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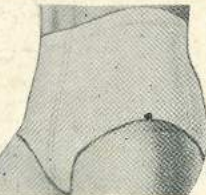
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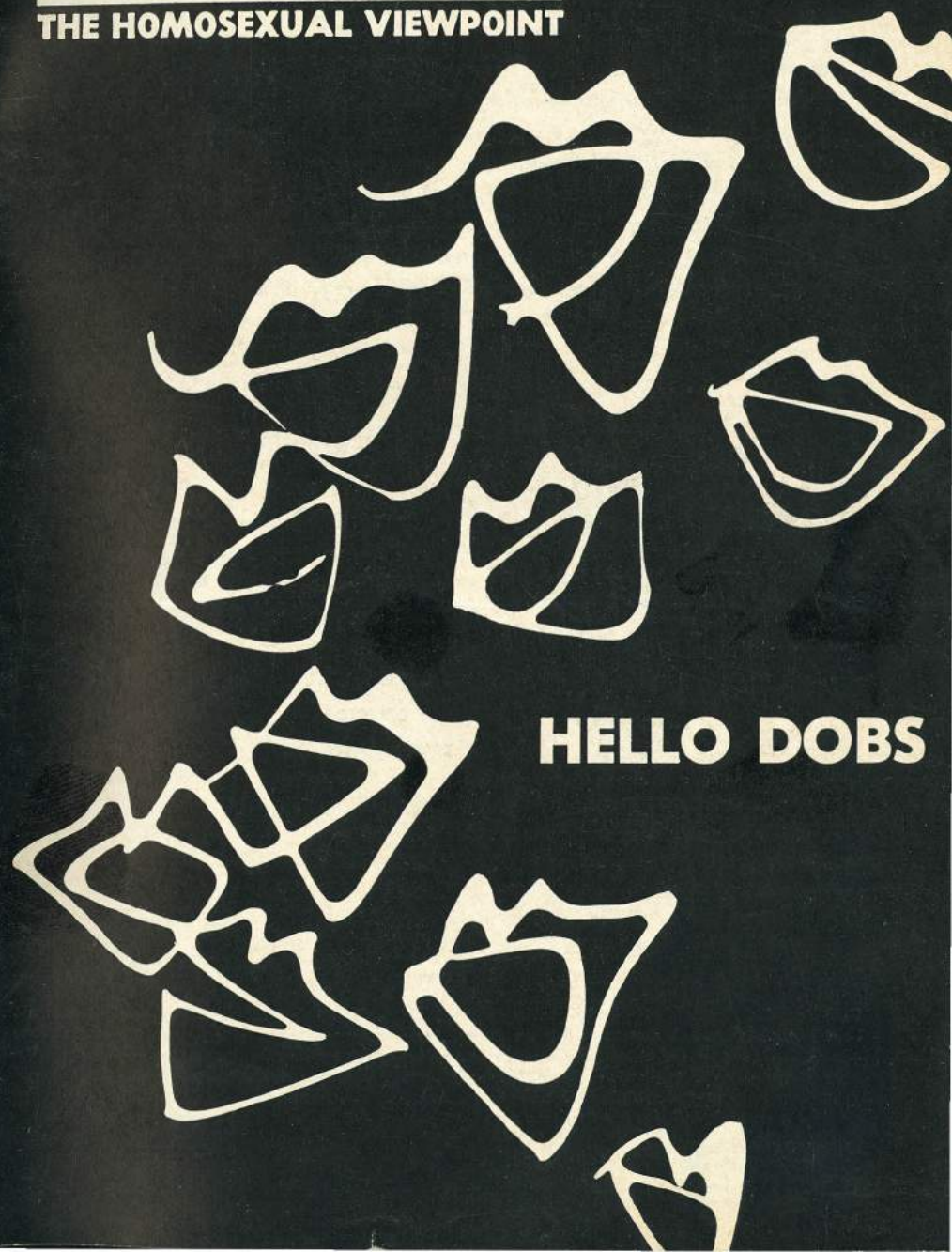
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Box 71, Garden Grove, Calif.

one

JUNE 1962
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



HELLO DOBS

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 6

June 1962

ARTICLES

- 6 COMING OUT A. E. Smith
- 9 THE HOMOSEXUAL MINORITY Susanne Prosin
- 20 AS FOR ME Barbara Stephens

FICTION

- 12 THE CHOSEN James Colton

POETRY

- 11 COMMUNICATION Tram Combs
- 21 PASSING FRIENDS Victor J. Banis

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 EDITORIAL
- 16 TANGENTS
- 22 BOOKS
- 29 LETTERS

COVER: Eve Ellore

EDITORIAL

The crowning of the May Queen with chaplets of flowers was a folk-rite in many parts of mediaeval Europe. Historians make reference to the homophile overtones of these agricultural festivals.

There were no garlands of posies for ONE on May Day, 1962, for that was the Day of The Move. Instead of flower maidens and bedecked carts there was a retinue of brawny attendants and five great vans from one of the Magazine's advertisers, of course.

Left behind was the dingy old place in downtown Los Angeles with its four sizeable rooms and three tiny ones where ONE's offices had been since November, 1953. Scrambled and heaped into the clean new quarters bone and muscle-weary as we were after the moving ordeal, all were glad the old place was to be torn down. Perhaps we would have hung on there for years putting up with the dirt and the noise had we not had such an impetus.

one

There is no need to recount here the struggle of trying to find the space at a price that could be managed. Some of the story has already been printed in ONE Confidential. Enough to say that the new offices are not downtown, as had been planned; nor in an office building, as had been planned; certainly not at all of the size we had expected to have.

ONE now finds itself occupying all of an airy second floor in a central location that is just a bit outside downtown congestion. The rooms are clean. They are bright and airy. No more daytime electric lights. There is more space than anyone could have dared to expect, yet the rent is no higher than was being asked for half the space elsewhere.

We look around us in wonderment. It is almost as if unseen forces had been pushing and prodding and impelling us to move forward into an entirely new phase of operations. May Day was thus both a day of beginning and of ending for ONE; ending of the old phase of growth-by-accretion and of informal improvisations; a beginning of a new phase whose goals and directions we are now trying to estimate.

Each department and activity is fitting into its own space, uncrowded and uncluttered. There is room to hold all except the largest events in our own quarters. There is privacy and convenience undreamed of in the old offices. The staff can now better perform its duties in furthering the welfare of homosexual men and women, the purpose for which ONE exists.

Each of you who reads these lines, wherever you may live, can take part in this great work—if you will. Tell your friends about ONE: about its two unique monthlies (ONE Magazine, ONE Confidential); about its dignified and scholarly QUARTERLY; about its published books, with more to come; tell about ONE's Social Service work; the educational program on ONE Institute; there is much more you could tell.

Each of you can support financially these varied activities. Many of you could write something for one of the publications. Some of you have books you no longer wish to keep: send them to the Library to help expand its research facilities. Whatever you do, you are doing it for yourself and for your fellows. Let none of us ever forget that any minority has only such rights and privileges as it earns for itself.

Like the chambered nautilus, ONE now has a new home. Everyone is still a little dazed by such good fortune, also its responsibilities, recognizing that every step forward brings new duties, new obligations and new problems. Join with us in measuring up to them, will you not? The homophile movement in America is taking on new dignity these days. Let us make sure that there is substantial backing within ourselves for that dignity. The burden of proving that homosexuals are worthy of all that any human is worthy of falls upon ourselves. Perhaps that is the meaning of the new phase which began this May Day past.

William Lambert
Associate Editor

Out from where? Out into what?

One of the unique things about the homosexual minority is that its members are not "raised" in their minority. A homosexual enters it, and he or she enters it "cold." This entrance is what we call, in our homosexual parlance,

"COMING OUT."

by

A. E. Smith

You, as a homosexual, know that your "coming out" changed your whole life. It was like coming out of a cocoon. The world thereafter to you was a whole new world. The transition perhaps was a rough experience, perhaps a delightful discovery, probably some gradation in between. Anyway, you know it was a momentous transition.

What happened? You know what events transpired in your own case. You probably just call that series of events your "coming out." But what happened in the larger intellectual and impersonal sense?

Why did the homosexual world choose the phrase, "Coming out"? Why not, just for instance, "initiation," or "debut"? And is it "coming out" in the sense of coming *from* somewhere, *from* something, or is it "coming out" in the sense of coming out *into* somewhere or something? Or both?

Regardless of its origin, sociologically our slang phrase is very illuminating. For, as sociologist Mrs. Suzanne Prosin puts it, homosexuals are a minority, but in a way they are a minority in reverse since they come *from* a majority and go *into* a minority; they are "raised" on the values of the dominant group and then must unlearn some of those values when they leave.

When you "came out," that "new world" you entered was, in your case—because what you prefer sexually is against the law, against religion's teaching, and absolutely forbidden by the majority—because of that, your "new world" is only another word for "minority." "Coming out" is our slang phrase for coming from a majority and going into a minority.

What values changed when you "came out"?

Your attitude toward sex, certainly. Before you "came out" you accepted the majority's teaching about the evil-

ness of homosexuality, that it was absolutely beyond the pale. You learned from the church that it was so horrifying that it was unmentionable, the "abomination," so far more evil than just ordinary heterosexual sex like adultery that it couldn't even be listed with the Ten Commandments. You learned it was against the law and accepted the majority's judgment when they sent people to prison for it.

Your values in this regard are now a far, far cry from the majority's. It has to be—or you wouldn't be holding this particular magazine in your hands right now.

The chances are, also, that when you "came out" you left behind you at least a goodly portion of the majority's belief in the divinity of either the Christian or Jewish religion you were raised in. You might still occasionally go to church. But as a thinking (and practicing) homosexual you probably just "go," maybe with your mother or heterosexual friends, as part of "passing."

Which brings us to another thing that changed when you "came out," one of the very first things, the vast importance of which you learned quickly from the first other gay people you met, in case you didn't know it already from having been raised in the teachings of the majority—you learned to "pass." You learned the absolute necessity for secrecy from the majority (which, immediately, included your family and the police, but also all other heterosexuals) regarding the truth of your sexuality.

This unfortunate necessity for secrecy (or, as Dr. Merritt, Professor Emeritus of ONE INSTITUTE, put it in a lecture on Homophile Ethics and Philosophy, "the necessity of wearing the mask"), colors the life of every homosexual. It stems from there being immeasurably more prejudice against

homosexuals than against any other minority, and the immediate necessity is, of course, your job. I would estimate that 95% of homosexuals "pass," and I do not think I am under any illusion in believing that 94% would be promptly fired were they to declare themselves.

I can think of no better way of pointing up this blight upon millions of lives and upon society itself than looking into a period of history when it did not exist, which is exactly what Mary Renault does in her novel, *The Last of the Wine*. (We are fortunate that Miss Renault is also a noted Greek scholar and that nobody questions her historical veracity!) What a different "coming out"! Her young hero has no need for secrecy. He was expected to take a homosexual lover and is even counseled about it by his father. The public disgrace there was not being able to attract a lover. "Coming out" then entailed no secrecy, no hypocrisy, no wearing of the mask. Homosexuality was an integral and very necessary part of the Greek religion and educational system.

But today we are not living in the antique days of Greece. Greece was mostly untillable and could not support a large population. Homosexuality was encouraged for this purpose (along with the exposure of excess infants), just as it was in the Cretan and Japanese ancient civilizations. And while it is true that our world is about to have an overpopulation problem, that problem did not exist to the Jewish religion and its

off-shoot, Christianity, when they came to power. The homosexual today "comes out" to an entirely different situation.

However, I think the illustration of the diametrically opposite "coming out" of the young Greek is very instructive for us. It shows that the homosexual was not always in the fix he is in today. And if it happened once in history, it is possible it can happen again. History repeats itself, they say.

Even without the evidence of historical example, we have reason to suspect that "coming out" need not always be the shock that it was for you and me. For in our own lifetime the hostile world has been made less hostile. We have seen one state of the United States actually alter its laws to make legal homosexual love between two consenting adults in privacy. Frankly, I would have laughed at anyone telling me, when I "came out," that such a thing could happen in my lifetime. I'm an optimistic fellow, but such was the ingrained pessimism of the outlook of my generation that "came out" that I could not envisage such a thing.

I can envisage much more now. I can envisage a time when future homosexuals on "coming out" need not ask, "Out from where?" and for an answer have to look behind them and see only the red-hot blind prejudice, and need not ask, "Out into what?" and look ahead and put on the mask. It may be only a vision, but I have seen it.

THE HOMOSEXUAL MINORITY

My background has been in sociology and cultural anthropology, and I have been doing studies in minority interaction.

I talked to the head of our psychology department (San Fernando State College) about the concept of the homosexual as a minority group, and she referred me to Dr. Evelyn Hooker of UCLA who was most generous in her assistance and in her encouragement. So I went ahead and presented my concept to the department for approval. And with complete naivete I was unprepared for the reaction—"It wasn't a proper subject for sociological inquiry at all!"

There were two problems. First, it was not a proper area. And, secondly, what happens when you come up with this sort of project is that you get identified—and so I sort of cleared that barrier by explaining that if the ultimate came and my study was published, I would have a picture on the cover of myself holding my granddaughter in a Madonna pose!

So that satisfied the department that it would be an unbiased study.

The only thing was that they handed me the little problem of establishing the validity of the topic, and this was rather a challenge since I had not been in contact with ONE or THE LADDER to the extent of realizing that the group itself was using the word "minority" in relation to itself.

a sociologist's viewpoint

from an address
given at ONE'S
1962 Midwinter
Institute

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by Susanne Prosin

So I set out and with theoretical bases established that it is, literally, a minority group. It satisfies all of the classical requirements. And to get to this point one had to go into . . . who stated quite clearly just what sociological concern is and that it is not the psychological behavior nor the physical structure but the interaction between more than two people, or two or more.

Well, this is what I was concerned with. I wasn't concerned with psychology at all. The psychologists examine the subject of homosexuality in terms of clinical study and in terms of people that come to them.

This is not our concern. Our concern is far more the people who have not gone for help because they have been living presumably within a framework of problems that they can handle.

So, therefore, we assume that regardless of why, the group exists. It is here. And we are interested in finding out who this group is and what it is and how it interacts within itself and within the context of the whole society.

So it is with this premise that I started out, assuming that this is a minority group. By definition it becomes a minority because it suffers from discriminatory practices placed on it by the dominant group. Between help from ONE and THE LADDER I was able to substantiate this very nicely on the basis of the legal discriminations which are imposed upon it.

When one establishes that homosexuals are a minority group, then one says, what does this mean in terms of the whole society? It means that when you have a minority group, the society itself is dysfunctional, because it has a part—just as an automobile

has a part—which is not allowed to function completely and, therefore, it cannot function completely. And the group itself is maintained in a position of disfunction. It cannot function fully because it is restricted. This means to the whole of society that it has a large population which is not participating at every level. And this becomes, then, a very valid problem for sociology.

From this point one then starts to examine this group in terms of where does this minority group differ from the dominant group, from the majority? And if one excludes the area of sexual inquiry and starts exploring other values, we may find that since this is a minority in reverse—since it came from the dominant group and the dominant values were imposed upon it and then this group filtered out and became a minority—it may be that it has the same values. Or it may have stronger values.

This means that we may be able to say to society, this group is in a sense no different from you, the stereotype you have is false.

To this end I have started my studies in terms of the family, perceiving the definition of the family as two people living together and establishing a home. So I have used couples who have lived together for one year or more. At the start we hoped to have a 3-year limit, but that was too hard to find, not because they are not available but because people are quite reticent about participating in research projects, and understandably so.

However, in studying them in terms of family, it becomes a matter of concern to us to know how this family relates in terms of other families. And this is the whole purpose of my particular study, in the trial stage at this point.

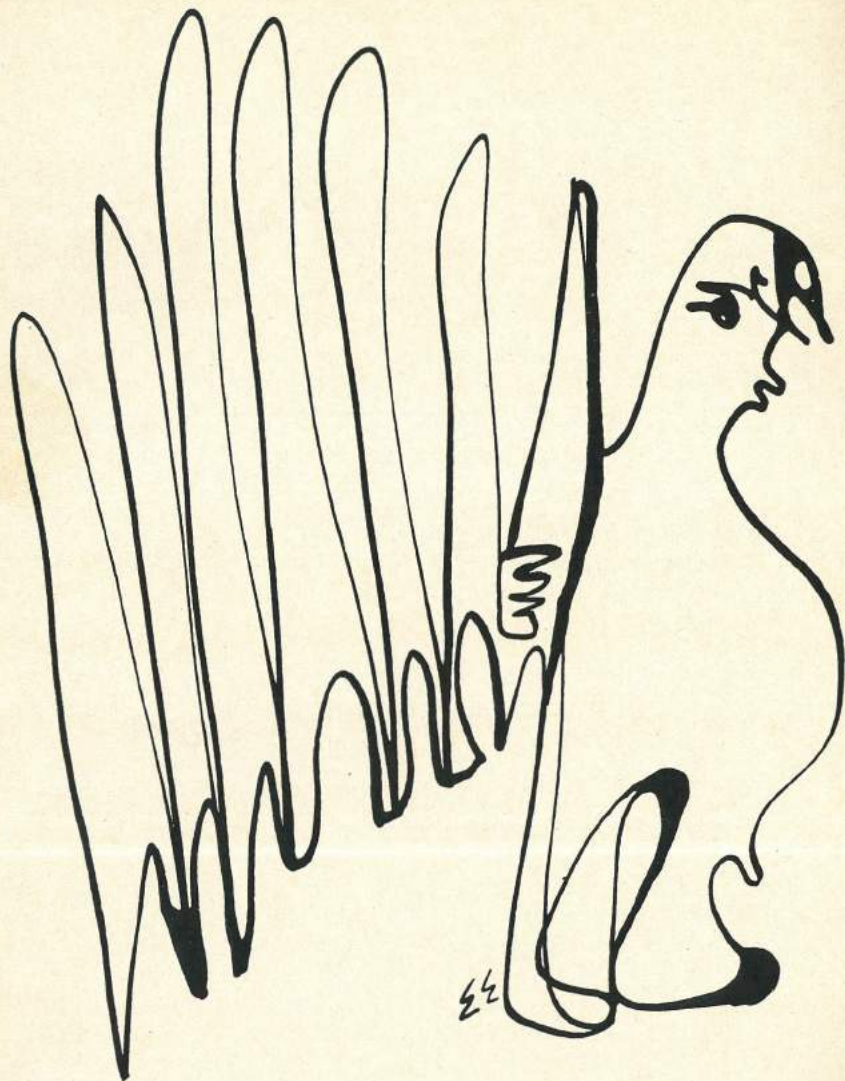
communication

rising from your breast
my slowly—withdrawing eye
finds all my wiry hair
impressed there

& should some miracle suddenly hold
that vision for eyes distant in time
(like those old old footprints filled with rock)
the thoughtful ways behind those eyes might run
'one creature gestured to another thus'

or
'thus they clung
cold in the tropical noon
seeking warmth from each other'

tram combs



THE CHOSEN

by James Colton

Landor, in his cotta edged with lace, the principal boy alto, turned at the door, turned sharply so that the hem of his black cassock swirled. Above the broad starched collar his face scowled. Light from a narrow window high in the stone wall of the choir room, morning light, pure light, shone off his hair.

"I'm going to tell," he said. "I'm going to tell."

He shut the door and left Morton standing in his ridiculous position beside the piano, one shoe off, the stockinged foot clutched in his hand. It was his habit to change his shoes before going to the organ loft, where soft soles made manipulating the bass pedals easier.

"But it's not true," he said.

However, he said it to no one. Then he swore, and hopped on one foot to sit on a chair and finish lacing the shoe. He hurried out, robes flying, pushing through the boys who were lining up behind the crucifer in the gray hallway, his face rigid, eyes straight ahead lest they glimpse Landor, whose mouth he could not see but wanted to kiss and lest they glimpse Phillips.

He charged up the narrow steps into the gloom of the organ loft, threw back the rolltop cover over the manuals and snapped the switch so that the pump of the organ began to pulse. It emitted a thin trembling whine that after a moment faded. A cold mechanical wind blew across his neck. He began to play a Bach prelude.

Bach did for him what it always did: his anger subsided sufficiently so that he could wonder. What had come over Phillips? Phillips was a short boy with thick spectacles, a heavy, doughy body, colorless hair, a white skin that would be blotchy with pimples in another year. Phillips was adenoidal, his mouth always slightly ajar, not a good mouth, rather like that of a fish. What had come over Phillips?

Morton relived the scene of a few minutes before, when Landor had let the other boys all go ahead of him out of the choir room. He had turned on Morton fiercely.

"Phillips says you—handled him in the cloak room. Got him in there alone last Thursday night before choir practice, before anybody else got there. You handled him and kissed him." Landor made a face. "Kissed him! Phillips. I hate you. You're rotten. And I'm going to pay you back. I'm going to tell Father Livingston."

"No," Morton had said, stunned, half-laughing, reaching out to catch the boy, to steady him down, to reassure him. "It's not true, Bobby. Phillips is lying."

Landor shook his head contemptuously. "You don't think I'd believe him just for saying it, do you? He showed me what you gave him."

"What!"

"The wooden cigarette case with the spring. The one you got in Hong Kong, with the Chinese writing on it. He showed it to me. Just now."

"I never gave Phillips anything."

"He's got it. He said he stayed with you Friday night. And you gave it to him for letting you—you know. You gave him money, too. Five dollars."

"But why, Bobby? Why would I give Phillips or any boy money and—presents? When I have you." He tried to put his arm around Landor.

"Let me go. Phillips is too dumb to make up a story like that, and you know it. He's just a fat baby. He doesn't even know the facts of life. He couldn't have made it up."

"Bobby, you're acting childish."

"I'm going to tell," Lander said, "I'm going to tell."

The buzzer sounded and he began the processional. The boys' voices rang angelic from the rear of the church, echoing among the high groins and arches of the ceiling as if filtering down from heaven. He glimpsed them through the pierced stone screen shielding himself and the organ from the congregation—clear young faces raised, treble voices rejoicing, they came down the aisle in beautiful, swaying lock step behind the glittering cross.

After the service he detained Lander and Phillips. The weather was hot. The boys had been warm in their cottas and cassocks in the choir loft. Under their childish hair small beads of sweat shone on their foreheads.

"Lander tells me you claim—" Morton took a breath. "You claim that I gave you presents, Phillips."

Phillips said nothing. He took out the cigarette case, black lacquer with the calligraphy incised in red. He held it out in his ugly hand.

"I did not give that to you, Phillips. How did you get it?"

"You did so give it to me. Saturday morning, yesterday. After—after I did what you wanted Friday night. You promised it to me. You did. You—gave me five dollars too."

The blue eyes, watery, swimming behind the thick lenses, never-the-less looked at him straight.

"But that's not true, Phillips. It's a terrible lie. I don't suppose you've thought about it, but you'll destroy me, spreading that story."

"I only told Lander," Phillips said defensively. "I didn't mean nothin'. A thing like that happens to you, you gotta tell somebody, don't you?"

"But it didn't happen to you, Phillips. You and I know that. You only made it up. The trouble is, others are going to believe you. Take Lander, he seems to believe it." He sat on the piano bench. His hands touched the keys absently. He played soft, incomplete chords. "And Lander is going to tell Father Livingston. Do you know what that means: I'll lose my job. Do you want that to happen? Have I done anything to you to deserve that, Phillips?"

Phillips wavered, looked at the floor. He had twisted his legs around the legs of his chair. It was clumsy work, getting untangled. He hadn't quite managed it when he tried to get up. He tripped and fell at Morton's feet and the cigarette case skittered across the floor. Morton picked it up while the boy jumped to his feet.

"Thank you," Morton said. "Now, will you please tell Lander that you lied to him."

"I lied," Phillips mumbled, red-faced. He wiped his nose with the back of his hand.

"Did you hear that, Lander?"

"Yes, sir," Lander said softly.

"Perhaps you'd better repeat it, Phillips. I want Lander to be convinced. Let's have the whole truth."

"I swiped the box when we were at Mr. Morton's for the Hallowe'en party. I wanted to carry it, that's all. So—I said he gave it to me. Only, he wouldn't give it for nothing—not to me. So I made up the other part." He looked up suddenly. "Choir masters *do* do that with boys," he said aggressively, as if not quite believing it, as if not quite sure what it was choirmasters or boys did do.

"I've heard such stories." Morton smiled faintly. He rose and put a hand on the boy's shoulder. "All right, Phillips. We won't say any more about this. We'll just forget it. Won't we, Lander?"

"Yes, sir," Lander said.

"That's all, then, Phillips. You can go home now."

After Phillips had closed the door, after they had heard his footsteps fade down the hall, heard the heavy outer door thunder shut, and glimpsed him slouching away across the lawn, disconsolate in the sun, Morton turned to Lander. He did not smile.

"You must learn to trust those you love and who love you, Bobby. Oh, I'm not angry. You're young, and we all make mistakes when we're young. But believe me, if ever I should do such a thing as Phillips claimed, I'll certainly have told you first."

"But you won't do it, though," Lander said.

"No," Morton smiled. "I won't do it."

But when he came home from vespers Phillips was a small, portly shadow on the night porch. The voice at his elbow was a piping whine.

"Mr. Morton—"

"What do you want, Phillips? It's late. What are you doing here?" He thrust the key into the lock.

"Would you really lose your job if Lander told?"

"I'd never be able to get another job anywhere. Such lies are vicious things, Phillips."

"What if I told?"

"You have nothing to tell, Phillips."

"But what if I went ahead anyway, just lied—"

Morton wrenched the door open. The smell of the house came out to him, familiar, reassuring. But he did not step inside.

"Suppose," he said, looking down at the vague moon of Phillips' face, the lenses of the glasses glinting in the faint light of the streetlamp, "suppose I were to give you the cigarette case? Is that what you want?"

Phillips shook his head mutely.

"Well, then, for God's sake," Morton said, "what do you want?"

"I want," Phillips said in a very small voice, "what I told Lander you gave me the cigarette case for."

"You—"

"And if you don't, I'll say you did anyway, Mr. Morton. I'll tell. And you'll lose your job, sir. You'll be—destroyed. That's what you said, wasn't it? Destroyed?"

Morton struck him across the face. The glasses went flying and the boy sprawled, a lumpy heap of darkness. Morton heard the intake of his breath. He was going to bawl. Morton crouched over him and shook him.

"No," he commanded, "don't cry. I'm sorry I struck you, Phillips. I lost my temper. Come on." He helped him up. "You'd better come inside. With me."

VRIENDSCHAP

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tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

In a remarkably emphatic and carefully worded opinion, the supreme Court of the State of California has handed down a decision which should effectively put a stop to the practice by police of obtaining evidence in public restrooms (most usually against homosexuals) by means of illegal search and seizure. The case arose out of the arrest of 3 men in a public restroom in Long Beach who were accused of homosexual acts in public. They were, we now know, fortunately represented throughout the ensuing legal battles by an especially alert and tireless Los Angeles attorney, Frank G. Wood, Jr.

PIPELINE TO ?

We had first heard about the place years ago. There was no question about it, the restroom on the Long Beach Pike was hot. People who went there took their chances and, as we had learned from the number of persons who

came to us for legal referrals, frequently lost. Just how the vice-cops operated we didn't know. They did not keep the place under surveillance at all times. There would be intervals of rest, but for the last 6 or 8 months Long Beach's vice squad had been keeping a close watch on the premises, so successfully in fact, that over this and earlier periods, they were able to obtain at least 1,000 convictions growing out of one homosexual charge or another.

The men arrested in this instance were charged with violating section 286 of the Calif. Penal Code (infamous crime against nature). The sole witness presented against them at the preliminary examination was Officer Hetzel of the Long Beach vice squad. Under skillful probing by Mr. Wood, vice-cop Hetzel testified how the police obtained their evidence: The Pike Corporation, owner of the amusement park, had authorized the po-

lice to go on the roof of a building which housed a group of pay toilets in order to "do something in regard to the homosexual activity going on inside the toilets." A pipe about 13 inches long and 1½ to 1¾ inches in diameter, capped when not in use, had been installed through the roof of the building over two of the toilet booths. Officer Hetzel did not know who had installed the pipe. He testified, however, that the purpose of the pipe was "to look through," and that a person so doing would be able to observe an area of the two toilet booths below approximately 3 feet in total diameter i.e., 18 inches on either side of a thin partition between the booths. If the toilets were in use the observer would therefore see part of the body of each person using them, depending upon the position of the observer and the occupants. Hetzel further testified that "a lot of times" each week he went up on the roof of the restroom, uncapped the pipe, and watched the occupants of the toilets below. On each occasion he remained on the roof "until we make an arrest, or until we see that we can't make an arrest."

At 11 p.m. on the night in question Hetzel uncapped the surveillance pipe and observed two of the defendants—who were then unknown to him—sitting on the respective toilet stools. He watched the men pass several notes back and forth through a hole in the partition between their booths, and subsequently commit, by means of the hole, the act of violation charged. Hetzel then called to two fellow vice-cops in the street below, who entered the booths and arrested the men. No warrant had been issued for either the search of the premises or for the arrest of the men. Having already learned this

much from the energetic researches of his assistant, Dane Mohler, who had risked life and limb to gather the data, Mr. Wood was prepared to enter a motion at the preliminary examination to exclude all of the evidence offered by the state on the ground that it had been obtained by an illegal search and seizure in violation of the constitutional guarantees (U. S. Const., 4th and 14th Amendments; Calif. Const., art. 1, sec. 19). The motion was denied.

The local court was under tremendous pressure from the Long Beach Police and D. A. Many of the judges' offices are right across the hall from the D. A. The arrangement at the Pike restroom was providing a pipeline to success in catching homosexuals. If their evidence was to be declared inadmissible because of the methods used to obtain it, the police would lose a good thing. And besides, Officer Hetzel would not get anymore overtime pay for testifying. He loved his work.

Former defendants had either pled guilty or defended themselves unsuccessfully simply against the acts charged. Attorneys less ingenious and painstaking had not troubled with the unreasonable search angle.

In making the motion to exclude the evidence of the state in the preliminary examination, as he so wisely did, Mr. Wood prevented the case from becoming a homosexual one. And at no time did it ever become so. The question before the courts was solely one of civil rights—the right to privacy. Later, in preparing his brief for the State Supreme Court, Mr. Wood cited over 50 applicable cases, but shrewdly avoided using any of a homosexual nature.

Through Mr. Wood's assistant, Dane Mohler, the defendant's (actually, petitioner's) case was

strengthened. An exhaustively researched, 2-point brief was submitted to the State Supreme Court: Point I—"The decisions of this Court [Div. 3 of the Dist. Ct. of Appeal of the 2nd Appellate Dist.] are being extended beyond their original scope and meaning. Consent to a search is being implied where there is no consent in fact and no waiver of Constitutional rights." Point II—"There was no probable cause for arresting petitioners prior to the search, and the police are now trying to justify this search by what it produced." The Supreme Court unanimously agreed with Mr. Wood's argument and reversed the lower courts' denials. Said the concurring justices in part: "In the case at bench it would appear that the officer's clandestine observation of the then unknown occupants of the toilet booths by means of a pipe installed in the ceiling constituted an unreasonable search. Prior to uncapping the pipe on the night of the incidents at issue Officer Hetzel had no reasonable cause to arrest these petitioners. He had no grounds for believing or even suspecting that they had committed or were then committing a crime, or that they were occupying the booths for anything other than lawful purpose. Indeed, the officer testified he . . . had never seen them before looking through the pipe. According to the officer it was his practice 'a lot of times' each week to climb up on the roof . . . , uncap the spy-pipe, and observe the occupants of the toilets below—i.e., **whoever they might be** . . . In so doing he spied on innocent and guilty alike. Such a practice amounts to a general exploratory search conducted solely to find evidence of guilt, a practice condemned both by federal law . . . and by law of this state. . . .

"Certainly the premises of an amusement park held out to public

use are subject to reasonable inspection. But license to make such an inspection of a toilet stall is not equivalent of authority to invade the personal right of privacy of the person occupying the stall. Authority of police officers to spy on occupants of toilet booths—whether in an amusement park or private home—will not be sustained on the theory that if they watch enough people long enough some malum prohibitum acts will eventually be discovered."

A black day as well as a black eye for pipe-peepers.

MORE GROWTH IN THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT

Ten or twelve years ago there were no homophile organizations in United States. Today there are eight or ten, perhaps more. Latest addition to the roster is found, once more, in Southern California. This new group is situated south of the Los Angeles metropolitan area and hopes to enlist the interest of those living in the rapidly growing coastal region between San Diego and Los Angeles.

Representatives of ONE were invited to speak at a recent meeting of this group and found an active and vigorous membership of men and women, in about equal proportions, who appeared to be making a sincere and intelligent approach toward solving some of the problems that daily confront homosexuals at home or at work."

They were much interested in having answers for the many questions which inevitably arise in the early development of any homophile organization. The representatives from ONE did their best to share as much from ONE's experience with the same problems as the members of DIONYSUS requested.

DOB CONVENTION

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ONE Institute, Education Division of ONE, Incorporated
2256 Venice Boulevard Los Angeles 6, California

as for me . . .

In going through some old copies of ONE the other day, I was rather appalled by Miss Robin's article—"Why do they persecute us so" (Sept., 1958) for the concession that she makes to the ignorance and prejudice of our times. At the most, her views have a "practical" value—but practical for what? Well aware that I am, how it is "impractical" to be a Jew at a time of inquisition, or a Negro in a white world. But this is missing the point. The real villain is hatred and intolerance, and that is something to be faced by other means than her quiet evasion. However, there are some points I wish to bring up in challenge to her view.

1. As a biologist and social scientist, I recognize "male and female" only as terms defining anatomy, and having nothing to do with conventions and fashions of our culture. A little history and anthropology can show one this—in remembrance of times when men wore lace and powdered hair, or in knowing of cultures when the "women wore the pants." Ideals of "sex-character" are as ephemeral and artificial as the women's dress designs.

2. There is no such thing as a "completely masculine man" or an "utterly feminine woman." That is a biological fact! A few of us veer towards that extreme, and a few are towards the middle of the spectrum, whereas the majority of men and women display quite a mixture of "masculine" and "feminine" qualities. Moreover, a social order that demands a rigid dichotomization of the sexes is denying the reality of individual character.

3. Contrary to some views, there is dignity and responsibility in all kinds of work. And Miss Robin's

white collar snobbery towards manual labor is quite uncalled for. After all, not all women care for office work—some of us do prefer to be machinists, bus-drivers, or chemists. Why not? During the war, women performed nobly and efficiently in the war-plants, and everywhere your "accursed masculine women" are proving themselves in the men's professions of science and medicine. And I say, better that a girl be a happy top-notch machinist than a discontented office clerk.

4. Finally, I most emphatically challenge the author's moral blindness on the issue of persecution. Laws and ethics should be for the protection of society from injury, and for safe-guarding of individual happiness. An immoral act is one that harms a person, or causes great unhappiness. So here's the rub:—an individual "eccentricity" has never harmed anyone in any way, whereas persecution has sown acres of sorrow. The great immoralities of our time are hatred, intolerance, and prejudice—and these *must be stamped out!*

A long time ago, there was religious persecution, until men either sickened of it, or started to think. So now we have a better world where Jew and gentile, Catholic and Protestant can live peacefully side by side. Would it be asking too much for an ethics of kindness, and tolerance, and appreciation towards sexual diversity, instead of blind acceptance of a restricting conformity? Conformity is not maturity any more than a clipped hedge represents a full-grown tree. Better that we plan (by education and legislation) for a free, friendly, "live and let live society" where each can grow the full spontaneous growth according to one's own special nature.

—Barbara Stephens

Passing Friends

He passed by me quickly enough,
Hardly noticing (I thought),
But paused, and in the glass
I caught a timid glance.

He lingered, not too near,
And thought, it seemed,
Of things that he might say
That we might meet.

He thought of it at last
And started, smiling, toward me,
But before he said hello
My bus (the last one) came.

Victor J. Banis

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 CIRCLE OF SEX by Gavin Arthur, Pan-Graphic Press, 86 pp., \$2.50.

In closing her introduction to *The Circle of Sex*, Dr. Blanche M. Baker says: "In my opinion Gavin Arthur has made a unique contribution to the field of sexology. His concept of the circle of sex contributes greatly to a fuller understanding of sex deviations, and emphasizes the value of sexual gradients between males, females and homosexuals. It should prove to be an exceptionally worthwhile asset in the interpretation and understanding of sexual deviants, where there still exists a gross lack of real comprehension. I heartily endorse *The Circle of Sex* as worthy of mature consideration." This opinion will, in all likelihood, be shared by many, but, of course, not all readers, as this is a controversial and threatening subject. The average reader might, however, react to it in such personal terms as: Where he actually is on the circle, where he thinks he is, and where he wants others to think he is; or he might become so threatened that he will declare that the whole presentation is utter trash. Having known the author and the developmental stages of his manuscript for a long time, I doubt that Gavin Arthur entertained any illusions about the book's being hailed as a highly scientific or academic gift to science. He seems rath-

er to have chosen the role of a commentator reporting his observations, readings and often first-hand contacts with persons of the twelve Types he presents on his circle of sexual expression.

While we might feel that there is not sufficient evidence of the scientific method in the presentation, and that material gathered from an empirical, psychological observation is included, the central theme is unique and provocative and indicates by implication the causes for broken courtships and marriages, not to mention those who never marry. Mr. Arthur may or may not be on the right road when he brings esoteric philosophy into his calculations; but Columbus took the same chance when he sailed westward toward the edge of the flat world of popular geographic belief, circa 1400 A.D. To me he seems to be addressing himself to the general public which naturally is not as well informed in general sexual matters as is the sexologist or psychiatrist.

Symbolically in *The Circle of Sex* the phenomenon of the sexuality of *homo sapiens*, physical, emotional and deeply psychological is represented by a globe: Wholeness. The equator of this globe becomes the continuum of the twelve Types sections of sex in physical manifestation as habit patterns. The interior of the globe symbolizes the multitude of hidden, invisible, mental, emotional and psy-

chological factors causing the equator (Circle) to manifest as it does in ourselves and in others. Two additional sub-equators might have been melded into the circle with designations on them how and where the sado-masochistic and the fetishistic drives are predominantly expressed by the various Types and which are in themselves sex needs. As it is, Mr. Arthur has accomplished the presentation of a clear, one-pointed aspect of sexuality, namely the classification of men and women according to their choice of sex partners.

These manifestations are separated into twelve Types, six for males, six for females, beginning with the most-most hetero male and/or female and merging by degrees of hetero-homo mixtures, through adjacent sectors, to the most-most homo male or female. Thus, the most-most female hetero Type—Lady C—who prefers males is next to the male with the most female component in his make-up—Finocchio—who also prefers males. The most-most hetero male Type, Don Juan, who prefers females, is next to the female Type—the Dyke—who also prefers only females. Thus there is no break in the merging from Type to Type on the circle as there is in Kinsey's straight line presentation with the homogenic at one dead end and the heterogenic at the other dead end. Any reader might think of what to him are more appropriate names for the different Types because of his real position on the Circle, his background of conditioning, education and distilling of life's experiences, but "a rose is a rose is a rose . . ."

With the restrictions on "polite" conversation being broadened as they are today, *The Circle of Sex* could easily become a most engaging conversation piece, but there is no end to the conjectures which could be aroused should a group of people

start to identify each other in terms of the twelve Types . . . a sure method for "losing friends and influence over people." So think well before you try to "Type-cast" anyone but yourself.

W. F. Baker

THE STRANGE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH by H. Montgomery Hyde, Heinemann, 1959.

With a torrent of blood gushing from a self-inflicted gash in his jugular, England's political leader slumped into the arms of his doctor, who had reached the room too late. In a minute, he was dead. The fear that he was about to be arrested for a homosexual offense had made life unbearable for him.

A ridiculous, melodramatic fantasy? No, pure history. The dead man, perhaps history's most famous suicide-victim of homosexual blackmail, was Robert Stewart, Marquess of Londonderry, better known to history by his earlier title—Viscount Castlereagh. At the time Castlereagh cut his throat, August 12, 1822, he had been British Foreign Minister for 10 years. He was also leader of the House of Commons (his title being an Irish one) and Tory party leader. The Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, being merely an ineffective figurehead, Castlereagh was considered generally as the real head of the government. Within the week of his death he was scheduled to leave for the Congress of Verona where the fate of Spain, Greece, and Latin America was to be decided.

Although the homosexual blackmail angle has generally been "hushed up" in historical accounts of Castlereagh's suicide, it was no mere scandalous rumor. The original source was Castlereagh himself who reported having received a blackmail letter to many persons close to him including

King George IV and the Duke of Wellington. There was no ambiguity about it. As he told the King, "I am accused of the same crime as the Bishop of Clogher . . . Police officers are searching for me to arrest me."

The name of Clogher had been on the lips of all of London in the summer of 1822, and it is still associated with one of England's most notorious "cases." On the night of July 19, 1822, the Right Reverend Percy Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher and the son of an Earl, was caught right "in the act" with his episcopal breeches down as it were, with a private in the Guard named John Moverley. After his arrest, the Bishop posted bail and fled to Scotland where he survived another 20 years under the name of Thomas Wilson, supposedly working as a butler. The Duke of Wellington was amongst those favoring the sternest treatment for the remaining culprit Moverley.

H. Montgomery Hyde, known for his *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, has produced a capably researched study of all the evidence of Castlereagh's strange suicide. While Hyde makes clear that there can be no doubt that Castlereagh's suicide was triggered by the blackmail letter he had received and his conviction that he was about to be arrested at any moment with his name forever coupled with Clogher's, the author also provides ample evidence in support of the official explanation of the death, i.e., suicide in a fit of general depression and temporary insanity from overwork. As Hyde sees it, the homosexual blackmail might have been dealt with effectively had not Castlereagh's mind started to become unbalanced the summer of 1822, just when the Clogher scandal was on everybody's lips.

This brings Mr. Hyde to the big question: Can a man become so distraught at the threat of homosexual

blackmail if he is not really a homosexual? Hyde has found no evidence that Castlereagh was a homosexual. But can there be all that smoke without any fire? In the course of his diligent research, Hyde found that which he is sure provides the real answer.

According to the account of an intimate friend of Castlereagh's, published in a privately printed work of 1855, Castlereagh's homosexual involvement was as follows: a gang of blackmailers, taking advantage of his propensity for getting himself picked up by prostitutes during late evening walks, pulled a remarkable "frame-up." One night he went home with an attractive young thing who, upon undressing, possibly with some assistance from His Lordship, turned out to be a young male hustler. At the crucial moment, the blackmailers burst into the room.

Not too strangely, when you think of the absurdity of it, Castlereagh never seems to have told this story to any of his friends in whose memoirs and papers are found references to the blackmail letter. Nor did he ever come out with any statement like "of course, it's all a complete lie." In fact, Castlereagh's personal doctor, into whose arms he fell dying, subsequently claimed that Castlereagh had made a confession of guilt to him. However, Hyde attributes the doctor's statement to the vengeful falsehoods of an embittered man, ill-treated by Castlereagh's widow and friends.

The question remains: why would a normally cool and self-possessed man such as Castlereagh react as he did to such a relatively simple frame up? Hyde believes that the concurrent mental collapse, not to mention the coincidence of the Clogher scandal, provides a satisfactory answer. Does it?

Noel I. Garde

MOVIES:

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The world's most read homosexual novel, "The Well of Loneliness," created for us a "breakthrough" in literature. The world's most seen homosexual film is now "The Children's Hour," and it may have a like influence. Homosexuality needs to be thought about and talked about by heterosexuals, and only good can come from this film.

Of prime importance is the stereotype-breaking portrayal of the homosexual, Martha (played by Shirley MacLaine). She is no more "dykish" than "the girl next door." And her suicide on her realization that she is homosexual points up one of the prime purposes of a homophile organization such as ONE—to convince society that it is society itself that is the main loser in such a case.

The film itself is a masterpiece. The beautiful black-and-white photography, the score, the impeccable acting and, above all, for such sustained artistic perfection is never an accident, that master director, William Wyler—all combine to make a film classic. And when you've seen it, you've seen a landmark in homophile history.

Alison Hunter

THE LADDER

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THE LADDER



FEBRUARY 1958
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BOOK SERVICE

- CIRCLE OF SEX**, by Gavin Arthur, PanGraphic Press\$2.50
Written by the grandson of the 21st President of the United States, this book tells about people of every sex type. Find out which type you are. Find out what different people do for sex. Dr. Blanche Baker wrote in the introduction, "In my opinion, Gavin Arthur has made a unique contribution to the field of sexology. His concept of the circle of sex contributes greatly to a fuller understanding of sexual deviations . . ."
- GAY BAR**, by Helen P. Branson, PanGraphic Press\$3.00
If you have been to a gay bar, you will relive each experience as it is spoken of. If you haven't been to a gay bar, then order this book and be entertained, educated and meet a very warm and intelligent woman and the young men whom she "mothers".
- THE REJECTED**, by John W. Reavis, Jr., PanGraphic Press-National Educational Television Network\$1.00
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ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6

ARE YOU A FRIEND OF ONE?

Before 1952, an organization like ONE, working publicly in behalf of the homosexual, would have seemed impossible. Since then, ONE's friends in many lands have, through generous financial and other contributions (books, clippings, manuscripts, office equipment), subscriptions, advice, hard work and word-of-mouth support, built up ONE's publications, educational and social service programs, book service and library, and at the same time added immeasurably to the establishment of their own legal rights.

ONE is a non-profit organization. Whether it flounders ineffectually, or solidifies and expands its program to help homosexuals find respect in society, depends on your generous support.

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PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ADJUSTED ON PRO-RATA BASIS SO THAT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL PUBLICATIONS EXPIRE AT SAME TIME.

Our newsletter, ONE Confidential, contains backstage information about ONE's activities and plans; choice newsbits you won't find elsewhere; items a bit warm for ONE's pages; and names of lawyers we believe to be reliable. The quarterly issues which go to all members are larger than those which go on other months to Contributing and Associate members only.

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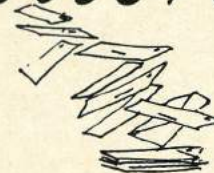
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Letters



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

POINTS OF VIEW

Dear ONEs:

Three or four years ago (October, 1958) you published a thing about Joan of Arc called "Hauviette," about which I wrote a letter. Once again, in reference to the Joan of Arc item (October, 1961) I can't keep still and I don't think there's a need to:

IN QUESTION OF—"A QUESTION OF VALUES."

Oh Carol, in a thousand cities,
I'd not put down my Walter Mittys,
But when we try to light our dark
I'd scarce attempt good Joan of Arc.

Tall, and strong of limb,
Venerable and bold was she.
Does one always seek the root
Who enjoys the tree?
Ecclesiae may smile at us
And tolerate at best
Those of us who cannot foot
Ye gods, the footless quest.

Diana Sterling
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Friends:

Once upon a time we had a friend—the postman. Not only was he our link with the outside world, but he was friendly, loyal, faithful, courageous and human. Dependable as the sunrise, he came in fair weather and storm. We loved him and honored him. He was our greatest symbol of our American way of life.

But then something happened to our beloved postman. For no apparent reason he donned the cloak and insignia of the much-hated Gestapo and MVD, and instead of his usual open, friendly approach, he now slinks and snoops and spies. It is very disconcerting to us old-timers who have regarded the U.S. Mail as sacred, secure and PRIVATE.

We are now given official directives as to what we can write, or read, or view. We are

bewildered. This is not the Americanism that we were brought up with. This is a monster of foreign birth, and we do not like him.

We want our old friend the postman back—the one who read our postcards, but who never gave a hoot what our sealed letters contained.

Mr. B.
Jonesboro, Arkansas

Dear Sirs:

There are a number of reasons why I will not be renewing my subscription this year. One is that though I enjoy the stories and general articles a good deal of the rest of the Magazine is of interest to Americans only, as it deals with circumstances which have no parallel in this country, as far as I know.

Another is the slight risk of undue interest by the police which receiving a Magazine like ONE entails.

Mr. G.
London, England

Dears Sirs:

I simply loved the January, 1962, Magazine, in particular "As For Me," by Geraldine Jackson. In my estimation Miss Jackson is a person who both feels and writes deeply and her ideas are very practical. Her proposed Homosexuals Anonymous would be a life-saver for some of us.

Mr. C.
Seattle, Washington

Dearest Geraldine Jackson:

I, an active homophile male, salute you as a woman of strength and richness, because you offer us a vision to contemplate: a place where we can go to grow and have our ideals strengthened, recharged and extended. This vision, this flame should be fanned, by gay talk and motion, to grow and to be more intense, more spirited and awakened.

Sitting next to you at the 1962 Midwinter Institute I promised to write and express my

thoughts. I believe every homosexual should first know himself. I have attended every class, lecture and Institute ONE has offered for the past two years. I read at least one book and one magazine a month. My goal is to read every issue of ONE Magazine and of ONE Institute Quarterly in print. Be informed and aware of the past.

Second, know your world. At least twice a week I go to different bars; I car-cruise and meet new people. I mingle, mix, observe and participate in gay life. Why? Finding answers and being active makes one grow.

I believe we should also know our neighbor. Who is it that calls us unnatural? What is a family with children like? Is the married man or woman so contained in a rut that no room for growth exists?

We ARE different. I have some time to contribute. Others of our gay set have talents worth more than gold. We survive after centuries of oppression. What next? How can we achieve internal unity? I do not know, but I do believe people of like problems can often do more for one another than outsiders.

We need places to go where we can learn to be ourselves and work with others on our mutual project of building a better foundation for society than has yet been offered by anyone.

Mr. C.
Burbank, California

Sirs:

Let us din into the minds of the public: (1) that the only discernable difference between a homosexual and a heterosexual is the choice of the sex of the person with whom they wish to associate; (2) that because the homosexual percentage has been present in society through the ages the danger to procreation, by accepting us, is no greater than it has ever been; (3) the homosexual corruption of Youth is only as pressing a problem as is heterosexual corruption; (4) that the Christian philosophy of Love, if applicable to the prostitute in defiance to the harsh laws of Leviticus ("Neither do I condemn thee . . .") is meant to extend to homosexual practices as well; (5) that being produced by Nature, we are "natural"; (6) that there should be a differentiation between the social law of property and the moral law of personal belief and behavior, and that so long as the homosexual does not trespass upon the social law he should not be subject to legal sanctions; (7) that we are in firm agreement with social legislation which would protect youth; (8) that we shall never relax our drive for recognition until we have achieved our rightful place in society.

This is what we need to say in terms that will leave no room for doubt or misunderstanding. And this, unfortunately, is what

has not been accomplished. The present and immediate future calls for nothing short of a concerted, deliberate, intelligent and truthful presentation of facts and goals.

Mr. G.
Long Beach, California

Dear Fellows:

Perhaps the time will come when we will be legally recognized and accepted. This may seem a detestable thing to men and women who think of themselves as normal.

The homosexual believes his sexual desires are his own private affair and sees nothing wrong with them. Sex preference is an appetite—in exactly the same way some people have an appetite for some foods and not for others.

Homosexuals should form a lobby and press for rational laws allowing them to practice and live legally what they now have to do on the sneak. Homos are here to stay and they should be given the right.

Mr. R.
Burnaby, British Columbia

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY

Dear Sirs:

Only recently have I subscribed to your Quarterly. It is my opinion that it is one of the most interesting and enlightening magazines I have come across. The Abstracts Department by Dr. Evans in the Winter, 1961, issue was of greatest interest. In the issue #13 the articles by Dr. Benjamin on prostitution and by Professor Bradbury on pederasty and male prostitution were so complete that I am sure they will be a reference work for all concerned. I am looking forward to the coming issues with impatience.

Mr. H.
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sirs:

The Quarterly is highly interesting and will give me many hours of pleasure. For instance, "Pederasty and Male Prostitution" (Spring, 1961) was most interesting, and I emphatically agree with Dr. Bradbury that all homosexuals should oppose any traffic in children. A number of years ago a casual friend mentioned he preferred sexual relationships with children in preference to adults. Needless to say, he ceased being my friend.

In my opinion the greatest majority of us are decent, honest, God-fearing people. You at ONE have helped give me a priceless gift—self-respect and respect for others.

Mr. D.
Seattle, Washington

UNDER TWENTY-ONE

Dear Sirs:

About two years ago I came to see your organization. I was told that as I was not

twenty-one I would not be permitted to associate with the organization.

Since that visit I have begun to question my own personality. I became anxious to see nude men. Last summer I met an older person than myself. I think about him all the time. I do not know if I really love him, or if I only desire him as a sexual partner.

I know that your organization has a policy of giving no help to minors. But what does one do? I only request that your organization consider the plight of young men under twenty-one.

Mr. S.
Los Angeles, California

SOCIETY AND THE LAW

Dear Mr. Slater:

A new mayor was elected here not long ago. The report is out that a "clean-up" is taking effect and that this town was to be cleaned out, if it had to be done one-by-one.

The grapevine reports that nearly every party of any size in town has been raided. The way this is being done, as I've been told, is that a young agent poses as a friend of the group. When he gets on good terms with them and is invited to social gatherings, he reports.

Something needs to be done. This is my home town and I don't want to leave it. We don't attend big social gatherings, for the reasons mentioned.

Mr. K.
Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

Having been a regular reader of the Magazine for some time may I suggest a problem you don't seem to have covered adequately. That is the question of the type of lawyer who will take advantage of a client who is caught under embarrassing or illegal circumstances and try to milk him for every penny he can get out of him, going so far as to misrepresent the status of the case to his own client, in order to frighten him into thinking he is in greater danger than he actually is.

Not every lawyer is dishonest but there are plenty of them who will take advantage of gay people in any way they can. They usually ask his financial status as well as that of all his relatives, before setting the fee.

These are problems which I have not seen covered to any great extent in your Magazine. Also, you seem to pussyfoot when it comes to condemnation of the vice-squads and their tactics. Are you, too, afraid? Tangents is your best department.

Mr. A.
New York, N. Y.

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