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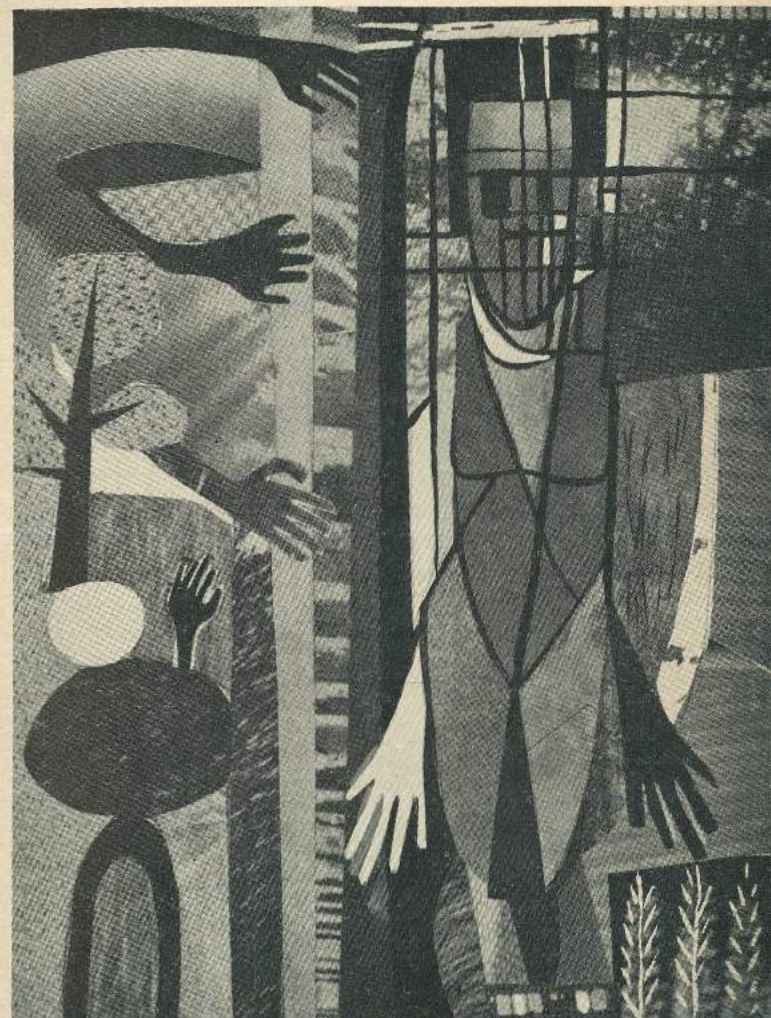
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one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

FEBRUARY 1959

FIFTY CENTS



the tragedy of MASKS

one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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EDITOR	DON SLATER
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	ROBERT GREGORY WILLIAM LAMBERT LYN PEDERSEN
WOMEN'S EDITOR	ALISON HUNTER
EDITORIAL SECRETARY	ARNELL LARSEN
ART DIRECTOR	EVE ELLOREE
STAFF ARTIST	DAWN FREDERIC

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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VII

Number 2

February 1959

- 4 EDITORIAL Alison Hunter
- 6 THE TRAGEDY OF MASKS A Poem by Doyle Eugene Livingston
- 8 THE RAFT A Story by Lee Mitchell
- 12 TANGENTS News & Views by Dal McIntire
- 16 THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT
- 18 ONLY IN LIMA Harry Otis
- 23 A FRENCHMAN REVIEWS HOMOPHILE STUDIES Marc Daniel
- 25 TOWARD UNDERSTANDING Blanche Baker, M.D., Ph.D.
- 27 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 30 BOOKS

COVER: Dawn Frederic

4.4



EDITORIAL

Is it a he or a she? Probably the two most confusing terms in the English language when applied to human sexuality are the words "he" and "she." It is very likely true that every individual is made up of mixed masculine and feminine elements variously combined. It was thought at one time that a woman was a woman because of her physiological organization alone, but it has since been shown that this is not the case. In fact, intersexuality is a normal condition in humans. There is no perfect male nor perfect female, but all males have certain rudimentary female features and *vice versa*. Since every person contains the physical germs of the opposite sex, it is reasonable to assume that he or she may contain the psychic germ as well.

The predisposing cause and origin of this characteristic of human sexuality is not easy to explain, but the article in ancient Hebrew law that "the woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment," shows that you had to be careful who you called "he" or "she" as much as two thousand years ago. From the early Assyrian cuneiform tablets it is evident that some of their kings affected feminine arts. Later on, in the time of the Roman Empire, we have evidence of the same effeminate spirit among the Caesars. Some of the Emperors found delight in playing the woman.

The term "Eonism" has been applied by Havelock Ellis to the condition of an individual who identifies himself or herself with the opposite sex in general tastes, in ways of acting, and in emotional disposition. Many instances of this condition are to be found. The notorious eighteenth-century adventurer, the Chevalier D'Eon, is a brilliant historical example. He was basically a male. His genital organs, examined after his death by the British surgeon Copeland, were distinctly male. He had love adventures as a male. He was a brave soldier, was decorated on the field of battle, and showed that daring and enterprise in war usually associated with the male sex. However, as intersexual feminine feature he had a great love of feminine clothing and adornment. So successful was he in his transvestism that Louis XV employed him on a secret mission to Russia, where dressed as a woman he managed to become reader to the Empress Elizabeth and one of the most influential court "ladies." So marked were the feminine traits of the Chevalier D'Eon that he was regarded as a female hermaphrodite and his king forced him to dress as a woman and take his place in the female sex.

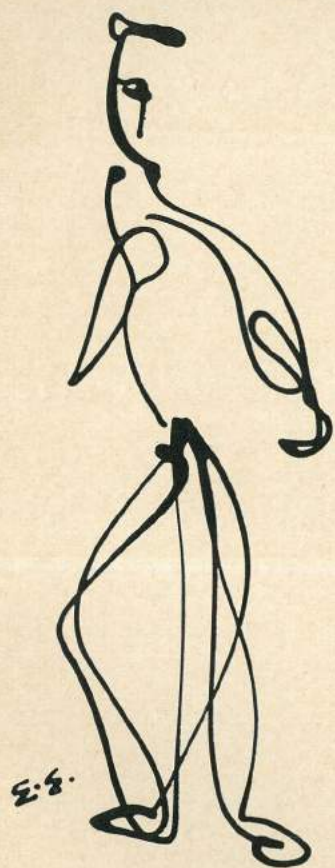
It is well known that during the reproductive period remarkable changes in the sex-character of women may be brought about. In some cases the voice, previously high-pitched, may become harsher and deeper in tone, and the woman, formerly gentle and amiable, may become aggressive and rough.

The most pronounced age of masculinity is youth, and men become more feminine with age. It is well known that the average normal boy makes every effort to prevent his behavior and appearance from being effeminate, whereas the effeminate personality of some men is apparent in their personal fastidiousness, attention to dress, preference for feminine occupations, etc. On the other hand, masculine women prefer male pursuits and like striding about in men's boots, pants, and jackets; they enjoy leadership, admire physical courage, and are interested in adventure, hardship, and warfare.

Men and women in our society who wish to understand their own maleness and femaleness cannot expect to do it by introspection alone. We are all faced with a too bewildering and confusing array of apparently contradictory evidence about sex differences. What is masculine, and what is feminine? Is it a he or a she? Perhaps we might better ask, is it important?

Alison Hunter, Associate Editor

the tragedy of masks



In the black stages of night
 In the city
 At night they would come together
 To the same street corner
 At the same time
 Knowing
 And yet not knowing each other
 As though they were actors
 Wearing masks
 In a play and afraid to reveal
 Themselves to themselves,
 The children
 Of night-time and pain.

When one of them smiles
 They all smile,
 It is the way of children
 To smile
 And be happy over small things
 Like a friend passing
 Or a song to sing
 Or a joke
 To make people laugh,
 They are children:

They are the children of night
 And the city
 And their game is a game it takes
 Courage to play, the courage
 That is
 Born out of desperation, the game
 Is the game of masks—

In the black stages of night
 In the city
 They come together like actors
 Strange in their parts,
 Yet each one
 Knowing and not seeming to know
 His role in the whole tragedy
 Of masks
 They all play.

I have watched them gathering
 On corners and in bars
 Hollering
 Their names and the names of people
 They know
 In high shrill voices
 Which are sad,
 Because they are too vibrant
 And too electric
 With a will to live
 And be alive
 To be alive, they are dead
 With the thought of their own dying;
 So they gather
 And shout at meeting each other
 In high quick voices of greeting.

Unhappy they are and young
 And their lot is misery,
 Not one out of ten of them will
 Ever find what all are seeking—
 Why?
 Because love is elusive
 Because lovers are illusions
 Because love is itself
 The trickiest mask of them all.

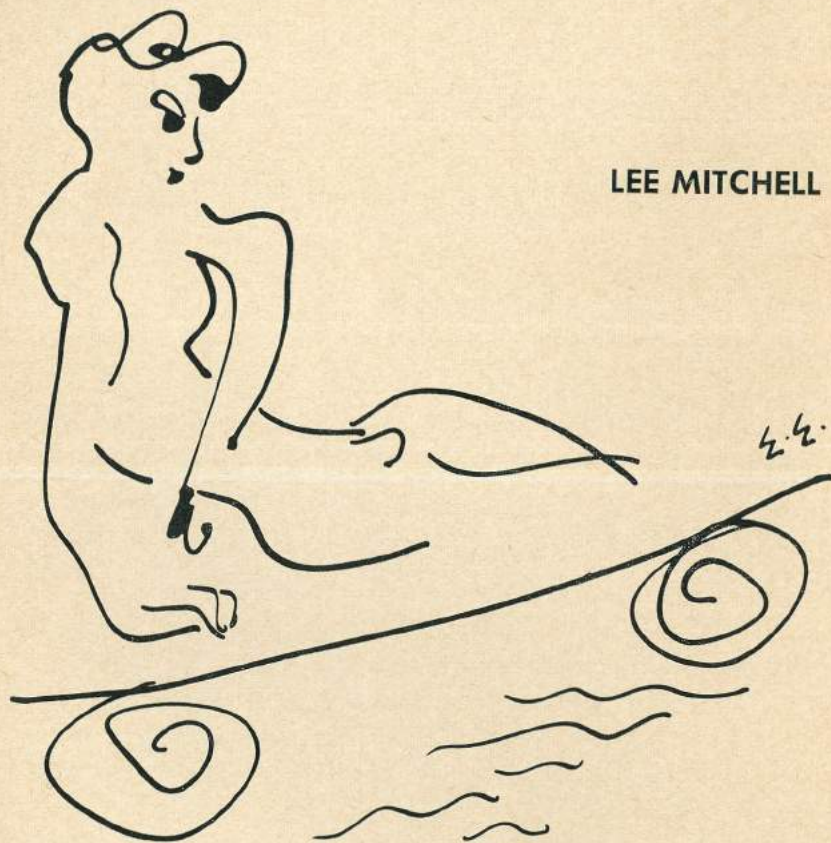
So they meet in their places
 And drink sad time away
 And sing slow songs
 To deceive
 Themselves and the night,
 Or their fates, who knows,
 Into thinking
 And believing
 That maybe time
 And their desires will
 Some time coincide and somehow
 Fulfill their nights of longing—

That is why they wear their masks,
 Because they are lonely
 And long
 For someone to care
 And for a time
 When
 They will be lonely no longer,
 To be lonely and to long—
 That is why they wear their masks.

—Doyle Eugene Livingston

the raft

LEE MITCHELL



Larry drove the car carefully over the rough road. He was giving unusual attention to his driving. Words formed in his mind but he was reluctant to speak. He glanced at Kelly, who slouched in the seat beside him.

"Why doesn't he say something?" Larry wondered. "God knows I've waited long enough for this and he acts as if he doesn't give a damn!" Momentarily distracted, Larry allowed the car to hit a series of holes in the narrow road. "Damn it," he muttered.

Kelly looked at Larry and smiled. "Where does this road go?" he asked. "To a lake just over this hill," Larry answered. He was having difficulty avoiding the branches of trees which almost blocked the road.

Kelly relaxed. He was not anxious about the possibilities of the next few minutes, or hours, whichever the case might be. Remembering the first time he had seen Larry, Kelly chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?" Larry asked. His voice was touched by a bitterness new to Kelly.

"Just thinking about the first time I saw you," Kelly replied. He turned so that he faced Larry more directly. "Remember?"

"Yes, I remember. But I don't see anything funny about it," Larry said.

"Boy, that was some night! You were so drunk you could hardly stand up." Kelly laughed again. It had been a few weeks earlier at a party given in celebration of Larry's twenty-first birthday. Excited and overestimating his capacity, Larry had consumed too much of the liquor supplied by his friends.

Tired of jokes relating to the party, Larry was hurt when Kelly laughed. He pushed down the accelerator, sending the car over the hill in a sudden burst of speed. "He laughed at me then and he's still laughing," Larry thought twisting the steering wheel sharply. The car bumped over the ruts and across a grassy field. In a sandy clearing Larry hit the brake hard with his foot. Kelly was thrown forward by the sudden stop but caught himself in time to prevent hitting the windshield.

"Hey!" he yelled. "What the hell are you trying to prove?"

"I'm not trying to prove anything. Just parking," Larry answered. He sat still for a moment, gripping the wheel tightly, fighting the angry words that had almost come pouring out.

At last he said softly, "I'm sorry, Kelly. Guess I'm not up to par tonight."

"That's OK," Kelly said. He was looking at the lake. Little waves kicked up by the breeze broke the moonlight into little chunks of light. A few yards offshore the dark mass of a raft bobbed on the water.

"There it is," Larry said. "Want to go for a swim?"

"What about swim suits?" Kelly asked.

"I brought a couple of suits and towels," Larry told him. He reached into the back seat and pitched a pair of trunks to Kelly. "Come on. I doubt that anyone else will be coming down here at night."

Kelly got out of the car and undressed. Before he could get the suit pulled on, Larry had finished and was running across the sand and into the water. Kelly watched as he swam toward the raft.

"Little bastard," Kelly said. "Mad as hell and doesn't know why." He dropped his shoes inside the car and walked toward the water. At the edge he hesitated, dreading the cold water. Impulsively he waded out, gasping as the cold water closed around his legs. Kicking forward he swam toward Larry who was sitting on the raft watching.

Reaching the raft he held to its platform. "Made it," he said. "This water doesn't seem so cold once you're in it."

"It's always cold," Larry said. Offering his hand he pulled Kelly up beside him.

Kelly pushed back the wet hair from his eyes and brushed the water from his face. "Thanks," he said. He sat beside Larry, letting his feet dangle in the water.

"This reminds me of a little beach on Vieques, Puerto Rico," Kelly said. "Those trees up on the hill and the moon on the water—we had to sneak out of camp but we went swimming almost every night."

"I like it here," Larry said. "Found it by accident, really. I was hiking with my dog about three years ago. Since then I've come out here almost every week." He was looking at the little waves kicked up by his feet. "This old raft has soaked up a lot of my tears, I guess," he added.

Kelly leaned back on his elbows. "Sort of a secret hiding place, huh," he said. "Mine was the top of an oil derrick. Up there a breeze was always blowing; quiet—I felt as though I were detached from the whole world, that nothing could hurt me up there." He laughed softly; that easy, natural laugh that never failed to thrill Larry. "I used to dream all the wild hero-worship dreams you can imagine," Kelly continued. "Did you see the Walter Mitty movie with Danny Kaye?" Larry said no. "Well, Walter Mitty was the typically shy and colorless clerk who could lose himself in day dreams. Oh, he had some glorious times, he did. He would be a much-decorated fighter pilot hero; then the captain of a storm-wracked sailing ship, or maybe a race car driver." Kelly paused. Larry hadn't moved; he was still staring into the black water. "Do you ever have dreams like that, Larry?"

"Sure, who hasn't." Larry was quiet for a minute. Then, "But what good is it to dream about anything? Nothing you really want comes true."

"Maybe not everything, but surely something has turned out the way you wanted it?"

Larry turned to face Kelly. "Sure, something has come true—one of the craziest dreams I ever had has partly come true." He stopped talking for a moment, afraid of the tightness in his throat. "But the rest of it is still as far away as that moon up there!"

"Is it anything I could help you with, Larry?" Kelly asked.

Larry got to his feet. "Maybe, if you really want to," he said. He turned and walked quickly across the raft. Surprised, Kelly watched him dive into the water; then lowered himself over the side. He waited beside the raft until Larry's head broke the surface a few yards away.

Clearing the water from his eyes, Larry pulled away from Kelly with even rapid strokes. Keeping his eyes on a tall pine tree, he guided himself across the lake. Trying to control his thoughts, Larry silently cursed Kelly; cursed him for his self-control, his good looks, his friends, his—his everything. But he especially cursed his blindness. "Nothing went wrong," he thought. "It's just me. He just doesn't like me!"

He noted that the pine tree seemed much nearer. "Wonder if I can make it back," he thought, "not that it makes much difference." But suddenly the realization that Kelly might try to follow terrified Larry. The sharp pain of fear tore through him; turning quickly, he called out, "Kelly!" "Kelly!"

Almost immediately he felt Kelly's arm go across his back, turning him sharply. Then the weakness that follows fright left him limp.

"Here I am, boy," Kelly said softly. "What's the matter?" Kelly put his arm across Larry's chest and pushed him slowly through the water.

"I thought you might follow me," Larry gasped. "I was afraid you couldn't swim that far."

"Crazy," Kelly said. The sudden softness in his voice warmed Larry. "That's the reason I followed you." He shifted his grip on Larry, almost pushing him under the water. "Whoa," he said. "Just take it easy," then, "Nothin's going to happen to you while I'm here."

The swim back to the raft seemed short and easy. They climbed onto the wet boards and lay there resting. Larry was content just to lie there with Kelly. He was no longer angry; instead, a strange happiness possessed him. He heard Kelly say, "You know you scared hell out of me out there." Turning, Larry said, "I'm sorry, Kelly. I guess I made a fool of myself again."

"Don't worry about it," Kelly said. He sat up, looking toward the bank. "I wish I had a cigarette."

"No sooner said than done," Larry said. He rolled over and fell into the water. Kelly watched him swim lazily toward the beach. "Show-off," he said, grinning. He saw Larry wade onto the sand and run to the car. The light flashed on when Larry opened the car door and Kelly could see him fumbling with a towel. After a moment he walked back into the water and swam toward the raft, holding the towel over his head. A moment later he handed the towel and cigarettes to Kelly who helped him climb aboard.

"Must be—getting—old!" Larry said, flopping down on his stomach.

Kelly rubbed Larry's back with the towel. "I didn't intend for you to go after the cigarettes, Stupe."

Larry sighed, rolling over on his back. "I could lie here all night." He reached for the cigarette Kelly had lighted. "Thanks," he said. He pulled the smoke into his lungs, blowing it out lazily. "Millions and millions of stars and just one lonely moon," he said. "Way out there—is it cold or not on the stars, Kelly?"

"I don't know," Kelly answered. He looked up at the stars. "Probably both. I do know the moon is supposed to be cold on one side and hot on the other."

"That's me," Larry said. "Cold and hot, at the same time."

"You're not getting chilled, are you?" Kelly asked.

Laughing, Larry said, "No, not chilled. Thrilled, I think."

They smoked in silence. Each was aware of the other's nearness; each hesitated to interrupt the tranquility of the moment. At last Kelly said, "Thanks, Larry."

"For what?"

"For getting the cigarettes."

"Hell, no need to thank me for that."

"And for bringing me out here."

Larry looked up at Kelly. Their eyes met. A crazy mixture of emotions swept Larry. He wanted to laugh, but was afraid he would cry. At last he said, "Hi, Kelly."

"Hi, Larry," Kelly answered.

"What are you thinking about?"

"You," Kelly said simply.

Larry closed his eyes. "Show me," he whispered.

Kelly's cigarette glowed brightly as it arched through the air to fall unheard into the water.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Most of the citizens of Victoria, Va., crowded into Philadelphia city hall court to see "that justice was done for their boy"—Pvt. Charles Kernaghan, 20, Marine chief sentry at a naval base brig, who told of meeting 19-yr-old Charles Ferro, who invited Kernaghan and a buddy home, then allegedly "made immoral advances." When Kernaghan "told Ferro off," he said, the youth pulled a knife, whereupon Victoria's boy smashed Ferro's head with a rolling pin, and also smacked his own buddy with it when Belamorich tried to stop him. After hearing glowing character references from Victoria notables, Judge Curtis Bok ruled Kernaghan not guilty of manslaughter, but guilty of assault and battery on his fellow Marine, then suspended sentence and dismissed Kernaghan. The good citizens of Victoria, Va., tramped home, proudly feeling that justice had been done to their boy, and that they could sleep safely in their beds now that one more alleged queer was safely dead. . . .

ENGLAND AND THE LAW

Shortly before the Parliamentary debate that scuttled the Wolfenden proposal to repeal the law against homosexual acts in private between

consenting adults, A. J. Ayer, leading British philosopher, wrote a succinct article for the NEW STATESMAN, logically pulling apart most of the arguments against changing the law, and advancing one major point that few others had dared or wished to suggest. Logical positivist Ayer said, "The premise of this argument, that homosexual behaviour is wrong in itself, is accepted by many of those who reject its conclusion. I think it fair to say that I do not share this view. The reason which is most often given for it is that homosexuality is unnatural. But if 'unnatural' means 'uninstinctive', this is biologically false, apart from the fact that that which is uninstinctive need not be wrong. If 'unnatural' means 'uncommon', it is again false, and again what is uncommon need not be wrong. If 'unnatural', in this context just means 'wrong', there is no argument.

"I do not deny that under present social conditions the practice of homosexuality has many attendant evils; the moral isolation of homosexuals which they try to overcome by establishing a kind of sexual freemasonry; the furtiveness which goes with their fear of being ridiculed or disgraced; the difficulty which they have in forming stable and emotionally satisfying relation-

ships. But it seems to me that these evils result from the prevailing social attitude towards the practice of homosexuality, and especially from its being subject to legal sanctions, rather than from the intrinsic nature of any homosexual act."

Notwithstanding the fine arguments by philosopher Ayer and many others, the government was too timid to act, and the law still stands. . . . By the bye, the editors of VENNEN, Danish homosexual magazine, addressed a quite strong letter to Home Secretary R. A. Butler, expressing their disappointment at the lack of action.

GOODBYE TO MUSCLE BEACH

The paleolithic politicians who run the municipality of Santa Monica, which has the land rights on a major chunk of the Los Angeles beachfront, have long been disturbed about the fact that "their" beach seems to attract a certain percentage of "undesirables." In order to drive these undesirables off, the city dads have already had half the beachfront (particularly in the "gay beach" area) paved over with asphalt, pulled down most of the bathhouses and at least one of the largest and oldest gay bars in the area. A few weeks ago "Muscle Beach," one of the chief tourist attractions in the area, where the daily display of bulging male pulchritude and fancy acrobatics and weight lifting had been drawing large crowds for years, was ordered closed. Operating on the pretext of the arrest of four body builders (including two champion weightlifters and Olympic stars) for sex with a minor (female), the city dads closed Muscle Beach and removed the equipment. Thus Santa Monica has gotten rid of all those undesirables who enjoy watching muscle men

put on a show. Maybe pretty soon Santa Monica will also get rid of all those perverts who like to look at female pulchritude.

One point further—it seems to me that if the muscle boys are as masculine as they say they are, they will stand up for their rights and force the city of Santa Monica to keep the facilities right where they are. . . .

STATIC

Westchester psychiatrist Dr. Chas. Bemis ran into schoolboard opposition to his plan to rent school athletic grounds for a junior tackle football league for boys (schoolboard upheld its 35-yr-old policy banning tackle football for boys that age—young as 8), responded by blasting American "Mom," accusing her of producing a "lost generation" of effeminate men, by overprotective-ness.

IN THE RUMBLE OF THE SUBWAYS, a serialized article in the New York Daily News, by Kitty Hanson, described among other things, the job that Transit Authority cops have "keeping homosexuals in check," as much for the homosexuals' own protection, of course, as for the people they approach . . . and echoed the cops' complaint that judges often refused to believe their testimony about what they saw thru their peepholes. . . .

A reader recently suggested to newspaper columnist Dr. Paul Popenoe, "Why not tax bachelors heavily in order to help pay the expenses of parents who are raising children which the nation needs?" Dr. P. replied that many bachelors were inferior persons who ought not to marry anyhow, and that adding a tax load might push some of them into marriage and make con-

ditions worse. This columnist feels that if inferiority were the standard, it would be found that there are far too many inferiors already married, and irresponsibly spawning a massive progeny, the load of which the country is barely able to support. As for taxes, bachelors are already taxed beyond fair measure in having to pay the costs of other people's children. Having children can be a beautiful thing, but the man who wants the pleasure should be willing and able to pay the cost, and not expect (except in cases of emergency) other people to pay for the results of his profligacy . . . In another column, Dr. P., answering a reader who was having trouble finding a man, and had been told she was too masculine, informed her that every human has some masculine and some feminine traits, and listed for her benefit the supposed traits of masculinity and femininity (taken from a book by psychoanalyst David Abrahamson) told her if she scored less than 80, "then you're no lady!" He offered to send her a reprint called "Eight Cures for Man-Haters" (which didn't seem to have been her problem at all) with the assurance it would help her. We sent for the reprint, since we certainly wouldn't want to allow ourselves to become manhaters, and found it to be a foolish little leaflet, accompanied by several advertisements for other booklets containing flatulent advice to the lovelorn. . . .

Msgr. Irving A. DeBlanc told the 10th international congress of the Catholic Child Bureau in Montreal that social pressures have made fathers more feminine and mothers more masculine, thus contributing to the breakdown of discipline of youth in our society.

A study conducted by Dr. John D. Green of UCLA and supported by the U. S. Public Health Service, has

indicated that both sex deviation and obesity may at times be caused by damage to the rhinecephalon nerve—the olfactory portion of the brain—with damage of one part of the rhinecephalon seeming to cause sexually deviant behavior in lab animals, and damage to another part causing extreme obesity or epileptic seizures. Dr. Green cautioned that it was not known as yet if a similar relationship between abnormal behavior and brain damage existed in humans. Certainly any hasty conclusion based on so limited a study would be unwarranted, since there have been a great many studies that have indicated quite a variety of possible physical causative factors that might determine homosexual behavior, and further investigation almost always has knocked these theories down. . . .

At a law enforcement conference in Manhattan recently, New York City Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh said the basic cure for sex deviancy lies in the home, the church and in the education of the individual and stressed the need for spiritual counselling "since homosexuality is mainly a moral problem." Dr. Ralph Banay, medical director of the youth institute, warned that homosexuality often leads to more violent crimes, and pointed to the "urgency and necessity" of establishing clinics where homosexuals can be treated individually or in groups and said therapy should be made compulsory for homosexuals as soon as their condition is known by proper authorities. (Buchenwald, here we come.) Lt. Shea of the Police Academy said perversion was brought out by alcohol and pornography . . . Aren't authorities wonderful, they know so **much**. . . .

Studying 60 infant big-eared macaque monkeys, Dr. Harry F.

Harlow found the newborn animals cuddled up to a "mother" made of terrycloth and wire with a painted woodenhead, but were cool to "mothers" made out of unpadded wire, even when the latter gave milk. Psychologists had long suspected, Harlow said, that "contact comfort was an important basic affectional or love variable, but we did not expect it to overshadow so completely the variable of nursing." It is cheering to realize, he said, that as more and more women go to work, "the American male is physically endowed with all the essential equipment" for serving in the maternal capacity. . . .

In contrast to the tranquilizer philosophy rampant today, Dr. Frank Tallman, former director of mental hygiene for the State of Calif., said recently that tension is a necessary factor in human life—a normal, healthy emotion. "Life couldn't exist unless there were chemical tensions. The business of living is tension producing." For example, if a salesman employed by an automobile agency selling cars weren't anxious to sell them, he would be sick. However, if he were so nervous and tense he couldn't deal with customers, then he would be neurotic. Stresses appropriate to the situation help us to survive and attain our goals. Therefore healthy persons utilize stress to gain energy for accomplishment. We must all experience stress in order to grow into well-integrated human beings; consequently, a child overprotected from stress is being unprepared for living.

Eugene Ertle, president of the American Culinary Federation, said recently that men are far better cooks than women. "Men have more of the creative urge, they have a great natural talent, and they take it into cooking."

We Believe in Freedom BUT

Department: Sociologists Robt. McGinnis and R. W. Mack of Wisconsin and Northwestern Universities, tested a sampling of students and teachers at each school to find how many agreed with the several freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution, found that most approved of star chamber trials, double jeopardy and such, that four out of ten felt that the right of free public assembly should be barred to some groups. Perhaps things haven't really changed much since Puritan days when the standing concept of freedom was "freedom for me and for everyone that sees things my way." It will probably be a long time before most Americans will agree to Justice Holmes' contention that freedom is only real when it means freedom to do and say things that the majority strongly disapproves of, finds quite shocking. The freedom merely to conform is no freedom at all. . . .

In defiance of the U. S. Supreme Court, a Western Pennsylvania Court upheld the conviction of two East Liberty newsdealers for selling magazines which the Supreme Court had already declared were not obscene. The Penna. court, with two judges dissenting, held that the sales were in violation of state law, and they attacked "civil liberties crybabies" who fail to recognize their "basic obligations toward society." The two justices failed to explain what the sale of magazines already approved by the highest court in the land (an opinion cleared these two nudist magazines the same day the court upheld ONE) had to do with unnamed "obligations."

Report that Connecticut Bar Assn. has recommended change of all laws regarding sexual relations between consenting adults. . . .

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



Dear Jo:

Hi, darling. How was the trip? I finally got your letter, after haunting the mailbox all week. You mentioned being lonely! I'm surprised at you; after all the wonderful discussions we've had on that subject! You, too? Doesn't seem possible!

Speaking of loneliness, I was down in that little gay bar last night, when I spotted the prize lonely puppy of all time! You know me, and my old granny instincts; so I edged over and tried to start a conversation with her. What a job! She should have had a sign: "Lonely. Please do not disturb" around her (quite attractive) neck. You know, that's the strange thing about the ones who complain that they are lonely. Just try to get some sociability out of them. Well, I'm persistent, so I kept at it, and I finally got the low-down. Yes, she was lonely, and waiting for the right one to come along. But, somehow, this anticipated event never took place. The longed-for one never materialized. And so, night after night, she hung around the gay bar, waiting . . . just waiting . . . but nothing ever happened. I began to question her about the kind of girl she was waiting for. And then, I felt as though I were trying to walk through deep sand! Well, she told me, any kind of a girl would do . . . providing she were a tall blonde, with blue eyes! (And the strangest thing about it, was that I didn't ask Miss Loneliness of 1959 about her choice of colors. I

simply wanted to know her preferences as far as personality, and type were concerned.) Miss Loneliness wasn't sure; and the main reason why she wasn't sure, was that she didn't know, as yet what she wanted. And, not knowing what she wants, Miss Loneliness is sure to make a hasty choice some night . . . the wrong choice. Maybe I'm mistaken, but I've always felt that being mismated is a lot worse than being lonely. And the over-eagerness that this loneliness creates, is sure to lead to hasty and regrettable decisions. Then, I asked Miss L. what she was doing, outside of standing there, caressing a drink, to attract the desired person into her life. Miss L. stared at me, with a blank expression. She never thought about doing anything, (outside of coming into the gay bar). By the suspicious gleam in her eye, I could tell by this time, that Miss L. considered me a candidate for the barred-windowed room!

I probed deeper, ignoring the suspicious gleam. I asked Miss L. what she did for a living. She typed. (That was nice; but difficult to meet a "partner" in the average office . . . although it has been done!) What else did she do? I waited, while her brain delved down, trying to pick up a clue. Then, I thought I'd better help her. Did she paint? Draw? Grow cactus? Cook? Sew? Oh yes; she knew now! She could sew! She made her own clothes. (She proudly took off her jacket to show me the really stylish blouse that she had made.) Fine. A good beginning, I told her. If you have any special accomplishment, do it, I told Miss L. If you can sew, then sew. Sew and keep sewing. Even when you are bored to death with it! But, as I told Miss L., it isn't likely that you will be bored with your hobby; if you are, find another. Or, better still, have two hobbies. But have something to do; something that interests you. Something that takes you out of yourself. Join a club; be with people, I told Miss L. Invite some girls over to sew on a quilt, or curtains for the clubhouse . . . or anything. Don't sew alone. In fact, don't do anything alone. (The only people who are entitled to be alone are the "clams"; who couldn't be lonely if the rest of the world disappeared into the sea!)

Instead of haunting gay bars every night, I told her, go home and sew; instead of standing alone, waiting, longing for the impossible, go home and do something interesting. The gay spots can always be frequented weekends . . . and they're more lively then, too! All loneliness, I told Miss L., is a form of self-deception. It is as transient as the morning mist, dissolving before the rays of the rising sun. It is just not the terrible thing we imagine it to be. It is composed of an erroneous sense of being alone . . . (ever hear of being "lonely in a crowd?") and of indulgent absorption with ourselves and our own problems. It is the by-product of narrow, selfish thinking, and distorted viewpoints, concerning ourselves, and our lives. It is, basically, a liar and a cheat! And it is entirely of our own creating! But, nevertheless, every day it seeks out its victims, and sends them scurrying into hasty judgments, or tortured hours of useless waiting for the "one," for the miracle. As we create our own loneliness, so we could just as well, with half the effort, create our own miracles.

Little Miss L. gave me one last, suspicious stare, and then, walked away. When I left the gay bar, she was standing, staring into her fresh drink, and so far, the tall blonde had not put in an appearance.

Well, write soon baby. And hurry home. I have a peculiar feeling, and if I didn't know better, I'd think it was loneliness!

Love,
Jay.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homophile magazines abroad.

only in Lima

HARRY OTIS



An occasional ornate Moorish balcony on a Spanish colonial house will remind you of Lima's age; however, one look at Amador Querrero de Espinoza y Manzon will jolt you back to the 18th century. Lima sees him too much and shrugs her indifference but to a Norte Americano like myself he appears to be definitely gone; especially since he prefers an elaborately carved, gilded brougham, drawn by four glossy mules, to a Lincoln he could easily afford. The brougham brought him to the Hotel Crillon for lunch.

In his tight, black satin, knee-length trousers, corded silk stockings, silver buckle slippers, gold embroidered maroon jacket and tricorn hat, Manzon could easily be a reincarnation of Don Diego Esquivel, Potosi's bachelor mayor come to Lima to look over the crew of the latest galleon from Spain. Manzon's luncheon guest was a sex-charged young Peruvian air force lieutenant, and at the end of the lunch he slipped a handsome emerald ring on the finger of the officer.

The lieutenant, with a look that told Manzon what he wanted to know, took his arm and escorted him to the carriage.

Bitten by curiosity I hired a taxi to follow Manzon. He went directly to the infamous, blood-drenched court of the Jesuit inquisitors at the Plaza of the Inquisition. I followed him into a large hall—an austere high-ceilinged room, and watched him walk with dramatic slowness to a platform at the end of the room. For a long moment he stood stiffly before it, his fists clenched. The floor beneath him creaked and I saw he was standing on what appeared to be a trap door, then he disappeared through a doorway at the side.

I asked my taxi driver whose English was almost as poor as my Spanish if he knew anyone who could tell me about Manzon. He nodded and took me to the home of Jose de Luque, a balding middle aged school teacher with red lacquered nails and a flair for histrionics. Whenever Jose's facile tongue relaxed, his slender, expressive hands carried on. He began with Manzon's paternal ancestry.

* * * * *

The year 1557. At the door of their home in Lima Lieutenant Geronimo Perez clasped Don Fernando Martin, captain of pikemen, warmly to his breast, tears came into his eyes, he couldn't speak; for this was the end of their days and nights together, a period of six years duration.

Geronimo, a personable young man of 25 years, of dark complexion and martial bearing had arrived in Peru during the insurrection against the rebel, Francisco Giron. He forthwith enlisted as a soldier and quickly became an officer. From what part of Spain he came only Don Fernando knew. He neither drank nor gambled nor consorted with women. Supposedly a devout Catholic, he spent considerable time and money in the

churches and convents. Never had there been a more religious soldier. Now after a tearful parting from his devoted Don Fernando he saddled his horse and rode north to Potosi. A year later he discovered a silver mine of such rich lode he became immensely wealthy overnight. He sent for Don Fernando and made him manager of his mine. Then in 1571 he married an Inca princess. Not that he loved her but she reminded him of her brother of whom he had been exceedingly fond and for whom he suffered agony when he was killed by a condor. A year later his son, Rodrigo, was born. Then suddenly to everyone's amazement he sold his mine to a company of Basques, settled a large fortune on his wife and son, then chartered a boat and took the remainder of his wealth to Seville. There he distributed considerable money among monasteries and homes for orphan boys. Then he vanished as completely as steam in the wind. The only explanation that seemed logical to those who knew him was that Giron's sympathizers had abducted and killed him.

In Potosi, Don Fernando received the news with a leaden heart. He was determined to find Geronimo, and with a large fortune he had accumulated at the mine he sailed for Spain. Off the Spanish coast Barbary pirates seized him and all the men aboard the ship and sold them as slaves to the vizier, Sig Al-Amar of Algiers. They were sent to one of the vizier's many possessions some distance from his palace. None of the slaves saw him nor knew anything about him. However, Sig Al-Amar wondered about his new slaves and one afternoon with a cortege of Mussulmen went to inspect them. Don Fernando, digging in the garden, didn't even look up, so it was to his amazement that night that he received an order to go alone to the vizier's private quarters. Eyes to the

floor he entered the room, then he felt the man's arms around him, the warmth of his body against his and he heard Geronimo's voice say "Fernando! At last we're together again. Only death can part us now."

And it did a year later. As death was beckoning Geronimo he related to Fernando how as a cabin boy on a ship that was wrecked off the coast of Spain he was washed ashore and rescued by an elderly couple. They gave him a home but he was adventurous and when he grew old enough he enlisted as a soldier and went to Peru. He returned to Spain with his fortune because he was born in Algiers and as a Mussulman he would be dead if the Holy Office either in Spain or Peru ever found out. To divert suspicion he lavished money on the churches meanwhile transferring his wealth to Algiers. The Sultan, fortunately, found him attractive and made him a vizier.

* * * * *

My host asked me if I had seen any of the rooms in the Inquisitor's headquarters. Only the courtroom I told him. What I'd missed were the cells in the walls in the courtyard just outside. The cells were constructed just high and deep enough for a man to stand in. After the heavy wooden door was closed on the victim he slowly starved to death in the stifling darkness. Scratched upon the wall in one cell was the name Cristobal, Ricardo on another. Jose explained that two young men, condemned to death by the Jesuits because of their affection for each other, had died in their cells. Somehow in the cramped quarters each managed to scratch his beloved's name on the wall. After their death their bodies were brought into the court room and placed on exhibition. The room was filled with Lima's bachelors, ordered to appear by the Tribunal, and were told their fate would be the

same unless they married and had children.

Jose served me hot chocolate and frosted cookies. Fortunately he loved to talk and told me about Rodrigo, Geronimo's son.

* * * * *

Rodrigo, when grown to manhood, secretly loved Juan, a bell ringer in one of the convents. Formerly a Castillian sailor, Juan remained in Peru instead of returning to Spain aboard the galleon on which he had worked. Bell ringing in Lima was imperative whenever the Viceroy's or Archbishop's carriage approached a convent, whenever ships were sighted at sea, whenever there was news, foreign or domestic. A bell ringer had to live on continual watch in the tower, yet it was a coveted position. Juan got his by bribing a Jesuit with a set of Toledo knives he'd filched from the galleon. To be with Juan, Rodrigo stole into the tower after darkness and left before daylight. Then Juan became seriously ill with malaria. Rodrigo knew that the only medicine—cascarilla-quinine—that would save him was in the sole possession of the Jesuits but he dared not ask them for it. They would be too curious, so he prayed to the Virgin and left money at her feet but Juan grew worse. Desperate, Rodrigo went to the ruins of an Inca temple, fell on his knees and again he prayed. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder. It belonged to an elderly Indian and when Rodrigo explained his problem the old man brought him an earthen jug filled with water and the roots of the quina tree. The Indian promised if Juan would drink it he would recover, and Juan did.

The Jesuits were furious. At last someone had discovered their priceless secret. An Indian had given it to them when one of them was dying of malaria but the Inca never lived to inform other Spaniards. The Holy Office

questioned Juan. He would not tell them who got him the medicine until they tortured him almost to death. Putting on their masks three of them went into the courtroom and took their seats on the platform. Rodrigo was brought in and condemned to death. At a nod, the trap door on which he stood was sprung and his body plunged into a vat of burning oil.

Jose's information came from records kept by his family which traced its lineage to Juan Tell, one of the twelve founders of Lima. In line of descendants was Nicolas de Manzuelas, a beautiful young man who became the favorite of Prince Esquilache, the poet. Esquilache was but 32 when Phillip III named him viceroy of Peru, and Nicolas 28. Soon after his arrival in Lima he and Nicolas became as one. Nicolas also wrote poetry but his chief interest lay in the sons of Indian nobles and their education. As a result Esquilache founded a school for the youths and made Nicolas its director.

Jose smiled wisely and said as far as he knew Nicolas was the only man who ever defied the Jesuits and lived. He sedulously forbade the parish priest to read St. Paul's famous epistle to any of the students, but the padre, instead of raging and bringing down the wrath of the Tribunal on Nicolas' head, couldn't do enough for Nicolas. Nicolas was quite handsome and the holy man sometimes found it expedient to hear Nicolas' confession in the padre's bedroom.

* * * * *

I couldn't imagine Manzon in his costume conducting a business unless it was hair-styling, interior decorating or dressmaking. Jose explained that he had no need to, that he had oil holdings and belonged to the group of 20 Peruvians who practically controlled the nation's economy. Frequently

Manzon gave fabulous stag banquets in his mansion in the fashionable Miraflores suburbs, its decor of the elaborately ornate Spanish colonial period. Seated on a gem studded viceregal chair that throne-like stood on a red velvet draped platform, diamonds blazing in a wide purple satin band stretched diagonally across his pleated lace shirt-front, he received his guests while a string orchestra played. The music continued during the banquet, which was served by Indian youths dressed as their ancestors had been in the days of Pizzaro. Each guest had to have a workable knowledge, of the manners and customs of that period as the conversation during the evening was never allowed to lapse into the 20th century. After the banquet naked Inca youths danced and sang.

On the wall at the head of a gracefully curved pink marble stairway hangs a painting of Amador, Manzon's namesake, the Marquis de Rivevalle, His Excellency Senor Don Amador Querrero de Resistra y Espinoza—the only male descendant of a prominent Sevillian family Pizzaro's conquest made tremendously rich.

Amador was seven when his parents died of plague and his grandmother and two very virginal aunts took him to Lima and surrounded him with luxuries and slaves. He was their little girl and they dressed him like one and he played only with the daughters of Lima's aristocracy. When older he attended a Jesuit school, then went to Oxford. There his swishiness and limp wrist gestures made him most unpopular. However, his wealth greased his way through and he returned to Lima. While in Oxford he fell madly in love with a pink-cheeked English poet named Creighton. After a year spent in Lima he rejoined him in Paris. There they plunged headlong into the Bohemian life but whenever any of the men discussed their sexual activities

with women Amador had to use his smelling salts, and after a sex exhibition in a brothel he vomited and had to be carried out. Then an English lord with a puny wife annexed Creighton and took him back to Piccadilly Circus. Amador wasted no time and acquired Henri, a French pianist, and they sailed for Peru. In Lima he entertained so lavishly the elect vied with each other for invitations. Being better educated than any Peruvian and very rich he became a target for husband-hunting women. Maria Canil, more aggressive than the others, maneuvered a proposal of marriage from him and elaborate preparations were made but a week before the wedding visions of sexual intercourse with Maria made Amador violently ill and he had to call it off. Lima's tongues beat a barrage against willing ears but Amador ignored them. Then destiny struck its fatal blow. Henri and an Inca law student were found dead, locked in each other's arms. A poisoned arrow had pierced their bodies. Grief stricken Amador went to Rio. There he met Zarana, a godlike, dark-skinned Brazilian and brought him back to Lima. Zarana, of a prominent Portuguese family, saw no reason why Amador with all his wealth shouldn't have a title with the accompanying crest, and a large one in precious stone for his gilded carriage with its footmen dressed in gold and silver. So they went to Madrid and for \$100,000 Amador became a Marquis and brought back the five-pointed crown insignia. The Peruvians were impressed and made him a member of their cabinet. Then after he made large donations they elevated him to its head. Politically he became a power to be reckoned with. It was then he decided the Peruvian educational system was wrong and should conform to that at Oxford. The students thought otherwise. They imi-

tated his mincing walk, his girlish voice, even his lace-trimmed clothes but when they burned an effigy of him in San Martin Square he ordered the cavalry to arrest them. Five students died and many were badly wounded; the others were jailed. They went on a hunger strike so he shipped them to the jungle where all died of fever or hard work. At their trial he wore a high silk hat, Oxford morning coat with pin striped trousers, on his arm hung his gold headed cane with the insignia on it, and he languorously smoked a cigarette in a long diamond-studded holder.

Lima made no attempt to conceal her hatred for him. Imperious as a king, or I should say queen, he ignored it. Then a flash of lightning struck his ego a destructive blow. Zarana informed him that he and Amador's handsome Indian footman were leaving for Rio. The day after their departure Amador ordered his bedroom filled with orchids brought from the jungle at great expense, then he donned a Venetian lace nightgown, and while an orchestra played in the hall outside his bedroom he drank a great quantity of a concoction made from wine and a plant called hembra—a powerful aphrodisiac. Too much causes "La Muerte Dulce"—the sweet death.

Jose asked if I had noticed the crest on the door of Manzon's carriage. When I replied that I had been too interested in his costume to see anything else, he said it was the same carriage Amador used. Then he added that Manzon rode in it every day to the Inquisitor's Palace and stood for a moment on the trap door then went below to look at the instruments of torture. Why? No one cared to ask. Who would eventually take the air-force lieutenant's place interested Lima more.

a frenchman reviews

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

article in *Arcadie* Nov. 1958 by Marc Daniel p. 47

The directing staff of the American periodical ONE, which is well known to those of our readers who understand English, is making a valiant effort to rise above the level of petty controversy and juicy tid-bits for masculine midinettes by establishing a ONE Institute which has for its aim the study of homosexuality in all its aspects and is publishing a new quarterly periodical bearing the name *Homophile Studies*. The first issue appeared under the date of Spring 1958.¹

Frankly, I do not think that this first issue entirely corresponds to what we in Europe expect of a "learned periodical." Its format of two-column pages without footnotes bears a rather greater resemblance to the popular magazines.

And some of the articles it contains

do nothing to modify my point of view: an indigestible study by Mr. Henry Hay, "The Moral Climate of Canaan at the Time of Judges" is nothing more than a resumé of various theories about the organization of pre-Israelite society in Palestine; an English translation from the German of a rather banal essay by Dr. Hagen Hartmann entitled "Erotic Tendencies of Fashion" which had appeared in the February 1956 issue of "Der Kreis"; some extracts from the poem attributed to Byron, "Don Leon," which is a verbose apology for homosexuality but which is in no sense previously unedited or unknown since it has been analyzed by G. Wilson Knight in his thesis on *Lord Byron's Marriage*.

I do approve, however, of the inclusion by the editors of *Homophile Studies* of the text, hitherto very difficult to obtain, of the 1956 report of the Roman Catholic Advisory Committee on Prostitution, Homosexual

¹ ONE Institute Quarterly: *Homophile Studies*. #1. Spring 1958. ONE, Inc., 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California. Price: 1 dollar.

Offenses and the Existing Law. This was indeed a service to all those who are interested in the problems of homosexuality and its relation to the Christian Religion.

Mr. W. Dorr Legg, director of ONE Institute, which publishes the magazine, has devoted three pages to "Some Problems of Method for Homophile Studies." I expected much from this statement of methodology—all the more since, as the readers of "Arcadie" may suspect, I have some ideas of my own on this matter. I was, frankly, disappointed. Certainly a definition of the word "homophile" was imperative and we must deplore the fact that the one which was given was scarcely adequate. The author delimits the field of homophilic research by relating it to the various human sciences of medicine, biology, anthropology, sociology, history of religions, history of law and psychology. While we must be grateful to the author for this enumeration we must recognize that it scarcely goes beyond the level of any good dictionary.

It appears to me that it would be much more helpful to have stressed the difficulty in homophile studies of an historical nature owing to the lack of good editions and adequate translations of ancient and of exotic texts; indeed if one does not know these difficulties one risks (like many contemporary and earlier sexologists) ending up with nothing more than dangerous generalizations, with "a priori" and "almost" conclusions which are the very negation of any and all scientific investigation.

But I am wholly in accord with Mr. Dorr Legg when he observes that the lack of interest which until fairly recently, most scholars have exhibited in homophile studies is the direct result of an easy acceptance of the Christian condemnation, and again when he criticizes this neglectful attitude.

The aim of ONE Institute is vast: nothing less, really, than that of becoming a kind of university institute with teams of researchers, courses open to the public, and the successful undertaking of investigations. I salute with real admiration the valor of such a program; if it can be realized in America it will mean that the intellectual maturity of the United States is strangely more advanced than that of our country. And may I be permitted to add that I will be very much surprised if that is so? But certainly we should not criticize an undertaking merely because it is bold for the more ambitious it is the more it deserves respect and success. If the directors of ONE Institute succeed in keeping their creation alive its methods will of themselves improve and become more precise, and the results will automatically group themselves into a doctrine which it would be stupid to insist upon at the outset.

I wish then, the very best of luck to our American friends of ONE Institute. If so far as I at least am concerned, the first issue of their *Homophile Studies* has not been overwhelmingly convincing it is perhaps because I am too exclusively familiar with the methods of historical research and which is not, as I recognize, the only approach to homophile studies. But one very apparent danger threatens our Los Angeles colleagues; the Anglo-Saxon world, important as it may be, is not the entire universe; homophile literature is not limited to Byron and Walt Whitman, nor historical science to the works of English and American historians. If ONE Institute intends to study the field of homosexuality in general it must widen its field of vision not only in time but in space! We will follow their progress with interest and, who knows, with a little will, perhaps, one day . . .

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

The purpose of this column is to create a better understanding of homosexual problems through the psychiatric viewpoint.

**BLANCHE M. BAKER
M.D., PH.D.**



Dear Dr. Baker,

Because I am homosexual I have difficulty mixing socially with people. I have not been able to get a job that will last working with others because of my inability to mix. I have just passed my 32nd birthday and I feel that by now I could keep up with the crowd if given a chance. Even the Army rejected me but still they offered me no help in getting settled at anything else. I am disappointed with the Vocational Rehabilitation Department of the Veterans Administration since they wouldn't even try to get me work. Perhaps I could work satisfactorily by myself or with one other person.

Don't you think it is unfair for people to discriminate against me just because I am homosexual?

Mr. R. N.
New York

Dear R. N.,

Of course it is unfair to discriminate against homosexuals just as it is unfair to discriminate against Jews, Negroes and other minority groups. But such discriminations are realities which must be faced and no amount of regret can do a thing to change the picture. However, we are living in a very fortunate time for we now have organizations such as ONE, Inc. and the Mattachine Society which are taking positive steps to educate the public to a better understanding of the homosexual, chiefly by helping the homosexual to better understand himself.

I would recommend that you affiliate with one of these organizations where you could work with other homosexuals and would not feel so acutely different. Your problem seems to be largely a matter of per-

sonal adjustment and the need to learn to work in a team. It would be especially beneficial for you to participate in group discussions with other homosexuals. It would be possible for you to modify some of your mannerisms so you would not feel so "different." Just sharing in free flow of conversation in a group where you can let off your feelings about being homosexual might be of great benefit to you. We hope that eventually there will be therapeutic groups and vocational guidance available for folks with problems like yours in our homosexual organizations.

Sincerely,
Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D.

Dear Dr. Baker,

I have always tried to live discretely, but John Q. Public is so ready to believe the worst about the homosexual that I have decided to get married as a cover-up.

Recently I met and have been courting a country girl who is beautiful but dumb and I hope to get married soon. Already I have noticed people's attitudes changing toward me. People who formerly wouldn't speak to me now go out of their way to be friendly. But I ask you, have I proven to be a coward by taking this step or just wise? Is it wrong for me to channel my passions and desires along the accepted lines?

I am gay and I always will be, but with effort I can manage to perform as an acceptable husband. I would appreciate hearing your views on this.

Mr. C. M.
Massachusetts

Dear C. M.,

Any marriage, to be lasting, must be based on a minimum of mutual understanding, respect and admiration. The marriage you are proposing does not seem to have any of

these basic ingredients, therefore, it would seem to be doomed to failure. The advantages you note at present are but temporary and may soon be replaced by ugly clutching or resentments once the ceremony is over. You will not really better your position but will only court more trouble by using another person as a cover-up for your own selfish desires. I am sure that many readers of this column have tried the same "escape" method and can tell you what an unsatisfactory solution this was. Do you really think you can channel your passions and desires along the accepted lines? You say you are gay and always will be. Then just how many people are you going to fool and what have you really gained when you get a few more to speak to you? Wouldn't it be a lot more comfortable and agreeable to work out a partnership in good taste and discrimination with one of your own sex? Perhaps you should study yourself more deeply and consider the positive values of homosexuality as a way of life before you take such a drastic step.

As a matter of fact, your letter shows a great deal of aggressive hostility toward women since you refer to your prospective wife as a country girl who is beautiful but dumb. What an explosion there will be when she finds out how she has been duped—for no girl is so dumb that she cannot feel rejection in intimate relationships. The only way you could work out a satisfactory marriage with a woman would be to know that you have enough bisexual potential and can have satisfactory heterosexual relations with the woman concerned while she is broadminded, tolerant and has enough understanding of your "gay" side to permit it to express itself at times.

Sincerely,
Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D.

Letters

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

Dear ONE:

In "Letters" (September, 1958) I note that the "Corporation is not yet large enough to manage branch offices." This I'm sure is true but a brother organization, Mattachine Society, does have branches in New York City, Washington, etc., yet no mention is made of this fact. It is almost as though you were working towards different ends. I feel that you missed a wonderful way to further both causes by missing an opportunity of mentioning Mattachine.

I thought that the article by Carol Robin, "Why Do They Persecute Us So?" was excellent. Certainly one of the most constructive articles I have ever read. Glad to see that you have rid yourselves of the rather odious advertising that snuck into several issues a few months back. Keep up the good work and let's hope that we all may grow together.

Mr. D.
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Publications of the Daughters of Bilitis, many European homophile organizations, and the Mattachine Society are regularly advertised in ONE Magazine as a service to readers. This does not mean, however, the endorsement by the Corporation of the work of these various groups. It simply records the fact that these are a part of "the homophile movement."

If we were not convinced that ONE's approach was distinctive and the one best designed to be helpful to inquirers, what reason would the Corporation have for existing? Why not merge all the groups into a single "melting pot"? Would Reader D. seriously expect Republicans to refer inquirers to Democratic headquarters, or Protestants to recommend the Roman Catholic approach to spiritual questions?

Gentlemen:
The book *Lolita* would seem to indicate

that sexual desire for children seems to be about as common as homosexual desire. I believe that most of the readers of this Magazine are of the opinion that homosexuality should be accepted but that molestation of children, whether homosexual or heterosexual, is to be condemned. Although I am innocent of the drive in question, if logic is to be carried to its conclusion, answers from intelligent, mature thinkers may provide new clues of great value to all.

Homosexuals usually, if not always, agree that their deviation forced them to use sheer logic to resolve their problems and to accept themselves in order to be useful citizens; and this logic led them to the conclusion that the persecution of homosexuality is unjustified and the result of superstitious ignorance, and that free expression of homosexual drives is preferable to disastrous frustration.

Now, will someone kindly tell me why homosexuality should be accepted but child molestation condemned, despite the fact that the urge in each case is imperative and its denial wrecks physical, mental and moral havoc and also that the love an older person feels for a child, even though sexual in nature, can be as beautiful as that which two homosexuals feel for each other?

Need I make clear that I am not advocating child molestation, but simply raising a point that must be settled if the logic on which the entire case for homosexuality is based is to stand, and if not, then there is a fallacy in homosexual thinking that must be faced and resolved.

Miss V.
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Dear ONE:

I don't feel comfortable about our exposing or making any sort of attack on the investigating officers (the writer was recently dismissed from his position). Granted that these people are doing a very cruel work and that their methods are so low and nasty that they can only continue under cover, still I doubt that the over-all situation can be improved or that they can individually be encouraged to change by our putting pressure on them or by our threatening them. Certainly if we were to retaliate in this way we would be following the standard and quite acceptable code. But I wonder if this code has ever worked very well.

In my interview with the Investigators I acted on the assumption that the best experience for them would be to encounter a gentleman who can be frank about his homosexuality and who is neither angered nor frightened by their attack. I assumed that they are very fearful people, which means that they can only be made worse by being frightened or by being allowed the impression that they can frighten others.

I believe we have in "us" the capacity to understand the Investigators well enough and that we can be confident enough of our own position that we can deal therapeutically with them. But it is not easy to keep clear about the fallacy of punishing a sick man. If he were hospitalized we'd know we must not attack him or his irrational behavior. But when this fellow is an Investigator, and seems to have power over us—well, it's not easy to remember what his position and condition really are, and what role we ought to be playing.

My own sense of defensiveness has so much abated in these last few years. I know what a change this has made in my own outlook and energy and feeling of confidence in meeting bad situations. It makes me wonder if we do the right thing for homosexuals in general to keep before them accounts of the constant battle **against**. I'm not sure who needs the most help in these situations. Somewhere along the line help will have to go to "these others." Poor dears, they are in such a muddle.

Mr. W.
(Address withheld)

Gentlemen:

Please use this contribution to help in a small way toward the deficit about which you wrote recently. Believe me, I wish I could donate greater financial support toward your valiant work, but even this meager contribution represents a certain amount of sacrifice. Nor is it possible to solicit the support and funds of others in this community, for my position make it mandatory that I "conform" in every respect. Know, however, that you have my silent prayers and secret well wishes for every success.

Mr. R.
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Mr. Slater:

Thank you for the delightful story "Mrs. Cartwright." (September, 1958). About "Arab Revolt," a wonderful idea, a miserable presentation. I still am not sure whether Mr. Vitale was writing about the manner in which "the love of a boy" turned the tide of history, or the glories of homosexual love. Carol Robin could stand a good hand shaking. Well written and very enjoyable but, unfortunately, she does not see, or perhaps know, the whole picture.

I believe that Miss Robin will find that there are many who desire female companionship only with heavy masculine overtones. The same is true with boys. I know many gay young men who look and act straight, and these men are attracted primarily only by little swishes. She might do well to take into account that in homosexual societies there are two sexes—the "male male," and the "female

male," the converse being true with Lesbians.

There are many who can assume either role with equal ease, but in the case of the strictly "butch" guy he will normally only pick up a screaming swish, as then there will be no chance of his "manhood" being impaired.

Most normal people are not really offended by the swishes. It is the (to all appearances) normal young man, who is revealed to be gay, that makes them mad. On a certain beach in New York there appears nearly every day a flaming, bleached blonde (it was this season), tall, skinny, outrageous faggot who was the darling of the straight sex. They loved him. And the way he flitted around calling everyone "honey" and "love." It was the gay kids that would gladly, had they got him alone, thrown him in the water and held his head under.

Would someone please explain to me why I, if I should hold my cigarette the wrong way, or, kidding around, drop my voice and call someone darling, get a dirty look from the "normals" while a real flame, draws only minor chuckles? What do they want us to do, go around with our hair henna'd and our faces made-up, in order that we may conform to their ways of picturing us?

Mr. A
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Dear Don Slater:

I am writing you to tell of the good that I am getting out of ONE. I have enjoyed the articles on "Successful Homosexuals." It makes me happy to hear that some of us can stand up for our rights and lead normal lives. I have many "straight" friends who tell me that the way I live is my own business and because I am gay is no reason to dissolve friendships.

We shouldn't try to force this thing down people but, on the other hand, we shouldn't let them walk all over us. My family has known about me since I was thirteen. I am thirty-one now. None of them have turned me down and they also accept my gay friends. There are one hundred and fifty employees where I work and they all respect me for being a gentleman. If I didn't hold myself as a human being should I wouldn't still be on the payroll.

Mr. H.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Dear Sirs:

I hope and pray that your work may go on unabated and that you will receive the needed support. May your splendid Little Magazine never lose its militant tone! There is much persecution, suffering and loneliness in our so-called "land of the free". It is provoking to see that some of your readers are hankering for lightheartedness and laughter. Our cause is a grave one indeed and as urgent as it is difficult. As long as those in high places are

characterized by ignorance and cruelty our fight must not be relaxed. The kind of persecution carried on in Michigan seems more typical of the Dark Ages than of the supposedly enlightened twentieth century. It constitutes a dark blot on our "civilization" and can hardly encourage patriotism!

Dr. E.
MICHIGAN

Dear ONE:

I think Helen Sanders (October, 1958) is all wet in her reply to Hollister Barnes. Her's is the usual defensive attitude taken by homosexuals of the professional middle class, of trying to fit us into the status quo of frozen family relationships and quiet social conformity. No one in their right minds, least of all Mr. Barnes, wants to stop the propagation of the human species, or to interfere with the "normals" having their own sex pattern. But anyone sensitive to the stresses and tensions of the contemporary man's personality make-up is forced to look around for avenues for relieving the alienated condition and for finding an emotional milieu more congenial to relaxed social intercourse.

It's smack bang into the holy convention of our sacred family institution our well-wisher will first stumble, finding that it excludes much that is human as well as a large part of the human family who do not fit the pattern, or find it intellectually stifling. I figure family bonds will have to loosen considerably before humanity will gain ready access to all its resources of human creativity.

All of our most sacred conventions of what is the most desirable emotional climate for the child to mature in are going to have to be called into sharp question, but soon, if a sane world is to be our heritage to bequeath to future generations.

Mr. S.
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dear Sirs:

Allow me while renewing my subscription to congratulate you on the victory you won in the Supreme Court over the Los Angeles Postmaster, regarding the mailing of your publication. It is a decision which, although it may have had some influence within the U. S., has, I assure you made some impression here, as it has contributed to renew confidence in the ideal of liberty in your country.

I can't say how much I agree with the letter from Fort Worth, Texas (October, 1958). Put a little spice into it. Insert one or two humorous articles and some comic drawings. A good laugh does do such a lot of good, and helps the rest down more easily!

Mr. B.
PARIS, FRANCE

Dear ONE:

Bravos to ONE for such extraordinary progress. Beltimes, some of its contents make me feel ill, of course, but more often I find myself cheering instead. The editorials are particularly remarkable, the book reviews refreshingly honest, and the Letters are the most poignant cross-section of homosexuality I could ever expect to see printed.

Some of these years I aspire to do something of value for ONE. Meantime, I will subscribe, and share, and try to be a decent member of the brotherhood . . .

Mr. M.
TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI

Dear Mr. Lambert:

At the end of my third year as a subscriber I wish to express gratitude not only for myself but for the circle of friends who read my copy of ONE when I was in Belgium, most of whom were Flemish. They compared it favorably with the other European homophile magazines.

Let me say how surprised I was to read in your Editorial (November, 1958) the name of Tijl Uilenspiegel, the Flemish legendary and homosexual hero of the Middle Ages. He remains the living symbol in our hearts of courageous and humorous non-conformity.

Mr. D.
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Gentlemen:

During the past few months, the courtesy and generosity of a subscriber has made it possible for me to read ONE with deepest and most profound interest. Each and every one of us, scattered as we undoubtedly are all over the globe are grateful for the brave and unceasing efforts that ONE is making towards a rational and human understanding of our cause. In this utter darkness that I find all around me, ONE seems to bring the only ray of light, but so terribly remote and far-removed from this present-day modern mystic-puritanical India.

Quite apart from the law, which is as harsh in this country as it exists in yours or the United Kingdom, the tragedy here is not only the appallingly strong social and religious prejudice, but an almost complete lack of awareness of the very existence of the problem. In modern, large and cosmopolitan cities like Bombay, and amongst families and social groups of Indo-Western and Western educational standards, the mere reference to homosexuality—let alone an academic discussion of it—is strictly taboo. There is no reasonably decent place where one can remove this stifling mask; though I'm quite certain that thousands of unknowns like me, in this very city, must be labouring for breath as I do—some too zealous in guarding their "abominable" secret; others still making desperate attempts towards

self-acceptance and the resolution of conflicts within.

There are no gay coffee bars or clubs or meeting places where one could shed the veneer, exchange views and get to know people of one's own kind who are not interested in just the mere sex of it. The article "The Single Homosexual" in one of your issues struck a very disheartening note. Is there no such thing as a reasonably stable attachment which, to a large extent, precludes promiscuity on the part of either party?

Is the union or fusion of sex and love so inherently non-homosexual? Is there no hope for those of us to whom deep bonds of friendship and love are as important as sex? Is this need to belong to your loved one, this need and hunger to have filled the emotional vacuum within so peculiar, so rare and so completely contrary to the average homosexual constitution and way of life?

Mr. E.
BOMBAY, INDIA

BOOKS

THE PLAGUE OF LUST

by Julius Rosenbaum, Frederick Publications, bibliography and index, 1955, 325 pp.

Dr. Rosenbaum, a German physician, traces in this work the history and alleged origins of the venereal diseases. The present edition, subtitled *A Handbook of Classical Erotology*, is a somewhat clumsy translation from the original German edition, first published in 1893. Apparently reprinted from earlier plates (perhaps of the 1902 edition) its pages are crowded and typographically confusing, with an excess of footnotes and varied type-faces.

However, none of this nullifies the usefulness of the work for the student of Greek and Roman homosexuality. In the manner characteristic of German scholarship of the period the author piles citation upon citation, albeit carelessly documented at times, under such headings as Paederastia, Scythian Effeminacy, Fellation, Sodomy, etc.

He protests loudly and often at the distastefulness of his "vile task," yet manages to compile the most lurid passages from such sources as Herodotus, Seneca, Lucian, Aristophanes, Martial, Juvenal and scores of others. The motives of our learned medic might be questioned, but the value of his work in bringing together so many

relatively obscure documents is undeniable. Also, his extended discussions of the translation problems occasioned by certain passages throw much light on disputed points.

The following, from Philo of Alexandria, will illustrate but a single aspect of the citations given: "At any rate, these men-women may be seen constantly strutting in the Agora at the hour of high market, walking in procession at the sacred festivals, sharing, unholy as they are, in holy offices, participating in mysteries and sacrifices, even engaging in the rites of Demeter . . . and now clad in purple robes, as if they had done some great benefit to their country, and surrounded by a body guard, they enter in state, all eyes fixed on them."

Students are fortunate that this curious work, long available, if at all, only in a costly two-volume edition has now been made generally available in this reprint.

W. L.

THE FLAMING HEART

by Deborah Deutsch, Bruce Humphries, \$3.75, 271 pp.

This is a story of two people who had the course of their lives changed at an early age, due to an unfortunate incident in their childhood.

Linda, at the tender age of fifteen was married off to a neighboring

farmer. The vain man knew no warmth or tenderness, and took his virgin bride through the threshold of his pigsty and like a male animal devoured his prey.

"He was too crass a man to know love in its true sense, or to understand that sex with love is the full measure and complement of life; that sex alone is less than the mating of the beasts." Sick and terrified, Linda soon escaped and ran away.

Hilary's father was always threatening him within an inch of his life if he ever got a little girl into trouble. Consequently at the age of twelve, Hilary was given the key to narcissism by one of his father's business associates.

Half of the book is drawn out and devoted to the detailed descriptions of Hilary's perverted cravings. My own perplexity makes me ask, is a narcissist a homosexual? The author says, "Homosexuality is a form of Narcissism and immaturity."

Hilary is never drawn to the same sex as love and desire draws two people together. He merely uses the same sex for personal gratification. And this gratification was sought anywhere and in all ways.

"A gigantic man-made exchange mart of lust and flesh, unrequited love, unfulfillment . . . And the sated and the sinful and the debauched seek and find and induct recruits from among the young, the innocent, the pure, and the untried . . . What's the solution? There isn't any. It is the impossibility of it that leads us on, tantalizes us, makes us dead to love. We are cold blooded sex robots."

Sometime in our life we might come across a Hilary or a Hilarette, but surely the name is not legion, and yet with the author's vivid description of the various types, the aunties, the queens, the transvestites, the nellys, etc., the impression is seem-

ingly a complete picture. In the author's own words, "Promiscuity is the very structure of the gay life." This is the group that cried out for acceptance?

Hilary never worked. Like all homosexuals, he was a parasite. Linda was not a rich woman, but she was willing to continue working. Her unselfish love for Hilary made her want only what he wanted. She worshipped him. Naturally this made him feel his own importance more . . . And so they were married! This was a blissful state for both of them for awhile. He reveled in being sweetly adored. But soon he began to feel the weight of Linda's complete devotion. It began to pry at his conscience. Of course he diagnosed the problem as Linda's constant possessiveness. Her goodness was stultifying. He had nothing to give . . . this is what possessed Hilary. "The thing that she had greatly feared had come upon her." . . . The fear of losing him. This fear made her ill. It was during this illness that Hilary fled. He fled from devotion, love, security to seek refuge in his old way of life.

The problems of homosexuality can always be compared with the problems of other minority groups, groups, in which some individuals have made strides . . . accepting responsibilities, educating their minds and using their wills to mold themselves into whole human beings. As individuals they don't need to cry out, or demand acceptance. But the group as a whole still drags them down. Because they are "black," regardless of individual achievements, they are publically defiled.

The Flaming Heart describes a paltry picture of the group. The effects of the book will convince society that defilement is justified and will make individuals continue to hide out . . . For the battle for acceptance is obviously a losing one.

D.F.