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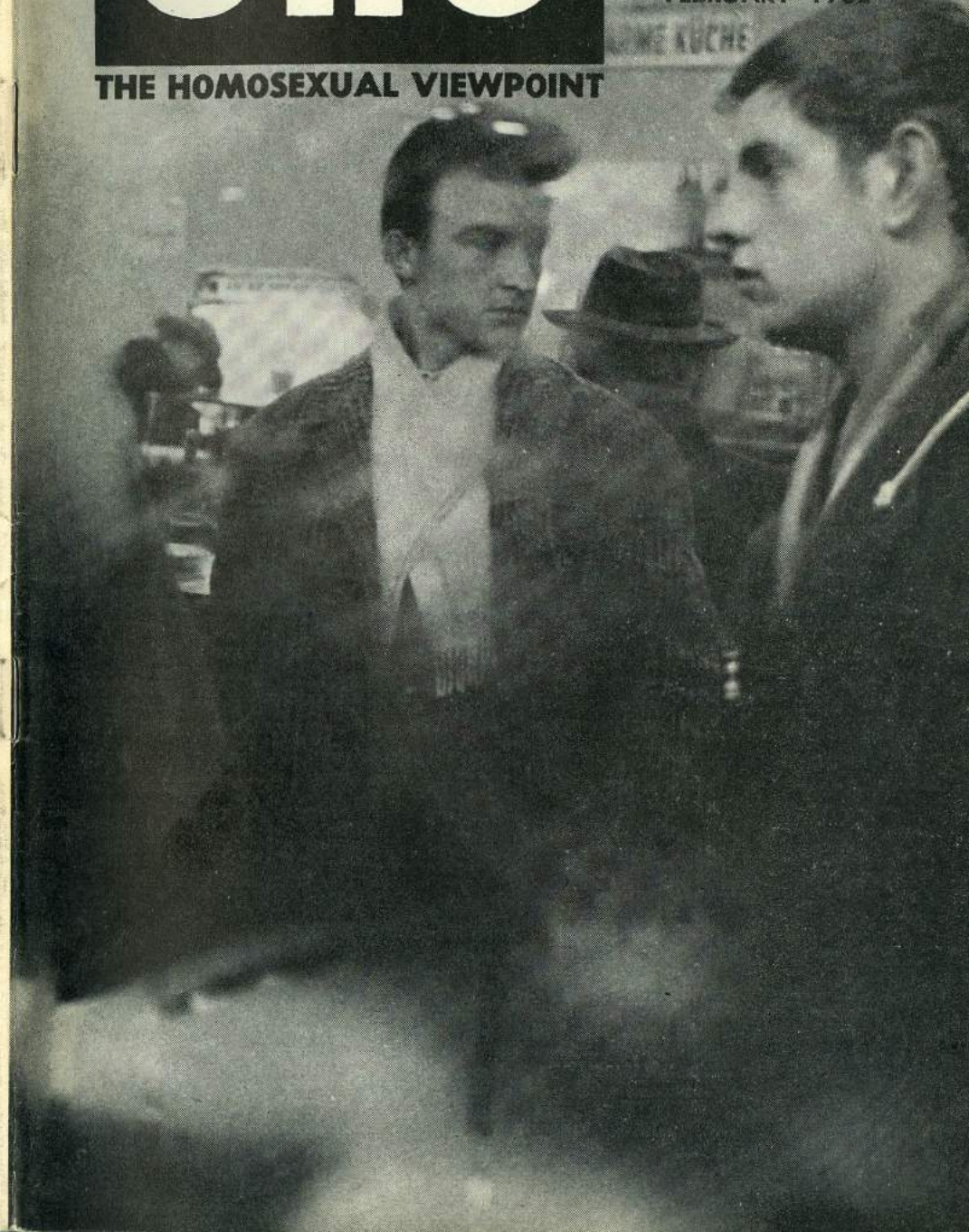
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FIFTY CENTS
FEBRUARY 1962

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume X

Number 2

February 1962

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EDITORIAL

Ten years ago one of the Editors wrote in the very first issue of ONE Magazine, "Were all homosexuals and bisexuals to unite militantly, unjust laws and corruption would crumble in short order and we, as a nation, could go on to meet the really important problems which face us. Were heterosexuals to realize that these violations of our rights threaten theirs equally, a vast reform might even come within our lifetime."

Such was ONE's position then. It is ONE's position today. We have been roundly criticized year in and year out for being so militant, so undiplomatic. The majority of other homophile organizations here and abroad have judged ONE's attitude to be both uncouth and unwise.

While most of the European organizations try to keep themselves as unobtrusive as possible and direct their publications toward a restricted in-group circulation, one American homophile organization pursues in general a soft-sell, "Madison Avenue" type of be-polite-to-important-people public relations, while another one vigorously resists the concept that as citizens homosexuals should demand what belongs to them. This group's diligent opposition to the "Bill of Rights" theme of ONE's 1961 Midwinter Institute will be recalled as illustrating this viewpoint.

ONE has never felt that it was wholesome to keep on "saying, Peace, peace; where there is no peace," as Jeremiah has it. ONE has preferred being called a trouble-maker to remaining silent in the face of the vicious, unconstitutional treatment so widely accorded the homosexual. It has never hesitated to stand up and be counted, or to challenge evils in high places and in low.

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Just such a challenge was ONE's suit against Otto K. Olesen, Postmaster of Los Angeles, brought in September, 1955, and concluded in ONE's favor in January, 1958, by the United States Supreme Court. In this suit ONE again was a trouble-making challenger. It was not acting defensively. Instead, ONE was forcing an arrogant public servant to defend himself against the charge that he was unlawfully interfering with the U. S. mails, and reminding him that he was a servant, not master.

The distinction is important, we feel, for it served public notice that the rights of homosexuals are equal to the rights of any citizen; that they may not be trampled upon with impunity by anyone. The case is now legal history and is cited in law schools, as well as in courts across the land wherever publishers must defend themselves against obscenity charges.

A radical extension of the rights of homosexuals as citizens has now taken place in one of our greatest states, a commonwealth having a greater population than Denmark, Norway, Sweden, or Switzerland and approximately equal that of Holland.

On the first day of 1962, according to an Associated Press dispatch, "Criminal law in Illinois leaves the horse and buggy era and enters the space age." Outstandingly to readers of ONE, "The new code also provides that it is not unlawful for homosexuals to engage in sexual relations in private so long as the participants are adults and that neither has been pressured into participating." This would appear to sound the death-knell in Illinois of the "participating" vice-cop, as well as to draw the fangs of the blackmailer.

How fitting that the site of this new "Emancipation Proclamation" should be in Springfield, Illinois, where in 1837 Abraham Lincoln entered upon his legal and political career. Great honor is due to those in the Illinois Commission on the Sex Offender, who began their work in 1951 and published a masterly report in 1953, more than a year before the Wolfenden Committee was appointed. Equally great honor is due the members of the Bar Association of that state who piloted the legislation through its perilous course in the Legislature and to its signature by the Governor last July.

ONE finds this legislative landmark immensely heartening, for it gives the lie to those timid pessimists who are forever insisting that nothing can be done. It also confirms at the highest level ONE's contention that homosexuality is as much a basic human right as is heterosexuality.

We expect to continue for the next ten years, as we have for the past ten, and for as long as it proves necessary, unremittingly advocating the right of the homosexual to be homosexual and to live a homosexual life. Today more than ever before powerful assaults are made from every quarter upon individual rights and individual liberty. ONE urges every homosexual to wake up and to keep awake. Is there any reason why the other forty-nine states cannot join Illinois in according every citizen equal rights before the law?

If it is unpleasant to keep saying that we will no longer tolerate second-class citizenship treatment, or being pushed around by those who have no comprehension of American traditions of freedom, then ONE intends to be unpleasant.

William Lambert
Associate Editor

AN INCOME TAX GUIDE FOR HOMOSEXUALS

Preface

Any true guide to today's income tax laws would have to be as thick, and as finely printed as the huge volume reposing before me now. It is the Federal Tax Guide, Volume I (Explanations & New Developments), 1961, printed by Commerce Clearing House, Inc., from which most of the data for this article was taken by the kind permission of the Long Beach (Calif.) representative. Notations such as CCH 2888 that appear throughout the text refer to the paragraphs in the Federal Tax Guide in case any readers might wish to study the full

explanations of any of the extracts.

This is not intended as a do-it-yourself instruction to filing your 1961 income tax; there are many items of common importance and knowledge upon which I will not even touch. Rather, I hope to set forth some of the lesser known portions of the tax laws and practices that I have found in my own experience to be important to the homophile taxpayer whose situation may be such that it is difficult to spell out to a strange tax consultant the particular ramifications of your relationships. It is intended more truly to help the individual decide when he or she has a tax situation that should be referred to expert advisors such as a bona-fide tax consultant or the information service at any Internal Revenue Office. Questions of wide general interest that are submitted to ONE magazine may be answered in a later issue.

by

Dale Mallory

WITHHOLDING TAX STATEMENT 1961 Federal Taxes Withheld From Wages

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Type or print EMPLOYER'S identification number, name, and address above.

SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION		INCOME TAX INFORMATION	
\$ Total F.I.C.A. Wages paid in 1961	\$ F.I.C.A. employee tax withheld, if any	\$ Total Wages* paid in 1961	Federal Income Tax withheld, if any
EMPLOYER: This copy is provided for your convenience in keeping your withholding records.			

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FORM W-2—U. S. Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service

*Before payroll deductions or "sick pay" exclusion.

209-16-70140-1 GPO

Income

Generally income tax is concerned with wages, commissions, profits from business, stock dividends, interest and the like, but there are a couple of other sources of income that might be well mentioned here. Awards for suggestions or in recognition of excellence, granted by employers, are held to be wages under the Social Security Act, and the employer is required to make ordinary income tax and social security withholdings. In the event that this is not done, it is the responsibility of the recipient to report the award as part of his gross income for the year (CCH 6240).

Of special interest to many homophile taxpayers, I think, are the regulations concerning income from artistic endeavors. If the work on a patented invention, book, literary or musical composition or other artistic work covered a period of at least 24 months, there are conditions under which the income from such work can be classified as "long-term" income and a considerable tax saving realized by proper filing. The procedures are too involved for complete discussion here, and anyone qualifying under this regulation would be wise to seek expert assistance (CCH 2888; IRS Code Sec. 1301).

Joint Tenancy & Joint Ownership

Where living quarters are shared by two persons but owned by one only, with the other person paying room and board as it were, the income can be set up as rental income and reasonable expenses taken against it. In most cases little or no benefit would result to the homeowner since the 'renter' is probably paying his own cost, but under some circumstances there might be a deductible loss for the homeowner to claim against his taxable income. However, in most such cases, it has been my experience that sizeable losses are sub-

ject to closer than usual scrutiny by Internal Revenue Service and must be well documented to hold up (IRS, Los Angeles, Hadley).

In the case of joint legal ownership of property, interest, taxes and other deductible expenses may be deducted in full by the person who pays them (CCH 185). Naturally, if the expenses are shared equally, the deduction would also be shared equally.

Dependents

A taxpayer is entitled to a special tax rate if he or she qualifies as the head of a household. A head of a household is an unmarried individual (other than a non-resident alien or surviving spouse) who maintains as his home a household which is the principal place of abode for one of the following types of dependents: son or daughter, including adopted child, or their descendants; or a step-child of the taxpayer; or any dependent of the taxpayer, other than a non-relative or a cousin in an institution (CCH 552).

Deduction for dependency may be claimed for the support of an unrelated adult who has resided the full year in your home, provided that the other tests of dependency are met (IRS, Los Angeles, Hadley). This is obviously an important point to many homosexuals where one member of a household has not been gainfully employed to the extent of earning \$600 during the year, and has had no income or support from other sources.

Since many homosexuals support or contribute to the support of their parents, it seems worthwhile to discuss some of the rulings for claiming parents as dependents. Of course, if your parent or parents reside in your home, earn less than \$600 per year and more than half of their support comes from you, you are entitled to claim them as dependents. However, dependent parents may live in a

separate home from the taxpayers (even at considerable distance) and still qualify the taxpayer both for deductions as dependents and special rates as head of a household (CCH 191). It is very important that the taxpayer be able to prove that he or she did actually provide more than half of the parental support, as Internal Revenue Service will surely ask for such proof.

In the case where several persons contribute to the support of a parent, but no one of them contributes more than half of the total support, none of them may claim the parent as a dependent, except under the provisions of a special multiple support agreement. Each person who contributed more than ten percent of the support must furnish the individual who is claiming the deduction for that year with a written declaration on Form 2120 (Multiple Support Agreement) on which he waives his claim for dependency exemption for that taxable year in favor of the taxpayer. These taxpayers can take turns in claiming the deduction in different years, however (CCH 604). Form 2120 is readily available at any Internal Revenue Service Office, and not difficult to execute.

A divorced husband is entitled to claim his child as a dependent if the amount paid for support under court order represents more than half of the cost of the child's support during the year. It is the "actual support" test which governs, not the taxpayers legal responsibility or absence of responsibility for the child's support. However, if there is no court order specifying support payments, the taxpayer must proceed with caution since the payments can be declared as gifts, and no deduction allowed (CCH 607).

Deductions

In the case of married taxpayers, both spouses must elect to take the

standard deduction or both are denied this deduction, hence if married taxpayers file separate returns, they must either both itemize their deductions, or neither may itemize (CCH 3720). This is one (though small) advantage that the gay marriage can claim over its heterosexual counterpart. Since gay marriage is not legally recognized, it is not bound by any of the limitations set forth for married couples. Each member, therefore, is filing as a separate individual.

Alimony payments are deductible expenses to the husband if they are taxable to the wife (CCH 3705; IRS Code Sec. 215 & 71). In such cases, it is strongly advised that the matter be thoroughly investigated with a tax expert or Internal Revenue Service to determine whether the alimony is truly a qualified deduction. Such an investigation is usually worthwhile, since most alimony is deductible.

In the case of damage to your automobile due to a collision, you may deduct the actual loss sustained by you. Keep in mind that, if you have collision insurance, only the portion that you actually paid (in most cases the first \$50 or \$100) will be deductible, since the insurance company pays the rest. If you hit another car, and the damages inflicted on the other car are not paid by your insurance, the cost of such damages will not be allowed as a deduction on your tax. Only damage to property that you own can be claimed on your tax return. There are numerous other casualty loss deductions that should be investigated if you have sustained loss or damage to property owned by you as a result of theft, fire, storm, etc. (CCH 3751-3760-3761). Auto owners will find that they may have several other deductions on their tax. The cost of license plates and city registration stickers for cars have always been allowed, as is the cost of drivers' licenses; however, auto inspection fees and auto title registra-

tion fees are not deductible. State tax on gasoline (rather high in some states) is a deductible item, but the Federal portion of gasoline tax is not (CCH 3386).

Many other taxes are deductible; property taxes, state income taxes, state disability insurance tax, to name a few. However, licenses for pets are never deductible.

The Tax Commissioner has ruled that money received by an automobile owner from fellow employees for transportation to and from work (car pools) is actually a reimbursement of expenses incurred and, therefore, not a portion of the taxable income of the individual, nor are the expenses of such a car pool, should they exceed the income therefrom, deductible, except where they would be deductible under some other circumstances, such as part of a business (CCH 3749).

More than heterosexuals, I think homosexuals should be acquainted with the special deductions permitted for educational expenses, since so large a number of homosexuals never cease their educational efforts. A stagnation at high school level such as is common in other classes of society does not seem so wide-spread among homophiles. A taxpayer can deduct expenses for education (including the expense of travel away from home primarily to obtain education) undertaken primarily for the purpose of maintaining or improving skills required in his employment or trade or for meeting the express requirements of his employer. Such expenses are not deductible if the education is undertaken to obtain a new position or learn a new trade (CCH 3550). For example, if I enroll in a course in Federal Income Tax, the entire cost of the course, books, tuition, travel, etc., is deductible; however, if I enroll in a sculpture course (even if I intend to give up tax work and become a full time sculptor at the

end of the course) I may not deduct any of the expenses. If, on the other hand, my friend Joe, who is a professional dancer, goes to New York each summer to study at a famous dance school, he may deduct all costs incurred, including the cost of traveling to New York. Undoubtedly, when he is not at the school, Joe will have a ball in New York, but that does not change the fact that the trip was made primarily to study dancing.

On the subject of travel or moving costs, there is another point of law that may be of wide interest. If an individual is transferred from one place of employment or official station to another for permanent duty, in the interest of his employer, any allowance or reimbursement for cost of moving his family, household goods or personal effects is not taxable as income—if the total amount received is spent in moving. If his expenses are greater than the allowance, however, the excess paid by him is not deductible, and if he moves to accept a new position, any allowance or reimbursement paid to him becomes a part of his taxable income (CCH 3746). This may not seem to be altogether fair and just, but that is the way the law reads, and it seems to stay that way from year to year.

The deduction for medical expenses covers many items, among which are: payments to chiropractors, optometrists, osteopaths, Christian Science practitioners, psychiatrists and, of course, medical doctors and surgeons; medicines and drugs, whether or not purchased as prescriptions (aspirin, cold tablets, vitamins, etc.); amounts paid for transportation primarily for and essential to medical care (transportation to your family doctor in New York, let's say, for a medical check-up, from your new home in Los Angeles, provided you can show that you have been the patient of this doctor for some years prior to moving

to Los Angeles); residence expenses in a sanitarium or rest home; premiums on health and accident insurance covering the taxpayer or his/her dependents (but not life insurance of any kind (CCH 3781-3783-3784-3785-3786-3788)).

Some other expenses which an employee may deduct from his income include fees paid to secure employment, labor union dues and initiation fees and out-of-work benefit assessments. Amounts expended in traveling in search of employment are not deductible. Also deductible are dues to professional societies, cost of small tools required on your job, cost of purchasing and upkeep of uniforms if required by the employer and not adaptable for general street wear (this must not be construed to mean ordinary work clothes or coveralls worn over other clothes to protect them while at certain jobs), and expenses connected with performance of your job that are not reimbursed by your employer (CCH 3731-3736-3745-3747). Any legal fees paid for aid in preparation of your income tax returns are deductible expenses. No other personal legal fees are deductible, including those incurred in defense of a criminal prosecution, regardless of the outcome (CCH 3709-3241).

If a non-business debt becomes worthless within the taxable year, the loss is treated as a short-term capital loss, regardless of how old the debt is. This means that it must be listed on Schedule D of Form 1040, and the loss deduction is limited to \$1000.00 per taxable year, after being offset by any capital gains to be reported in that year (CCH 3583). Additional losses may be computed against other taxable years, up to five years backward or forward. It is a wise precaution in case of question from Internal Revenue Service to require that the borrower supply you with a written memorandum or IOU to prove that

a debt did in fact exist. Cancelled checks will sometimes suffice for this proof.

As I pointed out at the beginning, this does not begin to cover the full range of income tax preparation. Unless you are certain that you do not have enough special deductions to exceed 10 percent of your total adjusted gross income, it is usually sound advice to seek the aid of a tax consultant. But be careful, there are no regulations governing who may prepare income returns except that both the taxpayer and the person who prepares the form must sign the first page. Like fall-out shelter building, the tax field is wide open, and the crack-pots spring up like mushrooms at this time of year.

Many questions will be answered by the information desk at any Internal Revenue Service (if you can ever get a telephone line through to them), but I have found that those people are not always too charitable in helping you to realize maximum tax savings. Rather they seem concerned with finding the quickest and easiest answer so that they can move on to the next person.

Under certain conditions, extensions of time will be granted so that the taxpayer can file his return at a later date without incurring penalties. Inability to pay the tax is not one of them, and the form should be filed on time, even if additional tax is due but not included. The taxpayer is therefore only liable to a small interest charge and will be billed later by Internal Revenue Service. (They would like to slit my throat for telling this.) Requests for legitimate extensions must be made in writing before the date that the tax is ordinarily due. There are several restricting rules and conditions which must be met, and, for the ordinary taxpayer, the aid of a tax consultant is almost mandatory.

Sooooo — happy filing!

John, Passing

Steve, you say your name is, from Columbus, somewhere,
Going through New York on your way to somewhere else.
Oh New York is my home, I offer, smiling secretly
At the handsome aspirant who is really no longer
An aspirant but—John, passing—in one of his legion disguises.

Only last week you were Tim from Maine's lumbering woods
Ending your vacation days here—Steve, you say.
Oh, yes. You've chosen that temporary name, John, passing.

But before we start, and you leave, admiring the neatness of my petite
[bedroom,
Let me make another plea as I did when you, John, passing, were here
[as Milo,
A hundred Bobs, Franks, Georges, Bills and one Sylvester ago.

Stay.
John, passing.
Stay.
So I may stop days and weeks searching you,
Finding the many different names you answer to and faces you wear.
So we can weld an iron home from this swirling world
And fend from reality's cruel sunlight
So loneliness' deep ulcers can have end and justification in you
And what's left of this savagely confused pattern can bring a happier
[existence.

Pause.
You needn't answer.
I'm sorry.
I've embarrassed you.
Steve you say your name is.
We'd better get on before you're late for your train.

Vincent Sygne

tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

Proponents of the belief in genetic causes of homosexuality may soon find increasing scientific support for their views. Much is yet to be learned about genetic sex and sexual abnormalities, deviations, etc., now ascribed to psychological causes. Some of these may eventually find their explanation in as yet obscure genetic conditions it appears.

Government scientists, Marshall W. Nirenberg and J. Heinrich Matthaei reported at Christmas that they have succeeded in partially cracking the "genetic code" which is the key to the reproduction of all living matter.

Hailing the work as being of "major importance," spokesmen for the National Institute of Health said the research might eventually make possible the creation of synthetic hereditary materials for use in treating certain diseases involving an hereditary defect, such as diabetes and gout. It might also make possible a better understanding of cancer, and an increased understanding of normal hereditary processes—for example, the mechanism by which similar physical characteristics of the face, etc.

are passed on from generation to generation within a given family. The research might also shed light on the mechanism by which one group of chemicals in a developing embryo result in a heart, while another results in a kidney, and so on.

The "genetic code" it was explained by the Drs. is a system of messages between two chemicals contained in the nuclei or hearts of all living cells. These chemicals are called, respectively, deoxyribonucleic acid—DNA—and ribonucleic acid—RNA. RNA, DNA are the stuff of which genes are made.

Together, these two nucleic acids work to bring about the development of new cells from the original ones. The theory is that the DNA acts as a general storehouse of genetic information and that the RNA serves as a kind of messenger boy to transmit the information out of the original cell and into those subsequently produced. DNA and RNA are subject to a variety of different arrangements or sequences which become the building blocks of all of us. So, maybe this is how we got this way.

ILLINOIS AHEAD

Where England failed, Illinois has succeeded. In the first major revision of its criminal code since 1874, the Illinois State Legislature in general assembly approved a revised code which went into effect the first of this year. Signed by Gov. Otto Kerner the revised code which was drafted by an 18-member joint committee of the Illinois and Chicago Bar associations, will bring criminal law in Illinois up to date. The new code required more than six years of work. Apparently starting long before Wolfenden was even thought of (and Wolfenden after all the talk ended up as so much hot air), and carrying its revisions farther than either Wolfenden or The American Law Institute, the Illinois Commission deserves much credit for its mature attitude toward morality and crime.

The revisions will immediately bring the state's laws more nearly into conformity with educated attitudes on crime and punishment and will eliminate inconsistencies embodied previously in 148 chapters and 832 sections of the statute book.

For example: under the old laws the minimum penalty for horse theft was 3 years in jail while the maximum sentence for auto theft was 1 year.

A booklet outlining the new code has been prepared for Chicago police by Claude R. Sowle, assistant professor at the Northwestern University law school. Harkening to the report of The Church of England Moral Welfare Council Mr. Sowle commented on his work, "The law should not be cluttered with matters of morality so long as they do not endanger the community. Morality should be left to the church, community and the in-

dividual's own conscience."

Intelligently reflecting this view the new code no longer makes it a crime to possess a book or other material which has been ruled obscene. It will also be lawful to give such material away if it is given to a personal associate who is at least 18.

Of major significance to readers of ONE is that portion of the new code that provides that it is not unlawful for homosexuals or persons of the same sex to engage in sexual relations in private so long as the participants are adults and force has not been used (see editorial).

The new code has no such crime as statutory rape, which forbade sexual relations with a girl under 16. The revision has two statutes which can be applied in these cases, however. One, a felony called indecent liberty with a child, the other, a misdemeanor called contributing to the sexual delinquency of a child.

Also under the revised code juries no longer will be able to set the sentence of a convicted man, though they can recommend the death penalty where applicable. The judge will decide the penalties, and a life sentence will not be among them. All sentences are indeterminate terms such as 1 to 10 years, 14 to 25 years, depending on the crime.

Many other laws were affected: prostitution, gambling, procuring, bribery, parole eligibility, etc. In nearly every case the revisions were beneficial. Other states should heed the example of Illinois and bring themselves abreast of current attitudes.

TOMATO JUICE & RAW EGGS

Gentlemen in New York City can now obtain beauty services usually reserved for women. In a healthy

trend becoming more and more popular throughout the country salons catering to the vanity of the male of the species are opening up. The latest of these is the Christopher Joyce barber shop in New York which except for the discretely striped barber pole bears little resemblance to the conventional barber shop. Inside, men are treated to services that rival those for women: hair coloring, shampoo, cutting and styling, facials, pedicures and manicures.

"No one has catered to men over here," says Joyce Markson, under whose guiding hand the shop opened. "Men have had this done for them in Europe for years," she added. "After all it was men who used to wear the perfume, elegant clothes and powdered wigs. I think some of this is coming back. Men are looking for a place that offers them a real hair styling."

The barber shop is small but

efficiently arranged. Opposite the barber chairs are three small enclosures where men are fitted for hair pieces. Mrs. Markson has made several innovations. She has put in shampoo bowls like those used for women. "In most barber shops men stand and lean over the basin," she says. "This way they can lean back comfortably for a shampoo."

At one side is a Dow Jones news ticker so that the men so inclined may keep up with any new stock market developments. Mrs. Markson has also supplied the shop with an oxygen tank to cure hangovers. "It's better than any tomato juice or raw eggs," she says. "After a morning facial and some oxygen, that hangover is gone."

How does she get her customers? "The only place we've advertised is in a woman's magazine and we got a terrific response—women sent their husbands in." We don't believe that!

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

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Aftermath of An Experience

by

Carole M. Brand

Don Marshall sat in his car, impatiently smoking a cigarette and wondering just what he was going to say to her when she came out of the dorm and got in the car.

He flicked his cigarette ash into the tray, hitting his forefinger against it with impatient jerks. He thought of the last time he had been out with Faith, with slight amusement. Well, she didn't disappoint me, he thought; I did get her to drink beer, and I did get her drunk. For the experience, he thought.

For the experience. That was the agreement. "Everyone should go out and get drunk, just once, for the experience," he had said, and once he had persuaded Faith she had said that, too.

"For the experience, you know," she had said as she drank her first beer, and then her second and on and on until she had been drunk and crying and telling him that she loved him. He was shocked at the time; and in a way, he supposed, hurt. Hell, he thought, why didn't he just admit that he hadn't expected that sort of thing in a million years—not from Faith, who always concealed herself so well behind her mask.

But then he got to thinking about Faith. His first thought was that he had been a fool; and instead of being shocked and surprised, he should have taken advantage of the moment.

Then he realized that he couldn't have done that, even if he had thought of it at the time. He just couldn't have—not to Faith . . . naive Faith? Only was she so naive, he thought; and somehow he didn't think so. Just because a girl keeps her thoughts hidden, and has never drunk beer before, doesn't mean that she's naive, he finally reasoned.

After his initial shock at Faith's words, he had tried to analyze the situation. He had been very uncertain as to how he did feel about her. Certainly he liked her, but could it ever be anything more than that? At first he hadn't really thought so, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized that he had actually had a chance to find out how much he could like her. And with that in mind, he had tried to see her again.

He had called her, but while friendly enough, she had kept putting him off. Her voice over the phone had been cool, soft, and he knew that once more she had gone behind her mask, perhaps to stay, as far as he was concerned.

But he had been persistent. He had called her once a day, asking her to meet him for coffee, to go for a ride with him, and even to go out and drink with him again. She refused. Once he went over to her dorm on an impulse, but she was not in.

He had let the matter rest for awhile, then had called her again. He tried to show her, through their very casual conversations over the phone that he didn't respect her any the less for what had happened, and that while he had certainly been surprised at the time, he had forgotten all about it, really, and only wanted to continue their friendship as it had been.

He had talked to her roommate, Sue, and was surprised to learn that Faith had moved into a single room. She couldn't tell him why exactly, only that there had been a single vacant room; and Faith had decided to move into it.

And then when he had called her this afternoon, and asked her to go for a ride with him this evening, she had accepted. He hadn't expected her to; she had started out by saying that she couldn't, that she had to study. Then she had stopped, and there was a long minute of silence, after which she had said that she would.

He brought himself out of his thoughts, and reached forward to put out his cigarette. He saw Faith come out of the dorm and down the steps. He waved at her, and she saw him and came toward the car.

He watched her, with interest. Her body moved with a controlled gracefulness that was only Faith's; and he saw that it was a nice body—much nicer than Sue's—if only she were a little more relaxed, a little more natural.

He got out of the car.

"Hi, Faith," he said.

"Hello, Don," she said softly. They stood looking at each other for a minute, then walked around to her side of the car. He opened the door and she got in.

"You could have waited inside," she said, as he started the engine and pulled away from the curb.

"Could I?" he asked, smiling at her. "With that housemother of yours staring me down?" They both laughed.

"Maybe you're right. You couldn't."

As Don headed away from the campus, Faith asked, "Where are we going?"

"I thought maybe we'd go up to the Park, and sit in the car and just talk," he replied.

"Oh," she said, and her voice sounded far away.

He guided the car skillfully around the last curve, and at the top of the hill, pulled off into a cleared spot. They sat silently for a minute, both enjoying the calmness of the night.

"Well," Don said at last, "Guess what I've got?" He reached over the seat

and got a six-pack of beer. "Beer!" he said, triumphantly, reaching for the beer opener that hung by a chain from the rear-view mirror.

Faith didn't say anything, and he opened the first bottle.

"Do you want some?" he asked, handing her the bottle.

"Yes," she said, and reached for it. He held onto it for a minute, and Faith noticed that his eyes looked sad, almost moist, as though he had been crying.

"Thank you," she said, and he released his hand, then opened a bottle for himself.

They drank in silence—Don taking long, deep, swallows, and Faith sipping hers slowly, carefully.

"Why did you move into a single room?" he asked, staring straight ahead into the darkness.

"I didn't know that you knew," she said, turning to look at him. He met her gaze, but didn't say anything else.

"I didn't think I was a very good influence for Sue. I'm too moody—I like to be myself . . ."

"I understand," he said. He got a cigarette from the pack in his pocket, lit it and handed it to her. She took it and he lit one for himself.

"I hope," he said, "that your moving didn't have anything to do with what happened."

"No," she said, "It didn't; I was thinking of moving before that happened."

"But that just made it easier?" he finished.

"Yes," she paused, "I suppose so. I guess Sue knew what I said to you that night. She didn't say anything about it to me, but I knew she could tell that something was wrong."

He opened more beer.

"Do you feel badly about it?" he asked.

She didn't say anything for a minute, but she looked at him . . . at his sensitive mouth, his dark perceiving eyes, his slim body. She wanted to reach out, to tell him, to explain to him—instead she said, "Not anymore; it was rather a silly thing to do, Don."

"You're not an unattractive girl," he said rather softly, moving slightly closer to her.

"I don't know really what to say to you," she said, ignoring his hand that crept around her shoulders. "I feel as though I've wronged you terribly. I said that I loved you, didn't I?" She turned to look at him again, and he withdrew his hand.

"Yes," he said, "You did."

"I thought I did, Don, really I did. But now, I realize that I don't. I was hoping that . . . I would never have to tell you this, but you kept calling me, and I thought you deserved an explanation. It's not every day that a girl goes out with a boy, gets drunk on beer, and tells him she loves him!" She laughed, and he smiled.

"Did I hurt you when I said I loved you?" she asked, her voice calm, as though it didn't make any difference to her, but that it might to him.

"Hurt me?" He took a swallow of beer. "I was shocked at first. I mean I didn't expect you to say that . . . not after all the talks we had had, but I can see it was a perfectly natural thing to happen."

"No," she said, "I don't suppose you did. I didn't either."

He moved closer to her again, and put his hand in hers. She didn't move;

she neither resisted him nor gave him encouragement. "You know, Faith, I think I could like you . . . a lot . . . but you haven't really given me a chance."

"Can't you like me as a friend?" she asked. "Do you always have to be thinking of other things?"

He withdrew his hand, and turned to open more beer.

"There are many kinds of love, Don," she went on.

He handed her another beer. "What kind were you thinking of that night?" he asked.

"There is love in friendships," she said, ignoring the question. "Platonic love. Have you ever heard of that, Don?"

"Is that what you meant that night?" he asked.

"No . . . I don't think so. But that's what I mean now. I love you as a close friend, but nothing more."

"Oh," he said. He lit another cigarette and handed it to her.

"I made a mistake, Don. I thought it was something that it wasn't. I'm terribly sorry."

He leaned over, suddenly, and kissed her. She didn't respond, and he moved away, silent and hurt.

"Don," she said, "I'm sorry, but . . ."

"Why?" he asked, drinking his beer again as though he didn't care.

She didn't answer right away, and she could hear him breathing in the silence of the car. If he were younger, she had the idea that he might cry.

"There's someone else," she said softly, so that he had to turn to face her to hear. "There's someone else that I love very much."

"He's a lucky person," Don said, sighing and then finishing his beer.

She smiled in the darkness, but didn't answer.

He opened more beer, and they drank in silence.

"I guess I had better take you back to the dorm," he said, throwing the empty bottles into the grass, and starting the car. She didn't reply.

He parked the car in front of the dorm, and they sat for a minute. He was hurt, and she wanted to reach out to him, to say something that would make him feel better—but she didn't.

"I guess there's nothing more to be said," he said.

"I was hoping that we could still be friends," she said, "but if we can't, then it's my fault . . ."

She turned to look at him; and he leaned over and kissed her, softly, without passion. He waited for her to kiss him in return; and when she didn't, he moved away, got out of the car, and walked around to her side of the car.

Faith walked slowly up the stairs to her room. She felt nothing; she realized what she had done, but it did not hurt her.

She unlocked the door of her room, turned on the light and went to the desk. She turned on the desk light, then hung up her coat and sat down to read.

She had been reading only a few minutes when the knock on the door came. She said "come in" and the door opened.

The girl stood in the doorway. "Did you go with him?" she asked.

"Yes," Faith said.

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I love someone else . . . very much."

The girl entered the room, and locked the door behind her.

Doesn't Anyone Ever Stay Home?

by Gene Guillard

It appears that the homosexuals of today are preoccupied with bars. In nearly every piece of writing on the matter of homosexual rights and freedoms, it appears that the prime complaint is the fact that bars cannot become homosexual without being closed.

Is this the argument? It would appear to be yes. Are bars our entire life? They certainly seem to be from what one reads. Why should we associate ourselves to them so closely in the first place? We shouldn't.

While it is true that many homosexuals—as do heterosexuals—drink, it is not true that homosexuals are lusher. But it is unfortunate that this impression is so resoundingly emblazoned in every writing on the subject of homosexuality.

Only recently an article appeared in these pages lamenting the treatment of an individual during the course of his "investigations of (I suppose) straight bars." It is amusing and interesting that one would undergo so much personal and social disgrace—and so near his own home, where it is most probable that he is also known outside those bars. If this is the case, (and what else is one to believe?) then the writer must have been able to sustain considerable embarrassment in the name of research.

It is interesting, to be sure, to

learn that such conduct is in evidence, but not surprising. The writer, it would appear, is using the same tactics against straights that straights continuously use against us. His portrait in words, while true as far as it may go, cannot and should not be accepted as representative of the total picture. What is to be gained from it?

It has been my personal pleasure to travel the four corners of this country—since I am homosexual and drink, to have frequent occasion to visit bars. While traveling in "unknown territory" it is not always possible to know where to go. This makes it necessary to simply choose a bar and have a drink, totally unknown and a complete stranger.

While I do not claim to appear totally straight, I am not in the least (in my opinion, of course) "obvious." The result is that I seem to "get along" with both customers and bar tenders. I, too, have been invited to parties, some of which I would admit were questionable. I have not, however, ever been asked to leave or been put out of a bar because of my individualness or individuality.

On the other side of the coin I have "frequented" many straight bars as a regular customer in areas where I have been located for lengthy periods. I've never been approached either by bartender or customer, nor

have I ever been molested by word of mouth, as that author would have us believe is common occurrence.

It can only be assumed that the author must have given some very good reasons for those drawn conclusions on the part of others.

Too, I disagree with the author wherein he recommends that the customer have nothing to do with either bartender or customer until such time as they have been investigated and proved satisfactory company.

Would this same writer then recommend that casual acquaintances met on the street, in a museum, a theatre or in the home of another, be so investigated as well? He most certainly should.

Again, my personal experiences belie his statements that people (and in particular, bartenders and bar customers) cannot be trusted. There are those that can and there are those that cannot. This is, or should be, a foregone conclusion, and each individual should be judged on his own merits.

But this is aside my main point.

Why do we pin so much importance on gay bars? Do we not have outside interests, friends, involvements? Is it so necessary that we leave the impression that we all but take up residence in a local bar—whether gay or straight?

While I cannot deny I would earn my 'glasses' based on my bar hours, I have never found it necessary to rely on them to such an extent. I have a letter on my desk from a very dear friend in a large northern city bemoaning the fact that he has no close friends, save one. His trouble isn't that he cannot make friends. It is that he finds it so necessary to spend his free time in a local bar. In such a case, can otherwise be expected?

There is no law that says we cannot have company in our home or apartment. And unless we have a reputation for having drunken brawls

there should be no fear of company in your home.

While I resided in one city for somewhat over two years, it was my distinct pleasure to make a great number of friends, some of whom I have not seen in over ten years but with whom I correspond regularly. These people were not met in bars, but as guests in either my home or the home of another friend.

It was the habit of our local "group" to always go out on the weekend for dinner. From there to one of the two local bars (which both still exist in all their glory), have a couple of drinks, and then repair to the home of one or another of us. Never once was there a raid or trouble of any kind.

The fact was that we were all friends and friends we have remained. While the bars were at our disposal, we used them as we would the theatre—only when we felt so inclined. It wasn't necessary to become so intimate with the bartender that he wanted to marry us, or the customers to a point where they either wanted to put the make on us or turn us in, or some such.

This was not true in that city alone. It has happened in other cities, both in the east and west. It is happening in the city in which I presently reside.

If we as homosexuals are going to raise our voices, either individually or collectively, for fairness towards ourselves, why don't we begin to look at life—and the world—a bit more fairly.

Burlesque theatres cater not only to men, but to women. The point here is that nothing is so exclusive that it cannot be enjoyed by more than one type person.

The gay bars have their share of "tourists" who come to watch the carryings on of the queens (and low women they sometimes are!) while the straight bars have their share of

gay fellows (and gals) who are there to "see how the other half lives."

If we wish to be so exclusive and away from the law and discrimination, why don't we chip in and buy ourselves an island somewhere and build our own colony—where we can do as we please whenever we please. The reason is simple—it isn't possible. Perfection, though impossible to achieve, remains a goal for many. It is something to work toward.

While we may not care to go "straight," or intend to, we don't have to scream at the top of our lungs that we want our own gay bars. While we may need companionship we don't

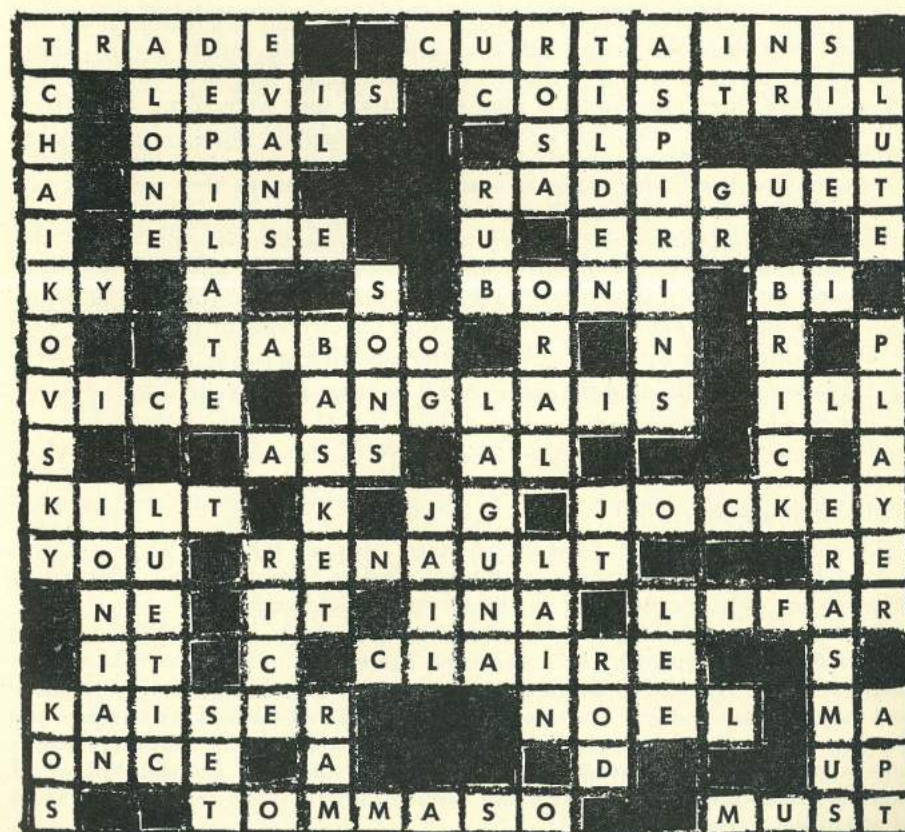
have to seek it only at the bars. There are other ways, and they should be used.

If we'd only learn to conduct ourselves as people, not freaks, then we'd all be the better for it. It appears that this is asking too much, however.

Can't we live among the heterosexual world just as they live with us? Can't we learn to EARN the recognition and understanding of society (of which, incidentally, we are a part) instead of banging our spoon on the table like a spoiled child?

Should we ever learn this simple lesson, half the battle will be won. Anyone interested in trying?

Solution to Dec. Queregle



THE BOXWOOD GARDEN

by
John Thorne

For a while, as they drove through the hot, dusty Southern countryside, the two men were happy. The older man, who was at the wheel, was perhaps thirty-five. He was growing a little bald on top and a little fat in front, but his baby face still appeared young. His companion was about twenty-five, a pale, thin boy with a timid look. Both were dressed in the quiet, conservative style that had lately been launched in New York, but both were in their shirt sleeves, and in the damp heat their shirts stuck to their backs.

From time to time the older man spoke, to point out something along the roadside—a ramshackle cabin with a towering television aerial; a tiny, white-columned country courthouse; a low, modernistic, glass and steel factory building set in a wide green lawn—but most of the time they were silent. They felt a certain quiet contentment in the isolation of the automobile, speeding together through a countryside where they knew no one and no one knew them; where, if they stopped at a filling station or a roadside luncheonette, they were just two men driving together from one town to another.

But as they approached the outskirts of a small manufacturing town, the older man's smile gave way to a faintly petulant frown, and the boy, who was constantly looking at the man's face and taking his cue from the expression he found there, grew subdued and moved further toward his own side of the seat.

"Do you think she will like me?" said the boy after a while.

"Of course she will," said the man. "She'll be crazy about you."

"She won't suspect?"

"Certainly not! Why should she suspect? It's the last thing in the world she would suspect."

"I wish it was over."

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't get nervous," snapped the man. "You will give it away if you get nervous. Just be yourself. Besides," he continued, after a moment, "what if she does suspect? What business is it of hers?"

They did not speak again for the rest of the trip. Each sat silently on his own side of the seat, deep in his own thoughts. From time to time the boy glanced furtively at his friend, but the man stared straight ahead, and both grew more and more nervous as they drove through the outskirts of town, down the deserted Sunday morning main street, and into a run-down residential section where a few large old-fashioned frame houses still stood amidst a growing sprawl of drive-in restaurants, supermarkets and service stations. They pulled up in front of one of the houses and stopped.

"Now just remember, act natural," said the man, for what seemed to the boy to be the hundredth time. "She's not the least bit wise, and if you don't get nervous she won't suspect a thing."

Then the front door of the house flew open and a woman appeared on the steps. She was a short, fat little woman in her sixties, brisk and cheery, wearing a plain white blouse and a brown skirt, her faded hair curling neatly around her plump, beaming face. The boy thought he saw a surprised expression cross her face as she waved, but it went away so quickly that he could not be sure.

"Hey son, hi you?" she called down to the older man.

"I'm fine, mother, and you?" he replied.

"Just fine," she shouted back. Then, since neither the man nor the boy made a move to get out of the car, she said, with a forced laugh. "Aren't you coming in?"

"Sure, sure; give us a minute." The man's voice began trembling with ill-concealed emotion, and he got out of the car with a self-conscious stiffness. The boy followed him across the short front lawn and watched as he kissed his mother on the cheek. She tried to hug him, but he pulled away. Then he turned to the boy and said:

"Mother, I'd like you to meet Bobby Tucker, a friend of mine from Atlanta."

"Hey, Bobby, hi you?" she said, looking down at him from the steps with a bland, impersonal expression in her eyes. "Peter didn't tell me he was bringing anybody home, so you'll have to take pot luck. Son, why didn't you?"

Without waiting for an answer, and without ever ceasing to talk, she put her hand on her son's elbow and guided him into the house. "Y'all come on in," she said. "I know you must be worn out after that long drive. Son, I don't see how you can drive around in the middle of summer with the top down and no hat on. It's a wonder you don't catch sunstroke. Now, when I was a girl . . ."

* * * * *

The house was cool and old-fashioned, with the still, spotless look of a home without children, and the back sitting room, to which the woman conducted her son and his guest, was crammed with comfortable furniture, family photographs and knickknacks. Outside the windows the small dark leaves of a boxwood hedge pressed so close that they shut out most of the sun, leaving the room in a sort of submarine twilight.

"Y'all sit in here, where it's nice and cool," said the woman. "Or would you rather go out in the boxwood garden? I know you want to show it to your friend, son. I've got some cokes in the icebox; I'll go fix us some."

As she disappeared toward the kitchen, Bobby found himself sitting on the edge of a chair, tense and uncomfortable, feeling that he might at any moment jump up and run away. Peter was pacing about the room, staring at the keepsakes and family photographs which cluttered the table tops as if he wanted to sweep them off onto the floor. His eyes avoided Bobby's, and after a moment he jerked his head toward the boxwood garden outside and said, "Come on, let's go on out. It's no worse there than here." So Bobby followed him through the back hall to the door that opened onto the garden.

During the previous months Bobby had heard a great deal about Peter's boxwood garden—how old it was; how ragged and run down; how, in the almost two hundred years since it had been planted, it had declined from the proud and handsome showpiece of a large plantation to an overgrown jungle in a city back yard; and how it had resisted all of Peter's efforts to restore it. But nothing that he had heard had prepared him for what he now saw. In the gardens that Peter designed in Atlanta the dense and small-leaved boxwood shrubs, seldom more

than waist high, were planted in walks and mazes and were trimmed into elegant little oblongs, spheres and cones. Sunlight poured over these gardens and one could see at a glance their complex but regular designs. Here, however, just outside the back door, a shaggy mass of shapeless shrubbery rose up as high as the house and seemed to fill the entire back yard without any plan or design.

"Just look at it," said Peter irritably. "Have you ever seen such a mess?"

There was, however, between two of the shrubs, a narrow opening beyond which one could see a bit of sunny lawn, and as Peter pushed his way through the overhanging branches, the boy followed him onto a grassy oval space in the heart of the high hedges. Here was the part that Peter had restored, a neatly trimmed lawn bordered by flower beds and set off by a grouping of white painted antique cast iron garden furniture. The elegant trimness of the sunny lawn and the freshly painted furniture was in striking contrast to the shady squalor of the ancient boxwood hedges and enhanced their air of romantic abandon.

Bobby was delighted by the garden, and for the first time since he and Peter had approached the town he began to feel a little at peace with himself. But when he looked at Peter he saw that Peter was even more agitated than ever.

"Time and again," he was saying, "I have tried to persuade her to sell it and move out to the suburbs where all her friends live now. The house is too big for her, it's expensive to heat and hard to keep up, and the neighborhood is going to the dogs. But she won't hear of it. 'Why son,' she says, 'this garden was planted by your great-great-great-granddaddy, almost two hundred years ago. Why, every year the Garden Tour comes to see it.'"

As Peter's voice died away, his mother's voice rang out through the boxwood hedges—"Son, son, did you bring the umbrella out?"—and Peter's face suddenly flushed.

"No, mother, I did not," he shouted back.

"I declare," she said, "you never think of a thing. Now you know we don't sit out here in the sun without the umbrella. Now you come in and get it."

Peter's wrath had now passed the point of speech, and he looked at the boy with blazing eyes. Then he turned on his heel and without another word he left the boxwood garden. From outside the hedges Bobby heard the sound of voices raised in anger, then lowered, then raised again, without being able to distinguish the words. Then silence, and after a moment Peter's mother entered the garden, ducking to miss the untrimmed branches and bearing a tray of coke-filled glasses and cookies.

"I had to send Peter back to the house for the umbrella," she said. "It's too hot out here without it." Her face was pulled into a placid little smile, just as if nothing had happened, and she proceeded across the lawn to the table. The boy followed a few steps behind her. He was frightened by her quarrel with her son, and he tried to think of something to say which would keep up a conversation without letting it get into dangerous areas.

"It's a very nice garden, Mrs. Bowen," he ventured.

"Do you like it?" she said, setting down the tray. "I try to keep it up, but it's a job. About all I can do is keep the lawn nice and the flower beds. I wanted Peter to trim the boxwood so it would be nice like in his gardens in Atlanta, but he says it's too old. He says it's beyond all hope. Of course that's just Peter's talk. Peter has always loved the boxwood garden. When he was a little boy he used to play out here all day long with no one but me to keep him company, and when he got older I had the hardest time getting him to go out and play with the other little boys. I practically had to chase him out with a stick. Are you a landscape architect too?"

"No, ma'am, I'm an accountant."

"Oh," she said. "Well, that sounds like interesting work." She began to set the table, putting a glass, a paper napkin and a little plate of cookies at each place, and Bobby felt that all the while she was inspecting him, noting his speech and bearing, his manner of dress and behavior, adding each item she noticed to the others, adding them up. He had never been so uncomfortable in his life.

"Of course he has every reason to love it so," she continued. "It was planted almost two hundred years ago, by his great-great-great-great-granddaddy, and it's been in his family ever since. Six generations of Bowens have grown up here—Peter was the sixth—and I'm looking forward to six generations more. Did you say you were from Atlanta?"

"No, ma'am, not originally."

"Oh well, I didn't think we knew any Tuckers there. Where are you from?"

Bobby named the small mill village upstate which was well known throughout the South as a place where only mill hands and their families lived.

"Oh, I see," she said. "Peter's friends are always so interesting." She stood back from the table and viewed it appraisingly. Then she moved one of the glasses a little to one side, and viewed it again. "You aren't married, are you?"

"No'm."

"Oh well, there's no need to rush into it, I always say. Now I wonder what could be keeping Peter so long? We might as well sit down."

Just at the moment Peter, looking hot and cross, pushed his way into the boxwood garden, dragging a big beach umbrella behind him.

"I declare, mother," he said, "I don't see why you have to have this monstrosity out here. It doesn't go with anything."

"Well it's too hot out here without it. Now mind you don't knock over the cokes when you set it up."

* * * * *

At dinner Bobby hardly ate a thing. He did not say much, either. Peter was also silent, and his mother did the talking for all three. She kept up a steady stream of chatter throughout dinner, and for a moment it seemed to Bobby that she might ease Peter out of his bad humor. But in the end she was not successful.

After dinner Peter drew Bobby aside.

"You find some excuse to stay inside for a few minutes when mother and I go out to the boxwood garden. I want to break the news to her."

"Peter, don't tell her," said Bobby fearfully.

"Now, for god's sake, don't start that again," snapped Peter. "You know perfectly well I can't keep it from her. She's got friends in Atlanta. She comes there to visit."

"Then let her find out by herself."

"Now listen, she's my mother, not yours, and if she suspects anything, I'm the one that'll have to put up with it, not you." Peter glared at him angrily. "Besides, what if she does suspect? What can she do?"

Bobby did not know. Timid and shy, unable to shine, his principle of life was to slip through it quietly, hoping no one would notice. But he learned that when Peter had made up his mind, Bobby must obey. So when Peter and his mother went out to the boxwood garden, bearing the silver coffee service and the Wedgwood cups, Bobby stayed inside, going upstairs to the bathroom and sitting miserably on the edge of the tub. But as he sat there, trying not to think, his anxiety became so great that he got up and began wandering nervously about the house, looking anxiously into the various rooms as if they could tell him

what she knew. It was in the parlor that he noticed the album. It was lying on a table by the sofa, the word "Photographs" stamped in gold on its cover, and Peter's name written in ink below. Bobby looked about to make sure that no one was near. He listened to make sure that no one was coming. Then he picked up the album and began to look through it. On the first pages were pictures of Peter as a rosy-cheeked, laughing boy, clutching at his mother in the earlier ones, toddling off by himself later on. Then Peter's father disappeared, and mixed in with school pictures and family groups were pictures of Peter with various little girls, and later, bigger girls. The last one showed an adolescent Peter in cap and gown, his arm around the girl, and underneath it was written, "Peter and Mary Dee, High School Graduation."

Then there were pictures of Peter in college, Peter at midshipman school, Peter on his destroyer. He looked incredibly young and innocent in these, cheerfully smiling, squinting against the sun, clowning and playing the fool, but in these he was alone except for school friends or shipmates. Then there were pictures of Peter in Atlanta, still young, though beginning to look his present self, with one or another of the rich middle-aged women whose gardens he designed. Then there was nothing—blank pages, between which a few loose clippings from newspapers and magazines showed pictures of his gardens.

Bobby closed the album with trembling fingers and replaced it exactly where he had found it, so that no one would know he had looked at it. The only pictures of Peter he had ever seen showed him alone with another young man.

When Bobby thought he had waited long enough, he started out to the boxwood garden. But as he approached the opening in the hedges he saw Peter's mother approaching him from inside. Suddenly unwilling to be seen by her, he shrank back into the bushes just outside the entrance, and as she emerged she passed not three feet from him. Her hands were clasped so tightly into fists that the knuckles were white. Her shoulders were shaking, and her face was thrust sharply upward toward the sky, tears streaming down her cheeks. She went straight up the steps into the house without once looking back.

When she had disappeared into the house, Bobby, scarcely daring to breathe, slipped into the boxwood garden. The coffee things were on the table, two cups poured out but untouched. Peter was striding angrily about the lawn, a long switch in his hands, striking at the furniture, the lawn, the shrubs.

"She is completely and utterly selfish," said Peter furiously.

Bobby was too frightened to reply.

"All she thinks of is herself," continued Peter. "She never thinks of me."

Again Bobby did not reply.

"Doesn't she realize I might want something for myself? Does she think she's the only one who hasn't got what she wants?"

Still Bobby was silent. He looked at the ground near Peter's feet, occasionally daring to glance quickly up at Peter's face. Finally he summoned up the courage to speak.

"What did she say?"

"She started up all that stuff about marriage again. When am I going to get married? All of my friends have married years ago. They all have children now. When is she going to get her grandbabies?"

"You don't think she suspects anything, do you?"

"What is there to suspect? I just said you were moving in with me." Then suddenly Peter flushed and started shouting. "What makes you think she suspects? There's nothing to suspect. Two guys sharing an apartment . . . it happens all the time, and no one suspects anything."

Though the heat of the day had passed, Peter was sweating like a horse, and Bobby felt that the world stood upside down. But as he looked around, trying to avoid Peter's eyes, he saw that everything was just the same. There was the lawn that Peter had planted many years ago. There was the furniture he had painted white. There was the place where he had played as a child. Enclosing them all were the high hedges, gone wild and ragged now beyond any hope of ever being trimmed. They were so thick that the garden was as private as a room, so high they seemed to shut out the sky, and old, so old and gnarled about the roots, that they seemed to have been there forever.

Suddenly Peter's furious face collapsed, and he looked as if he were about to cry.

"I'm ten years older than you," he said. "I'm getting bald and fat, and I'm hard to live with. You won't leave me, will you?"

"Oh, Peter, I'll never leave you."

"You won't change your mind when I get old and fat?" said Peter, starting to shake.

"Oh, never, never," said Bobby. "Oh, I'm so lucky to have you." Almost involuntarily he took a step toward Peter, and for a moment the two men clung to each other in the middle of the boxwood garden, clumsily patting each other and murmuring broken words of love.

Then Peter broke away and began to frown.

"And now," he said, "we must go say goodbye to mother."



WHY NOT A SANE APPROACH TO HOMOPHILE PROBLEMS?

MATTACHINE REVIEW—now in its eight 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, \$5 per year; single copies 50c. Published by Mattachine Society, Inc.

mattachine REVIEW

693 Mission Street

San Francisco 5, Calif.

BOOKS

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



THE YOUNGEST DIRECTOR by Martyn Goff, Putnam & Company Limited, London, 1961, pp. 237, 15s.

It has long been the view of the present reviewer that novelists and dramatists do a better job in dealing with problems of human nature than the professional psychologists who borrow their techniques of research from the natural scientists, abstracting single points or traits from many subjects and treating them statistically. In contrast the former see human beings as wholes in relation to a setting and single traits as belonging to a complex which may and often does determine the character and importance of the trait. It is only in our time that this view has been more generally recognized and here as elsewhere the novelists have been first to see the larger significance of their own work. For example Irving Wallace's *The Chapman Report* is a terrific satire on the statistical treatment of sex problems. More recently Professor John Wild in a very learned address before the Eastern Division of the American Philosophical Association elevates the view to a philosophical position distinguishing a *Lebenswelt*, or world in which we live and die, from what the scientists call the "realm of fact," the former being mussy and diffuse but real, while the latter is neat and precise

but abstract and remote from life as it is actually lived.

The book, *The Youngest Director*, while perhaps not a great or profound novel, is still a compact and neatly structured account of the experience of a homophile youth which might well be a case study. The youth, Leonard, faces the three characteristic problems of homosexuals growing out of his love for and persistent loyalty to a young boy much below him in social status (an important point in England where the plot is laid). The problems concern Leonard's relation to his parents and brother, family, to marriage, and finally to his job, a highly placed position with a good company.

The author shows his good taste and sense of reality in avoiding the wild and blood-curdling solutions, so common in homophile novels. Both the family and the company try to force Leonard into a conventional marriage, which of course he cannot accept. He tells the family the truth. His father, a harsh and bigoted man, blows up and orders him out of the house but finally relents in deference to the mother who is more tolerant and understanding; things then go on much as they have always done. A married couple, the husband of which is a homosexual, are both friends of his. When the wife discovers her husband's bent, she plans a divorce, but Leonard advises her that the conse-

quences of a divorce would be worse than making the best of the situation as it is, a solution which she accepts. He had given this advice in spite of the fact that it was the husband who had betrayed him to the company. Of course he loses his job, but there are others. The boy, John, seeing the complications arising from his relation to Leonard, leaves him so that he is just about where he was in the first place. His affair with the boy had been ill-assorted from the beginning. Of course Leonard is disturbed emotion-

ally, but the loss of his two male friends was not catastrophic. It would seem that if he had used more tact and care in his judgments and not talked so much, the solutions of his problems need not have been even as severe as they were. The book is unique in its realism and omission of those highly emotional climaxes deemed necessary by many novelists when dealing with homosexuality in order to prove their own disinvolvement and hold the interest of the reader.

T. M. M.

BOOK SERVICE

SONS OF THE FATHERS, Martin Kramer\$ 4.50

The story of 6 young college students, one the rebellious son of a millionaire, one the atheistic descendant of flagellists, one shattered by recognition of a love he can't confess, one possessed of the power to destroy or heal with his too-perfect beauty and artistic genius, one a Negro fighting for his own identity, one a English aristocrat. These histories comprise a book of immense force, truth and beauty.

NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY, Lennox Cook\$ 3.95

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The story of two young men, who have known each other from childhood, yet who only now, in the atmosphere of the army barracks discover their true feelings for each other.

AGAINST THE LAW, Peter Wildeblood\$ 3.95

Noted because it describes the author's trial on charges of being homosexual, this book deserves reading for its description of sex in prison, of all types.

MAYBE TOMORROW, Jay Little\$ 4.50

It can be said that no library is complete without this novel. It is good. It is descriptive. It is informative. One of the standards in the field.

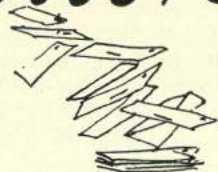
THE SIXTH MAN by Jess Stearn\$ 3.95

A best seller that only scratches the surface of homosexuality. Written by a non-homosexual the book is not uninteresting in spots but it is far from "startling."

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

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

Letters



Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.

LETTERS FROM 10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE CONTINUED

THE PIONEERS, 1952-1962

Dear ONE:

As one of the Founders of ONE since 1952 I been active in ONE Magazine's editorial work, serving variously as member of the Editorial Board, as Managing Editor and since January, 1959, as Editor.

ONE over the years gradually usurped more and more of my time until, in 1955, I became its second full-time staff member. My several terms as a Director have brought me into continuing awareness of the problems and complications which have forever been the Corporation's lot.

As Manager of the Publications Division of the Corporation it has been stimulating sometimes harrowing, experience to preside over the publication of three books since 1955, *Game of Fools*, *Homosexuals Today*, *The Keval*, and watch the growth of the Book Service into its present important usefulness to the homosexual public.

A most interesting development has been to work since its beginning in ONE's Library and to see it grow from a small cardboard carton of books into a highly specialized collection of thousands of items, many hundreds of which have already been catalogued according to professional library standards—a collection unparalleled in the homosexual field.

My several years of circulation work to the local newsstands gave me a very realistic picture of the tie-up between editorial policies and sales. Since 1958 I have been teaching various aspects of homophile literature in ONE Institute, and look for expansion of the Institute's valuable work.

Don Slater
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

I had the good fortune to attend that first meeting in 1952 at which the proposal

"something ought to be done" was the germinal seed from which ONE sprang. A number of previous experiences with other organizations had convinced me that one of the most dangerous rocks upon which they fall afoul is the question of finances. As Business Manager since 1952 I have seen no reasons for changing that view. However worthy or urgent the plans we may devise, they can go nowhere unless the funds are forthcoming.

ONE has been most fortunate in the loyal, self-sacrificing support of its many supporters. Without their aid it would never have been possible to keep going during a decade in which such huge publications as *QUICK*, *COLLIERS* and a dozen others have bitten the dust.

As a Board member since the start and Chairman on several occasions, it has been interesting to watch the vitality of ONE's purposes win through over the attacks, the indifference, the occasional subversion, the attempts at unwise course-changing which are the lot of every growing institution.

It has been a privilege, as the Corporation's first fulltime staff member, since 1953, to work in ONE's Social Service Division and to counsel with a great number of discouraged, frightened, confused homosexual men and women who have come to the offices seeking help with their problems. The stabilized, well-adjusted "alumni" of the Social Service Division are a source of great pride and satisfaction to all of us who have taken part in this indispensable part of ONE's activities.

It has been a very big ten years.

William Lambert
Los Angeles, California

EARLY BIRDS, 1953-1962

Dear ONE:

Although I have been interested in ONE's work since its inception it was not until

ONE's Bureau of Public Information was established late in 1953 that I was assigned to the staggering task of making corrections to the innumerable lies which appear in print concerning homosexuals and homosexuality. The Bureau's function also is to challenge improper and illegal behavior on the part of public officials the country over, exposing to public view and to legal correction, wherever possible, the grossest of their violations.

Despite considerable interest exhibited by friends of ONE in 1954 and 1955 during our challenges to Bernard Macfadden, the self-styled "Dr." Arthur Guy Mathews, the Mayor of Miami and a number of other public figures of irresponsible views and public statements, the work of the Bureau has been allowed to slacken of late years.

My own busy schedule has not permitted me to carry on this work without assistance and if homosexuals the country over do not really care enough about what is done to them to give the Bureau the substantial support it needs if anything of value is to be accomplished, then perhaps the time is not yet ripe.

I not with some amusement the continued popularity of the "Tangents" feature in the Magazine which, in literary form only, carries on the note of challenge and reform that characterized our earliest work in the Bureau of Public Information. Is literary protest all that homosexuals asks?

Marvin Cutler
Long Beach, California

A SAMPLING FROM THE YEARS, 1955-1962

Dear ONE:

As Editorial Secretary during 1958 and part of 1959 and as author of several articles I found the work with ONE stimulating and I hope of some help toward realizing ONE's purposes. My present work schedule does not permit me to see you as often as in the past but I am always interested in ONE's welfare—and maybe later, on . . .

Alice Horvath
Palms, California

Dear ONE:

When it began, there were rumors that ONE would not last more than a year. The pessimists must now extend their apologies. As Editorial Secretary during 1959 and 1960 I learned that it has not been easy to blaze this road to homosexual freedom through the jungle of public censorship and government red herrings.

I once had rejection slips before my first story was printed in May, 1958. At the time I was reading manuscripts for the Magazine about eighty percent of them were on the same hackneyed themes of gay bars and

cruising the parks. Is that all we have to offer the heterosexual reader? Is that the existence we are fighting for? I say, expand your imaginations! The message you invoke with your writing helps to establish us in real life in a world where we insistently plan to be accepted.

The heterosexual reader who buys ONE must be provoked, impressed, stimulated and convinced of our human worth and our full rights to the freedoms of a democracy which claims that all men are equal. Ten years of triumph and tears—may the next ten be just as exciting.

Arnell Larsen
Tujunga, California

Dear ONE:

After your hard and often lonely battles I don't know how you did it, with all that it takes for any of us to hold our heads above water in these days. You seem to have discovered a fountain somewhere of truly inexhaustible will-power for it amazes me that your efforts always manage to appear so effortless and that your magazine has been able to maintain such honesty and the hardest thing of all, quality, over the years. Why didn't you give in? or give up? I think I would have.

Yet in my mind's eye, I imagine myself there with you shoulder to shoulder with the banner aloft of golden dreams for something less than golden returns and your indefatigable courage scouting ahead, feeling out the defenses of the enemy, just missing this ambush and that surprise attack—my dear, brave heroes on the bulwarks of such a challenging social role (bulwarks is plural, isn't it?) with little to go on but their ideals and unshakeable convictions.

I don't know you, so I have to try to imagine what you are like now and what you were like then with courage high and all the hopes of our struggle buckled on. And were you often angry at how little success you were having? and often as not in trouble for having somehow managed that little?

My wishes are with you for good productive years ahead. Likely as not it will be more of the same; situations vary so little from year to year and I suspect from life to life, lifetime to lifetime. With the hope that my poorly expressed wish that a brighter future may give you back some of the pleasure ONE has given me—I close.

Jessica Farr
Hollywood, California

(Reader will recall Miss Farr's "Have Yourself a Gay Vacation," in June, 1959).