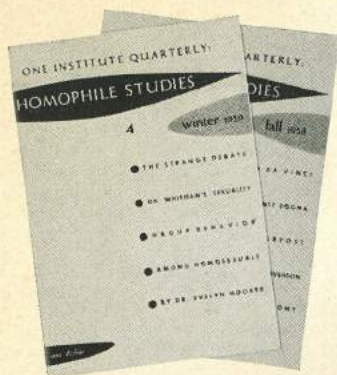


NOW IN ITS SECOND YEAR

One Institute Quarterly—
HOMOPHILE STUDIES



a new sort of publication . . .

HOMOPHILE STUDIES puts the study of homosexuality into a serious, unbiased context.

Its pages explore all sides of the question, seeking relationships and meaning, critically examining the history and the literature, the science and the "pseudo-science."

We can't promise easy reading, but we can promise stimulating reading for those hoping to find out what homosexuality really is and how it fits into the scheme of things.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TODAY
FOR A SAMPLE COPY

Subscription: \$3.50 in North
America—\$4 elsewhere.

Address care of

ONE, Inc., 232 S. Hill St.,
Los Angeles 12, Calif.

THE LADDER

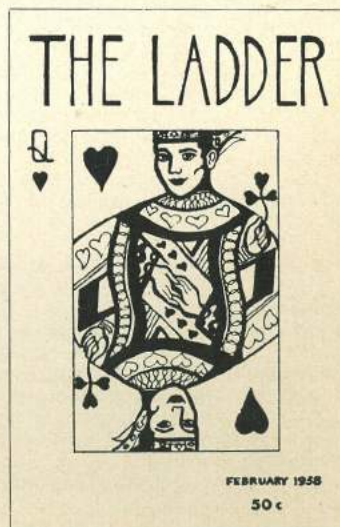
Monthly magazine of articles, stories, poems, book reviews, quotes, comment and significant opinion on sexual problems facing the Lesbian in society today. Published by The DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, Inc., non-profit educational, research and social service organization. Subscriptions mailed in sealed plain envelope, \$2.50.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

165 O'Farrell Street, Suite 405

San Francisco 2, Calif.

Telephone YUkon 2-9290

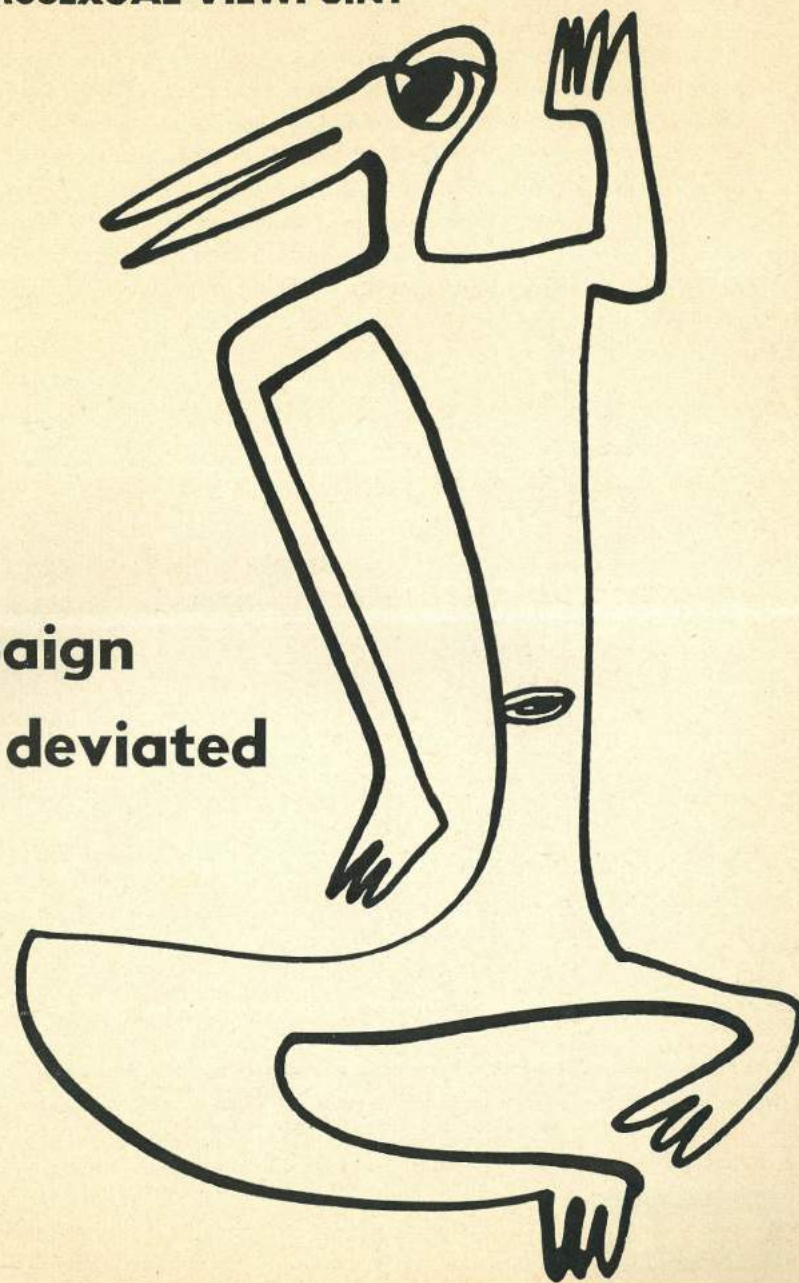


THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

NOVEMBER 1959

FIFTY CENTS

the
campaign
that deviated



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.



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

ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing; subscriptions in the United States, Canada & Mexico at five dollars per year (first class, sealed); two years for nine dollars; airmail, one year for six-fifty dollars; subscriptions in other countries, six dollars per year; airmail rates on application.

Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California
Copyright 1959 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California.

Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless postage and self-addressed envelope are enclosed.

one

one

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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VII

Number 11

November 1959

4 EDITORIAL

6 TANGENTS News & Views by Dal McIntire THE CAMPAIGN THAT DEVIATED

13 BOOKS

16 JOEL BECK Doyle Eugene Livingston

25 POEMS FOR L. Ann Wooster

26 TOWARD UNDERSTANDING Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D.

COVER: Eve Elloree

Dear readers:

It is our earnest hope that you will study the following Editorial carefully. ONE has had its biggest and most successful year ever. Big and new developments are in the offing, yet all this could be lost if we do not have your financial support.

ONE is a non-profit corporation devoted to your interests. It cannot ever operate without generous and consistent support. If one thousand persons will send five dollars each, the 1959 Fall Fund Drive will have saved the day, but some will need to send more than that to make up for those who send less, or send nothing. Some of you may wish to help ONE through our so-called "Apostles' Loans." If so, write for details.

In any case please, if you care at all about the work ONE has been doing for the past seven years, if you are truly interested in helping to improve conditions for homosexual men and women, SEND YOUR GIFT TODAY.

Board of Directors,
ONE, Incorporated

EDITORIAL

ONE's seventh birthday, October 15, was the occasion more for sober reflection and grave wonderment than for frolic, as the organization faced its latest and worst financial crisis. Why should this be, we asked ourselves?

Subscribers had been sent a somewhat light-hearted reminder that this was birthday time again, hence, Fall Fund Drive time. The response was so disappointing that we began to feel we must have somehow been more light-headed than light-hearted.

Could it be possible, we wondered, that so few would take ONE's needs seriously? Had seven years of labor done no more than evoke a few campy birthday cards? Did homosexual American men and women have no genuine interest in bettering their lot?

In fairness to the faithful few, once again they came through nobly, giving more than they could well afford. These deserve a salute, though they ask for none. Sparingly salted across the land, it is they alone who seem clearly to understand the situation. They recognize that ONE, a non-profit Corporation, must have regular and generous support, like any other public-service organization, charity or hospital. They knew that ONE magazine, at fifty cents a copy, just pays its own way, as spokesman for the Corporation, and that all the other basic work which makes ONE so much more than just a magazine, the work done on the very firing-line of this great, big social problem, must always be subsidized. They know that such time-consuming, difficult, even dangerous work cannot ever pay its way, that it must be supported by those whose social consciences have been aroused by the needless suffering they have seen around them.

That the number of the faithful few is so limited should not, perhaps, cause surprise, for the general public hears mainly about the supposed vileness of homosexuality. Thus, little heartfelt support might be looked for in that direction, while many homosexuals have themselves succumbed to the same propaganda. This often results in such a degree of despair and hopelessness, usually masked behind a synthetic and cynical gaiety, in such abject guilt and shame, that the very concept of working together with one's fellows for some social goal is dismissed as being unthinkable.

It well may be that something of this same attitude is behind the reluctance to attend classes at ONE Institute. What is there to learn about ourselves, they ask, except that there is nothing we can do? *Morituri te saluent*, they seem to say, substituting Society for Caesar, quite unaware of the tell-tale sag of middle-aged fatalism such an attitude betrays.

The staff of ONE, in the spirit of the self-same enthusiasm we still retain from our very first birthday, urge each reader to rouse himself, and to keep aroused. Homosexuality can be as honorable and rewarding a way of life as any other, but only hard work and sacrifice and yes, some fighting, can make it so.

As more and more are willing to work and sacrifice to help achieve the goals for which ONE stands, he will find that in working for the good of others he has thereby helped himself. Why not tithe in the interests of that which lies closest to ourselves, the very heart and core of one's nature? Is this too radical a proposal?

There must be no failure at this late date, no loss of gains already won, or all will suffer, including thousands who have never yet heard of ONE. We look to you all to help us in building Walt Whitman's "new City of Friends" where nothing was greater "than the quality of robust love . . . It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city."

The Editors

tangents

news & views

For two weeks, agog, San Franciscans have watched a pyrotechnic display of headlines with homosexuality becoming, for the first time, the focal issue of a major city election. And, to the surprise of all concerned, a vicious, opportunist, Trojan Horse attack on homosexuals has backfired, hurting only the witchhunter and his hapless followers.

THE CAMPAIGN

THAT

DEV

D
E
T
A
I

by dal mcintire

Russell Wolden, candidate for Mayor, last-minute Democrat and longtime County Assessor, fired off his smear campaign Oct. 7th in the San Francisco PROGRESS, a neighborhood throwaway paper. Under the headline: "SEX DEVIATES MAKES S.F. HEADQUARTERS." Wolden sounded a rallying call for sexual vigilantes. Aquiver with McCarthyish moral indignation, he charged incumbent Mayor George Christopher with providing so hos-

pitable an atmosphere in San Francisco for homosexuals that "the national organization of homosexuals in this country"—the Mattachine Society—had fled its original but less friendly Los Angeles home to Christopher's "open city," and San Francisco was consequently overrun by pervert hordes preying on defenseless normal boys and men. Under Christopher's "beneficial climate," Wolden said, the number of bars, steambaths, nightclubs, theatres and hotels catering to homosexuals had climbed to a shocking 27!

Such an anti-climax! When, in recent decades, have there ever been so few as 27 homosexual spots in San Francisco, or any comparable city? Even if no homosexuals migrated from less cosmopolitan places, the fairly steady population ratio of homosexuals would insure a better showing than that for any city half so large or colorful—even under fanatic official disapproval.

Wolden's disjointed, libelous attack on the Mattachine included quotes about ONE and the mislabelled "sort of a woman's auxiliary to Mattachine," the Daughters of Bilitis. But his quotes from Mattachine documents never sounded quite so sinister as intended. The expose centered on a resolution the Society passed last month at its Denver convention, praising "the mayor of San Francisco—by name—for an 'enlightened administration' which has permitted the group to flourish here."

"This is a matter of grave concern to every parent," Wolden said. "It exposes teen-agers to possible contact and contamination in a city admittedly overrun by deviates. For a city administration to permit this situation to exist is nothing less than scandalous."

NO REAL ISSUES

Thus far, it had been a slow campaign. With only city-county offices and three bond issues at stake, the respected San Francisco CHRONICLE had, just the day before Wolden's blast, called the campaign listless and dull. "Challengers can find nothing to sink their teeth into . . ."

And look what they got in their teeth the next day!

If this had appeared only in Henry Budde's McCarthyizing PROGRESS, it might have been ignored (as Miami in 1956 ignored the foul homosexual slanders made about Sheriff Kelly by opponent Reuben Clein's similar throwaway paper—Kelly won easily at the polls after public repugnance at such mudslinging). But on KNBC, in thick-tongued sonorities, candidate Wolden further slandered the Mattachine, homosexuals generally, the city and its mayor and police. He said the Society published periodicals of the most "lurid, distasteful, and disgusting sort," said its "principles and objectives are subscribed to by the thousands of deviates who do not care or dare to join it. From these thousands come the sex gangs whose abnormal appetites are catered to . . ."

The Mattachine Society responded by filing in Superior Court a \$1,103,500 damage suit against Wolden for slander, and demanded retractions from the PROGRESS and KNBC. This was surely the last thing Wolden and camp expected—everyone knows homosexuals are supposed to run for cover when attacked.

Newspaper response was fast and frontpage. The dailies had not been pro-Wolden before, and they could hardly have been more fair

in their descriptions of the Society and their interviews with its officers.

Hearst's EXAMINER tagged this "Smear Campaign" as an "Unforgiveable Slur on San Francisco," and explained that it's no news that homosexuals exist, but it is vicious to try to make political capital by stirring up public emotions on such a misunderstood subject. The recently merged NEWS-CALL BULLETIN said Wolden had proven himself unworthy of public office and should get out of the campaign. The EXAMINER felt this would deprive the public of its right to trounce him at the polls.

Wolden's backers, Ben Swig of the elegant Fairmont Hotel, and clothing manufacturer Adolph Schuman, angrily said they'd understood there was to be no mudslinging, and several other backers backed all the way off. Democrat Jack Morrison, a candidate for Supervisor, blasted the attempt "to capitalize on public abhorrence of morals offenses" and said "I want nothing to do with the Wolden campaign." Frank Brann, who'd helped get Wolden the Democratic endorsement, agreed, and said he "didn't know the Mattachine Society was running for Mayor."

BACKGROUND

By San Francisco city charter, local races are non-partisan. But when Wolden entered for Mayor, he announced a switch to Democratic registration, and got half-hearted support of labor and Democratic forces. Few took Wolden very seriously.

According to San Franciscan Joe Bush, the puzzle is why this thing should happen in this city, which has always prided itself on its cosmopolitan tolerance. Why should the most Blue Nosed administration in city history itself be accused of "fostering homosexuality?"

Bush blames it on Khrushchev "Wolden failed to get up steam by his last-minute switch to the Democrats. Then Khrushchev came along, smarting from his rough treatment in Los Angeles, and ready to adopt L.A.'s sibling rival with open arms. So the dairyman-Mayor got national publicity by benignly presiding while Mr. K. bounced around, saying sweet things about this city, plus the sort of digs at L. A. that gladden the heart of any true San Franciscan. Khrushchev even said he'd be glad to vote for Christopher. Those poor guys in the Wolden camp had to come up with something even hotter than Khrushchev—and what was there, except homosexuality? Well, it's hot, alright—we'll see who gets burned."

The charge that Christopher was especially friendly to homosexuals is a puzzler. When first elected, Christopher appointed a new police chief, Frank Ahern, who vowed to chase homosexuals out of town (which Chief Gaffey had also promised in June, 1954). But there are limits to what a policeman can do—a point Wolden seems to miss. The courts won't let police close a bar just because homosexuals gather there. Most of the bars named by Wolden are fighting to defend their licenses against actions to close them, brought by Ahern or by the witch-hunting State Alcoholic Beverage Commission. Ahern also wrote articles for the smut-adventure magazines under such titles as "Don't Call Our City Queer." Since he died of heart failure at a ball game, San Francisco's police apparently have avoided illegal raids, entrapment, and such, and have not gone out of their way to harass homosexuals who are not obviously breaking laws. And when a homosexual is victim of a criminal attack, he can go to San Francisco

police for protection, as any other citizen would.

We've reported many cases in this column where a person who has been a victim of blackmailers capitalizing on the average man's sensitivity to any accusation of homosexuality, has found that the police have turned on him and let his attacker go free, as almost happened in a recent San Diego case. There, a man prominent in the community went to police to complain of blackmail by two marines—and was himself arrested, with the D.A. going to unusual lengths to try to convict the victim and protect the confessed criminals. A successful defense by ONE's attorney, Eric Julber, helped by the introduction of a Catholic priest the same marines had tried to blackmail, won the victim's acquittal. The opposite result seems more common—often making heroes of "hustlers" who murder homosexuals.

It is true the Mattachine Society moved its National headquarters to San Francisco in 1957. It is true Christopher was Mayor then. But the move was made solely because the Society's Los Angeles officers got tired and dropped out, leaving the remaining officers in San Francisco, and holding the bag. However, the same rooms the National Office now occupies had been occupied by the local office and the MATTACHINE REVIEW long before Christopher became Mayor. Nor was it due to the presence of any friendly Mayor or police chief that the whole American homophile movement started in Los Angeles. ONE has been here for over seven years, and let Mr. Wolden even suggest that it's because Chief Parker likes us. Legitimate organizations concerned with homosexual problems, have operated in several cities, not through official favor (which we would not

mind) but because these operations are legal and within our constitutional rights.

In this sense, Wolden's charges are idiotic.

While Mayor Christopher has in no way "provided" a friendly climate, neither has he carried on such a witchhunt as Wolden proposes. Those Democrats who are still on Wolden's bandwagon might well consider the effects of their alliance with this new McCarthyism. Beyond expressing shock and disgust at such tactics, Mayor Christopher has maintained an attitude of Olympian impartiality, refusing to be drawn into approval or condemnation of the Society with which his name has been strangely coupled.

EXPOSING THE EXPOSE

Friday's CHRONICLE blasted the core out of the Wolden charges, with frontpage headlines that dwarfed Macmillan's election victory. "SORDID VICE CHARGE BY WOLDEN BACKFIRES," "Vice Issue a Plant by Wolden Supporter" and "Deviate Group's Praise of Mayor Engineered by Ex-Police Informer." They told how the now-famous Mattachine resolution had been planted at the Society's Denver Convention by a Wolden man, Wm. Patrick Brandhove. Brandhove had a long police record (sodomy, drunkenness, grand theft) and was a frequent but unreliable police informer. He had joined the Mattachine Society just before the Convention, to which he was a delegate and parliamentarian. A glad-hand Charlie, spreading money around in Denver "as if it was about to go out of style," he offered to pay for services the Society hadn't previously been able to afford—such as a caucus room and stenotypist to take complete minutes.

Brandhove first proposed the resolution at a caucus of S. F. dele-

gates. Other delegates opposed it, since the Society is non-political, but Brandhove said certain officers in the S.F.P.D. told him it would be for the Society's good. A considerably revised version was then presented and passed by the Convention. The Society then forgot it (it was never released) til it showed up in the PROGRESS. Brandhove had gotten copies from the stenotypist just a few days before.

Brandhove, who'd been arrested at least eight times since 1930, once helped try to wreck the Marine Cooks and Steward's Union. He participated in a state Unamerican Activities Committee smear against ex-Congressman Havener, was indicted by the Committee for contempt when he later repudiated his testimony, and made another smear attempt against former Mayor Robinson. In 1953 he fingered extortionist gossip-magazine publisher Jimmy Tarantino, later sold Tarantino a repudiation of his testimony, again switched back to the police side. Wolden denied hiring him, adding, "I wouldn't know him if I saw him." The NEWS-CALL BULLETIN printed that statement under a chummy looking photo of Brandhove and Wolden.

The EXAMINER, meanwhile dug into some of the more questionable areas of the private and public finances of Assessor Wolden.

MATTACHINE POSITION

The Mattachine Society had blundered into an enviable position. Unless the officers of the Society behaved foolishly, and they did not, the press, the police, the mayor, and all citizens who valued the reputation of the city, had been forced by Wolden's fanatic and shameless attack into being more or less on the Society's side. Undiplomatic claims, inflammatory or ir-

responsible statements, could have hurt the homosexual cause terribly. But the officers and members (with the possible exception of J. D. Mercer, who seized the opportunity for some tasteless advertising of his book, **They Walk in Shadow**,) behaved in a dignified and sensible manner, and their gains in publicity and in public respect were immeasurable.

Donald Lucas, Secretary General of the Society, Henry Foster, Jr., Legal Affairs Director, and Publications Director Harold Call told the papers they had regarded the resolution as purely a goodwill gesture—they had presented it in good faith. Describing their suit against Wolden, they said the Society objected to Wolden's repeated statements and inferences that the Society was made up of sex deviates. The Society is concerned with the problems of homosexuals and sexual deviates, but members are not necessarily deviates—just as the N.A.A.C.P., concerned with Negro problems, has many white members. They further objected to Wolden's implications that the Society moved to San Francisco "apparently seeking a more hospitable climate in which to engage in its purposes," and that the Society was in some way responsible for conditions of "mass immorality in San Francisco," so that "our children are not safe . . ."

When the newspapers caught up briefly with Brandhove, he both denied and bragged about putting over the resolution. No one had paid him, he said—he lived entirely on his disability pension, variously reported at from \$56 to \$106 per week. He denied supplying the Convention with liquor.

"I got into the Mattachine Society just like I got into the Communist Party—to find out what was

going on." He admitted giving copies of the resolution to his lawyer for use in Wolden's campaign, and said he was horrified by sex deviate conditions in San Francisco, and indignantly opposed to the Mattachine, which he called a racket, with three functions: to publish and sell books and to receive pay-offs from so-called gay bars in the city. He said he didn't think it was fair to smear him or Wolden for doing a public service. He said he had documentary evidence to be presented at the proper time to a grand jury. "Anyway, it sparked up the campaign—don't you think?"

"How was it that you took Brandhove into the Society?" this reporter asked officers of the group.

Harold Call said, "He came to us with small donations and big promises at a time when we needed money. We had no reason to believe he had ulterior motives. We take in people referred to us by probation authorities, and we don't ask for character references, as long as a person is adult, and expresses an interest in our work. We are an open society and must rely on trust and good faith."

"You say you accepted the resolution because he told you it would improve your relations with the local police. What sort of relations have you had with the police?"

Don Lucas said, "Without implying any special favor, this city has long shown more understanding in dealing with these problems than many other cities. The sex detail here hasn't used provocateurs for years."

Call added that the Society was first investigated by San Francisco police in 1955, and has conferred with them on occasion since. "We have sent them every copy of the REVIEW and of our local NEWS-

LETTER. It has been our policy to work within the framework of existing law enforcement agencies. We would never show our mailing lists to the police—and they've never asked us to."

"Were any members of the Society afraid of reprisals when this thing broke?"

"None that we know of," Call said. "We realized that a lot of dirty accusations might be made, but the Society has engaged in no illegal activity." Don Lucas added, "Every member we have contacted has praised us for snapping right back with a slander suit."

The columnists had a field day with quips and cracks that you can read about in ONE Confidential.

Wolden returned to the air Oct. 14th, on three stations, and howled he was being crucified by the press, that the Mayor was trying to cover up his expose, and that the papers were suppressing public opinion polls that showed he was in the lead. "San Franciscans, if they destroy me," he wept, "we will never have another free and open democratic election in this city in your lifetime, or in mine . . . then, Russian-type elections have come to San Francisco." The shrill attack continued in the PROGRESS, but Wolden's blasts had become bleats.

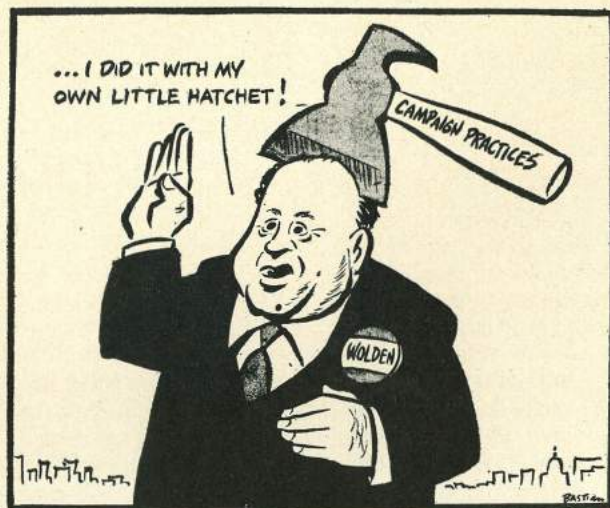
Said the NEWS-CALL BULLETIN: "The last resort of a politician without an issue is to don the guise of a martyr. That is what Russell L. Wolden has done in claiming that the three San Francisco newspapers are out to destroy him. Destroy him? Ridiculous. We simply don't believe he is fit to be mayor, and we recommend against his election. Mr. Wolden asks whether he is not the same Russell Wolden whom the newspapers have indorsed in the past for the job of County Assessor.

No, he is not the same Russ Wolden. He is seeking a different office now . . . and he is employing tactics to which he never stooped before . . . "

As I write this, the election is still a couple weeks off, and a lot more water could go under the milk, as one Wolden backer inadvertently said. I think that the intelligent voters will bury Wolden in their contempt. I may be wrong. It is hard

to tell how much effect anti-homosexual prejudice may have even in a city like San Francisco. If by chance Wolden should be elected, the sequel to this story might be a sad one indeed. But I have a great faith in the citizens of San Francisco, who will go to the polls about the time this issue comes out.

San Francisco: Nov. 4—Christopher, 141,464; Wolden, 90,268.



San Francisco Chronicle

ACE-HI Moving & Storage Co.

BRUCE D. ROSS, Owner

A Complete Personalized Service at Minimum Rates

5154 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles 27, California

NOrmandy 1-3183

24 Hours a Day

NOrmandy 4-4026

one

BOOKS

For the homosexual who adheres to a religion forbidding the exercise of his capacity to love, nothing can be more excruciating than trying to reconcile the two. In both literature and life, this problem has resulted in maladjustment and self-debasement—many times to the point of suicide.

The only book I have encountered which does justice to the breadth and intensity of this problem, is one by Marcel Guersant, entitled *Jean-Paul* (Paris, Les Editions de Minuit, 1952). As far as I have been able to determine, this book has not been translated, which is a pity considering that in a little more than 500 pages, it holds something for everyone. This is a powerful book and one which will be useful as a psychological "Do-it-yourself" handbook.

The author opens his story with the actual status of Catholicism in Central Europe as exemplified in the hero. Jean-Paul lives his life as he wishes while remaining nominally a Catholic, and we follow him as he conducts his pitiful search in the *pissotieres* and trams of Paris—all on the possibility.

M. Guersant uses a remarkable literary device to reveal the character of his hero. In a series of *revues de nuit* while trying to fall asleep, Jean-Paul reveals his youth and the incidents which have led to his inversion. Most readers will be familiar with this experience, but perhaps not to the extent of lying awake until dawn as Jean-Paul sometimes does.

Becoming unhappy with this situation and his relationship with his fa-

ther, Jean-Paul tries to find solace in his religion. Enlisting the help of a priest, Jean-Paul meets a man whose devastating insight will probe each reader as mercilessly as it does his own soul. Here, the author displays his nice (in the profound sense of the word) mind, piercing appearances to explore the intricacies of temptation and circumstance.

Though sincerely trying to maintain his equilibrium, Jean-Paul yields to the temptation to ride the tram, and there he meets Phillipe, his *enfant de reve*. This makes a complete shambles of his resolution, and in this condition, he has the misfortune to lose the confidence of his father and to be disowned by him.

In a delightfully-wrought weekend spent by Phillip and Jean-Paul, we feel each hurt as the hero tortures himself. We watch him fall, falter and regain his balance. With tremendous irony, Jean-Paul finally forsakes Phillipe just as another had left him years before.

With success so close, Jean-Paul falls again and returns to the Parisian *pissotieres* and trams. Steadily and patiently, however, the priest labors with Jean-Paul toward the book's climax and *denouement*, which will cause the reader to feel that his very soul has been ripped out from the toe nails up. The story is given added impetus by an epilogue which consists of a letter from the priest to Jean-Paul's father, in which the finishing touches are given to our hero's character.

Throughout this work, the author

relentlessly exposes the complexities of each development as a homosexual tries to effect a correspondence between his intellect and his emotions. Each stage is portrayed realistically and with all the power it actually contains.

If you can read French and are able to obtain a copy of this book, you will experience a catharsis which becomes more real each time it is recalled. T.L.W.

THE KEVAL and other gay adventures, by Harry Otis, ONE, Inc., Los Angeles, \$1.95.

This handsomely produced volume of gay adventures opens like a wide panorama. From the Golden Horn to Hongkong, from Cairo to Bali, from Bangkok to South America—varied as the scenery of this book is so are the moods of the stories and sketches between its covers. To the music of the Keval, an ancient shepherd's flute, unfolds the tender and moving love story of two Turkish youngsters. Greta and Earl, sister and brother, go cruising in Cairo, and it's Earl for once who gets the better part of the deal. The madness of the carnival in Rio makes an excellent background to another story. And as the backgrounds of the stories change so do the moods. There is tenderness in "Home to Kashmir"; subtle irony in "Druga's Solution"; and yearning—eternally the same everywhere on the face of the earth—

VESTAL FIRE

by Compton Mackenzie (author of "Thin Ice"). Delightfully witty and literate novel of a modern Hadrian and Antinous. \$2.95, plus 20 cents postage

VILLAGE BOOKS

116 Christopher St., N. Y. 14

Send for latest Catalog, #21, at no charge.

in that brief Japanese sketch "Another New Year." Not satisfied with all this the author takes a deep plunge into the past and recreates in "Noon in Persia" a vivid episode from the life of Alexander the Great. The famous Sultan Babur emerges equally vividly from the pages of "Like Father, like Son."

What makes all this such enjoyable reading is the simple fact that the book shows straightforwardly that love between men can be found in every corner of this world of ours. It has existed in the far-away days when Alexander The Great went to India, and it exists to this very day. Varied as any manifestation of love this book tells the reader how natural a thing love between men has been and always will be.

The English Editor
The Circle, Zurich

THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR

ONE'S 1960 MIDWINTER INSTITUTE

January 29-31 Three Days of Program and Fun

PLAN NOW TO ATTEND

Advanced Registration Required . . . Write for Full Information
ONE, Inc., 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

one

BOOK SERVICE

SPECIAL OFFERS FOR HOLIDAY GIVING

Good only until December 31

	Value	You Pay
ONE Magazine for a year, plus Harry Otis' exciting collection of gay travel stories, THE KEVAL .	\$6.95	\$5.95
ONE Magazine for a year, plus James Barr's startling play about four young homosexuals, GAME OF FOOLS .	9.50	7.98
ONE Magazine for a year, plus Christopher Teale's sensitive and touching novel about a young boy in prison, BEHIND THESE WALLS .	8.00	6.50
One Magazine for a year, plus Dennis Murphy's hard-hitting novel of homosexuality in the armed services, THE SERGEANT .	8.50	6.98
ONE INSTITUTE Quarterly for a year, plus HOMO-SEXUALS TODAY , a handbook of homophile organizations and publications, only a few copies available.	8.50	6.98

GIVE YOURSELF A GIFT

Handsomely bound in red buckram, complete sets of ONE Magazine with index. \$5.50 per volume. 1953 and 1954 years not available.

Orders now being taken for 1955, 1956, 1957 and 1958 bound volumes. Get your orders in early. No magazines are bound until your order is received. Limited number of sets available.

Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California.

Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

joel beck



doyle eugene livingston

I JOEL BECK

Joel was 14. He was beginning to realize that now. 14. In a few years, why, he'd be a man of 20; or maybe not that old, say, only 19. People wouldn't let you grow up to yourself until it was too late to matter. Boy, 21. Anyway, Joel was 14. Maturity was only 5 years away; eternity was 5 years. Joel. Joel Beck, a boy going on 15. 15. Joel was 14.

Joel didn't know why he broke the mirror; he felt like it, so he did. It had stared at him all his young life, mocking him, taking away his privacy. He'd threatened it enough to, that one of these days, boy. Yeah. But they grew old together and shared the same thoughts and wore the same clothes, slept in similar beds, and woke again to worlds of similar discomfort. Wash your ears. Eat all your oatmeal. Drink your milk. Then school.

But the mirror did not wash ears, swallow lumpy cold oatmeal, or go to school:

Joel did that alone. Those other kids, what did they know about feelings? Or teachers, what do they know? Or mothers? Or mirrors? His mother sighed a lot and shook her head and shrugged her back up, but what did Mrs. Beck know? I'm a fugitive, that's what. And he was right—Joel was a fugitive to his age; a hostage to his own hostile emotions.

So to get even with himself for feeling unfair to himself, he broke the mirror. Old mirror. Old room. Old feelings. Old Joel.

He sat toeing the glass with his shoe, squeezing his eyes narrow and making up shapes to fit the images he saw on broken glass. Not any silly everafter images. His images, a boy 14's images. An explorer in the jungle of his own thoughts, Joel hunted down the vanishing, frail butterfly of his youth; the strange bright passages of being 14; and the timid yet terrible, faceless, nameless mystery of his future. He'd asked the mirror, but the mirror didn't know—so he broke it and stared at the pieces, dreaming. Besides, he knew his old face. He knew it was only a mask to keep him from seeing the new face God was making for him. Making out of what? Why, out of the snips and snaps of his soul. What is a soul?

Questions and no answers? What is God? I am Joel. Joel Beck. 14. Who is God? How old is God? Is God Jesus? Joel was very unhappy. He read books. He stared hard at people's faces; trying to construct a mind-picture of his own; the faces stared back, that was all. Time whirled and Joel wondered; in all the world, his world, only a few lines of poetry touched him.

"I have been silenced by necessity,

I like to talk, I am a poet:

Silence is a harsh companion,

I think she is a woman;

I am married to my solitude."

Poetry, now, that was real. But the realness of words was not like the realness of feeling. Feelings mattered, words only pretended to matter; emotions were mostly word-worlds that swept over you without speaking.

"I am married to my solitude"—

Joel was very unhappy.

But he dreamed longer than he should have, and was late for school. Mrs. Beck called out her last-time-I'm-warning-you; Joel hollered his usual Indian reply; imitated her answer to that under his breath; stayed in his room for their traditional one minute of separate silences; and then went to school. He smiled, his mother always missed him when she hit at him going out. Mrs. Beck smiled, some day I'm going to whack him one he won't forget. They both smiled, it was an old game; her's was an unlikely prophecy—Joel was right, feelings mattered. Mrs. Beck loved her boy. He was all she had. Now.

On his way to class, Joel thought about the mirror: would he get a new one? He wanted a new one, he wanted a new face. It was time someone or something took notice, he was 14. It was time; old mirrors are for remembering old, new mirrors are for dreaming new. It was time—

II JOEL BECK

Something happened to Joel. In the locker room after gym. Someone made it happen. Joel lingered while dressing; imagination was a child with sticky fingers, dabbling his soul. He was sure he had a soul, only not so sure what a soul was. Is.

He loitered when the something happened——

What are you doing in here?

Mr. Gordon always checked the locker room after every class, some of the boys were old enough to masturbate. Some of them did. But, not in the school locker room. Not after Mr. Gordon had caught that one boy; the school told his parents the boy had fallen during track; the boy was too ashamed to tell them anything else. His name, what was his name? Harold, Harold and something. Teachers always said:

Harold, you're in Italy again.

What, Miss Ruth?

You're day-dreaming again, pay attention.

Miss Ruth always said that. Harold. He went to another school now——

I asked what you're doing in here?

Nothing.

What again?

Nothing, Mr. Gordon.

You know better——

Yes sir——

Than to remain in the lockers by yourself, it's against the rules. I don't like it.

Yes sir.

Stop saying yes sir.

Yes sir——

Come over here. Joel, the Beck boy. Come here. Take down your pants, I can tell when a boy's been playing with himself; so let's just have a look at you. Well, take 'em down, Joel. What are you standing there for?

Mr. Gordon.

What again?

Mr. Gordon always said what again. It was a nervous tick he had; it caused some people's skin to crawl. You could almost feel it coming before he actually said it. What again? Joel SQUIRMED when he said it now, because it meant that Mr. Gordon was in no mood to waste time or listen to excuses. Some things people say are like that, you know what they mean even when they don't exactly say it. Joel lowered his eyes, then let down his pants; then his shorts; then took off his shirt. The examination went on for a long time. Only Mr. Gordon's hot-and-cold hands punctuated Joel's intense state of shame. He was aware of his breathing, coming and going almost in time to Mr. Gordon's sharp snorts of breath.

I thought so, I thought as much.

What sir?

What again?

The look Mr. Gordon gave Joel made him bite his lip on the inside, and open his eyes wider in an effort not to cry. He felt shriveled and small, like a burnt out cinder must feel——

Come on, I'm going to see that you get the shower of your life. I'm going to wash all this filth out of you, if it takes all morning. What you boys don't realize is, puberty is a dangerous age to go playing with your pricks; a very dangerous age. You can damage yourself permanently, deform your body for life. Come along, this is to be a lesson.

Joel was mute with humility, stung to his young troubled heart by humiliation. Mr. Gordon lathered him with stale soap and gave his body a long, stinging

shower. Cringing hot, then shivering cold. It lasted until another bell shattered the quiet of study and began the huge noise of traffic between classes. Nakedness is only a state of feeling, both Joel's flesh and his feeling were raw by now——

Now get into your clothes and get out of here, go on. You hear me?

It was a new Mr. Gordon who spoke: his eyes looked vague and dreamy, like waking up; even his voice shook. It was one tone of brass all other time; now it shook, tasting itself like spit in the mouth before swallowing. Sweaty patches stained him and made his face shine in the light; his breathing whispered; his hands smoothed wrinkles out of his eyes, smothered infancy in his mouth before ideas became words. His arms shrank in a long body hug. Stretched, extended, and gave Joel a brotherly punch; a touch merely, almost a caress:

We won't tell anybody about this, will we? It will just make a lot of noise, anyway; like that fellow Harold Tanner.

But I wasn't——

What again, what again?

Joel stood still for a long, long moment. Mr. Gordon. His man parts had gotten all stiff and rigid, there was a damp stain covering his whole fly. Joel looked and tried to stop himself; but he went on looking. Mr. Gordon knew what Joel saw, resented Joel for seeing it——maybe a little psychology? Maybe.

For no reason, Joel was going to cry now. He knew it, Mr. Gordon knew it; resented Joel even more for somehow making him know.

Damn these kids.

But I wasn't, it wasn't fair——

Mr. Gordon raised his arm, high over the boy's bent head. Made a fist in the air, then straightened his hand for a slap:

Look at me, look at me. You pervert.

Then he struck. The averted face flinched in surprise, shuddered with pain; then went to pieces, crumpled, contorted——

Now get out of this locker room.

Joel Beck doesn't know what followed, he went to Mr. Kurkey and told him; then he went home. The student counselor smiled a bitter smile, tried to recall that Tanner instance; but the boy had gone home to his mother. He would have to make a visit there this afternoon. In his heart, Mr. Kurkey fumed.

III

THE MILLION THINGS

Mrs. Beck clearly was not listening to him, so Mr. Kurkey coughed twice and started again. I am sure there is some simple explanation, he began. But Mrs. Beck was simply a mother; she wanted more than a simple explanation. Her boy had come home crying; told her a teacher struck him. In his misery he even told her why. An instructor had hit her boy. She was on fire; she bristled with outrage, boiled with angry hot passion. She was a mother. Murmuring to oblivion, Mr. Kurkey went on that it was his opinion. But again Mrs. Beck was not listening——

What are they going to do about that man, that teacher?

Mr. Gordon? Well, we don't know that anything needs to be done, now do we? We know, these incidents happen; routine, nothing more.

He hit my Joel——

Some young boys are, well, more likely to imagine slights than others. Who knows why? Who knows what really happens? I was not there at the time, but it

seems pretty clear: a chance word, and ungentle touch. Imagination. Home he comes crying. I am sorry, of course, but this thing is routine, routine; simple in the light of modern psychology——

What are they planning to do with him?

Who?

Mr. Gordon!

It was a strained moment before Mr. Kurkey could allow himself to think again. He stood, and she stood. Looks were glass that flashed in the shy sun; breathing was like splinters that stuck under the skin of good manners. Smiling, he screwed his hat in his hands; dry of mouth and dark of heart. She watched him, she felt his alarm, his discomfort; but she did not smile.

Well, Mrs. Beck, well——

What are they thinking of doing? It's my right to know. What, tell me?

Needles stung his legs; ice shrank his heart like frozen fire; bewilderment darkened his mind. His eyes swam, his nerves rang. A wind died between them.

What are they going to do?

Eternity passed in the time it takes to pat back a wisp of hair——

If she'd only ask me to come in. Mrs. Beck wouldn't he'd better not ask. Unhappiness crowded her house now; there was not any room for a fat man. A song nagged at his nerves. It was not a nice song, he remembered that; but then neither were either of her basilisk marbles, at this moment petrifying his guts to stone. Maybe a polite departure would be better? I am sure we can settle this without further constraint. The glass flared then. Mothers are really a nuisance, though; no tact. Courtesy yawned, and absence glinted hollow in the eye of time.

Mrs. Beck, let me pose you a problem? Here's a boy inclined to dreams, a boy with no father; lonely, living on the verge of his fantasy. He resents other boys with fathers, and builds up a great wall against all normal emotions. I don't mean to disparage the wonderful job you've done, rearing him, Mrs. Beck, but——

But Mrs. Beck was not even listening. She was thinking about the mirror; trying to unravel the tangle of her child's emotions. Mr. Kurkey talked warmly, feeling his advantage: the sun's in her eyes now. Mrs. Beck.

This barrier naturally attracts scorn from the other boys, the young do not understand—— In time Joel is isolated, cut off, packaged in a world of his own making. The eternal HERO, himself. The eternal virgin, you, Mrs. Beck. The villain, of course, the father-who-is-not; all trite and triangular; routine; simple as psychology. Now enters. Mr. Gordon.

What about him? What's his due?

Will you listen a minute?

He's got no right hitting my Joel.

Mr. Gordon appraises Joel, sees he is lonely, tries to become a brother, a friend; but becomes in actual fact an unwitting FATHER. The last act of all, Joel translates his own inferior feelings into a travesty of blame against Mr. Gordon. His imaginary father, the man he feels most to blame for his sense of loss of identity. But. But, we feel Joel should apologize to Mr. Gordon before the student body, and get back to his classes without further trouble or delay——

At this point Mrs. Beck did a very rude thing: Mrs. Beck said shit.

Now, now. I'm sure Joel has told you an approximate story, but surely boys will lie——invent things more in passion than in truth. It is ever so with the young, their incredible minds can fabricate more easily than reason——

Now you listen. I don't give one damn whether Joel is young or tells lies, or what. My boy is not a human punching-bag, Mr. Gordon's got no right hitting him. No right. What sort of man is he anyway? What sort of man beats up on a boy? I think he's a man. Maybe. Maybe. I don't know; maybe he don't know, himself——

Mrs. Beck, place your trust in my hands, we can work this out without constraint.

But her outrage grew to indignation, indignation to contempt: and contempt, drunk of its own godhead, stumbled over its own steep glory, and flopped in the gutters of indignity. Even so, the Mothers of America were legion in Mrs. Beck's anger now. Terrible. Shocking. Real.

You pissy-ass bastards make me sick, that's the truth. What sort of a mother you think I am? This freak, this Mr. wipe-my-ass Gordon slaps my kid around. Then you put in an appearance telling me, the mother, it was Joel's blame; not Mr. high-and-mighty Gordon. Well, you just truck it on back to that fancy-ass school and tell 'em what I think, that you're all a bunch of hypocrites to start with. And unless something is done about that pervert Mr. Gordon, I'm gonn'a blow off enough fire-works downtown to light up the Fourth of July. Now go on, go on and tell 'em what I think. *Oh, I gave him the sun and the moon——*

Mrs. Beck, please let us compromise?

I gave him the stars. You, you go on——tell them that I'm a mother. A mother.

A door slammed, a fat man hunched against the windy day and walked diminishing to his car parked on a far corner. Mrs. Beck twisted wool off her worn, bagging sweater; breathed out her enormous relief and inflated her nostrils with worry. She shrugged, then stood a long time; contemplated the bitterness of life; shrugged again, and made two dull eyes at God——

Thank goodness, Joel is asleep.

But Joel was not asleep. He lay remembering the whole tangy interview. Thrilled. Embarrassed too. How will he ever face Mr. Kurkey?

Somewhere a child cried, another laughed; a dog barked, a car honked. Someone started a song in a high voice. Mrs. Beck plucked at her worries; but Joel lay silent and content. His shame vindicated, his tormentors challenged, his pride restored: his MOTHER magnificent——

Mrs. Beck grumbled and got busy. We stick with our own, though, she sighed; without thinking she had started to hum and to smile again.

IV

MR. GORDON

Mr. Gordon ate a wonderful supper; read a wonderful newspaper; watched a wonderful television show; took a wonderful bath; then suggested, wonder of wonders, turning-in at a wonderful early hour. Eve Gordon wondered——

What the hell's the matter with him?

He had been wonderful all evening, not one gripe. Not one. What was wrong with him? Something had to be, but she kept sarcasm at a safe enough banter not to spoil whatever it was that changed him. I wonder if he's been fired?

What do you say, Honey, early to bed?

Well, the dishes——

Tomorrow you'll have all day.

The trouble with Eve, he thought, is she's a woman. No sense of variety. It was a fact, as far as Mr. Gordon felt concerned. No variety. I mean, after all, a

woman still named EVE?

What do you say, Baby?

Whatever you say, Hal.

I told you not to call me that.

I'm sorry, I meant to say Hank—

That's the name I prefer.

Okay, let's go to bed, shall we?

What's the big hurry?

Hank, you suggested it.

So maybe I've changed my mind—

Eve waited for his decision, but his mind stood still wondering how soon Joel would begin having pubic hair. He grinned, thinking. It was not a nice face Eve saw.

There really wasn't any more to say, so they went to bed. Attempting to sound surprised at himself, Hank Gordon said he thought-what. Eve grimaced with her old, her time-old disgust. It was just beginning summer, but the night was unusually hot. Eve appealed.

Tonight? It's so hot?

But, Honey, I want to—

So they had sex; a strange, experimental kind of sex, which frightened Eve. Hank?

Be still, it's what I want—

It was ugly. Eve Gordon kept very still and let her mysterious husband have his way, like savages in caves, like savages. Brutes. It did not take as long as usual; he was more worked up tonight than usual, that was why—

Eve continued to lay on her stomach, and thought long thoughts. This man. Who was he? Who is he? Why would he do thing like that me? His wife. I love him. Why? Strangely, she was neither hurt nor embarrassed; more as though an inexplicable imp had whispered to her in secrecy, and she felt she must speak aloud in order to escape his charm. Why?

Eve—

What?

You mad at me?

No.

Eve?

What—

I want to again.

Hank—

Please, please let me?

This time, instead of mounting her, he lay apart and reached over a cool distance and dug his fingers in the flesh of her rump. Fingers at once caressing and cruel. Feeling her. In the dark he breathed, whispering spasms. Dark passion became pain; pain quickened desire, and his torture broke the iron control of pleasure and broached the hurrying relief of this new sexual liberation. This time, it lasted over an hour; prolonging itself. Hating and loving the mingled fantasy of blood and appetite; and straining on wings of sense for the sheerest pitch of her tense, lasting flight. Eve, Eve?

The bed shook, creaked, shook. The night slid over Eve like a black snake, chilling her and coiling cold beside her. Eden, it breathed, Eden. Eve. Eve.

EVE—

Then his convulsions shook him. The bed was a nervous old woman, creaking and old: the snake at Eve's side grew wings and flew away. Hank clawed at her now, whimpered oh, oh? It was like dying, so strange—

But Eve lay remembering. A name. Her name. A man. Her man. *A night. A cry.* Fingers on her flesh. Frenzy. Orgasm. Eve, Eve.

It was like dying—

Go to sleep, Hank.

He went to sleep, eventually Eve slept; but not before thinking, not before imagining, and drawing certain conclusions. Sleep. It is supposed to heal all wounds, but Eve's dreams screamed at her like monkey, injuring—

V

MR. GORDON

Time polished the hours on the hasty sleeve of care, night sped, passed beaming to—

The next day. Hank Gordon woke up feeling dull, sour somehow, strained. His eyes burnt; his ears listened to his shrill nerves ringing, his belly fell empty in on itself, his vitals hung wrinkled, dried, without vitality—

My whole body aches, he complained. How many orgasms did I have? Three? No, four—that Beck kid, I came twice then; then with Eve; and last night when she went to sleep, again in the bathroom. That makes five. Five orgasms is too much for a clean living man past puberty.

Well, another day another dollar. Ha?

But it was too early, Eve only rolled her eyes then narrowed them in a sort of feminine humor. Hank withdrew into silence, took stock of his thoughts; and quietly, determinedly became Mr. Gordon for the day. Mr. Gordon, public school instructor, Athletic Department.

Cool again. School again. Will not play the fool again—

I'm gonn'a be

Fancy free,

Got a lot a

World to see.

What's that?

Nothing, singing—

Better go?

What again?

You'll be late, Hank.

Hank returned his wife's pallid morning smile, drank the dregs of his coffee, shrank into a large white sweater; then walked the veritable plank to school. I wonder if that Beck boy talked any? It was nasty last time, almost cost me my job. Maybe I shouldn't—well, another day, wait until things happen; imagination is for fairies. Fairies? What made me think that? Nothing, nothing. The word itself, cheated long since of its original due, in turn cheated Mr. Gordon on that very value which he keenly sought to buy off his conscience with: the pitiable bribe a man offers himself when confronted by un pitying truth; or truth beginning to untie all the knotted tangles of past deception, beginning to beckon and say look. What's a fairy? A think a kid believes in—

That Beck kid's a fairy, I bet.

This was the bribe, his bribe to himself to speak the lie and believe the lie.

Happy in his self-complicity, he went on to school; a servant of the people; anonymous in duty—Mr. Gordon, boy's gym instructor. Mr. Gordon.

Outside school he met Joel Beck.

They looked at each other, smiled, then walked into the building, mutual with silent tongue-tied intimacy. Inside they faltered, not knowing what to say. Not daring to make any conspicuous departure, each from the other, or to say any of the usual cliché things people still bandy in the casual game of pretending they're nice people being nice to nice people.

Then Mr. Gordon had an unlucky inspiration. He took Joel into an empty class room. To talk, to explain. Mr. Kurkey saw. Squinted his eyes to think. Thought. Then followed them. This took some minutes of his time, he was being extremely careful in case. Well, he was being careful. He remembered Mrs. Beck.

Joel did not hate Mr. Gordon. His mother had talked to him a long time last night, quiet words out of her woman's wisdom; tender truths out of an understanding deep and lovely as all natures; beauty out of a mother's heart. Out of a mother's hope for her boy's future—

Joel, there are some men who do evil, men we can't understand but must try to forgive. I want you to remember—

Joel remembered. Long hours of obvious wisdom spoken in commonplace love. He remembered, he would remember all of his life.

But somewhere in the world, sometime, he will face his accounting. And if you're there with him, he'll need a friend—

Still, Joel did an involuntary thing. He looked at Mr. Gordon's fly. The stain was gone, the pants were new. But the emotions arousing in Mr. Gordon were old; delinquent, customary, recent, reminded. His male parts writhed and erected. Bulged. Joel stood staring. Timid with watching, his Eden-like face bright with the unwilling promise of Eden; the imploring Serpent of Eden tempting paradise. Foreshadowing doom. And, DOOM was Mr. Kurkey—

Not thinking. As though playing his part in a group recitation, Joel reached his hand and caught Mr. Gordon in the groin, making his fingers follow that big bulging outline, making his childish attempt to show his complete forgiveness. To Mr. Gordon. But Mr. Kurkey saw. He strode into the room and shut the door—

Well. Well. WELL?

His voice boomed out of his mouth, with meaning louder than thunder. Meaning which flashed an instant in all three faces; then vanished into the murk of minds. WELL? Mr. Gordon disengaged Joel's hand, choked over a possibility, and turned crimson. Joel looked like a violated Raphael in spite of himself; he'd only kept his hand there to make clear his forgiveness, even to Mr. Kurkey. Mr. Kurkey turned white. Blubber. Lard. Impressive too, to watch him. A mountain warming up to a volcano. Then he exploded, terrible in his mood; gentle, too gentle in his manner.

You, you. You. You pervert—

Mr. Gordon turned white, stood up under an Ice age, then turned red again. Pervert. Me? Pain. Mr. Gordon began to cry. Mr. Gordon. It struck Joel as un-called for, a man. He felt sorry, though; but he had to smile. Remembering what his mother had said about Mr. Kurkey:

That lemon-mouth liar, coming around to sweet talk me—

Joel couldn't know he was becoming the new school celebrity. All this huff and puff over a boy 14. But Mr. Kurkey knew.

poems for L.

1. The great stars wheel in the sky
Imperceptibly dying;
And I who love you, Atthis,
Why do I demand a better augur?

2. I was glad when you said,
Your body the length of mine,
"Who are you?"



3. Do not be afraid when you cannot
Keep me in your mind.
I want to be a sweet habit
That you never remember,
That you never forget.

4. I see the young men look at you,
I see the young girls bring you gifts.
I am frightened by your beauty, Atthis,
By the longing that turns you to me.

—Ann Wooster

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

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

Dear Dr. Baker:

I would be very grateful to you if you could kindly give me the following information:

Could you recommend some universities—in the US, Canada, or Europe that offer courses on a graduate level, leading to a PhD in psychology, and which are primarily concerned with the study of homosexuality? I would prefer schools that place more emphasis on the exploration of its nature and causation and less on psychotherapy; with more concern for the sociological than for the clinical aspect.

I would also like to know where I could best apply for an internship or a research assistantship in the same area, even without any monetary remuneration. (I possess the MA in psychology.)

Thanking you in advance for your endeavours and apologizing for troubling you, I remain,

Yours very truly,

L.T.

Dear L.T.:

Thank you for your inquiry about higher education regarding homosexuality.

I regret to say that I do not know of any university either in the United States or in Europe which could fulfil your needs. Please realize that this subject is still very much taboo and I suspect it will be quite a while before it is listed as one of the acceptable academic studies. In the meantime the organization, ONE, Incorporated, which publishes the magazine, ONE, to which I am sending this reply, gives the Homosexual Viewpoint, conducts ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES with courses which are



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

definitely of college caliber. Please note that the Faculty consists of well trained men, most of them with college degrees. Since you already have your M.A. in Psychology, it might be wise for you to move to Los Angeles where you could work for your Ph.D. in Abnormal Psychology and also take some of the courses offered by ONE INSTITUTE. If you want practical experience in working with homosexuals it might be wise for you to affiliate with ONE, Inc. and help out with staff activities where help is always needed and where you would learn so much that never could be taught in an academic atmosphere. At least write directly to W. Dorr Legg, the Director, who can give you much more information about your question, including the opportunities—if any—in European Universities.

I would encourage you to go ahead with your ambition to obtain your Ph.D. in Psychology, preferably Abnormal Psychology, for then you would be prepared to do research and write about this all too neglected field.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Dr. Blanche M. Baker.

Dear Dr. Baker:

I have a homosexual problem. I heard about you through your work with ONE Magazine. I am from South Dakota and 24 years old, and a college student.

I have been aware of my homosexuality since I was 18. Last year I wrote the Mattachine Society for some help. They corresponded with me for the past year and suggested that I come to California and work during the summer holidays which I am doing now. A Mattachine counselor classified me as bisexual. This must be true because I have had crushes on both boys and girls since I was 14 years old. At times I didn't really know what I was. The Mattachine has helped me a lot and I am very grateful to them for this.

I am not promiscuous and have had only one brief affair that went beyond the necking stage. I don't like sex without love. Maybe I am a square but that's the way I feel about it. The kid I had the brief affair with is also from South Dakota. He is 21 years old and working in San Francisco for the summer. He is a college student and will be back in South Dakota this fall. He is bisexual too. I found happiness with him as I really fell hard for this kid. He likes me too but being very religious he had strong guilt feelings about it so we separated for the time being. It is not over yet between us. Since we will both be back in school this coming fall, we will see how it turns out.

I realize I cannot take up your professional time as you are a psychiatrist and must be paid for your services. I don't have much money so I welcome this column. Basically, I consider myself well-adjusted and emotionally stable. However, there is one question I would like to ask you if possible. The question concerns girls. I am not certain just how much happiness I would be able to find in relationships with my own sex in the long run. I definitely need a permanent relationship with someone. While I enjoy being with gay males, I don't think I am suited for that type of life exclusively. The last real strong crush I had on a girl was 4 years ago in college. I went with her off and on for about a year. I worshipped the ground she walked on. She was very pretty and a big flirt. I suppose she liked me but not as much as I liked her. I got emotionally hurt when it finally ended. It took several years after that before I got completely over her; she is married now.

I look for different things in a girl now such as warmth, sincerity, etc. However, I don't think it would be completely fair for me to marry an exclusively heterosexual girl. I have been thinking it over carefully for years. Somewhere there must be some bisexual girl who feels as I do about this. Such a girl would be able to understand me and I would understand her. I think that this would be the best deal for me. Would you please let me know what you think of this? The real problem is where can I find a girl like this? I know I could love a girl, but we both would have to be honest with each other. I do not want a complete lesbian because she probably would not be interested. I enjoy talking to lesbians but they wouldn't want a physical relationship.

Thanks for letting me write this out and if you can make any suggestions

I will appreciate them. Thanks ever so much.

Sincerely,

A.G.

Dear A.G.:

Thank you for your very good letter which came some time ago. I'm sorry that I could not answer it personally but, as you know, I have been ill and it is a great effort for me to write any letters at all. Keeping up this column is about all I have been able to manage for I have been homebound for the past year. I am slowly getting better, now, and manage to get around in a wheelchair to a limited extent. As I improve I hope to be able to offer more of my time and skills to help with homosexual problems for so few psychiatrists seem to understand these sensitive people so many of whom have talents which could be released to benefit society in general so that they can become accepted members of their communities. I am happy to know that you are getting a good education. That is one way you can strengthen your own status as well as the cause of homosexuality. Perhaps at some future time you may be able to take some of the excellent courses offered by the ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES.

You seem to have a good grasp of your problem. I would agree that you are a bisexual individual. This is further verified by your handwriting. My husband, who is an expert in handwriting analysis, tells me that your handwriting indicates that, while you are well endowed sexually, you do not find it easy to form close companionship with either men or women for you tend to retreat into your own private world of ideas and fantasies. You are not an overt homosexual but are bisexual. Thus you could find sexual gratification with either a man or a woman. However, you are handicapped by your inability to socialize

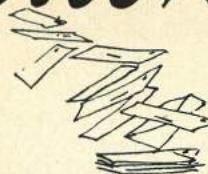
easily. You need to learn more about drawing people to you. This may be due to your limited experience. You need to develop more tact, diplomacy and breadth of mind. You would undoubtedly find more opportunities to make friends with people who would be your own kind in a large city rather than in a small college town. Otherwise I could not make any further suggestions regarding where to find suitable companionship which could lead to a more enduring relationship be it with a man or a woman. The important thing is that you find someone who is trustworthy, warm, sincere and interested in many of the things you are. I find that enduring relations develop from friendship much more than from sexual relations no matter how satisfying the latter may be at first. I agree with you that it might be more satisfying to find a female partner, one with whom you could be quite honest about your homo tendencies, however. That there are such women I know to be a fact even though they are few and far between. If you go ahead with the positive thought that you will meet such a person you are much more likely to find her. This puts you in tune with the orderliness of the universe and what is yours will come to you, but you must make yourself available. No one can tell you where or when you will meet such a person. A female partner with enough maleness to offset your feminine qualities would free you from the social stigma of homosexuality but do not make the mistake of making such an alliance just to avoid the stigma. If you have been reading this column you may have read of some of the sad developments from such a marriage if it is not based on mutual understanding and trust.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

Dr. Blanche M. Baker.

Letters



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

Dear Sirs:

I find your letters to the EDITOR page perhaps the most interesting thing about ONE, hearing about the other fellow's point of view and interest, which must be a help to a sincere, understanding person who knows where he stands, and is prepared to adjust himself or herself.

The letter from Mr. P. of Colombo, Ceylon, (July, 1959) was of special interest as I have passed through there four times and agree that the Ceylonese are very pretty folks indeed. I was surprised to learn of the number of homosexuals among them. As may stay was short and perhaps from the difference in color I was not able to meet any, nor did I hear of any.

In New Guinea and Papua the incidence I doubt is very high, although it does exist among sections of the native community, and it has always been a part of the native "sing sings." While it may be practiced in the early years, it dies out after marriage to a greater extent, or is at least not practiced.

Mr. R.
TRADINGPOST, NEW GUINEA

Dear Sirs:

Most homosexuals take themselves far too seriously. Surely it is a negative approach to be constantly searching for a lover. The prime importance in life is to enjoy living. There are so many wonderful things to do it amazes me how dull people get. I am twenty-five, love swimming, car racing, tennis, the opera, theater and concerts, love being homosexual, and an Australian.

I have a boy of eighteen whom I love very much. He's so young he can hardly join in the conversation at all. However, if he were to leave I should be terribly upset, naturally,

but I should get just as much from life. Life is worth living alone, or with a hundred.

I would like to see a little more sophistication in ONE, a few more photographs and some biographies at length of famous homosexuals. A biography on Tschaiakowsky, Wilde or Gide could run on for three or four months. They should be as detailed as possible.

Mr. H.
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Dear ONE:

I have been out of high school since way back in '51 (seems so long) and I have known about myself since in the seventh grade. I read quite by accident the definition of the word homosexual in a book on sex for young people. Since that time I've read all I could get my hands on about the subject. By the time I finished high school I had a pretty fair picture of the situation.

It was a butch lesbian who introduced me to her brother who was also gay. There my real education started, and life itself is much more real than you can find in books, so by now I have been around quite a bit.

I have a male cousin here who will be a senior in high school next year and a female cousin in Wichita High. I am also acquainted with other high school students and they all agree that Thursday is "All Queen's Day" and that no one who is "hep" will wear green on that day as it is a sure sign that you're queer.

No one seems to have any idea as to what started this notion. I wonder if any of you might know anything about it. It really bugs me that the notion seems to be so universal and so strong. I'd better quit now—it'll take a ten-man crew at least a week to decipher this hen scratchin'.

Mr. Y.
SMALLTOWN, KANSAS

Dear Editor:

As a precocious boy of fourteen I was taken in hand by an extreme lesbian of twenty-seven, who as the uninhibited widow who owned her own home and had the means to indulge her fancies, had happened across me in a public park and never had an idea of how fertile the ground would be that she sought to turn into a Garden of Love of a kind. Never was putty more responsive in the hands of a skilled sculptor, and never was there a sculptor more eager to experiment with the eager clay she had selected.

From the day she invited me to her very substantial home as the ardent and physically tireless boy of fourteen I saw nothing wrong or questionable in her conduct and

became a prize pupil, as I can see now, looking back over the introductory schooling. In later years as I read and studied the books of Caprio, Chideckel, Henry, and a score of well-posted writers, showing how widespread homosexuality and lesbianism has so truly always been, and remains today, I am still of the mental view I had strongly implanted in my mind during the first ten years of my youth, especially during my youthful marriage to a magnificent person, a confirmed lesbian since her seduction as a schoolgirl of seventeen by her thirty-one year old sister-in-law, who had started her interests while at college under the guidance of an older roommate.

All this experience seemed to fall into place as naturally and as matter-of-factly as any other social activity with never a moment's hesitation, so far as I can recall, as being off-color or unnatural.

My wife seemed to attract women and to be sought after as a choice morsel from the day she came out and learned properly to evaluate her body. I have read numerous case histories and medical reports on lesbianism and they seem inclined to look for and seek a hidden cause for the girl strolling down strange sex paths, but I have never been able to see more in the inclinations than a perfectly natural urge to find out what makes the body react to the touch of hands and fingers.

You have no idea how plainly the enormous lesbian family in U. S. is seeking an outlet and a contact. College girls are so uninhibited in their search for the female body-beautiful and for books dealing with unlimited lesbianism that were this type of book to be openly marketed a million copies of some books on female homosexuality could be sold. I had long thought that the Homo World bought all such matter but am now convinced that the lowly female today outbids the male in her search for sex literature and for books using four-letter words freely.

Mr. D.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Sirs:

Your August ONE was very good but I wish to dispute the article about Homosexuality and Lesbianism being hereditary. I know you have heard of my own theory a thousand or more times, but I wish to get this statement off my chest now that the opportunity presents itself. I think reincarnation is about the best explanation that suits yours truly. It is the transition period of leaving a male body in one life and coming

into a female body in the next life, and vice-versa.

Keep up the good work and let the people think. That is what assists in progress.

Miss S.
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Dear ONE:

One of the main reasons for the existence of ONE is the education of the public in the hope of the eventual acceptance of our group. Therefore, why shouldn't we be shown as we really are? If it is possible to write *Ladies Home Journal* stories about us, so much the better. Such stories would indicate that we are not sex maniacs prowling the streets for victims, but that we love just as heterosexuals do. It is not our love that is different, it is the object of our love. For the most part we crave security and the knowledge that we are especially loved by a particular person. This does not sound like degeneracy or perversion to me. It sounds like what any red-blooded American wants, or says he wants.

A straight person said to me after reading *The Well of Loneliness*, "What a nice story. You could almost imagine that Stephen was a man." When I heard that I rejoiced that Radclyffe Hall had taken the subject out of the realm of sensationalism, where it too often dwells, and brought it within the scope of the ordinary man's understanding.

The main thing to be shown is that the attraction one homosexual feels for another is based on a harmless natural urge and not one which is criminal or perverted, and that therefore we are entitled to the protection under the law vouchsafed to other citizens of the republic.

So let's have an occasional bit of romantic fluff. Escape literature is good for us, because our lives hold too much excitement as it is. And the public needs to know that we are not two headed monsters, to say the least. I rest my case.

Miss J.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

We thank you for your kind letter and are pleased to inform you that we have formed a cultural organization which we hope will be able to affiliate with ONE in America. This organization will be on a fraternal-social basis. Membership will be free and open to homophile men and women and sympathizers. The objects of the association will be to organize regular meetings and social gatherings (picnics, hiking

trips) aiming at social reform and education. Its name will be "The Moulin Organization." Officers have been elected. We would like to have its name listed in your Directory of Organizations and Publications.

Mr. E. O. L. Meurling,
President
P. O. Box 851
COLOMBO, CEYLON

Gentlemen:

This is just a short note to say how much I enjoyed your July issue. The article on beatniks and the Editorial were of special note. I've been reading your Magazine since it first started and think you are improving it all the time.

I can't help wondering why you have never had an article about Fire Island, especially Cherry Grove and "The Pines." Certainly it is one of the most well-known Gay Resorts in the country.

Mr. M.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

Read with interest "Tangents" (September, 1959) about Fire Island. It is forty miles long and the only Gay community is Cherry Grove. However, the New York Post article gave the impression that the community was exclusively of the swishy type. This is far from the truth. New Yorkers who have homes there resent the unfair publicity that the Post and Confidential Magazine have been giving. The weekenders are the low, trashy type of homo who saves up all year for one big weekend.

Be that as it may, our annual Costume Ball has been cancelled, our drag show was a flop and the Island is tense. A bunch of hoodlums from Patchogue, just across the Bay, after reading the Post article, came over to the Grove, beat up a bartender, who nearly lost an eye and hit a woman over the head to show how "straight" they were. These "straights" are the same "men" who head for the "Meat Rack" at night for an evening's fun.

The Post article has done much to ruin our reputation and arouse disgust for their tabloid.

Mr. G.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Kepner:

I enjoyed meeting you in Denver and attending your short course of topics taught at ONE Institute. You have so much to offer that I wish the two cities were not so far apart. We are having a special meeting to hear Floris van Mechelin, ICSE representative from Amsterdam, Holland.

DENVER, COLORADO
Mr. M.

Gentlemen:

I want to compliment you on your recent book *The Keval*. It is very well done. Nice make-up, very good cover, and of course the contents very enjoyable. I hope you find it practical to publish more books like it, containing stories from ONE Magazine. I also found the July ONE Confidential particularly interesting.

Mr. K.
SKOKIE, ILLINOIS

Dear Mr. Slater:

I write concerning the friendly but patronizing review of my novel SAM in your June issue. The reviewer refers to it as a "romance" and as "Victorian drama of love triumphant." It is neither. Perhaps I can best state the case by quoting from a letter I wrote recently to Dr. Edmund Bergler, who had written me about SAM. (In spite of reservations, he considered it one of the two best novels on homosexuality he knew.) In answer to his criticism of the ending I said:

"There is nothing naive or idyllic about the ending. The two men meet and fall in love; they are experienced enough to know what they want and to appreciate each other's qualities. I imply that they have a chance for a successful relationship. Why not? I know such men who have been successfully married to each other for many years. They are rare, I readily grant. Successful marriage is rare, whatever sex we are talking about. It seems to me more original to end the book as I do than to end it with the by-now conventional tragedy. The currently acceptable unhappy ending is as false as Elsie Dinsmore. Most people don't kill themselves or each other; they go on living; some of them solve some of their problems, the others muddle through to the end somehow. While I would never sacrifice logic to originality, the ending as I wrote it seems to me sound. Given the character of the people involved, any other ending would be contrived and forced."

By the way, may I say congratulations to Dr. Blanche M. Baker for the really splendid work toward understanding and sanity she makes in your pages. My best wishes to you and your staff.

Lonnie Coleman
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Cheerful room—single, employed man.
Use of dining-livingroom and kitchen.
Freshly painted, artistically furnished,
handy to downtown. Golden Ave. and 9th
Street. \$42.50 per month. Call Farley—
RI 9-0590.

ONE, INCORPORATED
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 12, California

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