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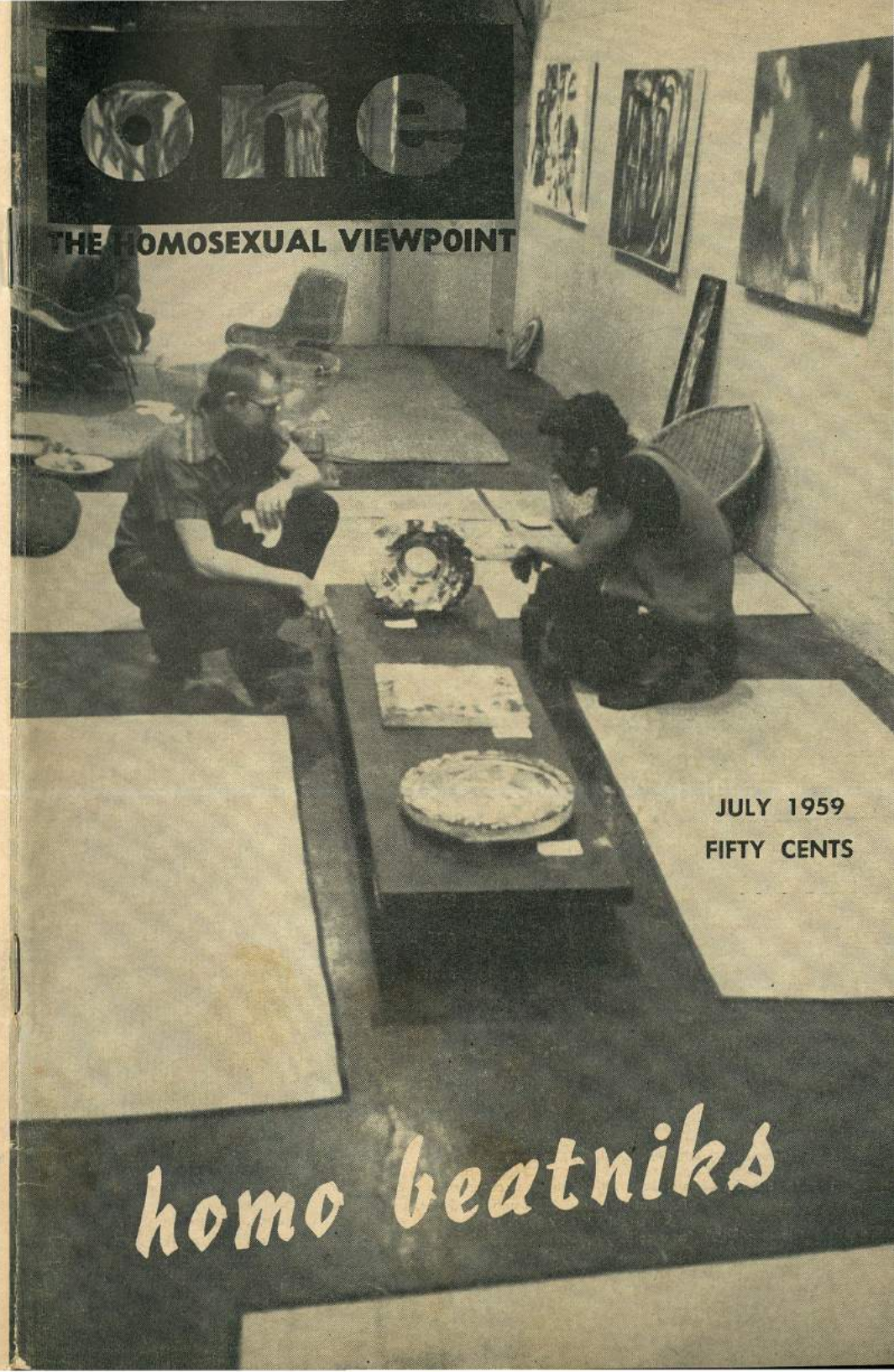
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"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

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EDITORIAL

"The voice of U.S. homosexuals" was the title given to ONE a number of years ago by a popular magazine. It is true that the Magazine's pages have always been open to the diverse, even conflicting, viewpoints found among "U.S. homosexuals."

They have submitted for publication short stories and poetry written in that vein of futility and despair affected by the very young who wish to appear very wise. They have sent sweetly sentimental stories which would have been quite at home in the women's magazines, save for the subject matter. There have been the manuscripts of Deep Meaning, poetry especially, although one could never feel entirely sure that the authors themselves knew just what they had in mind. Mercifully, there have been a few stories and poems that said what they had to say, simply, directly—and briefly.

The articles published have been fully as varied. So readers have charged the Editors with being inconsistent, saying, "One month you tell us we should swish if we wish; the next month you tell us that is what causes all the trouble." Likely enough neither of these represents ONE's editorial policies, aside from its stated mission as a forum for the wide range of opinion which exists in the Gay World.

Then there have been the articles from "outsiders," those writing about homosexuality from the sidelines. These have ranged from the true scientists, to the man in the street, to the crack-pots. The Editors have felt it their duty to publish these things, without labels and judgments. The letters then pour in. "How can you afford comfort to the Albert Ellises and the Berglers?" they complain.

It may be that the time has come when, in self defense, the Editors need to make clear that only in the Editorials, in certain of the book reviews and the mercilessly candid work of the Art Director may their own convictions be discovered.

What have these been over the years? Simply that the Editors have always felt, and do today, that:

1. Homosexual acts between consenting adults are neither anti-social, nor sinful;
2. Legal attempts to regulate such behavior violate American principles of personal freedom, are therefore immoral;

Cont. on p. 31

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE BEAT GENERATION



by
**Wallace
de Ortega Maxey**

There are many pseudo-Beatniks. There are even pseudo-pseudo-Beatniks. Of the latter I am not speaking. They can be dismissed without much consideration except the harm and bad name they have caused the genuine Beatniks. These pseudos are the "week-end" roughs and toughs, the "mixers-for-kix", that invade the areas in which the Beatniks live and congregate. In San Francisco a great many of the Beatniks are moving out of the Grant Ave. section in North Beach because of these interlopers and the gawking tourists. This gang of "kix" hoodlums consist of heterosexuals in the larger number. They are those who like to "cash-in" on the daring and non-conforming Beats. Having money in their pockets, they think they can out-buy, out-bid and out-sex the Beats. The few homos in this tribe of week-enders are of the timid sort who can't make it in their own everyday world and in despair hope to find "satisfaction" in the world of the beat generation. However, this is not to imply there are no normal homosexuals among the regular Beatniks. They are about as equally divided in this area as they are in any portion of the total social structure. No more, no less.

There is a distinction to be made between the beat-homo and the non-beat. The beat-homo has no inhibitions. Within his own consciousness he has accepted himself and is completely integrated. He is not fighting himself, much less the rest of the world. This applies to the male as well as the female of the species. He doesn't give one goddam what the world thinks about him. Like the rest of the beat generation he simply wants to be left alone. He has closed his mental-door to the rat-race. He has cut himself off from the shams and shamans of the competitive world. He is usually of the aesthetic type, psychologically, not necessarily so physically.

Wallace de Ortega Maxey

Author of *MAN IS A SEXUAL BEING* (Fabian-1958). Minister and social worker. Founding member of The Mattachine Foundation (for which his church asked his resignation). Director of The Fellowship of Universal Existentialists; member of The Society For The Scientific Study of Sex; Editor of the magazine *SEX & CENSORSHIP*.

I have seen some gangling seamen and longshoremen, truck drivers, woodsmen and cement-construction workers, that would surprise all hell out of you when you listen to their conversation. In their particular fields of interest and study they are extraordinarily well informed. There is one chap I am thinking of who has been a seaman all his life, who can keep you spell-bound when telling about the "history of erotica". Another, a female, could write a book about the world's historic prostitutes and how they have influenced political thought. Still another homo-beat has been in several mental institutions under observation, but can reel off anything you want to know about the religions of the Orient. Of course, I am speaking of the *real* Beats, the ones who have severed all ties with the square world, as far as it is humanly possible to do, and still live.

It has been said that Allen Ginsberg is the St. Peter of the beat generation. He has been quoted in the *New York Post* (3-13-59) as saying: "I sleep, with men and with women. I am neither queer nor not queer, nor am I bi-sexual. My name is Allen Ginsberg and I sleep with whoever I want." It has been my experience in discussing life in general with a considerable number of Beats, that these words of Allen Ginsberg voice quite accurately the opinions of the majority of the *real* Beats.

As I have stated in my book *Man is a Sexual Being* (Fabian 1958), why waste so much time in life denying or attempting to deny that which you are and were before you could utter a

single word. By the time human beings were learning to roast a pig over the coals of a burning hut, they were already as proficient in the art of sex as they ever will be. The average Beatnik feels we are giving too much time to the castration of sex instead of enjoying it.

Dr. Wilhelm Stekel has said, "A poet is a dreamer who is capable of transforming into dramatic structures the castles he has built in the air." Many of the beat generation are such, but comparatively few have the stamina to bring into reality, as Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and several of the Angry Young Men of England have, the results of their dreams.

Ibsen has been called the poet of doubt as is manifest in his great work *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen was an early Beatnik. The type is most certainly not new either to history or psychology. The Beats should canonize him as the St. John the Baptist of the beat generation. The Beatnik's works, acts, writings and music (progressive jazz) betray the poet's or painter's struggle for peace within himself and shows his conflicts caused by the demands of ideal ego.

Every Beatnik, hetero or homo, is ruled by his bipolar tendencies. You see it very clearly in Jack Osborne's play, *Look Back In Anger*. Love and hate, the need for freedom paradoxically in conflict with the need for dependence, the sexual conscience and the sexual instinct, making demands for the most secret and detailed exploration. There are the polygamous and monogamous yearnings; homosexual and heterosexual tendencies. The play points out quite clearly as

do the other Beatnik writings, that one of the major structures of their unstable psyche is the need for change—virtually starving for stimuli, and inertia. There is the "will for power" and the "will for submission"—all these are in struggle for mastery of the psyche.

The reason so many of the Beats seek solace in Zen Buddhism is that they are prone to self-examination and cruel self-judgement. Along with this, some turn, in a mild way, to existentialism. In discussing existentialism with the Beats, I have discovered many distorted thoughts and a very slight comprehension of the subject. As a rule they have absorbed too much empirical philosophy to make good existentialists. They try to rest existential judgements of false premises. However, the majority of the beat generation make excellent subjects for existential analysis because their major conviction is that man makes himself—that he is not found ready-made.

They demonstrate these existentialist views in their mode of life and behavior. They choose their own morality and refuse to have any "system or code of morality" imposed upon them. Generally speaking, the *real* Beatnik is a pulsing, living example of "free commitment", even though he is fully aware society disapproves. He is not the selfish person he is so often pointed out to be by his critics. He wills his own freedom with intensity but in so doing he is fully aware the "free commitments" involves others. Therefore, in making freedom his own aim he correspondingly is espousing the cause of the freedom of others.

As the reader of this article will probably be more interested in the homosexual-beatnik I will cite two cases from many, that are representative of what drives the homosexual to "membership" in the Lost Generation. Naturally I shall not give their

names as they were under my counseling service for some time.

The first is Tom Doe who was discharged from the service when it was discovered he was a homosexual. Tom Doe was 26, and had had three years of college in liberal arts. Although qualified for work in electronics, through his service experience, he was turned down every place he applied for work. His army record was against him. Finally he landed a job with a corporation not engaged in government work. He had been made a foreman just about the time the company took on government contracts. All employees had to be "screened." Tom did not wait for his record to be discovered but quit his job. Because he had quit "without cause" he was ineligible for immediate unemployment compensation. He was buying a car and was considerably in debt over furniture and clothes. In desperation he resorted to alcohol and ended up some three months later on a pad in Beatnik-land.

Having picked up my book in one of the coffee houses and read it, he wrote me a letter (on toilet paper) asking if there was any way he could have a talk with me about himself. He stated he didn't think I could do him much good but that he had to talk to somebody. Our first three meetings were spent with him doing nearly all the talking. Naturally the world was against him and there was nothing but despair in his consciousness. In existentialist language his "mistakes constituted a destiny" for him. He was convinced he was doomed to live the rest of his life as an outcast. One remark kept turning up at every meeting: "I am not really a homosexual. I am just misunderstood."

After a considerable time I had to take the bull by the horns, as it were, and make it clear to him that "self-deception" was his worst enemy. So long as he continued to fight what he, in his deeper self knew was true, there

could be little hope for him. With patience and logic I had to help Tom convince himself that homosexuality as such, was neither a sin nor a crime, despite the attitude the greater portion of society takes with respect to the subject. He had been fighting the reality of being a homosexual with such might and force he had lost all perspective, to the point that he was nothing. His real talents and abilities were lost sight of completely. He could only see the horror which as a fantasy had taken possession of his entire being. He could only see society pointing its finger at him every place he went saying, "There goes a homo." This, despite the fact he was not in any sense effeminate but of quite masculine appearance.

When finally he was able to stop his self-deception and admit to himself he was what he was, all other matters took their proper place. When this bug-a-boo was disposed of and he could see his "whole self", not just the phantom side, it was not long before he had re-established himself. However, he still thinks of himself as a Beatnik and has never moved away from Beatnik-land. At present, after much struggling and hardship he owns and operates a "shop" making a moderate living off the "squares" that come to stare at the Beats.

Jim Doe was quite a different type. He fully admitted his homosexual tendencies. When he was sixteen he had run away from what he referred to sarcastically as "home". He was one of seven children and the eldest. He had two full brothers and a sister, two step-brothers and a half-sister. His mother died in child-birth when he was eight years old. At the time of her death, his father was unemployed and at a bar, drunk. His family had always lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, and Jim had had to fight with all his strength to be permitted to go to school. His life had

been filled with what he called "tragedies". He had two step-mothers, and doubted whether his father had ever taken the trouble to get married to them. When he reached sixteen he was beginning to wonder if his father had really been married to his own mother. As a matter of fact, before he left home he was at that state of mind in which he wasn't sure if his father was, really, his father.

Despite his background he had managed to finish high school and junior college. He had graduated from night-high-school by working days and finally made two years in junior college attending day classes and working nights in a hotel.

Jim had attended one of my public lectures and asked if he could make an appointment to "discuss private and personal matters." At that time he was twenty-four years of age. He had not been in the service due to a slight physical handicap of no major importance.

As stated previously he contended homosexuality was not his problem. He freely and frankly admitted to such tendency. When we met he was quite outspoken and wasted no words in getting to the situation that was disturbing him. He lived with a man and a girl in Beatnik-land; was contemplating going to art school and was quite talented in music and painting. He had been successful to the extent of having sold two of his compositions and one oil painting for a quite tidy sum of money. He claimed that his social relations were excellent with the other Beatniks and that generally speaking they liked him. What was his problem? Doubt. Underneath all the social relationships there was ever present a constant fear of someone betraying him. Of misplaced confidence. He never completely trusted anyone. Basically, when he got right down to the subject he was so damn lonesome, at nights after social events

he usually went home alone, locked himself in his room and cried.

Doubt was his problem. First, I learned that he really doubted himself. After considerable discussion with Jim, I came to the conclusion his acceptance of his homosexuality was not as he made it appear. From his reading of abnormal psychology he wondered about his sex. As he said to me, "Am I a man or a woman?" "Who really was my father?" (He had never been able to find a birth record.) "Have I ever loved anyone?" "Does anything have any real meaning—or is life just an illusion?" "Dare I really trust anyone, *completely*?" "Must I go through all my life in doubt?" "The only reason I'm a Beatnik is that none of them try to pry into my personal life . . . I can get along with the other Beatniks because they don't ask 'personal questions'".

Naturally it took considerable time and effort to bring about a change in his outlook on life. After exploring the various psychological "excuses" he presented for his condition, we assumed none were satisfactory by way of explanation. He had experienced a rotten home life in his youth. So have thousands of people. Examples were cited of heroic characters who began in pot-sheds. Switching to the existentialist treatment, in a few words I made it clear to him quoting from Jean-Paul Sartre: "Whereas the existentialist says that the coward makes himself cowardly, the hero makes himself heroic; and that there is always the possibility for the coward to give up cowardice and for the hero to stop being a hero. What counts is the total commitment, and it is not by a *particular case or particular action* that you are committed altogether."

It was pointed out to Jim, and made quite clear, that man may be born a slave, a capitalist, or a proletarian, but his historical situations are variable, not permanent. Each individual must make decisions for himself. What

place in life he will fill, which persons he will trust and love, he must decide. We may expect a response in proportion to what we give and deserve. The absolute character of free commitment determines and justifies our every act. A few rebuffs now and again will not harm nor deter us but more likely make us realize the need for improvement in ourselves rather than doubt and mistrust everyone.

The final outcome in Jim Doe's story is interesting. He met a girl named Dora, a confirmed Lesbian. They got married and now have two children, a boy and a girl. Jim still says he is an homosexual and Dora affirms she is still a Lesbian, and they both live in Beatnik-land.

Having lived in the Village in New York in the twenties for a considerable time and in the Montgomery Block area in San Francisco during most of the thirties, among the Lost Generation I must admit I see little difference in the two. The emphases are placed, so to speak, on different parts of the social anatomy, but the ultimate aims of the two sections of the cultural strata are the same. Basically, they wanted and today want to be let alone.

I think the Lost Generation placed more emphasis on the social and civil liberties interests than the Beats are doing. I think the beat generation is more nude than the Lost Generation was. There is little to discover among the Beatniks. As a matter of fact, they have a certain amount of juvenile crudeness in their art work and writing, with exceptions of course. They, the Beats, are not forced to starve while many of the Lost Generation were, during the long siege of the depression.

However, with all their vices and virtues if they can teach the world by example the evils of social conformity, I feel they will go down in history as having made a worthwhile contribution.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



The Last of
The Masks
with profuse
Apologies to
Oren Boyton
& a Couple of
Other Cats
who may be
hiding under
Local Pianos

by
Lou McLean

Masks were it man, I mean the word was masks . . . we were all sitting in the parlor up at Spider's, which had been the Vermouth Bottle's. The Spider was our leader, and I mean the Spider was *with* it—I mean if anyone had masks it was the Spider. For over a year now we had eaten masks, breathed masks, talked masks . . . LIVED masks—man, I mean we were masked . . . we had it all over Zorro, the Lone Ranger, even the cat that spent some time in an iron one. We were so far out in masks at that time, that we scarcely knew ourselves, let alone the other members of the group . . . masks were thirty miles from Endville . . . the most . . . we were quite gone in masks.

The Spider wore a huge false nose that had a big gray moustache attached to it . . . if you didn't know the Spider, and man, who did? . . . his champagne-colored chignon might have been the most confusion . . . but I remembered the Spider from way back. Underneath that moustache and that nose and that chignon was the self-same little cat that Marley had dug up at F.A.O. Schwartz's. Old Marley had gone up to Schwartz's to buy a tennis racket—she'll do things like that sometimes . . . a real termite, but with it man, sometimes even twice as with it as the Spider or anyone.

Old Marley had just stood with her mouth open like she does so much of the

time, getting the lay of the land—not that old Marley doesn't know Schwartz's, 'cause she does like the back of her own hand. Every year Marley goes up to Schwartz's to buy a tennis racket before she goes out to the island. Old Marley's place has got bats, man, does old Marley's place have bats! The only thing for bats, says Marley, is a good tennis racket. By the end of the summer the racket needs restringing in the *worst* . . . but after the first year, the square violet that restrings rackets wouldn't touch the job. That's why every year in April old Marley goes up to Schwartz's and buys a new tennis racket.

This year, the year that old Marley found the old Spider up in Schwartz's the usual cat wasn't pushing tennis rackets. I mean every year this tennis racket peddling cat would keep a sharp blue eye peeled for old Marley gliding through the electric train department—and by the time that old Marley had arrived, he would have dug out the heaviest, I mean the *heaviest*, Doris Hart signature racket in the store. The year that old Marley found the Spider, she had stopped to cruise the frail who sells doll houses. Old Marley's great for blank stares, but interested. By the time old Marley came to and realized that she wasn't going to score and that it was mistake number eleven of the day, she was in full possession of an imitation red brick Georgian doll house. It was complete with a family of porcelain dolls and a nursemaid that were the smallest . . . I mean the *smallest*. The frail had only delayed long enough to make the sale before cutting off to the manager's office in a practically genuine lesbian snit. The only trouble was that she wasn't. Old Marley drifted toward the tennis rackets. Man, I mean old Marley knows, just intuitively *knows* when to fade.

The Spider was standing in the middle of the tennis rackets. He was wearing dark glasses and a suit the color of pistachio ice cream . . . his hair was the color of champagne . . . his nails were the most rose. He was the sharpest, the quite ace. It was the dark glasses, I mean they were the most, the *darkest* dark glasses that old Marley had ever seen. Right then and there old Marley knew that this cat was more with it than all the rest of us put together. That this cat in the dark glasses had got the message . . . he was it man, he was the word.

Without bothering to pick up the Doris Hart signature racket or to look for her old blue-eyed pal, old Marley grabbed the dark glasses' hand and blew right down the stairs and out of the door in less time than no time. Even when she had dumped him into a cab, the Spider wasn't thrown, 'cause he had snatched a peep at himself in his compact mirror . . . then, man, *he* knew that he and the dark glasses were it. Just what he couldn't think, but he knew that he had some message . . . *the* message. It was only a matter of time . . .

Old Marley took the Spider up to the Vermouth Bottle's. She'd never seen the Vermouth Bottle, none of us had ever seen the Vermouth Bottle, but we all went to parties up at the Vermouth Bottle's quite a lot. The Vermouth Bottle always had sardines in the icebox and chocolate milk, old Marley had that lunchtime feeling that always seizes her at about eleven-thirty in the A.M. It turned out that all that the Spider ate was peanuts, fortunately when old Marley made off with him, the Spider had been carrying a briefcase full of peanuts and back issues of *Charm* . . . he was quite prepared, the most boy scout in every emergency. Marley had lunch and began getting the group together.

From that day, dark glasses were the thing . . . I mean we lived dark glasses, thought dark glasses, breathed dark glasses, MAN, we *wore* dark glasses until Garbo was nothing to the least of our multitude. In this early period, which lasted for six months, two members of the group were struck down on Fifth Avenue. One by a sightseeing bus . . . the other by a bagel truck. Another cat, Silly Bill, was

wrongly picked up on a narcotics charge . . . he was the maddest and eventually renounced dark glasses and more especially the Spider. For reasons best known to the Spider, Silly Bill was afterwards referred to as Poor Jenny.

One day dark glasses were out . . . finished—I mean man, they were the least. Old Marley and old the Spider were making the scene up at Woolworths, and suddenly the Spider saw a counter of masks—masks were it, man—masks were the word, the whole message in fact. Old Marley and old the Spider bought every mask in the place—the cash registers were positively jumping—the items of every sale are rung up separately there. Click-click-brinnng-click-click-brinnng . . . one thousand, eight hundred and five times. On the way out, the Spider borrowed the chignon. From that day, man, masks were it . . . the thing . . . sharp and the most cool . . . yah.

That's how I came to be sitting here in a Peter Rabbit mask, up in the Spider's parlor (which used to be the parlor of the Vermouth Bottle's place). The only difference is that the Spider has put up two masks of tragedy and tragedy—the Spider doesn't dig this comedy bit—that the Ladybug had made out of coat hangers and Kleenex. Old, dear Marley was sitting next to me, decked out in a Shirley Temple mask, her pipe unlit in her hand. Since Marley's been the most friend to me for several years, I saw that in spite of the square mask she looked as if she had been swung sick by something. It was maybe the amount of peanuts that the Spider ate per day.

The Spider was whispering his plan for seizing the public library—the Spider always whispered . . . he was the hottest for whispering. The Spider was so afraid of the fuzz that he was sometimes even afraid that he might turn out to be an undercover agent himself . . . it made some of the evilist cats wonder *just* what the Spider had done before he became the message . . . what line of business he had been in. The library was to be taken over in the name of the Sinn Fein—the squarest could see that it wasn't the thing to seize it in our-own name, 'cause we *had* no name and masks were the word. And as old Spider said,

“MAN, you never know, those Irish cats might just *welcome* a pad full of books, with a couple of cool lions sitting outside . . .”

I wasn't with it. I was getting to be the least, man, the very least. Old Marley was making the organization racket twenty-four square hours a day, not to mention digging up about eighty-two thousand peanuts each and every day for the Spider. There were a lot of things I didn't dig these days—the way the Spider dug those peanuts, the way my rabbit mask didn't fit, the way that old Marley didn't look anymore, and most of all the way she *did* look. It was the worst man, the worst. Was it that Marley *wanted* to look like Shirley Temple, or did she just want to pass for S. Temple among those who were not with it? Or take the Spider, which did you believe . . . the moustache in front, or the chignon in back? Taken from the side he was a ringer for one of those cats the Greeks flipped over a number of years ago . . . not that any one *mind*ed, it just made for confusion. Or take the Peter Rabbit mess that was strangling me—the evening of the fateful day that the Spider found the word up at Woolworths', he had found me hanging in up at Dandelion's pad. The Dandelion wound up with a noh ghost mask, but she kept her dark glasses on over it—diehard, *real* diehard, the old Dandelion, but solid. Old the Spider had edged (he always edged—even when he was going up or down stairs, even when he was in a hurry) over to me and clapped me on the back. He had whispered,

“You go for Peter Rabbit, huh. Little Lou . . . crazy rabbit. Yah.” When I had found my half can of Planters peanuts (that was all we ate in those days, peanuts,

'cause next to masks, peanuts were the thing) under the sofa, I answered.

“Nothing against him. O. K. rabbit. Peter. With it.” Before I knew what was happening, the Spider had handed me a rabbit mask with the most ears I ever saw on a rabbit—most amount that is. So there I was ten months later, tied into this floppy-eared mess. Trying to figure what old Marley really was and looked like . . . what the Spider thought he wanted to be . . . what anybody wanted to be.

I began to dig the fact that we were lost, man, I mean thirty miles from Nowheresville. We'd lost track, what with being hot and cool at one and the same time. The group in Aztec masks, robber masks, Mighty Mouse masks, false eyebrows and good fairy masks was strictly for no one. When I came to, I wasn't digging the library bit—not in the least. It was the furthest and the least—just wow. What did we want with the public library—the peanuts—the masks? We'd been gone before . . . but now we were the quite squares and all up a haystack.

Everyone got up to fade to the library. The Spider trounced edgily out the door ahead of them all, he was the quite quite first. I followed old Marley. The Spider was eating peanuts—always peanuts, it took a lot of them to generate the energy for the great brain. I haven't said anything about the Spider and squirrels. As far as the Spider went, they were the least . . . so least that they weren't even within flying distance of Nowheresville . . . they swung him sick, swung him sicker than anything. Not even sightseeing busses, after the accident, swung the Spider any sicker than squirrels.

All the time that the Spider was edging and we were trotting through the park, I was trying to remember Marley before the masks. I had nearly remembered, when the Spider noticed that a couple of quite quite squirrels were clattering after him along the pavement. The Spider edged faster and faster until he was making the most time he could, but still those two, cool, beady-eyed cats tracked him. When the first two were joined by relatives (Marley said later, in the privacy of the I.R.T. subway, it was the peanuts, 'cause the Spider was never strong on the St. Francis bit), as far as the Spider was concerned, it was just wow. The Spider tore off down the path, setting every sort of record and closely tracked by the squirrel delegation. The Spider hadn't given up on the edging . . . but he was yelling the *worst* jazz at those furry gangsters. The rest of the group thought that it was a general bit and part of the scene we were all making . . . and cut off down the path after the Spider and his little friends. I was never one for the track scene—and just wandered along behind the frantic little mob. Marley stopped to light her pipe and I stopped beside her . . . still wondering what she'd looked like before we'd all got the word.

Far away in the distance, the most far—I saw the Spider still edging. Edging at high speed had confused the rest of the group. The group had mistaken in the worst way the direction that the Spider was fading to. At a sharp bend, the Spider continued his quick fade, while the group as a whole blew off to right angles . . . they were the quite frantic and enthusiastic!

When I dug the Spider disappearing in the direction of Nowheresville . . . and the rest of the group making a beach scene in the lake—where a big red-faced cat in blue, on a mean looking brown horse, and a lot of square types in little boats . . . were raising hell and yelling at them to look out—I felt that it was time to blow to Anywhereelseville. I took old Marley's hand and said come on, things are the most frantic and entirely too thick, so let's fade. Marley looked as nicely as she could through the mask and said just wow. Then we started to walk hand in hand to the nearest subway, talking up a storm that had the least to do with the group or the Spider or the masks.

We left the masks under the most rock we could lift.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

In March issue of PICTURE SCOPE, a pocket-size sex-tease mag, Emery Clarke asks ARE GAY BOYS AMERICA'S FIFTH COLUMN? and answers his question with a repetition of the tired old lies that have become "party line" in the guttersnipe mags—that homosexuality has multiplied 700% in England in recent years, that most traitors and spies are cowardly homosexuals afraid of blackmail, that "the majority of 'queers' hold high income jobs and important positions in most nations", that a homosexual cabal is plotting the return of Hitlerism in Germany—and the run-of-the-mill slanders about ONE that go with all that. Next thing, someone will come up with a "Protocol of the Learned Queens of Gaydom" and people might start taking this **plot** seriously. Whoever is behind these smut-and-slander mags, with their constant scares about homosexual plots, is building up the same type of propaganda campaign—a wild concoction of senseless babbling, vicious distortions and outright lies—with which Hitler turned a crackpot anti-semitic propaganda barrage (homosexuals are the victims this time) into a juggernaut that threatened to crush the whole world. I suppose most of these publishers are out for the fast buck—and nothing more. But they're playing with a highly explosive propaganda line. This much they obviously recognize: that homosexuals are next

in line for the role of #1 national scapegoat, and anyone who wants to take potshots at the homosexuals can do so with impunity, since even groups like the A.C.L.U. are too cowardly to take a clear stand in favor of civil rights for homosexuals . . .

HOT TIME

Chicago had quite a "heat wave" this year. Early in January, Joseph Smith, a retired Negro painter, complained to his alderman about white men, known as "Johns", driving through the 63rd St. area, honking and calling obscenely to Negro women. Cops, trying to cover-up, arrested Smith on trumped-up charge of consorting with prostitutes. That backfired. Ministers, chamber of commerce, Negro press, grand jury, et al, howled for cleanup, and 400 cops descended on area. Chicago Trib said this hurt biz so bad that only saloon with any life was one on 63rd St. "which caters to perverts. Life goes on with them despite the heat on the rest of the street."

In raid on 2 Calumet City (on Illinois-Indiana border) bistros, one February nite, 9 persons, including a male strip tease dancer, from the Little Club, were rounded up. Neighbors in 1300 block of North Dearborn complained about apartment rented to 5 boys—none related. Apt raided during party with 52 boys (no girls) present.

Late in March the ex-con chief of a large homo-extortion was killed in the Loop in a gun battle with 2 mufti-cops. Detectives Richard Cain (who posed as a homosexual to make an arrest) and Gerald Shallow, exchanged shots with "Uncle Harry" Fiegel, head of ring of 15 to 20 youths who extorted as high as \$1,000 a day from homosexuals. Playing the part of a mark, Cain gave blackmail money to Fiegel, then showed his badge, whereupon Fiegel began shooting, but was himself gunned down. Cain said an unnamed member of the gang had helped arrange the trap, which followed the usual routine, in which a young gang member would start a conversation with a victim, whereupon Fiegel would appear, acting the part of an outraged uncle—or a Sex Bureau detective—and would threaten to beat up or arrest the victim unless he forked over \$100 or so. Fiegel had a reputation as a sadist. He frequently beat up non-paying victims, as well as members of his own gang.

More recently, State and Federal authorities joined in another, and ridiculously melodramatic, raid on Calumet's notorious street of sin—a major attraction for conventioners in Chicago. This stemmed from failure of Calumet's city council to appoint a new police chief after the former one was dropped for alleged failure to enforce the law. State's Attorney investigators, carrying shotguns, sub-machine-guns and tear gas—but no search or arrest warrants—swept into the area and loaded 54 women and 44 men (owners and employees) into busses and took them to the criminal court building, then to the U.S. Courthouse, where they were not booked, but held for publicity's sake. U.S. Dist. Atty. Robert Ticken, playing down the illegal aspects of the raid, said it was part of an

over-all war on organized crime, covering federal offenses.

From the east coast comes a letter signed "Bill" which says NYC gay bars are expecting a long, "hot" summer. Bill talks about a quiet vacation in Sausalito, which reminds me I forgot to report the fuss there. New Topcop Goerndt announced right off a drive on homosexuals, pulled in his horns a bit later to explain that he meant out-of-town homosexuals only. On one evening, a task force of 17 state, county and city vice officers descended on the small art-resort community north of San Francisco, and after hours of searching, started one riot in a beatnik place, and found one allegedly genuine homosexual. By the way, is it true that if a Sausalito police official flunks the civil service test, the test can be rigged two or three times so he can pass it?

A Coast Guard "instruction" of last Oct. 20th (since superseded, no doubt) for the New York district, listed 3 pages of bars and cafes, and a few auto dealerships (!) as "Out of Bounds (Off Limits)" for all military personnel. The Joint Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board had of that date put the nix on Arty's Restaurant, the Bagatella Restaurant, Seven Steps Cafe, Swing Rendezvous, Town Cafe and several others in NYC, the Entertainer's Club, the Jockey Club, Paddock Bar, et al in Jersey, The Allegro, Maxine's, the Pirate Ship, the Hideaway, et al, in Philly, etc. Couple of these have since been closed . . .

Dear "Bill"—thanks for the clippings and the letter. I'd like to comment on a couple of points you raised. One, the "success" stories we've printed were **not** faked, even tho the interviews weren't necessarily verbatim. Second, if the editor of the letters column prints a lot of "I-wish-I-could-send-more-money-

and-pray-for-your-success" letters, it's because we do receive quite a lot of letters of that type, and because, as the editor of that department is acutely aware, the money we receive from newsstand sales and subscriptions doesn't nearly cover our operating expenses. No, we're not a "front for getting cash", but without contributions from a small group of faithful members, we couldn't stay in business at all. I hope you will drop in, as you suggested, and see what we're doing here. And I also hope you'll keep on sending in news reports. We need them . . .

After the brutal slaying of 6-yr-old Ben Wagner in Milwaukee, Dr. Charles Landis, director of mental health of county psychiatric hospital and clinics, said that murderers of children are not usually known sex deviates, but individuals who are committing their first criminal act, persons with mixed sexual urges who "until this time have been acting normally." A few weeks later, Harold McLaughlin, 28, suspect in the case from the start (his alibi had been covered by his tattooed mother and step-father—"Harold didn't do it," she sobbed, "Him didn't do such a thing. Him home all day. I don't know how they got him to say it. Somebody wanted the money.") confessed to the killing after a young friend of the victim identified him as the man Ben Wagner had gotten into a car with. Harold frequently changed his story during several days of confessions, varying his account as to whether he'd had sex with the boy, whether he'd intended to kill him before hearing a radio broadcast of the abduction, whether he'd bought him a meal . . . Harold, the "baby" of a fast-growing family, had a long record of commitment to various institutions, for stealing, sexual offenses, and being of sub-

normal intelligence, and repeated premature release due to shortage of facilities. Assuming that overzealous prosecutors haven't used a half-wit to get an easy confession and close a case, this seems to be a clear example of a murder that might well have been prevented—tho the easiest preventive probably would have been birth control . . .

Missed this story last year—Mt. Vernon, Ohio: Kenyon College instructor Edgar Bogardus, 30, recently named managing editor of Kenyon Review, and praised in TIME as one of most promising young men in literature, was found dead of carbon monoxide in his home along with a senior student, Daniel Ray, 22, of Cincinnati. Mr. Bogardus had taught at Carnegie Tech and the Univ. of Connecticut before coming to Kenyon in 1956. His book of verse, "Various Jangling Keys", had been published in 1953 as the 50th volume of the Yale Series of Younger Poets . . .

A new national group aiming to protect the morality of white-blooded youth from dangerous or corrupting literature, the "Citizens for Decent Literature" got under way recently in Cincinnati, after an earlier meeting in Cleveland. They were told by Cincinnati's topcop, who welcomed popular support for police efforts, that "citizens should leave to police and prosecutors the job of determining what literature is objectionable". Why not leave that up to readers? The steering committee of the new group includes Mrs. C. R. Addington of Coral Gables, Fla.; Robert Bowers, Memphis; Mrs. Walter A. Craig, Philadelphia; James M. Flannagan, St. Louis; Mrs. John B. Hoffman, St. Paul; Leo C. Renaud, Boston; Paul S. Rose, Salt Lake City; Sherman Titens, Cleveland; and Robert Foy and Charles H. Keating, Jr., of Cincinnati.

WHAT ARE HOMOSEXUALS DOING ?



Many magazines currently on the newsstands feature articles purporting to tell what homosexuals are doing.

The April, 1959 issue of PEOPLE TODAY in an "exclusive" report, said that making money off homosexuals is Big Business, capitalized on by criminal elements; and that public relations men were 'brainwashing the public into accepting this sort of thing.

Other magazines have said that homosexuals are increasing by leaps and bounds; that they are constantly recruiting innocents; that they are all potential spys or traitors; that they threaten to be downfall of our civilization....

But the writers of these articles don't know what they are talking about. THEY DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY, because they are too blinded by their own prejudice to find out.

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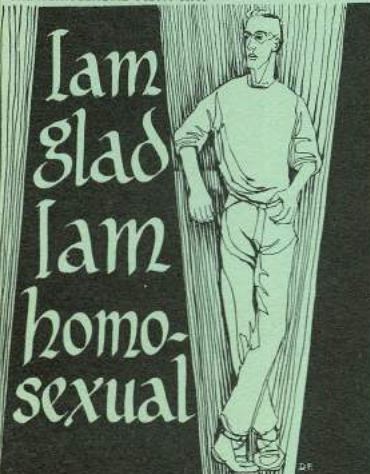
Only in ONE Magazine, the first American publication for, by, and about homosexuals, can you find out how homosexuals actually life today, what they have to put up with in the way of prejudice, persecutions, discrimination and slander, how they are trying to better their condition and find a way out of social disapproval....

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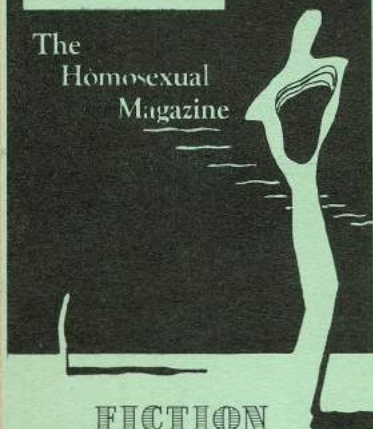
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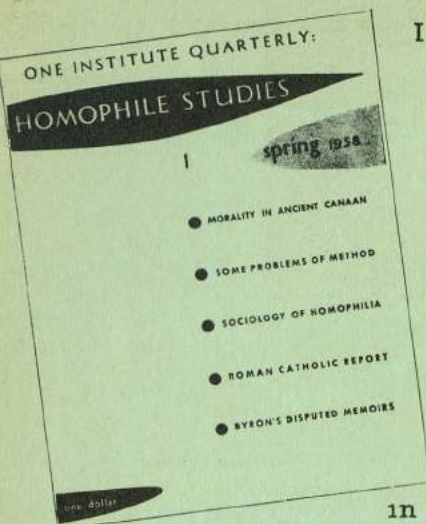
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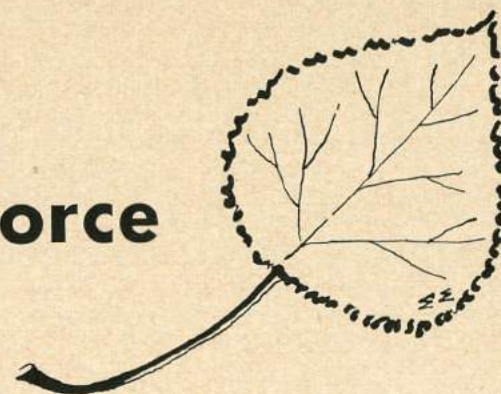
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the force



fiction by jess luther

Professor Knight had been lecturing on "The Secret Sharer" for three periods, tracing out the substructure of that subtle and lovely story, when suddenly he glanced mechanically from his notes at the clock at the back of the room and then let his eyes briefly scan the rest of the class. Most of the heads were bent over their notebooks as the students industriously copied down what he was saying. But he noticed again that the pair of eyes caught and held his hypnotically for a full three seconds, as they had a habit of doing in a rather disquieting way. Again he glanced away. This had been repeated several times during the past three weeks, and what he thought was accident had been confirmed during the lectures on "The Secret Sharer." The bell rang as he brought the class to a close. Hastily gathering up his notes, he exchanged remarks with students who had crowded around the lectern. At the back of the group, the eyes peered once more over the heads of the other students, as they had done several times recently, waiting for the others to finish before he spoke. But accident, chance, or fate had always prevented their exchanging words. This time the student did not leave; he waited until all the others had finished their business and departed.

"Sir, may I have a conference?"

"Certainly. This afternoon at four. What do you want to see me about, Mr. Squire?" It was best to remain on a strictly formal footing.

"Well, sir, I have written a paper, the one you assigned, and I would like you to go over it with me before I hand it in."

The professor had noticed the student at first principally because he towered over all the other men, being at least six feet tall and built with the suppleness of a good swimmer rather than the brawn of a football player. All he knew of him, though, was that he was a geology major, that he had entered the literature class because he had needed a humanities course to fill out a science program, not, it seemed at first, because of any innate desire to broaden his knowledge of literature. But the student's sea-green eyes, like the heart of flaming copper, had begun to flash fire during the past three meetings as he had developed his lectures on the story.

Again and again the professor had found his own eyes drawn to Squire as the student sat listening throughout each class. If the student was notable for anything it was his manly, athletic appearance and a certain mildness which confirmed what the professor had learned to respect as a fine and sensitive mind. This was enough to distinguish him from the hundreds of vapidly crew-cut, handsome, college juniors across the land. In the first place, Squire's head was covered with a mass of prematurely gray, almost white, whorls of hair, which in spite of frequent brushings refused to be repressed into conformity with the fashionable school cut. When it grew long, uncut, it brought one up sharp because of a certain resemblance between his head and that of a Hermes by Praxiteles. And then the eyes with their green, coppery burning expressed and projected a kind of inner warmth which threatened to break, bend, and melt the rigidities of academic formality.

This experience and a half a dozen like it had happened before, but being knowledgeable that there is a certain type of student who will commit anything whether out of perversity of mind or madness of spirit, destroying anyone who represents authority or restraint, Professor Knight had never let himself fall into any trap because fully cognizant that exposure in the academic world, even rumor, meant the end of a career, no matter how brilliant. How many friends of his in how many universities and colleges in how many narrow minded little towns had ended their careers tragically. He had accepted this limitation when he squarely faced joining the profession five years ago, and since, in spite of attractions, had preserved a glacial coolness toward temptations. The more obvious a student was, the more the professor became withdrawn and frigidly controlled. It had worked, but to his own disadvantage, as he readily admitted to himself in the darkness of the night lying sleepless, invulnerable, and grotesquely alone. Now, one week before the end of the semester, he felt like a tightly wound bud, which because of some emptiness at its heart, never unfurled to expose its inner self to the regenerating sun and rain. Or, he admitted less romantically, more bitterly, to himself, like an alluvial deposit, waste, dry, desicated, which no river and no spring had awakened into life. In three weeks he would be on vacation once more, just as in the past five years, gradually regaining what the year, this one and all the others, had cost of emotion, creative energy, and mental stability. In Maine and alone. In the midst of his taut nerves he had planted and nourished a tiny, withered seed of sanity.

Once though curiosity had led him to an examination of Squire's records from which he had learned that the student was a considerably better than average academically, played the piano, had been a first rate athlete in his mid-western high school. The death of his mother and father had left him an orphan at twelve, and an aunt had assumed responsibility for him since then. "This," he reflected sardonically, "I shall file away in the green, steel cabinet, no, not in my office, but in my breast."

He left the lecture hall and walked undeviatingly in a straight line across the campus. Spring had come in a great rush, and being more than usually wet, the weather had caused everything to deepen into the profoundest green. The trees and grass were heavy with life as the sap flowed free after so many months of ice and snow. The air, heavy with the perfume and fecundity of the wet damp earth, moved softly laden with the smell of rose and honeysuckle and wisteria. The poplar outside his office threw up a great, green shaft into the cobalt of the sky. The professor suppressed a sigh and a slight shudder as he entered his office and sat down to grade papers lying on the cluttered desk. "Squire will be in to see me in three hours," he reflected mechanically. Glancing over his list of appointments,

he found that no one else would be in that afternoon. From time to time bright, hard spring showers fell. The sun shone hard and brilliant and then disappeared, chased by another shower.

Two hours later, groggy from reading and correcting a dozen papers, he staggered into his coat, locked the door and left the office. It had been raining again. The sweetness of the chilled air struck him forcefully after the mustiness of the office. Ten minutes later he reached his apartment, read his mail, took a shower, ate dinner, and settled down to grade another pile of student papers. About seven thirty the telephone rang and then rang sharply again before he could answer it.

"Hello," he said, somewhat sharply, feeling both annoyed and pleased at being disturbed.

"Hello," the voice at the other end answered with a slight softness and huskiness which the professor knew at once. "Dr. Knight?"

"Yes. Is this Mr. Squire?" So rigid was the habit of storing away encounters which might threaten his existence that he had no idea for a moment why the student had called him.

"Sir, I went to your office at four and you weren't there. After waiting for an hour and a half, I left. I called because I was afraid that I misunderstood you this afternoon, that perhaps I had the wrong hour."

The professor sat down with a thud. "Mr. Squire, I'm sorry, but I forgot. What with the pile of papers I have been grading, our appointment slipped from my mind. I left the office about three-thirty."

"I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I wanted to hand in that paper tomorrow."

Professor Knight hesitated. The archetypal situation loomed threateningly in his mind. What was Squire up to? He, at least, would remain calm. "Well, Mr. Squire, it is my fault. Would you like an extension on the paper? Hand it in after the last class period?" he asked, cursing himself for putting the student off. Then before he could answer, horrified, the professor found himself saying in a slightly choked voice, "Squire, I live about ten minutes from the campus. Why don't you come up right now. We can go over the paper in a few minutes. Listen, you can find my apartment by . . ." but at this point the student broke in.

"Yes, sir, I know where your apartment is. I shall come right over." The telephone went dead.

"What have I done." He sat down. He got up and walked about. To keep himself busy lit a cigarette with trembling fingers and immediately threw it away. He touched a match to the wood he had laid in the fireplace weeks before but had never used. He frowned and muttered to himself as the fire hissed, gasped slightly and went out. Another match set it off again, burning slowly. "Fool!" he muttered to himself, and then loudly, "Fool!" The door bell rang.

When he opened the door, Squire was standing so that the light from the porch lamp fell over his head and face lighting up the misty rain which clung to his hair. "Like a willow swept by rain," flashed through the professor's mind. The student's handsomely articulated frame carried the blue sweater he wore over a white shirt opened at the throat with all the grace of unconsciousness. Somehow he seemed even shier than he had in class and failed to return the older man's greeting, saying nothing when he apologized for having forgotten the appointment. He seemed strangely pale and then suddenly flushed.

"So this is what your apartment looks like on the inside," he said huskily as he entered the combination living room and library, warm now from the gently burning fire. "I walk by here several times a week, and I have often wondered what it was like inside." He looked about the room and flushed again when he

saw the walls covered with books. Turning, he looked at the professor. A deep smile of pleasure spread over his face and a sudden brightness sprang into his eyes. "How very comfortable."

"Yes, it is. And I shall be sorry to leave it this summer." Then remembering what the student had come for, he said, "Well, let's have a look at that paper of yours." Going to his desk, he pulled up another chair beside his so that they could go over the paper together. "You sit here while I read through the paper. Then we can discuss it in greater detail." The student sat down next to the older man, who read hastily through the first page, stopped, glanced at him, and started over again, reading slowly. Squire had blushed deeply. There were no corrections to be made. He had captured the heart of the story and was breathlessly pouring it and himself out on the paper. One of those rare and treasured experiences that take place between student and professor—one catches on fire from the maturity and subtilty of the thought of the other.

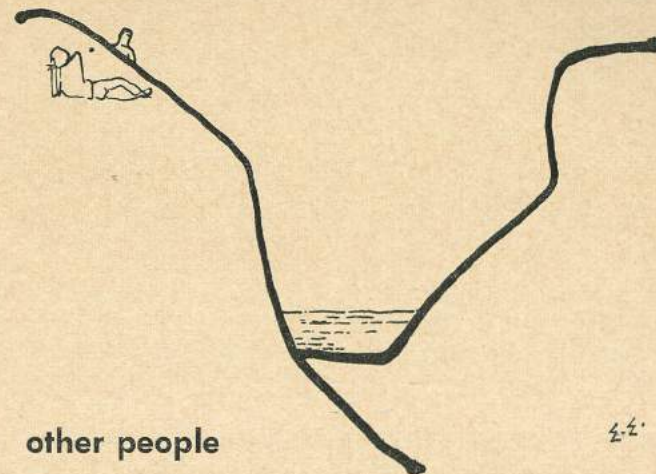
"Well, Dan, this is a first rate paper," he said when he had finished. "There is little wrong with it. As a matter of fact you need not change a word of it."

The student seemed disappointed and even more shy for a moment. "There are one or two places which I would like to ask you about." He took the paper from the professor and turned to the second page. "I'm not sure about this point," he said, pointing to the first paragraph. "Does it seem clear, the way I have expressed the idea."

"Let me see. I'll read it again." He traced the sentence across the page with his finger. "The statement is clear enough to me."

"What about this sentence," the student said, pointing to a quotation he had used from "The Secret Sharer" which summed up the heart of the story. And before the professor could remove his hand from the paper, Dan's beautifully sculptured fingers were lying beside his own so that they touched slightly the entire length of the hand from finger to wrist. With a voice grown husky, taut with emotion rising in a flood through his veins, Professor Knight read: "But what I felt most was my being a stranger to the ship; and if all the truth must be told, I was somewhat of a stranger to myself. The youngest man on board (barring the second mate), and untried as yet by a position of the fullest responsibility. I was willing to take the adequacy of the others for granted. They had simply to be equal to their tasks; but I wondered how far I should turn out faithful to that ideal conception of one's own personality every man sets up for himself secretly." And as he read aloud, the rain had begun to fall once more, a sudden, drenching, spring shower. The trees seemed to sigh of so much water. A few drops rapped at the windows briefly, sharply, then broke and ran down the panes. One of the rain drops, which clung to the student's hair, slipped silently and fell on to the paper smearing its rigidly ruled lines into the ink of the written passage. The professor did not move his hand from the page; Dan's lay beside it, trembling slightly where they touched. Within his rigid body the professor felt a slight breaking and cracking and filling up as the dry desert greedily drinks the first draughts of a suddenly erupting spring. All had turned to a liquid like honey to flow with intolerable sweetness through every cell. He knew then what he must do.

"Come with me, Dan," he took the student's hand in his own and without releasing him drew him over to a seat by the blazing fire. At that moment neither one heard the rain go suddenly down the street, across the town and out through the broad land.



other people

So recently on the secluded beach we went, walking our eighth anniversary together; walking southward, spiritually hand in hand, and over rocks and logs; then up the high path to the small promontory, where could be seen for miles great rocks and cliffs.

What a vast breaking of waves was below us. It was hard to be heard, or to hear each others voices. I laughed. We stretched on the matted grass. You were silent as usual.

Eight years together. Well, not so unusual: others love longer, or love and separate, or love too much and hate because of loving, or die, or move away, or suffocate the one they cherish.—Yes, the tales are endless.

I suppose because we are two men, and not in Athens, not in the ancient time, that we must proceed with caution: it is best.

Willis Eberman

BOOKS

PARK BEAT

by Reginald Harvey
Castle Books, New York, 1959,
\$3.00, 189 pp.

This is it, man, a true-to-life, a hard-hitting book about the homosexuals who cruise the biggest park in the biggest city of the U.S. Though I know nothing about the author, he certainly knows his police force and the plainclothes vice-squad.

In the heat of summer, many people gather in Central Park, but the most interesting people in this novel are the homosexuals. These are the ones who sit on park benches in T-shirts and tight levis, and more and more of them gather as night comes on. They pair off, those that are lucky, and they go to their partner's place or wind up in the bushes of the park.

The story is told through the minds of seven different characters, and how their paths criss-cross before and when they enter Central Park. There are four men: A Puerto Rican killer named Franco; Joe, a homosexual hustler; Bert, a guy discovering his own homosexuality; and Hal, the policeman whose beat was the park beat. Of the girls there are: Kathy, who is soon to marry a lawyer, but understands more about Bert's homosexuality than he does; Felicidad, a Puerto Rican who is lonely and finally decides on having a man ravish her and then pays the fatal price; and another Puerto Rican named Maria who is in love with Franco the killer. One fault I find with the book, however, one gets no clear picture of what the characters look like. You cannot tell one character from another except by their names, and yet, their actions

speak louder and makes up for this deficiency.

The writing is no literary work of art, but it's raw, naked life as it is lived today, in almost any park in any big city. The actions may seem revolting, but are true to form. You are there when a gay guy attempts to unzip the trousers of a vice squad plant and you witness what happens. You are there when two guys are making love in the bushes and a flashlight shines in their faces held in the hand of a vice-squader. There are tense moments when a character has to hurriedly pull up his pants and run like hell.

I liked this book; I heartily recommend it. It is a small book, but well worth the price. It is a down-to-earth and reveals the new-found loves and the shattered lives that occur in a city park, night after night after night.

—Arnold Larsen

THE FEATHERS OF DEATH

by Simon Raven
Anthony Blond Limited, London, E.C.1, England, \$3.50 pp. 254.

Here is a novel concerning itself with life in a British Regimental Unit on location in a remote Colony beset with Native political uprisings. While the greater portion of the narrative details all other political implications and phases of personal and collective existence one is likely to find in any such congregation of men, there is, also, the theme of homosexuality. The relationship between a Troop Leader and a Drumer-boy has the stamp of something more than mutual regard; there is tragedy involved; the reactions to the intimations run the gamut one would expect from such diverse sources; there is the inevitable discovery and conventional disgrace; and the moral is left to the reader. The author, having a very good back-

ground in writing for English periodical publications, has written a first novel that conforms to the usual British flavor of composition. Though the story flows fairly well, it does seem to this reviewer there is too much adherence to the Victorian conception of British Army life, and Political superiority, in Colonial matters; however, one is led to wonder if this attention is not overdrawn so as to point up the ridiculousness of such attitudes: certainly the author has used this novel, in part, as a vehicle to express his contempt for certain other phases of recent British Political and Military men and maneuvers

about which he has reason to possess personal knowledge. As for our theme, unmistakably the account of homosexuality is present in the narration, and the manner in which it has been handled will please those who enjoy examples of the theme being displayed as merely a portion of the whole. Too often, alas, for me, the thin and wavering thread seems lost, or bogged down, in the weave of extraneous detail. But, all in all, this is a volume that could with much justification be suggested as a delightful diversion from the ordinary, and even as a pleasing addition to a library.

Rr

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report from new york

by
alden kirby

I attended a poetry reading here at the Living Theatre on the 9th of March, by Gregory Corso and Frank O'Hara. Mr. Corso seems to ally himself with the beat generation by the physical and we trust financial convenience of not combing his hair, having his clothes pressed, or shaving before the performance. Mr. O'Hara was dressed less poetically in an up-beat shirt and suit.

Mr. Corso began the evening before the lights were dimmed with remarks to someone who must have *been* his friend in the audience about the attractiveness of his girl friend's ass.

This, I take it, was supposed to set the mood for the evening, and to set the audience right in thinking that here was a poet who was a real man. Mr. Corso is also wise and broad-minded. He disarmingly called Mr. O'Hara "a faggot," and pointed out that Mr. O'Hara, being truly an angel and an idealist was really much better cut out as a father-type than Mr. Corso. Mr. Corso I understand to be too naive to be so responsible, and too uncomplicated to be so idealistic; he is only honestly following the gift of genius that God has thrust upon him.

Be that as it may, Mr. Corso got a

good hand for his entertaining reading of his long poem, *Marriage*, which was about the conflict of marrying with the commercial and public rituals of the courtship and honeymoon. The poem, I thought, was good. Mr. Corso has his own style and in this poem he had something to say, and said it. It accomplished what it set out to do very well, which is always an accomplishment in itself. But I hope Mr. Corso will give up making public statements which reflect so nicely upon himself and, as Mr. Allen Ginsberg, I believe it was, shouted from the audience, "quit this fooling around and get to the poetry."

Mr. O'Hara's work promised more to the reader if not so much to the listener (Mr. O'Hara's voice is a low and modest one and does not tend to dramatize his work fairly). It was disappointingly scatological. I was surprised that writers are still trying to bear up bravely under the stress of having been toilet trained, and that they are still preoccupied with the tricks their bodies can do. We would all like to take such things naturally as dogs in the street do, but it isn't always appropriate to the occasion, and, worse, is usually a great bore.

I was disappointed most of all by everyone's—whether they were dubbed faggot or not—rather desperate concern over their masculinity. Mr. Jack Kerouac was also present, or at least someone loudly announced himself as such as he passed the ticket taker. According to the interview of him in the *New York Post* the following day, he came in from his newly purchased house on Long Island. His mother lives with him. She says "He is a good boy," and she knows, because "I'm his mother."

I went home at the intermission. Before I went to bed, I washed my face, shaved, combed my hair and closed the bathroom door. I, too, write poetry.

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.**



Nota bene,

For this month I have chosen to answer a letter from a homophile friend who is now a well-adjusted teacher and artist. Since he has suggested that I expand on the last paragraph of my letter to D.O.B. in my column on page 28 of the May, 1959, issue of ONE, I shall explain why I said: "Remember, the most awesome word in the English language is MOTHER! But that takes us deep into basic psychiatry and my own personal theories about what makes a homosexual . . ."

Dear Doc:

"I read your replies to the D.O.B. in the May, 1959, issue of ONE to my grandmother. (She has practically been a mother to him since the death of his mother many years ago.) She

occasionally reads parts of the magazine which is, I feel, quite wonderful. "If you will recall you said, 'The most awesome word in the English language is MOTHER!'

"This aroused very strong defensive feelings in my grandmother which were directed toward you—because the statement came from you. Although I feel I know quite well what you meant, I believe she does not—and perhaps many of your readers do not know either. Therefore, this note to you to ask if in some future column you might elucidate.

"Did I tell you I had the very great pleasure of meeting Philip Wylie in Miami? And found him a sharp, witty and charming guy. You can guess what reminds me of him—*Generation of Vipers*.

"Tomorrow grandmother and I

leave. She takes the train from Indianapolis and I pick up a very nice English lad and drive on to Seattle. Grandmother is making independent plans for next year. I've learned—finally!

All my love,
H. R.

Dear H. R.,

Many thanks for your helpful letter. You have emphasized a point which I had been hoping to discuss in my column. The subject is a controversial one and, no matter what I say, I know there will be some who will take offense. Nevertheless, since we are trying to reach a better understanding of homosexuality in this column I think it is absolutely essential frankly and honestly to face each aspect of the problem even though we may step on a few tender toes. I hope this is the beginning of a discussion of factors which will contribute to the understanding of the complex condition known as homosexuality.

No one factor in life is the cause for homosexuality. The homophile seems to be the product of the very complex interweaving of environmental and hereditary factors. Chief amongst the environmental factors is the mother or "mother surrogate" influence which is very frequently, and unconsciously, expressed in the life of the homophile, but is just as potent as if it were fully conscious.

According to Kinsey and some others, there is in all mammals, and especially in human beings, a blending of maleness and of femaleness which could be a causative factor in the expression of bi-sexual interest and expression. In homophiles this blending of the two sexes results in sex interests contrary to the apparent sex of the physical body. However, because of our social and cultural taboos, limits are set regarding the degree of social and physical inti-

macy between persons of the same physical sex. Nevertheless, many homophiles ignore these taboos, and choose a "way of life" in which they secretly, symbolically or openly seek and secure satisfactions, depending on their ability to accept themselves as they are, thus producing an overt type, a bi-sexual type or a repressed type of homophile.

Since the mother is the first female every child encounters, and since this mother has most to do with the shaping and training—or conditioning—of the child's body and behavior patterns, all children, homo or not, tend to resent the mother and to carry hidden hostility for her, while she in turn may secretly feel that the child has thwarted her personal ambitions.

In situations where other females take the place of the mother they are referred to as mother-surrogate, mother-equivalent, mother-figure. They may be school teachers, female relatives, a foster parent, wives or "bosses."

Philip Wylie was amongst the first to point out in his controversial book *Generation of Vipers* that, contrary to popular belief, mothers do not universally "love" their children, nor do all children love their mothers. Countless psychoanalytic sessions have brought out the fact that mother as well as the child may feel unconscious resentments each toward the other.

Thus hostilities are stored up, which, in the case of the infant and child can be expressed only later in life in a bewildering pattern of speech, mannerisms, actions and interests. These expressions on the part of the homophile are what are popularly known as "camping," "gay," "drag," "cruising," "fairy," "fag-got," "chicken," "Nellie," "butch," "queen," etc., etc.

Both individual and group psycho-

therapy reveal that when hostile attitudes toward mother-figures can be freely released there is a marked reduction in the behavior patterns mentioned above and the homophile becomes more accepting of his own feminine nature. He tends to find more agreeable work and companionship, and as he accepts himself he gets along better with mother-figures.

Thus, H. R., you can see how much you have grown in understanding of yourself. I well remember our first interview regarding your homophile problem in which you were so surprised to discover how much hostility you felt toward women.

Now you have self-confidence, you no longer feel so subservient towards your grandmother; instead, you can become more independent of her. Actually, she is a remarkable woman, extremely broad-minded and understanding. It would be a privilege for many homosexuals and their mothers

just to talk with her. As you say, she probably has not fully comprehended the basic nature of the homophile who feels strong feminine urges but can not release them satisfactorily. I wish that I might have the opportunity to talk with her again for I am sure she would get a better viewpoint of this strangled web of ideas regarding homosexuality.

All good wishes for your continued growth and awareness.

B.M.B.

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE MANY FACTORS WHICH INTERWEAVE TO PRODUCE A HOMOPHILIC INDIVIDUAL. It may seem to be a confused attempt to present this highly complex problem. Have you readers any ideas, questions or comments which would lead to further clarification?

Sincerely,
Dr. Blanche



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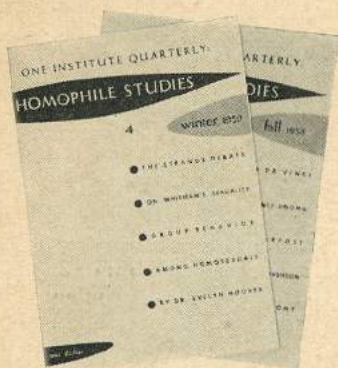
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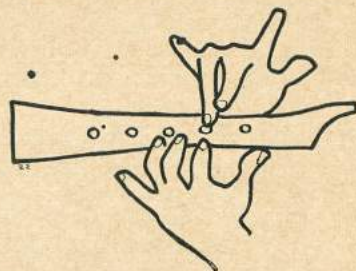
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Letters

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

Pueri:

Your Editorial (March, 1959) was very fine. There is *frigidus anguis latet in herba*, but it's the ennui and ineptness of the group. I'd like to put both Mr. S., of East Orange, New Jersey, and Mr. M., of Philadelphia (Letters, March, 1959) in a wine press, and turn till they cry. "Conscious!" Mr. S. equates adulterers with sodomites. Mr. M., by his choice of Bible quotes, precludes homosexual love from being more than a "sin" to be tolerated.

The one may consider himself a sinner, the other an adulterer, if he likes. My way of love is joy and expression, but my way is not theirs.

**Mr. E.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**

Dear Mr. Kepner:

In your review of the life of Roger Casement (March, 1959) you state, "It was only when he came to America to raise funds for Irish Home rule . . ." This statement of his "treason" is entirely different from other accounts. Casement was tried for treason because he went to Germany during World War I to raise support for an Irish revolt against Britain. This you do not mention in your account. Why?

A very fair discussion of the whole Irish question is found in Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberley's, *The Trouble With the Irish* (New York, 1956). You should read this book, particularly Wibberley's comparison of Casement with the even more tragic fate of Padraic Pearse.

Frankly, while I think the British (to mix a metaphor) used two stones, treason and homosexuality, to hang one bird, I also think that Casement showed much the same lack of foresight and good sense as did Oscar Wilde, when the latter instituted libel proceedings against the father of Alfred Douglas.

**Mr. W.
CLEVELAND, OHIO**

Dear Editor:

For some reason or other I found myself deeply touched by the letter of Mr. E., Bombay, India (February, 1958). How one longs to convey certain things to such an individual. How can it be done? I wonder.

I would like to say to Mr. E.—in *union* or out of it, you cannot belong to anyone but yourself. I believe that it is this very wanting to "belong" that paradoxically wrecks the very thing it seeks to create. Have you ever considered the burden that wanting to belong to someone else places upon that person? As for sex for the mere sex of it, don't be too quick to write it off disparagingly. It bears a closer relationship to the "loftier" aspects of love than you might suppose.

The "mere sex of it" can well be the first step towards the rest of it, that *union* so devoutly desired, for love, regardless of the need for it within ourselves, is never that need; but the giving of it—the giving of it that fulfills the need for it. I am not advocating promiscuity, but the facts of life are the facts of life, regardless of how we wish to construe, or misconstrue them.

Are you absolutely sure true *union* is what you want? Friend, it cuts deep across all boundaries—it cuts the very heart of being, but if you have thought on it, and if it is what you truly desire—then, I truly believe that it will come to you, when you are ready for it. And it will shatter you, with every preconceived notion you have had of it and of yourself. And it will give birth to a new "you," that will never again fear loneliness or the "gay hell"—a "you" that will understand.

**Mr. P.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you for what you are doing in our interest and for your heroic courage in a hostile world. As a newcomer to this country I have to keep myself in the background so long as the laws of U. S. are persecuting us. I enjoy the friendship of many heterosexuals and have no difficulties in comradeship. I cannot understand that some of us are complaining about solitude and loneliness. For a real friendship one has to pay the price for it. It is up to the individual.

**Mr. L.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK**

Dear ONE:

I could almost write a love letter to you for so many of the things I have found within your covers. When I found no answers to give the world, ONE said it for me. When petty people sought to defeat me, ONE supplied more answers. So it has been a friendship—an affair with a cold, true, little magazine.

One story that will remain for a long time with me was, "Mission San Juan Capistrano" (May, 1958). It was an artful tale told with a simple beauty. How I envy those who can express themselves so easily with words.

ONE should investigate those gay kids who inhabit trailers. I have just recently joined the ranks, but I know we are a large family.

Mr. H.
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Dear ONE:

I would have loved being at your 1959 Midwinter Institute and am going to try to be there next year. I like the new "Confi" (ONE Confidential). It is easier to read. ONE certainly must have grown a lot since I was out to see you a year ago.

The Editorial (March, 1959) is one of your best. Keep it up. Also, in reference to **tangents** article about Detroit, Judge Gillis, of Recorder's Court, said that Detroit had more illegal arrests than any other city in the country. The police claim they wouldn't be able to uphold the law if they weren't permitted to continue. I wonder what other cities do?

Mr. B.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dear Mr. Slater:

I received the note yesterday concerning the police licensing law and want to thank you for your deep concern. I intend to fight this matter through the courts. If need be even take it to Washington. I also intend to fight any other action that may arise in connection with my bar and its patrons.

Your Magazine has been doing a wonderful job and I must say if there were more people in the world who would do what you are doing the world would be a better place to live in. All it takes is a little courage and the will.

Mr. P.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear ONE:

It is my sincere opinion that homosexuality will never be tolerated as such, but I am for individual rights when it comes to sex preference. It has always been a mystery to me why homosexuals express a guilt feeling for what they are, and not for the things they do, for a man is judged by his actions, not for his feelings.

Let's have more on what homosexuals are doing these days—less on romantic and speculative thinking.

Mr. R.
WILLOW SPRINGS, ILLINOIS

Dear Miss Russell:

I am writing because of this month's Editorial (April, 1959). It made me feel kind of

funny. I have always been a supporter of our bars. I felt that by doing this I always had a refuge. But then looking at it in an adult manner the bar may give me refuge, but ONE is making that refuge no longer necessary. I have found that people who have picked up a copy of ONE somewhere or there are more willing to listen and understand.

Miss H.
COMPTON, CALIFORNIA

Dear ONE:

Regarding review of **Plague of Lust** by W. L. (February, 1959) it wouldn't be fair to say your reviewer didn't even begin to give appropriate emphasis to the importance of this book for homosexual literature. He did "begin"—only. It is in connection with its quotes from the classics that this book has tremendous value, with respect to their English translation "by an Oxford M.A.," as the original Carrington edition (Paris, 1902) had it.

For the reader patient enough to plow slowly through these footnotes, as perhaps your reviewer was not, there emerges in terms of the English translations of Greek and Latin generally-banned-as-obscene poems, dialogues and essays, a comprehensive picture of homosexuality in classical times, especially as viewed by non-homosexuals.

And there's the shock: it's not the rosy, idealized picture so popular these days. Reading the epigrams of Martial, the diatribes of Lucian, the plays of Aristophanes in complete, straight unbowdlerized translation, it is soon clear that "public opinion" was very much the same in those days.

Thanks to the anonymous "Oxford M.A.," the reader can get a picture of matters homosexual in the riper Greek and Roman days and, aside from some interesting reading, can learn once again the truth of the famous French proverb, "The more things seem to change, the more they really remain the same."

Noel I. Garde
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Why in heaven's name was **tangents** omitted from the May, 1959 issue? Nearly everyone I know that reads ONE calls it the best, or one of the best sections, the only source of gay news on a nationwide scale. Yet, blandly omitted.

And let's take the corn out of the interviews of so-called successful homosexuals, the "yups," "sure do's," etc. And let's interview people a little farther along the "success" scale than some have been. Not to be snobbish, but most of the people who subscribe to your Magazine, or certainly a good part of them, aren't too impressed by con-

struction worker's "success." And the stories, in addition to being too short, are still just pretty amateurish, especially when the grammar would disgrace an eighth-grader.

On the whole, though, the Magazine has moved ahead tremendously and I am all for it. The editorials of Lambert are of the scholarly and literary quality that I hope will eventually be found in more of the articles in the Magazine. For that, you will note, is my over-all peeve, lack of scholarship and professionalism. But—good luck—I am all for you.

Mr. B.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Mr. Slater:

Intentions amount to nothing if not implemented. Thank you for the reminder (Editorial, April, 1959) and you may be assured that as limited funds become available for personal use (I am a monk) it will be a privilege and pleasure to share them.

May you and the rest of the ONE Family be further assured that although circumstances prevent me from being more active, it is possible in the type of counselling I am called upon to do not only to aid those who are likeminded with the ideals and purposes of ONE, but to forward greater understanding among those who have hitherto refused to appreciate the issues involved in the lives

of homophiles. You have my prayers for the continuance of the work of ONE.

Father L.
A MIDWESTERN TOWN

Dear Sirs:

We are interested in ONE and other similar publications. We wish to hear more about other organizations devoted to the study of homosexuality. To our knowledge almost 70% of the Ceylonese are homosexuals. As you may be aware, the Ceylonese are a very pretty race, and many of them appear to be more this way inclined than anything else. This includes many men and women in very eminent positions, including the professions. We would like to suggest that you publish more pictures.

Mr. P.
COLOMBO, CEYLON

Dear Mr. Slater:

Please accept my apologies for having asked for an address via Dr. Baker. It was not until after I had mailed my letter that I noticed the statement at the beginning of the LETTERS Column, and of course, I can appreciate your stand on this issue, since it not only protects other individuals but myself as well. Thank you for your trust.

Mr. D.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cont. from p. 4

3. Those practicing homosexuality are not because of that either **maladjusted or sick**;
4. No scientific verification for such **folklore** has ever been presented;
5. Homosexuality is a desirable "Way of Life" for many, despite social disapproval and pressure;
6. It is the right of anyone, in a free society, to live according to his convictions, so long as he does not demonstrably harm others;
7. Those who, by reason of judicial, political, scientific, journalistic or administrative position, use their positions to impose ignorant views to the detriment of homosexual men and women merit only **pity and contempt**;
8. Time, scientific and social advances will support each of these points, one by one.

Already, there are encouraging signs in these directions: in court decisions, in the work of the American Law Institute, in the Church of England's Moral Welfare Council Report, that of the Wolfenden Committee, and in the work of many careful scientists, both here and abroad. Such signs encourage the Editors in their continuing effort to present, clearly and honestly, as true a picture of homosexual life in America as they can.

William Lambert, Associate Editor