

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris XIII, France.

VRIENDSCHAP

Monthly magazine in Dutch; photos and drawings, also articles about women. \$4. yearly.

Postbox 542, Amsterdam, Holland.

FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEX EQUALITY

NEWSLETTER, with reports from the ICSE, monthly in English.

KURIER, German edition of the above, monthly.

PRESS, a digest of news items from press reports, monthly in German.

Subscriptions to each of the above, \$10 per year.

Postbox 1564, Amsterdam, Holland.

DER KREIS/LE CERCLE

Monthly magazine in German, a few pages in French, also in English. Liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings. Articles, stories, poetry. Oldest of homophile publications. \$11, first class. 1953-57 volumes available at \$8.

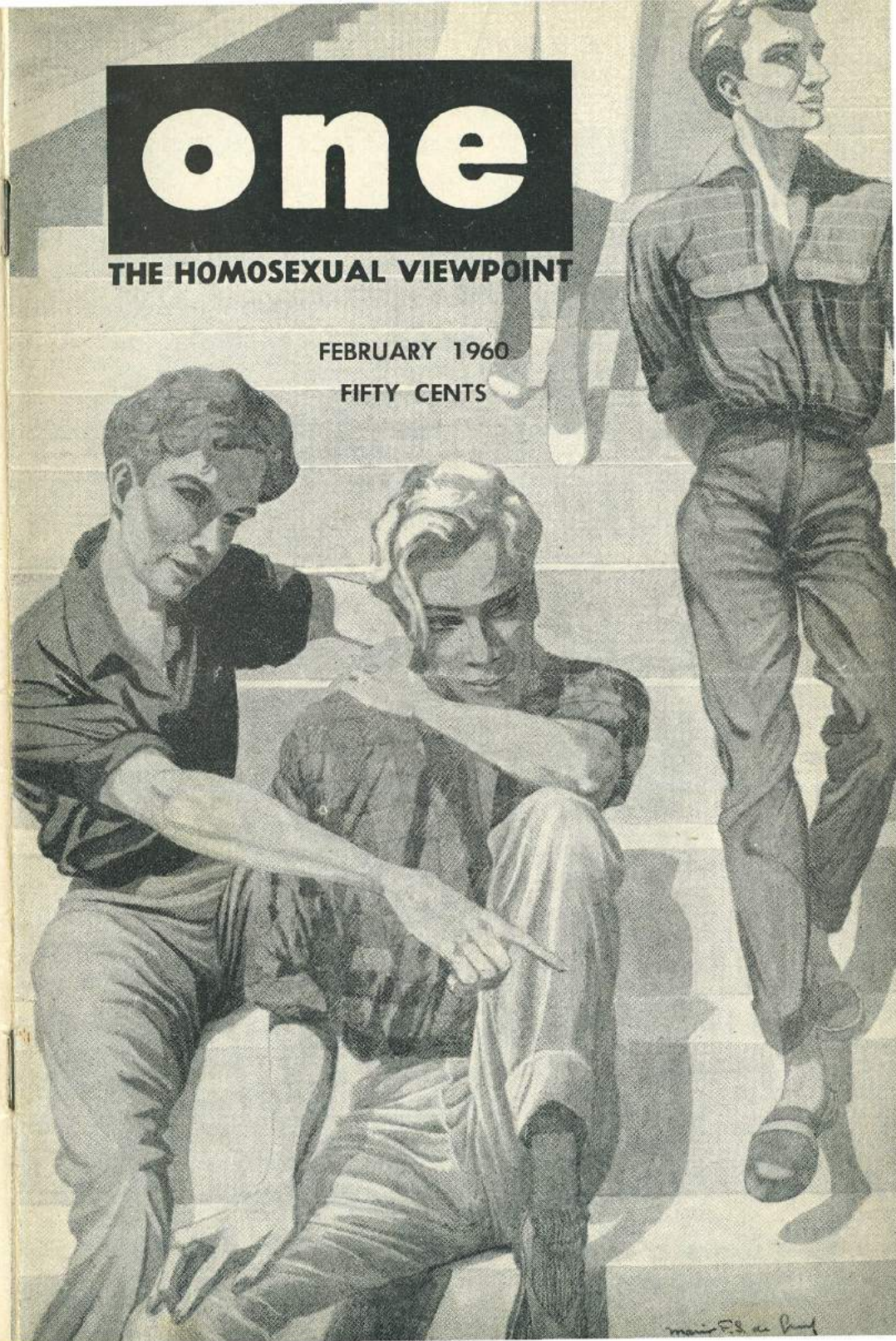
Postbox 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

FEBRUARY 1960

FIFTY CENTS



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	KARTH NILES
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 1960 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California.

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

one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VIII

Number 2

February 1960

- 4 EDITORIAL Alison Hunter
- 5 THIS TIME OF CALM A Poem by J. Lorna Strayer
- 6 AUGMENTED FAMILIES J. P. Starr
- 10 THE GIRL WITH THE RED GOLD HAIR Harry Otis
- 14 BOOKS
- 16 A LOVE POEM by Manfred Wise
- 18 IS THERE AN ALTERNATIVE? Arthur Sartoris
- 20 LONELY TOWN A Story by Drake Beardsley
- 24 TOWARD UNDERSTANDING Blanche Baker, M.D., Ph.D.
- 29 WHAT IS UNLAWFUL? Lyn Pedersen
- 30 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COVER: Mario de Graff

EDITORIAL

For a century, the great American and English feminists—many of them homosexual—fought bravely against scandalized public opinion to liberate womankind from the slavery of constant pregnancy and childcare at the whim of whatever man was her lord and master. These great women challenged the dogma that woman was inferior. And they went right to the root of that dogma when they turned their backs on the “duty” of motherhood. They saw that so long as maternity was forced on women, rather than chosen freely by those who wished it, women would continue to bear the curse of Eve.

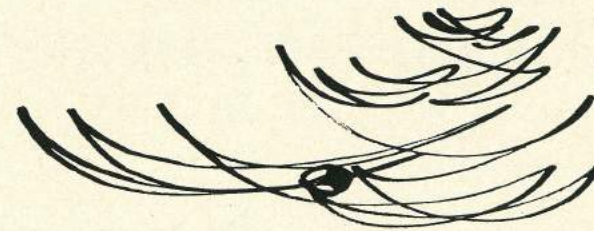
The idea still persists, even in “enlightened” countries, that it is an inescapable duty for all women to bear children, and more children. This is supposed to be the moral thing to do. This is supposed to be what women were made for. And it’s supposed to be good for prosperity in the coming generation. This is insane nonsense. All over the world, a rising tide of unchecked maternity is bringing problems so severe that scientists can only half imagine how bad things are likely to get.

Now that women have gained a fair measure of equality with the other sex, most women in our country and the rest of the world seem bent on having more babies than ever. We think it is high time to raise the old feminist slogans again, before the world’s booming population reaches the “standing room only” level which authorities predict for less than a hundred years from now. We must challenge the foolish nonsense that childless women are shirking their duty, and go back to the principle that lies at the heart of most religions—that it is a good thing for some women not to be touched by the opposite sex.

It is time to call for at least half the women of the world to do their duty and NOT have babies, at least not more than the world can support. We can think of no better way to ensure this than by encouraging more women to join in permanent and highly moral partnerships with one another.

Alison Hunter
Women’s Editor

this time of calm



I look back now and wonder how I stood the strain,
Each time with you was like a brutal hurricane,
Wind-lashed and swept along the shore,
Desire, a maelstrom, held me in its core.

This time of calm which offers rest in your demesne,
My integrated heart professes to remain
Intact within the aura’s sun-swept dawn,
A morning-glory flowering on and on.

By

J. Lorna Strayer

AUGMENTED FAMILIES

J. P. Starr in a letter accompanying his article had, in part, this to say about his progressive ideas leveled against organized superstition: "As I see it, for about 900 years, or roughly since Hildebrand's time, the Catholic Church has enjoyed the economic benefits that flow from the practice of homosexuality (a monastery or convent is a strikingly efficient producer of wealth) and at the same time kept Christendom in poverty and helplessness by inducing the laity to breed.

"Moderns need to cast about for means of overcoming the advantage that an immortal religious corporation holds over mortal people and short living institutions such as the heterosexual family. Unfortunately, most homosexual pairs that I am acquainted with, and various other similar pairs, are practicing some sort of design-for-living that bears a resemblance, if only a remote one, to the little-family set up that I mention (and deplore) in my article. I would be glad to have other thinkers assess the proposal that I now make."

by J. P. Starr

Family life as we know it cries aloud for reformation.

Religion pretends to foster family life. Truly, though, the church batters off the family—uses the family as its dupe, its tool and its victim. The church, as does a commercial corporation, possesses long life, virtual immortality. Its human members and agents may die or fall away, but the organization survives. Church and state have worked in concert to rig matters in such a way that the family is kept a comparatively temporary and weak form of social life.

Small families are bound to be poor or of precarious wealth, desperately hard as their wage-winning members work and brave as are the fronts kept up. Divorces occasionally occur for reasons as trivial as the marriages were entered into for in the first place, but in millions of cases divorces come because of the sheer impossibility of the married persons' keeping their attempted establishment going.

As a rule, parents are unable to give their children the enormously costly bringing up that modern life calls for. Usually, scholarship is so unlikely to pay off promptly in cash that the little family's intellectual life is sickly or moribund. Not one home in twenty has a decent library. People are subject to many new and irresponsible influences, many of them pernicious, reaching into the home from outside and perverting the family's more suggestible members.

One of the first corrections to introduce, if we shall reform the family, is a strict adherence to the principle of government by the consent of the governed. The old-fashioned family is a monarchy: legally and in theory at least, an autocracy. Inevitably many of such a family's subject elements are irked beyond

endurance by their master's dictation. Straitened as he is, the family tyrant is not to be expected to rule wisely or tactfully.

Commonly those members of the family who break away are the family's most valuable components, economically judged. They are entering the period of life in which their earning power is likeliest to increase. Left in the weakened household are the elderly, the very young and those who suffer from handicaps. The relic family lives on only miserably, and its complete extinction is only a matter of time.

Customarily the departing scion fails to make the best use of his freedom. He lacks time, strength, information and intelligence to achieve simultaneously the making of a living and the living of a good life. He is liable to marry and start the dreary routine anew. In any case, he and his familiars are too few and weak to flourish.

Consent government subsumes a written house law. Those who are to be attracted to the family and those to be kept in good affection to it must know what they are contracting for. People have a right to form an artificial family or to supplement a natural family by contractual augmentation. There are good reasons why they will wish to. The comforts and advantages of family life are many—if only the faults and hazards of the conventional family can be obviated, counteracted or coped with.

Ownership of some means of production will have to be vested in the family if it is to live many generations: the family's equity in fruitful property must be made inalienable. One of the best means of production is farm land.

At first glance we may seem to be proposing something legally difficult or impossible. Entailed estates got

into disfavor in England because they ceased to be lived upon and worked by the families owning them, and so they caused a hereditary tenant to rent and occupy the land. There are ways by which property can be kept in the family, however, and be kept under cultivation.

It makes economic sense to gather people of widely differing ages into one family unit for their mutual help. Of old, the family afforded its members mutual protections, some of which compare roughly with the protection which a person now gets through an insurance company. As families have shriveled the insurance companies have burgeoned—have become huge pools of money and taken on tremendous wealth and power. This fact hints at the potentialities inherent in the formation of semi-artificial families and of confederations of such families.

A grave misconception about families' formation is that a man and a woman marry because they wish to produce children; and this is the common-law view and the courts'. Undoubtedly some people do marry for that reason; but a marriage is incomparably oftener negotiated because people wish to engage in sex relations, because if heterosexual such relations are liable to result in children being born and because when children are born out of wedlock the attendant inconveniences are even worse than they are for a married couple.

Marriage seems to its participants a making of the best of a bad bargain. As things are (and will almost certainly remain) a woman would be a fool to invite pregnancy without first obtaining a legal status which will assure her (to the extent that anything can) the practical help that she and her child are going to need.

More commonly than is otherwise

the case, a man and a woman marry with the clear understanding that they shall not breed too many brats—and to hell with the law's idiocies. Only rarely does a court grant a divorce because a man demands of his wife that she bear more children than she wants to—only once in a blue moon is a husband that big a fool. Legal approval of a contract which shall set reasonable bounds upon proliferation is needed.

We may solve our problem of a consented-to or contracted-for family in this way: let the House of Smith (or the House of Jones or the House of Brown or whatever) organize itself as a corporation or association composed of kinsmen acknowledged. Other kinsmen, however close and obvious they may be, are to be excluded from the club; and acknowledgment is to be at the members' option. Property is to be owned and managed by the House thus organized, not, as a rule, by the natural family.

Besides the natural relations there shall be acknowledged cousins, and such consinship can be purely theoretic. We may take it for granted that every person in the world is a cousin in some degree (if not more closely related) of every other member of our species; for our House's purposes, however, the acknowledgment of that relationship, in each individual case, is the primary consideration. We can withhold acknowledgment on any ground we like; but probably we shall contract that if a kinsman acknowledged begets or bears more than a stipulated number of children those children shall not thereby have any claim to House property. Surplus children shall have, as a matter of right, only the claims upon their natural families that civil laws recognize and courts enforce. An unauthorized child may, however, if

he proves acceptable to the House's membership, eventually be acknowledged, but only as any other outsider may be.

For the artificial or partly-artificial family to be of tolerable size and strength (as the man-woman-and-baby nightmare so commonly seen is not), persons will have to be attached by the terms of a contract providing for the breeding of only such children as the House can support.

It will be feasible to receive members into such a family by adoption to the benefit of both parties to the deal. Obviously a person in his teens or older affords a better index to his compatibility than does an unborn baby. For House purposes the adoptee does not need to be a minor; and there are quite a few elderly persons available for such adoption. It is vital that the House use care in selecting prospective members; it may accept them on a probationary status or as retainers.

Each house can fix its own rules. The annual election of a family king or queen would conform to pre-dynastic Egyptian (before 3100 B.C.) and pre-dynastic English (before 1066 A.D.) practice.

Such an immortal family can confer blessings which as human beings we hunger for and cannot otherwise receive. We are not reptiles, laying our eggs in the sand and giving no further thought to posterity.

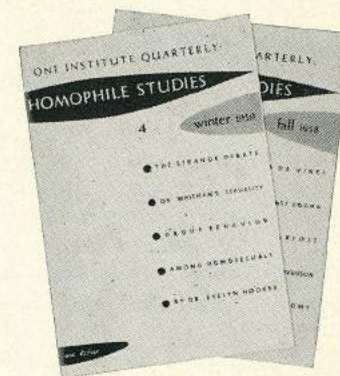
SUPPLEMENT TO BIBLIOGRAPHY

The 1959 Supplement to our bibliography **THE HOMOSEXUAL IN LITERATURE** is now being distributed at no charge. While supplies last, copies of the 32-page bibliography, including the 1959 supplement, may be ordered at \$1.50 plus 15c postage.

VILLAGE BOOKS AND PRESS
116 Christopher Street,
New York 14, N. Y.

NOW IN ITS Third 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 GIRL WITH THE RED GOLD HAIR

by Harry Otis



*As I was walking up and down to the evening air—
The fruit-cart and clam-carts were ribald as a fair—*

—Macdougall Street

Half way up the block Myron occupied a cold, north-light studio, and Edna existed in an equally cold cubicle in nearby Waverly Place.

Edna wrote to her publisher, "Spring is here and I could be very happy, except that I'm broke—I'm awfully broke—" So was Myron, and to keep the wolfish landlord from his door he threw rent parties. Edna helped by corralling villagers with jobs. Most of them she'd met in The Playhouse across the street from Myron's: baby of an adventurous group of actors, The Provincetown Players, it gave her a chance to act—her reason for coming to New York. And it was following a performance that Gene, a towering, mean looking long-shoreman came back stage and introduce himself to her. This happened on rent party night so she took him to Myron's.

Entering Myron's studio you dropped your contributions into a brass spittoon just inside the door. You also contributed to the refreshments with food and drinks.

The scanty assortment of thin sandwiches, cookies and pickles appalled Gene. He loved to eat. He suggested that Edna go with him to his room on Bleeker Street and get a Mulligan stew. He'd cooked enough of it to last for a week. With it they brought back two loaves of bread, three bottles of Dago Red and a pail of apple butter Gene's mother had sent him from New Jersey.

Near midnight Myron, following his usual custom of reminding his guests it was time they left, emptied the contents of the spittoon onto the floor counted the cash. He groaned. He was ten dollars short.

Gene pulled out his purse and handed him fifteen, the extra for incidentals.

Myron's eyes watered. He glanced shyly at Gene. "I could kiss you for that."

Edna laughed. She shoved him toward Gene. "What's stopping you?"

Nor did bitter March winds stop her walks thru the waking dawn along the waterfront. Bundled in a mackinaw, a scarf tied over her head, she walked for miles.

All men are lonely now.

This is the hour when no man has a friend.

Memory and faith suspend

From their spread wings above a cool abyss—

All friendships end.

Edna remembering "the wind in the ash—it sounds like the surf on the shore" loved the East River; a welcome horizon just beyond the misery of the slums.

Then she went to the docks and, secretly, watched Gene in action. She couldn't resist comparing his powerful body with the muscleless, correctly dressed men relatives of her friends at Vassar, men she'd met during the holidays. Occasionally Myron joined her on her walks.

"I wish there was some way to make Gene like me more," he confided.

She gave him an affectionate pat on the shoulder. "Just be yourself."

*As men have loved their lovers in times past
Where can the heart be hidden in the ground?*

A miserably cold night she opened her door to find Gene with a mongrel in his arms, its leg broken. He'd rescued it from a slushy gutter. Edna went to the phone in the hall and called Charlie-Charlotte, her room mate at Vassar. To her she was Vince.

Charlie's father was the director of the Beekman Street Hospital. In a few minutes she called back and told Edna to take the dog to the hospital and ask for a Dr. Spencer. It was against regulations to treat animals but her dad had phoned the doctor and had his assurance it would be all right.

Dr. Spencer, a kindly, bespectacled man, greeted Edna with a warm smile and a handshake. He told her how much he had enjoyed her poems in Ainslees and the Forum. He put the dog's leg in a cast. Edna asked for a bill. He said to forget it, all she owed him was an autographed copy of her poem Renaissance. He then called for an ambulance and told the driver to take Edna, Gene and the dog where ever they wanted to go.

They went to Edna's room. Neither she nor Gene wanted the dog to be alone all day. She put her only pillow on the floor, lay the dog on it then covered it with her warmest sweater. She named it Champ. On her fifth birthday her father—he and her mother were divorced—had sent her an English setter named Champ. Not much larger than she was then, Champ never left her side. Two years later he died of distemper. She wrapped his body in a silk kimono, lay it in a child's casket and buried it under an elm she could see from her window. While this dog would never take Champ's place, he satisfied her need for a pet to care for and worry about.

Several nights later Gene brought her a handsome silver and cutglass humidor filled with her favorite Virginia tobacco, so she threw the leather pouch she'd been using into the alley.

Until Edna came into his life, Washington Square to Gene was just another part of Greenwich Village. But passing through it early one April morning after a refreshing rain it looked so different to him he wanted Edna to see it. And she did with Champ.

A scrubwoman, homeward bound, saw a lovely young redhead with a coarse looking man in work clothes and a mongrel dog standing under the Washington Arch saying nothing, just looking. Wondering what such a refined looking girl saw in such a brute, she shook her head.

What Edna saw became: "Together we watch the first magnanimous rays of the sun on the tops of greening trees and on houses of red brick and stone."

During the rehearsals at The Playhouse, Edna ate most of her meals at Myron's and cooked them herself on his gas burner atop his trunk. She knew if she didn't Myron would fail to eat the nourishing food he needed; and whenever his stock of canned foods became too low, she notified Ted and Ned, the Brigs brothers.

Identical twins, their identities confused even their parents. The brothers worked in the canned food department of an A & P warehouse, and kept their manager in a state of upset; mainly because he found them too disturbingly attractive. He'd date Ted to take him to dinner, then near closing time, he'd told him to meet him at the Astor. Ned, to whom he was speaking, looked at him in amazement and asked him why. The same occurred the time he dated Ned, and rather than lose face, he took both to dinner and went home alone, cursing his luck. The brothers saw no reason why they should buy canned foods with so much of it stacked around them, so they alternately reduced the piles. One night a suspicious door guard ordered Ted to empty his pockets. Ted lay four cans of mince meat on the floor. As the guard stooped to pick it up, Ned stepped beside Ted. The guard looked up and frowned, "Which one of you stole this?" he demanded. Neither, let him try and prove it. Thereafter, when they were leaving, one or the other's pocket bulging, he looked the other way.

It so happened during a dinner of spare ribs and sauerkraut Gene and Edna were enjoying at Myron's that Ted burst in and tearfully informed them that Ned had been arrested for importuning a sailor and was in the Tombs.

Edna called Charlie again and explained Ned's predicament. Gene would bail Ned out of jail but Ned needed a good lawyer. Did Charlie know of one? Indeed she did—Marty (Martha) Morgan. Marty's booming voice could out yell, out argue any man. In her tailored blue serge suit, white shirt and black knit four in hand she left no doubt in the court's mind that she knew the law.

The following morning in the courtroom Edna, Gene and Myron sat beside the twins on the front row and heard Marty defy the sailor to identify Ned. Utterly bewildered, the sailor looked to the judge for help. His honor scratched his head and dismissed the case.

*In this squalid, dirty courtyard
Where the chickens squawk and run,
White, incredible, the pear tree
Stands apart and takes the sun:*

Fragrant mountain laurel vied with the dogwood in the fresh green woods along the banks of the Saugatuck near Westport.

Nell Alexander's cabin near the river needed renovating, and her backhouse a new door; so Nell, in Myron's studio, informed Myron and the twins. The old John took a terrific beating from Kate Symons, her truck driver friend from Maine on her vacation. While Kate sat enthroned a hornet nipped her exposed rear, and Kate kicked the door so violently it burst open and stayed open. This happened in October, too late for Nell to replace it, so she hung a checkered blue and white table cloth over the entrance.

The twins offered to do the repairing. They had the tools, also a compelling desire to reduce their neighbor's lumber pile. It blocked their view of an outdoor shower, used in hot weather by muscular young heavies in a coal yard. Patient souls, the brothers waited until their neighbor left for a week end then they phoned Gene. Gene promptly rented a light truck, and with Myron and the twins on the lumber in back, Edna and Champ beside him on the front seat, he drove through the cool spring night to Nell's.

*Anyhow, its nothing new to me,
I can remember, and so can you
(Though we'd better watch out for you know who—)*

You know who happened to be Nell's neighbor, Sarah. She lived in a beaten up cottage with her two cats, Paul and Luke, near the road that ran down the hill to Nell's. Eunuchs, Paul and Luke were as plump and sleek as Sarah was bony and frowsy looking. They went shopping with her in Westport, and from the front seat in her car arrogantly eyed everyone who passed the car. Sarah did more window shopping than actual buying. She never missed a movie, and had read practically every book in the town's small library. Nell often thought what a smart dress and hair styling would do for her. She tried to be friendly with her but Sarah never unbent; yet many times she'd seen her in the woods between their places whenever she, Nell, had guests.

This morning Sarah didn't know Nell was home until she saw Gene drive by on his way to town. Then in her bulky turtle neck sweater, faded plaid wool skirt and high leather boots, with the cats behind her, she cautiously picked her way thru the brush to within a few yards of the cabin. From behind an oak she watched the twins measuring and sawing boards. Champ, on his haunches near them, pricked up his ears. His nose had detected the cats, then he saw them. With a yelp he bounded toward them. Up the tree they slithered. Sarah grabbed a stick to chase him away but Champ refused to be chased. Edna heard the commotion. She rushed out of the cabin and up to Sarah. She called for Ned to take Champ back to the cabin. "I'm awfully sorry," she said to Sarah, then looking up at the cats, "They're beautiful. You must love them."

Sarah, wide eyed, stared at her. "You're Miss Millay, aren't you," she timidly managed.

"One and the same," Edna answered with her little girl smile. "How did you know?"

"I have two pictures of you. One taken at Vassar, the time you acted in your play *The Princess Marries the Page*. The other shows you with your graduating class. My niece, Millicent Saunders, is standing near you. I haven't seen her for years but I sent her a graduation present just the same. Instead of a letter she mailed me the pictures. I always buy the magazines that print your poems. I know every poem by heart."

Edna took Sarah to the cabin. She made coffee for her and spiked it with hot rum. It loosened Sarah's tongue. She told about her family in Worcester, how it ridiculed everything she did, everything she wore and made her the butt of jokes among the townspeople. She had to get away from them and everyone. For a short time her cottage was a haven, then she became lonely, very lonely, but she had grown afraid of people and didn't know how to approach them.

Edna put her arm around Sarah's shoulder and hugged her.

Tears filled Sarah's eyes, and she thought of a verse in a poem Edna wrote about Edna's mother's brooch.

*Oh, if instead she'd left to me
The thing she took into the grave!—
That courage like a rock, which she
Had no more need of, and I have—*

That afternoon Edna and Gene took Sarah to Westport. They returned with the back of the truck piled with boxes of dresses, underwear, hats, slippers and fresh fish for Paul and Luke.

*We were very tired, we were very merry—
We'd gone back and forth all night on the ferry*

Sarah took her first ferry ride with the twins. A warning of winter chilled the November air, but she didn't mind; no cottage in Connecticut until spring. As the ferry approached the Battery, she saw Edna and Gene waiting to take her to Fraunces Tavern for dinner.

—the rays of the sun on the tops of greening trees—

In the Garrick Theatre, as the curtains parted, the girl with the red gold in her hair looked beyond the footlights to an empty seat in a row, and for a brief moment her lips trembled. In that row a dog lay quietly at the feet of a splendidly built man in white tie and tails. Beside him sat an angular woman in a maroon pan-velvet evening gown. A gold band gleamed softly on her finger. At her side sat two brothers and next to them a young man in need of a haircut, yet somehow his tousled hair looked right with his black velvet jacket and floppy bow tie.

BOOKS

1000 HOMOSEXUALS, by Edmund Bergler, M.D., Pageant Books, New Jersey, 1959, \$4.95, 249 pp.

Who is Edmund Bergler? The question is important, for this man insists in this book that he speaks as one of unimpeachable professional and scientific authority. Let us examine the record.

He is listed as a medical graduate from the University of Vienna in 1927, in the days before Hitler. Does this mean that his medical thinking is out of date? Possibly so. Some doctors grow with the times, others stagnate professionally.

He was for ten years on the staff of the Psychoanalytic Freud-Clinic, in Vienna. This fact unmistakably tells the observer the type of psychonanalytic psychiatry Dr. Bergler espouses. His two hundred and sixty published "papers" and twenty books unvaryingly bear this out. A question we need not take time to examine here is whether this voluminous output repre-

sents a genuine scientific fertility or, rather, some compulsive need on his part for attempting to thrust himself into good company.

Since around 1937 Dr. Bergler has been in private psychiatric practice in New York City. His address is currently listed as 251 Central Park West. His fees are reported to range in the neighborhood of fifty dollars per hour. To maintain any such fee scale calls either for lots of sensational publicity, or some astonishingly fine results. The latter, Dr. Bergler assures us he has. The former, thanks to United Press, TIME and others one might have expected to be taken in less easily, has made him a public name of sorts.

Is there other evidence of the professional position this man has achieved in his more than thirty years of practice in Europe and America? Yes, there is. His publishers state that he was lecturer for the Psychoanalytic Institute of New York as recently as 1945, fourteen years ago. One finds no mention of his connection with universities or medical institutions of standing either earlier or later than that date. This gap seems significant, in view of the proverbial eagerness of such bodies to enlist the talents of those having serious contributions to

make to the advancement of knowledge. Could they be jealous of attainments so far in advance of their own?

There are other yardsticks of public attainment, however. For instance, *Who's Who* (1956-1957), but we do not find our man therein. On the other hand we do find such men as Manfred S. Guttmacher, M.D., of Baltimore, whose long-time position as Chief Medical Officer for the Supreme Bench of that city has brought before him perhaps more homosexuals than Dr. Bergler has seen. In his book, *Sexual Offenses*, (New York, 1951) he writes, p. 39, "There are so many—too many—psychiatrists, biologists, and law-makers who delude themselves and others into believing that our state of knowledge on this (homosexuality) and kindred topics is sufficient for us to dogmatize . . ." *1000 Homosexuals* is a veritable goldmine of Bergler's dogmatic delusions.

We find also in *Who's Who* Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, whose careful, scientific approach to the topic of homosexuality is too well-known to need further mention, and Benjamin Karpman, M.D., Chief Psychotherapist, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C. In his massive textbook, *The Sexual Offender and His Offenses*, (New York, 1954), Dr. Karpman has an entire chapter titled "The Normal Pervert." It is his general conclusion, p. 456, that many a homosexual "conforms to normal standards and is more normal than many other types of human beings." In contrast, *1000 Homosexuals* has a chapter "refuting" ONE's claim that there are normal homosexuals.

In the field of psychiatry, Dr. Bergler's specialty, the American Psychiatric Association (1957) does not include his name, but does list that of Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph. D., giving her solid educational background and impressive chronological listing of institutional and hospital experience.

Now that we have placed our man in some recognizable frame of reference it appears that the scientific and intellectual world evaluate him as the possessor of a valid medical degree, and that is about all. But, in fairness to him, let us turn to see if we may discover the content of this book, if such a term may be used. Perhaps the scientific world is yet too far behind to judge him rightly.

Alas, for the attempt! It would no more be possible in a short review to discover the *content* of Dr. Bergler's thought amidst the rubble of hoary Freudian shibboleths he expounds in *1000 Homosexuals*, the obsessive (indeed neurotic) repetition of certain themes, the contemptuous sneering at his patients, the bragging, the cheaply journalistic flourishes, the vulgarly spicy "case histories" he cites than it would be to inventory a junk pile.

From this present book one must conclude that the man neither understands nor cares a jot for scientific methods and objectivity; that he understands little or nothing of homosexuality; that he has never "cured" a case (Let him submit his data—this he does not do); that he is little better than a shrewd mouther of phrases that persuade the unwary to part with their money; that he verges dangerously close to charlatanism.

In fact the questions must be raised as to what supervisory caution the State of New York exercises over those it licenses to practice medicine and what scientific standards the American Medical Association accepts as valid. Does the public have no official protection?

It may take a lawsuit or two to bring these questions out into the open. If so, there could hardly be a case better tailored for the purpose than that of Edmund Bergler.

—W. Dorr Legg, Director,
ONE INSTITUTE

A DREAM ONE, IN THE NIGHT, ALL AND EVERYTHING
A Love Poem

Somewhere in the night, tonight, my lover
Is closing and opening his mouth, in soft, deep, quiet
and exuberant communication—
with some other, or others, of humanity.
Even, intense white teeth are showing. Who ever heard
of **intense** teeth—teeth which should
be slightly bitten by other teeth—this is
a special knowledge.
And as he closes his mouth there is the evidence
in its shape and expression
of the passion and sex of my lover—all his body-cells
conspiring to sustain the sexual consciousness
of this dream One;
And I, in another place yet attuned,
am recognizing on my mouth, the same.
And have been taking all the time
huge orgasms
of life
from my love—involved with love as I am
and wedded by God
to the bones and back and fingertips of my love;
concerned as I am
with eyes which are burning, kind, strong;
remembering as I am and knowing

that not anything save love
can assuage
even for a little while
the elements of his body and life
which I assuage and nurture, stimulate and relax.
This beloved is with me in God, which is to say in nature,
in the world, in inspiration, in hard times and good times,
when it rains or when we ascend the Berkeley Hills and look
over the Bay and when we talk of meeting later
in Istanbul, Luxor and Montevideo.
My lover is my polarity and affinity and I am these for him;
What fortune!
Our hands linger in each other's
and I have spent
forty-five minutes loving just one ear,
going over and around and into this one ear,
part of my hand
pressing the curly, strong hair,
some of my palm
receiving constantly the strength of his hair,
my fingers on the warm-hot ear; sometimes
I took all of it in one loving hand
with my arms around this miracle representation
of all and everything.

by Manfred Wise

IS THERE AN ALTERNATIVE?

by

Arthur Sartoris

It seems to me that ONE, Inc., is working on one of the most compelling problems for the homosexual today, the problem of guilt and hurt inflicted by society at large on the homosexual minority. In publishing articles on the homophile, ONE attempts to persuade the individual reader that the isophyl is not an "irresponsible exhibitionist, tired or afraid of the opposite sex," but a product of nature, worthy of as much freedom as anyone else. In the courts of law, ONE seeks more freedom for the isophyl; and by making homosexual literature available to anyone, ONE is attempting to educate the general public.

It is true that the scene is slowly shifting toward more tolerance and freedom. We can see it in recent court decisions and in the increasing number of publications, dealing directly or indirectly with the issue, which are appearing on the newsstands. The freedom is obviously on the way, and it is precisely now, at the time when society seems to be willing to grant some ground, that ONE is performing its most important role, the role of preparing the homosexual for the new freedom.

Society asks, "will homosexuals really be responsible? Can they be trusted?" And the answer, if we are to gain, must be a convincing "Yes"! Time and time again, homosexuals have postponed their own emancipation by replying in the negative.

Witness the fate of the famed Wolfenden Report at the hands of one irresponsible homosexual. Whether or not society has a right to demand that isophyls be honest and reliable before giving them some leeway, when most of society is dishonest and irresponsible itself, is, perhaps, debatable, but the fact remains that society will not change its attitude toward the isophyl without that assurance, and the faster homosexuals develop reliability the sooner will the old taboos be banished.

There is another reason, on the side of being reliable, that has to do with the individual isophyl himself. If a man is irresponsible to others, he is likely to develop a very poor opinion of himself. Of course, if he is unreliable, society loses no time in pointing it out to him, which in turn adds to his feeling of unworthiness. After a time, he gives up trying to live up to any standards, whether they be standards governing his behavior in public or simply standards governing his own private life. Being unreliable, irresponsible or dishonest, has a cumulative effect on him until he finds himself, not only rejected by society, but, worse than that, rejected by himself.

We are faced with this problem! Can we be responsible? Will we be? Can we be worthy of a free erotic life? If we were worthy of this freedom, what would be a free erotic life be?

Let us take a short inventory of some of our attempts to produce a satisfactory erotic life that have failed, hoping that there is an alternative that will produce it. What have we tried? We certainly have tried a number of approaches. What were the main ones?

Repression came first. It took on varying forms, of course. Some of us were so repressed that we denied that we had any erotic drives whatever. Others denied that they were homosexual and forced themselves to marry. Still others were aware of their homosexual attractions, but kept on repressing them. They thought that somehow, if they could turn off their emotional lives, they might just get along with their little malady. A few actually sustained this attempt, until it cracked them up. Many of us simply found we had misjudged our erotic energy and, realizing that we were not getting along with other people at all well, decided to think it over again. Repression was not the answer at all.

Another approach that we attempted was really sort of an imitation. The heterosexuals seemed to have a nice, simple life. Why couldn't we pair up in twos and pretend that we were really heterosexuals? One of us took the male role and the other took the female role. Of course, there was a premium on the male role, since it was impossible to be concealed as a female. Furthermore, we found we were really cut out for neither one nor the other role. Usually, as in our repression attempt, we blindly underestimated our erotic nature and needs. Moreover, with all our needs focused on our one partner, we soon became very exclusive and jealous of any other relationships that he might foster.

We thought that we actually were in love with our partner. What a

mistake! That couldn't have been farther from the truth. Of course, it depends upon what you mean by love. We thought love was romantic, a possessive attraction. Usually, our affairs broke up tragically, and added to our already guilt ridden situation, because we always placed the blame on our ex-partner for not meeting our needs. We kept looking for "the right one," but finally, after becoming so hurt that we were afraid to make a stable relationship, we started attending bars often and we took up cruising.

So the last attempt, if it can be called an attempt, was the one-night relationship, perhaps with someone we had never seen before (and would never see again), or perhaps with some bar regular, willing for a one night stand. We did have one thing. Our erotic outlet might be irregular and uncertain, but usually we found someone willing and there wasn't any nagging partner about to remind us that we weren't living up to his expectations. However, we made one fatal misjudgment. In the final attempt, we almost quit trying to figure anything out. We decided that we were really only animals, and rather "ungovernable beasts" at that. Without meaning in our existence, we drifted on, lonely, hard, and so lacking in vitality that we were only able to keep up our downward drift.

Now, where does all this leave us? Is there an alternative? We do know that we must have meaning in order to be sane. We do know that we are not beasts, for beasts do not have to have meaning. At the same time, we have discovered that we have vast unreleased erotic energy with accompanying potentialities that cannot be adequately developed by one person alone. Our intelligence demands more meaning and our erotic lives are

balked. We are really in pretty bad shape, to be candid.

Are there any alternatives? Perhaps there are. At least, there is one approach we haven't tried. We haven't tried the group, making the group our primary base. We may already have our groups. But, the existing groups are, at best, only a beginning. Usually they are for the purpose of good company or contacts. They could be developmental. A group of five or so like-minded members might provide a broader loyalty base, work

on inhibiting jealousies and generate vitality through a healthy erotic life. Could responsibility to a group produce responsibility within society? Might it be possible for balked emotional needs to be turned into creative vitality through group experience? If our emotional lives were not balked, would we be more able to reason a philosophy? It has been said that the open mind depends on the open heart. Could the developmental group work? Well, it is one alternative we have never tried!



WHY NOT A SANE APPROACH TO HOMOPHILE PROBLEMS?

MATTACHINE REVIEW—now in its fifth year of monthly publication—presents varied viewpoints of value to the homosexual seeking to know himself better. Keyed to an approach devoid of bias and prejudice, it regards homosexuality as a natural phenomenon to be understood and accepted. Each issue contains articles, some fiction and true experiences, review of books on the subject, sources of literature, letters from readers, news items of importance to homophile readers. *Subscriptions* mailed first class in plain envelope, \$4 per year; single copies 50¢. Published by Mattachine Society, Inc.

mattachine REVIEW

693 Mission Street

San Francisco 5, Calif.

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

LONELY TOWN

by

Drake Beardsley

The rain had stopped and multi-colored neon now reflected from small puddles of water. It was Sunday night and the street stood nearly deserted. An occasional yellow taxicab moved and splashed along the street, otherwise no traffic existed.

Even the hotel lobby was deserted. A tired old man was behind the desk quietly reading a newspaper. His eyes failed to move from the paper even with the grating sound of an elevator door opening. A young man wearing an ivy-league suit stepped from the elevator and moved quietly to the desk. In his hand he was holding a small slip of paper.

"Excuse me," he said to the old man. But could you tell me how to find the corner of Eighth and Broadway?"

The desk clerk jumped with a startled gesture. Then he looked up and smiled. "Lemme see that paper you're holding, Sonny. You trying to find a certain address?"

Quickly the young man stuffed the paper into a coat pocket. "The paper isn't important," he stuttered nervously. "Just tell me how to find Eighth and Broadway."

"Shucks, that's real easy to find," the old man said. "But you might have the wrong directions. The only place on that corner—at least open on Sunday—is a bar where them sissy boys hang out. You don't look like that kind to me."

Jim Blake could feel his hands becoming wringing wet with perspiration. "No. No!" he exclaimed. "It's just—well, I'm supposed to meet a girl-friend on that corner."

"It's only 'bout four blocks from here," the old man began. Then he took a sheet of scratch-paper from the desk and drew Jim a crude map.

Moments later Jim was walking slowly down the lonely street of a strange new city. He was a salesman and this city was part of his newly-assigned territory. Now and then large drops of water landed on his crew-cut hair. Jim wore no raincoat because from his hotel window, he had seen the soft glitter of stars. But the dripping water also landed on his suit; it was somewhat annoying.

Suddenly, Jim halted abruptly. He was passing in front of Saxton's Department Store, a huge twelve-story building which covered half a square block. Tomorrow he would be calling on the lingerie buyer, showing her his company's new spring line. Somehow, the thought made him a bit nervous.

Jim moved slowly along the wet sidewalk, checking each display window briefly for content. Finally, he halted in front of a lingerie display where his company's products were being shown. He moved close to the window and considered every detail. Taking a cigar from his shirt pocket, Jim placed it between his teeth and then lighted it. The display of girdles, bras, and panties was very well done, he observed.

His gaze halted and lingered on a display of women's panties in several styles and colors. Jim laughed aloud, remembering the desk-clerk and his remark about *sissy-boys*. I wonder, he thought, what that old man's reaction would have been, had I dropped my trousers and showed him that, instead of shorts, I was wearing pink, lace panties. The old goat would have died from heart failure.

Wearing women's panties was important to Jim—as important as the cigars he smoked. The panties were his secret reality, something he had shared with only an esoteric few. A secret badge he could wear to prove his identity only to himself.

The cigars were the reverse: something which established the actor's role he had accepted. He truly enjoyed smoking a good cigar, but that, in itself, was not enough. They were only a part of the overall false picture he presented to the world. A picture so well-painted that a desk clerk *warned* him about *sissy-boys*.

Jim uttered an audible sigh, then moved on slowly down the street. He pulled the paper from his pocket, glancing quickly at the note Pete had written: *There is only one gay bar in town. It's called the Crimson Jewel, and is located on the corner of Eighth and Broadway. Watch out, though, THE JOINT IS CRAWLING WITH COPS. And too, they're not opposed to entrapment!!!!*

He tore the note into several pieces, then dropped them one-by-one into the water-filled gutter. Minutes later, he stood outside the *Crimson Jewel*. Then the fear filled him. It was always the same: perhaps, inside there would be someone who knew him, someone who knew his mother, someone who knew his boss—someone who would tell! Yet the desire to enter was stronger than the fear.

His heart pounding wildly, Jim stepped inside the darkened bar. Although he had never been here before, the sight was completely familiar. The long line of occupied stools, and the soft music, and quiet men, and the turning heads, and the unheard whispers—it was all the same.

Only a single stool remained empty—one next to the wall. Jim seated himself, then unbuttoned his coat. "Make it a beer," he growled at the bartender in a

deep, masculine voice. Even here he could not drop the mask. He remembered Pete's words: "You're too damned nervous about everything. You gotta learn to loosen up and be yourself." Jim crushed his half-smoked cigar into an ash-tray.

His beer was brought and the bartender paid. Jim took a small sip from the glass, then began the ritual of studying the other faces. His gaze never drifted beyond the man sitting next to him. Beside him sat a young man wearing a green shirt.

Jim noted he was tall and tanned, seemingly the athletic type. His face was straight featured with high cheekbones, his hair chopped short in a crewcut.

For more than fifteen minutes Jim sat without moving, his thoughts and glances directed toward the green shirted man. His heart seemed to be beating frantically, the desire filling within him like an inflating balloon. He wanted to reach out and grab the green shirt, so say hello, to get his attention, to do something besides sitting here like a mute idiot. Yet, he remembered Pete's warning. Green Shirt looked too square. Jim began to sense something deep within him, something that said *cop!* That's it! the guy is a stinking cop. The way he moved his hands, the way he nodded to the bartender. It all spelled *straight* and here that meant cop. But this sudden realization did not kill the desire. It only made the situation totally unbearable. Jim wanted to place his head on the bar . . . and cry.

The bitter loneliness began cutting through him like a dull knife. It was always the same. The big desire to suddenly come alive and show the world his identity—but the big fear lingered and blotted out reality. And with the loss of his reality came the loneliness. So many, many times—more than he cared to count—Jim had made the lonely walk back to a bleak hotel room. And always he had flung himself upon the bed, buried his face in a crisp cool pillow, and wept like a frightened little girl. The weeping, too, was part of his reality.

Jim noted that the green shirted man was contemplating a vodka collins, seemingly lost in thought. Lurking, Jim thought. He's lurking and waiting for me to touch him. Waiting to spring his trap and lock on the handcuffs, then drag me through the horror of jail, and trials, and publicity. He wants to punish me for being honest. There's the paradox of gay-life, he thought. If you're honest they punish you, but if you remain dishonest no one says a thing.

It was the compulsion that alarmed him, a consuming desire to reach out and touch the green shirted young man. Yet, he knew what that might mean—arrest! A sort of panic began forming deep in his stomach as emotion fought reason. Finally, he realized the compulsion was winning out. In a final burst of reason, he leaped from the stool and dashed outside.

The man in the green shirt turned to a companion. "Did you notice the one next to me? Damned good looking, but so straight you could *smell* vice-squad written all over him."

Outside, there on the wet sidewalk, Jim's composure returned. He removed a cigar from his pocket, unwrapped it, bit off the end, and lighted it. Then Jim Blake began walking.

The sky had clouded over, and now a fine mist was starting to fall. Time-clocks switched off the neon lights and the color drained from the puddles. Even the taxicabs had disappeared; the city was deserted.

The bitter loneliness filled him completely, and Jim knew it was only a few blocks away to where his hotel room waited with a clean, fresh pillow.

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

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

Dear Dr. Baker:

I was introduced to ONE Magazine three copies ago. I like it a lot. I have been out since I was thirteen, and I have had a ball—parties all the time, new people, new places to go. I was quite popular. Now I am nineteen and know everybody in Glendale, Hollywood, Los Angeles, and parts of Montrose.

When I have sex now I don't enjoy it. All my passions are gone. Sex is just plain nothing. I have no immediate friends or close friends, also no straight friends so I don't have to keep up appearances for anybody by going out with girls. Nobody knows I am gay because I don't look it, and I shock most people when I make all the advances. I live by myself and do everything by myself and enjoy it very much. I never go any place with anybody. Sometimes I get lonely. Do I have a problem?

Yours truly,
T.O.M

P.S.: I've had three very tragic love affairs when 17, and I am afraid I'll never love again.

Dear T.O.M.:

The story of the homosexual aspects of your life as presented in your letter to me is very similar to many of the life stories I hear in my private practice, and I am sure some of our readers could give accounts of almost like experiences. You are the only one who can say whether or not *you* have a problem.

You seem to be satiated with the physical aspects of your sex life, even as many heterosexuals are—even at 19. You mention three "very tragic"



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

love affairs at 17. Generally, as one matures, the "tragedies" of the teenage years seem to lose their importance.

No, T. O. M., I gather from your letter that you are quite ego-centered and self-sufficient. When you are really aware of a problem of any deep importance in your life you will not have to ask if you have a problem.

Sincerely,
Blanche M. Baker, M.D.

Dear Dr. Baker:

I became acquainted with ONE in New York City. I didn't realize there was such a magazine and discovered it very accidentally. Since I have been "Gay" since thirteen I have often wished for such a magazine.

The reason I am writing is I thought you might be able to offer me some advice. To begin with I am a white male, twenty-two years old. I graduated from high-school in 1954. In 1955 I joined the Navy for a four-year enlistment. In January of 1958 I was picked up by a Washington, D. C. "Plainclothes Detective" on a morals charge. I received an Undesirable Discharge from the Navy in March of 1958. I haven't completely gotten over the shock of my discharge. I went to New York City last September and got a job as a typist until May of this year.

After my release from the Navy I told my brother that I got an Undesirable Discharge for a passive homosexual act. He is an electrician and he was trying to get me in the union and a job as an electrician apprentice. When I was in New York I wrote my brother a letter and hinted I was gay. He realized what I was hinting about and wrote that I should go to a doctor and get cured. When I came home from New York City he said that the union wanted a copy of my discharge and that the union job was out. For about a month after I came back from New York City, my brother would hardly speak to me. Then he started to talk and treat me like he did before he knew anything about my discharge. I am not working now, since for a lot of jobs I could get, I would have to have a Honorable Discharge. I am so afraid and embarrassed that people will ask for a copy of my discharge or my selective service classification that I keep putting off looking for a job. None of my family except my brother knows about me or my discharge. I told them I received a Medical Discharge for a bad knee. My family can't understand why I don't at least look for a job.

I was stationed in San Diego for a while when I was in the Navy and I love that part of the country. I hope to live out there some day, but first I

have to find a job and realize that my Undesirable Discharge isn't the end of my life.

I will end up in a mental institution if I don't find a job and stop sitting around the house brooding over my discharge. I agree with your ONE's January Editorial about teen-agers not being able to receive the magazine. I don't think I would be in the mess that I am right now, if I could have received ONE when I was in my teens.

If you could offer me any advice I would deeply appreciate it. Please acknowledge my letter even if you can't offer me any advice. Thank you.

Respectfully yours,
J.K.

Dear J. K.:

To me the best part of your letter is—" . . . but first I have to find a job and realize that my Undesirable Discharge isn't the end of my life." This positive attitude on your part indicates a healthful trend.

Surely there must be small business concerns like privately owned gas filling stations, lunch counters, handy man and errand service, etc., where there is not such a detailed investigation of your past experience as there is in union and government controlled organizations. However, I could be wrong as I am not a vocational counselor. Employment conditions vary from state to state and city to city.

I know personally a number of young men with a problem similar to yours who did get jobs—not entirely to their liking—but jobs with salaries, once they made up their minds that that they would find work in spite of an Undesirable Discharge.

Perhaps by now you are already at work. I hope so, and that you will eventually return to the West Coast if that is still your wish.

Sincerely,
Blanche M. Baker, M.D.

Dear Dr. Baker:

Most of the cry-baby letters that our letter writers have been complaining about seem to deal with misunderstandings and personality difficulties. But this one of the homosexual writing to you in the February issue is a new one to me. Maybe he figures that since everybody is crying about discrimination he should get on the band-wagon too. It could be that he cannot hold a job because he is a homosexual. But he seems to argue against that in saying that he finds it difficult to mix with people.

And Dr. Baker doesn't help much when she offers this consolation: "Of course, it is unfair to discriminate against homosexuals, just as it is unfair to discriminate against Jews, Negroes and other minority groups."

Since this word "discriminate" means "to think through clearly" it would be wise for us to do some straight thinking here. As it is being used by minority groups today the word has become almost equivalent to a complaint about the basic right of every individual to chose for himself his friends, his neighbors, his business etc., etc., etc. A truly discriminate person is one who thinks things out and decides for himself. But these minority groups have made it appear that anyone who goes against them has created an intolerable situation and is guilty of committing the lowest and most despicable crime imaginable.

It would seem that should discrimination be abolished true democratic freedom would take over. But that ain't necessarily so! True freedom can exist only within the framework of truth, law and order. And these pressure groups would have no law at all. Where there is an infraction of the law there is an infraction of freedom. Where the law prevents reasonable conduct of one's life the law must be changed. That is exactly what the homosexual through ONE hopes to do: change the

laws so that the homosexual life can be lived without improper restraints. We cannot ask for freedom from the law or above the law. We can only ask for freedom within the law.

The discrimination that Dr. Baker speaks of as being against the Jews, the Negroes and other minority groups has nothing at all to do with law and true freedom. Rather these minority groups attempt through legislation and coercion to gain for themselves rights and privileges that they have no natural claim to. And without entanglements of responsibilities.

It is not an argument for freedom when an all-white community must accept Negro neighbors. It is not freedom that results in the forcing of integration in an all-white school. It is robbing one group of their rights to be given indiscriminately to another. Each employer has the right to hire workers he believes will serve him best. If he wants Chinamen in his laundry then he has a right to hire only Chinamen. It would be a violation of that employer's rights to compel him to hire men he does not want in his business.

Carry the argument to the logical extreme and you must (a) compel the Yale Alumni organizations to admit graduates from other schools. Not to do so would be discrimination. (b) Force Catholic schools to admit Jewish and Protestant children. Not to do so would be discrimination. (c) Stop publishing ONE magazine since it describes itself as a homosexual magazine. It is therefore discriminating against heterosexuals.

No, it is not an argument for freedom that compels any person to act, to think, and to speak contrary to their nature or their wishes. That is what we have been fighting for: the right to live peacefully and within the law as orderly and useful citizens.

I certainly hope that we are not going to make it a matter of policy

espousing the minority causes without being careful enough and discriminatory enough to know just what the logical outcome will be.

To cry it is "unfair" is not the cry of an intelligent and thinking man. We need to argue lawfully and logically for our cause.

Yours truly,
H. S.

Dear H. S.:

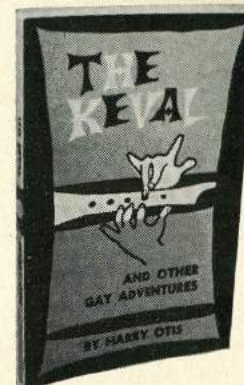
You are so right about the use and misuse of the word "discriminate"; but if you will check the dictionary definition you will find that it allows for the "think through clearly" to lead to any one or more of a vast number of decisions and judgments. The basic character of the thinker will determine the "clarity" of his thinking, his biases, prejudices and conditioned emotional and intellectual reactions. Many persons imagine they "discriminate" when in fact they are in reality rehearsing their long standing biased and prejudiced ideas regarding some particular subject of their interest. In the definition of "discrimination" you will find further clarification of the verb "discriminate." As you say, the use of "discriminate" has taken on in our vernacular and ideomatic thinking a rather negative connotation, so the one needs hardly to ad "against." It becomes redundant like say "ascend up." It all seems to me to be a matter of semantics and communication rather than any great difference of opinion regarding the basic problem: the rights, privileges and responsibilities of the "haves" versus the "have nots"—the organization vs. the individual—the mob vs. the group.

Many others among our readers have had reactions similar to yours regarding my use of "discriminate" and "discriminate against." I hope this clarifies my usage of the words.

Sincerely,
Blanche M. Baker, M.D.

FIFTEEN LUSTY STORIES

by Harry Otis



Published by ONE Inc.

a racy trip around the world

Saucy and sexy tales of homosexuals in the Orient and Latin America.

KEVAL Brings you a most memorable reading experience. Full-size, paper-back, two color cover.

The perfect gift for the man who is gay.

\$1.95

ORDER NOW

ONE Inc., 232 S. Hill St.

Los Angeles 12, Calif.

BOOK SERVICE

PACKAGE DEAL. Available nowhere else. At a \$2.00 saving to you. All of James Barr's books. Quatrefoil, Derricks and Game of Fools for \$10.00. An Ideal Gift for any occasion. Order Now!

GAY BAR by Helen P. Branson, Pan-Graphic. A highly entertaining book now off the press. The first edition has been sold out for more than a year. Get your copy of this second printing now. In *Gay Bar*, Mrs. Branson sees her customers not as pathetic freaks, but as warm human beings who face the same problems of living. An outstanding introduction by Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D.\$3.00

AGAINST THE LAW by Peter Wildeblood, Messner. A courageous first-person account of what it means to be a homosexual by one of the central figures in the Montagu case. Presented here for the first time in the United States, this was the first book about homosexuality to reach a mass audience in Great Britain. A moving story. A must for every reader.\$3.95

FOUR FROM THE CIRCLE, Four short stories from *DER KREIS* (The Circle), senior homophile magazine of Europe, now in its 27th year of publication at Zurich, Switzerland. Included are: "Third Movement," "Devil Incarnate of Midanvale," "The Tides of Love," and "To Him Who Waits." Plus charcoal drawings by a new American Artist trained in the U.S. and Europe, and four poems on Homophilic love. These are highly entertaining stories of the people who are a part of the here-and-now world of today, people who can be readily identified by every reader, even though the characters are, for the most part, moving in a foreign setting.\$1.75

THE IMMORTAL by Walter Ross, Simon & Schuster. A competent, swiftly moving, shock-value packed well-spiced first novel about the disturbed adventures with 'Bedfellows of both sexes' of Johnny Preston whose personality one has little trouble connecting with the late screen star, James Dean.\$3.50

THE FEATHERS OF DEATH by Simon Raven, Anthony Blond. Here is a novel concerning itself with life in a British Regimental Unit on location in a remote Colony beset with native political uprisings. The relationship between a Troop Leader and a Drummer boy has the stamp of something more than mutual regard. There is the inevitable discovery and conventional disgrace, and the moral is left to the reader.\$3.50

THE MOON VOW by Dr. Hazel Lin, Pageant. Why won't Mei Li go to bed with her husband? Dr. Wu finally gets a clue when she takes several gold balls out of another patient . . . Lesbians, that's it! Tedious, sometimes realistic, often ghastly . . . \$4.00

What is Unlawful?

A slender pamphlet recently issued by the Church of England's Moral Welfare Council adds an ironic and sophistic twist to the long-running argument about whether the British government ought to pass the Wolfenden recommendations on homosexuality into law—that is, whether the law should be so amended that most homosexual acts in private between consenting adults would no longer be crimes.

Pointing out that there are a number of acts which are "unlawful," that is, not really approved by the law, even though they do not constitute crimes, Quentin Edwards in a few peculiarly reasoned pages attempts to remove the chief objection to the Wolfenden recommendations by in fact removing the substance of the recommendations themselves. Mr. Edwards is a Barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple and the South-Eastern Circuit but it seems to this writer that his argument, while clever, is really very little help at all, though it does unconsciously point up a thing that is wrong with most of the tremendous discussion of the homosexual topic in England. Except for philosopher A. J. Ayer, whose pointed arguments we reported in *Tangents* in Feb. 59, nearly all of the people who have spoken "in defense of homosexuality" in England have bent over backward to assure one and all that they think it is a disgusting, immoral and unfortunate condition.

Thus we have Mr. Edwards arguing for the Wolfenden proposals on the following remarkable basis: that the

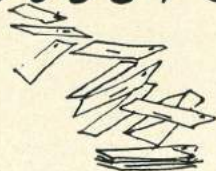
Wolfenden Committee wrongly summarized the difference between crime and sin; that they ought instead to have distinguished between acts which are criminal and those which are merely unlawful; that broadly speaking "what is generally accepted as immoral is unlawful, so that fornication, adultery, and prostitution are all unlawful although they are not crimes, as are deceit, fraud and, indeed all torts although they may not be crimes." Thus he argues that while most such acts are not crimes in themselves, "conspiring to commit them" is generally a crime, and prosecutable as such. Besides, conspiracy is easier to prove in the courts than acts as such. Thus he suggests that England can have its cake and eat it by passing the Wolfenden recommendations making homosexual acts between consenting adults no longer a crime, but reserving them as unlawful, so that while the state needn't prosecute such acts as such, if it didn't feel inclined it could always reserve the right to prosecute for conspiracy-to-commit such acts.

"... it would afford to its advocates and the Parliament itself an opportunity to condemn the practice of homosexuality openly as unlawful and yet to declare that justice does not require that every homosexual act between men should be a crime."

Seems to me that this sort of solution would have delighted old Lewis Carroll. It would also allow Parliament to waste a good deal of time without accomplishing any real end.

—Lyn Pedersen

Letters



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

THE OTHER CONTINENTS SPEAK

Dear Don Slater:

There being many poor Japanese, and homosexual practice not being particularly stigmatized, many boys not exclusively homosexual and certainly not very serious about it, crowd the bars as "business boys" (trade). It's extremely difficult to tell the genuine from the paste, particularly since they themselves are often not sure.

Oddly enough the bar habitués are generally either teen-agers (twelve is the age of consent for either male or female) or men upwards of forty. The range of twenty-one to thirty-five which I prefer must all be happily married, for they seldom appear.

I did run across one gay club recently which publishes, so far as I know, the only exclusively gay magazine in Japan. It has the title of ADONIS, is entirely printed in Japanese, on slick paper, and is a little thicker than ONE. The club is called the Greek Research Society!

Recently I completed a trip to the extreme south of Japan, to the island of Kyūshū, the classical home of Japanese gay life. It is still so considered. However, the Western-style gay bar (same name in Japanese) is prevalent everywhere. As in the West, they combine convenience and informality with a lack of depth. The meeting places for the more old-fashioned (as well as for the ultra-modern) are the parks and the Japanese teahouses.

I am told that in this area homosexual romances are taken very seriously, murders for infidelity not being uncommon.

Mr. L.
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Friends:

Do you know the excellent new Danish magazine EOS? The name translates as "The Others." Personally I feel it is one of the best in this field in Europe. They are doing a tremendous work and since EOS came along the Danish newspapers have changed completely concerning their viewpoints on homosexuality.

Mr. R.
Copenhagen, Denmark

My Dear ONE:

I was very astonished to read a complimentary review of the French book *Jean-Paul*, by Marcel Guersant (November, 1959). The author is not of our sort. A friend of mine went to see him and Guersant told him to go to hell; that he wanted nothing to do with our sort.

The book is just the most desperate thing that could be written. If a poor, young chap who takes matters seriously were to read it he would just have to commit suicide afterwards. Moreover, from an artistic point of view the book is nothing—plain, common language and thoughts.

For those who read French do please get them to read something else, for instance, *Fabrizio Lupo*, by Carlo Caccioli, or *Tempo di Roma*, by Alexis Curvers, a Belgian—perfectly delightful, or *L'age d'or*, by Pierre Herbart, delightful again.

In any case have the new French magazine JUVENTUS read seriously with a view for translating some of the articles. It is very superior—corresponds to ONE.

By the way, what is this term homophile? Of what use? Are not the words homosexual and bisexual sufficiently explicit?

Mr. D.
Paris, France

Dear Mr. Slater:

I am very happy to tell you that the book *A Way of Life* arrived safely last Saturday. Apparently it has been lying around in the mail office here several weeks before they advised me of its arrival. I am indeed sorry to have troubled you in the matter. I prefer to buy books through ONE with the hope that you manage to make a few extra pennies on the transaction.

Do you know if Peter Wildeblood has published anything since *A Way of Life*? Has James Barr written anything since his excellent *Game of Fools*?

Mr. S.
Cali, Colombia

Dear Sirs:

The Australian Customs Department seized August, 1959, ONE as "indecent, obscene," etc. Unlike Mr. B., of South Yarra, I am going to fight this case as far as possible. Please

keep sending my copies in the usual way.

Mr. D.
Brunswick East, Australia

Dear Sir:

I find articles in ONE extremely interesting and helpful to a person like I am. In fact I find your society far more advanced than any of the similar societies in Europe and in other parts of the world with the plans and procedure of your works. I am a member of many such clubs with similar magazines in Europe, but I am disappointed to hear that your society does not have pen-pals, as I have been longing to contact your members and discuss our daily problems and livings.

Mr. W.
Singapore, Malaya

BERGLER, BAKER & ELLIS

Dear One's:

I have bought several of the books published by Edmund Bergler. When I have read them three-fourths through I just rip them to pieces and throw them in the rubbish barrel to be burned or throw in a dump, either of which is of higher value than the contents of the books. How could any M.D. write such books? It must be to make money, or to recoup losses otherwise sustained.

I dearly love "Toward Understanding," by Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D., and deeply absorb every word, both of what the inquirers say and of her replies. Being a homosexual is certainly not a handicap but leads to friendships that are enduring and, may I say, completely out of this world.

Mr. W.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to subscribe to your Magazine. I heard about it through the book *1000 Homosexuals*, by Edmund Bergler, M.D.

Mr. R.
—, Indiana

Dear Friends:

I am a very happy, well-adjusted "old aunty," because I learned years ago that when I can't have what I want I enjoy what I can get. I don't want to chisel in on Dr. Baker's department, but I wish you would tell those poor souls who moan about being lonely to just quit being so damn selfish. Instead of sitting around feeling so sorry because Prince (or Princess) Charming doesn't discover them, tell them to get out and be friendly with everyone with whom they come in contact. They will be surprised how many of them will respond.

The story "Joel Beck," by Doyle Livingston (November, 1959) was almost perfect.

Mr. B.
San Francisco, California

Dear Sir:

Is it not yet clear that Ellis and Bergler are quacks in their pronouncements on homosexuality? They compulsively advocate heterosexuality, willy-nilly. Their conclusions are always based on assumptions and axioms which are entirely imaginary, very much in the way bamboozling theological systems are constructed. Facts are always irrelevant for such purposes.

They gamble on continuing public ignorance regarding the irrevocable functioning of sexuality of any kind in the advancement of humanity. It is my guess that the facts of Kinsey and the systematic observations of René Guyon will prove eventually to be infinitely nearer the truth.

Mr. H.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

Just completed reading my first ONE and find it most interesting and helpful. I like your handling of a subject that is still a matter of whispering, even though it should be freely discussed and as well understood as any other; also, the column by Dr. Baker, which helps us to know and understand that there are others with problems similar to our own, then, what to do about them.

I liked the excellent story "The Veil," (September, 1959) and your pros and cons on pen pals. While I am in favor of the idea I can see where it would not be the thing to do until the public in general is made more aware of the homosexual's viewpoint.

Mr. R.
—, Texas

BIRTHRIGHTS & BIRTHDAYS

Dear Friends:

Before homosexuals had ONE, "The Homosexual Viewpoint," they did not know how to claim their birthright as the Children of Sodom and Gomorrah—how to know the purity and power which are theirs. But now through an understanding of their problems they have found the way to do so. The very presence of organizations defending the homosexual viewpoint is convincing proof of the love and respect that humanity is paying to social and cultural variants.

Mr. A.
Washington, D.C.

Dear ONE:

This gift is a little late for your birthday, but I hope it will help you in your tremendous struggle to help "us" enjoy the rights and privileges that our majority brothers have had all their lives. Yours for a free America.

Mr. L.
Hollywood, California