincere hope of meeting this friend of mine again. "Such a sweet and charming person you are, my dear," she had said to her. "So nice to meet a friendly person once in a while in this cold world of ours." Had she known that she was speaking to a young lesbian who is a tireless worker in a homosexual organization, it might have come to the woman as a bit of a surprise. To learn that homosexuals are not so dreadful or "apparent" as she supposed, and that homosexuality is not synonymous with the hairy-lipped female—the smooth cheeked male of a "twilight world," would have, I think, shaken her somewhat.

In the several families I have known in which a homosexual was a member, no family was either different from or similar to the others in any way. One such family I know is aware their son and brother is a homosexual. His loneliness had gotten the best of him, he told me. There was no one at home with whom he could talk

intelligently about his homosexuality. I suggested that he was jumping to conclusions and that he hadn't given them a fair chance. But he was convinced and, after all, he knew his family better than I. And so, ultimately, he sought escape from his little prison of secrecy in the "gay" bars. Whether it was the "gay" parlance he had begun to use or the peculiar friends (who frequent the bars) he had brought home occasionally that revealed him, is not known. But it is certain that his parents, an older brother and a sister are aware of it. It is neither discussed nor ignored. A stiff unnatural courtesy is evident; understanding is not. The atmosphere here might be compared to the neon light at high noon: taut, ineffectual and pathetic.

Another family I know (after their daughter ventured to tell her parents in her effort to seek togetherness) shrugged indifferent shoulders, so to speak, and attributed her "attitude" to a prolonged adolescence. They suggested that she had not yet recognized the qualities of the male. Contrary to this opinion it may be said that the homosexual has an exceptional empathy with people of the opposite sex and that, in view of this, the family was not being objective.

The father of a young homosexual I know pitches his tent in the "let-well-enough-alone" camp, and is content that his son lives in a city miles distant. He sends an occasional check to his son to insure financial ease and make sure, at the same time, that the boy doesn't make an unexpected appearance due to economic problems. Only the father is aware of his son's aberration. There has been no incident or trouble to suggest an exposure. The man's apparent cowardice has distorted his rationality and destroyed the true relationship with his son. No effort is made here to understand. In

a way the man is using his own device to cut his own throat.

Another family (whom I see often) endeavors to "put a light" on the heretofore unknown subject. They read books on it—books that have been recommended by their son. (Who knows better than the homosexual himself, a subject that has been so close to him?) They hear his problems and try to solve them. This is the kind of family illustrative of the slogan—"The family that prays together stays together." It is always a pleasure to visit this family. They are a wholesome, happy group; intensely interested in life and always eager to solve its problems if they can.

But, of course, there's the brain washing of the old school—the sex taboo, the very fear of the word itself. It is time then to prove our capacity to get into the meaning, to understand, to peel the veneer from the word and examine it in its true light. Words are rather queer implements, after all. If we were to use protestant to mean homosexual, can you imagine how it would sound to you? If female were used to connote lesbianism, the word would be voiced in low undertones.

To the popular mind sex in a homosexual relationship seems to be ranked first in importance. But it is ridiculous to consider it in this light alone, when a healthy minded person knows that any "marriage" (and I use the word to connote the union of two people) does not rest on sex alone. Any wholesome and true relationship is comprised of companionship, friendship, mutual understanding and interests. It is so in a sound heterosexual union—why would it be less in the true homosexual relationship? If it is sincere?

Indeed, how can a well-rounded relationship with *you* be reached without sincerity? Honesty is a necessity if you want your son or daughter to be

a member in good standing with your family unit and, thereby, in all of society. It stands to reason he or she can't be true to himself if bluffing becomes part of his make-up. Values are bound to weaken.

A long-term homosexual relationship is a truly beautiful thing. It is living proof of a love surmounting tremendous odds. To begin with, the church does not sanction it; it doesn't have the—as yet—alliance of society and children will never bless it. Only love (and it must be strong) can weld the homosexual union. Perhaps you wonder how God can honor such a union in which the blessing of offspring is lacking—and you feel sure that the purpose of marriage is implicitly for this. Yet, how many marriages do we know that have not been so blessed? But this opens a whole area of discussion and cannot be dealt with in one article.

It may be said here that forcing the homosexual to marry does not correct the aberration and it does not insure offspring. Or, as in one case I know, a lesbian friend was persuaded by her parents to marry. She did. Soon afterward a son was born to her. But the joy of her parents was only half-lived. Her true nature was playing havoc. As a result her husband became an alcoholic. Fortunately she met a woman with whom she fell in love, got a divorce from the father of her child and went to live with the woman. The true reasons for divorce never came out in court and she was awarded custody of her son. The child of course, is destined to live without knowing, or having, the full father-mother relationship. Perhaps some of you think that your son or daughter will become reconciled to the heterosexual marriage—when once the plunge is made. But if it doesn't turn out that way, are we being fair to the possible offspring?

A homosexual fellow once told me

that he always felt he was cheating his mother and dad. "How?" I asked. "I feel I don't give, or know quite how to give something of myself," he said. "I think it's because I can't tell them anything and share the important things with them. Naturally when I'm with them I'm not completely happy. What else have I to give without it?"

Keep in mind that it is not a sin your son or daughter is guilty of committing. It is not as if he were simply a wayward child, obeying a caprice when the feeling strikes him; being obstinate and "fashionably different." These are sophomoric characteristics and not to be confused with the true homosexual who is the way he IS and the way he MUST be. If he or she faces a reprimand for debaucheries you may be sure opprobrium will be paid. But I sincerely believe that the number of debauchees, homosexual or heterosexual, might be greatly reduced if family esprit were practiced more.

Whether the phenomenon of homosexuality is acquired or inherent has never been proven, despite conflicting professional opinions. I choose to think that environment and heredity is one house, heredity the structure; environment the decor. Both are conducive to each other and are an integral part of the Big Plan. But this is the author's opinion, intended merely as an illustration. Whether this view is right or wrong is of no concern here. What does matter—and a great deal—is a true family unity in spite of deviations.

Contrary to popular thinking then, and contrary to scientific theories, we would do well to follow the dictates of our own God-given conscience and intelligence. It is time to put God back in the pulpit and science back into the congregation. In society as it is today, it is up to *you* first and foremost, both as a parent and an individual. You owe it to yourself and to your family.

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

Six people rode in the car traveling from San Diego to Los Angeles. There was a father and mother of a fourteen-year-old boy in the front seat. The boy's grandmother and two younger sisters sat in the back seat. The girls in back chatted gaily about their visit to the San Diego zoo, while upfront, the passengers were quiet, the boy staring out at the passing countryside.

Sixty-three miles from San Diego, the father slowed down the car as they passed through a town. "Old Mission San Juan Capistrano," he spoke aloud. "I think, for a pleasant experience, we should all visit this religious shrine."

Ye gods! thought David as they left the car, now we have to visit old grave sites and holes in walls that were made by characters long dead.

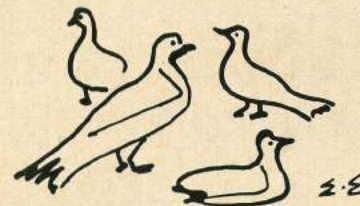
"You have to pay to get in?" asked the grandmother.

"Yes," the man replied. "But, it is for a worthy cause. I'll give David the money and let him purchase the tickets for us this time."

Big deal, the boy thought, as he went through the entrance ahead of everybody, with the money clutched in his hand. He purchased the tickets, gave the change back to his father and passed out the fifty cent tickets and guide maps to the family. As he gave the last ticket to his sister, it slipped and fluttered to the ground at his feet. The girl stooped to pick up her card; and as she did so he saw three words printed on the back in large black letters: VAYA CON DIOS.

"Go with God," he translated aloud, proudly.

"You go," she said. "I'm going with Mom and Dad," and she ran to join the four ahead.



by Arnell Larsen

David walked slowly after them, reading the rest of the printing on the back of the cardboard ticket. *Mission San Juan Capistrano. Founded November 1st, 1776, California.*

The swooping of wings startled him for a moment as he saw the fluttering of white doves all about him. Then he opened his map and guide pamphlet and traced with his finger, the numbered course he was to follow in order to be able to see just about everything. He walked slowly forward, not caring how far away his family might be. He read to himself. *Number One. Fountain and the famous white doves of San Juan Capistrano who will greet you and eat from your hand.*

His feet crunched on the white gravel as he walked up close to the fountain and watched the splashing of the water over the basin rims. Crowds of the white doves swarmed down and about the feet of the sightseers.

He turned and headed Northeast, reading. *Two. Bells have hung in this Campanario since 1813. Originally, they were in the bell tower of the great stone church which was destroyed in 1812.* He stared at the four bells of assorted sizes, which had cracks and patches of green in the metal. The bell ropes seemed rotting, but they still held strong. The end of the bell rope trailed down over the ivy covered wall and to the ground. He started to move forward and then he read the small sign close by which asked the public to please not pull on the bell rope, for their ringing bears a special significance to the town of Capistrano.

Three. This statue is in honor of the founder of the missions, Junipero Serra. He saw the statue of the Padre speaking to an Indian boy in front of him. Then, David read the placque in the stone base and glanced back up again. It's a real nice statue, he thought, but the birds, the damn birds ain't got no manners. They can sure mess up everything.

David read: *Four. Ruins of the great stone church. Construction was begun in 1797, and work continued for nine years. It was dedicated in 1806. The beautiful building was destroyed by earthquake just six years later.*

David blinked his eyes and stared harder at the piles of ruins of the church formation. The entire ground plan of the church was constructed in the form of a gigantic cross. Such a pity it was destroyed, he thought, and then a second later, now why am I feeling this way? What's it to me?

He saw people pointing up to the remaining front wall of the church and he read his guide. *Five. Many of the nests of the famous swallows are to be seen on the side arch of the ruins of the great stone church. The swallows return from the the southward every year on St. Joseph's Day, March 19th and repair or rebuild these nests. They remain until late Summer when they leave for an unknown destination to the South.*

So that's what those messy blobs of clay or whatever they are made of, are. They're stuck here and there all over the wall. I see steel reinforcements keeping the wall standing. I can still see some feathers clinging to the nests and blowing in the wind. Whoops here comes one fluttering down now. I'll see if I can't grab it for a souvenir. Walking past the boundary line, he grabbed the drifting feather in his hand and walked away with it, proudly. He stuck it into the pocket of the white sweater he was wearing.

This is March, but I guess we must have gotten here too early or something to catch the swallows' visit. Yesterday was the eighteenth and today, hey! Today is the nineteenth! No wonder there's so many people here. I don't see no swallows. Oh well, I guess those crazy birds don't keep very accurate count by the calendar. A lot of people are going to be wasting their time waiting around.

What's next? *Six. Public Rest Rooms.* Well, thank goodness they're around.

"Where's David at, Daddy?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know." The father looked back anxiously.

"There he is," said the mother, "coming out of the rest rooms. Darling, do you think we should go back after him and tell him to hurry along?"

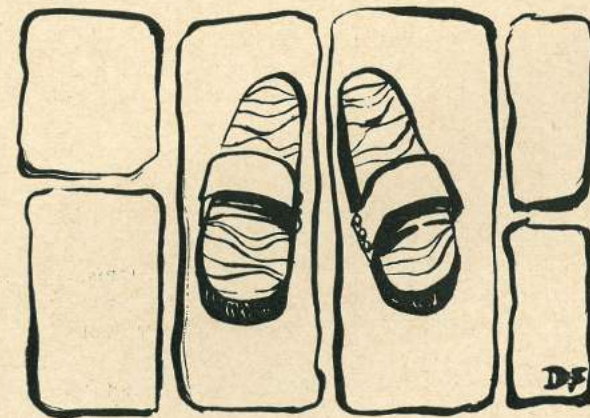
"No," answered the grandmother. "Let the boy alone. It is better for the boy to be alone for awhile. Maybe he can understand and accept the holiness of this sanctuary. He appears to be making the rounds, but slowly, and that means that he is at least interested."

David, not aware that he was the subject of conversation, headed north again along the hedged-in, uneven bricked walk. He turned West, then South again. *Seven. Sacred Garden. Note two fine old doorways opposite each other at this point. One opens into museum: the opposite one leads into the vestry of the old stone church.*

David did not know why he tip-toed into this four-walled enclosure, but he did. The ground was irregularly paved with brick, there were stone benches on either side, the bells were close at hand to be rung for the services. The young man did not loiter here for long. To his right was: *Eight. Sales room for articles of devotion, ceramic souvenirs, pictures and post card views of the mission, and Indian jewelry. Proceeds of sales help to repair and maintain the old buildings of the Mission.*

David by-passed this and went on to: *Nine. Exhibit Room Formerly the community room where travelers of early mission days were entertained. Note unique ceiling of tile laid on beams, the deep recesses, barred windows, old tile floor, and great thickness of walls.*

Here, David noticed all the objects and curiosities with great interest. In particular he noticed the footwear of the Padres. Soles carved out of wood and leather bands attached across the tops of these to keep the sandal on the foot. A far cry, he realized, from the soft leather used in his own loafers. He was aware then of the courage of these men of God, and how they probably never dis-



courage themselves over the trifling things that he was constantly falling victim to.

Ten. Vestment Room. Old brocaded vestments, bell wheel, madraca, the hand carved wooden statues and other objects belonged to the original church. And through the sealed-glass cases he saw some of the fabrics that were many years old, falling to rot. One human's touch would crumple so many of these objects into dust, he realized.

From here, David moved North again to *Eleven. This is the oldest building in California. The only remaining church in the State used by Junipero Serra. Contains one of two original confessionals, the old stations of the cross, the candlesticks, torches, processional cross, altar card frames, statues and pictures saved from the earliest days of the mission. Original Indian decorations are preserved wherever possible. Building is narrow because no longer beams were obtainable in this area.*

Almost with a feeling of reverence, David entered the church and immediately his knees felt weak and he sat down on one of the scarred, hard wooden straight-backed benches. He was amazed at how old, and yet, how holy the interior of the church still remained. Coming in, he noticed the sign which told how this church was still being used for services.

A woman glanced back to see him sitting by himself in the rear of the church and when he saw her looking at him, he quickly buried his nose in the guide booklet and read of what followed next. *Twelve. The beautiful Spanish altar, over 300 years old, came from Barcelona, Spain.*

He looked up and there it was, right before his eyes at the end of the long aisle. It shone in the light of so many glowing candles in their red glass cups. Should I dare, he wondered. Yes, why do I hesitate? He walked rapidly down the aisle, almost running. But he couldn't get up close to the altar for iron grill work stopped him. "Darn," he said aloud and then clapped a hand over his mouth. Easy, David, have you forgotten where you're at? He lit a prayer candle, dropped to his knees and clasping both hands about the iron railing, he commenced to pray softly to himself.

"Oh, dear God. I'm such a sinful boy, I know." He rolled his eyes upwards. "I hope I'm getting through, up there?"

"I say nasty things that I really don't mean after I say them. Things get on my nerves and I become irritated and grumpy. And I take it out on everybody else.

"And those dreams. I know that they must not be fit for young boys to dream of, yet, why do I dream them? Where do those cock-eyed ideas come from? I don't think they're really, really crazy, yet, after I dream about them I feel good, satisfied. I know you must be angry about my telling you these things, especially here in church. But I'm all mixed-up and I feel I have to tell somebody and I can't tell anyone in my family.

"Alright, I'll admit it, 'cause you must know already. I like men, I like them a lot. I wish I had half a dozen for friends, real good friends, even one would make me so happy. I wouldn't care how old he was, just so he would be my very special friend, all my own, too.

"I would hug him, and kiss him, and hold him in my arms, if he would let me? We would do anything for each other's happiness and I would be so proud and pleased. But, of course, such men may not exist. Where could I ever find such a person and would he like me?

"Maybe my dreams are crazy old dreams. Maybe I had better shut up. There are people coming, I can hear them, so I guess I will close now."

David rose to his feet and then knelt again. "Forgot to say thank you. That's for if you can do me any help, if you can." He got to his feet and then knelt suddenly again. "Oh, yes, and amen, too."

People came into the entrance of the church and David left quickly by the side door. He had a strange feeling. He went next into: *Thirteen. Old Indian Cemetery.*

And there he saw the gardener.

He was bent over raking leaves from old burial mounds of the Indians. He did not see the young man.

But David saw him, saw the reddish-brown hands clasping the rough, wooden handle of the rake, saw that he must be in his late forties and that he seemed to be forlorn and forgotten by the world. I'll say 'hello' to him as I go by, he decided. I feel so happy after my prayer that I've just got to say something to someone.

The gardener evidently heard David come up behind him for he turned about suddenly with the rake still in his hands.

Gad! How fierce he looks, thought David. Maybe I should mind my own business before he takes a sudden notion to attack me or something. "Hel—Hullo," he said.

The gardener did not speak but only nodded his head in acknowledgement. The look he gave the boy from shiny-black eyes, sent little shivers up and down David's spine. His face was just as dark as his hands, if not darker and the seams in his face shone with little rivulets of perspiration. His nose, too, was sharp and practically hooked.

David smiled just a trifle bit and decided he had better go on about his business. He started to leave.

"If you are afraid of me, why did you say hello?" The gardener spoke in a voice that was thick and heavy.

"I'm not afraid of you, I—I just said hello." He was surprised that the man could see through him.

"Have you seen all of the mission, yet?"

"I don't think so. There are about twelve or fourteen places I haven't visited yet," he answered, consulting his guide.

"Would you . . . like for me . . . to show you them?" The gardener spoke hesitatingly.

"Well . . ." David answered, "I'm here with my parents." Still, he thought, I can't let him know that I'm excited and just a little bit afraid of him. Now will be a good chance for me to see how I react toward a stranger. "Sure, why not. You can be my guide and I won't be needing this," and he folded the map and guide pamphlet up and stuck it into his sweater pocket. He touched the small swallow feather and brought it out. "See what I caught floating down from one of the nests."

"Yes, they are to come back today."

"Well, they're kind of late, aren't they?" He noticed the sun starting to set.

"They will come," was the man's reply. The gardener placed his rake up against the side of a building and they started to walk away.

"Here, let me decorate your hat," said David. And he accepted the brown, stained, old felt hat the gardener held out to him. Quickly the boy stuck the feather into the fading brim and then handed the hat back. "There, now that feather will bring you luck," he said, grinning.

"I know I will be lucky," the man answered. He looked about them as they walked slowly and he pointed out the many objects of interest. "See there, three arches built at different angles from one column. And here, this building is the old warehouse, but it is used now for classrooms and a convent." They walked down the north corridor.

David heard much activity going on inside as sounds drifted out to him from the screened-wooden-barred windows. There was the clatter of dishes being washed. Then the two walked down a little incline of ground.

"Here are the ruins of the tallow vats. And it was here in the old mission that this section contained all the work shops. In these two vats tallow for mission use and for barter was made. Hides were tanned nearby. Weaving, dyeing and candle making shops were built in this area." He stretched out his hand to survey the location to David. They headed south again.

"There is the smelter where metal was prepared for making old locks, iron bars, keys and any other needs of the time. And that little building over there was the little kitchen used by the Indians."

"Oh, look!" David interrupted. "There's a pool with a little path of stones to the island in the middle of it. And a willow tree with branches growing all the way to the ground is on the little island. Why, it's like a tent. Let's cross over and sit under it for a moment, please. Just you and I . . ."

The gardener went ahead, obediently and turned to help the boy across the large, flat stones. They went through the branches and under the tree and they sat down on the cool, Spring grass. David could see out through the branches at people moving about the grounds and he wondered if anyone could see the two of them sitting under the tree. Then David felt the shock of the gardener's hand upon his head, smoothing back his black hair. He felt himself trembling inside and he reprimanded himself. I mustn't shake, I mustn't let him know I'm pleased and a little bit frightened, all rolled up into one feeling. Oh, I like his hand as it passes over my head, brushing my hair to one side. Should I reach up and touch his fingers, hold his hand? What do guys do in a case like this?

But David was so scared that he might lose control of himself and respond to the man who was sitting beside him, that instead of remaining calm and enjoying this feeling, he cleared his throat, leaned forward and pointed, "What are those things out there?"

The gardener dropped his hand away from the boy and he, too, cleared his throat before speaking for it felt suddenly dry. "Those are foundation outlines, and are all that is left of the work shops, hospital and storehouse of early mission days."

"Oh," David answered. Now I've made a mess of things. I had to go and move. He'll probably not touch me again.

He's flighty, flighty as a little swallow. But he'll learn, he'll learn in due time, the gardener thought to himself. He stood up and ran a hand through his own coal-black Indian hair and put on his hat with the so-called magical swallow feather. "Come, let me show you the calabozo where the unruly Indians were put as punishment."

"O. K." David got up and went with the man back to the mainland. But the rest of his privately guided tour and the special places of interest began to lose their interest for David. He now began to concern himself with the thoughts and emotions that ran through people's heads, his own included, and especially

of what went on in the mind of a certain gardener. They walked along the south corridor now.

"Here is the kitchen of the Padre's living quarters where meals were prepared for the Padres and any travelers who visited the mission." They went inside the old building. "See the old hewn shelves. This was the old storeroom for kitchen supplies. And here is the Padre's living quarters. The fireplace was put in in 1866. Here, looking out of the window you can see the olive and grain crusher. Olive oil was made here during mission days, and was used in sanctuary lamps, in the mission kitchen for cooking purposes, and as an article of trade with other missions and with the outside world."

They went outside. "See the old Indian chimney on the roof above? That is the original chimney. And notice the erosion caused by weather and time on these old columns, and the dripping of rain has created holes in the pavement for over a century and a half." He grew quiet then and his voice was replaced by the toning of chapel bells. "It's the Angelus ringing."

David stood still to listen to the evening bells. He heard the gardener as he sang the Angelus softly, in Latin.

The young man practically wept silently to himself, a thing that he had not done in several years. "How beautiful. How very sacred and beautiful."

When the pealing of the bells had died away, the gardener again tried to resume his discourse. "Over there are the soldier's barracks. Each group of missionaries were assigned a small troop of foot soldiers to protect them on their travels through the wilderness and to serve as guards, once the mission was built."

"Please, no more, no more," David suddenly bent down and kissed the weather-beaten hand of the gardener and his tears fell down, moistening the back of the man's hand. "I have to go now. I hear my parents calling to me over by the exit. You are a good and kind man. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for showing me the mission. Goodbye and thank you again."

David left the man then and came suddenly to a wishing well. He quickly took out a dime, made a fast wish and slipped it through the grating and down into the well. Then he spun about and ran back to the gardener who was watching him. He ran up to him and threw his arms about his shoulders and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, thank you," he whispered into the red-brown ears. Then David ran off, frightening a flock of white doves as he left the mission grounds.

"God love you," cried out the gardener to the boy as he disappeared.

Then the mission bells began pealing out their message. Clang-clang. Clang-clang. They were ringing their messages out joyfully. The swallows were coming back. The swallows were returning in flocks, they were coming back to Old Mission San Juan Capistrano.

About Our Authors

ARNELL LARSEN is a young author who is trying to have his five novels on the homosexual theme published. This is the first time a story by him has appeared within our pages. He now resides in La Crescenta, California.



Over on the far East side, lost
somewhere above the sidewalk
Sitting quietly and alone, suspended
in a crumbling pile of red bricks,
Perhaps there . . .

While on the outside in the cold street
crumpled and rolled,
Scattered by the wind, twisted, blown
and unread,
Following a hungry mother cat, a newspaper
Rides the dirty sidewalk, fulfilling its destiny,
Because . . .

It is very late night for some, or very
early morning for others,
Timeless for cats, the passing of time
for the . . .
Hungry, well-fed, thirsting . . .
Wait,
See there!

over on the east side

Out of a doorway, seen from suspension,
comes a straight-backed lad
To follow the newspaper that follows the
cat that follows . . .

(What is this process? The expanding and
contracting of muscles
Under the tight, blue, hue jeans;
Metabolism)

To be followed?

And, a doorbell rings, loudly,
repeatedly, vividly,
cacophony,
Unanswered.
Then there is another, to follow
The lad that follows the cat that follows
the paper that is crumpled and twisted,
And that follows . . .
All because a doorbell was rung

(Secret: there was someone
there, a loner; that's why
the doorbell was not, but . . .)

The entire day, tomorrow, or yesterday,
but never today, was interrupted,
By the lad that followed the cat
that followed the twisted, crumpled,
torn, blown, unread newspaper
In which, there was on, page sixteen an ad that

(a candle is now being lit to furnish the
light that will help
To think for the one that is sitting quietly
and above, alone)

Having forgotten the continuous pressing
of the door-bell button,
And having been forgotten by the hearer
of the bell,
Pursuit.

The hungry, crouching mother cat, turns, preys.
And now there is a dirty, crumpled, torn,
twisted, un-read, blown, newspaper
Which no longer follows or is followed.
Destiny, it looks will have to wait.
The ad on page sixteen said
What the quiet and alone and suspended,
searched.

Sleep will come soon for some, alone,
Longer away for others, together,
And for cats.

Sadness quietly crawled in through a
closed window and
Rested side by side with, when the
candle was . . .
As a partner to loneliness
A brother to loneliness
All of, as, a being, alone,
Over on the East Side, lost
somewhere above the silent sidewalk;
Here is obscurity, desire, truth.



Gordon Hamilton

DIRECTORY OF ORGANIZATIONS & PUBLICATIONS

From time to time a listing is made in these pages of the various organizations and publications throughout the world which are devoted to the interests of homophile men and women. While not pretending to completeness this Directory may serve as a convenient reference. It should also give indication of the scope and diversity of these world-wide activities.

These organizations fall into four general groupings: (1) the fraternal-social organization, as found principally in Europe; (2) groups aiming at social reform and education; (3) the secretariat, or coordinating-agency type; (4) the commercially-produced publication addressed to homophiles, as found only in Germany.

American readers will note with interest that in general the European publications are not sold publicly from newsstands. Their circulation is private, almost entirely. Inasmuch as all three American publications listed here have been sold freely ever since their founding on newsstands across the country nothing more strikingly illustrates the differences existing in the concept of freedom in Europe and America. Legal attacks, such as necessitated ONE's lawsuit against postal officials, are merely evidences of the attempted imposition of restrictions against a free press, a concept entirely alien to American traditions.

On the other hand, the regular social gatherings of the European organizations with men or women dancing together represent a type of activity possible in United States only in private homes. It is noteworthy, however, that even in the European countries where laws punishing homosexual acts between consenting adults have been removed from the statute books, the general attitude toward homosexuality is not always of the best. Readers will ask themselves which approach promises the better results—that one which says "society is as it is, let us eat drink, and be merry," or that one which says "eat and drink, if you like, but how can you possibly be so naive as to be merry while society yet, by its attitude, holds a sword of Damocles over your heads?"

BELGIUM

- * **Centre de Culture et de Loisirs (C C L)**
Postbox 1, Forest 3, Brussels
Holds meetings; publishes **LE LIEN**, newsletter in French and Flemish for its members, mimeographed, pages legal-size, fourth year.

DENMARK & ICELAND

- * **Forbundet av 1948**
Postbox 1023, Copenhagen K
Recently announced opening of clubrooms in downtown area. (Gany-medes organization, formerly active in Denmark and publisher of **VENNEN** was disbanded through action of police. Currently, notice is given of a "Vennen" with an address in Søborg.)
Publishes **PAN**, pocket-size monthly, in Danish; articles, poems, news, fifth year.

FRANCE

Club Littéraire et Scientifique des Pays Latins (Club de Paris)
162 rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris XIII
Holds regular meetings, lectures, hikes and picnics.
Publishes **ARCADIE**, a monthly in French; articles, stories, poetry, book reviews, occasional art work; includes an insert for members (photos, personal ads, news items concerning the Club); fifth year. Editor, André Baudry.

GERMANY

- * **Gesellschaft für Reform des Sexualrechts e. V.**
Grünwaldstrasse 78 I, Berlin-Schöneberg I
- * **Internationale Freundschaftsloge (I F L O)**
Postbox 1399, Bremen
- * **Verein für humane Lebensgestaltung (VhL)**
Kettenhofweg 46, Frankfurt/M
Publishes **DIE RUNDE**, mimeographed, 8 1/2 x 11 size, issued occasionally; articles and stories.
The above three groups also publish (at Bremen address) **DEUTSCHER GEMEINSCHAFTS BUNDESBRIEF**, monthly information leaflet in German, size 6 x 9; third year.

DER NEUE RING, Alsterchaussee 3 II, Hamburg 13, is an illustrated, slick-paper monthly in German, size 6 x 9; stories, articles, poetry; includes an insert, **APHRODITE**, for women, and personal ads; successor to **DER RING**, founded 1955. Editor, Gerhard Prescha.

DER WEG, Uhlandstrasse 149, Berlin W 15, is an illustrated slick-paper monthly in German, size 6 x 9; stories, articles, poetry, personal ads. Successor to **DIE INSEL**, founded 1951. Editor, Rolf Putziger.

HOLLAND

- * **Cultuur-en Ontspanningscentrum (C O C)**
Postbox 542, Amsterdam
Maintains clubrooms, including library and music room, open daily. Holds regular meetings, lectures, dances for members. Has branches in Arnhem, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht. Several branches issue weekly news bulletins, **DIE SCHAKEL**, in Dutch for their members, also containing personal ads. Membership in all branches exceeds 3,000 men and women. Publishes for members **VRIENDSCHAP**, illustrated slick-paper monthly in Dutch, size 8 1/2 x 11; articles, stories, poetry, book reviews, women's features; thirteenth year. Editor, Bob Angelo.
Foundation International Committee for Sex Equality (I C S E)
Postbox 1564, Amsterdam
Coordinating agency, including representatives from homophile organizations, also private individuals. Acts as clearing house for exchange of information, translations, and other items. Holds biennial International Congresses, one scheduled at Brussels Exposition, May 23-27, 1958.
Publishes monthly **NEWSLETTER** in English, legal-size pages, mimeographed; news items, articles, committee reports; also, **KURIER**, German edition of same, eighth year. Editor, Norbert Weissenhagen.
I C S E-PRESS is a news service in German, released regularly to over eighty newspapers.

NORWAY

- * **Det Norske Forbundet av 1948**
Postbox 1305, Oslo
Holds regular meetings, lectures and social events.
Publishes **KLUBB-NYTT**, monthly in Norwegian, legal-size pages, mimeographed, for members; stories, articles, poems, women's features; sixth year.
Also publishes **KRETS-NYTT**, monthly program schedule of club events.

SWEDEN & FINLAND

- * **Riksförbundet för Sexuellt Likabehandling (R F S L)**
Postbox 850, Stockholm 1
Holds regular meetings, lectures and social events.
Publishes for members, **FOLJESLAGAREN**, in Swedish, size 8 x 12, mimeographed; articles, reviews, women's features; fourth year. Editor, Gert Lantman.

SWITZERLAND

- * **Der Kreis/Le Cercle**
Postbox 547, Fraumünster, Zurich 22
Maintains club rooms for social meetings, festivals, plays, fashion shows, lectures, dances for members. Women excluded. Branch in Basel. Total membership about 2,000.

Publishes **DER KREIS/LE CERCLE/THE CIRCLE**, illustrated slick-paper monthly half in German, remainder in French and some English; articles, stories, poems, reviews, much art work; photo inserts and personal ads (**DIE KLEINE BLATT/LE PETIT FEUILLE**) for members; twenty-sixth year. Editor, Rolf.

UNITED STATES

Daughters of Bilitis

165 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco 2, California
Holds regular discussion groups, lectures, Gab 'n Java sessions, occasional social events. Membership about fifty.
Publishes **THE LADDER**, monthly, size 6 x 9, articles, stories, poems, some art work, reviews; second year. Editor, Phyllis Lyon.

- * **Mattachine Society, Inc.** (successors to Mattachine Society, 1950-53)
693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, California
Maintains offices open daily, library-reading room; discussion groups, monthly dinners, lectures, and an annual convention. Has Chapters in Denver, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco. Total membership about 115.
Monthly **NEWSLETTERS** published by several chapters, scheduling local meetings and containing local news items.
Publishes **MATTACHINE REVIEW**, a monthly, size 6 x 9; articles, news items, infrequent fiction or poetry, some art work; fourth year. Editor, Hal Call.
Also publishes **INTERIM**, a quarterly bulletin of Society business, for members only.

- * **ONE, Incorporated**—details found elsewhere in this issue.

- * Affiliated with **I C S E**

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tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

WABD-TV's **SHOWCASE** from NYC scheduled two panels on homosexuality recently. The first ran ok, with Gerald Sykes, author of **THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT**, Dr. Albert Ellis, author of the current **SEX WITHOUT GUILT**, and a national officer of the Mattachine Society, wearing heavy motorcycle-type goggles. Discussion leaned toward the premise that homosexuality is an unfortunate disease—more to be pitied than censored. Mr. Grau discussed Mattachine aims, said everyone was affected by problem, since there were homosexuals in every neighborhood and group.

Next day, a women's panel was to discuss female homosexuality, but a studio bigwig, reportedly upset by "lewd" suggestion that homosexuals "marry" one another, vetoed show and ordered panel to talk about something else—"doodles," for instance. Panel consisted of author Fannie Hurst, graphologist Helen King, psychologist Helen Handlin and one other who bowed out when the announced topic was nixed. Miss Hurst, moderating, kept her promise not to mention "that word," but publicly criticized the show for censorship. Doodle-analyst Helen King did drop the verboten word several times. Next

day, **SHOWCASE** director Lester Wolfe "explained" that Miss Hurst had given wrong impression when she suggested there'd been censorship—just that the Monday panel had already said all that could possibly be said on subject . . . Which must have been **quite** an accomplishment . . .

ODDMENTS

TIME and the papers really camped it up over the recent touching duel between lifelong friends, the Marquis de Cuevas and Ballet Master Serge Lifar, who'd become piqued at changes his wealthy patron made in one of Lifar's ballets. But after Serge—more experienced with epees—got nicked in the arm by the much older Marquis, they kissed sweetly and made up. **NEWSWEEK** added a further choice description of the lush robe and jewelled necklace the Marquis wore when he received reporters . . .

Few people noticed the small, stoop-shouldered night watchman in a Morristown, N. J., plumbing plant, other than a few drinking-companions at a bar down in the "Hollow." No one even knew how long he'd worked there. But when he died, at age of 78—he was

found to have been a woman . . .

Group of housewives attacking Marine Corps headman, Gen. Pate, for his year-old order shipping them home from Japan. Their presence, he said, interfered with the Corps' combat-readiness. They claim he also said something to effect that if the men got real hard-up, local gals could handle that. "Encouraging adultery," howl the irate wives. Like we say—some guys just shouldn't get married . . .

On complaints of some well-heeled chippies, charging that British bachelors (outnumbered by aggressive females) let their dates foot the bill, some members of Parliament are considering a tax levy on bachelors—who "have it too easy." One French film starlet who complained that in two months, not a single Englishman had offered to wine-and-dine her, said that about the only way to get one of these free-loading males to marry a gal would be for the gal to do the proposing. Tsk. Guess it's just a buyer's market, gals. Or maybe, what with such atrocities as "the sack," the British boys just don't find the female very appealing. Reported that Norway is already lightening the tax load on married couples with children, and laying it on the bachelors. Using taxation as a device to enforce conformity? In these days, when overpopulation is such a critical problem, and when every new child born adds to the cost of government, those who refrain from this mad production mania should get a bonus, instead off being penalized for NOT making things worse. I'm dreaming . . .

D'ja hear Jack Paar's crack on TONIGHT—"I went to a ballet last night—we can't all be Marlboro men"?

Has anyone seen the French film, RAZZIA, or the Herman Wouk play, NATURE'S WAY? Homo bits in each . . .

Syndicate headed by Ilya Lopert has paid 30 G's for rights to German film, THE THIRD SEX. Made by Veit Harlan, starring Paula Wessely, the film showed in Germany (after considerable interference by the Board of Censors) in an altered form under the title, DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME—ARTICLE NO. 175(referring to the anti-homosexual paragraph of the German penal code.) It describes a mother who arranges an affair with her son and a housekeeper in order to break up his apparent homosexual relation with another boy. The film has shown in many countries. It isn't yet known who will distribute it here . . .

Case against L. A.'s Vagabond Theatre (2 vicecops acted on "citizen's complaint" that French film, FIRE UNDER THE SKIN, was obscene, and raided theatre, ousted patrons, seized film and arrested managers) collapsed in court. After seeing film and hearing some testimony, judge halted trial and said not guilty. Coronet Theatre, similarly raided for showing the stark experimental film about homosexuality, FIREWORKS, got reversal of guilty verdict, and new trial when Judge Shepherd finally recognized Atty. Stanley Fleishman's argument that conviction was based on section of municipal code that does NOT apply to films . . .

SURVEY

PORTLAND, ORE.: Police arrest 2 men after long surveillance of parties at home of one. 26 minors (aged 14-20) including nine girls present at one time or another at

the parties, some of which included sex (with the boys only), home brew, dancing, and on one occasion, marijuana, allegedly. "Not all of the juveniles are cooperative," said juvenile division Capt. Robert Mariels. "Some are reticent in giving police information because of fear of reprisal, loyalty to the adults and in some cases, affection, and a fear of embarrassing their families and incriminating themselves."

It pays to have friends. Prior to his arrest for embezzling over \$7,000 of veterans'-home-loan funds "to play pinball machines with," Harry Ohlmann, Jr., was a Seaside, Oregon municipal judge. Without posting bail, Ohlmann was allowed to return to his office and home to clear up business matters, to play with his children, etc., and neighbors took up a collection to help him out. His lawyer said the case would be thrown on the mercy of the court. "Blessed are those who are merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." I wonder how forgiving a judge ex-judge Ohlmann was?

WASHINGTON: Air Force announced that a major, normally assigned to 81st Fighter Bomber Wing in England, was arrested in Dallas, Texas, on a morals charge. Described by Dallas papers as a nuclear physicist, the major says he has a wife and children in England. Held in custody at Hensley Air Force Base in Texas . . .

PASADENA, CALIF.: Christopher Mowry, an apartment owner of 600 Orange Grove Circle, complained to press that police and school authorities had conspired to suppress information concerning a school teacher whom Mowry says is unfit to teach. Officials denied charge, which they'd investigated some

time ago, when Mowry accused the teacher and another man of stealing valuable plants from his apartments. Police said Mowry failed to keep an appointment with them to sign a complaint. Mowry further charged the teacher was an ex-con and his "accomplice" in the alleged plant-theft a registered homosexual. School officials said they'd investigated the teacher's past, and tho the charges were true in part, they'd found insufficient reason for dismissal . . .

Sacramento anti-homosexual drive still boiling. More later.

U. S. Supreme Court recently ruled that Army can't use a soldier's pre-induction activities to decide what type of discharge to give, thus nixing the services' practice of discharging men on an "undesirable" because someone who knew them before they got into the service happened to let an address book get into the hands of the police . . .

COPS AND ROBBERS

You can tell the cops by the fact that they wear uniforms. But sometimes it gets confused. Not only do some shakedown artists pose as cops, as Miami Chief Headley said in the new CONFIDENTIAL, but some cops occasionally go in for shakedown and things. L. A. has a large police force, and on the whole, I think, a good one. Yet scandal after scandal has plagued Chief Parker's department, as his boys are found in robberies, shakedowns, cover-ups, and endless unnecessary shootings. Parker keeps throwing up a smokescreen by attacking the Courts for limiting police powers. Mr. Parker seems to feel that since his force stands almost unaided on the side of law

and order, there should be no limits to the methods they are able to use. What was good for the gestapo should be good for Los Angeles. The courts tend to think otherwise. Awhile back, when a congressional committee joined up with the chief and others to make a big noise about the dirty-picture traffic here, (referred to ONE also, as if there was some connection) the hearing was rocked by the charge that the cops were the biggest dealers in the business, selling most of the pictures they seized on raids. The committee didn't seem to find this charge interesting enough to investigate. More recently, during a similar big noise about the dope-traffic, the charge comes again, that the cops are in the business themselves, selling what they take away from more "amateur" pushers. Six officers were named. Of course, the charge might have been false, but before the interested Federal agencies could investigate further, the chief witness conveniently showed up dead. The Chief quickly issued a fat report clearing the 6 on both dope-pushing and any implication in the murder of their accuser, and asking, incidentally, for more law-enforcement funds. And so we get back to the difficult problem: So society needs guardians—but who watches the watchers?

OLESON & OTHER CENSORS

Local postmaster Oleson (who recently lost his effort to ban ONE, and who has been sniping at the Courts ever since) had tried several times to stick a certain outfit for dirty photos. Each time the courts denied the pictures were dirty. So Oleson tried a new tack, and brought charges of not living up to

their advertisements—that is, of NOT producing obscene photos!

Oleson and his pro-censorship allies are leaving no stone unturned to try to impose stiff new laws. Since the Courts have insisted on a rigid definition of obscenity, and since most present laws are vague and flabby, state and Federal legislative committees and citizens' groups all over the country have been weeping alligator tears over the amount of smut on newsstands and in the mails. Far be it from me to deny that a lot of stuff on the stands is smut, although obscenity is a very relative concept (we have only to remember what was considered obscene just a few years ago). And I am not convinced that reading a few mild obscenities can be the CAUSE of moral degeneration in a teen-ager. As Dr. Leo Pfeffer told the American Jewish Congress, "You can't set a valid rule for censorship . . . You have to take a proportion of trash with the good material. I have faith that the American people will siphon off and discard the bad."

Mrs. Paul Ashton mobilized 100 local organizations in Santa Barbara, Calif., to plan vigilante action against newsstand literature "deemed obscene or pornographic." She presented a resolution drawn by the Postmasters' Assn. congratulating postmasters on their campaign to stamp out smut, and soliciting the assistance of public groups and Congress to override the limitations placed by the courts.

In Salt Lake City, topcop W. Cleon Skousen asked the city commission to appoint a "Youth Protection Committee" to help police combat distribution of lewd magazines and books, and maybe to keep an eye on TV too . . .

The New York Legislature has approved a bill making it a misdemeanor to try to sell any book, magazine or film by saying it was banned in Boston or anywhere else, by in any way announcing that "the decency or morality of the same has been challenged in any court, by any board of review or by any group or agency." We'll see how long that stands . . .

SEX STUDY

Dr. John Beeston, associate professor of public health at UCLA, announced recently an extensive study of sex behavior of teenagers, to be coordinated with similar studies in St. Louis and Boston. Involves interviews with 120 lower-

middle income group high school students. "Youngsters either know a great deal about sex—or they know nothing at all. With detailed knowledge we hope to develop an understanding of how youngsters get to know about sex, then to plan a positive program to correct the extremes." Why is the study being carried out only in large cities?

Latest (Third) Kinsey Report previewed in March and April issues of McCALLS (the magazine of togetherness) and has little if any bearing on homosexuality. Deals with Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion. Hope the INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH can find funds to continue and publish the remainder of their prepared works, including several of direct interest to us . . .

PERFUMES FOR PERFECTIONISTS



Sophistication in the Latin manner;

Oriental splendors, softened by time;

Carnations bowing to the wind . . .

Five fine test fragrances will be mailed to you if you send \$1 to cover cost of bottles, packing and postage.

CREATIVE GUILD

P. O. Box 605, Springfield, Illinois

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

APHRODITE

The German homophile magazine, DER RING (now DER NEUE RING), has had a feminine section in its pages since the April/May 1956 issue. APHRODITE, as it is called, is about the same length as our Feminine Viewpoint, but it is always in the form of a letter from Alexandria, an airline stewardess, to her friend Dagmar, who is also an airline stewardess. The letter may deal with anything Alexandria wishes to discuss with Dagmar—a novel with a lesbian theme, news of a women's organization in Israel. There is always, however, a personal touch to these discussions. The following letter is a translation of the very first APHRODITE.

A Letter Instead of a Preface

Do you remember, darling friend, that particular summer evening when we were a little bit quieter and more tired than usual but very happy? We came to a cafe on the beach, and with a sense of great relaxation fell into the chairs. Do you still remember? We had spent the whole day on the sea in the light and air, sun and happiness of summertime. We had been swimming and sailing; we laughed and sang. And it was wonderful to see how you were completely gay and light-hearted, instead of displaying your usual shyness and reserve. It was as if you had completely discarded the winter and wanted to live only for the joy of summer. I can still see you standing on the deck of the boat, brown and shining in the beauty of your youth. You had put a "genuine" Indian turban on your head and made a little beard from cotton. You imitated Rabindranath Tagore.

*"Her laugh is hot and full of desire
But they cannot fly wing on wing."*

Even though these lines have so much tragic beauty, I still had to laugh. I shook so with laughter that tears came to my eyes and I collapsed on the deck.

And then we were at the little cafe by the water. As you were browsing through some magazines on a table, you suddenly picked up a plain looking pamphlet. A little magazine in a little format. You were leafing casually through its pages, becoming gradually more interested. When I asked you what it was that engrossed you, you replied, "Read for yourself, darling."

As you handed me the magazine over the table, I saw three colors, white, blue, and gold. In the half-light of the room, I spelled out its title. I handed it back with these words. "Oh, this is only something for men, Dagmar."

"Of course as we see it now, this magazine is only for men, but I must say I'm sorry it's only for men."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I wish we had something like this, even if it were just a little magazine, but something which belonged to us. For this we could—Oh, I don't know how to explain."

"You mean, Dagmar, something that would be honest about us?"

"Yes, I wanted to say that, and I'm glad you were able to crystallize my thought."

I shook my head. "But what help is all this, dearest? You still don't have your own magazine."

You sighed and answered, "A magazine for me, for us—such a thing will never exist!"

I took your hand and tried to understand your quick resignation. This negative dismissal is characteristic of you—to dispose of something with a few sentences. I had told you before how intelligent women with understanding editors and journalists had started in this subject. I had also told you about a particular magazine about us called *The Girlfriend* which you did not want to accept under any circumstances because you were so wonderfully young. Because you wanted me to, I promised to try to fill the gap in some way.

Nearly a year has passed, and now here is *Aphrodite*, a simple beginning. It is still not a magazine just for us, but it is still an addition to *The Ring*. I believe, darling, that we have our *Aphrodite* in good hands. This is not to say that we need a male guard, but the editor of even a small magazine has a lot of problems about technique, organization and journalists, and last but not least, material problems. You will agree when I say that to bring out a campaigning and idealistic magazine, three things are needed. First, money; second, money and third, again money.

But why do I have to bore you with these commercial things? For you it is enough that *Aphrodite* exists. It will come to you every month now. You can read it, you can give it to other of our women, and you may also, if you will, write for it. Do it enthusiastically and with the fire of your intellect. Many, many women may be happy about it; in the beginning only dozens, later hundreds, and eventually thousands. And I believe strongly that not only you and I, but also many other women like us have plenty to say on this subject.

Write your opinion about it soon. Write about *Aphrodite* and that which we wish and inspire in her. I take your little head in my hands and kiss you lovingly. A thousand greetings.

Yours,
Alexandria



BOOKS

THE SERGEANT

by Dennis Murphy,
Viking Press, \$3.50, 254 pp.

This is a first novel by a handsome young Californian. Readers may easily get the notion from the jacket blurb that the story actually happened to the author. The book comes complete with warm dust-jacket compliments by John Steinbeck, Mark Schorer and Wallace Stegner. For a novel entirely about a homosexual relationship (though no such word is used), it got a surprisingly agreeable review in *TIME*—which also fingered the book's chief weaknesses.

It is the story of a seduction that never gets beyond the drinking-buddy stage. Definitely not a "gay novel." It tells starkly, sometimes frighteningly, of a young soldier (real clean-cut type) in a bleak storage depot in France, prettily in love with a French girl (understanding type) and also pursued by his sergeant.

Master Sergeant Callan, of the book's title, a hero in the last war, a professional soldier, a stickler for military procedure, and something of a bastard, comes to the completely demoralized, slipshod depot and quickly makes himself hated and respected by enforcing regulations with a loud bluster. He takes the boy, Private Swanson, under his wing as Company Clerk, breaks down his resistance and carries him on a nightly drinking spree through neighboring villages. Sgt. Callan is feverishly

drawn to the boy, who is not entirely unwilling, but neither quite realizes what is happening. Their romance has all the tension and caterwauling of an alley cat courtship, and leaves as many scratches on all concerned.

The tale is well told. Suspense is heavy. And if Sgt. Callan is the sort of homosexual villain described by Norman Mailer in the Jan. '55 *ONE*, he is nonetheless drawn with sympathy. The ending is a bit like a muffed version of the *GOTTERDAMMERUNG*, but who expects decent endings today in novels on this subject?

Lyn Pedersen

IMPORTANT REPRINTS

Musil—YOUNG TORLESS
(paper-back)\$1.25
Peyrefitte—SPECIAL
FRIENDSHIPS\$4.50
Mackenzie—EXTRAORDINARY
WOMEN\$3.95
please add 15c postage per book

We issue regular lists of literature on homosexual themes and search for out of print titles in all fields.

VILLAGE BOOKS

116 Christopher Street, NY 14, NY

THE MOON VOW

by Hazel Lin, Pageant,
312 pp., \$4

In this second novel by a Chinese woman gynecologist a very similar Chinese woman gynecologist labors tediously to discover why a pretty young Peking bride refuses to go to bed with her husband. Dr. Lian-Hua Wu labors so hard in fact that for many months, she doesn't manage to get to bed with her own loving, sweet, understanding, devoted, virile husband for more than a few min-

utes at a time. However, these fleeting minutes are described in sufficient detail to keep heterosexual readers well satisfied.

Long after the reader has become pretty sure of the reason, Dr. Wu solves the mystery of the reluctant bride when she stumbles into a veritable rat's nest of Lesbians (drawn in the ghoulish manner of Charles Addams) and describes the initiation ceremonies of these nasty women. The horrified doctor has to remove several large gold balls from the anatomy of one initiate. After soundly lecturing the errant sisters on their unthinkable deviation from nature's course, Dr. Wu performs a little simple psychotherapy and, quick as a Bergler, the poor little bride and her chief perverter are cured. After which, Dr. Wu crawls back into bed with her own beautiful, masculine, sympathetic, perfect and adorable, and very hard-up husband.

Oh yes. The description of China a few years back is quite good, and for a little better than the first half, it was a pretty good yarn, though a bit dull in spots.

WE, TOO, MUST LOVE . . .

By Ann Aldrich, Fawcett

A typical picture of a segment of gay life—delightfully vivid. To this reader Ann Aldrich does well as a reporter, but she (if she she is) confines herself to the bars and the "circles", omitting almost entirely the scene of the quiet couple, the suburbanite, the not so gregarious Lesbian. Also, she seems bent on revealing a latent heterosexuality in us all, just as some of us are inclined to discover the latent homosexual on the other side of the fence. To this reader it's a bit tiresome, since the human conditioning must allow for every potential, and the study of humanity is best left in the hands of the philosopher.

Such entries as "... minor tragedies and comedies of the Lesbian." makes one feel she writes with tongue in cheek. Alas, perhaps it gives her the feeling of being a better writer than she is, or a better Lesbian? Nonetheless, if you enjoy peeking into these "minor tragedies and comedies," you may enjoy reading this book.

ACR



Gentlemen:

As a private collector of erotica I am interested in books and films. A fellow collector suggests that you might be a source. My particular fields are Lesbianism and Bestiality. Texts can be English or French, illustrated or not.

Mr. S.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Most of the material that would come under the heading of Erotica would not be in our field. We are not in contact with collectors or dealers in such material and so are

unable to help you. If you have written on the subject of Lesbianism we would be pleased to have you submit it for possible use in the Magazine.

Dear Editor:

I am damn glad to see the vitality the Magazine is now showing. I have material demonstrating that a certain number of the early cowboys were homosexuals here in the West. It certainly is nothing startling. A few of them apparently were matter of fact about their sexual release, and when women came on the scene they took wives. Others were not so inclined and remained homosexual. Two whom I knew had neighboring ranches and were lifelong friends. Still others were actually narcissistic and not homosexual. They seemed to reject true friendship with either a male or a female.

Mr. L
MILES CITY, MONTANA

To the Staff of ONE:

I have the impression that the use of "compounds" (news item—"hormone pills may be used to curb homosexual urges in men") to stop sexual desire temporarily is not a recent development, nor is the idea of "blanketing" the homos by this means new either. If they could just find a pill that would be permanently effective, wouldn't that be nice? Here again we see the intention to interfere with natural processes, the reason being implied that homosexuality is not normal. "Normal" is not, strictly speaking, synonymous with "natural."

Mr. E.
DENISON, TEXAS

Editor:

T. M. Merritt's excellent account of homosexuality and scientific humanism needs to be supplemented by letting readers know that John Dewey, Erich Fromm, Julian Huxley, Ernest Jones and Bertrand Russell are typical scientific humanists. American scientific humanists have said little about homosexuality, but English humanists have been editorially in favor of relaxing anti-homosexual laws. Homosexuals who have religious doubts and above-average mentality might well investigate scientific humanism. Humanists could use their help in formulating functional standards for a new morality and ethics.

Miss S.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Some of your articles do not actually offer much new to the discussion but merely repeat ideas already generally known. It may be that your readers need continuous reassurance about their normality, but the large amount of prose on this point becomes uninteresting and takes space away from more informative material. I personally would like to see more items like the report on the comparison of Irish and Italian schizophrenics (August-September issue). I think a running bibliography of articles and books in the field, together with summaries of the more significant matters, is almost a sine qua non in such a periodical. For this reason I value your book reviews and the column "tangents."

Mr. W.
BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

Gentlemen:

The article by Alison Hunter in the current (March) magazine, in which she discusses the Midwinter Institute conclusions regarding whether women should be "butch" or "femme"; and summarizes it all up with "doing what comes naturally," brings up a subject I have wanted to write to you about for some time. This has to do with "flaunting" in public.

Why, oh why, do both our sexes feel that it is clever, cute, or just having the courage of our convictions to ape the opposite sex, ironical as it is, considering that we don't LIKE the opposite sex, in most cases.

I have had occasion to be in a bowling alley when the "ladies" teams were bowling, and such an array of out-and-out butch characters would be hard to imagine. Each trying to outdo the other, with no concern for the onlookers who were not sympathetic. The unfortunate thing about it is that both male and female take on the most offensive, vulgar and gauche characteristics of the males, and the most simpering, cloying and sickening characteristics of the females and on both of them it looks bad even to one of their kind.

Mr. C.
INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

It must be remembered that ONE cannot elect to serve or satisfy any one personal taste. For my own part I have found articles that stimulate thought and generally interest me, others that leave me cold or rile and disgust me. I thank Heaven that we are not all the same with the same identical tastes, so I assume the liberty of choice. I selected

the Christian Church as a medium for my vocation on the same premise, knowing as I did so that even "she" is limited in her resources but possessing a greater chance of easing man's burdens because she is divine.

I think ONE is also serving a useful purpose and while I am perfectly aware that it must cater to a host of different tastes, she too is limited or has limitations placed upon her that can only be expanded by time, circumstance, the quality of the editorial staff but most of all by the data submitted for publication. There is such a thing as a deadline for publication and we, the readers, simply cannot expect the staff to "cook up" material on the spot! If the readers demand the best available then they must be prepared to give the best they are capable of giving. We can all think, and if we only submit ideas, which we all certainly have on some score or other, it is possible for the staff of the Magazine to erect them into articles and stories.

Reverend K.
ONTARIO, CANADA

Dear Mr. E.

I have read your letter (January issue) and have often been lonesome even though I have lived in many parts of Europe and the States. After the war I came to Europe to work. Please don't think that living here automatically takes care of all the cares, worries, and loneliness that is ours. But in general many Europeans are more liberal in their thinking than the Midwest happens to be, at least that is my opinion.

Mr. A.
STUTTART, GERMANY

Dear Sirs:

I am young man 21 years old who want to find a friend in U.S.A. on 40-55 years old.



I am very blond with blue eyes and my hobbies are music, theater and ballet. If your Magazine can help me with this should I be very grateful. I am a member of the homosexual-club in Norway, but I still want a friend in the States.

I speak German, French and a little bit English. If there are any chance for it do put my photo in my announce.

Mr. D
NOFODDEN, NORWAY

Dear Sir:

The homosexual whether, male or female usually is gregarious. The beaches that I go to, or certain sections of beaches, bars, et al, are gathering places for homophiles, and I go there for the same reason that I read ONE—in order to feel closer, and be closer to those of my kind. Most of my closer friends are homophiles, and they too are of the same sentiment.

Mr. R.
GARRISON, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I read your magazine every month with the greatest interest. Believe me it is extremely difficult for the average woman to find congenial people. I wish somebody would open a club supported by the right group. I believe that older women would appreciate this. The usual bars for Lesbians are frequented by teen-agers, as far as I can determine. An older woman, without a companion, feels something like an old granny, and very much out of place.

I have written two novels about the homosexual woman and feel that my books are true-to-life, realistic and interesting . . . that is to the average Lesbian. I do NOT pull that old switch at the end where in most gay books the one girl goes off with a man, thus settling the "problem" of her homosexuality for once and all! This is to me so much white-wash to satisfy the heterosexual reader, and to soothe him into feeling that the world isn't so bad after all, and that, when these bad homosexual things do occur, they always come out all right in the end. My novels contain no such lulling conclusions.

Miss J.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Dear Editors:

Being in the life, I know what it is to be heartbroken, shunned and exploited. Why there is so much contempt for us I do not know. I have a good job. I have never robbed, murdered, raped or been arrested. I have never used any form of dope or been drunk. I give to the churches and charities, and my sexual life does not include teen-agers, nor any form of solicitation on my part.

Most of us are the same. The loud obvious type are in the minority, so why are we thought to be such monsters and a menace to society? Here is one person in the life, who would just like to be let alone and enjoy the life I live.

Mr. K.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.