

lamented McCarthy and sent his private investigators into the University. The committee filed an 1800 page report, said to involve about 105 faculty members and other employees of the University and about 500 students. I think these figures rather high.

A number of students resigned. There were rumors that some committed suicide. About 15 faculty members and employees were discharged. The methods used by the investigators were little short of those used during the World War II reign of terror in Germany.

It is a sordid tale centering around one man's political ambition and another's personal weakness. The students were the only group that rose to the situation in a commendable and civilized manner. The student paper "The Alligator" has done a good job. "The Gainesville Sun" on the other hand made matters as bad as possible.

Socrates
Gainesville, Florida

Dear ONE:

I look forward to ONE each month and

occasionally find something really beautiful in its pages, such as stories by Emily Jones and J. Lorna Strayer. A few years back you had a wonderful writer by the name of Marlin Prentiss. Bring her back sometimes to grace your pages. She has talent.

Miss G.
Kansas City, Kansas

Dear friends:

I am not at one with reader V. in her classification of child molestation. National consent alone can justify sexual indulgence, and although, surely, no human rationality ever attains an unassailable eminence, nonetheless the insight of most (physical) adults into matter of this nature better equips them to enter into relationships with others on a sexual level than that of most young children can permit. Does Miss V. suppose that puberty is of no significance in human development?

The Toward Understanding column of Dr. Baker is most praiseworthy.

Mr. S.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

SEPTEMBER 1959

FIFTY CENTS

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one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VII

Number 9

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EDITORIAL

Last month our readers saw a change—there was no Feminine Viewpoint section. This is not to say that there was no feminine material; indeed there was a feminine story “Blackbirds” of which we are very proud.

The lack of a heading Feminine Viewpoint was not an error, but a purposeful decision of ONE Magazine’s editorial board. First of all, we feel that for a homophilic magazine whose avowed policy is one of men and women working together equally, it is pure prejudice to set aside a small portion of the magazine for women. This is what appears to be the case if there is a Feminine Viewpoint. In actuality this is not so, for there are times when the major portion of the magazine has been by or about women. Secondly, we feel that the majority of our articles and features are for both men and women. The Feminine Viewpoint helps to further the fallacious idea held by some that women need read only those few pages and, similarly, men should eschew that section. Our editorials, lead articles, book reviews, Toward Understanding, and letters column, to name half the content of any one month, is material which pertains equally to men and women. Then sometimes, the magazine has had lengthy lesbian fiction.

Of course there have been times when our fiction and poetry pertains almost exclusively to men. In either case it is all right, for this is as it should be—the best material we have available, regardless of sex slant.

We have had letters from men saying “Let the women have their magazine, drop the Feminine Viewpoint.” Those who feel that this move is a step in that direction are wrong. Now that there is no longer a Feminine Viewpoint heading, we hope that women writers will gauge their submissions for a thirty-two page magazine and not necessarily for a three page feminine section.

In all, we feel that the move of welding the women’s contributions with the rest of the magazine is a move toward making all of ONE Magazine for all homophiles.

Alison Hunter
Women’s Editor

Incoming letters at ONE daily bring at least a few in which we are asked to pass along a message to some other reader of ONE Magazine, or inquiring about our “Pen-Pal club,” the existence of which we are unacquainted with, or even asking us to make contact with someone for the writer of the letter. ONE Magazine has discussed the problem of meeting people in its pages many times before; Dr. Baker has attempted to answer the questions of the lonely ones in her column.

From a legal standpoint our attorney has advised us against putting one reader in touch with another. We have always promised our readers complete anonymity. Many of the European organizations take another view and include “Pen-Pal” clubs as part of their programs.

The problem of meeting people is a big one, not just for the homosexual. Here are two forceful views expressed by our Associate Editors Lyn Pedersen and Wm. Lambert on this growing problem.

WHY NOT A PEN PAL CLUB?

by lyn pedersen

ONE’s editors, respecting our attorney’s advice, have always refused the requests readers constantly make for us to transmit personal letters or to give out readers’ addresses—to “make an exception, just in my case.”

We have argued endlessly about the very good reasons for this. Good reasons—though I have always unhappily felt they are just the same reasons advanced against starting ONE in the first place: “It isn’t safe,” “You might get into legal trouble.” The founders of ONE wisely by-passed those arguments then. Whether they should do so now that ONE is a going concern, now that we have something to lose, is another question. Perhaps it wouldn’t be wise to risk the continued existence of ONE just to add a new service of questionable value.

But I feel the risks have been exaggerated, and the need for such a service to our faithful supporters has been underestimated. What is wrong with introducing homosexuals to one another? Or with doing it via Pen Pal arrangements?

Do homosexuals have a right to meet one another? Of course they do. And is the person or group which innocently introduces them responsible for later sex acts? The California Supreme Court¹ has held that homosexuals have full rights to meet; that it cannot be assumed without proof that such meetings are for immoral purposes; and that a bar owner who operates a meeting place

¹ *Stoumen v. Reilly*. See also report on Valterga case, ONE, March, 1959.

for homosexuals cannot be held responsible for sex acts which occur off his premises and without his connivance.

The same should hold for a correspondence club. Sexual activity is hardly the sole or expected purpose for which people write letters, so why assume that a homosexual seeking a Pen Pal necessarily wants sex?

I've belonged to many kinds of correspondence clubs. Some of them are rackets—some are “lonely hearts” mush—but most are neither. Many major scientific and learned societies in Europe and America have been correspondence clubs, for example, the “Committees of Correspondence” with which Sam Adams and Jefferson paved the way for the American Revolution. Even if some Pen Pal clubs serve the function of brothels, the clean ones can't be blamed for that—nor can we assume a homosexual club will necessarily be that sort.

Withholding mail, even for good cause, which is addressed to individual readers or writers of ONE, constitutes a denial of their rights and a seizure of their property. I can't argue with a legal opinion that forwarding such mail is not *safe* at present. Little that homosexuals do is safe today. As long as homosexuals continue to “play it safe,” they will never know the true safety of public recognition of their rights peaceably to seek, choose, live with and have sex with persons of their own choice.

Good sense tells us to move one step at a time. Some will say this step would be premature. But we must never, for caution's sake, forfeit our right to equal access to any and all means of communication that are open to others.

ONE is not the only organization that shuns this time-consuming and often thankless task. And few responsible publications forward mail without exercising some control over it,

for their own and their readers' protection. Yet many magazines and clubs do regularly forward mail and bring correspondents together, sometimes for avowedly romantic purposes (with or without “object: matrimony”), more often simply for the exchange of letters between people who may never expect to meet, but who wish to share interests not readily shared with family or business associates.

In my teens, I joined a Pen Pal club sponsored by the state Synod of my church. I found many warm friends, some of whom I later met at summer camps. Our long, zestful letters ranged over our common religious interest to more personal things, things I'd not discussed with anyone in person. Thus I met Paul, long my best friend. He later married one of the tomboys we shared as a Pen Pal. By finding the sort of friends I had not found in my home town, I was able to mature a lot faster. Perhaps my Pen Pals were not really so different from people closer at hand—but letter writing showed them in a different light. My interests in these friends, while perhaps theoretically motivated by sexual feelings, were certainly not overtly sexual.

Sometime later, having lost interest in religion, I became fascinated by imaginative stories about the future and life on other planets. This was well before the days of A-bombs, jets, “flying saucers,” sputniks, etc., so the science fiction magazines were more esoteric than today. Many of these magazines encouraged “fan” clubs and correspondence between readers. I wrote to and met hundreds of fans during the war years, and picked up valuable ideas along the way. Science fiction fans are seldom committed to the “old order of things.” The world is changing, and the faster the better. On morals, as well as social and scientific questions, they are open minded.

Along with the actual “fans,” a number of other persons were innocently using these magazine letter columns to find romantic Pen Pals. I got several introductory letters from nitwit small town girls, who had no interest in science fiction, but who hoped perhaps for a letter from Prince Charming.

One such new correspondent, from a Dakota town, sent a snapshot of himself, young, elegant, softly handsome, with an introductory letter so poetic, so glowing in its offer of friendship, that I responded quickly and at unusual length. His first letter came soon after I first discovered the meaning of the word homosexual. Two or three letters passed before it became clear that we were “brothers under the skin.” Gene had not been “out” long, but was every inch a queen. I was hardly that type. Perhaps we wouldn't have gotten on at all in person. I had read a little on the subject, and Gene had briefly tasted big town gay life—which I was soon to see much more of. Our information trading helped us both. We wrote almost daily for three years, while he flitted through a war, and I moved from San Francisco to New York to Los Angeles. We never met, but I shall always cherish the memory of “Princess Gina.”

Ten years ago, an L. A. paper featured lurid “Strictly Personal” ads in which egocentrically described gentlemen wished to-meet-the-lady. Others ambiguously suggested something else, in “Tolerant-worldly-youth-interested-in-arts-wishes-to-meet-older-companion,” and in apartment share and travel-companion ads. I don't know how many of these were homosexuals, but I knew several who were. One was a charming young hustler, who hardly needed to advertise, but who profited by it, even if all his “customers” didn't.

Daniel, an engineer I knew well, placed one of these ads as a joke, de-

scribing himself as a prize catch. The answers gave us several evenings of laughs, but the laugh was on us. One answer came from an eighteen-year-old cripple, an impossibly shy kid from the sticks. I don't know how Johnny got up enough nerve to write. He was throwing money and time down the drain trying to study law in a phoney night school. His father was a drunken tyrant—the family on relief. Some unattractive people have enough push or personality to get on, but not Johnny. He put off meeting Daniel for two years, for fear it would be all over once Daniel saw him. Daniel was handsome, and well off by Johnny's standards. Both were awkward when they met, but that wore off. Johnny blossomed out—changed completely. He looks quite dynamic now, if not pretty. They've been together six years. Johnny just passed his bar exam with flying colors.

I met Hannah, an invalid, through such an ad. She had just moved from an Alabama farm with her husband, a nice clod of a man. She placed an ad, drew several friends, and began having weekly poetry readings at her home. Her poems weren't classics, but they were vibrant, imaginative and sensitive. She became a sort of “mother superior” to young girls she met through ads in various publications. Some of them came to her from across the country. Some are now gay. Some happily married. But all are happier and more stable for having known Hannah. Her house is still a center for troubled girls. I'm sure her devoted husband has never imagined she is lesbian. She gives him no cause for jealousy.

Chad, buried in a large office, a large family and a large circle of family friends, was less successful with his ad. His homosexuality was like a canker. He could neither accept nor ignore it. Perhaps he had read too many books by guilt-pro-

ducing "therapists." Through the "Personals" ad he hoped to meet someone decent, attractive, "jam" looking—and perfect. Afraid to go near a bar, he snubbed all the gay people at his office. He talked about it only to me and to one of his sisters. Several very nice guys answered his ad (he nearly flipped over one), but Chad was too frozen up to respond. A couple of them gave him a rough time. He might have been better off if there'd been a long interval of correspondence before each initial meeting (that sometimes thaws the icebergs), but his example proves that placing or answering such an ad is only the first step. You must be willing and able to follow up. Chad was too desperately sick to take the friendship he wanted.

Meeting compatible people, whether for life-partnership, for friendship, or merely for sex, is one of the hardest problems for some homosexuals. A Pen Pal club is the long way around if one is just looking for sex, and not necessarily the best method for finding life-partners, but is a very fine source of friendships.

We have different ways of trying to put ourselves across. Some make the best first impression face-to-face. Others do much better on paper. Who is to say that the personality expressed in a letter is a false image and that only a face-to-face meeting can tell you what a person is really like? That can tell you what they look like (so can a photo), but physical beauty sometimes masks a foolish or vicious soul, while the personality expressed in letters is generally more honest, and certainly more lasting.

For the uncertain homosexual, all ways of meeting people contain elements of risk. There is less risk in Pen Pals than in other avenues of approach. Of course, the individual who can't make friends will have difficulty whatever his approach. The man who is a natural sucker for hus-

ters can expect trouble whether by mail, in bars or church, or on the street. The perfectionist who sets impossible standards for other people will be disappointed in his friends however he finds them. A Pen Pal club is a good way to find friends, but is no solution to deep personality problems of those for whom friendship is impossible even though it is their chief desire.

The simple fact remains that many sane and reasonable people can make friends better by mail than by meeting right off in person, whether due to geographical isolation, shyness, tight apron strings, or the mere ability to express themselves best in writing. Whether or not ONE attempts to provide some safe Pen Pal service for these people, someone will, safe or not.

Most European homophile groups place chief emphasis on this. Many American magazines unwittingly provide such services for homosexuals—but with heavy risks for the users. A number of inexperienced persons around the country, not knowing the serious legal issues involved, and without any guarantee of proper safeguards, are starting such clubs. If such a thing is to be done, it had best be done responsibly. Proper supervision of such contacts is needed to prevent the abuses we hear so much about.

* * *

I object to the assumption that any homophile who writes to or otherwise contacts a person of his sex has an act of sodomy or such in mind. I am sexually attracted to other males (but hardly to all) and I have nothing against sex acts. But I am also drawn to men for friendship, companionship, conversation, by admiration, sympathy and the need for fulfillment.

Why should it be improper for isolated or lonely homosexuals to advertise their desire to write to or meet

persons sharing their interests? And what better place for such ads than ONE which exists to serve their needs? If two visitors happen into our office at the same time, courtesy demands an introduction. Why should we deny the same courtesy by mail?

Certain sex acts are, as we know, illegal in these medieval states. For ONE to arrange such acts clearly would be illegal, but running a Pen Pal club need not involve such illegal arrangements.

Those who do not have enough friends and activities to keep them busy should not be curtly answered with vain platitudes about the unsatisfactoriness of mere letters, and the advantage of getting "the real thing—in the flesh." These people don't know where or how to look for kindred spirits. It has been proven over and again that Pen Pals can be the salvation of many such people—even though others can find no real help here.

The strongest legal argument against a homosexual Pen Pal club is that such introductions presumably lead to illegal sex acts—even to blackmail or worse. The latter can be largely avoided by proper management. As for the sex acts, most homosexuals will find those somewhere or other anyhow. What they want from a Pen Pal club is something more than just sex acts. We know that such sex acts are illegal, but they are occurring anyhow, every night, at an unbelievable rate, and a thousand gay Pen Pal clubs won't change the statistics much. We must further insist, with the Church of England, the American Law Institute and others, that the outlawing of such acts is wrong, outdated, and extremely harmful. Finally, we must ask why Pen Pal clubs are legal for heterosexuals (and enough illegal sex acts result from these contacts as well) if not also for homosexuals?

SICK SICK SICK

by William Lambert



"Please send me, airmail-special delivery, the name and address of that gorgeous blond in Norway whose letter you published." So wrote one Magazine reader. Another said, "This letter stood out for some reason . . . an undertone was entailed. I am forty years old . . . raising eight Borzoi."

Other letters came directed to the Gorgeous Blond—his photo having been printed alongside his modest few lines. Their tone ran uniformly along

such lines as, "Why do you want a friend in the States? I'm curious as to what special meaning it would have for you."

Pen Pal requests come into ONE's offices, month after month, year after year, with monotonous persistence. They always express the assurance that some individual whose letter has been published is the one person whom they understand, and who would understand them in turn. They pant to enter into correspondence about the arts, literature, music and the ballet. Or so they say.

Does anyone seriously think this is what they are seeking? If so, why not join the innumerable organizations devoted to these topics to be found in all parts of the country? Start correspondence with women interested in the arts of such groups, or let the female homosexual correspond with male music buffs.

Just to make the point entirely clear a case history can be cited. An intelligent little letter of literary appreciation came into the office addressed to the writer of a story that had appeared in the Magazine. Authors seem always to be so hungry for praise that the Editors naively forwarded the note to him, feeling it was entirely harmless.

The author, at that time also naive, gratefully thanked his correspondent for such perceptive discussion of style and other literary matters. That did it, for back to the author came another letter so filled with obscenities that he was compelled to notify his correspondent any further communications would be turned over to the police.

It is about time that the whole Pen Pal question be faced, honestly and bluntly, the last thing such letter writers want done. For most of these people are either of such unprepossessing appearance that they fear approaching others, save by letter, or else they are jaded satyriasts who have used up the local market and

seek new thrills farther afield. One additional group consists of those who "just don't know how to meet people," who are, in other words, badly maladjusted introverts, hoping somehow to cure their maladjustments with pen and paper.

One and all their motives are not letter-writing, but sex. Can't you hear the cries of outraged innocence at this charge. "How can you say there is no such thing as a genuine exchange of ideas between homosexuals? Your mind really must be in the gutter!" But who said anything of the kind? For the genuine exchange of ideas there are such outlets as the "Letters" columns in the Magazine, or the "As For Me" pages, which appear whenever anyone does have some ideas. Also, anyone with ideas busting out all over can always do an article to express himself.

However, this isn't what the Pals are looking for at all. They want to get right down to such real Pals-y Wals-y items as exchanging photos and measurements and the "visit me when you come to Chicago" routine. It's all pretty funny, or else a bit sad, depending on how you look at it. For most of these people are sick, maladjusted escapists of some sort or other.

There's nothing wrong in a little day-dreaming now and then, certainly not in seeking a sexual partner, a perfectly natural impulse. It's the method chosen that betrays the schizoid dangers in the whole business, the unrealistic dream that somewhere, somehow they are going to find a Prince Charming, or a Princess, for women readers send in about the same kind of requests. On they go, year after year, finally winding up in the clutches of the Berglers, or the state hospitals, their escapism having led them entirely off the beam.

The sensible, the healthy move, would be to start right in solving their problems from the ground up, step by

step. Difficult, of course, but the only escape there is, or ever can be. They must stop snivelling excuses, stop weepily blaming Society, the Laws, "my family," "this narrow little town."

Leave the place. There are bigger cities with more enduring folkways to be found. Get away from the family. No adult should be hanging around such a setup anyway. Don't spend much time worrying about society, or bad laws. Tens of thousands of homosexuals all over United States are every day living healthy, normal lives. They are far too busy enjoying reality to spend their time in daydreams and escapist letter-writing.

And now, the Constitution. There is always the cry, "Whatever the heterosexuals have, we have a right to have too." So goes the argument. No one would say that the whole question of Constitutional rights may not be the most important single one concerning every homosexual in this country. But does the homosexual have to repeat all the mistakes the heterosexuals have made? Let them keep their Lonely Hearts clubs, for the aging widowers, the fat women, and the moochers who are hoping to marry money.

Instead of wishing for such faded institutions let the lonely homosexual sit right down and give himself a good going over to see what the trouble may be. Ask himself, "Why am I lonely? Am I a selfish, inconsiderate, boor? Am I careless about my appearance? Do I quite absurdly want only those twenty years younger than myself? What is a sound and realistic program for me, so that I may live a normal, healthy homosexual life?" These are the questions to ask. But please don't try to hide somewhere behind the Constitution.

Undoubtedly none of the foregoing will convince the confirmed "letter addict." So let's do a complete switch. Let's pretend we give in and admit that the European homophile maga-

zines have had their Pen Pal setups for years. Let's have the guts to invoke the Constitution and stand up for our rights, by God. Admit that we can't change human nature over night and that if people want to write letters they are going to write letters anyway. Maybe it is a little sick. So what? But give the poor things some sort of an outlet. Then, stand back and watch ONE grow. It'll be terrific!

Let's pretend that ONE starts nice and fresh with a lovely Pen Pal column. The letters would start flowing merrily back and forth, the pictures, the measurements, and all the rest. Thankful Pen Pals would chorus, "How wonderful!" For a time everyone would love ONE, new subscriptions pouring in—"Please send me the address of the gorgeous blond . . ."

With the Constitution gleaming untarnished in the bright sunlight, flags waving in the breeze and the sound of merry glees and catches ringing through the welkin, the millenium would have come at last. Or, would it? For some disturbing notes would begin to creep into the picture, all too soon.

For instance, the story of Paul and Gerald. Paul, who is fifty-three, had been corresponding with Gerald, who is twenty-three, and blond. During his summer vacation Paul had gone to Fort Wayne to meet Gerald. He turned out to be blond alright, but the picture had by no means indicated how short he was. He just practically had no legs at all, you might say, which was rather upsetting of course.

Then, at dinner which was in a very nice restaurant indeed, Gerald had belched extremely audibly, and several times. He appeared not to have any idea at all that people in nice restaurants just don't belch.

Later on, at Paul's room in the hotel, matters were even worse, for—I hardly know how to say it. Well—to put the thing plainly, Gerald looked

alright in a photograph, even in bathing trunks. But, without the trunks, it was all a little sad! If you see what I mean. So Paul, who is fifty-three, would like to write someone else, hoping for better luck. Someone not quite so far away as Fort Wayne.

Meanwhile, Gerald would have written ONE, cursing us roundly for having palmed off on him "that perfectly disgusting slob," adding "that picture of him sure must have been taken by a real expert."

Let us turn now to Millard. Millard is very artistic, very sensitive, according to his letters, and lives in a lovely old house back in the Virginia hills, not far from Washington. Being very sensitive it has always been hard for him to meet people.

He would have told all of this to his Pen Pal, Joe. In fact, Millard poured out his soul on paper, for Joe seemed so very understanding. When the first picture of Joe arrived—tight levis, no shirt, big brawny arms and a groovy chest with just enough hair to be exciting, but not so much as to be vulgar, poor Millard almost fainted with ecstasy.

He sent Joe the plane fare to come to Washington from Abilene and then tossed through sleepless nights, wondering if it was just a racket and he had been taken. But Joe came. He was far better-looking than his pictures and with an electric quality that nearly sent Millard crazy. So easy to talk to, too.

Never would he forget their drive out through the rolling Virginia hills, with dogwood trees blossoming from every thicket. Nor could he ever forget that first night when they sat up late listening to Callas' *Norma*. Joe seemed to know it almost by heart. They talked about books, and travel. How they would like to sportscar through Provence together and stay at some economical, but picturesque, little pension in Arles, or somewhere

nearby.

Millard was almost trembling with joy he was so happy those weeks. In gratitude to ONE he became an Associate Member and wrote vaguely about seeing his attorney to make arrangements for leaving the Corporation something in his will. The estate was not inconsiderable, he intimated.

Then, one day he had to run down to Richmond to visit an old aunt of his who was ninety, and such a sweet thing. It was not possible to take Joe along because she might be ninety but she was plenty sharp and might ask embarrassing questions. Joe was rather miffed at being left behind, but it wouldn't be long and couldn't be helped, anyway.

You've probably already guessed the ending of our little fable. For when Millard returned, Joe was gone, and so were a good many other things too. Every tasteful, costly thing in the place that was moveable and might be sold. All of the things that had been so hard to find.

There was that exquisite little Waterford-glass candy jar, that had cost fifty. A bargain at the price, too. And the choice Chinese ebony box with the carved ivory cover, with half a dozen really nice jades inside. None of the things museum pieces, but very lovely. Now they were gone, and so was Joe. Millard would be too sick, too actually ill to do anything but just fall onto the bed and stare dumbly at the ceiling.

Our last example turns out to be even uglier. Sven was a husky big guy, instructor in one of the gyms around town. Got lots of propositions of course, but you know how it is, with a job like that he had to play dumb and turn them all down on account of having to go around to the various high schools to give gymnastic demonstrations. Couldn't be seen at the spots around town either.

So Sven was pretty frustrated most of the time and figured a Pen Pal or so would be just the solution. Then when he went out on tours, as he often did, he would know the right people in the right places.

Dino was a wonderful correspondent, and from his pictures just the very sort of a trim little dark-haired number that Sven found most appealing. To make it all the better, Dino had done some gym work too. For Sven talked mostly about his work, didn't know too much else, and a good many people found this pretty boring and would tell him so.

So he was really looking forward to the Pittsburgh trip. He found Dino to be about as cute a little trick as he had ever seen. After the sports exhibition he was to go by Dino's apartment for spaghetti. Never ate beforehand of course.

The spaghetti was wonderful and so was the red wine that went with it. Evidently Dino was pretty popular, because he got a number of phone calls while they were eating, mostly along the lines, "Now don't rush things," or else, "Take it easy you two, now listen to Dino." Must have been some of his friends having a quarrel and Dino straightening them out, Sven figured. Nice kid.

They were in the bedroom with their clothes off when there came a knock on the door. Dino slipped into a robe, went to see who it was, and the next thing you know there were these two big tough guys standing behind Dino, and Sven without any clothes on. "What's this all about?" he asked, puzzled.

"Don't get excited, Sven," Dino would say smoothly. "Just a couple of friends of mine who dropped by for a minute."

"We won't need more than a minute," one of them broke in. "We want your money, and we're going to get it. Every bit."

With all of his judo training Sven

wasn't afraid of them, but the trouble was all three of them seemed to know their judo too. It was quite a tangle for a few minutes there. Until they got Sven down and pounded the living daylight out of him.

Then, two of them held him tightly, while Dino went through Sven's clothes. They got four-hundred and twenty-nine dollars, plus some change and the beautiful wristwatch he had been awarded at the Western States meet in 1957.

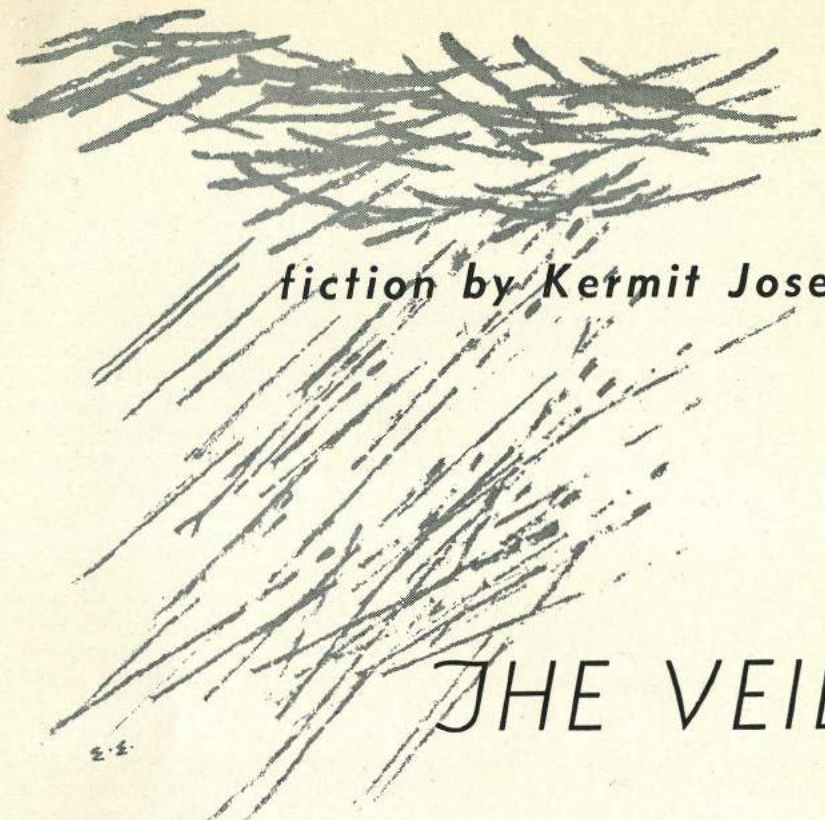
His face was pretty bad. Nose probably broken. Blood coming out of one eye, and his left side sore as hell where they had kned him. "Get dressed, and get the hell out of here," the dark one said. "And if anyone asks you what happened, some guys set on you when you passed by a dark alley. See? And when you get home have exactly one thousand smackers back here within two days, or we phone your boss and a few of those high schools. How would that be?"

"Don't try any funny business like talking to any cops or how you can have the money traced, or anything like that. Because we don't play nice at all with wise guys," said the one that was a real stinker. And he kicked him in the behind as Sven stumbled down the stairs, barely able to see.

Anyone like to have the address of a handsome blond Pen Pal? Or one with dark hair? Maybe you are a little bit relieved that this was all just a story, and that ONE has never given a subscriber's name to anyone, nor is it about to do so.

Maybe by this time you feel that it might even be better to be just a little frustrated, or even a little bit sick, if that's what a compulsion for Pen Pals means, on the principle that it's better to be sick than to be sorry.

Maybe you've decided by now that you need a Pen Pal about as much as you need a hole in the head. The two can add up to the same thing you know.



fiction by Kermit Josephs

THE VEIL

He came on board the USS CARNELIAN along with four other teen-age seamen who had been assigned to the little Navy ship more because there was bunk space than because of any need for additional man-power. With seabags across their shoulders, and wearing the T-shirts and white pants which were uniform of the day in Trinidad, they shuffled up the gangway, fumbled a salute to the quarterdeck (where was it anyway?) and stood sheepishly around the desk of the OOD.

I did not notice him at first. I was on duty with the officer of the deck and so took the papers of all five and directed them to the after part of the ship where they would be assigned bunk space and made a part of the ship's organization. "More draftees", I said to Boats as he relieved me. "And green as they come."

I had still not noticed him until we were out to sea, heading once again for Recife, and this time escorting the slowest convoy ever assembled in the South Atlantic. With tankers that could barely make five knots setting the pace, we were in for a long two weeks of running back and forth in front of the convoy, searching the sea for submarines which had for some months ceased to be a

menace in that area, and scanning the air for non-existent enemy planes. My watch was the 12-to-4. He was assigned to a lookout post and I was to break him in. We were in the darkened mess hall about a quarter of an hour before midnight, getting our eyes dark-adapted and swallowing mugs of muddy coffee which was supposed to keep us from falling asleep on our feet in the silent, eventless four hours that faced us. As the new boy in the group, he felt lost and he showed it. I filled a mug of coffee at the urn and pushed it across the table to him, then filled one for myself. As I sat down on the bench across from him, his violent grimace caught my attention. He put down the mug, his face wrinkled with such distaste that I was reminded of a child making the acquaintance of castor oil.

"Not as good as the coffee you get at home?"

"Never drank coffee at home. We have a cow", and he grinned. It was a quick, bright grin, the most ingratiating grin you ever saw. Somehow it made a person out of just-another-human-being. Suddenly I felt I knew him and at the same instant I knew he was worth knowing.

It was not long before I discovered that this boy was a lot different from most kids fresh out of boot camp. For one thing, he was a quick learner. Caught on fast to the routine of look-out procedure. It was a real pleasure not to have to explain everything a dozen times. For another thing, he read. Books, that is. He must have had a dozen paperbacks in his seabag when he came on board, and every couple of days I noticed that he started a new one. Not sex stories, but the standard books which came out when paperbacks were first published back around 1940 and which continued in print during the early years of the war: *Lost Horizon*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Dodsworth*, *Return of the Native*, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Compared with his comic-reading, simian peers, his was an effortless superiority. He stood out because he was different, better, if you please. Not because he ever attempted to stand out.

In fact you never saw a more modest youngster than he was. We had no evaporators on our little ship, and on our long, slow convoy run, fresh water was rationed. The showers in the head were turned on at specified hours only. He was obviously out of place among the sky-larking naked men who wet down, soaped up, and rinsed off in the rapid but efficient procedure experienced sailors use when fresh water is not in unlimited supply. I was sure he had never been naked in a group, at least not until his experience with the doctors at the draft board. In his case, it was not so much embarrassment as reserve. He was obviously trying not to see the nakedness around him and was just as obviously trying not to be conscious of his own nudity. Not that he had anything to be ashamed of. His was one of the leanest, longest lithest bodies I've ever seen on a teen-ager. It was the natural build of a swimmer or a gymnast, or a farmer. Every muscle was there from actual use, a solid chest with small pink nipples, and a tautly muscled abdomen rippling down to the external obliques which tapered in gentle grooves to the groin. It was a hard, smooth beauty, completely without the knottiness or bunchiness of the weight-lifter. He was so lovely a boy that I knew my feeling for him, which so far had been merely protective toward "the green kid on my watch," could easily intensify into a genuine erotic interest.

Four days out to sea, we learned that this was to be the longest convoy run yet. One of the tankers broke down, it was nothing but a rusty bucket anyhow. The CARNELIAN was chosen from the escorting ships to remain behind and guide the crippled tanker into port once sufficient repairs had been made to get underway again. It meant adding days to a convoy run which was already in

mileage the longest regular run of the war. Not only would fresh water be rationed even more severely, but chow would be pretty awful. The storage compartments and the food freezers just weren't big enough to handle supplies for beyond a certain number of days. But the main thing was the fresh water. Showers were turned off completely. To get a bath, you drew a half-pail of water and did the best you could. Or you could take a salt-water shower and use your allowance of fresh water to rinse off some of the brine. Considering how much worse off a lot of other fellows were during the war, ours was a pretty small gripe. But all the same, it seemed grim at the time.

So when a hard rain squall hit us two days later, everybody who was off-duty saw a chance to get a fresh-water shower, about as fresh a fresh-water shower as we were ever going to get. Right out of the clouds. We stripped off our dungarees (we hadn't been able to wash them either) and soaped down on the fantail, naked in the downpour, cavorting like sparrows in a puddle, letting the cold tropical rain rinse off the soap suds and with them the sweaty smell which had been getting a little intense since the fresh water in the head was turned off. We yelled and flicked soap and felt wonderful again as the rain seeped through our hair, dripped off our noses and our chins, and cascaded down our bodies.

Then I saw him watching me. He wasn't undressed, he was standing out of the rain under a little overhang that led from the fantail. And he was watching me.

In the sack after chow that evening, I was trying to finish up a crossword puzzle by way of killing time and hoping to get sleepy enough to doze a couple of hours before I was called at midnight to go on watch. I glanced up. He was standing by my bunk.

"Hi", I said.

He grinned. "You had a good time in the rain today."

"Sure did", I replied. "Why weren't you out there?"

The grin melted and his eyes fell. He looked puzzled. "I don't know", he said. It was obvious that he did not. "I guess I just couldn't undress outdoors like that. In the head it isn't so bad, but outside—It don't seem to bother you. But me" He stopped. Quite suddenly he looked up. "You looked good out there." And he was gone.

From that time on, he began to stop by my bunk pretty regularly. It was obvious he wanted to talk, but was a little shy about it. I gave him as much encouragement as I could by making a few casual remarks of one kind or another, and he responded with that quick grin which brightened his whole face like a searchlight. Apparently he just liked to be near me. It was as if he had found a buddy. And we talked.

About books. About home. I learned a lot about him. I learned that he had been a leader in the small rural high school from which he had graduated just before he was inducted. He had never been away from home before. I learned that his family had been extremely puritan in outlook. And he was completely ignorant regarding sex. That he had not been around was obvious from his whole deportment. He appeared too gentle, much too shy, to have knocked about much. Even so, his reserve when it came to matters of sex was, I felt, abnormally puritan. Just as he avoided seeing nakedness in the shower, he seemed to avoid any consciousness of sex. For him, it apparently did not exist. The result was a most astonishing quality of innocence.

In time, I found that the rest of the crew also sensed that he was different.

ONE, Incorporated
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 12, Calif.

ARE YOU A FRIEND OF ONE?

This magazine is only a small, though a very important, part of the work of ONE, Incorporated. ONE Magazine, "The Voice of U.S. Homosexuals," sells for a price of 50¢, but lacking high-priced advertising, large financial backers or a much larger circulation, neither the magazine nor the rest of the Corporation's work could be turned out for that price. ONE, Incorporated was set up in 1952 to carry on various activities leading to the assistance and understanding of the homosexual, and his integration into society. Since that time, a handful of ONE's readers have been supporting the work with gifts ranging from one to a rare five hundred dollars. It is these gifts that keep our offices open, that help us provide, in person or by mail, some limited services to homosexuals in difficulty, that support our research and educational programs. Without these gifts, and in the absence of any single large donor in the entire eight years of ONE's existence, we could not have kept going.

The Corporation members decided several years ago to set up a category of non-voting membership in the Corporation (voting membership is limited by our corporate charter under California law to nine persons) called "The Friends of ONE," and to issue for them a publication called ONE Confidential, a behind-the-scenes newsletter to help them feel more a part of ONE. Published quarterly at first, and now monthly, ONE Confidential contains news of ONE's program and problems, a more intimate portrayal of the people who work on ONE, new bits you won't find anywhere else, and a number of choice special features that could not appear in ONE Magazine, some perhaps a bit too warm for newsstand distribution.

On the other side of this sheet is a "sample" first page of Confli. We hope that you will become a "Friend of ONE," that you will participate financially and in other ways in the work ONE is doing - in the attempt to improve the conditions of homosexual men and women in society today. The Friends of ONE are those who support ONE's work: financially; by sending in news clippings and accounts; by helping build the Corporation in their own communities; by contributing to our Library; by writing for our publications; by getting new subscribers; and in many other ways.

The last page of this form contains a description of the three different categories of membership available to Friends of ONE, and an application blank which we hope you will fill out and return to this office immediately.

Sincerely,
Board of Directors,
ONE, Incorporated

ONE CONFIDENTIAL

A NEWSLETTER FOR MEMBERS

232 SOUTH HILL STREET • LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA

Published by ONE, INCORPORATED

VOL. 4, No. 7

JULY 1959

TO THE FRIENDS OF ONE

This Corporation exists to help homosexuals understand and accept themselves, to help them develop sufficient group solidarity, to stop being apologetic and unduly ashamed of themselves, to help them hold up their heads in society as equals, contributing heavily to society and receiving a fair share of its benefits in return.

Our chances of success depend largely on you "Friends of ONE." You are ONE's missionaries. You are needed to support ONE's work, to recruit new supporters, to pass along the word about what ONE is doing, and to try to counteract some of the damaging rumors that get around about what ONE is and what it is doing.

We often hear some pretty weird ideas about ONE. We don't know how these rumors get started, though some have come from fabricated stories about ONE in such magazines as HUSH-HUSH and MAN'S MAGAZINE. We don't know how many of these you hear, but please take every opportunity to spike damaging rumors about ONE you do hear.

ONE is not an underground conspiracy to overthrow the government. ONE is in no way connected with communism. ONE has no specific interest in politics except as homosexuals are directly affected. ONE doesn't hate swishes. ONE is neither religious nor anti-religious - such affiliations we leave to the individual. ONE isn't a lobbyist group. ONE doesn't have any big millionaires behind us (or at least we haven't seen the evidence). ONE doesn't sell dirty pictures. ONE doesn't operate a call house, a lonely-hearts club or anything like that. ONE isn't trying to prove that homosexuals are better than heterosexuals. ONE isn't looking for a cure for homosexuality. Nor does ONE believe that all moral and ethical codes should be scrapped. And last, ONE is not raking in profits.

There are other things we don't do even though we may want to, simply because they take large amounts of time and money which we don't have. We aren't attorneys at law, psychoanalysts or medical doctors, and there are some types of advice and assistance we can't give. People who get into serious legal diffi-

cannot expect us to give fr

We can give them suggestions from our experience sometimes refer them seem trustworthy

lawyer

BACKSTAGE AT ONE

Readers visiting Southern California often drop in on us to see just what kind of critters we are, and what sort of corporate quarters we inhabit. For those who haven't had the pleasure - here's a description of our offices as they now appear...

The two-part building is in a half skidrowish section of Los Angeles, a few blocks south of the booming new Civic Center and north of the main business section. The building, so poorly kept up it has been used for a couple of horror films, runs from Hill Street to Broadway, giving us confusingly two addresses. Once a music center, it is now occupied on the ground floor by the Goodwill salvage store and on the other three floors chiefly by cheap garment makers, whose machines are noisy over our ceiling. There is a sprinkling of music teachers (one canary outdoes Florence Foster Jenkins - if you know what that means), run-down lawyers, signpainters, and lately, oldsters who find the rent cheap enough to make possible living quarters, despite the lack of certain facilities. Five or six radios blare down the halls. Half a dozen pudgy brats romp and scream, day and night, with their garment-worker mothers screaming back at them. And an indeterminate number of prospectors - just like you see in Death Valley movies - are camping (pardon the phrase) in one room, complete with tent, oilburner, knapsacks, tinned foods, picks and scales - no jack-ass.

Our rooms are halfway down the hall in an alcove. The ONE, Inc. sign on the door can only be seen when our main door is closed. Visitors are generally greeted by Bill Lambert at the reception desk (a good, large desk recently donated by a former editor) in room 326, a 10 x 12 room with a couch, a small book display, and a shipping table - plus plans for elaborate display shelves to be built by engineer-member, Fred. This was the first room rented by the Corporation in 1953, and was for a long time the editorial room, in addition to becoming the Book Dept.'s stock room. One wall is covered by a leaf & bird creme-on-grey wallpaper, designed and silk-screened by original ONE editor, Jennings. The rest of

rooms are red green or to be remedied

adjoining 6 x 10 cubic
Bill sat at a desk in this
allowing visitors only a

(contd. on page 4)

NEWSBIT

A committee is hard at work on plans for the 1960 Midwinter Institute, to be held in Los Angeles January 29-31. They expect to make it our biggest and liveliest program yet. The tentative theme will be THE HOMOSEXUAL IN THE COMMUNITY which will be discussed by a panel of community leaders, and in roundtable groups by those attending the sessions. Dr. Evelyn Hooker, of UCLA, whose impartial studies of male homosexuals we have mentioned several times, will present a challenging new paper. We are also hoping (fingers crossed) to be able to present an American Premiere performance of James Barr's play, GAME OF FOOLS.

Except for the Friday night Annual Corporation Meeting, which is open to "Friends of ONE" only, the sessions are open to the general public. We hope that many of you are planning to attend. We promise it will be worth a cross-country trip.

ONE INSTITUTE classes will continue right into the week prior to the Midwinter Institute for the benefit of out-of-town visitors.

Erratum: There was an erroneous reference in the May Conf to the results of our Spring "fund drive." We haven't had a fund drive this Spring. The author was referring to the response to the recent letter asking lapsed members to renew their memberships.

Also, in the June issue, the reference to Institute classes having started in the Fall of 1958 was a "typo." The first class was given in Fall, 1956.

Here are three titles in our bookstock of which we have only a half dozen copies each - available to Members on a first-come, first-served basis: FEATHERS OF DEATH, a British war novel with homosexual undercurrents, reviewed in the July ONE, \$3.50; ISLE OF THE DAMNED paper-back from England, with vivid descriptions of sex on Devil's Island, 75¢; HOMOSEXUALITY, TRANSVESTISM AND CHANGE OF SEX, deSavitsch, a graphic little study of the problem by a Swiss doctor, \$3.00.

Also, about September, before, a few more copies of SEXUALS TODAY will be a

Liberace trial, and its outcome.
you all think about it? ... J. D. Mercer,

(contd. on page 3)

(contd. on page 3)

There are three classes of membership in the Friends of ONE, based on the size of financial contributions made - or equivalent services. They are:

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP: \$15. These Friends receive ONE Magazine for 12 monthly issues and four issues a year of ONE Confidential, which is not for sale to the general public.

CONTRIBUTING MEMBERSHIP: \$30. These Friends get 12 issues each of ONE Magazine and ONE Confidential, as well as four issues of ONE Institute Quarterly of HOMOPHILE STUDIES.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP: \$50 per year or \$5 per month. These Friends get an issue of ONE Magazine and an issue of ONE Confidential each month and the Quarterly four times a year, as well as the ANNUAL REPORT of the Corporation giving full details of ONE's annual operations and other interesting items.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE ALREADY SUBSCRIBERS, AN ADJUSTMENT WILL BE MADE ON A PRO-RATED BASIS SO THAT ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL EXPIRE TOGETHER.

We hope you will see fit to give your practical support to ONE's work, so that we in turn can be of more help to ONE's friends. Please fill out and return the form below.

Become a "Friend of ONE" -- TODAY!

APPLICATION BLANK

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Enclosed _____ for Non-Voting Membership; for the next twelve months:

Annual _____

Contributing _____

Associate _____

Signature

MAIL TO:
One, Incorporated
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles, 12, California

As we crossed the equator, his shellback initiation consisted of a few daubs of paint and a wetdown with a salt-water hose. Somehow the rough stuff dosed out to the other polliwogs just didn't seem appropriate for him. Once we had crossed the line, the talk on board became more and more centered on Recife and the beer and the women there, with much chatter about the losing of cherries by the new men and about the renewing of old friendships in the houses of prostitution by the more experienced sailors. Somehow, the talk didn't touch him at all. His was an impenetrable innocence.

But it was destroyed. Two days out of Recife, it was destroyed.

Everybody was always terribly jumpy near the end of a convoy run, and this one had stretched on for an extra week. We had a couple of fights a day among the crew. Cooped up as we were on a hundred-and-eighty-foot deck, personality conflicts could get pretty intense. At a word, you lost your temper, even when you knew you were silly to do so.

By now, the kid was really in my mind much of the time. Lying naked but for skivvie shorts in my sack after evening chow, feeling the steady rolling of the ship and the endless throb of the engines, I could see his bunk from mine, where he lay reading a paperback, or writing a letter. Then he would come over to my sack as usual for a just-before-lights-out chat. The crew's quarters were generally empty. Only the men going on the late watch were taking it easy, planning to get a little sleep before being called at midnight. The rest of the crew was forward, playing cards or listening to a radio in the mess hall which served as recreation headquarters after work hours. He would lean against my bunk, and our talk was quiet and pointless. Buddy talk. I wished it could have been something more, but then if he had known the score he would not have been there in the first place. It all happened so fast and so unnecessarily. Boats, the master-at-arms of the crew's compartment, was passing my bunk just as the ship took a roll, we must have been changing to a new vector and got caught for a second in the trough. Anyway, the lurch caught Boats off balance and he fell against the kid.

"Why don't you get out of the way?" Boats snarled.

"Don't be so goddamned nasty," I yelled. It was a sudden anger, born of the tension of the weeks at sea.

Boats whirled. "Listen, you queen," he roared, "Keep your goddamed lovers from blocking the passage." He looked at the kid.

"Always mooning around over here. You act just like a silly girl in love!"

I swung out of my sack and got in one good punch. But the damage was done, and I knew it. Boats had given a name to the buddy-feeling the kid had for me. "Like a silly girl in love!" Love. Love meant sex. And sex was what the kid wouldn't admit existed. Sex was wrong. This feeling which he had was wrong. It was evil, something to fight against, to resist, to put out of mind, like other sins of the flesh. Now it had been given a name and was no longer innocent. Adam had eaten the apple, and knew that he was naked!

We docked at Recife and the kid avoided me. On the return trip, he moved his bunk to the other side of the compartment where I could not see him. He stood by my sack never again. A month later, I was transferred to a destroyer heading for the Mediterranean.

I have wondered if he ever made the adjustment, if he ever accepted that warm feeling between two men as a form of love. Or has he remained, frozen, afraid, virgin, puritan, still fighting off the attempts of his heart to thaw and allow him to step out into the green Eden of love.

3 poems by j. lorna strayer

ADJUSTMENTS TO BE WORN

A matter of adjustments to be worn
As stereotyped patterns, although
borne
Through calendar months, now torn.

I KNOW MY LOVE

I know my love as apropos,
To features fine as cameo,
Her zest a primal well within,
A picture that is feminine,
She plays a game of touch-and-go.

It is sufficient that I know,
Between us runs an under-tow,
A sameness in our origin,
I know my love.

Each meeting sparks a special glow,
Like kisses under mistletoe.
She won't admit our love has been,
A fortress from each foe within.
I see it live; I feel it grow.
I know my love.

CONSUMMATION

Had love not dared,
To drop its mask,
To speak its name,
To walk in light,
Consider the loss—
Had love not dared.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

That real masculine critic of things musical, Irving Kolodin, in a nasty bit in the July 25th **Saturday Review**, half praised and snidely damned Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Festival of the Two Worlds," held in Spoleto's Teatro nuovo. Describing the Italian hill-town unflatteringly, as a poor spot for tourist comfort, and characterizing the festival as "involving what might be called the three sexes," Kolodin acidly mixed flagrant prejudice with facile aesthetic clichés. He conceded that the two little-known operas chosen for this season, Donizetti's "Il Duca d'Alba" and Prokofiev's "Angel of Fire," might even appeal a bit to others besides those who have "for queer reasons of their own become camp-followers of this peculiar art."

What it is that's peculiar about this art, he doesn't say.

"Works of this standard all along the line would give Spoleto a reputation for quality it does not yet possess.

"What it does already possess is a reputation for being the happy hunting ground of all the 'boys' who have previously made the ballet their particular, bloodless passion. On-the-spot observation validated the reputation, which may serve to keep away as many as it attracts. I do not deny anyone the privilege of gathering where they will, but I find distasteful the precosity and the prejudices that this group brings with it."

Alfred G. Aronowitz in the New York POST from July 27th to August 2nd gave a long, readable and tolerant account of the interactions between the "gay" and "straight" crowds in Fire Island, a string of hard-to-get-to beach communities near New York. With catchy phrasing and broad sympathy, he told how the gay crowd lives on the beach, how they think, how their neighbors react, how a few responsible homosexuals successfully fought off attempts to exclude them from the area. The article was as gay and lively as the place. Recommend writing the POST for copies.

MUY MACHO

... which, in Mexico, means something like "real butch."

Phyllis Battelle recently revealed, in Newark STAR LEDGER "The Trouble With American Men." The male child today gets a blowsy-sweet image of his mother, she says, but doesn't find Pa much different—merely "a mother-substitute or nursery assistant."

Going Philip Wylie one better, Miss Battelle says, "The mid-20th century baby, then, finds himself with two moms and not a he-man in sight. By the time he is old enough to watch television, he tunes in on Westerns—'Look, mom, a man!' and at the same time he becomes more and more like his father: dependent upon the woman of the

family.

"The enormous popularity of TV Westerns cannot be explained away with a shrug and a smug 'they've always been popular.' They've been popular, yes. But never with the same appeal for people of both sexes, all ages and every social status . . .

"In a Western, Americans are given the vicarious security of watching real manly men and real feminine women in the days when there was a clearcut distinction between the two. Men and women today, muddled together in an increasingly neuter society, find it comforting to identify with the past . . .

"Men today are afraid they will not be men enough, and women are afraid they might be considered only women . . . Children are simply confused."

So the "child of confusion" strikes back blindly at society, swinging between physical violence and overt homosexuality, with a resulting large increase in the latter. Yet the majority remain "good kids," following their weakling fathers' footsteps, "falteringly into a new life of subservience to little women and big business."

VILLAGE VOICE, July 22nd, carried a curious item by Adam Margoshes about poor Nancy, who "is always attracted to homosexuals." Margoshes rightly says this is a very common problem, and not just due to ignorance on the part of girls concerned, but to special qualities which he says make homosexuals doubly attractive. "The truth we eventually have to learn to live with is that they're also more than men. They have something we haven't got: gaiety, sensitivity, grace, and above all, lightness . . .

"Why don't the rest of us ever have it? I think it's because we're burdened down with the Atlas-yoke of sexual guilt. That's why our

shoulders are stooped, our brows knit, our muscles tense, and the climate of our souls overcast. This is our legacy as civilized Western men—the White Man's Burden.

The great civilizations of the East don't bear this burden—that's what makes Zen so attractive. Nor do the primitive peoples of the world. It's ours—all ours. Even many American Negroes have largely escaped it—into a desperate irresponsibility. And among intellectual Negroes there is a spectacular flight into homosexuality: though I think this is coming to an end with the emergence of 'authentic' intellectuals like Wright and Ellison . . ."

Describing how Dave, a witty, charming, light-hearted young man was being chased by Nancy, who was being chased by the author, who was being chased by Dave, Margoshes continues his weird theory. Dave, not yet understanding himself, once kissed Nancy laughingly. "At the time I was shocked. I didn't know then that there's room for laughter in love. But that's the only part of love he ever reached. The deepest, most serious, infinitely quiet, infinitely sweet and joyous heart of love, eluded him. He flew over it too lightly—too lightly. And by now he's flown away from the laughter, too—since the time he finally learned who and what he was.

"Perhaps they can teach us to fly, but we can never, never show them how to dive. For that you need the ballast of the White Man's Burden—and they throw it overboard at the age of three . . ."

If Mr. Margoshes is saying that homosexuals (and all non-whites) know only the lighter, gayer aspects of love, and none of the deeper, more joyous aspects, he is talking through his hat. He places too much emphasis on the flippancy of Dave's fumbling flirtation with Nancy if he

assumes that to be the only sort of love of which the homosexual is capable. The homosexual by definition is unlikely to be aroused to deep love by a member of the opposite sex. And most homosexuals will raise a light-hearted eyebrow at the assumption that homosexuals are never burdened with guilt. Yet Mr. Margoshes may have gotten hold of an interesting and original concept here, though he obviously fails to understand it himself . . .

Dr. Alvarez, in his syndicated column, recently made another plea for understanding of those persons whose sex was confused at birth—"boys" convinced that their real nature is feminine. He cited Dr. K. L. Moore's study, published in the London LANCET, in which skin cells of 5 babies out of 3,715 were found to indicate the sex opposite to their apparent sexual organs: all girls who appeared to be boys.

THE SNIPPING SCISSORS

The magazine CANDIDA, nee SEX AND CENSORSHIP, seems to have expired after its third issue—the first under the new name. Too bad . . .

Oregon postal snoop Nolan Brown said pen pal clubs are being infiltrated by pushers of "obscene materials" and waved the threat of federal prosecution at such distributors . . .

And New York court ruled that the US Postmaster General possesses no special competence to rule on such matters as the alleged obscenity (and therefore, unmailability) of a work like *Lady Chatterly's Lover*.

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS

Detroit vicecop John Gartner, awhile back knifed in arm and face by a man he tried to nab on a morals charge. Conflicting account,

as usual, as to who said what to whom and when, but Billings, 32, already had record of 24 morals arrests and 3 convictions. After Billings allegedly made indecent proposal, Gartner drew his pistol, dropped it when slashed in arm, and rolled under his car when Billings grabbed the pistol—which detectives said they found later in Billings' apartment . . .

Donald Lower, 28, formerly of Kansas City, arrested in Pittsburgh for extortion and impersonating officer, after threatening to arrest a man he accosted in a theatre restroom, then offering to forget it all for \$200, which they got from the victim's bank. Later (after a parting drink together) the victim realized his stupidity and went to police. Lower found back in theatre—no trace of money. Lower denied charge, admitted serving term in Florida prison for grand larceny, and jumping bail in Los Angeles on extortion charge . . .

Big pervert-hunt in South Roxana, Illinois, when 11-yr-old boy disappears from home . . .

Angry lynch mob of over 100 men, led by police, combed woods of western Penna's Robinson Township recently, after brutal molestation of 7-yr-old boy. After several similar earlier attacks, authorities thought it was all over when Judge Sara Soffel a few days earlier had sentenced Edward Anthony Canale, 32, of Cuddy, Pa., to ten-to-twenty years at Western Pen.

The boy was not seriously hurt, but badly upset. An unidentified 17-yr-old described a man he saw in the vicinity, and several men more or less fitting the description were held for questioning . . .

Month before, Pittsburgh POST-GAZETTE Associate Editor Frank Hawkins did a lengthy, sensible analysis of the 1951 Barr-Walker Sex Offender Act, passed in wake

of public hysteria and press ballyhoo over series of unsavory sex crimes. Act provided that if court feels any person convicted of indecent assault, incest, assault with intent to commit sodomy, solicitation to commit sodomy, assault with intent to ravish or rape, etc., constitutes (if at large) a threat of bodily harm to members of the public, or is an habitual offender and mentally ill, the court may order an indeterminate sentence, following a complete psychiatric exam, of from one day to life, in an institution where "treatment" is presumed to occur.

Hawkins' article was occasioned by Judge Soffel's ignoring the Barr-Walker act when sentencing a 21-yr-old West Virginian to 2-to-5 years for several acts of indecent exposure, over protests of one of the offended girls' parents—who said such men should be kept permanently off the streets.

Hawkins said the Barr-Walker act was in general judicial disfavor, because it was superfluous legislation, and since, under the act, psychiatrists could usurp the judicial function and dismiss a prisoner within a few weeks, as "no longer a menace," and because the state which has sufficient diagnostic centers, lacks facilities for treatment.

Of course the assumption that sex variant behavior, whether or not it constitutes a social nuisance or a real menace, is presently ame-

nable to therapeutic treatment merely because an ignorant legislature prescribes such "cures" is the chief flaw in this logic. At any rate, Hawkins concluded, "Pennsylvania is still a long way from solving the problem of the sex offender, if indeed it can be solved through legislation."

Calif just missed getting a major revision of its infamous catchall "vagrancy" law. Loosely worded to allow greatest freedom of action to police, the present law permits arrest of almost any person without charge of specific act, if that person seems to police to be of "lewd or dissolute character" or associates with such characters, or is loitering in a public place, or has no visible means of support (in cases on record, including Bunny Breckenridge, even a millionaire may lack "visible" means of support) etc. The new bill, which passed the legislature overwhelmingly some time ago (but with a technical flaw in its passage) limited vagrancy to four closely defined acts. Governor Brown vetoed the bill, because, he said, it removed police control from certain dangerous conduct. Los Angeles Dep. City Atty. Robert Burns had complained, when it looked as if the bill might become law, "Homosexuals could not be arrested unless caught in the act in a public place, and prostitution charges could only be leveled if money exchanged hands."

And wouldn't that be a shame?

PLAN FOR FINANCIAL FREEDOM

by Charles K. Robinson

All of us want security. Security for most of us is money, especially for those who work five days a week.

The homosexual has a more urgent need for security or financial inde-

pendence than the average American. Financial security can sometimes alleviate difficulties, especially legal ones that might arise out of some of our extra-curricular activities.

The homosexual almost invariably likes the "better things in life". He will buy the stereo set rather than a hi-fi. He wants to travel. Many of us want close relationships with other people, free of cares.

Well then, where do you accumulate this financial security?

You accumulate it out of your salary. You work for it, just as everyone else does, and you plan to put away a certain amount of your salary every payday. This of course, isn't easy. Especially if you see Macy's is having a sale of Fall suits, or if you have a gay bar you're used to attending every weekend.

Try cutting down on your expenses. Drink beer at the bars and leave the scotch alone. There are many activities that are fun, without being heavy on the pocketbook. As an example, if you live in or near a large city there is probably a gay beach nearby. This costs you only carfare.

By the time you start pushing 35 or 40 you will probably have a little more free time to spend. More than likely you'll be able to hop to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. But what about that trip to Mexico, or Havana, or the Virgin Islands? The cruel fact about travel is that you can only go so far and stay so long on so much money.

So start saving part of your regular weekly income. Once you've saved, say, \$500 (and believe me, I know, it isn't an easy task), get yourself a reputable stock broker, find a good blue-chip stock. (Definitely *not* a "penny" or "cheap" stock). Try putting the dividends you receive from the stock toward purchases of more stock. Let some of the money you work so hard for work for you.

Saving takes lots of planning, but a house is not built without a blue-print.

After you've accumulated a fair amount, several thousand or so, you might want to spread your investments over more than just the stock market or a savings bank. One excellent investment is real estate. There are many tax advantages to owning real estate, especially if you own income producing property such as an apartment house.

The homosexual is severely punished tax-wise by being single. Your tax brackets increase sharply after you start making more than \$120 a week, and this is total income before taxes.

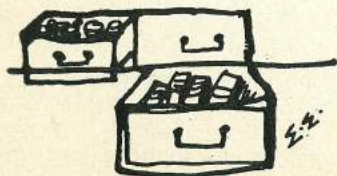
There are many schemes about owning real estate. Two Florida friends of mine own several apartment houses. They formed a corporation and after three years they dissolved the corporation and paid only a capital gains income tax rather than the very high ordinary income taxes they pay in their brackets.

Each individual must decide which plan is best for his particular situation. Perhaps none of the courses outlined in this short article could cover your immediate situation.

If possible start saving as soon as possible. In your early 20's is the best time, of course, but even if you're much beyond that, the sooner the better.

Once you've had a taste of saving and gotten into the habit, (and that is what saving becomes; a habit), you will find it fascinating to watch your nest-egg grow. Planning what to use the money for is fun, especially if there are more than one of you putting the money away.

It isn't easy for someone in their early 20's, who's usually making less than \$100 a week to save. But if you want to enjoy with some freedom the years when the gray begins to sprout, save now. You can still have fun today, just by being young.



BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



FOREST FIRE, by Rex Stout, Farrar-Rinehart, New York, 1933.

Stan Durham, by force of his strong, silent personality, has become a respected leader in his western state Forest Service. His wife Elsie respects him but feels him a virtual stranger. Beyond a few rounds of intercourse just after their marriage, resulting in a semi-idiot son, their relationship has been sexless.

One summer, Harry Fallon, a charming, handsome young fellow, with a college background, takes a job under Stan in the Forest Service. Stan is quickly, almost reluctantly won over by Harry's radiant charm, from the moment Harry puts his hand on Stan's knee on the train. From happy-go-lucky Harry, Stan takes presumptuous acts and gold-bricking on the job he wouldn't put up with from anyone else—and repeatedly gives him another chance—and another.

Enter a pair of schoolteachers—one, thirtyish but attractive Dot Fuller, is drawn to Harry, and makes a big impression on him. Stan finds himself strangely annoyed by this, and tries to rationalize his jealousy, not overlooking the possibility—as he puts it in the local parlance—:

He was no cross-eyed bull. He shied away from that, but pulled himself back to it again, for it was a respectable conjecture he was scrutinizing. He had heard many

of the forest and prairie epithets and phrases and jokes regarding intimate physical relations between men, or between men and boys, but knew nothing whatever of the actual facts on which they were based. He was aware that to most men there was something both shameful and funny about it, but to him it was much nearer the one than the other; he wasted neither words nor thoughts on anything so entirely outside of his life. He knew that a cross-eyed bull was a man who was supposed to be unable to distinguish for certain physical purposes, between a woman or a boy, or, able to distinguish, preferred the boy.

Dot determines to lose her virginity to Harry, but nothing much happens even when they are alone for the night. As Harry tries to explain, he's great at building up to dramatically desirable situations, but seems to fail at the critical moment to bring them to actuality. Stan assumes the worst, tells Dot off and leaves in a huff. Shortly after, Dot accidentally starts a fire, which soon has the whole area ablaze.

Harry joins the fire-fighting, and is killed. Stan, after his usual able fire-fighting efforts, discovers the body, and is grief-stricken. Somehow deducing that Dot started the fire, he stalks her to the lonesome cabin determined to do away with this foul female who has robbed him of both

Harry and his precious trees. At the fatal moment, Stan is himself shot by his wife Elsie, who has learned the truth about nearly everything.

On cannot but have the impression that Rex Stout originally planned to go much further, but lost his nerve, perhaps originally intending Harry as an overt homosexual bent on seducing the latent Stan. In view of Mr. Stout's subsequent profitable career writing the less controversial Nero Wolfe murder mysteries it is perhaps as well for him he didn't stick his neck out too far in this book.

NOEL I. GARDE

CHRIS by Randy Salem, Beacon Books, 1959, 35c, 188 pp.

This is another one of the many original soft cover books being published today. Like the majority of its kind it has the usual characters: Chris, the lesbian heroine; Dizz, her roommate; and Carol, the other woman. In addition there is the usual "I can cure you of all this lesbian nonsense" man.

What makes *Chris* rise above the average is the happy fact that the situations don't follow the usual hackneyed pattern. The story is this. Chris, who is sketched as a masculine, intelligent, and attractive woman of about 30, has been living in unhappiness for 4 years with her beautiful roommate, Dizz. The unhappiness is, of course, mutual because gorgeous, sexy Dizz is frigid. To forget her failures with Dizz and to get the physical satisfaction that their relationship doesn't provide, Chris is in the habit of get-

ting drunk on Saturday nights and picking up a girl for a one night affair. In this fashion she meets Carol, who has had her eye on Chris anyway due to her admiration for Chris' work in marine biology. Due to mutual interests and attraction, this affair becomes serious. Jealous, Dizz allows herself to have an affair with a man. Dizz's reaction to the affair is one of the things that makes *Chris* a good novel. The usual pattern would be to have the girl either (a) realize she is actually heterosexual or (b) come in weeping and disheveled and describe the affair as a near rape. Not so here. Dizz is perfectly willing but gets no more satisfaction out of men than she can with women. As the story goes on, it is centered around both Chris' relationship to each of the women and her desire to prove to herself that she is not a has-been in part of her field of work, deep sea diving.

Although the book is better written than most of its kind, there are some faults. For instance, Chris is portrayed as a very fine person. In contrast with this image we have Chris' promiscuity which is both out of character and superfluous in the story. Chris' constant binges are also out of place in this book. At least 10% of the novel is devoted to descriptions of Chris nursing hangovers.

By way of comparison, the complex Dizz remains completely in character in every respect. Dizz is one of the reasons why this book is well above the run of the mill lesbian novel and should be read by all those interested in the subject.

A. H.

"INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK"—KPFK-FM

From 9:00 until 10:00 Thursday evening, September 10th, Dr. Evelyn Hooker of U.C.L.A. and Don Slater, Editor of ONE Magazine, speak with Norman Winski on "The Third Sex."

90.7 on FM radio

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

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

Dear Dr. Baker:

This subscriber received his first copy of ONE Magazine a few weeks ago. I hope that you will have this letter published if for no other reason than to let B. C., whose letter has been published in the June 1959 issue of ONE Magazine, know that his letter has been a great help to someone, namely myself, and also to let you know, Dr. Baker, that your answer to the letter B. C. wrote to you was a big help also.

This correspondent (like B. C.) has known the anguish of loneliness and can sympathise with anyone who has undergone the torture of it. At least B. C. is still a young man with his life ahead of him during which time he may have the opportunity to form the friendship with a member of his own type. This correspondent has not been so fortunate. He is now in his middle fifties without the knowledge of how to go about meeting gay fellows like himself. Working as he has done for many years in a sensitive government agency, he did not dare risk associating with his own kind. Now he feels desperate, high and dry, without the knowledge of how to go about meeting his own kind. He does know where the gay bars are now a days in nearby Washington, D. C. but even visiting those places he finds that as a comparative stranger to such places he is met with open suspicion and has been given a hasty, very cool, brush off whenever he has attempted to get into conversation with those whom he felt certain, or reasonably so at least, were gay fellows and girls.

You were quite right when you said that heterosexuals can also enjoy, if one may so express it, quite as much loneliness as the homosexual, or the



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

bisexual. This correspondent has been classified by psychiatrists as heterosexual in past years—he had four nervous breakdowns within the past twelve years as belonging in the latter category. He himself feels that he has always been a homosexual no matter what the medical authorities may have stated to the contrary. This correspondent has known that fact since his early teens. He unfortunately married early as advised by his family doctor as a means of getting over the difficulty of leading a homosexual life on the inactive side. He could not possibly have done anything worse. He had known loneliness before that marriage but it was nothing compared to the terrible loneliness of what it was during the past thirty years of married life. No doubt the suppression that went into trying

to live like a heterosexual has much to do with his past four so-called nervous breakdowns. My advice to B. C., if I may make it, would be to try to be patient and to try if he can to form friendships with his own kind. He is, I believe, absolutely right in deciding not to ever marry any woman. Such marriages only bring grief to both parties and certainly cannot bring much, if any, happiness.

Your section of ONE Magazine, titled "Toward Understanding" is one of the highlights of that magazine and to me certainly so far the most interesting along with letters sent in to the editor. You seem to have a great deal of human warmth and understanding in dealing with those who write to you.

You probably would not write about techniques for those of us who do not know the ropes in regard to getting acquainted with those of our own kind. If you would not care to comment about that I do hope that some other writer may do so for certainly my own case is not unique. One may not just go up to someone they might suspect to be a homosexual and ask him if he is so oriented. So if one may not take that course what other course is open to him? That is one point. Another is this: is there any hope that a middle aged man—one in his middle fifties—may get anywhere actively in the homosexual life? Certainly such a one is no longer as attractive as he might once have been to others of his type. Even if there may still be hope for him there is the problem of getting acquainted in nearby Washington, D. C., where the members of the vice squad are very active and who have picked up quite a number of homosexual men on the charge they were soliciting. One of those picked up was a trustee in a church in the better part of the city and spent fifteen hundred dollars in legal fees, after having been incar-

cerated in jail for four months, to get his name cleared. It is much worse for those of us who are genuinely gay, that is in trying to get acquainted with others of our own type. Incidentally this correspondent is retired on a disability as a result of past nervous breakdowns and is therefore in not so restricted a position as he might otherwise be. Even so with a wife and five children he must be exceptionally careful not to become involved with the authorities for their sakes as well as his own. This isolation from those of his own sort and the terrible need to have their society has made this writer feel in a very desperate, very lonely, predicament. He wishes that there were some possible answers to his own problem in this respect. In any event ONE Magazine has been something of a help these past two months and I suppose it must be a help to other subscribers who may be in a similar predicament to my own.

Fortunately in one way, although psychiatrists say that my wife is more sick than I happen to be for this and other reasons, my wife approves of my trying to find a companion of my own sort and have a relationship with him on a permanent basis if possible. Unlike B. C. I cannot expect a Greek God, nor can I hope for a permanent relationship. That I feel is just wishful thinking. I wish however that it might be otherwise. I do not think that B. C. will find what he wants for he is dealing in ideals that few, if any of us, ever achieve. So much for this a rather lengthy letter. And now may I thank you in advance for any helpful suggestions you may wish to make regarding it. I also hope that you will be indulgent with my none too expert typing.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. D., Jr.

Dear J. H. D., Jr.:

This is to acknowledge receipt of

your three letters of April 20, June 16, and June 23, 1959. The Editor and I feel that your first letter while filled with intimate personal details having much meaning for the Psychiatrist and of emotional therapeutic catharsis value for you, is entirely too long and filled with too many private details to be reprinted in this column. I congratulate you on your insight into your own problem and willingness to share your experiences with the readers of ONE. Even though we cannot print all of the letters we receive, we realize that the act of writing them has value in releasing emotional tensions of the writers. We are deeply concerned over the writers and their problems for we realize the needs of you "lonely ones" to let off steam to people who will understand. That is part of the function of our column, "T.U." We assume from the fact that you wrote a second and third letter that you are sincere and that you have already benefitted from writing the first letter, and that you were not discouraged when we did not acknowledge it immediately. We find your second letter better suited to the purpose of this column and are reprinting it herewith. Please bear in mind that our answers are not directed toward any one letter writer but must be of interest to a wide range of readers who have similar problems; for, as you imply through this column we offer a type of group therapy rather than an individual consultation service. Thus, as you seem to realize, your letters may be inspirations to some other souls seeking answers to their own problems.

You have courageously admitted to having experienced four "nervous breakdowns" within the past twelve years. This is just another way of saying that you have been subject to mental illness. However, if you can come to a better understanding of yourself, you can become a much

wiser and more integrated individual because of the insights you have gained from this involuntary exploration of your unconscious through the mental illness. As the late Dr. Jacob Kissanin, Founder of the Mt. Zion Psychiatric Clinic in San Francisco has said: "Mental illness is a step in integration." I, too, find that many of my patients are stronger and wiser after they have gone through a mental illness; I encourage them to use the late Dr. Alfred Adler's principle of "organ inferiority," that is, if a person will make a special study of his own weak spots or handicaps, he can convert liabilities into assets. While I do not belong to the school of thought sponsored by Dr. Edmund Bergler and Dr. Albert Ellis which holds that homosexuality is some sort of disease, I do realize that homophiles are subject to neuroses and other forms of mental illness if they do not learn to clean out conflicts in their unconscious, accept themselves and make use of whatever individual abilities they may have. I do not claim (as I have often been misquoted) that all homophiles are talented, but I do maintain that like every type of human being they have special things they can do well and I encourage them to make use of any little gift they may have if it is only the ability to cry well. I have had many talented homophiles come to me who are now making good in the world. Yet I am fully aware that there are many criminal, confused and mentally ill homosexuals.

Mental illness is a subject which will require many columns in "T.U." in order to give some basic ideas of its causes and treatment. A few of the causes for the neuroses and other forms of mental illness experienced by homophiles, some of which you mention in your letters are: 1—Trying to direct one's life according to the social code rather than following

one's natural tendencies; 2—Rushing or being forced into marriage in early life in an attempt to eliminate or hide homosexual tendencies (in some cases this is further complicated when both partners have homosexual tendencies, yet the marriage is not a happy one and can be further complicated by the begetting of children); 3—A basic immaturity in one's emotional development due to over-identification with some senior member in one's family or intimate environment, as for example, the use of "Jr." added to one's name and continued long into adult life. Although it is a long accepted social custom to name children after parents or other relatives, or certain figures whom the parents admire, it is rather provincial and certainly unhealthy from the standpoint of mental hygiene for it tends to force the namesake into a personality pattern which is often quite contrary to his or her natural tendencies. It is wise to establish and maintain one's unique individuality by adopting a new name of one's own.

In your second letter you gave a good introduction to genetic factors relating to homosexuality. This fits right in with my sequence of topics for discussion in "T.U." Perhaps you have noted that in the July issue of ONE I discussed heredity factors in the production of homosexuality. Recently a friend sent me a syndicated clipping by Dr. Walter Alvarez, Mayo Clinic Physician, dated August 2, 1959, entitled "Medics Press Hunt for Cause of Abnormalities in People" in which he reported studies of cells taken from the lining of the mouth of infants just born. Again we have indications that chromosomes may contribute to the production of homosexual trends. What a study your family would make! What kinds of X and Y chromosome patterns might be observed in you, your wife and five children?

You are quite right! I would not care to discuss techniques for meeting other homophiles. Along that line I always stress the need to try methods of merely making friends with people who interest you, rather than looking for other homophiles. I think you will get more satisfactory results if you will learn to be more at ease with other people. You will find that you are able to make friends in all walks of life, and it won't be long before you find friendly homophiles. If you are not in too big a rush you are much more likely to avoid entrapment, other difficulties with the police and such sad experiences as you have described.

In our over-eager desire for satisfaction or acceptance we often misinterpret what the other person does or says in terms of what we want to see or hear. Here is an example from your own letter:

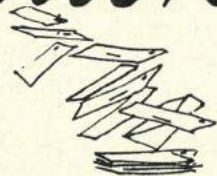
Please re-read B.C.'s letter and note that he says he does NOT want a "Greek God"! In your second letter you state, "Unlike B.C., I cannot expect a Greek God." Can it be that you are really fearful of meeting a suitable partner of your kind? So you set up stakes so high you are sure to fail; you read out of B.C.'s letter, "He can expect a Greek God. He's still very young, while I'm too old. I'm licked before I start!" Could it be that this is due to an unconscious desire to fail? You should learn more about older homophiles, or the problems of "aunties" as they are known in homophile jargon. Dr. T. M. Merritt, associated with ONE, has been exploring this all-too-long neglected line.

Much basic research needs to be done in the field of homosexuality if we are to make use of the talents which lie dormant inside many a middle-aged homophile. If age is one of your problems why not study how to salvage your own talents and

this may help you in your understanding of others. If you do not know what your talents are it would be well for you to consult a vocational guidance center.

It has long been the policy of the staff of ONE, as well as of other homosexual organizations not to make acquaintance referrals between correspondents. Since ONE is local-

Letters



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

Dear Editor-friends:

I do not think ONE should mix up Alexander and Xenophon with Hitler and his "Brown Shirts" as Hollister Barnes (May, 1958) does, though doubtlessly there was a certain element of homosexuality in both the "Brown Shirts" and the "Black Shirts."

The historical facts, as I know them, are as follows: When Hitler came into power in 1933 he elected his friend Ernst Roehm as C. O. of the "Brown Shirts." Now Roehm and some other high-ranking officers were homosexuals. This fact was widely known in Germany at the time. However, it was never publicly mentioned and when I was arrested by the Gestapo for political activity against Hitler I met a man in prison whose sole crime was the public mentioning of Roehm's homosexuality. In 1934, **only one year after he came into power**, Hitler on the advice of Goebbels and Goering had Roehm and a number of his staff-officers arrested and executed without a trial. Special mention was made of Roehm's and the other officers' homosexuality, condemning it in the strongest possible terms. Maybe this was the first example of how clever Hitler was in finding scapegoats to feed to the masses.

ized in the Los Angeles area I have gained permission to refer you to the Mattachine Society which has chapters in various parts of the United States, with its National Headquarters in San Francisco. The Mattachine group closest to you is the New York Area Council located at 1133 Broadway, New York 10, Suite 304, N. Y.

With all good wishes,
Doctor Blanche

A sidelight on all this is the fact that the infamous #175 of the German Penal Code, the one against homosexuals, was made much stronger by Hitler after 1934, causing endless numbers of homosexuals to be sent to concentration camps. After the war the Penal Code was cleared of all the changes Hitler made, except #175. Thus homosexuals in Germany are liable to be punished for their "crime" by a Hitler paragraph in the Penal Code.

Alexander and Xenophon, Leonidas and his Spartans, the Theban warriors — they have not and cannot have any counterpart in modern warfare. They belong to another era. Not that modern warfare excludes or makes impossible **individual** homosexual love and all the personal strength gained from it for the lovers. It didn't in my own case.

Rudolf Burkhardt
Zurich, Switzerland

Dear sirs:

Our friend Hollister Barnes has plenty of moral fervor, all right, but he seems to be deficient in good judgment. Although I share his feelings about the services' policy toward homosexuals, I question whether such a decidedly intemperate statement will do much to further our cause. The policy of ONE should be to bring about changes, not to give vent to our hurt feelings. . . . I have been critical of Barnes' article because I believe it is inaccurate, hysterical and likely to do more harm than good, but this is a disagreement over methods, not aims.

I often regret some of your policies and some of the things that you publish, but I greatly admire you for what you are doing. Some of the recent editorials have been fine — hard-hitting but reasonable in tone.

Mr. S.
Yonkers, New York

Dear Mr. Barnes:

Your article was well thought out and well-written. I am sure that its contents are familiar to all thinking homosexuals. To the biased non-homosexual it may offer food for

thought, if it should come to his attention.

Mr. A.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

I have heard about the changes you are trying to bring about in the repressive sex laws of United States. Because as a serviceman of over ten years duty I have had ample opportunity to observe the unfair effects of such regulations against people who are honestly and constitutionally disposed toward what unknowing people call abnormal conduct I would like to offer whatever help I can in your great cause.

Mr. J.
Charlestown, Massachusetts

Dear Friends:

We very much enjoy most of the items in ONE, but especially the very sane and sensible approach of Dr. Baker.

We feel that our homosexuality (we both are over twenty-one) is neither a blessing nor a curse. It has made our lives complete and allowed both of us to reach moderate success in our fields, writing and medicine. We found that the key to our own adjustment was that once relegated to its proper place our homosexuality hampered us no more than our neighbor's heterosexuality hampered him. It is simply a part of us, a part which once adjusted to and accepted as normal allows you to go ahead and lead fruitful, interesting and satisfactory lives.

We only wish our fellow homosexuals the same happiness we have found together.

Mr. R. & Mr. P.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Dal McIntire:

I manage to pick up your mag in NYC, as I get into Manhattan often enough, even though its 2 1/2 hours away. Lately, the literary quality does seem to have improved, but the "success" stories are "too much" and obviously (?) faked, with an appeal to those of us who aren't so bright. Also, must the staff use the corny "I wish I could send more money and I keep praying for your success" letters? To the intelligent reader, they appear to make the outfit seem like a front for getting cash. I hear, incidentally, via the grapevine, that this isn't so, and that the organization is legit, but I sure was fooled for a long, long time.

This is my first correspondence with you and your organization. Too bad there isn't room for more Tangents. It's well done on the whole and provides much information and can serve to warn the cautious such as myself.

I much prefer having nothing to do with the local crowd, as they just don't amount to much. I'm considered **tres elegant** because of the fact that I dress "lvy," plus the fact

that I drive a rather elegant foreign sports car.

Mr. B.
Exurbia, Connecticut

Dear staff:

Enclose a small payment on my pledge. I know it isn't very much but I'm sort of in the same boat as Mr. Amon who sent in \$ 1, feeling it's better to send what he has than wait until he has more.

Have just finished the June issue and enjoyed every page, story, poem, article and letter in it. I particularly enjoyed Blanche Baker's answer to B. C. and felt that both the letter of query and her reply were very apropos of my situation.

Anyway, I wish to thank each and every member of the staff of ONE who have the courage, the devotion and the love of their fellow men to carry on this work. No doubt there are many, many times when the effort seems wasted and the future dark, but I'm sure there are many of our group who do enjoy and appreciate the opportunity you have given them to catch a glimpse of the picture as a whole.

Mr. A.
Bellingham, Washington

Dear Mr. Lambert:

I'm getting tired of people criticising the quality of the stories. I've had proofreading and editing experience myself but never read the stories with a professional eye. I think it's like seeing a play put on by friends — the acting might not be Broadway caliber but the fact that they're your friends gives it special interest. I'm grateful to all the people who make up these little stories for us to read — it's not easy to write, and I'm sure they're doing it for nothing in the bargain. I think a little appreciation would be more in order from readers. Readers should be a little more charitable and just be glad we have a magazine with stories to read.

Miss R.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

Was in Milan yesterday, but will mail this from Venice. Please note picture of statue of Leonardo da Vinci facing La Scala Opera House. On lower pedestal are four young men representing the arts or sciences Leonardo was proficient in.

Mr. F.
Venice, Italy

Dear Mr. Slater:

I am writing to ask if you are aware of the recent events at the University of Florida. A State Senator (who was also an ex acting-Governor) as chairman of a legislative committee set up to investigate the influence of Communism on the NAACP, finding it difficult to make headway in this direction, took a leaf from the book of the late but un-

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

1959

1960

announcement and schedule of classes

The Education Division of One, Inc.

Vol. IV No. 1

Education is one of the purposes for which ONE, a non-profit California corporation, was organized. Its charter calls for "dealing primarily with homosexuality," through research, "educational programs," publications and other means as enumerated.

HISTORY AND ORGANIZATION

ONE's Education Division sponsored its first public meetings in January, 1955. These Midwinter Institutes, repeated annually since that date, have presented lectures by psychiatrists, psychologists, attorneys, as well as panels and roundtable discussions, and literary, dance and dramatic features representing homophile interests by other means. These Institutes have attracted visitors from various parts of the United States, Canada and overseas.

The response to these programs encouraged ONE to consider providing for serious academic study of homosexuality on a continuing basis. A committee of the

Education Division was appointed, during the summer of 1956, to make a study of the situation and report.

Its report enumerated as deficiencies felt to characterize existing university facilities for the study of homosexuality: (1) academic timidity concerning an admittedly "touchy" subject; (2) lack of budget support, resulting in extreme superficiality of such little work as was being attempted; (3) the largely either Freudian or medical bias of most research; (4) professional reluctance to approach the topic objectively; (5) the consequent unscientific levels prevailing, with a few honorable exceptions.

While recognizing the immense difficulties presented by its proposal for a full-fledged Institute of Homophile Studies, and the severe shortage of funds for new projects, the committee felt that delay would only aggravate the difficulties. It recommended that a beginning be made at once.

The Corporation studied, and adopted, the report. A Board of Trustees was appointed to have administrative responsibility over ONE Institute of Homophile Studies. Officers were appointed to conduct its general academic and routine business: a Dean, for academic matters; a Director for administrative affairs; a Secretary.

LOCATION AND FACILITIES

The Los Angeles Metropolitan Area offers unique cultural and educational resources favorable to homophile studies. Evidence of this is found in the remarkable development here of organizations and publications concerned with homosexuality. The world's earliest lesbian magazine was founded here. The earliest interracial homosexual organization was founded in Los Angeles, as was the only organization known to have been devoted primarily to the legal problems of homosexuals. Both of the largest existing American organizations, ONE and the Mattachine Society, were founded in Los Angeles.

The presence of the movie industry and its off-shoot TV, of a very large number of vigorous little theater groups, of an extensive musical life, of art galleries and colonies, the vast libraries of the city and the several major universities in the area, give a particular cultural flavor to the region which has often been misunderstood by those conventionally oriented. Unusually large populations of oriental, negro and Spanish speaking peoples further ensure the cultural diversity and liberalism of the area.

Resources of particular value to the student of homophilia are the Huntington Library's collection of erotica, one of the world's largest; the Clark Memorial Library's great collection of Oscar Wilde

papers and other items; the Gertrude Stein collection in another library.

ONE's own library is a rapidly growing collection of specialized materials, containing a large section of biographies of noted homophiles, of non-fiction, both scientific and otherwise, and of homophile fiction in several languages. A small slide collection is continually being added to, as is the uncatalogued mass of periodical and newspaper items available for special projects.

The library is open to students for reading. Books may be withdrawn by Friends of ONE, by others where special permission is granted.

CLASSES AND INSTRUCTION

Classes were first given in the fall semester of 1956, open only to staff members of the Corporation. The semester was devoted to a rapid survey of the general position of nine subjects (law, sociology, religion, etc.) in regard to homosexuality. This course was repeated the following semester and opened to the public.

Beginning in the fall of 1957, classes have been given as described below. Approximately two hundred and fifty persons have enrolled or attended the classes. In addition to the regular classes a lecture series by resident or visiting experts in various fields has broadened the scope of the instruction. Several hundred persons have attended these lectures and those given at the Midwinter Institutes.

A standard numbering system such as is used by many universities has been adopted for identification of the various subjects offered. Students with any level of previous education may attend, although their benefits from class work will depend largely on the degree of background they may possess. The subject matter is designed to afford the student greater understanding of the social and personal aspects of homosexuality with a view to lessening tensions and conflicts wherever these exist.

DESCRIPTION OF COURSES

- HS - 100 INTRODUCTION TO HOMOPHILE STUDIES. What is homosexuality? How does it fit into the scheme of things? A critical examination of how biology, anthropology, sociology and psychology view these questions. (*Omitted in 1959-60*)
- HS - 101 INTRODUCTION (continued). Summaries of the attitudes toward homosexuality expressed in historical studies, law, literature, religion and philosophy. Some general theories of homosexuality evaluated. (*Omitted in 1959-60*)
- HS - 130 LANDMARKS IN HOMOPHILE LITERATURE. Outstanding literary works by homosexuals, or about homosexuality, from Homer to Proust. The "gay novels" of Vidal, Barr, Vin Packer and others. For the student seeking a general knowledge of the field. *Wednesday evenings, 8-10. Slater.*
- HS - 200 THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. A sociological examination of the well-adjusted homosexual. How homosexuality is accommodated or rejected by the various elements of American social structure. Problems and the quest for solutions. *Thursday evenings, 8-10. Legg.*
- HS - 201 SOCIOLOGY (continued). Social maladjustments of the homosexual. Rough trade, the hustler, drag queens, vice cops, blackmail, crime, alcoholism, personality disorganization, suicide. Corrective proposals. The programs of the various homosexual movements. *Thursday evenings. Legg.*
- HS - 210 HOMOSEXUALITY IN HISTORY. Contrasting social attitudes in prehistoric and neolithic times; emerging customs and institutions. Attitudes toward homosexuality in Mesopotamia, Egypt, India and China. Greece and some of its great homosexual figures. (*Omitted in 1959-60*)
- HS - 211 HISTORY (continued). The rise and decline of Rome. The clash of pagan and Christian sex attitudes. The story of Inca and Aztec homosexuality. Modern European history. Homophilia in United States. (*Omitted in 1959-60*)
- HS - 251 THE ORTHODOX FREUDIAN TEXTS ON HOMOSEXUALITY. A close examination of the text of Freud's little known but basic early volume, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, to see how the initial analysis of homosexuality by Freud stands up today. Also, how it compares with the theories of both orthodox and schismatic Freudians. *Tuesday evenings, 8-10. (Spring Semester only) Kepner.*
- HS - 310 HOMOSEXUALITY IN MODERN GERMAN HISTORY. A survey of the influence of homosexuals and homosexuality on the tragic modern history of Germany, tracing the effects of German sexual mores and vagaries upon American life. Stories from the exciting lives of many famed German homosexuals. Illustrated with slides. *Tuesday evenings, 8-10. Kepner.*

FEES

For each course, per semester \$15; for those who are Friends of ONE, \$10. Visitors are invited to attend single sessions. Fee, \$1.

OFFICERS AND FACULTY

Thomas M. Merritt, Dean Emeritus.

W. Dorr Legg, Director.

Alison Hunter, Secretary.

James Kepner, Jr., Instructor in History and Psychology.

W. Dorr Legg, A.B., B.M., M.L.D., Associate Professor of Sociology.

Thomas M. Merritt, Ph.D., Professor Emeritus of Philosophy.

Donald Slater, A.B., Instructor in Literature.

CALENDAR

1959	September 16	Fall semester begins
	November 26	Thanksgiving holiday
	December 23	Christmas holiday begins
1960	January 5	Classes resume
	January 28	Semester ends
	January 29-31	Sixth Annual Midwinter Institute
	February 9	Spring semester begins
	June 10	Semester ends

EXTENSION CLASSES

Interest in the work of ONE Institute expressed by those living in other cities has already occasioned the giving of extension classes in the fall of 1957 in San Francisco, and in Denver in the summer of 1959.

It is hoped that at some future date methods may be devised for offering courses by mail for those living at a greater distance from the Institute. No practical way of handling this demand has yet been worked out.

PUBLICATIONS

ONE Institute Quarterly of HOMOPHILE STUDIES is the official publication of the Institute. It carries articles by faculty members, students, and other writers who have done work in the field. Annual subscription to the Quarterly is \$3.50; single copies \$1.