

convent on an old English estate. Out of the many characters a few stand foremost. They are: Dora, who tries to hold together the strings of her dying marriage to Paul, who is intensely wrapped up in . . . himself; and Nick and Catherine, brother and sister, both young, and these two cannot seem to stand up to the trials of community life. Catherine wishes to become a nun and Nick seems always occupied with his dog and guns. Before Nick came to this community he had had a love affair with Michael, another member of the community, but Nick told on Michael. Michael is an intelligent person and though he has not touched Nick upon the latter's arrival here, he is still a little afraid of Nick because of their past affair.

Yes, Michael is cursed with a tendency to attract and be attracted by young men.

Just as things seem to be looking up for Michael, along comes Toby, a teenager who talks like a ten year old, and he upsets Michael's apple-cart. Michael can't refuse and kisses Toby in the car one night, then the whole thing starts up for Michael again and his conscience really gets after him.

To quote from the blurb on the jacket " . . . a legend is confirmed, a marriage destroyed, a bishop embarrassed, a suicide averted and another suicide carried out, a new bell acquired for the convent, and young love put to the test."

—Arnell Larsen

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Psychologist, Author and
Marriage Counselor

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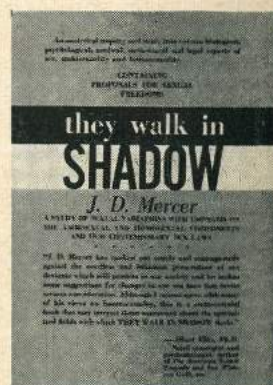
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one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MARCH 1959
FIFTY CENTS



See page 20

MAN or WOMAN?

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

Volume VII

Number 3

March 1959

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COVER PHOTO: Miss Vivian Messetti

EDITORIAL

"Too aggressive! Just asking for trouble!" Comments such as these have been thrown at ONE many times over the years by the timorous. As, for instance, the criticisms back in 1953 over an editorial which vigorously proclaimed, "ONE is not grateful." The Los Angeles Postmaster had just released copies of an issue he had been withholding from the mails. The editorial continued, "ONE thanks no one for this reluctant acceptance . . . Never before has a governmental agency of this size admitted that homosexuals not only have legal rights but might have respectable motives as well. The admission is welcome, but it's tardy and far from enough."

Whether or not this was "too aggressive" it has always been ONE's position that homosexuals are, first of all, citizens, and entitled to exactly the same rights and privileges accorded all citizens. Neither second-class citizenship nor discrimination could be tolerated, we devoutly believed. It was our indignation over police brutalities, the peephole-spying, and other such incidents which supplied us with the energies and "recklessness" that kept ONE going in the face of all obstacles.

We have always felt sad, even a little ashamed, for those who "just couldn't afford to be associated with such a group." For this attitude showed how many Americans were forgetting that Constitutional freedom also included the freedom from being pushed around by public officials, and that if one class of citizens is deprived of its rights, all can and eventually would be.

However, in trying to be "the voice of U. S. homosexuals," ONE Magazine had to steer a course between what only a rare few were discerning as an issue of the highest moral order, and the all-too-evident inability of most homophiles to get out from under the crushing load of guilt imposed upon them by a society which hated queers, laughed at fairies, or gladly beat-up homos, all with the deepest feelings of self-satisfied virtue. This same society could not and would not listen to the proposition that homosexuals were, by and large, no better or no worse than other people. "Preposterous," they snorted, while the homophiles themselves rather pitifully asked, "Do we dare claim this?" or else struck back at ONE for even proposing such a heresy.

But now there comes along an interesting and extremely significant trend, one slowly, but powerfully gaining momentum. This trend has been set in motion by legal minds concerned, as the best legal minds always are, with the relentless logic of Law. One question is involved, they are saying, and that is the question of individual rights, as guaranteed by our Constitution. Ironically enough, it may turn out that the Law, claimed by many to be the enemy of the homosexual, will prove his best friend.

The sceptical may feel that this is going too far, yet, what is the record? Who first publicly proclaimed in this country that homosexual acts between consenting adults should be removed from the penal codes, but a distinguished committee of the American Law Institute, chaired by the redoubtable Judge Learned Hand? Who was it won for homosexuals the right to discuss the whole subject freely in print by carrying a case to the U. S. Supreme Court, but Eric Julber, ONE's attorney? Who won important freedoms from the infamous California "sex registration law" but Kenneth Zwerin, an attorney. Now, along comes another attorney, Morris Lowenthal (see story, page six) boldly staking out rights for homosexuals such as few of them would have dreamed of claiming for themselves. Still another irony is that those having no personal interest in the subject whatever should be doing what homosexuals have hitherto been too spineless to do for themselves.

When are American homosexuals going to stop sitting around pitying themselves, excusing themselves, hiding their faces and bemoaning their lot? When are they going to roll up their sleeves and do some of the hard work and the fighting that any segment of society must do to defend its own rights? These attorneys are pointing out some of the ways of going at these things. How embarrassing that this should have been necessary!

For its own part, ONE feels remiss that it should have been Attorney Lowenthal, coming almost accidentally against the problem, through a labor case involving a gay bar, who should have been the one to point out to the Courts that homosexuals have the right to congregate wherever and whenever they please (quite as do other citizens), to select their own attire for themselves, to dance with each other in public, if they wish, yes, even to kiss each other! All without being subjected to harrassment or the charge of lewd behavior. Either that, or no one can do such things, for neither legislatures nor courts may, under the American Constitution, treat various classes of citizens in different ways.

A salute to the attorneys for waking us up! Once awakened, what are we going to do about it? Let it never be forgotten that evils unchallenged grow even worse, nor that few evils are more vicious than the suppression of personal freedoms. ONE proposes to strengthen its battle for the social and civil rights of homosexuals. The ride may be bumpier from here on out. But what is anyone with a shred of self-respect to do about that?

William Lambert, *Associate Editor*

Court Upholds Gay Bars



California's District Court of Appeals recently struck down the license suspension of a bar in Oakland, closed in 1956 by the Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control "because its patronage consisted almost exclusively of homosexuals and lesbians." The court opinion, reversing the ABC suspension, and reaffirming the rights of homosexuals as citizens, can stand as a strong legal precedent in other states as well as California.

The 1956 closing of the bar, the First and Last Chance, had been vigorously pushed, along with other raids, closings and spyings, by the state Attorney General's office as part of a campaign to "clean up on pervers" in the state, a campaign which was felt primarily in the Bay Area. And perhaps former Attorney General Pat Brown, now Governor of California, felt the need of some group to crusade against in his campaign for the gubernatorial office without running the risk of losing many votes—he even got mine, I must say. Pat Brown is too canny a politician to alienate any group he expects might exert any appreciable

political influence, on one side or the other.

But the closing of the First and Last Chance, also known as "Mary's Bar," flew in the face of a 1951 decision of the California Supreme Court which had held that homosexuals, as "members of the public of lawful age have a right to patronize a public restaurant and bar so long as they are acting properly and are not committing illegal or immoral acts; the proprietor of an establishment has no right to exclude or eject a patron 'except for good cause,' and if he does so without good cause he is liable to damages." (*Stoumen v. Reilly*.)

In the 1951 Stoumen case, involving the Black Cat, a colorful bar at 710 Montgomery Street in San Francisco, which has for over thirty years been one of the country's most interesting bohemian-gay bars, the high court upheld the civil right of homosexuals to gather in a bar, and to use it as a meeting place, providing they did so for the purpose of eating or drinking.

After suitable squawks from the Attorney General's office, the Legis-

lature in 1955 added section 24200 (e) to the Business and Professions Code in order to override the Stoumen decision (which is not within the legislative power, since constitutional interpretations by the state high court can only be overcome by constitutional amendment) and to provide for the suspension of the license of premises which become "a resort for illegal possessors or users of narcotics, prostitutes, pimps, panders, or sexual pervers." However, the courts have said they felt a literal interpretation of the new section would raise grave doubts as to its constitutionality, and have therefore interpreted the section in the light of the Stoumen definition of what constitutes "good cause" for revocation of a license—that is, "something more must be shown than that many of his patrons were homosexuals and that they used his restaurant and bar as a meeting place."

The Appeals Court elaborated this principle in two later cases (*Nickola and Kershaw*) where considerable evidence was entered regarding "illegal, disgusting and immoral conduct on the licensed premises" and regarding the licensee's knowledge of such conduct. In these cases, the court upheld the license revocations, but laid a strong burden of proof on the enforcement officials.

Between September 7, 1955, and the following June 1st, the Alcoholic Beverage Control, the Oakland police and Armed Services police in the area began spying daily on the First and Last Chance, a bar which had started in business in 1946 "as a gathering place for homosexuals." Albert L. Vallerga, who had bought a half interest in 1950, testified that he had bought into the bar knowing this and because of this. He had consulted an attorney and was advised that since his bar was a public place he had the right and the duty to

serve his customers so long as they behaved themselves.

The cops—plainclothes and uniformed—haunted the place for nine months. They got their evidence. The ABC filed charges. A hearing was held and the license was revoked. The Appeals Board upheld the revocation.

On January 27th, this year, over two years later, the Court of Appeals reversed the decision. The revocation had been based merely on the section 24200 (e) provision that proof that patrons were pervers was sufficient grounds for revocation of license. The court insisted such grounds were clearly insufficient, without evidence of specific acts that were disgusting, immoral and illegal.

The Court had obviously moved from the very excellent and compelling *amici curiae* briefs filed by San Francisco attorney Morris Lowenthal (who is currently fighting a new attempt to revoke the license of the Black Cat) and associates, laying down an ironclad argument which clearly established the direction the court must inevitably take. Not that the court went quite so far as these classic briefs (which quoted liberally from Dr. Blanche Baker's introduction to the book *Gay Bar*, and from *The Ladder*, the magazine published by the Daughters of Bilitis) urged.

Attorneys Golden and Stefan citing the case of *People v. Giani*, pointed out that the assumption that "a 'homosexual' is the equivalent to a 'sex pervers' is not supported by the law nor by the facts." Citing *People v. Berta*, *Ex Parte Smith*, and other cases, they demolished the idea the State had presented, that while it may be all very legal for one homosexual to take a drink, it is harmful to the public interest for homosexuals to gather or associate in a bar. From the *Lancaster v. Reed* decision: "The citizen has a right of selecting

his associates . . . and association with thieves . . . may be very injurious to the person seeking such society, *but it is not the business of the legislature to keep guard over individual morality.*

"Our Constitution and laws guarantee to every citizen the right to go where and when he pleases, and to associate with whom he pleases, exacting from him only that he conduct himself in a decent and orderly manner, that he disturb no one, and that he interfere with the rights of no other citizen."

Mr. Lowenthal carried the argument on, challenging the contention that—even if homosexuals have the right to congregate—the bar in which they do so can have its license revoked. He further argued that homosexuals also have the right to "dress, talk, walk or in any other way appear to act like homosexuals." He argued that the terms "sexual pervert" and "resort" as used in section 24200 (e) were so vague as to be legally untenable. Citing *Perez v. Sharp*, "An act is void where its language appears on its face to have a meaning, but it is impossible to give it any precise or intelligible application . . ." He pointed up various New York and Oklahoma cases involving prostitution. "In the Patterson case the court pointed out that such women are human beings entitled to shelter and that it is not a crime to give them lodging unless it is done for immoral purposes."

Agreeing with this, the court held in this case that the same reasoning applies to the patronage of a public restaurant and bar by homosexuals.

The police evidence, so scrupulously gathered, didn't add up to much in the court's opinion. The cops said the bar had a bad reputation in the neighborhood, in that it was known to be a gathering place for homosexuals and lesbians. They produced several officers who admitted

they had heard of this reputation. The court brushed this aside, as merely evidencing that which the owner had already admitted was the purpose for which the bar was operated. Mere evidence that the patrons were or reputedly were homosexual, since this was already taken for granted, was not grounds for revocation of the license, as laid down in the Stoumen case.

As the court summed up the police evidence: "During the nine-month period of intensive surveillance the police officers did testify that they did observe a few isolated acts which are relied upon to support the revocation order. Several of the police officers testified that, on occasion, women were observed dancing with, and kissing, other women. This is not necessarily offensive, illegal or improper conduct that would justify the revocation of the license.

"The most damaging testimony was given by a policewoman who went to the bar as an undercover agent. She testified that she sat at a table and that a patron dressed in mannish costume sat down and stated to her 'You're a cute little butch.' Later in the evening this patron kissed the witness. A waitress of the establishment, Buddy by name, came by and warned the participants that if they wanted to continue such activity they should go into the rest room. Other than through this waitress, there was no evidence the licensees knew of this activity or that they had been told of it. The officer did not complain to anyone about this conduct.

"Another police officer (who had been in the bar 10 times) on one occasion observed a display of affection between two men. He observed these two embrace and whisper to each other with their foreheads touching. He heard one of the men state to the bartender 'Arley and I are going steady.' There was no evi-

dence that the acts of affection between these two men were or should have been observed by the licensees or their employees."

Summing up, along the lines of Mr. Lowenthal's argument, what does this opinion mean?

The fact that the bar was established for homosexuals was held immaterial. The court by implication confirmed the advice given Vallerga by his attorney that since the bar was a public place the bar owner was under a duty and had a right to serve his customers, as long as they behaved themselves.

The court further held that mannish attire worn by the female patrons, and the habit of men pairing off with men and women with women did not per se amount to immoral, indecent, disgusting or improper acts. Nor did the court consider women dancing with, or kissing, other women to be offensive, illegal or improper. Even where there was evidence of acts of affection between homosexuals, in the absence of evidence that these acts "were or should have been observed by the licensees or their employees," this was held not to be grounds for the revocation of a license. Nor was a bar's reputation as a gathering place for homosexuals considered material. Likewise, for the evidence regarding the displays of affection between two men—such evidence was considered as having no legal significance except as demonstrating what was already admitted, that at least some of the patrons were homosexual.

Further, there were two chief points: first, that revocation of a license must be supported by evidence of misconduct, acts which are clearly "disgusting, immoral and illegal" and by evidence that "the continuance of the license would be contrary to public welfare." Second and most important the court

clearly nipped in the bud any further legislative attempts to outlaw homosexual bars, and left a considerable opening for the general establishment of a claim by homosexuals to equal rights in other areas.

The case, however, is not quite finished. Early in February, the new Attorney General of California, Stanley Mosk, along with Charles A. Barrett and Wiley W. Manuel, presented a "Respondent's Petition for Rehearing" angrily attacking the court for ignoring the obvious intent of section 24200 (e), demanding that the court either hew to the letter of the law or declare the law unconstitutional (Mr. Lowenthal had argued strongly that the court could not rightly escape finding 24200 (e) unconstitutional). They also protested that if the court's opinion stood, the term "pervert" in the law would be left without meaning.

"In passing," they said, "it should be noted that it is not one of the prohibited classes which has challenged the constitutionality of the code section involved, but, rather, persons who are not in the prohibited classes, as far as the record shows, raise constitutional issues [sic]. It appears that in reality the appellants in this matter have no standing to raise the constitutional issue."

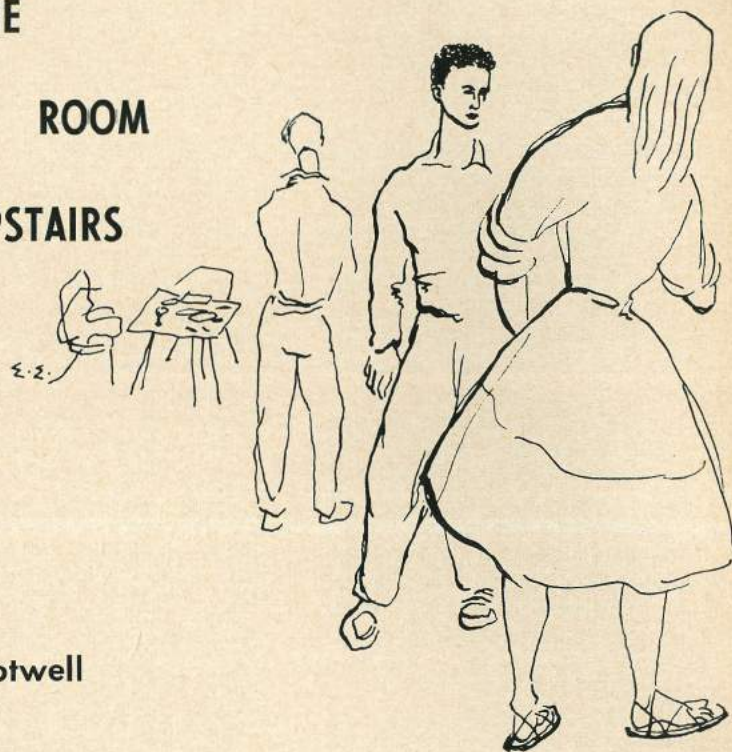
And this strikes at the crux of the issue: homosexuals must stop standing by while their rights are trampled. They must stop waiting for someone else to fight their fights for them. They must begin to stand up, like other minorities, and exercise their muscle, and make politicians like Pat Brown feel it. The attorneys handling these present cases will probably push through to victory—but it is time for us to begin making our own victories, to begin establishing our own rights.

Lyn Pederson

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS



by
Jody Shotwell

Gene and his wife left the theatre by a side door and hurried across the narrow street. Pat had hastily creamed off most of her stage make-up but her eyes were still mascara-ringed, giving her the look of a Marie Laurencin girl. Inside Harry's Bar and Grille they settled into a back booth.

"I'll be glad to get out of this town," Gene growled, looking distastefully at the menu. He raised his eyes and extended the look to the establishment and its clientele. "Why do we always come to this crummy place, anyway. Crawling with goddamned faggots."

Pat regarded her husband pacifically. "It's not so bad," she murmured.

"I like to watch them . . ." She lifted one arm wearily and swept her heavy, straight hair away from her neck.

Others of the cast, mostly bit players like themselves, drifted in, waved greetings, and took adjacent tables.

"See," Pat said, "They all come here."

"Like to show themselves off," Gene snarled. "Big frogs in a little pool."

Pat sighed and turned her attention to the menu.

"How about a cocktail?" Gene asked.

"You have one. I'll have a drink later."

The waitress took their order and Pat sat back and rested her head against the quilted leather. From this position she could look at the clock above the bar without seeming to. Behind the bar a good-looking young negro played very loud piano. Conversation was impossible. Gene drank his cocktail too quickly and ordered another.

"Sure you don't . . . ?"

"No." Only the slight impatience in Pat's voice and the restlessness of her hands betrayed her. Otherwise she seemed relaxed, at peace.

The food arrived, hot roast beef sandwiches with gravy. Gene attacked his ardently, the disgruntled expression on his face gradually smoothing out. The pianist took an intermission and softer music backgrounded the buzz of voices.

"C'mon, honey, eat!" Gene urged.

"Here comes Bouchard," Pat said. There was a feeling of suppressed excitement among the habitués as the star of the show entered. With his entourage he took a reserved booth near the front of the bar.

"Must have got the word," Gene remarked. "I thought he'd wind up in here sooner or later."

Pat forced a laugh. She toyed with her food, her eyes wandering around the now crowded room. The restlessness was in her shoulders now and in the movements of her head. A couple of young women, short-haired and dressed in slacks came in and spoke to a bartender. He gestured toward a side door and the pair wormed their way thru the crowd and disappeared. Pat glanced sideways at her husband but he had not noticed.

"I think I'd like a drink now," she said. "Let's go to the bar. I'm tired of sitting."

She sipped whiskey and water and tried not to look at the clock. Gene was taking his whiskey straight, his antagonism toward the surroundings diminishing noticeably. Tam and Mollie from the chorus joined them and Gene bought drinks all around.

"Kids," Pat said, "entertain Gene, will you? I gotta go." She turned from the bar and walked slowly toward the side door.

"Honey," Tam called after, "little girls' room is back there . . ." Pat pretended not to hear.

"She always goes upstairs," Gene shrugged. "Says it's cleaner."

Pat mounted the winding stairs unhurriedly, as though wanting to prolong the anticipation which beset her. She went past the door labeled "Ladies" and entered the dimly lit room next to it.

A small bar at the far end was filled and most of the tables also. A few couples danced to music from the juke box. There were no men in the room.

Berta arose from the table set back into the recess beside the blazing fireplace. She put out her hand and drew Pat down onto the seat beside her.

"Darling," she said, "I thought you'd never come."

The Darkness of the Night

*The darkness of the night
Reveals us in a light
We can't enjoy. Finding in you
The converse of my faults
I love you for the chasms which I tack
Your hands, your smile, your self-deceits
The way your conversation makes
A silence in the turning world.*

*My masks are warmth and feeling
Yours are calm, stability.*

*I don't know who lies most
Or worse, but I won't trade.*

*Masks, if you wear them long enough,
Become the face.*

*Myself, I'm always acting
And yet I'm always me. I
Have no mystery.*

*Behind your conversation, gestures, eyes
My curious fingers search
And find a shell
You are your surfaces.*

*The darkness of the night appalls us
And we run to meet the day—*

When busy shells are hidden in the sun.

CLAIR STERN

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

New Orleans, early Sept. 28: Tulane Univ. student John S. Farrell, 20, suggested to fellow students David Drennan, 19 and Alberto Calvo, 20, that they go down to the French Quarter and "roll a queer." Later, too much later, Drennan said he'd been reluctant, and not fully aware what "rolling a queer" meant—except it involved taking money from someone.

They went to the Quarter, and in the Cafe Lafitte in Exile, Farrell met Fernando Rios, 26, of Mexico City, guide for a tourist group. Farrell talked with Rios in the alley, while Calvo and Drennan hiding by the exit to prevent an escape, told two other students Farrell was "in there getting a queer to roll." Rios, after refusing to go home with Farrell, tried to hail a taxi. Then Farrell, claiming Rios "made an indecent proposal," hit Rios (not hard, he said) and left him in the gutter. Rios might have fallen down, Farrell thought. As an afterthought, allegedly, Farrell went back and took Rios' wallet, which they later tore

up and threw away. (Drennan testified Calvo got the wallet while Farrell was beating Rios.) Later that night they burned most of its contents. They spent the American money (about \$40).

Rios, meanwhile, was found in the alley, and died without regaining consciousness. Doctors and other witnesses testified both his eyes were badly blackened, that there were severe lacerations, bruises and fractures on his skull, nose and mouth, and that he'd apparently received a severely bruising blow in the liver. His clothing was in good order.

Calvo's roommate, George Meyer, testified that the three came to his room the night of the killing, bragged they'd just "rolled a queer." He helped them burn Rios' money and identification cards. The next day, finding press reports of the murder, they destroyed the remaining contents of the wallet, and he advised them, jokingly, to leave the country. One more day, and they reported the matter (already gen-

eral knowledge around the campus) to school authorities who called in police. Meyer warned them not to mention the wallet—that would mean a murder charge—but to plead self-defense against “improper advance.”

Wide conflicts in their testimony. Had Rios propositioned Farrell, or vice versa? Several students testified to hearing the bragging, both before and after. One witness saw the comings and goings in the alley from a window, but hadn't been in view of the beating. There was no corroborating evidence whatever for Farrell's charge that his victim was homosexual.

Murder is defined by the law under which they were tried as “... the killing of a human being ... (2) when the offender is engaged in the perpetration of ... simple robbery, even though he has no intent to kill.”

The robbery was openly plotted, brutally performed and bragged about afterward. Rios was proven to have died as a direct result of the vicious beating. Defense attorneys claimed Rios died because he was a “medical freak” with an “egg-shell cranium,” but Judge Bernard Cocke rightly disallowed such a statement. After all, Fernando Rios had kept his cranium intact, thick or thin, for several years before he fell victim to Farrell's murderous scheme and assault.

A galaxy of prominent character witnesses spoke for the defendants. No one spoke in behalf of the dead man's besmirched character. The plea of the defense was amazing. Unable to deny the sequence of events, defense atty. Edw. Baldwin treated the matter as a harmless lark that accidentally went sour. Before hearing of Rios' death, he said, the boys, now contrite, had put the

stolen money in a church poor box. How touching! There had been no murder at all, Baldwin argued. The “three boys are guilty of nothing worse than bad conduct.” The theft, he said, was a mere afterthought, understandably prompted by motives of getting revenge on Rios for having made an improper advance—if Farrell hadn't gone back for the wallet, “there would have been no crime under the law committed at all.”

Fernando Rios would have been dead just the same, and as a direct result of their having assaulted him exactly as they had conspired to do. Was Farrell's sensibility so offended because Rios allegedly “made an advance”? What else had Farrell sought him out for? There was only Farrell's word (uncorroborated by his companions and invalidated by his own repeated perjury) that Rios made an advance at all, or showed any signs of homosexual inclination. The U. S. Court of Appeals, reversing the Guarro case in 1956, made clear that a person who has invited a sexual “proposition” cannot then claim to be offended by it. The story about the church poor box directly contradicted testimony about burning and spending the money. Rios having been a Mexican national, Defense appealed to jury prejudice by depicting the sinister influence of a foreign government in the trial. (The Mexican government retained an attorney.) Farrell and Drennan were of choice, white, 100% stock, good boys all around.

Prosecution asked for the death sentence. They had the advantage of position, wealth, and education. “The community is entitled to protection against criminals, whether they be college boys or riff-raff off the streets.” The victim “had a right to live, not to be murdered, not to

be robbed. And he had a greater right to his reputation after his death.”

A jury of 12 good men and true, Wm. Alexander Buchanan, Wm. Earl Crochet, Jr., Sidney J. Engeran, Edw. J. Koehl, John R. Fitzhugh, Edw. W. Stout, Jr., Carroll L. Wood, Jr., Thomas H. Mossgrove, Joseph K. Crombie, Nathan W. McKie, Joseph A. Milinary and Joseph V. Schmalz found the three defendants **not guilty**. Loud rejoicing in the courtroom, over three murderers exonerated and set free. Their guilt had been transferred to the consciences of 12 other men—plus the friend who criminally helped them destroy evidence, and advised them how to “fix” their testimony to get off. The District Attorney said they still may face a robbery charge.

How many more times must the innocent die and the guilty go free before the unsubstantiated claim of an “indecent proposal” ceases to be an alibi for robbery and murder?

A BIG LITTLE STEP

The following editorial appeared Dec. 13th in the Charleston, S. C., NEWS AND COURIER:

“In a trial at Charleston involving distasteful details of abnormality, a young airman has been acquitted of a charge of murder. On the same day that the jury brought in its verdict of not guilty, three other young men pleaded guilty to robbery in circumstances that they said also involved a homosexual.

“We are attempting to draw no other similarities in these two cases, nor to criticize the jury that acquitted the airman. It is not our purpose to cast aspersions at the young man who went free on a plea of self-defense. We only mention these two cases to bring up a dis-

agreeable subject that requires sober consideration by the public.

“Regardless of a normal person's views about sexual deviations, citizens do not have a right to prey on them, as happens on occasion. If protection of the law were denied certain classes of people, the judgment of which persons fit those classes would be left to each individual. The subject is not well enough understood to be dealt with on any such basis.

“Young men should be warned against corrupting influence they are likely to encounter. They should know how to avoid them without resorting to violence. Greed and sadism also are vices that sometimes enter into such cases. They can lead to assault and even murder.

“We dislike to discuss a subject in which it is difficult to make meanings plain without offending decent people. We do so today, in the aftermath of a sensational court case, because we are aware of a long existing problem that appears to be growing.”

Without agreeing with some technical points included in this essay, I feel that the NEWS AND COURIER is to be warmly commended for this forthright editorial.

* * *

When Leo Anthony Mantha was ten, he learned in a heated family argument that his “sister” Edith was really his mother. At 31, a navy vet, Mantha was sentenced in a Victoria, B. C., court to hang for the knife murder of his friend, sailor “Bud” Jenkins. Jenkins' cousin, Donald Perry, said Mantha and Jenkins had been very “attached to each other,” but had broken up—Jenkins was thinking of getting married. They had been drinking heavily earlier on the night when

Mantha entered the naval barracks, found Jenkins in his bunk, and stabbed him in the neck and face. Jenkins ran screaming from his cabin and collapsed, naked, bleeding to death, by the bunk of another sailor. Mantha returned to Perry's apartment. He said he'd had a fight with Jenkins, seemed unable later to believe Jenkins was dead. In the trial, much was made of the fact that Jenkins had once dressed as a woman and that three sailors had keys to cousin Perry's apartment.

BANG! BANG!

State Sen. Charlie Johns (old hand at hunting witches) giving Univ. of Florida a rough go. Johns cagily says, "We might be investigating Communism . . . We might be investigating integration . . . or almost anything." But GAINESVILLE SUN editorialized that it was common knowledge that Johns' Investigating Committee (big digging done by veteran investigator, R. J. Strickland) "has uncovered shocking irregularities in the conduct of faculty members and other persons at the University of Florida." SUN was more shocked by thought that some alleged but nameless homosexuals might be allowed to resign quietly and leave university without the circulation-boosting effects of a big, juicy scandal. Gov. Collins, no ally of Charlie Johns, was non-committal. Wm. G. Gaither of state board that controls school said the board and the university have co-operated fully with committee, but have so far seen no proof of the loose charges floating around. "You can take any sizeable group and probably find some with homosexual tendencies. But we do not think the University is harboring homosexuals." And why shouldn't homo-

sexuals have the right to attend or teach at the University of Florida, or any other school?

Committee isn't making public statements—yet. Too busy intimidating students and faculty. As always, it seems the myopic witch-hunter can't tell the difference between communists, integrationists and homosexuals . . .

In Miami, Charles Smith, who admitted killing naval Commander R. T. Stewart in Key Largo (Stewart had sexually molested him, he said) tried to alibi out of another murder charge (of a cabbie) by saying that a B-girl (whom he couldn't name because she didn't want to testify) could prove he'd been with her when the cabbie was killed. He didn't seem to feel the need of an alibi for the Stewart killing, since he had already charged the man with a sexual advance. That's such a surefire line he should have used it for both the killings . . .

Salt Lake's topcop Cleon Skousen, sworn enemy of homosexuals and international gangsters, was real shook up recently at a Wash. D. C. confab of American Society of Criminology. His ears burned as one speaker after another recommended legalized gambling, a rational view of prostitution, abolition of anti-homosexual laws and of capital punishment. "Armchair criminologists," Skousen huffed. "Only one of 20 speakers was a law enforcement officer."

From this corner, that seems reasonable. It's not the cop's job to decide what the law is or ought to be, but just to enforce it to best of his ability—a point too many big-headed topcops forget. Few weeks earlier, SALT LAKE TRIBUNE lambasted Skousen's "weasel tactics," "bungling," "sanctimoniousness," etc., when Skousen attacked paper

for publishing, "without permission," reports of a "secret" police "investigation" (or whitewash—the paper suggested) of a dope and counterfeit ring operating out of State Prison. "We have news for Skousen," said the TRIB. "Apparently he fails to recognize that he is a servant of the taxpayers of Salt Lake City . . . He has conducted himself as police chief in a pettifogging manner and has repeatedly issued marvelous, fictional accounts of impending invasions by international crime rings, gambling syndicates, nefarious gamblers and the like . . . [while] honest citizens, as shown by police records, have been harassed by overzealous policemen for minor infractions while the rate of burglaries and other class 1 offenses continues to mount."

Sounds like L.A., where another politicking topcop, drunk with the whiskey of his own importance, spends so much time attacking the courts for protecting citizens against unconstitutional police methods, that by his own frequent admission he has done a constantly worsening job of protecting the city against major crime.

Detroit cops also stung by Detroit Bar Association's Civil Liberties Committee report that 45% of the 1956 police arrests in the city were "for investigation," that formal charges were later issued for less than a fifth of these 33,186 illegal arrests. Police officials howled. Commissioner Hart insisted such arrests were vitally necessary if cops were to enforce law. Mayor Miriani, straddling the fence, still said, "I don't believe in keeping people overnight, or for 48 or 72 hours, without probable cause."

VOICES

At recent local confab of G. P.'s on

"Sexual Problems as Seen in General Practice," Dr. LeRoy Kurlander of U.S.C. said nature of sex fears seems to be shifting away from fear of sinfulness to fear of inadequacy. Dr. Norman Levy, another S. C. psychology professor, called legal prosecution of homosexuals unfair and uncivilized. If the homosexual, he said, "is in conflict with himself and with society, he can be helped by psychiatric treatment," but those who harm no one else are no harm to society. "We are all latent homosexuals because we all have homosexual needs—but in a so-called normal person these needs are thoroughly under control." (Under control, or repressed?)

Answering a hysterical mother who'd just discovered that her model son is living with and in love with an older man, Jane Palmer, syndicated lovelornist, recently showed signs of some limited progress. "All human beings have gills, physical relics of the past," she began, and explained that homosexuality was something like gills, but that Momma must tread easy, not call the cops, and not even expect to be able to force a psychoanalyst down her 21-yr-old son's unwilling throat. "For he's adjusted to his present needs. And he won't wish to change unless he's quite sure that by doing so his life will be as fulfilling as we know it can."

Mary Haworth, another lovelornist, told a young man who'd found his friend was homosexual to cut the association off. She twisted a quote from Christ out of context to seem to give Christian approval for such unchristian lack of charity. She's been doing this subject pretty often lately, and pretty badly. Pity the poor fools who take such advice seriously.



Roger Casement: Traitor, Martyr or Pervert

by

James Kepner, Jr.

As Gide says in *Corydon*, the homosexual cause has had many a victim but never a martyr. The Irish revolutionary movement had both victims and martyrs in abundance. However, one of the most notable of Erin's martyrs has been generally underplayed by his surviving co-patriots because of the insinuation of another and quite irrelevant element into the story. When Roger Casement came to be hanged by the British in 1916 for the treasonable act of fighting for Irish freedom while England was at war, voices raised for his defense were mostly hushed by the surreptitious circulation by the government of a shocking diary, purporting to be Casement's, and revealing an astonishingly promiscuous homosexual life.

To this day many Irishmen stoutly insist that the diaries are a forgery, and there is very good ground for this belief. The entire history of the "Black Diaries" is filled with contradictions of a sort that only a Lewis Carroll could have invented. The men who claim to have discovered the diaries changed their testimony constantly as to the time and place and manner of discovery, the number of pages or volumes involved, and the years covered by the diary.

At any rate, the plot to besmirch Casement's reputation, while still keeping the diaries from publication or from the hands of any such persons as would be able to judge their authenticity, has been successful. Most

of the Irish prefer to look elsewhere for national heroes. Of course the question of Casement's alleged homosexuality had nothing whatsoever to do with the charge of treason for which he was hanged—but it did silence his defenders.

The trial was a farce from start to finish. Casement was guilty, by his own admission, of the same sort of treason against England as George Washington would likely have been punished for had he been unsuccessful. Casement's prosecutors, whose personal vindictiveness knew no bounds, had themselves earlier committed some of the same acts against the British government—and on a larger scale.

His reputation had been unassailable before the war. His career in the Foreign Office—of England and Ireland, as he insistently phrased it—had been highlighted by his historic exposure of the monstrous condition of imperialist exploitation in the Congo and the upper Amazon. It was only when he came to America to raise funds for Irish Home rule (already recognized, but compromised by Parliament) that he became an enemy of the British government which hounded him to his death, and has to this day refused to allow decent burial to his bones or to his reputation, both of which are eaten with quicklime.

Is Casement perhaps, such a martyr as the homosexual movement is looking for? If he died one death for his "treason," Roger Casement has died a thousand deaths for his "homosexuality." But was he homosexual at all? This is open to considerable doubt, and the "Black Diaries" which are to be published shortly in the U.S. may not throw much light on the matter. In themselves, if they live up to their repute, the diaries will make astonishing, even shocking reading. But they can hardly contain much evidence as to their own genuineness. Men who have read them—and who

knew Casement—disagree widely on whether they are or could have been an account of his own activities. The preponderance of evidence seems to indicate that they were not. The most likely explanation which has been advanced is that one or two pages of material in Casement's own handwriting were lifted from his old reports to the Foreign Office, and filled out with typed portions of the diary of one of the slave drivers Casement had exposed in the Putamayo Report, plus other purely fictional sections written by agents in Scotland Yard.

Casement seems to have died without knowing of the existence or at least of the exact nature of the diaries which the government was passing around to interested parties. The government has since refused to confirm or deny the very existence of the diaries, while still admitting their possession of them, on the grounds that it would be unfair to further blacken a dead man's name!

Whether or not the diaries were a record of Casement's own sexual activities, the question still remains of whether he was homosexual at all. This of course still has nothing to do with the question of whether Casement was a British traitor, an Irish hero or simply a Quixotic fool. Whatever his sexual inclination, and there is some evidence that he was tolerant but aloof on the subject, he was, nonetheless, more a martyr to the cause of homosexuality than he was to the cause of Irish nationalism.

But again we come back to the original question: martyr or victim. Casement boldly stood trial for treason, freely admitting that as an Irishman, he had gone to England's enemy and sought help to gain Irish freedom. If this is treason, he said, then I proudly plead guilty.

He never knew that at the same time he was secretly being tried, in the corridors and in the posh clubs, as a homosexual.

A Little of My Life

by
Vivian
Messetti

With the intent of furthering educational information toward oddities of human nature, Miss Vivian Messetti has graciously rendered exclusively for ONE the following article regarding her peculiar sex oddity, that of a Female Pseudo-Hermaphrodite. She informs us that the few of her kind in existence while not homosexuals themselves do feel kindly toward us, and while she herself is not one, she is near being two in one, and had nature functioned properly she would have been born twins: a boy and a girl.

Miss Messetti was born of theatrical and circus families dating back to the 1840's. Her father was a trainer and aerialist and later a sculptor, her mother an actress and opera singer who made her debut at La Scala. Miss Messetti explains that she doesn't remember ever knowing her mother's stage name in the operatic world but she recalls that she used her own married name as an actress. Her mother has appeared in America with the Boston English Opera Company and the San Carlos Opera Company. She and Vivian appeared together in films, plays on the stage including musicals, and they both appeared in Uncle Tom's Cabin. "She was Topsy and I was Little Eva." Miss Messetti has appeared in circuses, not always as a human oddity, but drum-majoring the big show band in the Grand Entrance around the Hippodrome track under the Big Top. She has also worked on the flying ladders and has done chute jumps from balloons. She appeared on the stage as Charlie's Aunt, in the play of the same title, and as Isabel in the Spanish national play Isabel The Catholic.

To look like one sex when you are actually of the opposite, keeps you going around and around in circles, in a never ceasing mental unrest year in and year out, with no hope for mental or physical stability as long as life lasts.

Medical opinion concerning the classification of the hermaphrodite and pseudo-hermaphrodite is as follows:

Hermaphrodite: One possessing genital and sexual characteristics of both sexes, the two sexes being in one body, the person being fully able to bear children and beget them, thus making a perfect husband and a perfect wife.

Pseudo-Hermaphrodite: A person distinctly of one sex, having superficial characteristics of both.

There are six forms of pseudo-hermaphrodites, three male and three female, placed under the following classification by Neugebauer according to the old division between masculine and feminine hermaphroditism made by Klebs:

Female

Type 'A' Internal

Type 'B' External

Type 'C' Complete (Rare)

Male

Type 'A' Internal

Type 'B' External

Type 'C' Complete

Type 'B' male is the most common, occurring at the rate of one per thousand births. Type 'A' female is the most rare, there being less than a hundred in the entire world. I come under this and Type 'C' classification.

The Neugebauer-Klebs classifications have become outmoded, especially

in the U. S. A. due to the fact that most pseudo-hermaphrodites do not come always within the range of the aforesaid types. I do not come completely within range of my own classification type, but due to the fact that I come nearest to Type 'C', after considerable examinations, I was finally placed as nearest to female Type 'C' (Rare).*

Doctor's and Psychoanalyst's Report Concerning Vivian

"... Her female sex organs were found to be the size of a normal eleven year old girl. The menstrual flow occurring normally every 28 days, with dysmenorrhea, the usual headache, pelvis discomforts, bearing down sensations, slight nausea, etc.

"Her shoulders are masculine, wide, with a tendency to be more or less square. Her hips are inclined to be slender with an inclination to widen somewhat. Her extremities being slender and long, giving the false impression of an eunuchoid (a male with absence of the internal secretion of the testicles, the glands themselves being present). Her nerves appeared to be quite shattered, neurasthenia being her chief complaint.

"The thymus gland is situated in the neck and upper part of the thorax. It attains full size at the end of the second year, when it ceases to grow, then it diminishes in size until at puberty it has almost disappeared. In Vivian's case it has not diminished much in size, hence her dominant gland is the thymus. Therefore she is slight of build and childlike in manner. In some ways she has not grown mentally above an average eleven year old girl. She is weak physically, having delicate cardiovascular system, slight musculature. She is susceptible to colds and anesthetics, being liable to sudden death under the latter. She becomes helplessly confused at times concerning her bodily condition, yearning to be a normal girl. Realizing her own confused mind, she promised her mother faithfully to never drive a car, or take part in politics when she came of voting age. Sex is a problem she seems unable to solve. She accepts and fully understands that under certain conditions after nine months she can give birth to babies, but became quite shocked, confused and trembling when we tried to explain the sex foreplay and actual sexual intercourse to her. She seems to hold a certain distaste for sex where she is concerned. Her interest seems more in church, in fact she is quite spiritual-minded.

"She is naive, and her childlike simplicity, her yearning for all things good and pure makes her lovable, and is winning her many friends despite her physical and slight mental handicaps."

*Pseudo-Hermaphroditismus Femininus

A—Internal: External genitals are normally feminine in development. Besides the ovaries and more or less perfectly developed genital ducts, Wolffian ducts may also be more or less developed (rarest form pseudo-hermaphroditism).

B—External: The clitoris resembles a penis; the more or less deformed labia pudendi appear like the empty scrotum, and in one or both halves of this seeming scrotum rounded bodies are sometimes palpable, and it is therefore easy to make a mistake in determining the sex.

C—Complete: External genitals more like the masculine. Besides the ovaries, both Mullerian fibres and Wolffian ducts are more or less developed (rare form).

Interesting Highlights of My Life

I was born early one September morn (so acquiring the nickname 'Sept. Morn'). The mid-wife, a bit careless about her business, said, "It's a boy." Ugh!

Daddy loved me and was very proud of me, and Mommy spoiled me. But as I grew older Daddy couldn't understand me: "He's the most unusual boy I ever did see," Daddy would say. "Why he isn't even like a boy, he is more like a girl!" But to Mommy I was perfect. Daddy would buy me knives with pretty handles, and pretty marbles, but I didn't know what to do with them other than look at them. He made and bought me beautiful imported kites. I tried them out but they didn't work, so I lost interest, and I was not interested in the ball he brought me. Try as he would, he just couldn't wean me away from my dolls; playing house, sewing, washing, ironing, baking—these were lots more fun.

Then while playing with some girls one day, I felt something warm oozing. In the bathroom, I discovered to my horror that I was bleeding and not from my nose, either. I screamed and told my chums I was bleeding internally, I was dying myself dead or something! After quieting me they asked if I was sure I was a boy, that boys just don't bleed there, but it was natural for girls to. I told them I just didn't know, they suggested I tell my mother, but I was afraid to. Then they suggested I see a doctor. This I did, and he sent me to a specialist who told me that I really was a girl, that nature played a trick on me. I never told my folks but Mom noticed things though. I have been examined by specialists in several different countries whose views differ, but all agreed that I was a girl.

I've been halfway around the world, entertaining in many countries and I've met many interesting people. One of the most outstanding was His Imperial Majesty, the late German Kaiser, Wilhelm the 2nd. I met him in Holland about two years before his death. But my street sweeper friend in Los Angeles is outstanding too—to me. I love everyone, no matter their position in life, so long as they are honest. Their color, faith or nationality means nothing. I know a gentleman whose skin is coal black, but his heart is white as snow. I adore animals too, and they love me.

Some Humorous Experiences

I guess I'm like 'Gingerbread' in the song: "I'm kind of naughty but I'm naughty and nice." I am very mischievous sometimes, but not all the time though. Once when left alone in our apartment while Mommy was seeing about theatrical engagements, I became restless with nothing to do, even looking out the open window at the street three flight down lost my interest until an idea came to me. I started flirting with the men passing by and they would flirt back. This was fun until one got real serious and I saw him enter our building! Oh-h-h what'll I do? The idea came quickly to change into my masculine attire. Being a quick change artist on the stage it was only seconds before I was a perfect boy, and I went in the hall standing by our door. When he came down the hall (how he knew which was our door I'll never know) I asked who he wished to see.

"Your sister," he replied.

"What do you want with my sister?" I asked.

"Out of the way small fry, you'll learn when you grow up!"

He tried to shove me aside. "You go away and leave my sister alone, or I'll tell Daddy, he just came off his beat and—"

"Huh? his beat? whatta-ya-mean? His beat!" he demanded.

"Our father is a policeman—D-A-D-D-Y!!" I called. Whew! I never saw a

man disappear so fast in my life! Uncle Sam's jets are pikers to his speed.

I decided flirting was a little too exciting for comfort from then on. Daddy really was a showman. I'm told if I tell lies I won't go to Heaven. Well, anyway I know several politicians and a couple of ministers that aren't going to Heaven either, really I do! Those were awful lies though weren't they? Shame on me!

My Reactions to Various Situations

I became exceedingly embarrassed and experienced the feeling of shame when a man asked me one day if I ever—well, if I had what I think you'd call intimate relations with women, which is impossible as far as I know, and unthinkable! The question was accepted as extremely insulting.

I was embarrassed a few months earlier by another man who was certain that I must have to seek what he called "sexual relief" from homosexuals. This is not so. Such indelicate sex questions often send me to my room in tears, though I may hide my feelings from my offenders. I can get married and satisfy my husband, but I could never marry a girl because I couldn't be a husband to another female. It has me so confused! I don't even know what sex feelings are in the first place. When I do fall in love with a boy it hasn't anything to do about sex other than I like him from the way he treats me, his refined ways, and the kind of father he'd be to our children, and things like that.

Another thing I dislike is when men feel my legs and fondle me. I don't think it is very nice. Besides, it gives me awfully strange funny feelings I don't like. Someday I may become a man hater. If I do, it won't be my fault.

Another embarrassing situation to me is in drug stores after I have made my purchases the clerk asks if I need any razor blades or shaving lotion.

When in department stores, especially the lingerie department, the clerks smirk upon seeing me coming. They either think me a poor helpless male, all confused, or a male wanting to dress as a woman. If I am in a mischievous frame of mind, I play along with them, appearing all confused and mixed up, badly in need of their help to straighten me out in what I want for my 'sister.' Upon leaving I hear them giggling at the fun they had out of me—little realizing what saps I made out of them and the fun I had doing it. If I am in a more serious mood I rebuke them at once and they soon learn I know as much as they do about what I want.

Vivian—As a Man

As a man I am a complete misfit; I can't think as a man, nor can I feel as a man. I do not enjoy the same things, so I feel out of place in their company. Men who take me as one of their kind can't figure me out; why the deuce don't I fall in love with one of my many girl friends and get married some day? "Instead of you chasing after them they have beaten a path to your door, they are in love with you and you don't even give them a tumble; gosh you're a funny guy!" they say.

I'm a funny guy all right, and the girls are in love, but not with Miss Vivian Messetti! My girl chums tell me a lot about their boy friends and love affairs, and even have me meet their gentlemen friends, especially the ones they would like to marry, for my appraisal. They tell their boy friends that I am really a girl, and that nature just played a trick on me, therefore, I am the only 'guy' their girl friends aren't jealous of.

Being unable to think or feel as a man gives me no chance to take part in stage plays as a man, though I could make-up to look the part of Abraham Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, General Robert E. Lee, or even George Washington, and even act the part after a fashion. I could never live the part. So all

male parts I take are comic. In female parts I fit in because I can think and feel as a woman thinks and feels. In *Isabel The Catholic*, I did not act the part, I lived it. I was Isabel, the Spanish Queen, and lived her life seven nights plus three matinees a week in word, feeling, and action.

I dislike being treated or thought of as a male, being called 'Mr.' starts me on a slow burn! I like to be thought of and treated as a lady, for that is what I really am in both sex and conduct. People ask, "If you wish to be thought of and treated as a lady, why don't you dress as one?" A good question, but only up to certain point. It must be remembered that though I am female, I still look like a male. I am after all the Girl-Boy. My undies are very much feminine, my little sox are girls'. I do not wear boys' socks. Although I sometimes wear girls' shoes, or sometimes boys' shoes, men's shoes are much too large for me, and I do find even boys' shoes terribly heavy. My slacks are feminine; I do not wear masculine trousers or slacks. My handkerchiefs are ladies' handkerchiefs. Really, cap, coat, shirt and tie are the only masculine articles of apparel I wear. My nails, too, are long and more rounded than the shorter square type of masculine nail. Then too, I wear my hair long, done up in a pony tail under my cap, and not closely cropped as does the male sex. When I do dress in feminine garb, I have wolf trouble and I don't like it. Oh I have wolf trouble at times in my masculine attire. I found out that some wolves wear skirts—shame on you, girls, I'm not that kind of a boy!

Sometimes other girls, thinking me a male, feel that way about me and let me know it. These are really nice girls, and these are the times I momentarily wish I were the male I look to be, and sometimes my mind and heart become rather confused. It isn't easy for me to tell these really fine girls that it is impossible for me to think of marrying them as I am not the kind of a boy I look to be.

Vivian—As a Woman

As a woman or girl I am more content and feel so very much more at ease among girls and women—I feel I belong. We think alike, adore more or less the same things—dresses, perfume, sewing, beauty aids and so on, though there is an age barrier. Younger girls and I seem to fall in line both in thoughts, interests and such, due to the fact that I am younger than I appear to be. Hard life on the road in both the circus and in travel, barnstorming stage troupes, plus illness and tragedy has taken its toll.

Most girls and women accept me as one of them, and we adore visiting in one another's apartments showing each other what we are making in needle work, or a new slip or dress we bought, and talk—women do like to talk, and I am no exception to the rule. We gather two or three or more in a room at times and loll in the most unladylike positions, but if that knock on the door sounds masculine, and a male voice answers to "Who is it?" legs are flying, feet to the floor, skirts pulled down, and the gentleman enters seeing a room full of the most precise ladies he could hope to see anywhere.

I have a few gentlemen friends who wish to marry me. One is a millionaire, one is a doctor, one is a lawyer, and there are several others. But the six boys I fell in love with all at once lately weren't in love with me—"Stupid Cupid, stop pickin' on me!" And the boys that are in love with me, I'm not in love with—"Stupid Cupid you're a real mean guy!"

My ambition—to date, that is, is to get married and have some beautiful babies of my own. I can have them too, cause I'm made that way. Ever since I was a baby sitter and had real live babies in my arms, and cared for them—well that was Heaven on earth to me, and I've been wanting my own ever since.

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,

I have a problem for which I would ask your help if you can give it to me.

I am definitely heterosexual and in my forties and have always been considered effeminate and have been ostracized accordingly. I realize that I am effeminate and my reactions are not masculine. It has been suggested to me that I should seek as a female companion or wife, my counterpart who would be a woman with male characteristics—large, strong and with male reactions. I have, however, never seen such a woman. I am told that this type of woman exists among lesbians. Is this so? And if it is, how can I establish a contact?

Mr. M. G.
Quebec

Dear M. G.,

The general layout of your letter indicates that you are more interested

in the creative arts than in commercial or mechanical activities. Have you ever thought that it might be possible for you to find more satisfactory companionship among men and women working in the field of creative arts? A number of career women depend upon the masculine side of their natures for self expression. Many people have found a permanent release and self-awareness through interest in one or more of the creative arts such as amateur dramatics, the graphic arts, interior decoration, architectural design and even creative writing. If you enjoyed reading ONE you might ask yourself what you could contribute to it.

Apparently you have been trying to associate with the wrong people for you. In the field of the arts you would find people who speak your own language. In such a creative field you could be more self-expressive of what you really are, whereas

trying to play an unnatural role in a strictly heterosexual society would, as you have found, lead to ostracism. I would recommend that you accept your feminine nature and put it to work but find an environment in which it is acceptable. However, if you wish to continue the course you have outlined in your letter, I would suggest that you try to contact a chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis, an organization of Lesbian women who can be very understanding of your problem. If you wish to know more about the organization write to the national headquarters: Daughters of Bilitis, 165 O'Farrell St., Room 405, San Francisco 2, California.

With all good wishes,

Dr. Blanche

Dear Dr. Baker,

Only in ONE Magazine can I find some expression of my own feeling. If anyone would know just how badly I need the affection of someone, and of my own gender, it would naturally be you people at ONE. We so-called "gay" people are a lonely race; our satisfactions are generally brief and are not long-lasting. A forlorn wandering is our fate. And we are doomed to our emotions which encounter so much difficulty and frustration in being satisfied.

I have wished, as I am sure others have done, that there did or could exist a "gay" equivalent to the lonely-hearts clubs found in various papers and magazines. For who is more lonely than most gay individuals? But I realize that such a service or organization is likely to be illegal. Maybe you can offer some practical advice on how I might go about finding myself a soul-mate? I know about the gay bars but I am not one for bars or one night stands. One of the best ways of getting to know persons I think is through writing. So

it is that I wish I had someone to write to. As it is, I am bunched into a ball of misery and don't know anyone.

I am a college student attending college here and just finishing up four years toward a B.A. in Spanish. Although I am in my early twenties, it was just a week ago that I had my physical for the Army. I decided to be truthful and marked my form affirmative for "homosexual inclinations." I was rejected. But I was well satisfied with the private manner in which the matter was dealt.

I do hope to have a reply soon.

Mr. P. I. E.
Ohio

Dear P. I. E.,

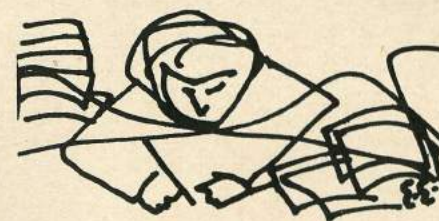
Thanks for your kind comments regarding ONE. The chief purpose of the magazine is to help homosexuals to understand themselves and to help integrate them into society. If you were closer to Los Angeles you would find ample companionship with the members of ONE, Inc. You might be interested in contributing to the magazine for you seem to have considerable literary ability. However, to overcome your loneliness, I would suggest that you move to some city where there is a chapter of the Mattachine Society, where social activities are part of the varied program.

I am happy that you were so frank about your rejection by the Army and the discreet way in which it was handled. Many homosexuals suffer needlessly because they fear revealing the truth about themselves to Uncle Sam. Of course homosexuals must be discreet but when dealing with the Armed Forces it is far better to reveal the truth than to run the risk of being caught and "branded" with a dishonorable discharge.

Sincerely,

Dr. Blanche

Dear Marge:



I want you to be the first to know! Because we're still the best of friends, aren't we? Nobody could be married to somebody for eight years and not remember something of that person, can they? Anyway you always said you wanted me to be happy, and you said you knew I would be happy if I ever found myself, and oh, Margie, now your little mixed up Mary has found herself. She knows now what it really is to be a real homosexual, and since she knows this, she knows how to adjust herself to it and be happy for the first time. Oh, Margie, because you loved me so tenderly for eight years, I know you will be so happy for me.

So it's *this* way, Marge—I'm going to marry George! You remember George? Now I mean George, not Georgina. We knew Georgina and she thought she was a man too, but she wasn't. No. George is that REAL man we knew who lived down at the end of the block. The tall, rather graceful one with the beautiful, wavy black hair, remember?

Well, I figured it this way, Marge, and I know you'll agree with me. You see, by definition, homosexuals are supposed to be attracted to their own sex, yes? O. K. But what *really* happens in gay life most of the time? You know as well as I do that today's feminine gals are tomorrow's masculine gals nine times out of ten. Just give 'em all time and this nearly always happens. Remember how you and I used to fight, Marge, over who would wear the pants? It got to where neither one of us ever knew who was who and what was what around there. I loved you, but those rotating personalities of ours nearly put me in the bug house.

Well, George had the same problem. He wanted to fall in love with a man, but most of the men he met eventually got so sissy on him he couldn't stand it. George may be soft and mild mannered, but he wasn't like *they* were. So he finally got so confused he was thinking of forgetting the whole thing and never marrying anybody.

Then one night we ran into each other down at the corner drug store and decided to talk it over.

Oh, Marge, I'm so happy, it's all so wonderful. I never dreamed I could be such an adjusted homosexual. You see, hon, here's the secret: George and I both want to marry somebody of our own sex that ACTS and FEELS for the most part like our own sex. Well, George wants a man and I want a woman. So George has soft little ways like a woman and I seem to remind him of the ways of a man. Now neither one of us can find this very often in our own sex, and if we do, it never seems to last without bloody fights.

So, in brief, George will be my woman friend and I will be his man friend. I know that biologically this is all mixed up, but the heck with biology—it's the ILLUSION that counts!

Maybe you'll want to do the same, Margie, now that I've explained it all to you. I want you to be happy, hon, just like you want me to be happy.

And oh, yes, I went down to see my psychiatrist doctor friend that I've been going to, to tell him I wouldn't need him anymore—that I'd made my peace with my homosexuality. He got pretty mixed up when I tried to explain all the complicated details of the case to him, but he finally said that anything was alright as long as it was normal. You know how it is with psychiatrists. I asked him if he thought it was normal for me to think of George as a woman and him think of me as a man, and he said he had to go to lunch just now, but that anything was alright as long as it was normal.

I know you'll be so happy for me, hon, when you read this. I ran into Janie the other day and she said you were still bawling your eyeballs out over me. But don't take it so personally. I loved you—I still love you, Margie, but I want a woman—like George—

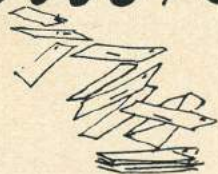
Oh, here he comes now. And oh, before I forget—George has a boy friend, sort of his same type. I'll fix you up on a blind date sometimes, hon, O. K.?

Bye for now—don't forget the wedding. See you in church, darling!

Your ever loving,

Mary—

Letters



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

Dear ONE:

The last few years I've met a great many interesting people here in Canada, the U. S., and Europe. Maybe in one of your forthcoming magazines you could urge readers to travel. Get them in a strange, or even better, a foreign environment for a vacation. Tell them not to behave like tourists but really

mingle with the people. It's surprising how many Europeans speak English. Some are really awful grammatically, yes, but humanly appreciative. My very best wishes to the staff of ONE, and hoping for a Canadian affiliate in the future.

Mr. S.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Dear ONE:

I am proud of ONE and intend to increase my contributions as financial obligations lessen. Your new **Homophile Studies** is a great contribution to the understanding of the homosexual nature. I doubt if there is any explanation as to why a man or a woman is a homosexual that will satisfy all. As far as I am concerned the only reasonable explanation is that it is an inherent trait. These explanations that in a boy's early life he hated his mother and loved his father or somewhere along the line his sexual instincts were blocked when he accidentally found his father and mother indulging in sexual intercourse are pure humbug as far as I am concerned.

What good does it do to try to find some origin for his homosexuality? Rather than seek explanations, it would seem to me to be much more practical to discover a sensible

philosophy of life drawn from the information available as to the homosexual nature.

I have been interested in some of the articles that dealt with the homophile and religion. There is not one scrap of evidence that the Christian religion excludes homosexuals or that they will go to hell any faster or any surer than heterosexuals. The theology of the Christian church is clear that the final determinant is the person's individual relationship to Jesus Christ. That suggests that a sodomite has just as much hope for heaven as an adulterer. The Christian clergy is just as much in the dark about homosexuality as anyone else who is not a homosexual himself. Ignorance is a terrible thing, and more homosexual souls have lost their religion because of the ignorance of some clergyman than have adulterers.

Mr. S.
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Dear Friends:

I wish I were nearer so I could donate time, which I have too much of, instead of money, of which I have too little. Enclose check for unrestricted use. You can use it to buy gin for staff morale-building, if you wish. Hang on if you possibly can. We NEED you.

Mr. L.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Dear Staff:

Each month I eagerly await the arrival of ONE, for it is certainly to be congratulated upon its wonderful work in the field of advancement of the homosexual's lot. I read the comments of Tom in Miss Horvath's article (November, 1958) "Homosexuals Without Masks" and if the attitude of many homosexual men is such as that, then we may as well give up the ship. How can this man ever hope that the world will ever accept the Gay crowd when even individuals among them refuse to accept others of their own kind? "We must all hang together or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Mr. R.
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Gentlemen:

Whenever anyone speaks of love between two men, one or both of them are spoken of as being very handsome, tall, etc. Now I happen to be very much attracted to those men who are rather stoutish in appearance—of middle age—and with a round sort of moon-face. I wonder how many others are attracted to this sort of a person? I can say that I am rather slender—not bad looking. I would like to have others comment on the above. Thank you.

Mr. B.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Lambert:

I feel that most of us are born that way, at least I am sure I was, but I never felt guilty, lonely, or frustrated. I just took it as a matter of course not regarding it as a phenomenon or even a condition. It is simply a source of pleasure not needing or craving a steady lover or companion.

Mr. M.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear ONE:

We of the so-called Twilight World have very far to go before even a mere dent has been made for our cause of recognition. It will come, but most of us will not live to see it. We will go on striving and trying to show that our kind of life is not horrible as the masses would want to believe. As Jesus said, "Let him that is without sin first cast a stone."

Putting make-up on and acting like a female is taboo in any circle of life. If there is any blame it will all lie with the Flaming Queen who is made-up and goes about screaming, waving bent wrists in public, not caring what is thought of them. It is the sensible ones who must suffer for the few foolish ones.

Mr. M.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sir:

"Homosexual problem," etc., ad nauseam. There is not and never has been a homosexual problem. The "problem" is a vicious state-of-being created by sheepbrains. No one sets out to love the same sex; he/she was created that way. And that the tinkers are old enough to know, but they glory in ignoring Nature. The "crime against Nature" is not homosexuality; it is this—THE INJECTING OF ONE'S SNUOT INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

If two of the same sex attempt to produce offspring, this is a crime against Nature; the crime being the lack of intelligence. Who is so simple as not to know that almost all heterosexual intercourse is enacted with a view to physical satisfaction rather than progeny? Yes, the infallible clergy included. Now, since physical satisfaction is the desideratum, who can possibly have the supreme audacity to dictate to others just what methods shall be employed? Rather silly isn't it?

May I especially remind the clergy that Christ said "Love one another." He did not specify love of what sex for what other sex. "Homosexuality" is not strictly sex, and may not be that at all. The problem is a condition made by meddlers—people who have not enough good to do.

Mr. B.
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

A WAY OF LOVE: finest homosexual novel since *A Heart In Exile*. Send \$3.75 to

VILLIAGE BOOKS
114-116 Christopher Street
New York 14, N. Y.

Send for catalog #10A for other books in this field.

Dear ONE:

I was very pleased with each issue of ONE during the past twelve months. Of course you deal with the subject in another way than we French do. The approach of ARCADIE, in Paris, suits me much better than yours intellectually, but yours for every-day life is better because we live among 180 million English-speaking people on this continent. You're doing a fine job to broaden the minds of the puritan American people.

Mr. A.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Dear Fellows:

I continue to believe in miracles, for this morning—in a far from festive frame of mind, ONE Confidential lay waiting (properly sealed, of course) in my mailbox. More than ever it seemed like a good long letter from an old friend. Therapeutically it was wonderful. Especially exciting was the program for the Midwinter Institute. Nothing but "an act of God" shall keep me away.

Mr. H.
POMONA, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on the continued growth of ONE magazine, as well as your other valuable publications. Seven years of service is but the beginning. The world so badly needs education in the field you people are interested in! Your Midwinter Institute sounds most worthy; only wish time would permit attending. Perhaps next year . . . Best regards to the dedicated staff of ONE—especially Eve Ellore. Her talents are priceless.

Mr. A.
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Sirs:

Would love to be there at the Midwinter Institute, but unfortunately time and money keeps me away. My thoughts will be with you all. May these functions prove a blessing to those who participate.

Mr. L.
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Gentlemen:

I have received your notice of expiration of my subscription with the December issue. I have decided to discontinue it not because I find any fault with your editorial policy or with the magazine as a whole. It is just that I have reached the age (37) where I no longer feel I need to dwell upon something that I have become sufficiently adjusted to to no longer need anything like ONE. I am sure it must be a great help to younger men, but frankly, I stopped reading it some months ago. Wishing you continued success and trusting you will continue.

Mr. F.
FRENCHTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Dear Mr. Slater:

Just finished reading the January issue and would especially like to note our pleasure in reading "Swish or Swim," by D. B. Vest, and "Moment of Truth," by Arnell Larsen. Certainly the Vest article gives much food for thought, and let's have more "Mission" stories by Arnell Larsen.

Mr. W. and Mr. C.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen:

I offer my congratulations upon the addition of Blanche Baker's column to your magazine. It has become a truism with me that the less a psychiatrist knows about the homosexual the quicker he rushes into print to parade his ignorance and lack of experience. It is a great pleasure to encounter a psychiatrist who knows his subject, as do Dr. Baker and Dr. Karl Bowman. I shall look forward with pleasure to reading the column.

Mr. P.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your new department, "Toward Understanding." I am confident that many of your readers will find new hope, encouragement, and inspiration in this series of articles. Especially those who live in the more isolated regions.

Certainly, those of us who know Dr. Baker personally realize that you could not have chosen a better person to conduct the new column. Her insight into this particular problem is nothing short of amazing. This is evidenced in her letter of acceptance.

It is to be hoped that many homosexuals who are now confused, afraid and bewildered will find the understanding they need because of the new department of your Magazine.

Rick Hooper, Chairman
Mattachine Society
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

BOOKS

A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS by Richard Lewinsohn, M.D. Translated by Alexander Mayce. Harper, \$5.95, 1958, 424 pp.

Dr. Lewinsohn graduated in both medicine and political science from the University of Berlin, with additional work at Munich, Goettingen and Paris. He has eighteen published books, for the most part, on sociological and economic matters and began work on the present volume as long ago as 1922. It should be noted that he made extensive use of such private collections as those of Carl G. Jung in Zurich, which may have given his book a certain coloration.

One opens this well-presented, scholarly work with considerable anticipation. Its tone is moderate. Its style lively and interesting. For once a translator appears to have treated an author well. Particularly commendable is the practice of placing all of the reference material at the end of the volume.

As one reads on, however, a feeling of disquiet creeps in. Can the story of man's sexual customs during Paleolithic and Neolithic times—roughly the first half million years of the race—be so neatly summarized in sixteen pages? Is a balanced "history" then possible when substantially all of the pages from 122 to the end of the book are devoted to events in Western Europe?

The author makes a strong case for the immense influence of the Napoleonic period on subsequent sex history, without in any way examining even such questions as just how much modern society reflects (partly

unconsciously) a strong permeation from Oriental sources of Mithraic, or even tantric ideas, via Mme. Blavatsky and the astrology columns in our newspapers.

Although Dr. Lewinsohn puts on quite a show of discussing objectively the place of male and female homosexuality during various periods, nowhere does he really add much to what was far more substantially handled half a century ago by Havelock Ellis. His own predilection with "the cunnus triangle" and other such anatomical features unmistakably colors his work throughout, betraying his iron-clad heterosexuality.

The student of homophilia is, therefore, left about where he was before: to wait with more or less impatience for an adequate, substantial handling by other scholars. We can be appreciative, though, of the increasingly frequent appearance of works such as this as precursors of better things to come.

—W. L.

THE BELL, by Iris Murdoch. Viking Press, New York, 1958. \$4.50. 342 pp.

There is nothing literary or sensational about this book, but it does make for good reading and is highly amusing in places. The homosexuality in it is dry but good and the kisses between man and boy may be considered sweet. Iris Murdoch handles her homosexual love theme as well as Mary Renault (*Last of the Wine*) or Blair Niles (*Strange Brother*). The story is told in the third person, there is little dialog, yet Miss Murdoch goes deep into the minds of her characters with the cutting qualities of a scalpel.

The action takes place in an Anglican community that is attached to a