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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

AUGUST 1959

FIFTY CENTS

men who find
Lesbians
DESIRABLE



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

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EDITORIAL

The awareness of being different and alienated from the rest of society often gives homosexuals the conscious wish to belong or be loyal to their own group or to some individual within it to a distorted degree. Even if the loyalty is not merited, it is still possible to find homosexuals who will support conduct and behavior which are reprehensible by any standards simply because it is being done by another homosexual.

Being outside the law themselves in one area of their conduct, many homosexuals tend to lose all respect for the law and any sense of social responsibility to the community they live in. They probably hesitate to pass judgement on the other fellow's conduct lest it appear that the pot were calling the kettle black. But where persons trespass on the rights of others, it is wrong whatever the offender's sexual orientation.

We at ONE have been approached more than enough times by persons who have felt that we should support them or their friends in their criminal activity just because they were homosexual or sympathetic to homosexuals. On the contrary, it is our feeling that homosexuals have a double duty to see that what they do does not offend the rights of anyone else. We are well aware that homosexuals frequently do not get just treatment for the reason that they are homosexual, and it is the purpose of ONE to correct this situation. But blackmailers, thieves, bad check artists, pimps, prostitutes, etc., find no refuge at ONE; nor do the criminals who frequently come to us for aid and, while not homosexual themselves, will use this plea in order to obtain compassionate understanding and tolerance.

Homosexuals should never be punished simply because they are homosexual; by the same token, homosexuals should never be aided and supported just because they are homosexual. We homosexuals are bound together and integrated by our sexual preferences. The views and emotions that form this cohesiveness should not be used to discredit the law-abiding homosexual. So in deciding what our attitude toward our fellow homosexuals will be, it is important to distinguish between acts that are merely contrary to current sexual vogue in our society and those which actually injure someone.

Don Slater, *Editor*

MEN who find *Lesbians* DESIRABLE



Unlike some of the organizations which concern themselves with the question of homosexuality ONE has always operated "coeducationally," believing that, however varied their lives may be in details, the male and female homosexual are pretty much in the same boat together.

Consequently, ONE has had women on its staff ever since 1952. Such names as Geraldine Jackson, Ann Carll Reid, Eve Elloree, Jane Somers, Sten Russell, Alison Hunter, Dawn Frederic, Alice Horvath, Carol Robin and many others are well known to those who have been reading the Magazine for any length of time. What the Corporation would have been like without the faithful and talented contributions of its many women is hard to imagine.

An entirely different type of organization exclusively for women, the Daughters of Bilitis, was organized in San Francisco in the Fall of 1955. One of the founders, Del Martin, currently President, in the following article describes some of the problems which uniquely confront the women in her organization. ONE's editors felt that in the interests of a broader understanding of such problems readers would find such an article of special interest.

Just how would you define a lesbian? For years I have been under the impression that a lesbian is a woman who is attracted to her own sex—emotionally, physically and/or spiritually.

If this definition is correct, and I still think it is, it would necessarily follow that the male of the species holds little, if any, sexual attraction for the lesbian. For her he may be a very dear friend or companion—but not a lover.

There are many men who apparently find this negation of their romantic prowess a challenge. The lesbian is then a woman who just hasn't met the right man. To put it in the vernacular—all she needs is a good lay!

There are other men, heterosexually oriented, who find one woman attractive, but the idea of two women together becomes ever so much more enticing. These men may make attempts to meet lesbians in gay bars, but more often become avid readers and collectors of lesbian literature. Sometimes the whole idea becomes so fascinating that they crave first hand accounts and may seek out lesbian contacts for the sole purpose of developing a "pen-pal" relationship. They claim to be very understanding and sympathetic—"You may speak freely to me." In fact, dear lesbian, please share in writing the most intimate moments of your sex life in graphic detail.

But unfortunately for these men, the lesbian regards her love life as something very personal and is therefore reticent (even among lesbian friends) about such discussions, either verbal or written. It is interesting to note that almost all pornographic literature on the lesbian theme is not written by and for lesbians, but by men for male consumption.

Many men, who claim to be heterosexual, admit that they are rather effeminate in appearance, mannerisms and outlook. And being somewhat over the equator of the male-female polarity scale, they seek their masculine counterpart in a lesbian. What they fail to realize is that the lesbian does not want a pseudo-feminine part-

ner—she wants the real McCoy!

Some male homosexuals feel that there may still be a possibility for them to make a heterosexual adjustment and attain the fulfillment of marriage, fatherhood and home. These men will more than likely choose a lesbian for a mate because they feel she will be more understanding.

Other male homosexuals will propose marriage to lesbians for the sake of convenience and security against the wagging tongues of a hostile society. These are generally marriages in name only, with each partner going his or her separate way.

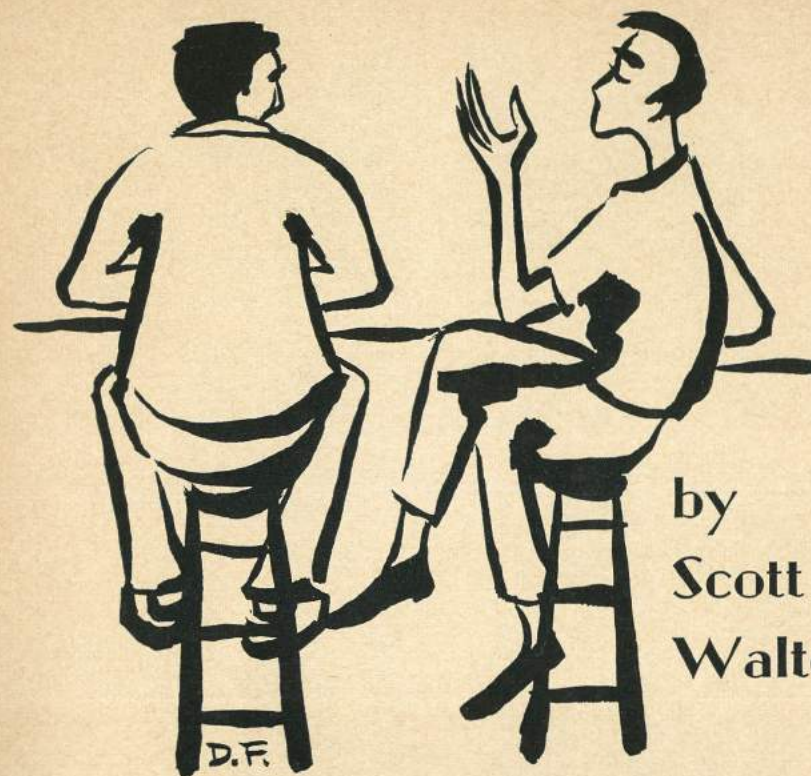
The male transvestites and/or trans-sexuals who seek lesbian companionship are generally disappointed. These men are actually looking for the more conventional tea party, sewing circle or bridge club female set, and somehow the lesbian just doesn't fit this picture.

Then of course there are the voyeurs who would pay a considerable price for the privilege of watching lesbians "in the act." And if the lesbian is reticent in writing or talking about her sex life, she would certainly be even less inclined to perform for those bug-eyed viewers.

There are also men who identify themselves as "queer for women." (This group would include older men who, by virtue of their age, have become impotent.) They mistakenly believe that the method by which the lesbian may obtain sexual gratification (the technique of which they are certain they can perform more deftly than any women!) is the end-all answer. They fail to realize that lesbianism is not just a mode of sexual gratification—not just an act. It is something a little more complicated and involved, and yet quite simple really.

Lesbianism is a way of life—the emotional, physical and spiritual expression of the love of one woman for another.

Del Martin



by
Scott
Walters

AN ADDED CONVENIENCE

"Bourbon and water." Rod called to the bartender, as he glanced around casually from one end of the bar to the other. He couldn't help but notice that there wasn't one female in sight. Suddenly, like an alarm clock it hit him as the bartender placed his drink on the bar.

This must be one of those homosexual bars he had been reading about in the newspapers recently.

"A dollar ten, please?" The bartender spoke in a musical tone of voice.

Rod paid the money and took his drink. He took a big swallow, peering around again. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the thick clouds of smoke and semi-darkness. No, not a

woman in the whole damn place.

He was beginning to feel that he ought to leave before he got into trouble with one of these mixed-up characters.

He had several more drinks and he began to feel a bit woozy.

What in hell am I doing in a place like this. His mind wandered. Here I am, the father of a six year old boy, an ex-Marine sergeant, plus being a once-famous guy who had every possibility of one day becoming a champion boxer before the leg injury in Korea.

Straightening to his full six feet, wiping a lock of curly black hair from his sweaty forehead, he took out a cigarette and lit it slowly. His hand-

some face was like chiseled granite as he glanced at the two well-dressed fellows adjacent to him.

"Cheez." He muttered under his breath. "Are they queer too?" They looked like real he-men—there was nothing feminine about them.

The clicking of the jukebox and the simultaneous blast of a series of instruments chimed in to wake him from his momentary stupor. As he turned around, he saw that the place had become a writhing, vibrating den of exotic frenzy.

The whiskey was beginning to give him crazy ideas!

Why not have some fun matching wits with one of these characters?

He ordered several more drinks and glanced at the sundial clock on the wall. Fifteen minutes had passed and the place was still twisting like some uncoiling reptile.

He looked over in the corner near the jukebox, and his now foggy vision focused on a tall well-built blond youth staring at him. For a moment his mind flashed back to his wife, Edith, in Detroit with the baby.

How long would he have to stand this loneliness? He thought to himself, as he looked back to the youth who was now smiling at him.

He shook his head, trying to regain his senses.

"This one's on the house." The bartender's voice made him turn back to the bar. As the bartender smiled, the door opened and in walked a well-dressed young man accompanied by another well-dressed man walking with a slight swish in his otherwise masculine gait.

For a brief moment, Rod stared in disbelief. For some reason he couldn't explain, a strong surge of excitement took possession of him.

The young man who was standing in the corner smiled and walked over.

"I hope I'm not intruding—I'm only trying to be friendly. You look

so lonely, and I've never seen you in here before . . . may I introduce myself?" The smell of highly scented after-saving lotion and a soft perfume tickled his nostrils as he saw the sensitive mouth and even white teeth spread into a warm smile. His tight black pants clung to his shapely limbs. His black shirt contrasted with his short white coat, as the gold medallion at his open throat glistened under the soft lighting.

Rod braced himself as best he could.

"Look, I just came in here for a couple of drinks to cut the chill from the outside. I don't know anything about this kind of life or these people. I'm a man with a wife and a kid in Detroit."

The youth smiled. "I'm sorry if I offended you . . . it was not intentional. I only came over to you because I thought maybe you wanted company. Usually, when a man comes to a bar like this, he's lonely and desires company, even if it's only someone to talk to.

"Thank you for putting me straight from the start." The young man turned and started to walk off, but Rod called him back.

"No, wait, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so abrupt."

The youth turned and smiled. He ambled back to the bar with the grace and poise of a well-built athlete.

Rod stared at him in disbelief. Was his imagination playing tricks on him? He even smiled and walked like Edith.

"My name's Jerome . . . all my friends call me Jerry. I hope you'll call me Jerry, too."

Jerry extended a limp hand, and Rod grasped it deftly but firmly.

"My name's Rodney, but by friends call me Rod."

"Rodney—that's a pretty name—I mean it's so masculine, and it fits you perfectly too."

"Thank you." Rod stood up again,

expanding his chest and flexing his muscles proudly as he called to the bartender.

"Give him a drink . . . er, what do you drink, Jerry?"

"Just a little scotch. I don't drink much . . . it would interfere with my timing in ballet school which I attend in the evenings after work."

"Give him a drink of scotch, bartender, and I'll take another of the same." Rod turned to Jerry and watched his hands.

Jerry was slowly rubbing his palms on his hips to the back of his knees as though straightening out the creases in his trousers.

"What's the matter, Rod, is there something bothering you?"

"Yes, I just can't figure it out."

Jerry smiled. "Can't figure what out?"

"Normally, I would be cursing you out, or throwing you through that plate glass window, and yet here I am standing talking to you as though I had known you for years."

"Well," Jerry smiled. "When you get the urge to start tossing people through the window, kindly let me know . . . I bruise easily."

They both laughed, Rod looking at him intensely.

"Where do you live, Rod?" Jerry smiled coyly.

"Oh, right around the corner. I just found an apartment for me and my wife when she comes from Detroit. Since I started working in my uncle's lumber yard, I've been able to fix it up real nice. I even have a guest room which I sometimes sleep in it's so comfortable."

"I live way out in Canarsie." Jerry sipped his drink pensively.

"Canarsie? You mean to tell me that you travel way out in Brooklyn in all of this cold." Rod's face showed uncontrollable interest.

"I only come over here on Friday nights to ease by own loneliness—

that's why you see me here now." Jerry looked into Rod's eyes as Rod blushed slightly. "Besides where else would I go?"

"Do you know how to cook?" Rod looked back to his drink.

"Well, I used to cook for the Swansons; one of the richest families on the Hudson, and they were crazy about me."

"I haven't had a real home-cooked meal or breakfast since I left Detroit." Rod smiled and stared at Jerry.

"I could make a deal with you if it would be pleasing to you."

"What's that?" Rod asked almost knowing the answer.

"If you let me stay in the guest room tonight, I'll get up early in the morning and cook you a real home-cooked breakfast—Juice, coffee, milk, ham, eggs, potatoes, toast and jelly." Jerry half-closed his eyes waiting for Rod's answer as a modern ballad started playing on the jukebox.

"Well, for some reason I like you, and I'm game, but remember, no funny business. Fair enough?" Rod asked Jerry as Jerry started swaying to the rolling beat of the music.

"A deal . . . let's go." Rod drank his drink and they started for the door.

"Jerry, there's one question I would like to ask you?"

Jerry looked up at him. "Yes, what is it, Rod?"

"Why are people like this?" He waved his hand around him as he opened the door with the other.

"Well, I can sum it up in two little sentences in my opinion."

"Yes?" Rod was holding the door open as Jerry started through.

"In every man there's a certain amount of woman. In every woman there's a certain amount of man."

"As simple as that?" The cold wet snow hit them both full in the face as Rod pulled up his collar and put his arm around Jerry's shoulder.

"As simple as that. . . ."

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

NY NEWS' "Inquiring Photographer" recently asked several people-about-town what they'd do if confronted by a blackmailer. Most, it seems, said they'd report to police. All seemed to agree paying was senseless (tho most people seem to pay when faced by the situation themselves). Some said they'd tell the blackmailer to do his worst. Others suggested shooting him—or confessing everything to their own family. Most assumed that anyone who could be blackmailed must be guilty of some awful crime.

For many homosexuals, even those who've refrained from overt, illegal acts, what-to-do-when-the-blackmailer comes poses quite a problem. There seems to be little point in paying, since like postmen, blackmailers always ring at least twice. They will bleed you for years, and probably expose you eventually anyhow. But the solution isn't simple. It takes guts for a homosexual to go to the cops when he doesn't know if they won't turn on him instead of helping him. Many police do the right thing—they are sworn to defend victims against blackmail. But there have been many cases where the victim has been locked up and the blackmailer let go free. It depends in part on how you have been conducting your own life. It depends more on where you live and which officers you con-

tact. As a general rule, you should take along a reliable witness, preferably an attorney, when you talk to the police. Level with them, but stick to the case in point. They aren't father-confessors, and needn't hear about every affair you or your friends have ever had. You take some calculated risk whichever way you handle it. It is possible to take a worse drubbing from cops (some of whom believe homosexuals have no rights) than from any blackmailer, but this is not really likely. Going to the police is the only course that makes sense, and until homosexuals are willing to take risks to defend their own rights and security, they will neither have, nor much deserve, either rights or security.

HEROES AND VILLAINS

Tho this case doesn't involve homosexuality, the letter a grief-stricken father wrote the people of Philadelphia few short hours after his 3-yr-old daughter was strangled by a neighbor boy, is a rare display of sanity and understanding.

Warmly describing his daughter and his own love for her, and referring complementarily to the boy's family and to the boy himself (he had been a good boy) the bereaved father, a math teacher, said:

"... it should be openly recognized that every human being must, by his nature, express hostility, rage,

fear, destructiveness, as well as love, creativeness in action, pure joy of life, and other generally recognized desirable qualities.

"And in regard to the need for expressing these 'positive' as well as 'negative' responses, there is an iron law according to which all that goes unexpressed will not thereby be eliminated, but will assert itself in often uncontrolled and uncontrollable ways ...

"Remember that when you punish a child for being 'bad' you are using a double-edged sword. On the one hand you are helping him to learn the rules of society by which he will have to live; but on the other you are punishing underground feelings of destruction and hostility which, if not skillfully and understandingly guided into the open, will become deep-seated festers—eventually wrecking a terrible vengeance on the individual and society.

"It cannot be an accident that Germany, which has perpetrated some of the most brutal horrors humanity has had to bear, has also been most given to authoritarian and disciplinary upbringing ...

"Let's face it. We must all be punished and yet loved and cherished. There is (or should be) no contradiction between these two. The point I am arguing goes, of course, well beyond the questions of children's education.

"Our habits of thinking in terms of villains and heroes extends well beyond our family management, but expresses itself in political attitudes and conduct of foreign affairs.

"It is hard to admit, but there simply are no villains on whom to blame it all. There are simply lots of human beings, all with a similar set of fundamental drives, all needing control and love in order to function in society.

"And some of these human beings have had their basic drives so profoundly inhibited—often by being overwhelmingly goodies for much longer than health and sanity will permit—that the problem of their control poses a most serious problem for society. ...

"It is of course worrisome, from the social point of view, that there are parents with such lack of understanding. It is much more profoundly worrisome that it should have been possible for this boy to go through his whole fifteen years without anyone who was responsible for his upbringing ... taking note ... of the danger signals. ...

"My final word has to do with the operation of the machinery of justice. Had I caught the boy in the act, I would have wished to kill him. Now that there is no undoing what is done, I only wish to help him. Let no feelings of caveman justice influence us. Let us rather help him. ..."

This was not the disinterested, abstract theorizing of a sociologist but the sudden and deepfelt response of a man who had just cruelly lost his own beloved child.

The boy, Edward, a handsome, well behaved and well liked, religious youth, had been playing with the child, who had followed him into his basement, when a sudden urge came over the boy. She became alarmed at his embraces, and in panic, apparently without knowing why, he strangled her and stuffed her body in a closet. A few hours later, Edward told his Confessor, and was sent to the police. Judge J. Sydney Hoffman, following the urging of the girl's father, ordered the boy sent for psychiatric treatment. Let's only hope it can help. ...

LA Topcop Parker, trying on the philosopher's mantle, blamed the

crime rise and nation's moral problems on loss of America's Victorian culture. "In the middle of World War I, America lost touch with the Victorian principles which had sustained it for decades. It lost these principles in the name of freedom of expression." Parker wept that since then, no culture has risen to replace the lost Victorianism, so that Americans now can't tell right from wrong. Parker notwithstanding, Americans had their fill of blue-nose, maggot filled Victorian hypocrisy, and if the chief thinks that prissy era, with all its restrictiveness, didn't have its share of crime and violence, loose living and moral problems, then he'd better look a bit closer at the record.

A UP report from Jacksonville, Fla., refers to a police file on 500 'potential' sex offenders known to the cops in the area, which file includes intimate data about manners of dress, speech, subjects of conversation, fingerprints, etc. If as the report indicates, such a file includes information about people who have never been arrested, what right, pray tell, do the police have to be gathering such information, and what further uses might be made of it?

ODDMENTS

Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen says (NY News) there've been more women than men in U.S. since 1945, with disproportion increasing. By 1975 he expects 4% more women. Britain has faced same problem since 1821, now apparently improving for the first time in face of presently higher birthrate there for boys than for girls.

Woman's Page columnist Dolly Reitz tells about time her family was getting dressed for costume party when there was a knock at door. Glen, her husband, "was go-

ing to go dressed as a fairy queen. He was wearing long underwear, a tu-tu, his heavy work shoes, a pair of wire and gauze wings, a wig and long curls, and a wand with a silver star on the end. He looked great." Glen answered door with flourish of his wand, expecting friends who were to pick them up. Not friends. Strangers, inquiring about the house—which had been advertised for rent. Glen grandly showed the prospective tenants around, just as if he normally dressed that way, and the kids fell in with the game. The people didn't rent the house.

The puritan municipality of Santa Monica, which sits astride one of LA's best beaches, got in a tit when 3 muscle boys had a party with a young girl, used the excuse (rather irrationally) to spark their old illegal campaign to deny homosexuals the use of the beach, and closed famed "muscle beach" (several blocks from where the gay crowd gathers) in order to discourage onlookers, falsely presumed to be mostly homosexual. But the money-grubbing city dads soon discovered that closing the barbell and acrobatics area—a chief tourist attraction—was bad for business, and now they're spending (over the protests of some diehards, including Mayor Barnard) \$6000 to replace some of the muscle display equipment they had so hastily destroyed.

The **Santa Monica Outlook**, an old campaigner to drive homosexuals off the beaches, bemoaned the threatened return of the "sexual athletes" and "their followers, of all three sexes." They announced a ballot, to run in the paper, "I am opposed to any restoration or return of Muscle Beach. I want our public beaches to be reserved for the recreational use of healthy-minded young people, families with children, and our older citizens. . . ."

Wladziu Valentino Liberace, as most readers must be aware, won his libel case against that waspish old woman of the British press, William Neill Connor, who goes under the pen-name of Cassandra, the Trojan lady who warned of impending doom. "Cassandra" had broadly intimidated Liberace was homosexual, which the flamboyant pianist specifically denied in an English court. "Cassandra" made a mistake to which many homosexuals are also prone—assuming that colorful, flowery or even effeminate manner necessarily means a man is homosexual.

NYC Deputy Police Commissioner, Walter Arm, fuzz, but not so square, has called off his campaign to close or harass beatnik coffee houses in the Village. With a bit of doggerel self composed, he explained his new "let 'em alone" stand:

"Technically a beatnik spouting poetry is an entertainer under law,

But though in violation, to the cops he's just a bore.

He can talk throughout the night if he doesn't incite to riot

We hope he keeps talking til his audience yells for quiet."

And not even Chief Parker's lost Victorian culture could produce an egg like that. . . .

A Mulberry street tavern in Newark was closed down for 25 days because ABC agents were offended at "obscene" language in the place, despite the defense plea that "Patrons served by our clients are not genteel ones, and their own particular mores are a fact of life that must be recognized. The language of this kind of patron might not be appropriate in a more exclusive bar, but generally it is of the type that these patrons are accustomed to and to them it is not offensive."

The city by the Golden Gate now

has a "crack 'S' Squad" of 50 specially selected cops in mufti, who will sneak thru the city's 'trouble spots' looking for 'crime before it starts'. The "Operation 'S'" was initiated last October by incoming topcop Cahill. "They're not out to sweep vagrants off the streets or to harass citizens." I bet.

In what may be one of the first appeals of a homosexual case to the U.S. Supreme Court, Gordon Larsen, one of several men arrested early in 1957 in a Boise witch hunt against homosexuals, has an appeal now pending before the high court. The Idaho Supreme Court has ordered a stay of his five year prison sentence, for an alleged "infamous crime against nature", pending the action of the U.S. court.

READING

Tho criticizable on several points, the article on homosexuality by Gerald Walker in the July issue of **Pageant** Magazine is one of the best ever to appear in a large circulation national magazine. Tho he seems to take Bergler and Dr. Clara Thompson with equal authority, and accepts the unwarranted but common assumption that homosexuality is a disease, and is being regularly cured these days, he argues strongly that heterosexuals have to learn to live in the same world with homosexuals, and should learn to do so gracefully, and without giving undue offense to the poor unfortunates. This is a fairly strong article to shove under the noses of your heterosexual friends, tho not a very good one for fledgling homosexuals to cut their eye teeth on. . . .

And from France, **JUVENTUS**, an elegant new homophile monthly, like **ARCADIE** (and unlike most homophile publications) very strong in their literary slant. . . .

BOOKS

THE SEA AND THE WEDDING,
by Pamela Hansford Johnson,
Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3.95,
298 pp.

A contemporary high-middleclass group of the English is fascinatingly portrayed in the Proustian style, with much different-slanted personality probings, including sexual. The people come wonderfully to life, including a major character, Junius, the homosexual architect, butch enough to pass but choosing not to with his hetero close friends, who are adjusted to his chi-chi interior decorations and gay boy friends. This portrayal is remarkable for being a large and very successful portrayal of a homosexual as-seen-by-the-hetero's—and even more remarkable since the hetero "I" of the novel ends by becoming a close friend of Junius.

If Proust is your cup of tea, this is a must. If not—well, it's kind of Proustian the-au-lait, and I think you might like it anyway. A. E. S.

ODD GIRL, by Artemis Smith,
Beacon paper-back, 1959, 35c,
187 pp.

Miss Smith examines the "coming out" of a particularly unreal young lesbian whose desire to find a permanent relationship with someone of her own kind causes her to sleep with so many different girls in such a short space of time as to cause one to lose count before completing the book. The young lesbian's name is Anne, and she is nicknamed Alice by a very feminine student actor who aids and abets her in her search. Terms like "Alice" and "Mary" are used frequently to show the non-homosexual reader that they really

are seeing the inside of lesbianism.

The story which relies on the rapid changes of bed-partners to keep it going is told in the third person and a remoteness in the characterizations is felt. Miss Smith's conclusion is—or seems to be—that the reason Anne had so much difficulty in finding a soul-mate was that the women she was attracted to were not real lesbians, but were either using it for temporary release or fighting it. Not until Anne found Johnson, a self-assured lesbian, did she find peace. Anne's personality is so mixed up and unlikely that one cannot waste time wondering about her. But one does wonder, for a moment or so, about Miss Smith, who has appeared in ONE Magazine under a different name and in the past has shown herself to be a skillful writer with first-hand knowledge of her subject. The only conclusion to be drawn is that Miss Smith wrote this book to appeal to the heterosexual male market. The initiated could never be taken in.

If Miss Smith had realized that her heroine is either a nymphomaniac or just plain hysterical she would recognize that Anne never would be able to last in the relationship she finally found. She would shortly after that recognize that she had no book. The writing, such as it is, is hackneyed. D. S.

A WAY OF LOVE, by James
Courage, Putnam's Sons, 1959,
\$3.75, 255 pp.

There is a great deal to recommend this English novel. Mr. Courage is a writer of no little talent and this book makes both a modest contribution to literature in general and a significant contribution to homophile literature in particular. Mr. Courage has a free and natural style which he uses to advantage in his treatment of his subject which he approaches without apology and yet without pity or sentimentality.

The plot of *A Way of Love* is slight in any real narrative sense: Bruce Quantock, middle-aged, a successful architect and an enviably well adjusted homosexual meets and is attracted to Philip Dill, a much much younger man. Philip is sufficiently mature to recognize what Bruce is looking for and sufficiently mature to recognize his own sexual propensities and, with Bruce, to yield to them without great compunction. At the same time, however, Philip is unable to accept the thought of himself as a homosexual, the idea that "other" homosexuals are people and violently rejects any concept of homosexuality as "a way of life." His abhorrence of being or becoming "one of those," his reluctance even to meet Bruce's friends or to accept Bruce's life as it may include or may have included any "of those" are, of course, in conflict with his own way of love. The series of situations which develop and prove this conflict constitute the novel.

The characterizations of the minor characters who are presented essentially as a gallery of gay types—that is to say "those"—are both amusing and excellently drawn. It is perhaps unfortunate that the two principals remain somewhat shadowy by contrast. It seems highly probable, however, that this, as a literary device which Mr. Courage has adopted for reasons of his own, is quite intentional.

A Way of Love is worth reading if for no other reason than the ending alone which is neither "moral" and hence tragic nor yet sentimental and story-bookish. Reluctantly I say that any mature homosexual will recognize the ending as being all too real.

In a broad sense *A Way of Love* presents a problem in human behavior which is by no means confined to the homosexual.

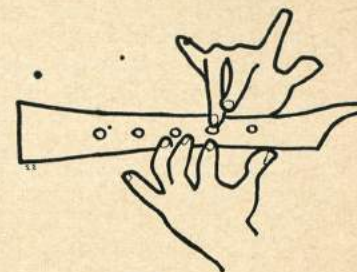
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“... *Thus with nonchalance disarming* ...”

A MEMORIAL TO BROTHER GRUNDY

Word recently came to ONE's offices of the passing of a man whose writings, although infrequently appearing, have been greatly admired during the past several years by the Magazine's readers—"Brother Grundy."

His poem, "Lord Samuel and Lord Montagu" (October, 1954) was charged with containing obscene passages, so becoming one of the items concerned in the great victory won by ONE, Incorporated over Otto K. Oleson, Postmaster of Los Angeles, in the United States Supreme Court, January 13, 1958. Because of this, if for no other reason, "Brother Grundy" has acquired literary and legal immortality.

His poem, "I Thought I Saw" (July, 1955) is still considered by many to be one of the finest pieces of poetry the Magazine has ever published in its delightful simplicity. His letter discussing Jones' *Life and Works of Sigmund Freud* appeared

in One Institute Quarterly of Homophile Studies (Summer, 1958).

Members of the staff had the pleasure of once meeting him, during a brief visit to ONE's offices, and learned that he was "Brother Grundy" Ph.D., a professor of philosophy at a Canadian university. Since that visit an occasional letter or manuscript has reached the Editors. Then, one of our replies came back marked, "Deceased."

Fortunately, some writings of his were already in hand: a long and very serious essay, "Some Notes on Freedom," and the two poems now excerpted here. We can consider ourselves fortunate to have known "Brother Grundy" whether personally, or through his writings. Now he must be added to that endless roster, dating back to the dawn of recorded history, of gifted homophiles who, whether in merriment or with the utmost gravity, have added so greatly to the cultural heritage of the human race.

THE BALLAD OF B. A. BEACH

by Brother Grundy

Written at 5 a.m., Oct. 20th, 1949, in memory of summer at the Island spent with David and Charles.

I chanced to spy two Beaners*
As I lay on Bare-Ass Beach,
And I cried, "You are two dreamers!"
And they nodded, each to each.

As they loiter in their clusters
I had seen such boys before,
With the rings and knuckledusters
Which their elders so deplore.

Oh one had shoes of ox-blood dye—
And shirt of denim blue—
And there he stood against the sky,
With his young self showing through.

Their belts were buckled front to back,
Their loafers holed with brass;
Their strides about the knees were slack—
And tight about the Ass.

I suppose they might have jumped me,
And they might have come to roll,
But I blessed the Fate that dumped me
On that sandy island knoll.

For one was dark and one was fair,
And both had gone astray;
One said that he preferred a pig—
The other boy was gay.

My langorous demeanour
Seemed to put them at their ease,
So I offered each a wiener
With a pint of beer, and cheese.

As I opened up my basket
They seemed both to catch the scent—
And I knew that should I ask it
They would willingly consent.

With a grace that was quite charming
They accepted my bequest;
Thus with nonchalance disarming
They sat down to take a rest.

We talked of things that Beaners do—
And things that Beaners might—
And I thought, "Am I a Beaner too?
Or is this second sight?"

It may have been the season,
Or it may have been the sun;
But whatever was the reason—
I have *never* had such fun!

At last one sent his friend along,
But said he'd love to stay—
I really could see nothing wrong
In letting him delay.

The two of us had things to say,
And time is not for long:
Tomorrow is another day
To bring ill luck along.

We lay upon that beach awhile
And drank another beer,
With many a genial little smile
And many a meaning leer.

While self and sun and surf and sand
Seemed part of one delight—
I cried, "O Dreamer Beaner Boy
Stay here, and stay the night!"

I met a cursed Beaner Boy
Upon a cursed beach;
For he has stolen all my joy
And set it out of reach.

He said "I too must now away,
At last I must go home!"
I never knew a man could say
That word and sound like *Doom*.

It was to him, it was to me
Like waking from a dream,
It made us both with anguish see
The gulf twixt *is* and *seem*.

For we had things to do and share
Which we had scarce begun;
Now he is gone and I am bare
With only sand and sun.

And what was I to him that day—
With talk and cheese and beer?
A bitter taste to throw away,
Or memory to hold dear?

I met a blessed Beaner Boy
One day on Bare-Ass Beach,
The sense of joy will never cloy—
But he is out of reach.

By the slip I'll wait, O Beaner Boy,
Where the water taxi rides,
And someday find you, Dreamer Boy—
And take you in your strides!

* Beaners: members of the Beanery Gang, a tribe of juveline delinquents in Toronto.

THE INSOMNIAD: an essay on original sin

Some times, because I weary of the sheep
Which over mental turnpikes seem to leap,
I have tried sleeping with the Pentateuch
Beside my bed, or some such weighty book—
Illustrious Buffon, the incomparable Newton,
The *Decline and Fall* of Edward Gibbon,
(That treatise on the mind of David Hume)
And in the still small hours have pierced the gloom
With Ovid, Lucretius, Plato's *Apology*,
Professor Joseph Needham's *Embryology*,
Hermes Trismegistus, or some such gollywollogy;
Refusing to admit in my insomnia
The maxim: *Post coitum tristis omnia* . . .
Life, like the Hare's and Hatter's cyclic tea,
Seems to repeat (See Eliot's poetry)
The ancient menu in the dish prehensile,
Eternal error in a new utensil,
Seeming the dormeuse soul to much perplex
By joining opposites as mad as sex
In rolling spheres, like Aristophanes
(Note: Similar were joined in some of these)
With strains of Vico, Hegel, Heraclitus,
Spengler, Jung and Joyce, and we, like Finnegan
Must sleep and wake but to begin again . . .

Jonah, like the human mind,
Is older than the hills,
Left only yesterday behind
His pre-mammalian gills.
Not in utter nakedness
Comes Jonah to the shore,
But trailing his half-bakedness
And obsolescent lore.
Unconscious of vestigial frills
And atavistic tail,
Against his deep nostalgic ills
How can his will prevail?
He bears the burden of the past
In every living cell,
How can he love his God at last
Who never made His hell?
Who, bearing marks of Cain and Ham
Will dare to say, with God, I AM? . . .

Now I'm a pygmy, neutered Newton,
Wandering around on Arnold's beach,
Flicking flat pebbles into the ocean
Of faith resurgent whose terrible screech
Proclaims it powerful and far from dead . . .
Would Matthew I wonder, recommend a try
If he had got *this* singular reply?

I'm just a crazy mixed up kid,
 Somehow my Ego can't get on with my Id,
 Behind my Personna there's no Self at all!
 Worse than cats and Fido—
That's my Libido!

In good Victoria's glorious days
 When girls were girls and boys were boys,
 They spared the rod and spoiled the child
 And no one thought: How odd of God—
 Until they heard of Oscar Wilde . . .

A flippant note? 'Tis no mere rumour,
 And let's not lose our sense of humour
 Which now regains its former animus,
 Endorsed by the Court unanimous
 Of Uncle Sam—our rhyme read true
 Of Samuel and of Montagu.
 To look for gender just at pants
 Is a sign of invincible ignorance,
 And when the Press kicks up a fuss
 Think of the words of the dying Huss;
 For it is the function of the silly ass
 To merit each day his *Sancta Simplicitas* . . .
 The fact remains that since we left the sea,
 And took to climbing the forbidden tree
 Of Science—which is memory put in pickle
 To keep it safe from Time's destructive sickle—
 Though we advance, like Mrs. Lot, the knack
 Of looking only forwards is our lack . . .
 The past, it seems, is not ours to reject,
 The past in us selects when we select:
 Should we then crawl, or praise the man erect?
 Is Guilt the point where past and future meet? . . .
 One maxim for the present then: Excrete!
 Science means trial and failure, progress by fits and starts,
 Release from breeding fructifies the arts,
 Nature ignores dull don's dichotomies
 As healthy men fly from lobotomies.
 Nature's wise plan tries everything—in vain—
 A few things work, and these she tries again;
 'Tis not her aim to paint in white and black—
 She daubs with wild abandon and no lack
 Of mingled greys. To follow Nature, as the sage has said
 We must eschew wild fancies in the head,
 Though to be faithful to her marvelous antics
 Defies the modest means of man's semantics.
 Each thing is what it is, and has the right
 To justify its being in All Being's sight—
 Against the adepts of collective smear
 Who damn the whole with one outrageous queer;
 The flunkey clerk who fats on fancied crimes;
 Against the Law, framed by small men and times.

Dr. Evelyn Hooker Speaks at V.D. Council Luncheon

Principal speakers at the V.D. Council's Annual Luncheon which was held this year in the Pacific Room of the Los Angeles Statler Hotel were Evelyn Hooker, Ph.D., Research Associate in Psychology, U.C.L.A., known to ONE's readers for her work with the male homosexual, and Harriett Randall, M.D., Assistant Medical Director, Health Education, L. A. City Board of Education.

Dr. Hooker, who spoke first, reported her findings gained after five-years of intensive research into the male homosexual. It was apparent that her vital message did not penetrate the armor of pre-conceived opinion of Social Welfare attitude and training in which the audience, composed mainly of Social Workers, Probation Officers, Doctors, Nurses, Teachers, etc., came protected.

Briefly, Dr. Hooker was able to tell how homosexuality has been present in all centuries, all countries where it has often been a regular part of the social structure.

In explaining what homosexuality is Dr. Hooker used the familiar Kinsey scale: 0 — 6. She contrasted the "overt" and "latent" homosexuals, and added that of the latter group 4% of the male population constitute exclusive homosexuals.

Dr. Hooker went on to explain that homosexuality is found in every occupation and social level, that homosexuals lead constructive lives, and she debunked the theory that there is a recognizable type. It would appear that the adult patterns of both the homosexual and the heterosexual are very much alike, she added.

Dr. Hooker cautioned her listeners against believing that a very large percentage of homosexuals are also child-molesters. In fact, her findings indicate they lead quite harmless lives.

In her closing minutes, Dr. Hooker explained the bisexual male and how he works; she explained about the homosexual community that exists within the larger social structure—with its language, institutions, ways, concluding that it was most comfortable.

She finished with a plea for understanding and caution on the part of the audience present explaining the work done in England by the Wolfenden Committee toward a more realistic attitude concerning the subject. Dr. Hooker did say "God forbid" that any boy should grow up to be a homosexual.

From this point Dr. Harriet Randall, who spoke only a few minutes, was able to summarize the need for our social institutions and agencies as well as their individual workers to seek prevention and understanding (Dr. Hooker had made it clear that cure is rarely, if ever, possible). Dr. Randall pointed out that despite early family influences there is often still opportunities to turn young minds with homosexual tendencies to more healthy choices in later years, and that adult attitudes concerning the subject plays a crucial role in determining the choice.

She concluded by saying that preventive programs were possible and should be aimed at finding ways to develop healthy family emotional climates.

—D. S.



Blackbirds

BY ANN WOOSTER

White, patches of white, lucid, flying—the wind blowing, but higher, above the house, above the trees. For a long moment she thought of the wind, sweeping over the Canadian plains, the Great Lakes, high above her head, over the town and on over the Eastern Shore, the salt marshes of Maryland, Virginia, till it blew itself out at last over the empty sea. On the porch nothing stirred. It was a moment suspended, the still center, and she, motionless, without design, a part of design.

From where she stood she could see the square library tower with its crenelated gray stone battlements. Even after six years at Hampden College, she rarely felt any sentimental sense of belonging. The soul of propriety in the college community, a pleasant and gracious addition to the Dean's annual tea, no one imagined how disconnected she felt, or understood that it was a strong sense of the ephemeral quality of all things that made her vague charm possible. She was considered somewhat of a recluse, rarely entertained, had never chaperoned a college function. There were rumors that she had once been engaged, even married, but no one really knew.

She was still an attractive woman, slender, erect, and wore her excellent clothes well. She dressed, in fact, as a woman whose body has been carefully loved will dress. Her short, light brown hair had as yet no touch of gray, and her cool hazel eyes surveyed the world with a gentle and remorseless humor. She wore little jewelry, but seemed inordinately fond of a handsome jade and silver little finger ring that was almost too heavy for her hand. It had been given to her by a girl called Jinny, with whom she had once lived. Jinny had been an

unusually good tennis player. It was in glorious and drunken celebration of an almost perfect championship match that Jinny had been killed. The nearly new sun-yellow convertible had not even been worth salvaging. Had she lived these six years, she would have been just thirty, five years younger than Barbara King.

Thinking now of that evening, as she seldom allowed herself to do, Barbara drew a sharp breath and removed a brown-tipped cigarette from the pack she held in her hand. She regretted having assigned Shapiro's "Auto Wreck" to the class, not, she told herself, for the memories it evoked, but for quite another reason. She had been relieved when so few of them had grasped its inexorable conclusion—actually only one had—and a girl at that. "The poem made a deep impression on me. Mr. Shapiro is saying in effect, that if one thing has no cause (the accident), then perhaps nothing has cause." She was surprised that she remembered the exact wording of the theme. She also remembered her vague discontent with "made a deep impression on me." Her red marking pencil had hovered indecisively over the phrase. Trite? Childish? Finally she had underlined it. Possibly she would know better what to say when the time came, when she was talking to the girl in conference. She had come to rely on inspiration for the right criticism, an inspiration lent her by her own slight tension, by the necessity of the moment. This capability for excitement at the moment puzzled her. It was, she realized, what lent her classes the unmistakable life they had. But what caused it? This slightly feverish loquacity that fitted words to her tongue, that gave her daring, even at times magnificence, was a peculiar gift. She was, in dealing with her students at the same time quite removed from them, and intensely sensitive to their moods and

minds. She was, she knew, sometimes uncanny, and—she was well liked. "You understand," or "I can never be phony with you," they said. But she could never escape her own sense of inner subterfuge. She liked her students, and while she taught them, knew them instinctively, deeply. But when they were gone, she forgot. Everyone on the campus said hello to her, but, unless they were in her term's classes, she did not know them, could never remember their names. It is almost, she thought, as if I cut them out of my mind intentionally.

A host of blackbirds rose from the sloping lawn in front of her, wheeled screaming, fluttering, pitched at last in a great circle up to that high wind and swept away, out of sight. Suddenly the day seemed chaotic, frightening. She lit the cigarette her hand had been holding. And then, stupidly lost, a single stray blackbird reeled across the sky. "Oh my God," she said, and crushed the cigarette against the low porch rail. She tried a smile, wondering if she could laugh at her own dramatic gesture. That's so damn like you, she thought. It probably knows perfectly well where it's going.

At that moment from the hill that sloped down in spacious lawn and dark evergreens to the cottage, a figure detached itself from a group of girls and raced down, flying in a great curve towards her. How did it go? "And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows, / In all his something something, so few and such morning songs." It was the "and such" that made it Thomas, wasn't it?

The girl stood before her now, speechless, a little out of breath, radiant! For a moment in sheer delight, Barbara returned the golden smile.

"It's a good day for running."

"Yes. I wanted to catch you—"

Catch me? Barbara thought.

"But I wasn't going anywhere—"

"Are you busy? I could come back later."

Barbara sighed and turned to the door.

"Come in," and she thought as she turned the key, there is nothing left for us to do now. You were so like Jinny then. It was the moment to have kissed you.

The girl was still a little breathless. She smelled of the evergreens, and in fact a few green needles had caught on her jacket.

"I started a story. Would you look at it now, please?"

Barbara lit another cigarette, sat at her desk, and unfolded the limp sheets of paper. Was this the girl who had read the poem aright? Yes, of course. Could she write as well as read? The two didn't always coincide.

The story began: "A bar should never have a mirror in it. It makes for vertigo. I used to believe that the mirror in my room over the dark oak dresser was a magic one, that it had the power of truth. Its image was the real one, and whoever looked in that glass saw himself as he was. So, on New Year's Eve, when my eyes met themselves, caught the mirrored eyes watching mine over the length of the bar, I was prepared a little for the truth. But only a little."

Barbara looked up.

"Is this you?"

"Mhm."

"Where was the bar?"

"New York. Downtown."

"Oh?"

Barbara continued to read. "Hello, I said to the eyes. Who am I? And the eyes stared back, expressionless. I tried a smile for them. But they didn't smile back."

Barbara drew on her cigarette.

"You weren't alone, were you? Why don't you orient me a little? Are you going to say what the bar's like, and what your escort is doing? No?"

"That comes later," the girl said.

"But I want it in the beginning like that—just me and the mirror."

"O.K."

"My escort was making out with another girl."

"Oh."

Barbara could see the whole thing only too well: the college crowd slumming in the Village, drinking too much, waiting for something to happen that never did. Barbara wondered if it had been a gay bar. Probably not.

"The eyes in the mirror kept sinking back, further and further, and then I looked at the face. It was ageless, sexless—or rather it could have been any age. For a moment it was a young boy, then a girl, then an old man, a baby face. At last of all the faces there was one I knew, had always known. It was a boy, a young man of the Renaissance, smiling in recognition."

Good God, does she know what she's saying? Thought Barbara.

"His smooth blond hair lay carefully on his shoulders. His full mouth was somehow ironic; his eyes were a cool blue challenge."

Barbara looked up, not at all surprised to meet that blue challenge.

"You put things nicely, sometimes. Ever read *Orlando*?"

"No."

Barbara resumed reading.

"I was so pleased with this self that I didn't realize for a moment that my date was standing behind me. She was laughing at my reflection. It was a hard laugh."

"She?" Barbara paused. "Don't you mean *he*?"

"No, I was with another girl. She was my date."

Barbara saw the words on the page, but she could not read them. It was not the first time she had discovered one of her students to be lesbian, though she had sensed homosexuality more often in the boys. It was curious how unconsciously they gave them-

selves away; usually because they were so unaware of themselves, perhaps always would be unaware. The girls were more likely to understand, but when they did it was so often with anguish and shame. But this—could it be? The girl was so natural, so matter-of-fact—exactly as Jinny had been. Barbara had tried to help those others, to give them some sane reassurance, but never had she intimated anything about herself. Barbara knew she must say something now, but what, she could not think.

"Was this a gay bar?"

The girl overlooked the ease with which she had used the word, but not the word itself.

"No. We went to this place with another couple though, two girls, and Nan, that's her name, got drunk, and—I mean that's why it was so funny really. I wouldn't take her to a gay bar."

"Why not?" Barbara knew that she was marking time.

"I was afraid to. She'd never been to one, she said, and I was afraid she'd find somebody else, or she'd let somebody pick her up."

"So she found someone anyway?"

"I'll say she did."

Barbara ground the cigarette into the ash tray, and went on.

"Did you love her?"

"In a way. It's hard *not* to love people after a while, after you've known them a long time." The girl's voice was perfectly even, and contained just a hint of laughter.

Well, thought Barbara, she's not a sentimental schoolgirl.

"And is that to be the story?"

"Not really, no. It's more a story of realization . . ."

For the first time, to Barbara's surprise, the girl seemed to need prompting.

"You mean the realization of being gay?"

"No. No, not that at all."

"What is it, then?"

"Knowing that it's life, that's all, just life—you know, nothing special—it can be silly or stupid or sad, or beautiful."

The girl was looking at the reproduction hung over the desk, an English hunting scene. Really, Barbara thought, her description had been right—a young boy of the Renaissance, aware of his own clean elegance, the tilt of the head both proud and shy, conscious of appraisal and approval, but not bold; and if the mouth was capable of irony, and it undoubtedly was, it did not show it now. Barbara looked at the name written in a firm, rather ornate script at the top of the first page: Kathryn Mackay.

Barbara smiled. "I like it. I'd like it even better finished. Why not write out a rough draft and then let me see it."

The girl buttoned her jacket. "O.K. I will. Thank you."

They stood for a moment together on the porch. The blue of the sky had deepened, and the wind had dropped down upon them. It drove before it the few leaves left over from winter, from fall. A sudden cascade of bells from the tower sounded above the trees. I feel so alive, Barbara thought to herself. It's been so long, so very long.

"Run to dinner, dear. Don't be late."

The girl's head lifted, and the slow marvelous smile turned bright. A second later Barbara found her hands on the girl's straight shoulders, and felt herself gathered into a swift, sure embrace, surprisingly strong, surprisingly gentle. Then, before she knew it, the girl had turned and was running up the hill. A thousand blackbirds shimmered and danced across the sky, and Barbara, leaning now against the open door, watched until the last was out of sight.

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

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

Dear Dr. Baker,

Over a year ago I read a very interesting article in ONE where it was said that one of the causes of homosexuality is inheritance and the case history of two identical twins, separated at birth, was mentioned. Both of them had, in maturity, been found to be homosexual to the same extent. Ever since, I've been engaged in a very difficult and (unfortunately) not too scientific an investigation on this subject.

I'm one of those exceptionally lucky individuals who has found a very satisfactory lover, a job I like and which has given me a very satisfactory income and independence from both our families and society in general; and I've also had the great fortune of acquiring a large group of "gay" friends, all of them of similar backgrounds, social and economic levels. Most important of all, we are all quite well adjusted to homosexual life in Mexico where taboos are even greater than those in the States due to the fact that this is an exaggeratedly masculine society ("macho" is the real term).

I started looking around and made a very interesting discovery: ALL of the members of my group have some relative who is also a homosexual. Some have had grandfathers who practiced a certain amount of it before their marriages; most have had uncles, and there is even one whose mother lives with her friend and has done so for many years. Many have homosexual brothers or sisters.

I guess this is an exceptional group because we have had the opportunity of investigating into our family histories two or three generations back, which is only possible in a society



BLANCHE M. BAKER, M.D., Ph.D.

like the one we have in Mexico. Here people seldom move away from their home towns more than once in their lives and family skeletons are easy to dig out of the family closet.

Now I must admit that there are a few whom I have not been able to get any information on, nor do I think I ever will, and perhaps in most of their cases there has been a suppressed homo in the family who due to social pressure never let his or her true nature come out, and who has passed his true nature on to his offspring who in the freer society of our day have been able to live a truly satisfying life.

I submit this information to you so you can let some of my fellow readers find out about themselves and maybe do some investigating along the same lines and submit it to you.

Maybe in the future we can establish a greater knowledge of why people are gay and society will come to realize that it would do better to let homosexuals be than to try to force us into marriage and child bearing, which would probably just lead to a greater increase in our numbers.

Another bit of interesting information about our group is that we range from the rather effeminate type who has always known he is gay and has never tried to change, to those of us who have fought against it for years and who have tried to get out of gay life through all means available—church, psychiatric care, marriage and suppression.

Among the girls in our group, some are very feminine and others are quite butch, but all have good jobs and manage to keep their families and associates out of their personal lives. This is true of the boys, too. Some of us have let our families know of our true personalities and in all cases at least a great amount of acceptance has been achieved, if not complete understanding.

Sincerely,
A. L.

Dear A.L.,

I wish to thank you for your very frank letter about genetics and homosexuality. This according to my way of thinking is the basic factor producing homosexuality. Your letter comes at just the right time to give information about the role of genetics in the production of homosexual individuals. From time to time in my column in ONE I have mentioned various factors which contribute to the production of a homophile.

In the last issue of ONE, for July, I discussed the role of the Mother figure. This covers but part of the picture of the environmental factors at work. However, in that article I indicated that basic biological factors exist upon which environmental factors operate as molding influences.

The chief of these is the blending of elements inherited through the bodies of the Mother and Father. The testicles or male sex glands and the ovaries or female sex glands, in addition to functioning as endocrine glands which supply chemical regulators for the body, produce special sex cells (sperm from the Father and eggs or ova from the Mother.) These sex cells or gametes carry small bodies which stain deeply called chromosomes within which are tiny chemical packets called genes which regulate the formation and function of organs of the physical body. These chromosomes are sorted out before the body in which they reside can function sexually to produce new individuals. This sorting process is a complex process known as reduction division, and it results in the mature sex cells or gametes carrying half the number of chromosomes found in ordinary body cells. In the mature gametes, the picture is further complicated by the fact that in human males there are 47 X-chromosomes and one small chromosome which is quite different from the others called a Y-chromosome. The functions of the X and Y chromosomes have been carefully studied in the lower animals and it has been found that offspring which have all X chromosomes tend to be females, while those which carry X chromosomes and a Y chromosome tend to be males. Thus sex determination according to X and Y chromosomes would seem to be a very simple matter, but in human beings genetics is so tremendously complicated there are other factors at work which make it more difficult to determine if a given individual is male or female.

While it seems very likely that the balance of X and Y chromosomes may be a strong determiner in the production of a male or female body, there are so many other complex factors at work that we cannot say a

person is a male because he has a penis or other characteristic male secondary sex factors, for there are many cases on record where a person who appears to be quite masculine has many behavior patterns resembling a female and vice-versa. In fact we must bear in mind if we are to understand the nature of homosexuality that men and women are not as different as we have been led to believe; every male has certain female characteristics such as rudimentary breasts and a rudimentary uterus while females have a rudimentary penis called the clitoris. Furthermore some individuals have been found to have both male (testicles) and female (ovaries) sex glands. Such individuals are known as true hermaphrodites. This condition is extremely rare. More common is the condition known as intersex in which the penis is much smaller than the ordinary male, or the clitoris much larger resembling a small penis. Thus, at birth it is sometimes extremely difficult to tell if the child is male or female and only surgery may reveal the true state of affairs. Further complications arise, however, because the size of the sex organs do not necessarily determine the sex functions of an individual. For example, a man with very small penis may actually be potent as a male while another with a normal penis may have strong feminine drives, loathe being a man and playing the manly role. The latter type frequently finds the penis to be an annoyance so they beg for surgery to eliminate it so they may have a vagina and function as a woman. There are many cases of this on record; the most publicized being that of Christine Jorgensen. There are also cases of individuals who have been reared as women, who have had plastic surgery and hormone therapy so they may function as men. A Scottish woman doctor whose sex was changed

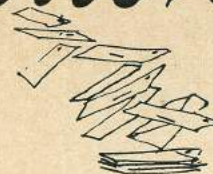
was able to marry a woman. This is sex reversal and is very complex.

If you wish to know more about the heredity mechanism mentioned above it would be well for you to get a book which deals with elementary genetics. Monk, Gregor Mendel worked out the laws of genetics from the peas he grew in his garden. The basic truth of these laws of genetics has been demonstrated beyond question. However, when we come to the laws governing genetics in the higher animals, especially in man, we find that there are many other factors at work, thus is it well to bear in mind that while there are definite laws of human heredity, man is much more complicated than a garden pea. The study of identical twins is very helpful in evaluating the roles of heredity and environment in producing homosexuals. Theoretically twins, having the same heredity makeup, should both be homosexual or both heterosexual; yet this is not always true. Environmental factors get in the way.

An adequate study of the genetics of homosexuality has never been made. Your letter indicates a growing acceptance of homosexuality which has been considered so vile and loathsome that it has been difficult to obtain honest data regarding its existence in families. They would rather admit there were murderers in the family than admit the existence of a homosexual. Ignorance about homosexuality has continued because many who have been homosexual were unaware of its presence and became mentally ill, developed alcoholism and other neurotic symptoms because they did not know how to handle their condition. We are all fortunate to be living in a time in which there is an ever growing understanding of the problem.

I would appreciate it if those who read this column would send us information about their own hereditary factors. Sincerely, Dr. Blanche

Letters



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

Editors of ONE:

The article "Between Consenting Adults," by Didgeon (May, 1959) raises several important issues which its author slurred over. In the first place, "complete sexual liberty," defended to its ultimate point, does NOT logically entail Sade's thesis. To think only of one's own pleasure, disregarding the partner's feelings altogether, is not sexual liberty, it is a pathological split between sensual and tender feelings. (Cf. Ephesians 5:22-24.) In sexual health this split does not exist; rather, the partner's own response intensifies one's own satisfaction, and conversely.

In the second place, the issue is not whether liberty must be restricted and how far, but whether a logical basis exists for restraining a sick individual from damaging someone else. Leaving aside for the moment whether a sexual advance to a seventeen-year-old constitutes damage and therefore "molestation", the question of restraining a sadist is comparable to that of restraining a delirious or drug-crazed individual from knocking down an innocent bystander.

Jail terms surely are not more appropriate in the one case than the other; sadists (Exhibitionists, and those few pedophiles who seek only pre-puberal children who presumably don't know what it is all about) are undoubtedly driven by some irresistible impulse, which itself involves the above-mentioned split between sensual and tender feelings.

This split is probably the one most significant symptom to look for in ascertaining whether a sexual relationship is pathological or not, regardless of the ages of the partners. Sleeping "with strangers about whom one does not care twopence" (Donald Webster Cory) might be re-examined in this light. And here might be the hoped-for criterion for consent, whether one's partner is a teen-ager or someone old enough to be your father:

does the person have an idea at the outset what his partner has in mind; does he like him enough before hand to be willing?

Mr. B.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

My house was raided by Customs officers and copies of ONE for the last six months or so taken for consideration of obscenity to the Collector of Customs. Would you please therefore cancel my subscription immediately.

Mr. B.
South Yarra, Australia

Dear ONE:

Bravo! At last someone has the "intestinal fortitude" to speak out for us. Although I know your Magazine has been going for years it has just come to my attention. I find myself cheering aloud your straightforward and frank attitude toward the trials of the Gay Set. Your Editorial (March, 1959) was particularly grand. Thanks, for me—and for all the people who only say it and don't write you. Keep right on!

Mr. W.
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editor:

"The Halloween Party" (May, 1959) tells of a sad, horrible state of justice. If this story were circulated to the public, is it possible that it would educate people to the true facts of life?

Mr. G.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. McIntire:

I was pleased to see my article on the Charleston murder published. It is too bad, though, that some copy reader or proofreader changed the "twice" to "thrice" in my sentence "Did the cock crow twice?" Peter denied Christ thrice, but the cock crew only twice. I readily understand how such errors creep into print despite all efforts to keep them out, but I thought I had better point out the error before some of your readers do.

Charleston Reporter
Charleston, South Carolina

Dear Sirs:

I have been criticized and censured by many of my fellow clergy, but I believe that Love was given to us by the Almighty—and Love, being a gift from the Almighty is a beautiful thing; also, all the gifts given to us were meant to be used.

I believe this so strongly that I have al-

ready performed two homosexual marriages, and they are lasting because the partners know the meaning of Love—they know the meaning of being One.

My blessings be with you: the Members, the Editors, Directors and all that foster the ONE Movement. May the Lord bless you and your work.

Rev. _____
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Editor:

I am very proud of being a homosexual, despite the periods of conflict that arise now and then. I've had many unforgettable moments and expect many more.

Some of the fellows and I cannot agree with the writer, of "The Homosexual Nudist" (April, 1959). We are firm believers in the segregation of the sexes in such delicate matters. All of us would enjoy very much the sight of the beautiful male bodies to be seen in such a camp. However, to have any females present seems repulsive. We do NOT believe a homosexual should ever lower himself and his pride by joining the present-day nudist organizations, unless they are exclusively for our sex.

The female, as far as we are concerned, need not and NEVER should behold the truly wondrous glory of men, especially their physiques. To me, a man has a mystical quality of beauty and meaningfulness beyond mere pleasure.

The idea stated by Dr. Merritt that a homosexual partnership was the best thing we fully agree with, and have actually proven to ourselves its intrinsic value. I want to commend you on your outstanding work.

Mr. S.
Reykjavik, Iceland

Ladies and Gentlemen:

How wonderful it is to have a magazine devoted to OUR CAUSE. You cannot imagine how thrilled I was when a friend showed me a copy. When I looked at the cover and saw who it was for, then I knew I was on the IN and not on the OUTSIDE looking in.

One reader asked to know where others can be contacted. In every city I have been in it has not been long before I am fully acquainted with the fraternity.

Mr. W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Is it at all possible for you to give me the name of a lonesome person such as I? Certainly I am not the first that has asked this

of you. Surely it would be easy enough for you to pass on the name of a correspondent asking the same thing I do.

Mr. B.
Huntington Park, California

Gentlemen:

I would like to know if you have something of a "lonely hearts" club where one might find a companion. If you do not have such a club I wonder if you could inform me of any female subscribers in this area. I realize that these things are probably confidential but I am pleading with you.

Miss F.
Sacramento, California

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Those troubled by this recurring problem are referred to Dr. Baker's discussions of it in recent installments of her column "Toward Understanding"; also, the above letter from Mr. W., Washington, D. C. As to giving out the names of subscribers, these are held in strictest confidence and not given out to anyone. Correspondents are requested to read carefully the notice appearing at the head of this section each month.

Dear Friends:

I have received and read the June, 1959, issue, discerning value in the Editorial, Tangents, "The Traffic in Pornography," "Toward Understanding" and the Letters, not much in the rest. Of course it is possible mildly to enjoy some things of negligible worth; and, anyway, who asked me? But I thank you warmly for the 50% which I found valuable and readily acknowledge the possibility (which justifies the presentation) that others may find value where I did not. And recalling the poem of Dinah Maria Mulock Craik quoted by Dr. Baker, I incline to think of ONE as such a friend.

Mr. S.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear ONE:

Today I read my first copy of ONE. To say that I enjoyed it would be saying it very mildly. It is a tremendous publication. We really need your Magazine.

Why don't you add some illustrative male art?

Mr. R.
Dallas, Texas

My Dear Editor:

I am happy indeed to join the ranks of the "Friends of ONE." You are doing a most valuable service both for the homophile and also for the public at large—if they only knew it.

There are literally thousands of guilt-ridden, self-rejecting, discouraged homosexuals—all needlessly so—that must somehow be reached and helped to self-acceptance. I am glad to have a small part in this important assignment and only wish I had known of something of the kind thirty-five or forty years ago (I am nearly seventy) for life would have been so much better.

Mr. B.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for this opportunity to become a "Friend of ONE." I will always support your organization, not only for the greater understanding you bring to so many, but also for your valiant stand for freedom of the press, finally settled by the highest court in land.

Mr. W.
_____, Nebraska

Dear Sirs:

I wonder why we do not find ONE with other publications in the "Kiosques" in Canada. I requested it here and the sellers have answered me they cannot get it, nor do we see ONE in Montreal. Is it a conspiracy or prohibition of the courts? I shall command very soon exemplaires of KEVAL.

Mr. R.
_____, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Never having read it before the April issue I was very enlightened to find a magazine written for and by homosexuals. It seems that it has never been on sale openly in Canada, from where I have just come. If it had been I am sure it would have given many more people besides myself a better understanding.

Miss M.
San Francisco, California

Dear Friends:

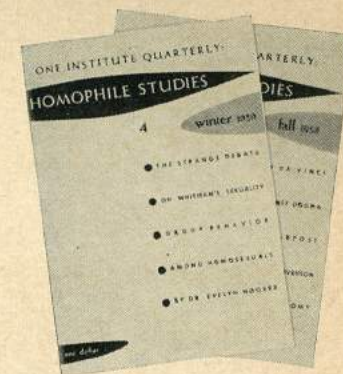
I have just received a "Notice of Seizure" from our highly esteemed Department of Customs, notifying me that ONE has been seized, being deemed a "prohibited import." I am not taking this lying down, though individuals in the right rarely achieve a victory over a government department, with its infinite resources.

Our Customs can seize and open anything. Australia, the land of the free! I knew that Australian law was well on the side of bureaucrats favoring a police state, but had no idea it extended this far. We don't need to go to the USSR to experience life in a police state apparently—we've got it here right now!

Mr. V.
Melbourne, Australia

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