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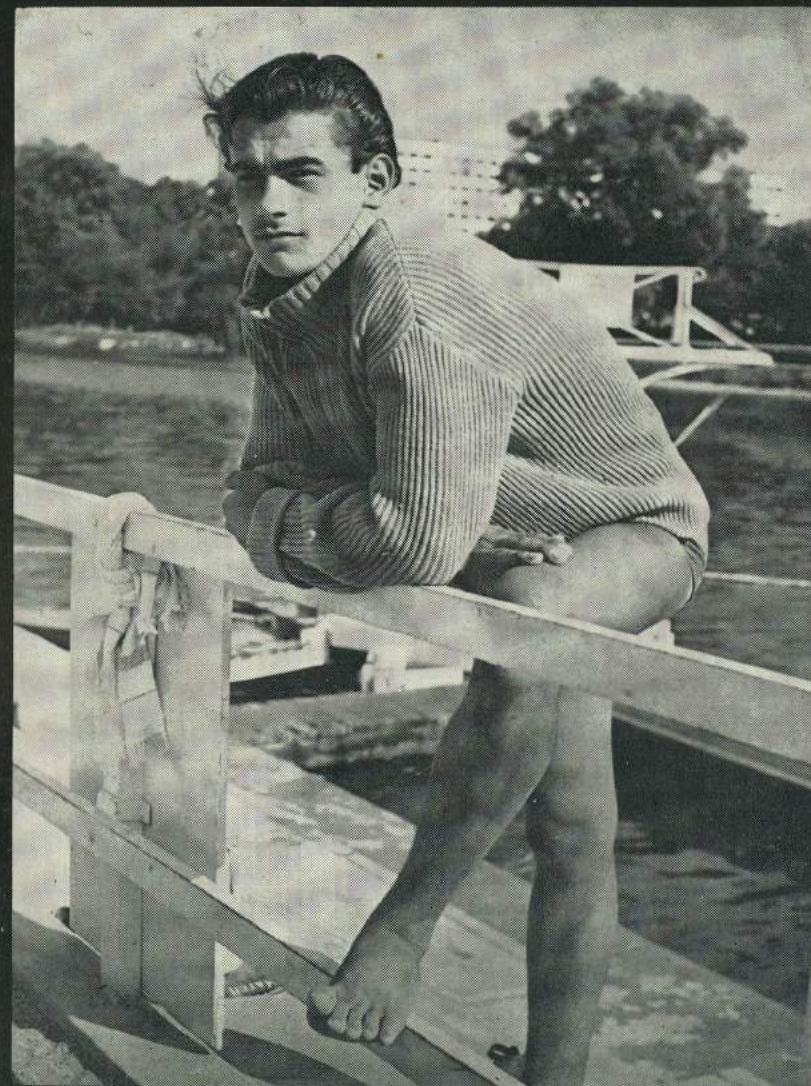
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**JULY 1962
FIFTY CENTS**

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 7

July 1962

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COVER: K. Ortloff

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EDITORIAL

Radclyffe Hall's *THE UNLIT LAMP* was the tragedy of a talented girl whose talents were lost to herself and society because, handcuffed by family and prejudice, she never "came out." How many such people, these Unlit Lamps, exist in our world today? How many such people living out sterile, unfulfilled and frightened lives, who are merely stumbling through their lives in what are, as Thoreau put it, "lives of quiet desperation"? We don't know how many, of course. But this we do know. We have reached some of them. The letter may be on cheap dime-store ruled paper sent from a ranch in Wyoming. Or it may be on beautiful stationery from an expensive girls' finishing school. And some come in person into our office. They have one thing in common—amazement that a homosexual organization has functioned openly in our society for ten years. That eye-opening fact alone changes their views of society—and of themselves.

There is another side of the coin from *The Unlit Lamps*. That's the homosexuals who "came out," all right—but long, long ago in their youth, with a vengeance and a bang. And they have never gotten beyond trying to recapture that youthful coming out, and though they, too, are in conflict with society, so obsessed are they that they cannot spare any time to help do something about it in a rational way. You see them on their unquiet, desperate, promiscuous flights from bar to bar, party to party. What else can we call them but *The Overlit Lamps*?

Thoreau also said that if one is marching out of step from the rest, "perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." Well, we homosexuals certainly march through life hearing a different drummer. But our minority is diverse, from the extremes of *The Unlit Lamps* to *The Overlit Lamps*, and all gradations in between, and just putting all out-of-steppers into a separate platoon doesn't mean they'll be marching in unison. To the rest of society we may look like a ragged bunch, men and women marching every which way, a motley crew. Maybe we are. Maybe we haven't yet found the drumbeat that we can all march to. But at least now the nickel has been put in the slot.

Alison Hunter

The following article and "Table of Contents" are extracted from a Syllabus in preparation by the Director of ONE Institute. He has told the Editors that the dearth of published material on the sociology of the homosexual points up the urgency of developing this much-neglected field of scholarly investigation. It is his contention that much of the misunderstanding and confusion concerning homosexuality so prevalent in the psychiatric, psychoanalytic and psychological professions will be cleared away once homosexuals are studied as a group rather than as individuals.

This viewpoint has developed, he states, out of his six years of classroom experience at ONE Institute and in particular while teaching a course, "The Sociology of Homosexuality." As one of the Founders of ONE, Mr. Legg has had a broadly-based view of the homosexual men and women about whom he writes. Prior to his association with ONE he had devoted many years to intensive research of the literature of homosexuality and to university teaching, as well as to the observation of homosexual group behavior in a number of American cities.

HOMOSEXUALS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY

by William Dorr Legg

It is generally acknowledged that the number of homosexual men and women in United States is somewhere in the millions. The exact figures are considerably in dispute but few would question that the homosexually inclined constitute a major population group.

In view of this one would expect to find an extensive sociological literature devoted to various aspects of homosexuality. Such is not the case, however, for sociologists usually devote only a few scanty paragraphs to the subject. Out of 588 pages in a comprehensive text on Social Deviation homosexuality is given a little more than two pages in a section, "Murderers and Sex Offenders," but this is an unusually extensive treatment. It is more usual to find social scientists making no mention of the subject at all, as in a large volume recently issued through the joint efforts of several departments of one of America's most prestigious universities on the subject of juvenile delinquency.

What possible explanations can be found for this situation? Is it ignorance? Is it prudishness? Is it some form of "scientific myopia"? Perhaps some clues can be had by noting the ways in which sociologists classify homosexual behavior.

Almost without exception they have grouped it with alcoholism, delinquency, disorganization of the personality, crime and similar topics. In so doing they have, on the one hand, full support by the legal codes of most states in viewing homosexual acts as criminal and, on the other hand, the verdict of majority medical and psychological opinion that homosexuality is deviant behavior, therefore, abnormal.

Given such interpretations it is only natural that sociologists would feel that the whole question was one lying for the most part to one side of their own fields of major interest. That legal codes are rapidly changing toward the social toleration of homosexual behavior and that many generations of medical and psychological research have been unable to scientifically verify that homosexuality is indeed abnormal, save in a statistical sense, seems to have escaped the attention of most social scientists.

Point of View of This Study

The point of view of this present study is that meaningful sociological conclusions concerning homosexual behavior can only be had by viewing it in objectively behavioral terms. It is further held that the homosexually inclined population of United States constitutes a subculture, that in fact it is a minority group, albeit of a special sort.

Inasmuch as it has been a sociological assumption that particular modes of human behavior yield, under given geographical and climatic conditions, their characteristic social patterns, so it is assumed in this present study that homosexual behavior can be expected to yield its own characteristic behavior patterns and more or less clearly-defined functional aspects.

This point of view is in opposition both to those who hold that the well-adjusted homosexual man or woman differs only from the general population "by what he does in bed," and from majority sociological espousal of what might be termed "the heterosexual assumption."

This latter assumption is implicit in substantially all sociological thinking. Reduced to its simplest terms it is the hypothesis that societies arise as the outcome of the natural operations of those basic drives which are assumed to be common to all so-called normal human beings.

In this theory human life is described as moving by rather simple stages, beginning with birth and thence by a sequence of processes, somewhat loosely termed maturation, onto a procreative plateau or goal. While this procreative situation, consisting of males, females and offspring, may be structured in a variety of ways, all of them bear the generic designation as, The Family.

This institution, in turn, is seen as forming the foundation of all the more complex elements which together make up a Society, and determining, within certain limitations imposed by the physical environment, the characteristic profile of any particular society.

As a picturesque capstone for the social structure based upon "the heterosexual assumption" there is added the concept of social deviation to account for phenomena not otherwise explained.

The difficulty with this rather deterministic concept is that it appears not to have ever been submitted to very careful empirical verification. "The heterosexual assumption" did indeed have a certain usefulness as a rough generalization during those decades when the social sciences were busily assimilating the impact of Darwin upon scientific thinking.

However, so monolithic a picture of the human race can hardly be made to square with the fact that untold millions of men and women the world over do not share exactly the same basic drives; or share such only in part. They not only do not share the drive toward participation in a procreative situation but they exert vigorous efforts, often against crushing social pressures, to avoid any such way of life.

The point of view of this present study is that the concept of social deviation

is inadequate for supplying the basis from which to study the homosexual population group.

Aims and Plan of This Study

The aim of this study is to subject this population group to sociological examination, exploring its functional and structural aspects as thoroughly as may be done in an introductory volume with the hope that this may stimulate others to make further studies in the field.

The plan of the study is as follows:

- (1) Examination of homosexuality as a societal question, in terms of generally-accepted sociological concepts;
- (2) Formulation of a tentative functional analysis of homosexual group behavior as currently found in United States, with principal emphasis upon the male homosexual;
- (3) Description of specific groupways found in the homosexual community;
- (4) Case histories and data from the files of ONE Institute;
- (5) Bibliography.

Genesis of the Project

This Syllabus is an outline of a projected volume on the homosexual in American society. It has been developed from the author's class notes, particularly from the course on the sociology of homosexuality, as taught at ONE Institute. It should perhaps be explained that the Institute's work is focussed exclusively upon homosexuality from a variety of aspects—anthropological, biological, legal, historical and many others. The intent of this present study is to reflect the comprehensive approach taken by the Institute, as nearly as possible.

The urgent need for having a teaching guide available, as well as the hope of stimulating further sociological study of the subject, has prompted an early issue of this Syllabus. It is expected that it will undergo successive revisions before being expanded into a full text.

Sources of Information

An extensive body of materials in the possession of ONE Institute has been the primary source of information. Without it this study would not have been possible. Included are:

- (1) Personal experiences, case histories, letters and manuscripts. The length of these varies from merely a few, but highly significant lines to those exceeding 100 typewritten pages. Accessions of this sort have averaged about 2,000 annually during the past ten years, and now total approximately 20,000 items.
- (2) Interviews in person or by telephone, lasting from a few minutes to several hours each, to the number of about 1,000 annually, a total of approximately 10,000. The rich experience gained from interviewing so wide a cross-section of the homosexual population has given Institute staff-members insights into the behavior patterns of the group which could hardly be attained in any other way. Not less than one half of these interviews were conducted by the author.
- (3) Appendix A consists of data taken from a survey of 400 homosexual men made by the Institute. Personal data and attitudes concerning the social condition of homosexuals in American society were obtained through a questionnaire.
- (4) Appendix B consists of descriptive data taken from a survey of 157 homosexual women, as conducted by The Daughters of Bilitis.

General Conclusions

The sheer volume of the source documents and other material which have been available is greater than that used in any other study of the homosexual, it is believed. However, that the majority of the subjects have been persons who are regularly employed, who are not in overt conflict with society and are functionally well-adjusted would seem to be of even greater significance for sociological purposes.

Based as it has been upon such a background the present study may be expected to vary widely in some of its conclusions from the findings of those whose experience has been largely with the disturbed, the bizarre, or the criminal segments of the homosexual community. While thoughtful criticisms of the present study will be welcomed, the careful observer will be inclined to inquire closely as to the degree of familiarity and experience in the entire range of homosexual phenomena at the disposal of any particular commentator, and judge accordingly.

It is the author's conviction that far too much has been said and written concerning this area of behavior in the name of social science by those who, however laudable their intentions, have had a limited acquaintance with the almost bewildering diversity and range of homosexual behavior.

If this present study succeeds in bringing about even a modest re-evaluation of sociological thinking concerning the subject it will have amply achieved its purpose.

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ONE INSTITUTE Homophile Studies

The Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

Exclusively devoted to the study of male and female homosexuality. Classes at university level to promote greater self-knowledge and happier life adjustments for the students. Learning to live comfortably with yourself and with others. The first and only educational institution in the world to treat homosexuality in human terms and as neither degrading, a disease, nor sinful.

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2256 Venice Boulevard

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LETTER FROM A SUMMER CAMP

Wed. After lites out

Dear Mom,

Summer camp is swell fun and I am having such a good time. All the kids are nice enough and I guess you were right sending me here to learn to get along with other boys my age.

My counselor's name is Buck and he is a real nice guy. My first day I couldn't get the wood craft to look right, and he said for me to take cooking instead. Now this cooking is fun except in baking you have to sift the flour so much. All the sifters are always busy so I used a fly swatter instead (don't worry mom, I used a new one), anyway Buck said my cake was the best tasting of them all and so did Claude, oh yeah Claude is our swimming counselor.

Swimming is fun too only guess what, everyone wears something when they go in the water, they acted sorta funny when I didn't. The camp director said something about sending me home, but Buck talked 'em out of it. I sure like Buck.

I was walking past the counselor's tent last night and Buck was having an awful fight with Claude. Buck was saying that Claude was stupid being jealous of a kid, and he could just pack his bag and go home if he wanted to! But I guess they made up 'cause it was real quiet after that. Buck could talk anybody out of anything I betcha if he wanted to.

The kids still pick on me all the time mom, I guess it isn't any different wherever I go, but Buck is teaching me not to care as much.

Well, its getting late and I can see Buck and Claude walking down toward the lake, they go out that way every night after we're supposed to be in bed.

Maybe tonight I'll follow them.

Write soon Mom, and please send some cookies.

Love,
Mike

tangents

news & views

by sal mcintire

NO GUTS IN FLORIDA?

Florida is still the scene of the most vicious persecution of homosexuals. That Special Legislative Investigating Committee is really going to town. They are now in the midst of investigating public employees, and especially school employees and ways to obtain enough evidence on suspects where if threats don't work they can get the teaching certificates revoked. They have blatantly said these are their three objectives:

- 1) Requiring all state employees to be fingerprinted as a means of checking previous arrest records for sex and other offenses.

- 2) Establishing a policy of revoking the state contribution to retirement benefits of all state employees convicted of sex offenses.

- 3) Recommending and working toward establishment of a national center for reporting cases of homosexuality and for identifying those convicted of homosexual crimes.

Odd, that while progress is made in other states, and just as we've had the first state (Illinois) follow the recommendations of the National Bar Association and make homosexual acts between adults in privacy no crime, that another state should so retrogress. Florida has never been noted as being one of our more progressive states, but then it hadn't been at the bottom, either. That's where it's going now. That any legislative committee dares publish such objectives as above—for each one is unconstitutional—is flagrant. Are there in Florida no homosexuals with sense

and guts enough to hunt down a clear-minded attorney and stand up and fight?

L.A. PRESS NOW RESPECTS COURT:

The Calif. Supreme Court's ruling in the famed Carol Lane Case (see TANGENTS, March, '62), which knocked L.A.'s vicious "resorting law" in the head, and which caused L.A. newspapers to sputter and carry on like they thought nobody but Mr. & Mrs. Grundys ever bought their papers, is now getting different treatment. The press now shows some respect for the Court and doesn't make like it's a bunch of lewd crackpots. And probably for good reason. When the city officials put their arguments for an appeal before the Court, one of Chief Justice Gibson's caustic remarks was, "These are good speeches to make to the newspapers but not to this Court!" A paper reported the Chief Justice had also "made blunt and disparaging reference to the statements by city officials following the December ruling," and since not a one of those remarks are quoted, and also since the story is NOW buried on page eleven instead of front page, we bet he said some things about the press, too!

PARET vs. GRIFFITH:

That's the lead on Pete Hamill's article in the 3/26/62 NY POST on the feud between the two prize-fighters that ended when Paret (from Cuba) died from the beating he took from the welterweight king. And some story it is!

Whispers started over the high-pitched voice, exaggerated mannerisms, and extreme dress of Griffith, a clothes designer outside the ring. And Paret kept shooting off his mouth—"I hate that kind of guy," and "A fighter's got to look and talk and act like a man." When a Broadway column hinted about it, Griffith said "People see me with

queers and they get the wrong idea."

Then Paret started telling everybody to be sure to be at the weigh-in. People's stories differ on exactly what happened there but all agreed that Paret said something in Spanish to Griffith as he touched his body—some said on the chest, some said the back, and some said it was on Griffith's buttocks. And one word was "maricon," Spanish slang for homosexual. The two fighters had to be separated.

But that night in the ring nobody could separate them—nor stop Griffith's revenge with that last savage attack.

TOMMY:

The following was found in a column called PET POINTS:

CLINIC: Q. This may sound silly but our male dog, Tommy, seems to be attracting male dogs in the neighborhood. Isn't this an unusual problem? Is there anything we can do? It really has us worried.

T.J.P., Chicago

A. The problem is neither silly nor uncommon. From what you describe, Tommy is suffering from a hormonal imbalance or possibly a tumor which is producing feminizing characteristics. This usually can be corrected by surgery. Have your veterinarian examine.

We are wondering if the American Association of psychoanalysts is doing anything about this. For this is shocking anti-Freudian propaganda.

Tommy, of course, fell in love with his mother. Obviously, he needs, desperately, treatment, but psychoanalytical treatment, and fooling around with out-moded treatment and other explanations is criminal.

In this world today are millions of such pitiful cases crying for treatment. Cows, chickens, birds

(particularly partridges; partridges are notorious for falling in love with their mother), apes (ask any zoo keeper), snails (just ask anybody that owns snails and see what they say!)

The psychoanalysts need never run short of subjects.

Lucky animals, not to have any money!

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS:

In Nashville, Tenn., 23 copies of THE CARPETBAGGERS from a dime store were seized as obscene literature. It's lesbian scenes are about as fur as you could go . . . Famed composer Samuel Barber is writing a piano concerto to be played by John Browning at the opening of the Lincoln Center in NY . . . That new expensive arty hardback magazine, EROS, has in its first issue color photos of male whores in drag from Bombay's "The Eunuch Colony" . . . On the Swedish National Radio was a program called "The Right To Be Different" which was interviews with two homosexually married couples, 2 girls (one had been hetero married and had a child and said it was unthinkable she might ever return to heterosexuality), then two men . . . The New Zurich Times had a notice that a cafe in the Quartier Las Paquis in Geneva was closed by police as it was the special hang-out of people of a particular persuasion . . . In Lisbon, Portugal, police arrested 39 pre-Lenten carnival revelers for "unsuitable attire"—women being forbidden to dress as men and men as women . . . In Paris, Jacqueline (born Jacques) Dufresnoy, a striptease dancer since officially declared a woman last year following sex-change operations, was married to her handsome manager by a religious ceremony . . .

Johnny-Boy

by

Allan Anthony

I'm not a rodeo enthusiast, but I attended one at the Cow Palace the other evening. It was the first rodeo I'd seen. I went because of Johnny-boy. I had to see to believe. You'll understand why when I tell you his story.

During the days when Johnny-boy was a student at Stanford, he was a shy, sensitive boy who seemed to get all the rough breaks, romance-wise. He was always in love, but never successful in it. I met him in his freshman year, when he was just beginning to realize that the gay world existed. He had left Minneapolis after high school, and come to California because he said it was as far west as he could go without leaving the continent. He received a monthly check from his father, who had a small manufacturing business. He spent most of his freshman year studying and seeing the tourist sights in the Bay Area.

I met him in a British history class, and invited him to a party I gave. He came, and when he realized that all of the people there were gay, he left. He didn't speak to me for the rest of the semester. During that summer I ran into him in a gay bar in the city. He came over and spoke to me.

"Are you going to invite me to your next party?" he asked. "If you do, I'd be happy to come."

He said that he was sorry that he had left the other one, but just didn't know what to think, as he had never been among such people before, and wasn't sure, at the time, that he was one. Since then he had met another student, realized that he was one of those persons, and fallen in love. The romance had recently ended, and Johnny-boy felt himself jilted. I gave him my shoulder to cry on, and invited him to my next party. We became friends, going to an occasional play or concert together.

Our relationship was that of older and younger brother, and I accepted the troubles he brought. Johnny-boy was tall, thin, and blond. He had a rather large frame, being about six feet tall. But there was a certain poetic delicacy about him that made him seem vulnerable and in need of protection. He was the picture of sophistication. He constantly wore, when he went out, an Ivy League charcoal grey flannel suit, with a Brooks Brothers shirt and a narrow rep tie. This was during the days when Ivy League was just returning, at least to the west coast. His manner was erudite and somewhat ethereal, and sometimes a bit theatrical. But he could be inarticulate at times, especially when meeting strange people.

He had the knack for meeting someone and immediately falling in love. Within days, weeks, or months, though, he managed to be left alone, and it was never he that did the leaving. He always truly believed that the latest love would be the last, even after it was over. But a few weeks would pass and he would be seeking romance again. He seemed incapable of functioning without it. By his senior year it had become a frantic search, and he would spend more and more time at the gay bars in the city.

"I'm on a merry-go-round, Fred," he told me, "and I can't get off. One of these days I'm going to be thirty, and it will all be over."

So he pursued his course.

Then graduation time came for Johnny-boy. The week after he received his diploma he came to the city to see me. By this time I had graduated, and was teaching school and living in the city.

"What are you going to do now, Johnny-boy?" I asked him.

"I don't know, Fred," he said. "I could teach school, or go to a graduate school. But at any rate, I'm leaving San Francisco. I'm going back to Minneapolis."

Johnny-boy had always hated Minneapolis, and this statement came as a shock.

"What are you going to do back there?" I asked him. "Minneapolis and you will never blend, not after San Francisco."

"I've become something of a derelict here," he said. "I was brought up carefully, but for the past few years I've gone wild. I'm not talking about being gay; that has nothing to do with it. But losing count of all the people you've met has. How am I going to end up? The merry-go-round isn't taking me to any destination."

So he returned to Minneapolis. He began teaching school, and we wrote to each other occasionally. He seemed to be living that quiet life. About a year later he went into the Army, and was stationed in Germany. He apparently spent his free time sightseeing and studying the German language. He was in the Army for two years and sent me an occasional post card. Then Johnny-boy was out of the Army, and I received a Christmas card from him in Minneapolis. Then the cards and letters stopped.

I hadn't heard from him at all during the past three years until several days ago when the phone rang, and it was Johnny-boy speaking.

"Hello, Fred," he said. "I'm back in San Francisco for a few days, and would like to see you. Why don't you come to the rodeo at the Cow Palace and see me ride?"

"Rodeo?" I said. "What is this about a rodeo?"

Johnny-boy had come back to town for a rodeo contest. He was now a rodeo rider!

Although thinking it must be some kind of a joke, I went to the Cow Palace that evening. Johnny-boy had left a ticket for me at the box office. I sat in a state of unbelief until the loud speaker announced the entrance of twenty-nine year old Jack Stewart from Big Gap, Texas. Out came Johnny-boy riding a stallion, his right hand high in the air, in the authentic picture of a rodeo rider. There was no mistaking, it was Johnny-boy. He was a bit heavier, and he looked more rugged. He was different from the Ivy Leagued student at Stanford, but I could still see a touch of the old poetic delicacy in his tanned face. Johnny-boy stayed on that stallion, and he later roped a calf and dodged a steer. I thought

I must be having an hallucination. What transformation had come over this sophisticated and aesthetic boy? Johnny-boy didn't place among the top champions, but he held his own.

As we had planned on the phone, I met him in the back corral after the rodeo. When he saw me he threw both arms around my shoulders.

"Fred, you old thing," he said with a Texan drawl. He was with one of the riders that had placed about third, a tall, dark-haired man in his early thirties, Hal Kincaid, whom he introduced. He suggested that the three of us go to the "Top of the Mark."

I went with the two cowboys to their dressing room, where both of them changed into Ivy League suits. Johnny-boy, back in his college uniform, looked more like the poetic youth of his earlier days, but there was a definite self-assurance that he didn't have in those days. I'm sure that no one at the "Top of the Mark" would have thought that either he or Hal were rodeo riders. I was still in a state of quasi-shock when we ordered our drinks.

"You don't know how I've missed this view, Fred," Johnny-boy said, now dropping the Texan drawl, and looking through the window at the lights of the city sparkling below. There's not a greater sight than this view from the "Mark." Tomorrow, we're going down the peninsula. I want Hal to see the Stanford hills."

And then came Johnny-boy's story about how he became a cowboy.

He had led that quiet life after leaving California—all through his stay in Minneapolis and throughout the Army. Then on the plane home from Germany he had met Hal, who was also being discharged from the Army. Hal came from a cattle ranch in Texas, and had done some rodeo riding before going into the service. The two of them spent a few days together in New York City, and flew together to Chicago, where they went their separate ways. Johnny-boy returned to his teaching job, and Hal to the ranch. A few months later they met, by arrangement, in Chicago for a weekend. Johnny-boy then went back to Minneapolis to finish the semester and to resign. He joined Hal at the ranch in Texas, and the plan was for him to find a teaching job nearby, so he and Hal could be together. But when Hal left that spring for a rodeo, Johnny-boy went with him. They traveled together for a year. Then Johnny-boy took up riding.

"I knew that if I didn't join the activity of those around me that Hal and I would drift apart," he said. "So little by little, I became a rider. I'm not a big champion, you can see, like Hal, but I can do enough to get by. I was surprised to find that I have a knack for it. When I hold on to that horse I'm bucking everybody and everything that has ever been against me."

"We're only going to do this riding for another year or so," Hal said. "Then we're going to spend all of our time operating our ranch. We'll have enough money, then, to buy one of our own. Right now, when we're not traveling we help my father operate his ranch. Jack handles most of the bookkeeping."

We left the "Mark" and stopped by some other places that Johnny-boy wanted to re-visit. We rode the cable cars, strolled along Fisherman's Wharf, and at dawn were drinking coffee near the corner of Market and Powell. Johnny-boy seemed truly happy. Hal is a fine person. He isn't the stereotyped cowboy. He is educated, having graduated from the University of Texas. In many ways he is much like Johnny-boy, and I could see that they are compatible because of mutual interests and similar sensitivities.

I left them at the corner of Market and Powell. They were to leave for Portland the next evening.

"Please come and visit us at the ranch this summer, Fred," Johnny-boy said, giving me their address.

"We'll teach you to ride a bucking horse," Hal smiled.

"I'll be happy to accept your invitation," I said, "but is there room in the world for another Ivy League cowboy?" I smiled.

But I would go through anything learning to ride a bucking horse, or even a ferocious lion, if it would bring me the happiness that it has Johnny-boy. He has arrived.

THOUGHTS ON A SUMMER STROLL

The boys on the beach,
The boys on the beach,
Are agile and fragile—
And all out of reach.
Or are they?

The boys in the bars,
The boys in the bars,
Are drinking and thinking—
As distant as stars.
Or are they?

The boys in the park,
The boys in the park,
Look thrilling and chilling—
Not out for a lark.
Or are they?

I'll stroll and I'll look,
I'll stroll and I'll look,
Just eyeing and sighing,
Then go home to a book.
Or will I?

M. M. G.

as for me...

Just a few months ago a friend in my home said, "How can you afford to leave your copies of ONE lying around when you have so many people in that might question you upon seeing them?"

My copies are left in the open, because of wanting people to know I have no fear and in this express my rights as a free person. They are also left in hopes that anyone seeing them will pick up one and read an article or page that might bring them closer to understanding. Is it not the goal we as individuals should be fighting for, their understanding us?

I go on saying to my frightened friend, "Once that page or article is read, I hope it will lead them to ask questions, which I'll gladly answer, for I believe curiosity is the basic element towards understanding."

Now an example is needed to show the skeptical reader how my actions have paid off, and one such example took place a month ago—

A home town friend of mine now in the army spends his weekends at my place, and has been doing so for about one year. We both live different lives and it's just a matter of mutual understanding. A friend of

his came to New York city a month ago, hoping to relocate here and sought to share living quarters with us. From the beginning I was glad to have another opportunity to study how the other half lives, so I welcomed him. He was in my place only two hours when my friend had to leave on business. When he left I explained to my new roommate the way I live, and that by living with me it meant also being in contact with my friends.

His answer to this was, "If it makes you happy to live this way, then that is your business, however, I understand very little of your ways, perhaps when we get to know each other you'll enlighten me on a few things." I have complied and he now knows the history of my personal way of living and that of our struggles through his reading ONE. This is a person confirmed to his way of living yet curious enough to want an understanding of ours. There must be thousands more who would like to know.

The two men just mentioned are in their mid-twenties past the age where their ways will be basically changed by mere understanding. I'm

in my late twenties and admit to close ties to both men and women (men predominately since I was fourteen), yet see no changing of my ways just because I now understand and accept the enjoyment of a male-female relationship.

Getting back to ONE I must comment that nearly thirty copies are out on display in my home at all times. There would be more, but over the years many have disappeared not by thievery, but out of people's fear of my not understanding why they were curious as to how we live.

Upon going to the newsstand to purchase ONE I go not like the thief in the night, but instead walk up asking. "May I have a copy of ONE magazine, please." Right away if anyone is about that knows the nature of our publication, I sense them looking to see if, I am the type they usually associate in their minds.

At this moment of purchase begins my duty toward helping people understand. I don't cower or quickly hide my copy in my pocket, turn red-faced and run for the bus or subway. Instead, handing the clerk my money, I thank him and politely say, "See you next month sir." After

having done this for years he remembers me and often makes favorable comments about the magazine, since he also reads it.

This dear friend of ONE is a man in his fifties, has been married thirty years and has grand-children, yet through time and patience on my part he has learned people do not all live as he does.

Stepping away I begin enjoying the new copy whether walking down the street, sitting in a subway car, or even while dining out with friends. NO. I never think of hiding ONE, for the thoughts of all the hidden treasures within for me and my friends cannot wait until I get home.

Yes, it is my belief that one of THE GREATEST WEAPONS in our battle of freedom and rights is in LETTING OUR COPIES of ONE BE SEEN and READ by all and in so doing those that want more understanding will ask US the questions our magazine editors cannot as yet feel free to print.

So to speak ONE OPENS ALL DOORS, so is it not YOUR JOB AND MINE AS READERS TO KEEP THEM OPEN?

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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 HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION, by R. E. L. Masters, Julian Press, New York, 1962; 230 pp., \$5.95.

I am quite sure that an unbiased and accurate appraisal of the aims, objectives and accomplishments of the homophile movement in the world today, together with an equally unbiased and accurate appraisal of the status of the individual homosexual in modern society could be both interesting and useful. If such an appraisal could be, or should be, made by a heterosexual it would be all the better. This, apparently, is what THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION purports to be; it is to be regretted that it falls so far short of its goal.

I suppose it is almost impossible in today's world for any heterosexual to approach the subject of homosexuality with any semblance of real objectivity. Most writers are so afraid of becoming, suspect themselves, by reason of their very interest in the subject, that they become peculiarly concerned with establishing beyond any shadow of a doubt the fact of their own complete heterosexuality. Mr. Masters is no exception. Unfortunately, Mr. Masters is somewhat more devious about establishing this than many, and has resorted primarily to the use of certain tricks which, while they succeed in conveying to the reader that he has no personal

interest in the lot of the homosexual, manage at the same time to give the impression that he is, if anything, leaning over backward to be fair, honest and completely objective. Mr. Masters is quite careful, for the most part, to avoid making any openly critical or disparaging statement about the condition of homosexuality itself, but he is not above resorting to semantic tricks to express his distaste for the whole nasty business. All too frequently and unnecessarily he uses loaded or emotionally charged words, harmless in one context, extremely damaging in another—words like "secret," "cult," "lavender," "orgy," and so forth. For example, there is nothing really wrong with calling ONE Inc. a "society," even though, strictly speaking, it is not, but when it is labeled a "secret society," which definitely it is not, an impression has been created which no amount of honest explanation is going to dispel. Then, if in the same paragraph, or on the same page, there can but appear a few words such as "swish," "obscene," even though they have no direct connection with the word "society," the reader is quite likely to be trapped into making an association or forming an impression which cannot be attributed to any actual statement the writer has made.

Mr. Masters employs another and more insidious trick—that of causing

or allowing someone other than himself, particularly his homosexual "confidants," Ronnie, Harvey and Tata, who, he says, are real persons (which I seriously doubt) to make the most damaging statements. Mr. Masters then demonstrates his own sense of fair play by making some such statement as "in all fairness it should be pointed out," and so forth. It is much like the technique of a court room attorney who asks a question which he knows in advance will be stricken from the record, but which cannot, by any means, be erased from the minds of the jurors or spectators.

It is, indeed, probably asking too much to expect objective reporting in this field, but we still have every right to expect accurate reporting of verifiable fact. That there is much misreporting, whether it be the result of sloppy and careless research or deliberate distortion, is the one really unforgivable thing about this book. The basic trouble, I suspect, is to be found in the author's choice of a title. The word "revolution," itself a loaded word, is so far from being an appropriate designation for anything the homophile movement has yet accomplished or ever dreams of accomplishing that Mr. Masters has been hard put to come up with any material sufficiently sensational to justify, even remotely, the use of that word. Consequently, when he has run into something startling, or which may be made to appear startling, Mr. Masters has been careful not to probe too deeply lest the whole truth spoil an otherwise good story. Here is one example:

In one section of his book Mr. Masters discusses the possible political potential of the homosexual minority if it could or should be united into a cohesive voting bloc. In this connection he says: "Indeed, novelist

Norman Mailer has written that he was tentatively offered a nomination to Congress if only he would write an article for ONE magazine." I do not know what Mr. Mailer's motives were in writing this statement, but then Mr. Mailer writes fiction, and possibly he was not quite sure what he was writing at the time. Mr. Masters is not, presumably, writing fiction. If it were true that ONE offered to secure a nomination for Mr. Mailer, if ONE could secure such a nomination, or even if ONE fancied that it could, then this state of affairs is a matter of tremendous importance and is certainly, in my opinion, worth investigating. It is obvious that the responsibility for the truth or falsity of this statement lies not with Mr. Masters, but with Mr. Mailer, this is such a bold statement, however, that I cannot conceive of any intellectually curious writer not making any attempt to determine whether there was indeed any basis for such a remark. This, Mr. Masters has not done.

It is clear that Mr. Masters has done a good deal of research in preparation for this book, but he has confined his research almost exclusively to secondary sources and apparently made little or no effort to evaluate his sources, verify his material, or to bring it up to date. Almost all of his descriptive and historical material has been taken from *HOMOSEXUALS TODAY*, published by ONE, Inc., back in 1956. Some of the material in this volume was out of date even when it was published, as ONE is the first to admit, and there were, no doubt, actual errors even then, yet Mr. Masters has used this same material without change. At the end of his book Mr. Masters apologizes by saying: "By the time this book reaches the reader it will be, in some of its details, outdated. There is no help for that. Events

move swiftly in the homophile world." This is utter nonsense. Changes do take place, and things happen when they happen, but the significant changes within the homophile movement have taken place with agonizing slowness. Published materials are always out of date, and any writer who does not go beyond them for his material can scarcely expect to make any contribution to our knowledge of current events.

A little learning is just as dangerous today as it was when Pope wrote his famous lines. Mr. Masters' limited knowledge has led him to form conclusions and to make observations which are so preposterous as to be not only beyond all credibility, but downright laughable. For example, Mr. Masters devotes several pages to a discussion of the ICSE (International Congress for Sexual Equality). It must be that the ICSE's high-sounding title has led him into equally high flights of speculation concerning its activities, organization and its influence. He concludes: "If it can be shown that ICSE is coordinating homosexual activities and influencing the social and political and other thinking of inverts in 30 countries, then that is a not inconsiderable amount of power for any group to hold—and may be an illegitimate invasion of national domestic affairs by an international body. The matter is certainly worth thoroughgoing investigation." I am sure these remarks must be very flattering to ICSE. It is odd that ONE, Inc., which Mr. Masters describes as being the most powerful, the most influential, the most radical and most "dangerous" homophile group in the United States, has *never* received a directive, policy, coordinating, or otherwise, from the ICSE. So far as I know, ICSE has never attempted to do much beyond serving as a clearing house for an exchange

of information on an international scale, a laudable and, so far, not very successful undertaking. I should, perhaps, in passing, point out that Mr. Masters states categorically that ONE is a member of ICSE. This, a matter of verifiable fact, is NOT true. ONE *was* for a short time, affiliated with ICSE, but has not been a member since 1957. This detail is of absolutely no importance, but it should give the reader cause to wonder about many other of Mr. Masters' "facts."

THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION devotes a flattering amount of space to ONE, Inc., (and to ONE Magazine) which he treats somewhat less charitably than he does the other two members of the "big three," as he calls them, The Mattachine and The Daughters of Bilitis. It is not my intention here to take issue with any of his statements concerning ONE. I would like to say, however, that those readers of this book who have actually visited ONE's austere offices, or met any of its staff members, are quite likely to wonder whether they were in the right building. They were. It was Mr. Masters who was somewhere else. He has written a detailed, thoroughgoing and exhaustive study of ONE, but he has never visited ONE, nor has he, I am told, visited the Mattachine headquarters in San Francisco. I do not know about The Daughters of Bilitis. I can't help wondering what kind of book Mr. Masters might have written had he made any attempt to pick up a few facts at the source, or to learn at first hand something about the every day problems of the various homophile groups or publications.

As I hope I have already made clear, I strenuously object to Mr. Masters' unscholarly research and inaccurate reporting, and I deplore his slanting of his material and his conclusions. Even so, I found the

book interesting reading. It is reasonably well-written, jauntily and light-heartedly written. Personally, I was deeply appreciative of Mr. Masters' treatment of the homosexual individual and his place in modern society. I think, too, that his discussion of the aims and objectives of both the individual and the homophile groups is well worth reading. In this area, in which he is admittedly giving a subjective opinion, I think he is both fair and realistic.

If the reader adheres to the belief that any publicity is better than no publicity at all, **THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION** may do the homophile and the homophile movement some good. Unfortunately, I fear, the book will not attract a really large number of readers, and among these the book's serious faults will tend to disqualify it in the minds of serious and potentially helpful readers.

Marcel Martin

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RADCLYFFE HALL by Una, Lady Troubridge. London, Hammond Hammond, 25 shillings.

Unhappily, this graceful and pleasant book, the first about the author of *The Well of Loneliness*, is a disappointment. Written by the friend who was "John" Hall's intimate companion for 28 years, until death parted them, it is in fact no more than a gentle personal memoir—not truly a biography at all.

It recalls to life beloved animals—dogs, horses, birds. It sketches with charm and humor the many and varied houses in and out of England shared by "John" and Lady Troubridge. Its accounts of stays in Rome and Florence are vivid and evocative. Delicious meals are lovingly remembered. There are engaging retellings of small personal jokes and minor domestic mishaps. Lady Troubridge's recounting of her friend's courageous

meeting of death by cancer is moving.

But we are given little of the great writer. This is distinctly not a literary biography. Nor do we see much, really, of the human society in which this distinguished, brave and cheerful woman moved and had her being. Of the storm of controversy roused by her valiant book and resulting in its long suppression in England we are told almost nothing.

And despite Lady Troubridge's promise at the outset of this memoir to tell "the whole truth," there is not the slightest reference to the sexual side of this obviously profound and enduring lesbian relationship. The pity is that Lady Troubridge, quite evidently a warmhearted and wise human being, might have given reassurance and guidance to others in this way, and failed to do so.

—James Colton

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Told by an arrogant young boy who is having an affair with the man who adopted him, this is a camp and makes no concessions to what others think sex and love should or should not be like.

THE BASTARD, by Brigitte von Tessin, McKay.....\$4.95
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Crying For the Light

by Paul Cherry

*... but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.*
Tennyson 1850

The sun peered meekly through the glass window, almost afraid to warm this special barracks. A bugle sounded off in the distance; morning was officially here, had it not gone off it would still be yesterday.

Ethan looked at his watch, disappointment replaced hope. The bugler had not made a mistake, even on his last day. Roger hadn't stirred an inch. Ethan envied his ability to sleep soundly. A man with an easy conscience can sleep heavily, he thought grabbing for a pack of cigarettes which lay in his shoes. As he smoked images of the future came flashing across his mind with the same constant plea: will they understand? The cigarette tasted stale but Ethan continued smoking, punishing himself because he knew he wouldn't be able to make them understand.

Roger opened his eyes and turning to Ethan said, "Well, today's the day." There was hope in the way he said it as if something pleasant was going to happen. Ethan didn't reply. For Roger the army would become a memory; for Ethan, the army would become a past.

"Ethan, what's the first thing you're going to do when they've given you your discharge?"

"Thank them." The voice was caustic.

"Now, now, let's not be bitter." Roger sounded arrogant as if he were a judge or disciple of the times.

Ethan turned and glared at him. You stupid G.I. . . . You think I want this discharge because you want yours. He hated Roger, not because of the remark but the ignorance which had fostered it. Roger in his own enthusiasm had forgotten Ethan's sensitivity on the subject.

"I'm sorry. I didn't think."

Ethan just continued glaring.

"All right you phonies, get up." Sergeant Bullwell went from bed to bed pulling off the covers. All the men responded to the Sergeant's gesture, all except Ethan.

"Is Miss Ethan getting up?" The men stopped moving, even the sun disappeared behind a cloud. Ethan clenched his fists and remained silent.

"I bet Miss Ethan is particular who takes off her covers." The Sergeant stood in front of his bed, his massive chest expanded emphasizing all his medals, the sign of virility. Ethan lifted his covers and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Thank you, Miss Ethan." Bullwell slapped a young man on the behind on his way out.

"What makes him dislike you so?" Roger asked.

Ethan banged his fists against the metal post cot, saying nothing. Roger wanted to put his arm around him but lack of understanding and fear of Ethan's problem prevented him.

The early part of the morning was spent packing and day-dreaming of home. Ethan had very little to pack since the army gave him no sun-tans to wear to college nor the benefits or chance for an education. Roger trying to be friendly, offered Ethan two pairs of his sun-tans explaining five were too many and he would probably give them away. Ethan refused politely, saying the color never looked well on him anyway.

After packing some civilian clothes, a few books, and letters, Ethan decided to walk to the Chaplain's office. He asked Roger to join him but Roger had to buy a few extra cartons of cigarettes at the P.X.

"Might as well get the most for my money," he told Ethan as they left the barracks.

The day seemed unhappy. A cold wind blew every few minutes, trying to assert its importance since it was still winter. I was drafted in the summer and discharged in the winter. I didn't even last nine months, he thought jokingly while his left foot kicked a little stone across the road. As he walked toward the Chapel he imagined the happy scene when Roger Denan opened his front door and ran into the arms of his mother. He pictured the big dinner celebration with all of Roger's favorite foods and relatives. The aunts and uncles gaping at the conquering hero who had returned home because a leg injury, a childhood experience, had been aggravated by the harsh treatment of the army. Then he heard Roger's voice.

"Boy, you should have known some of the guys who were discharged with me." The happy eyes and inquisitive ears urged him on.

"Why we had one guy discharged because he was found in bed with another soldier." Then the looks of horror, disgust, and let's talk about your own experiences some more.

The Chapel was a mile from the barracks. The cold air began to make him think of his own family. What am I going to tell them? I could say I was drunk or did it for money or . . . but why make something ugly out of an act of love? Is it wrong to love? Is it wrong to love? The captain's face at the court-martial was harsh and void of understanding.

"Private Aarons, normal men do not express their love in sexual abnormalities."

"Captain, normal men just express their sexual urges in abnormalities like prostitutes, right?" Ethan was glad he had said it, but it had done no good. You can't make a man open his eyes, for then he sees himself and the vision disgusts him.

Ethan reached the Chapel. Maybe the minister would know what he could

tell his parents. Chaplain Michael sat at his desk. His face had a warmth that made it easy for men to turn to him. Ethan didn't bother to knock.

"May I see you for a few minutes?"

"Oh, Ethan, come in." The voice was friendly.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, sir."

"Your visits are never a disturbance." His eyes affirmed this. Ethan sat down in the same chair he had sat in on many long discussions during his court-martial.

"You're leaving today, aren't you? I'm truly sorry things worked out the way they did."

There was no reply.

"Ethan, have you decided what you're going to say to your parents?"

"I'll tell them their son's a fairy."

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"I don't know what to believe but the army does and the army knows everything."

Chaplain Michael was a regular. His allegiance during the trial was toward Ethan whom he felt was innocent of the stigma but guilty of the action.

"Ethan, remember I told you that some men suffer for the guilt of others. The army found you in bed. What could they do? Condone your action even though it was innocent? You had to be punished. Try and see their side."

"But I committed no crime." Ethan's voice shook with the same fervor it had when he spoke these same words a few weeks ago.

"You slept with another soldier. The army considers this a crime, as much a crime as if you had smacked a commanding officer."

"We had a beautiful friendship. We did what was natural to us. I didn't sleep with every guy in the barracks nor did I desire to."

"That's no excuse."

"Oh, it would be less criminal to copulate with camp-followers or better still, express my feelings in another form, like picking on young men or slapping their behinds. Maybe I'd become a Sergeant and win lots of acclaim. That would be better, wouldn't it?"

"Ethan, Sergeants are men who prove their worth or they wouldn't be Sergeants. They're the backbone of the army, not to sound corny. You have no right throwing mud at them."

"I'm throwing mud at a system which condones love on a non-physical basis. Why does a man stay in service? The financial protection and because he likes to be with men, work with them, eat with them, carouse with them, but let two guys express their feelings openly and they're labeled for life. This is what I'm condemning."

"Ethan, let's not argue on your last day." The Chaplain really had no answer. Ethan pressed his point no further.

"I've written a letter to your parents telling them I feel you are innocent, possibly it will make things easier."

The Chaplain opened his desk and handed the letter to Ethan. Ethan stood up, thanked him for the letter, and left. The Chaplain couldn't say good-bye.

It was good to be outside. Ethan took out a cigarette, releasing his tension on long even drags. The letter in his coat pocket made him feel more secure. No explanation was necessary now, just give them the letter and leave it at that. His wrist watch read eleven-thirty, in one hour he'd be out. Not being hungry or desiring conversation with Roger, he decided to just walk until the time arrived.

Roger's unfit for duty, that's what they say. I'm unfit too, they say, but a different kind of unfitness but still unfit like Roger. He gets an honorable discharge, a G.I. Bill of Rights, and even a medical compensation. I get a label. Why is one not treated in the same manner as the other? I loved another man. Maybe it's against the principles of the army to love a man. I can't accept this principle and I'm not wrong.

The discharge clerk was a small boy of nineteen who felt very important in what he was doing and received a vicarious thrill handling discharges like Ethan's.

"Private Aarons, sign here." The voice was squeaky, like that of a mouse or a rat. Ethan avoiding his eyes, signed the paper, and became a free man. Even as he walked out of the building, the little eyes of the clerk did not leave him.

The barracks was empty. Roger had left a short note wishing Ethan good luck. There was no home address. "Boy, you should have known some of the guys who were discharged with me."

"Where are you going, to a bar in town to cruise?"

He looked up from the note. Sergeant Bullwell was standing in the doorway. Ethan felt like spitting but then he remembered Chaplain Michael's remark, "Sergeants are the backbone of the army." Ethan smiled. They've given me a name; I'll give them one.

"Could you recommend one, Sarge?"

Bullwell's face lit up. He was coming across.

"It depends how you like your liquor, Aarons."

"I like mine strong."

The Sergeant's voice lost all its harshness.

"I have a bottle in my room."

Ethan looked into his inviting eyes, and began to laugh, laugh hysterically until he almost cried.

"What's the matter, Aarons? My liquor's not good enough for you?"

Ethan picked up his bag, and walked to where Bullwell stood.

"Your liquor is too good for me," he said, and walked out.

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ASSOCIATE MEMBERS (\$50 or more, or \$5 per month) get all of ONE's periodicals plus the Annual Report—a full summary of ONE's yearly operations.

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 newbits 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.

We urge you to give your practical support to ONE's work, so that the Corporation's several Divisions can continue to help you and countless other friends. PLEASE FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW AND BECOME A "FRIEND OF ONE" TODAY.

Name
Address
City Zone State
Enclosed..... for Non-Voting Membership in ONE, Incorporated, for next twelve months: ANNUAL.....; CONTRIBUTING.....; ASSOCIATE
..... (Signature)

one

Letters



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

MEDITATIONS ON A FREUDIAN THEME

Thank you for printing Cory's address (March, 1962) as given at ONE's Midwinter Institute. It is good to see such insight in pages too often given over to the type of expression set forth in Alison Hunter's Editorial in the same issue.

That was the opposite of a rational approach and a good illustration of what Cory is warning us about. She reveals the immature, individualistic viewpoint so common with homosexuals, but not peculiar to them alone, of course.

So many of us, myself included, are very prone to rationalize (a psychological device not to be confused with Cory's use of the word rational) our condition. We like to say we were born that way; God did it; or, our parents did it. Why can't we be honest and admit that we are emotionally and sexually immature? Because to change would be too painful. We prefer our way of life. Immature though it be, pleasant or painful though it be, it still meets some need, serves as a defense against something or somebody, past or present.

What we really need is a change in values and motivation, at least I do. For the past year I have had a very stable and pleasant relationship with another fellow. We have a beautiful apartment and enjoy living together but, as he remarked recently, "Sometimes I feel like we're a couple of fourteen-year olds—at least we're just now doing what we didn't do at that age."

But, so what if it is kid stuff? We like it, that is, most of the time, until Cory and others come along and make us uncomfortable. I am convinced that we need to see maturity as a value, a highly desirable value, not because society says so but because it is intrinsically so in life. My problem lies in being motivated to want this value. How can we be so motivated? Any suggestions?

Mr. H.
Dayton, Ohio

THE MIDWINTER INSTITUTE

Dear friends:

I've been wanting to tell you ever since I returned from the Midwinter Institute at the end of January how thoroughly I enjoyed meeting all the folks there. I was much impressed with the caliber of the people I met and the splendid work you are doing under great handicaps. Wish I could be of some real help and some day, no doubt, when I get my own problems solved I can.

At the Midwinter Banquet I felt one might easily have mistaken the meeting for a college seminar and it was better conducted than a lot of business conventions I've attended. You have made a lot of progress and are bound to make a lot more. There will always be "impossible problems" that will somehow get worked out with the guts, good humor and persistence you have demonstrated. Don't know when I've laughed so much as when with you good wits.

Mr. A.
Grossmont, California

ON RAMP

Dear friends:

Ramp's "Gentle Sir" (May, 1962) your best poem ever.

Mr. B.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

"Testament" is a deeply moving and beautiful work. Who wrote it?

Mr. B.
New London, Connecticut

Dear ONES:

The poem "Gentle Sir, and Testament" (I assume it's all one poem by the same man) is one of the most beautiful and best written I've seen in your Magazine.

Miss Sten Russell
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sirs:

May I say that the sonnet sequence "Testament" is in my opinion one of the finest things the Magazine has ever published. Please give us more material of that quality.

Mr. S.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:

"Gentle Sir" excellent—to be read to your lover by firelight (which I did). In the same issue "Francesca and the Wicked Giant" an amusing camp. As to Roger Barth's adolescent fantasy, I can't really believe anyone reasonably matured could find that attractive or satisfactory. Tangents and Books, looked forward to as always.

Mr. J.
Buffalo, New York

Gentlemen:

May I compliment you on the May issue of the Magazine. Having just perused the April, May and June issues of ONE Confidential I know that the difficulties under which you brought it out were awesome, and appreciated by some of us. Please accept the enclosed check as an expression of gratitude for your heroic efforts. Would it were for more!

May I make a humble genuflection to James Ramp and his exquisite, well-nigh perfect sonnet "Gentle Sir." As a matter of fact, in my opinion, the sonnet was perfect in its—oh hell, everything! It happens to be a glorious example of the Shakespearean sonnet; unfortunately its printed form was more or less that of the Italian sonnet. However, since the sonnet, even to a pedant, is fluid in form and strictly up to its maker, I am registering no complaint.

Jim Ramp's work is a polished, polished piece of loving workmanship, a thoughtful, tender gem "of purest ray serene." Be he one hundred and eight years old, male or female, healthy or crippled, his soul certainly is not; neither is his technical poetic facility.

Mr. R.
Glendale, California

FRANCESCA THE WICKED

Dear Editors:

I am not generally impelled to write letters to editors. However, having been a subscriber since April, 1953, I feel a real concern for the Magazine and its future as one of the few spokesmen for all of us.

Recently, there seems to be a tendency to include more and more fiction, which is not only appallingly bad, but in extremely poor taste. Frankly the story "Francesca" left me feeling slightly ill. Please do not construe this as a blast against fiction in general. But

please don't jeopardize the whole Magazine for the sake of sensationalism. You have worked too long and too hard for that.

Governor Bryant's Committee has finally reached this area. Local police have been given lectures on the menace of homosexuals and how to recognize them. My first thoughts when the situation arose included sending some copies of ONE to local law enforcement officers to counter the State's propaganda. Further consideration convinced me that some of the material recently published would convince them that all they've heard about us is true.

Mr. S.
Riviera Beach, Florida

THE FLORIDA FUROR CONTINUED

Dear Mr. Slater:

The state of Florida would do well to follow the example of Illinois. Unfortunately, the harassing of homosexuals continues. Currently, the Johns Legislative Committee is investigating reports of homosexuality at the University of South Florida.

It seems to me that if adults engage in homosexual practices by mutual consent and in private without impairing the morals of minors, then they should not be denied the right to do so. Theoretically, every American is supposed to have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. However, in many cases this is denied to the homosexual, who faces loss of employment and security if it is discovered he is homosexual.

In many states there are laws against racial discrimination in employment. This should also apply to sexual practices.

Leon T. Pike
Grove City, Florida

Gentlemen:

That gross little piece "Francesca," by John Thomas is indeed wicked. It decidedly was in poor taste to print it and I frankly was disappointed in ONE for including such trash. I can appreciate your wanting to include "something for everyone," but really, you must draw the line somewhere. I don't like to think what heterosexuals would think of us if they read such a thing as representative of our mouthpiece.

Mr. W.
Durham, North Carolina

Dear friends:

Heard over the radio today: "Coral Gables, suburb of Miami—University of Miami—about 22 men arrested in bus station restroom; call boy ring supposedly existed." Have not seen anything about it in the local papers.

Also, Tampa University has been visited for some time by the Johns Committee to

check on commies and homos. Surprisingly, they still make a difference there. How much longer must we suffer?

Mr. H.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dear ONE:

A word about Florida: since that state is so near Cuba, perhaps their State Legislative Investigating Committee is absorbing Communist tactics. Perhaps Governor Bryant could have tea with Castro. You know, talk over such known facts as that the Communists are violently anti-homosexual.

But one Illinois is worth a thousand Floridas. Compare a modern state such as Illinois, which apparently believes in human dignity and compassion, to Florida which has nothing better to do than destroy the lives and individuality of loyal American citizens.

In Tangents I noticed that Reno turned thumbs down on "The Jewel Box Review." Here in Seattle we don't have those silly anti-female-impersonation laws. Obviously, Seattle authorities are more progressive than Reno's.

Mr. C.
Seattle, Washington

VICTIM

Dear Editors:

After reading your review of "Victim" (May, 1962) I went to see the movie. You seemed to have thought that the actors were misrepresented as homosexuals. Since I don't understand the slang word "auntie" I may have gotten the wrong impression about what you thought of Melville Farr. On the matter of how Boy Barrett could have inspired the love and admiration of the men that he was supposed to have done, there was not sufficient time given on the boy to know if he was able to get this love and interest from these men. I personally did not find Boy Barrett or Melville Farr unattractive.

You stated that in your opinion Boy Barrett had a faulty complexion. There are worse traits than one's complexion. Remember, beauty is only skin deep.

Mr. H.
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

I was in San Francisco a couple of weeks ago and saw "Victim." I agree with your review as to the choice of actors; but what acting, what photography and editing!

Mr. M.
Glendale, California

FROM THE HUB

Dear Don Slater:

As you perhaps do not know, I lecture with diagrams on the Causes of Deviation using

the six sides of a snowflake for a starter: I, You, He, She, Hit, Submit. Then I take up the conflict of Traditions, Ego, Main Drives. Again I take up Identification, Appearance—Causes and Outlets.

Speaking of bisexuals, as used by Kinsey, his associate Dr. Pomeroy pointed out to me in New York last year that these people are only bisexual in action and that their libido is for the same sex.

Prescott Townsend
Demophil Center
Boston, Massachusetts

RE TANGENTS

Dear ONE:

I was interested in the VD items (April, 1962) in Tangents. I think we ought to keep in mind that there are two types of this disease, i.e., heterosexual and homosexual, and since the U. S. Public Health Service is keeping its records that way I say they ought to be challenged. They certainly cannot prove those figures. It is my opinion that most of the VD cases they are reporting against homosexuals have their origin in heterosexuality anyway.

Furthermore, all homosexuals who may suspect this disease should be told in no uncertain terms that it is absolutely unnecessary for any doctor or health officer working in this field to have that information about them. And, health department records are NOT as secret as they would have the public believe. In fact, such records are wide open to any detective willing to grease a bureaucrat's palm.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, one of the Baltimore queers has come down with you know what, so everybody is now in the process of having Wassermans and Eagles performed. Thanks, I'm happily negative. I know a doctor who is an authority on VD. Would the editors welcome an article from him?

Mr. K.
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear friends:

I am enclosing some clippings for which you might find use in Tangents. The one from VICE SQUAD (March, 1962) is a good example of its "accurate" reporting techniques: "The gay ones also have a semi-secret organization called the Mattachine Society, which issues a monthly magazine called ONE."

VICE SQUAD's masthead says underneath, "All Fact-No Fiction." No comment.

Mr. L.
Pasadena, California