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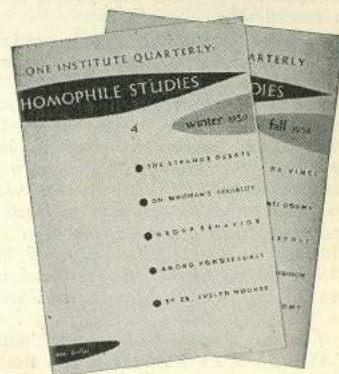
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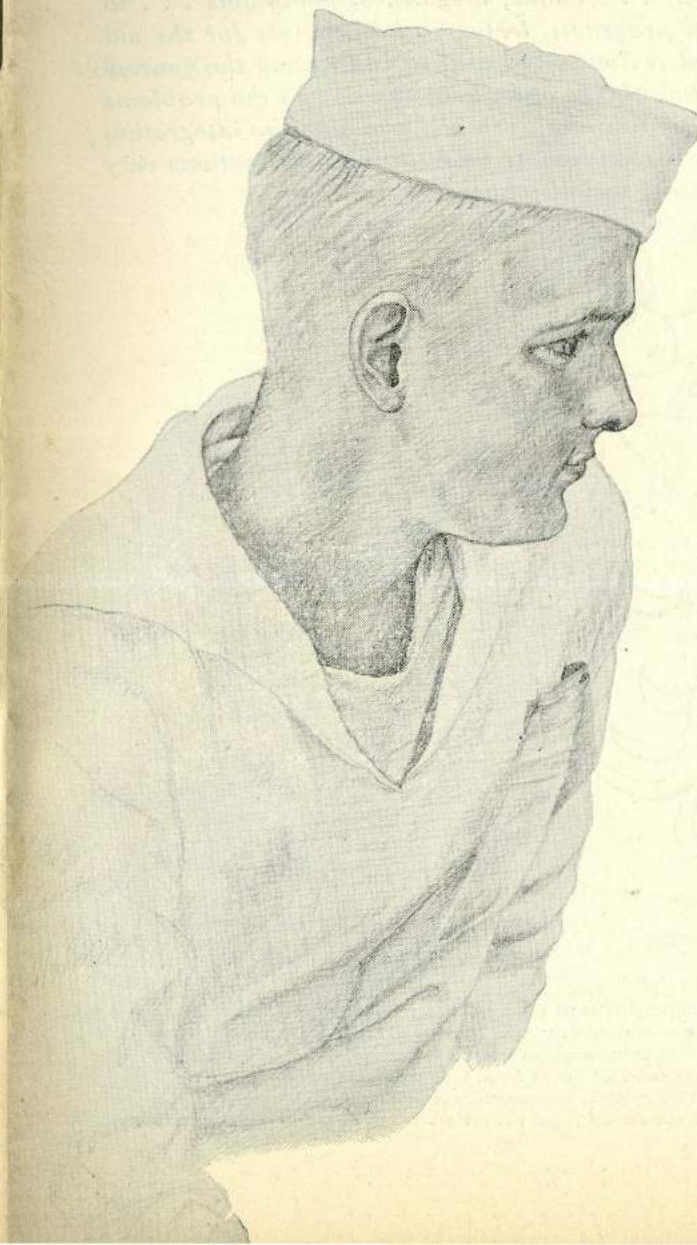
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

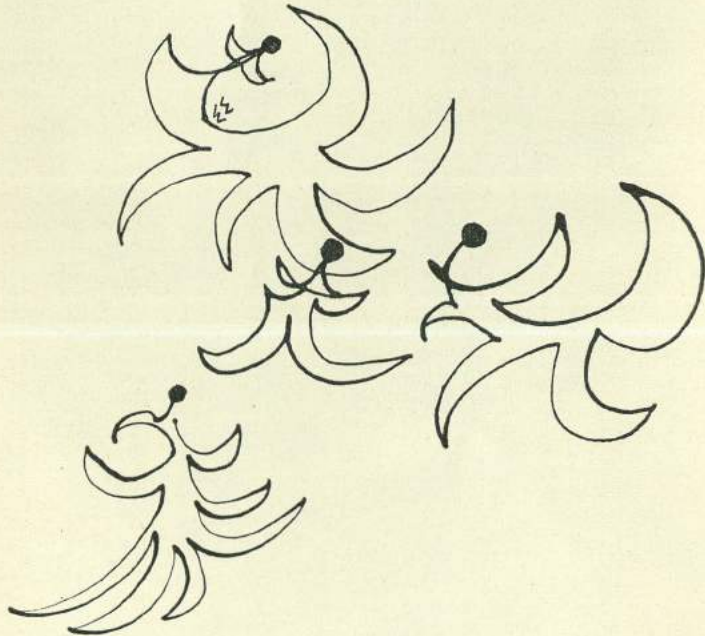
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A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for 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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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XI

Number 8

August 1963

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COVER: Sidney Bronstein

On the cover and in the center-spread of this issue the editors are pleased to be able to present three pencil sketches by West Coast artist, Sidney Bronstein. Previously, the cover of the September, 1962, Magazine also was his. At the Birthday Bazaar a year ago a small gallery of his oils, drawings and water colors created great interest among those attending. Mr. Bronstein has been a valued friend and literary adviser since ONE's founding, much appreciated for his encyclopedic knowledge of homophile literature in general and of 20th century French writing in general. He has a special fondness for the works of Proust, Gide, Cocteau, Peyrefitte, Sartre and Genet.

EDITORIAL

We can all be grateful to Miss Christine Keeler, in some ways at least. Her dalliance with John Profumo, British Secretary of State for War, with Soviet naval attache Evgeny Ivanov, with assorted West Indian bongo players, and, it is alleged, with a number of American military men, has put the whole "security question" back into proper perspective.

For years now, security risks and homosexuals have been considered as practically synonymous. Unnumbered persons have suffered humiliating improprieties at the hands of U. S. military, State Department, CIA, FBI and other governmental agencies, all in the name of security.

Under the same guise, others have been discharged from positions they had been filling with ability and honor.

Now, thanks to Miss Keeler, as in a whiff of perfume, the validity of all such inquiries has gone pouf! Her amorous conquests have irrefutably demonstrated what many have long known: that a homosexual is no more a security risk than is a heterosexual and that intelligent determination of the question does not hinge on such factors.

Were it to be argued otherwise, the conclusion is inescapable that the great preponderance of violators are and always have been heterosexual, from the days when Delilah subverted Samson with her shears. Unscrupulous men and women have long recognized that sex is a powerful weapon for undoing some persons, but the claim that it has an all-purpose effectiveness or that homosexuals are particularly susceptible is of too childlike simplicity to be very convincing to a thinking individual.

Governments would do well to realize this and devote their energies to devising adequate tests for the determination of the integrity of the character of persons placed in positions of responsibility rather than to the prurient investigation of their sexual proclivities. Individuals can further such reforms by refusing to cooperate in any way with so-called security procedures raising such questions. They can also reject with contempt every cheap scheme for divulging information concerning the private lives of others advanced by some governmental agent. Heterosexuals or homosexuals who think to save their own skins by such means well deserve whatever comes their way — full measure, pressed down and running over.

Let us not forget that such undercover work, by whomsoever undertaken, smells high of blackmail. The example of one young woman, an officer in military service who was being railroaded to destruction on charges of homosexual association is highly instructive. When assured by the self-righteous brass before whom she was being tried that there would be no publicity if she simply resigned according to their instructions, she replied in effect, "I like publicity! I want this case to have full publicity and am this afternoon seeing my Congressman and a number of newspaper reporters. If you want it that way I intend to blow you and the entire camp sky high with publicity, but I refuse to do anything dishonorable, nor will I permit you to do so."

Naturally, she won, as will any accused person who stands his ground honorably. Let him remember that he is not any less a citizen because homosexual, nor are his sovereign rights any less secure for that reason. So-called security investigations based upon homosexual implications can go no farther than we permit. Americans understanding the honorable traditions of our democratic heritage will prove their patriotism by exposing and crushing every sneaky, undercover resort to unconstitutional procedures, whatever its source. Remember: evil does not become less evil by hiding behind an identification card bearing on it the seal of this great country of ours.

All thanks, then, to Miss Keeler's conquests of the high and of the low for reminding us once again that Adam, fell, not because of a boyfriend, but because, as he said of the woman, "she tempted me."

Richard Conger
Associate Editor

The editors wish to publicly apologize to James Neill Northe for the appearance in ONE's May issue of the poem "Dark Thorn Flower", which poem was not properly ours for publication. The editors try, at all times, to take reasonable precautions against the use of plagiarized material. It is especially bad in the present instance because "Dark Thorn Flower" is a well-known poem indeed, and the late author of it and Mr. Northe were close friends.

The "Dark Thorn Flower" appeared in Mr. Northe's magazine SILHOUETTES, copyrighted July 1933 by him.

Don Slater

Bisexuality and its Possibilities as a way of Life

by John Burnside

In Dr. Kinsey's monumental work on that complicated and fascinating animal, the human male, we find over 5,000 men from all walks of life counted and classified according to their preferences in that most secret and intimate aspect of life, sexual behavior. Six varieties of sexual expression are distinguished by Dr. Kinsey as peculiar to the activities of his specimens, and we learn that not just a few of the male population engage regularly in two kinds of these. The two classes found most often together in the same person are the heterosexual and the homosexual. This means, to quote Dr. Kinsey, that "... many males combine in their single histories, very often in exactly the same period of time, or even simultaneously in the same moment, reactions to both heterosexual and homosexual stimuli."

What is astonishing is the number of men involved: the study shows that 50% of the male population is exclusively heterosexual and 4% exclusively homosexual. Hence the number who have psychic reactions or overt sexual activity with both men and women is 46 out of 100 on the average of the men that you pass on the street.

Most of us are so accustomed to dividing people sexually into three kinds — heterosexuals, homosexuals, and those puzzling bisexuals — that we are a little unprepared for Dr. Kinsey's careful, scientific method of classification. For him, there are five degrees of bisexual behavior, in a range from those who are only incidentally homosexual in their experiences to those who are only incidentally heterosexual. If we take adults only, and restrict the number to those who, for a period of at least three years in their lives, have had more than incidental and passing experiences with partners of both sexes, we find that some 10% of the men of our society are left in the class of those who must be regarded as thoroughly "bisexual" in their choice of partners. You will find all this fully discussed on page 655 of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*.

Thus, one man in every ten, on the average, fills the bill so far as our ordinary idea of the bisexual is concerned. This leaves the remainder of the 46% — about one man in three of the population — unaccounted for. We are compelled to accept the fact that very many men indeed are *partly* bisexual. Perhaps the word "deviant" could be applied to this group in a sense that is more accurate and appropriate than the common use of this term.

Let us turn from these figures and consider what bisexuality may mean as a way of life for those who have the capacity and desire for it. Dr. Kinsey has a pertinent comment: he notes that many of those who revile the homosexual — from the minister and the judge to the man in the street — liberally indulge in the same activities that they are so eager to punish others for. Obviously, bisexuality as a way of life in such cases leaves much to be desired. No way of life can be called a success for one who has not carefully analyzed his own sexual needs. To find a way of squaring these with our own conscience and with the rights of other people is essential. And we must in all respects extend to the rest of mankind the freedom to do the same.

For many people, sexual activity is a part of their lives that is kept almost entirely separate from the rest of their affairs. It may be a minor pursuit or it may engross them fully, using most of their leisure time, but it remains for these people a necessity uncomplicated by association with the other aspects of their lives.

If a man of this sort is not excessively discriminating, or if he can and will purchase what he desires, his being bisexual in his tastes merely extends a field that would probably be extensive enough for him already if he were monosexual. For many who have the casual approach to sex, the search for an acceptable partner is a search for a desired particular "type"—tall, or blond, or boyish, and so on. To those whose desired type is very special, the search may be difficult; and bisexual interest would seem to provide enlarged freedom and opportunity for them. There is, of course, the fact that no one has more time than 24 hours a day; and the time that is spent in hunting for a suitable partner of one sex is necessarily subtracted from the time that is available for pursuing a prospect of the other sex. In any case, persons of this temperament seem to choose to take only the minimum — the pinch of excitement and release — that suffices for the moment and assures a quick return of the same desires, in an endless cycle that is its own goal and purpose.

The natures of many of us require more than this, for sexuality is full of promise. It leads us to want ever greater union with the beloved, to join our life to his in ever wider and higher levels of human experience, to explore life and adventure in it together, to plumb the mysteries of partnership and comradeship, to discover the many worlds of love. For this, we gladly give up the freedom of perpetual choice, curb the many small desires, and strive to clear the field for achievement. For the sake of the mysterious and inviting possibilities of our dreams, we take a narrow road.

For the heterosexual, the narrow road of marriage is very difficult, even though for him it has been charted and standardized. For the homosexual, a mate has to be sought for in a most arduous and dangerous venture, without aid or approval from the traditions and institutions of our society. The bisexual has his choice between these two ways, which differ exceedingly from each other. If he has embarked upon heterophile marriage, with the blessing of society, the part of himself that he has abandoned often remains obscurely smoldering, ready to erupt and to blast his achievements and his hopes. The dragnets of the police gather in countless victims of such explosions — family men, often men of prominence, who blindly rush into obvious traps like moths into candle flame. Others manage to avoid outright disaster, but their wives and they themselves are often made to suffer acutely when circumstances, such as unusually attractive temptations or opportunities, stir the embers of suppressed desires and make them moody or distraught. Others adroitly, and they think cleverly, live a secret life. Such a

life is not morally wrong so long as no one else is made to suffer, and it may even be exciting. Yet such a life is no small drain on one's energies; and there is always the danger of discovery — or worse yet, that one may really be obvious to others unknowingly and thus be playing the part of a fool, engaged in deceptions that friends see through and look upon with silent contempt. In any case, not to be right with the world is a tiresome obstacle, for most of us, to the full development of our personality.

In some of the less complicated societies there are families in which the husband is shared between the wife and the male lover in an open and evidently quite tranquil arrangement. This may be seen in some of the social minorities of our own society. These are people who are little given to philosophizing, to feeling the pressure of elaborate and contradictory social rules, or to bothering themselves with a sense of guilt; they meet their difficulties as they arise and they are often flattened by situations that they have not foreseen. As a way of life for most of us, such bisexuality is pretty much out of reach — a mode of existence of this kind, appropriate perhaps to these simple and ardent folk, cannot operate among others who are exceedingly self-conscious and already strained to the utmost by a mass of codes, laws, customs, ideals, and prohibitions.

There does exist, however, a type of man who has achieved such a high degree of independent self-development that he can succeed in living a fully bisexual life at a high level of awareness and creativity; and a kind of woman, also, whose roots in love and understanding are so deep that she is immune to any form of jealousy. Two such godlike creatures, joined in a pair, living a self-created way of life that the world is forced to accept and admire, these we may imagine sustaining in their wide embrace another pair — a boy and girl, perhaps — in a state of enchantment and delight. Such would be ideal bisexuality.

But the rest of us, alas, are creatures of our world and times; and the forces of society, the opinions of the world, press on us heavily both from without and within. The most we can hope for is a partial victory, a little area of success, solidly won in a struggle against formidable odds — a genuine union with one beloved mate.

The process of shaping us to certain ideals and attitudes begins the moment we commence to breathe — some say, even earlier than this. Long before the physical development of our brain tissue has been complete at about 7 years of age, we have had built into us a whole set of patterns of beliefs, attitudes, ways of dealing with life, fears and aversions. Being established so early and so thoroughly, these influences are of overwhelming strength; and, in the case of a great many people, they are never really altered. Dr. Kinsey gives 50% of the population as the number of people who are exclusively heterosexual, who have never wandered from the sexually approved. In other people, as we know, the process completely fails to take: these then are completely homosexual, and no matter what opposition they may encounter, they will not turn aside from this orientation. It may well be that these people are actually felt to be beyond reach by the agencies of the law, the school, and the church; and that the curses flung at the homosexual are really part of a struggle to reclaim the bisexual, the 46% who might conceivably be fenced in by threats, rewards, and fears; and that, in this belief, the homosexuals are punished and the heterosexuals are wound about with chains. If so, the campaign must be accorded its triumphs; for Dr. Kinsey comments, in another of his cautious but forthright

observations, that the 50% that he assigns to the exclusively heterosexual might well be smaller, were it not for the effect of social restraints.

Dr. Evans, in *ONE Institute Quarterly*, Fall, 1961, calls attention to a significant finding from a scientific work on sexual behavior in animals and men: when we consider animals, as they are arranged from the bottom of the evolutionary ladder to man, we find decreased control over sexual behavior by sex hormones and increased influence by the cerebral cortex. In short, sex in the higher animals, especially in man, is a part of our natures in which the mind, as well as the body, is very much involved. Unless we follow blindly along those pathways of established custom which society tries so hard to ingrain in us from our earliest years, our way of life must be invented and created afresh. The one who is oriented to both sexes, and who seeks to create and to follow a way of life on that basis which is not just somewhere around the bottom of the evolutionary ladder, faces difficulties that would frighten a Hercules. Many try to do so; perhaps they must try, from inner necessity. For the penalty for failing to fulfill your real nature is a dreary, empty life.

Since our sexual nature is bound up with the workings of the mind, there is some room for choice. In such a case, one must try to see, if he can, which way his nature really points; and either scurry back to the heterosexual fold, or move to the exposed and problematic position of the homosexual and there work out his destiny.

LAMENT

Now that the willow buds fulfill the promise
But lately made by robins in the snow,
And swallows gather clay to weave and mortise
Nest in the chimney, scattering soot below:

I watch the night take up the moon for pencil
And chalk with stars the blackboard of the sky —
And learn the sum of Love which I'd forgotten
Must equal grief and longing 'til I die.

James Ramp

The Poor Sport

by
Chevy Foster

While waiting for his friend, Dr. John Hale sipped his second scotch. Scotch was not his usual drink. He preferred, and usually ordered, a vodka collins. In fact, he didn't really like the taste of liquor at all, but drank only for companionship, and because he enjoyed the atmosphere of the Don Juan. It wasn't one of those gay bars where Don challenged Juan. Quite the contrary. The Don Juan was locally famous for full strength drinks, empathetic bartenders and for a reputation as *the* rendezvous where middle-aged women bartered with young men over dates for sale.

John glanced at his watch as Sandy walked through the door. He was twenty minutes late—only at the hospital was Sandy noted for his punctuality. John didn't mind, not this evening. He grinned to himself imagining Sandy's reaction to the crazy thing that had just happened. This weekly date at the Don Juan had been his idea—and a damned good one. Since they both lived in interns' quarters at Memorial, it had been wise to let friendship mellow away from hospital pressures, inter-coms and antiseptics. Here, they could sit side by side without restraint and talk of people and ideas and feelings—and, more important, make plans for getting a residency together where their mutual admiration would continue to flourish.

Sandy's glance traveled from the glass of scotch to the brightness in John's eyes. "What's the word?"

John smiled.

The bartender came over, grinning a little too wisely. "Hi, Doc—the usual, or are you on scotch tonight, too?"

"The usual vodka collins, Joe." Again Sandy turned to John. "Any news on your residency?"

"No. What makes you think that?"

Sandy sighed. John was being purposely obtuse. Residency was the big question in every intern's mind right now. "You're all lit up, boy. Now come on—what or who flipped the switch?"

"Well, I do feel a little high—but it isn't important." John stopped while the bartender gave Sandy his drink. "Another for me, Joe."

"Another scotch?"

"Might as well."

"You on scotch now?" Sandy asked.

"Just today and what a day!"

A woman, not young, but expensive-looking and beautifully groomed, came in. John touched his friend's hand, "There's one!"

They both watched as the woman removed her dark glasses and gave them a quick once over that lingered a shade too long on the ring each man wore on the little finger of his left hand. She finally wiggled onto a stool beside an undersized male barely old enough to drink and obviously not able to pay for it.

"You'd think she would have more discrimination."

"She has," Sandy answered. "We were first choice—older, better looking—and taller which makes us ever so much better to dance with, my dear—but what about *your* big day?"

John ignored the edge in Sandy's voice. "She just reminded me of what happened." John's eyes shone with intensity and his laughter (for a split second) rose uncontrolled. "Oh, man! I'll need a dozen phenos to get to sleep tonight—and it's all Stormant's fault."

"You mean the Head?" Dr. Hugh Stormant was director of Memorial. It was he who made final selections for the residents list.

"No—not him, his ex-wife."

"Dr. Ada?"

Again John giggled too loudly. "Would she surprise you!"

Sandy twisted around. By propping his elbow on the bar and leaning his head against his hand, Sandy could face John and give the kind of rapt attention that fed his friend's ego. The pose was symbolic, Sandy thought a little resentfully. John had always held the dominant role in their relationship. He had been already established at Memorial when Sandy transferred and so easily assumed the big brother role, showing him the ropes and giving advice. Sandy reciprocated by allowing John to feel needed. Even now, his pose and attitude of expectant waiting accentuated John's leadership.

John tossed off the last of his drink. "It happened just before you came in." He broke off, taking time to light a cigarette and inhaling deeply. "I came in about half an hour before you—and who do you think I saw perched two stools down but the big hen-medic herself. And was she all gussied up! Just like an assistance leaguer going to a hospital benefit! You'd never guess she had just put in eight hours on O.B. Well, anyway, I nodded and she smiled—and moved over beside me—right where you're sitting now. Honestly, I nearly fell off my stool. Imagine the great Dr. Ada condescending to talk to a lowly intern! It sure knocked me for a loop! Why should *she* suddenly decide to give more than her usual brusque nod?"

"Well, it turns out that she's sick of going home to an empty apartment. She has a closet full of stunning new clothes and no place to wear them because she has no escort. Imagine that! I said to her, 'Impossible—a fine looking, well-educated woman like you!'

"My standards aren't low," she told me. 'I'm looking for someone intelligent enough to talk to and perceptive enough not to have to make idle conversation. I'm looking for someone who can share my world—my working day and a little social life!'

"You?" Sandy grinned.

John winked gaily and took another sip of his new drink before continuing. "I tell you, at that point I was ready to make a dash for the nearest exit." He nudged Sandy's arm. "She must be all of forty. But get this. She invited me up to her *office*. Not her apartment, mind you—but her *office*. A real business proposition and I do mean proposition!"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, that she took quite an interest in my work even though I was unaware of it! That I'm a talented fellow with a great future and what I need is to know the right people because who you know in medicine is just as important as what you know. And she's glad we finally met *outside* the hospital. I began to perk up at that one—as far as I know we never met *at* the hospital! You know, her curt nods as she passes!"

"Anyway, at that point she plays coy and orders another for herself and one for me, too. Then came the bombshell. She says her Ex heads the advisory board in selection of new residents, as if we all didn't know! And she is still on the board. According to her, the Head still listens to her advice. So, she'd like to 'talk' to me about it. For a minute there I got all excited. And I must have shown it because she leaned close and patted my hand. By the way, she uses a real musky perfume—suffocating! And she actually set the time! 'Five-thirty tomorrow—my office,' she said and her voice dripped honey."

"Sounds cushy!"

"But kept!"

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Are you keeping your office appointment?"

"You surprise me. I thought you knew me better."

"A woman like that—an M.D. with plenty of know-who never hurt any man's career."

John turned wounded eyes on Sandy. "Gigolo is a full time job," he said. "It could ruin other friendships."

"Do these friendships mean more than your career?"

John's eyes clouded. "They could," he answered briefly.

"So you turned her down," Sandy persisted.

"I told her I didn't know if I could get away at 5:30."

"What did she say?"

"You don't have to write footnotes for her. She said, 'I'm sorry,' and started to gather her belongings."

"What did you do?"

"I said, 'Some other time', and she said, 'Sure'. That was it—she left!"

"Any regrets?"

John smiled sadly. "Sandy, no one could ever call you sensitive."

Sandy's brow wrinkled. "Now come on—why did you really turn her down?"

"There are some things that shouldn't have to be said," John answered spiritlessly.

It happened a week later. John took his new plaid jacket—the one Sandy hadn't seen yet—from the closet. But, hearing the shouting in the corridor, he threw the jacket on his bed and rushed out. In excited faces and hearty congratulations, it was easy to read the fact that someone's residency had come through.

"Who's the lucky guy?" John asked the nearest intern.

"Sandy!"

John's heart pounded. "Where?"

"Right here—Memorial!"

Sandy's grin faltered as their eyes locked, but only for a moment. He crossed his fingers and held them up above the congratulatory group. "You'll make it too—right here with me!"

Just then someone put a glass in John's hand. It was cold—too cold. His fingers felt numb. Putting the glass on the nearest table, he shuffled back to his room.

John closed the door behind him and for a moment, just stood there quietly. He thought he heard Sandy say, "I knew he was keen on getting Memorial, but he doesn't have to be such a damned poor sport!"

tangents

news & views

by sal mcintire

HOMOSEXUALITY MORE IMMORAL THAN HETEROSEXUALITY?

The question was:

"The Civil Service Commission has information indicating that you are a homosexual. Do you wish to comment on this matter?"

The answer was:

"No. I do not believe the question is pertinent insofar as my job performance is concerned."

This happened 4-27-62 at a hearing that is part of the fight by Bruce C. Scott, of Route One, Springfield, Va., against being fired for homosexuality from his government job as personnel expert. As reported in Washington, D. C.'s **The Evening Star**, Mr. Scott states he knows his suit will place him in the spotlight, but he filed the suit "to make himself a kind of symbol that will force the government to conduct a study on homosexuality and its relation to work production."

Mr. Scott maintains that his sex life, like his religion, is his private affair, and that the finding that homosexual conduct is "immoral in nature" is arbitrary and capricious.

David Carliner, attorney of the ACLU who is sponsoring the case, says he expects to take the case clear to the US Supreme Court.

INCOME TAX EXEMPTION FOR NO BABIES:

Columnist Hoppe of **SF Chronicle** puts in his suggestions on how to slow the frightening cancer-like exploding world's population. It is, he says, a matter of incentives. Presently, all incentives are stacked in favor of having babies. The mother gets "love, sympathy, and a new wardrobe" and the father gets a "\$600 tax exemption, hearty congratulations and perhaps even a small raise." And what does the couple get who tries to save the world from the population explosion? "Nothing!"

In these days, says Mr. Hoppe, this is neither fair nor even rational. It should be the other way around — there should be an incentive for **non-production**—a "Non-Baby Bonus" (to be administered, naturally, by Dept. of Agriculture—because it has had "vast experience in the field of rewarding non-production!") And there might even be a "stiff tax penalty for each new dependent."

Mr. Hoppe puts forward his suggestion rather tongue in cheek, but he is talking about a basic irrationality of today. Why should bringing another baby into today's

world be rewarded by our government to the tune of \$600 and the non-reproducers, including all single people, be penalized by not only getting nothing but having to help pay for that \$600—and then on top of that, be forced to shell out more in taxes to build those schools that all the blithely blissful baby-makers are so busy overpopulating?

FLORIDA HOMO HUNT ON FOR 2 MORE YEARS:

Florida is the only state to set up a State Commission to hunt down homosexuals. It evidently wants to keep that distinction. Its legislature just lengthened the life of the notorious Johns Committee by 2 more years.

However, at least there was a fight. University personnel, some of the committee's own ex-members, and some newspapers put up a valiant campaign against the witchhunting group, but lost.

Senator Johns, in praise of his committee, boasted that it had flushed out in the teaching field alone, so far, 71 homosexual teachers, 39 homosexual deans and university professors — and cases are pending against 63 more teachers.

THAT GUTSY SCHOLAR WITH A SPADE AGAIN:

One of the world's foremost Michelangelo scholars, Prof. Robert J. Clements, in the 7-6-63 **Saturday Review** writes the review of **Complete Poems and Selected Letters of Michelangelo** as translated and edited by Creighton Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert, says Prof. Clements, makes "it clear that he disagrees with those scholars who recognize Michelangelo as a homosexual" and just dismisses those scholars as "the sort of people who are mainly interested in Van Gogh because he cut off his ear." Says Prof. Clements bluntly of that: "This is nonsense, of course."

Then comes the pinpointing of the deliberate "editing" and "mis-translations." For instance, Gilbert omits "the two significant letters revealing Michelangelo's infatuation for the adolescent Cecchino Bracci," then in a verse in which Cecchino reminisces on his lovers, Gilbert "launders" this into "loves."

What with that bestseller, **The Agony & The Ecstasy**, by Irving Stone (whose balloons filled with hot air Prof. Clements punctured in prior reviews), and a movie to be made of the same, homophiles can be grateful to Prof. Clements (whose own Michelangelo biography is due out this fall). "The truth never hurt anyone" is a laugh regarding most biographers of great men who happened to be homosexual — it hurts them so much they can't stand it.

PARKER'S PRESSURES

Assembly Bill 2453 introduced into the Calif. Legislature April 17, 1963, by Assembly Minority Leader Chas. Conrad of Sherman Oaks was not slated to make much headway after being referred to the Assembly Criminal Procedure Committee. Many observers felt that it was unconstitutional. Assemblyman Anthony Beilensen of Beverly Hills felt that it might even violate the court ruling in the Bielicki case which had upset a homosexual conviction Long Beach police had obtained by spying on a booth in a public toilet. This was, of course, exactly why LA Police Chief Wm. Parker was pushing so hard for the proposed changes in section 647 of the Penal Code. The measure as presented amended the law to make anyone "who solicits anyone to engage in or who engages in lewd or dissolute conduct" guilty of a misdemeanor, whether in public or private. The present law applies

only to those actions in "any public place or in any place open to the public or exposed to public view." The bill was also aimed at making it a crime simply to loiter in or near a public toilet — dropping the provision that it is unlawful only when done "for the purpose of engaging in or soliciting any lewd or lascivious or unlawful act."

The amendment was absurd. It made it illegal for any person, even a husband and wife, to solicit or commit a sexual act in the privacy of their home. Only zanies like Parker would press for such a rash piece of legislation.

The defeat of the bill came swiftly and dramatically. Parker and his henchmen had gone to Sacramento the latter part of May to speak in behalf of the bill. Those persons like this reporter who had previously heard him speak knew that this would be a good omen for the opposition. Sure enough. As he testified before the committee, Parker flourished a copy of ONE Magazine threatening, "We are flooded with homosexuals." He added, "Now they are organized." He further enlivened the proceedings by distributing two large glossy pictures of nude men he said he had taken from homosexuals. Parker insisted that his proposed changes were not aimed "at pushing anybody around." At this point Chairman of the Committee, Gordon Winton, Jr. of Merced, who had tried vainly to keep Parker under control, told the LA Police Chief, "You engage in histrionics. One more remark like that and I'll ask the sergeant at arms to remove you from the room." He added, "It appears to me that although you claim you don't want to push any homosexuals around, you certainly want to push the members of this committee around."

The bill never got out of committee. Beverly Hills attorney Mrs. Phyllis Deutsch was the only witness against the bill.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS:

In Chicago, a hairdresser is up for swindling \$200 out of a NJ man who had run an ad asking on info to change his sex. The hairdresser posed as "Dr. O'Brien" and slapped him in a hospital where, at the last minute, he happened to discover he was slated for a kidney stone operation . . . The PTA in Vancouver, Canada, is fiercely pushing for a board to censor newsstand material and establish a clinic for sexual deviates . . . That new biography of Sir Hector Macdonald, war hero and a 1903 suicide after getting accused of homosexuality, says the homosexuality of an even more famous military man, Kitchener, "in spite of his fierce appearance and his reputation as a martinet," was much more well known . . . A 77-year-old retired accountant was flabbergasted to get arrested in Memphis for drag — said he had come to the Cotton Carnival and assumed it was like the Mardi Gras where men dressed as women . . . Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen reports a wonderful "gaudy performance" in the Waldorf Astoria's elegant Empire Room when a six-foot-two "glamorously attired creature" in white satin swept in with an exotic "maidservant" carrying her train after the "contessa" had sent management detailed instructions, including if "the contessa has her gloves off, her hand is to be kissed by the maitre d'hotel." The "creature" is "reliably reported" to be a man from the Middle West who gets his kicks making such dramatic entrances . . .



Summer Encounter

by

George Francis

For the past week now Gil had been spending almost all his daylight hours on Manly Beach — the ocean beach, that is — relieving the oppressive January heat until the new school year began.

He rolled over on to his front again, and raising himself on his elbows, pretended to be looking at the clock on the bathing shed to the left. Yes, HE was still there. The whole group was still there — seven young men and women having a good time. Who were they? University students, probably; but maybe just friends on a vacation.

"Jeez, you're beautiful," Gil sighed to himself, adjusting his sun-glasses with his thumb and forefinger.

HE stood up, removed his sun-glasses for better vision, narrowed his eyes, and gazed out to sea. Gil was close enough to see the yellow grains of sand falling through the platinum hairs that stood out so clearly and thickly against the nut-brown skin of his chest, a burnished, salt-flecked skin that undulated like the surf-waves themselves with the movement of the powerful muscles underneath.

Gil had seen him gaze at the Pacific in just this way when he had first arrived exactly seven days ago. Saturday it was. Gil had arrived in town only the night before, and was determined to get as much sun as he could before he began work again. He'd come early, to get a good place before the crowds arrived, and stretched out on the still-cool sand at the end of The Corso with his back to the morning sun. And within half an hour HE had arrived. Gil had looked up, cupping his chin in his hands, to survey the new ferry-load streaming onto the beach in front of him.

"My god! Look what just turned up!" he'd thought to himself, and never took his eyes off the new arrival, as he stared over the ocean, while his friends moved down the beach and started scattering their belongings on the largest clear space they could find — a clearing with Gil at the edge of it.

"Hey, Mike!" called one of the girls, as she knelt on the sand. "Come on! The sand feels beaut! This place'll do, won't it?"

"So that's who you are," mused Gil. "You look like a Mike, a real butch Mike." So Mike turned his eyes to the girl, and with a shouted "Sure!" strolled casually over, and sat down within a few yards of Gil — so near in fact that Gil could no longer feast his eyes on his new Apollo without being obvious; so with a nudge to his sun-glasses, he returned to his book.

Sunday had been the same — only this time Gil did not choose his place casually. Behind dark glasses, pretending to be reading or asleep, he had the opportunity of taking in every detail of his new god's magnificent frame. His finely sculptured head outlined by the halo of his crewcut hair, bleached pale yellow by the constant sun and salt-air; his broad, golden, rippling shoulders; his slim, slim hips, encompassed by snug narrow shorts, sky-blue with a white vertical stripe; his long, rangy legs, lean and hard and muscular.

Gil took in everything, his heart racing just a little, and wondered whether he'd be able to see Mike tomorrow, which was not a holiday. He wondered too, if he'd ever have the good fortune actually to meet this hunk of bodily perfection . . . But Mike was straight — that much was obvious. Gil shrugged off this wishful thinking as a waste of time.

Mike had leapt to his feet in hot pursuit of two of the girls, one of whom had just shouted out "Last one in's lousy!" Gil watched him as he splashed energetically through the shallows, and in a burst of spray, dived into a breaker. "As if he'd be interested in anyone like me," he sighed inwardly, forgetting the fact that he himself was in the life-saver class and no mean athlete, and cursing his dark complexion, his brown eyes, and short, black curly hair.

And all week long this had been the pattern, the daily routine. Only too glad to be out of his hot, stuffy little room at the Y, Gil would stroll down Pitt street in time to catch the nine-thirty ferry, and by ten he stretched out on the beach, the sound of the breaking surf drowning out his silent thoughts, and lulling his brain. And half an hour later, apparently off the ten o'clock ferry, Mike and his pals would arrive and duly encamp themselves in the same spot as before.

Day after day it had been the same and now here it was Saturday again. Gil sat up, linked his powerful arms around his knees, and sightlessly and dolefully looked at the blue sparkling Pacific. He fingered the shark's tooth that hung from his neck, contrasting its sharp edge and point with the limpid silver chain that carried it. He had come from Launceston to escape his mother's constant efforts to marry him off, to escape the small town life with its limited opportunities for meeting people of his own kind, to another State, to the big city; and here he was, after a week, still not knowing a soul to say hello to. You'd think they'd have noticed him by now, all alone, day after day in the same place. They needed another man to make an eight-some, so you'd think it would be so easy to invite him to join them. Even when he'd returned their bouncing blue beach ball on Wednesday, but no . . . Ah! What's the use!

He looked at his watch. Yes, four o'clock. Right on time. The ice cream man arrived, and parked under the nearest pine, his tinkling "Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier . . ." repeating over and over, advertising his presence. Gil got to his feet and sauntered across for his afternoon lime icky-pole — a habit he'd developed throughout the week. Gil lined up with all the kids, jabbering, excitedly clutching their six-pences.

Immediately in front of him was one of Mike's friends, the one they called "Bunny", presumably because his name was Warren. "Hmmm," Gil thought. "Kinda cute. Happy laugh. Good on a surf-board. Fair, too — but give me Mike any day."

Suddenly Bunny turned to him. "Excuse me, sport, but you wouldn't have

change for a quid, would you?"

"Sorry, I haven't," replied Gil. "How much do you need?"

"I'm shy a zack."

"Here."

"No, it doesn't matter. Thanks all the same."

"No, go on. It's okay. I'd hate to see a bloke go without his icy-pole."

Bunny laughed. "All right," he said. "Thanks a lot. Hey, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Hullo!" thought Gil. "Recognition at last!" "Well," he said, "you've probably seen me on the beach."

"Not over at the Ivanhoe?"

"No."

"The Manly?"

"No, never been in there."

"Oh well, must've been the beach, then. Thanks again. See you 'round. Hooroo!" And clutching a handful of the ice cream man's wares, Bunny waved, and ambled back to his friends.

"Bye," said Gil limply, and tendered his other sixpence to the man with the ice cream.

An hour later Gil was asleep, when he was awakened by sands being kicked violently over him.

"Hey!" He rolled over, and started up. There was Bunny laughing down at him.

"We're going over to the rubbidy for some health tonic. Wanna come?"

"Sure," replied Gil, and got to his feet.

"I'll shout you to a zack's worth," said Bunny, and laughed again. Gil laughed too. "Well now," he thought, "things have taken a turn for the better." They joined the others waiting on the esplanade, and introductions were made. Pete was the name of the fourth one, and Gil made pretense of remembering the names — names he'd known all along. They waved to the girls, and turned to cross the street.

The public bar at the Ivanhoe was jammed, but they managed to find a place near a window. By the time Bunny and Pete had returned from the fray with four schooners, Gil and Mike were yarning away like old friends.

Mike took a hearty swig, said "Ah! Mother's milk!" took another, and set his glass down on the sill. "Gil here says he's in the teaching game," he said.

"Whadda ya know!" said Pete. "So am I!"

And so the talk went on, shouted above the hubbub, punctuated by journeys to the bar or washroom. "Very straight," thought Gil, while he learned that the friends were nothing more than that, with similar interests and co-inciding vacations, down from Broken Hill for three weeks' surfing — an impossible sport back home.

"Too bloody hot," remarked Pete.

"Too bloody small," added Mike.

It was approaching six-thirty, and Gil was feeling the glow that comes with four beers. Mike was too, when he turned to him and asked "Where are you staying?"

"The Y."

"That dump!"

"And you?"

"At the Cross — where else? The Mayfair."

"Any good?"

"She's all right. Hey, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing, why?"

"How about you come on over for a drink?"

"Okay. What time?"

"Oh, about nine."

"Sure."

"Wacko! See you then — in the saloon."

And they moved off, through the mob, collected their things and the girls from the beach, and made for the seven o'clock ferry.

Gil waved goodbye to the happy group as they boarded their bus at the Quay, and made his way the few blocks to the dingy old Y.

At about nine-fifteen — he didn't want to appear too eager — in his new slim pants and a clean white shirt, Gil strolled into the saloon bar of the Mayfair Hotel at King's Cross. Groups of men were standing about discussing the day's events at Randwick, and it didn't take long to locate Mike at the end of the bar talking to the barmaid.

"Hi, Gil!" said Mike as Gil approached. "Come on over and meet Gorgeous Greta, the Sweetheart of the Six O'Clock Swill."

"Owyagoin," asked Greta, smiling, and without pausing, "Wotllitbe?"

"I'm fine. Mine's a schooner."

"Make it two, love," added Mike, and grinned broadly at Gil as Greta drew the foaming beer.

"So how's every little thing?"

"Just fine," replied Gil, a little unsure of himself. "What have you been doing?"

"Drinking. What else?"

"Ere you are, boys," called Greta, plunking down the glasses.

"Hey, look out," answered Mike, "you're spilling the grog. Anyway, why don't you join us, love?"

"Can't dearie, thanks all the same. Boss' rules. Besides, it's my turn to nip out the back for a quick drag — that's if I can find me gaspers. Some thievin' cow's pinched 'em again. Can't trust a flamin' soul around here, honest to god!" And she steamed off, exuding an air of injured dignity.

Mike laughed, lifted his glass, and smiled at Gil. "Well, here's looking at you!"

Gil smiled back, "Cheers!" And he was looking too — at Mike; looking at the laughing eyes, wide-set and luminous, blue-gray and lucid, emphasized by the long dark lashes, and shining like the sun of that blue beach day. His deeply-tanned face was not an unusual sight this hot summer, but its contrast with his golden eyebrows and hair, his eyes, and his white challenging grin was certainly eye-catching.

Suddenly Gil realized that he'd been looking too long, too hungrily. Mike had said nothing, done nothing — only leaned there against the bar, returning Gil's gaze. Had he sensed anything, Gil wondered, maybe sensed the way he felt? He broke away and gulped at his beer. Still Mike said nothing, but he took a drink too.

"Where are the others?" Gil asked at length, breaking the silence between them.

"Gail and Margie went to visit some friends out at Crow's Nest, and the others went to Luna Park."

"Why didn't you go with them?"

"That's only for kids."

"So what?"

"Well . . . Besides, I'd be odd man out. A man feels a bit of a nong trailing behind the lovebirds all the time."

"Are they romantically inclined at all?"

"Penny and Helen are, but Bunny and Pete aren't too sure."

"And how about you?" ventured Gil, and then added quickly "Sorry — I didn't mean to get personal."

"No that's all right. Me, well, let's say that I have a good time."

Gil winked in the approved manner, a good butch wink, and Mike threw back his head and laughed out loud. Grinning, Gil ordered another round. Another pause. The drinks came.

"Cheers."

"Cheers."

Pause.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

Pause.

"So what's Launceston like?"

And so the conversation hiccupped along, discussing their home-towns, their jobs, even the day's races, getting nowhere, until by ten Gil was beginning to think the evening had been a waste of time — a washout, in fact. He'd have been better off at the pictures, or even watching TV at the Y.

But he stayed, and half an hour later was almost glad to hear the jangle of the bell, and the time-honored cry "Time, gentlemen, please."

"Well," he said, "better be off I s'pose. Though I'll have to pump ship first."

"So will I," Mike said, "but I'm going to do it in more elegant surroundings than here. Why don't you come up and use my bathroom too?"

"Might as well," said Gil, noticing the rush to the washroom in the saloon. They emptied their glasses, and went upstairs.

Gil lit a cigarette, and was standing looking out of the window down at the crowded intersection below, when Mike emerged from the bathroom.

"Mafeking has been relieved," he announced grandly, and came over beside Gil and looked out too.

"Don't you find it a bit noisy?" inquired Gil. "It's bad enough at the Y."

"Oh, you get used to it. I'm never here much anyway."

"No, I guess you're not." Gil flicked the butt out into the hot night air. "Well, I'll be going now. Will I see you at the beach tomorrow?"

"Sure. But do you have to go right now? I've got a new bottle of scotch in the wardrobe. A bloke doesn't want to crack it all by himself."

"No thanks, I've had enough to drink already." He was bored with it all, and turned to the door. "I'd better go." Mike was in front of him now. He felt Mike's hands drop to his hips, holding him firmly, but gently. Each was looking into the other's eyes.

"I'd like you to stay, Gil — please."

Now it was Mike's turn to be surprised. For Gil responded instantly with a kiss long and deep, and presently the two were side by side on the bed.

Mike propped himself up on his right elbow. His arm stretched out and gently stroked Gil's cheek. His thumb massaged it tenderly.

"So you *are*!" he murmured.

"I could say the same thing to you," replied Gil, a thrill of response running through him. He took Mike's hand and leaned forward and kissed him again. "I wondered," he continued, "but was never sure."

"I spotted you the first day we were there." Mike chuckled. "I had a helluva job getting the gang to go back to the same spot every day. And you were there every time."

"I never thought you noticed me at all."

"Oh, I had you in the corner of my eye most of the time."

"Did you notice me watching you?"

"Nope!"

"Well, why didn't you ask me to join your group? You had plenty of opportunities."

"I was never sure — you pass so well — and didn't want the others to wonder why I was interested in you. They're straight, of course."

"You sure took a chance tonight, then."

Mike rolled over, and his warm flesh pressed against Gil's. His head moved slowly back and forth in silent ecstasy, Gil's rough cheek scraped against his own, and with a quiver, he quietly nuzzled his ear.

"It was worth it," he murmured.

Glossary

icy-pole

quid

zack

rubbidy

wacko!

Randwick

drag

gasper

Luna Park

nong

pump ship

crack it

popsicle

pound (money)

sixpence

public house, bar, tavern

exclamation of approval

Sydney's leading racetrack

smoke a cigarette

cigarette

amusement park like Coney Island

fool

urinate

open it

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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.



CITY OF NIGHT by John Rechy,
Grove Press, New York, 1963,
410 pp., \$5.95.

Every so often there appears a book which, regardless of its intrinsic literary merit, makes an impact upon its particular audience which thousands of other and some better books never are able to do. A few years ago one such book was James Barr's *Quatrefoil*. *Quatrefoil*, because it was better written than most "gay novels," because it dared present sympathetically a homosexual love affair, because its principals were masculine and socially acceptable men, and because it made only slight deference to the accepted conventions of literary morality, not only took the gay world by storm, but also forced attention and critical comment from the literary world at large.

This summer another, but more significant and far more controversial book, has just appeared. Whatever its literary merits may be, it has already attracted great and generally favorable attention from the critics at large and will, I predict, become in homosexual circles, at least, the most talked of book of the decade. Just off the press it is already almost unobtainable. The book is, of course, John Rechy's *City of Night*. I hasten to add I compare *City of Night* and *Quatrefoil* only in terms of their effect upon their audience and in terms of what will someday be their places in the history of the gay novel; let no

one think that I mean to compare them in content.

City of Night is, as you surely must already know, the story of a young male whore, or hustler, to use the politer term, who plies his trade across the face of America. It is doubtful that this is a novel at all; it is rather (and I hope, at least, that this is so) almost pure reporting, but it is selective and creative reporting as one might not only expect but demand of an artist. That it does not purport, however, to be factual or objective gives it a frightening and absorbing ring of truth and authority. Structurally it is not a novel either but a collection of episodes or vignettes (many of which have been published separately as such), tied loosely together by moments of introspection on the part of the nameless protagonist or by short narrative passages in which he relates his movements from one place to another. Always the narrator is but an observer, and there are little more than occasional and superficial references to his own activities which are, regrettably, never detailed nor explored. In this respect the book leaves us unsatisfied and unconvinced of the reality of the narrator who gives us the impression of being much too highly principled and too sensitive to be what he so openly declares himself to be. But it is in the sketches of the scores (or clients) of his fellow hustlers, of the mad queens and fetishists with whom the narrator comes in contact, that

are to be found the charm and fascination of this book. These sketches are almost invariably brilliant, and so poignantly, tenderly, and yet brutally drawn that I defy anyone not to be moved by them. Skipper, Chuck, Pete, the Professor, the mad queens, Darlin Dolly Dane and Miss Destiny, of whom Chuck says: "You gotta admire those dam queens like Darlin Dolly and them. They sure have got guts. They live the way they gotto live." All are extremes, and are no doubt to a degree composites as "typical types" must always be, but each one emerges as a masterful creation.

To the heterosexual community this book will appear to be (and this is no doubt unfortunate) a revelation of the homosexual world. But the world of the *City of Night* is no more the homosexual world than Pershing Square is Los Angeles or the Bowery is New York City. In a very real sense it is not the homosexual world at all. Oddly enough the true homosexuals, or, as the narrator would describe them, the mutually, desiring, mutually satisfying, and self accepting males are almost totally absent from its pages. Content to live side by side with and to accept on their own terms hustlers and whores, pimps and panderers, bums and panhandlers, alcoholics and drug addicts, the hustlers studiously avoid the homosexuals partly because as free competition they are an economic threat, and, more importantly, because they are a threat to the hustlers' most cherished possession — their own maculinity. This book is to a far greater degree the story of degenerate heterosexuals than it is of homosexuals.

The theme of this novel, if indeed there is one, is to be found in the narrator's, desperate and unsuccessful flight from the recognition of the fact that he does what he does because he is a faggot too. It is incredible, but, true, that by some trick of rationalization

the hustler is able to believe that so long as he gets money for what he does, or so long as he does not provide a receptacle, or, perhaps more importantly, allow himself to display enjoyment or affection that he is in no sense a homosexual. Somehow he is able to ignore the fact that in playing a completely passive role he is being far more feminine than those who have the guts to go after what they want. How, too, can he justify the involuntary response which makes it possible for him to do whatever he does do? We could wish that Rechy had chosen to explore the psychological aspects of this question, and had he done so he might have written a truly significant novel, but he neither explores nor explains, he but observes and reports. This he does magnificently.

Many readers will be annoyed by Mr. Rechy's style. There are many affectations, contractions without apostrophes, unnecessary capitals, shifting tenses, and runtogetherwords. But in the end he creates poetic prose, which is strong, forceful, evocative, and so admirably suited to the theme that one quickly ceases to be aware of the eccentricities of his style. It is obvious that Rechy is a skilled writer and that he writes as he does because it suits his purpose to do so. While Mr. Rechy does not hesitate to use the words he must use, he does so so naturally and so fittingly that one is never conscious of obscenity or made to feel that he is wallowing in filth.

There is no pornography in this book — or at least it can be only an extremely salacious mind which finds it. Since this is a very unattractive world which Mr. Rechy describes, a world characterized by loneliness, bitterness, frustration, disillusionment, and desperation, *City of Night* will have no difficulty, despite its unusual subject, in being considered a very moral book indeed.

Marcel Martin

WHAT IS REMEMBERED by Alice B. Toklas, New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1963, \$4.00, 186 pp.

We are what we remember we were remember we are remember we will be. In remembering we are ourselves remembering even though some one else remembers. *What is Remembered* by Alice B. Toklas is not Gertrude Stein remembering Alice B. Toklas remembering nor is it Alice B. Toklas remembering Gertrude Stein remembering. It is Alice B. Toklas remembering Alice B. Toklas remembering.

In her most private and unique memories, unique and private because surrounding adults are too busy with the present in the light of their own memories to tamper with the person or event at that moment becoming the child's memory, she remembers as a child remembers. When Alice B. Toklas was seven or eight years old, 1870 and Louis Philippe became inseparable from an aging French music hall singer who when she sang in San Francisco wore a turquoise brooch set with diamonds. Years later and six thousand miles away a voice would seem to speak from a brooch and a friendship began which ended only when that voice became a memory.

What is Remembered by Alice B. Toklas of the San Francisco earthquake foreshadows the way she will remember everything. What is unpleasant is turned to gentle anecdote and the many pleasant memories are often underwritten as though some one had paused in conversation hoping she would lighten and personalize an account which abstract ideas or ponderous outside forces, such as two world wars, were about to carry beyond the bounds of polite conversation.

Let there be no mistake. The world of the "transatlantiques," the world of Alice B. Toklas and Ger-

trude Stein, was neither the world of Bohemia nor the rebellious world of the expatriates. It was a world of close family ties and sound family investments, protected in its privacy by the conventional manners of the well-to-do middle class and secure in a cultural heritage common throughout the Western world.

What is Remembered by Alice B. Toklas is not an addendum to *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Gertrude Stein. It is integral to it and to an understanding of it. Miss Toklas is no treble cannon to Miss Stein's clear middle register statement, rather hers is the answering voice in a two part fugue so interwoven in time and place that without it the dominant theme lacks the close harmonies and overtones that lend color and depth.

Brooke Whitney

THE PASTOR'S COUNSELING HANDBOOK by James L. Christensen, Fleming H. Revell Company, N. J., 1963, \$3.95, 181 pp.

Increasingly significant in the contemporary minister's everyday concerns is his role as Christian counselor. James L. Christensen has written a book designed to equip today's minister for intelligent, effective service in this area. This book should be of value to most protestant ministers. It is sound regarding general guidance, and it gives good advice in pastoral procedures. The use of the Bible "with wise discrimination" is a wonderful suggestion. Too often ministers use passages from the Old and New Testaments without careful consideration of individual needs.

I have learned that psychological emergencies must be handled on an individual basis; there are no two alike. And, although Rev. Christensen is well versed in general needs, he is not prepared for the homosexual.

Practically speaking, he follows the popular concept in this regard. His statement: "That homosexuality is a neurotic distortion of the total personality," I find to be far from my own observations. Undertsanding, not "tolerant and kindly attitudes" produces the greatest benefit when any minister, priest, or rabbi undertakes guidance for the homosexual. Thus Rev. Christensen is not prepared to serve the needs of all of his immediate community and shirks part of the scope of his pastoral responsibility.

On the whole, the "Handbook" treats personal problems in an intelligent manner. The book is practical in the use of pre-marital guides. Too bad that it suffers in its approach to the singular challenge of homosexuality.

Rt. Rev. Bernard,
Abbot of St. Geo., Monastery
Las Vegas

THE MESSENGER by Charles Wright, New York, Farrar Strauss and Co., 1963, \$3.95, 217 pp.

This is a fashionable book. It glamorizes junkies, whores, pimps and hustlers. The hero is a light-skinned Negro of 28 or 29 who works as a messenger, when he works, and thus sees many levels of New York life. New York is rendered romantic. And the romance is heightened by descriptions which never miss such details as the excrement of fashionable poodles on the sidewalks in front of Third Avenue antique shops.

Jazz, marijuana, alcohol and sex share about equally in the protagonist's experiences. When out of work, the hero occasionally picks up twenty bucks allowing "queers" to have their way with him. Some queers, not all. He will as disinterestedly bed down with lonely, aging women, picked up in smart bar rooms.

There are some very funny but,

(remember, this is a fashionable novel) pathetic and lost, homosexuals in the book. A drag queen named Claudia is expertly drawn. In fact many of the characters are well realized, even a seven year old neighbor girl of dry precocity and innocence. This little girl has been a stock figure in the novels of the young since her prototype was created as Holden Caulfield's little sister in *Catcher in the Rye*; such little girls are invariably introduced to bring a breath of honest freshness into the hero's sordid life. They are always quaint. This one paints non-representational pictures in a children's class at the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Wright didn't overlook her: this is a fashionable novel.

Mr. Wright has, in fact, few problems with his writing. His problem is a deeper one. Pandering. *The Messenger* manifests a kind of literary Uncle Tomism. That is, it justifies prejudices, lends credence to the most ignorant stereotypes of both Negro and homosexual in the public mind.

This is too bad. Responsible Negroes have fought hard to wipe out a warped vision of Negroes as the refuse of American life. ONE and other organizations are trying to erase the concept of the homosexual given in this book. Not that bad and worthless Negroes do not exist. Not that bad and worthless homosexuals do not exist. Not that art should not tell the truth. It should, and hang the consequences. It should, and good art does.

But good art does not romanticize. It examines life and reports fairly. And it examines and reports from a position. Mr. Wright glamorizes filth and hopelessness and then takes an attitude toward it that combines, with cynical exactness, tolerance and disgust. This is not right. It is an attempt to have things both ways. And it will not work.

Ostensibly a novelized documentary of New York low life, *The Messenger* instead turns out to be an appeal to the prurience and prejudice of readers who will put it down more firm than ever in their misbegotten conviction that, "Yeah, that's the

way them niggers and fairies live." Bad, and too bad. Mr. Wright has talent. He might have written a fine book.

He has written only a fashionable one.

James Colton

BOOK SERVICE

Books of interest to women:

THE LIFE OF RADCLIFFE HALL by Una, Lady Troubridge (Citadel)\$4.00
The story behind the publication of *The Well of Loneliness* and the author written by her longtime friend. Photos.

WHAT IS REMEMBERED by Alice Toklas (Holt)\$4.00
Reminiscences of the author's much talked about friendship with Gertrude Stein. Many Photos.

GIVE ME MYSELF by Susan Sherman (World)\$3.75
"At college, at orgiastic parties in Greenwich Village, and finally in Italy, Nona cannot tear herself away from this woman . . . This is a subtle and compelling portrait of a child who is striving to become a woman."

TOMBOY by Arline McNamee Hammond (Comet)\$3.00
A maturing woman looks back to her tomboy childhood . . . without a single overt act, she begins a harrowing period of morbid introspection, touching tangentially on the homosexual theme.

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN by David George Kin (Brookwood)\$2.50
"True stories of Lesbian love in Greenwich Village," this is basically a dishonest and uninteresting book.

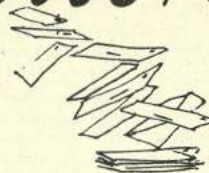
VIRGINITY PRE-NUPTIAL RITES AND RITUALS by Dr. Ottokar Nemecek
(Philosophical Library)\$4.75
This book elucidates the concept of virginity from the anatomical, moral and sexual points of view . . . both primitive and modern societies . . . explaining the wide range of forms of virginity (from the nun to the demivierge, from matriarchal times to our own day).

FEMALE OFFENDER by Caesar Lombroso (Philosophical Library)\$5.00
Lombroso, with Bleuler, Kraepelin and Wundt, were giants of 19th century psychiatry and psychology. A classic in the field.

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY of Homophile Studies\$1.00 each
Numbers 6 and 7, containing articles on Lesbians: "On Gertrude Stein", "Research on Lesbians" (DOB with USC Psychologist Virginia Armon).

Write for free checklist No. 29.

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

MARRIAGE ! ! ! ?

Dear Editor:

Randy Lloyd's article "Let's Push Homophile Marriage" (June, 1963) just stinks! What does this so-called writer Randy Lloyd want? To copy heterosexual life? His humdrum thinking is more than narrowminded and makes me feel sick. It is very bad that you accepted an article like this, Mr. Slater.

R. H. Stuart
Los Angeles, California

Dear Editor:

Randy Lloyd should be given credit for outright, open-minded thought. I feel he is really a genius. God bless him. Also I am very happy for George Francis' "As for Me" (June, 1963). I support him 100%. He is a wonderful writer, right to the point.

Mr. C.
Wheeling, West Virginia

Dear ONE:

Your June issue is the best yet. Mark Haldane's cover is a masterpiece.

Mr. F.
Atlanta, Georgia

Gentlemen:

I agree with Randy Lloyd's article, but he states that there are a lot of homosexuals wanting to get married. If this be true I would like to inquire where? Especially here in San Francisco. I went to a certain Gay Bar this week and there were between two and three hundred packed inside. Most seem to just want to be seen, or to drink. Here so many are "stand-offish." You send over a drink to someone and nine times out of ten he won't even acknowledge it. At another bar most of the customers are out for money and that can't be a basis for a good relationship.

I've put a lot of hard work into my business and made a success of it, but it is rather meaningless without someone to share it or to do for. My main question is just how and where do you meet married couples or someone that doesn't want to "have his

cake and eat it too", so to speak? I get so discouraged with these one-night stands, am thirty-four, average looks, with a lot of bottled-up loving to give someone.

Mr. A.
San Francisco, California

Dear sir:

I have been reading the Magazine regularly and have found the articles, poems and stories to be of an excellent quality, matching the art work, which I think is both lively and appropriate and in no way below the artistic standards of the best work in other journals.

I mention these things not so much to flatter you but because these qualities of excellence have been of utmost value to me in another sense. The world of homosexuality is fairly terrifying to the outsider; and by outsider I very much mean to include those homosexuals like myself who for many years were quite isolated, until at last we discovered that there actually are places for the homophile—groups, and that a magazine, a real magazine with editorials, articles, and all the rest, is published by homophiles for the enjoyment and guidance of homophiles. Somehow the Magazine makes the whole thing seem real in a way that bars, coffee houses, baths, parties and the rest never do seem real.

I know of no other publication that gives the homosexual credit for being fully human, a person with his own qualities and a right to be treated with respect. It seemed to me that you were terribly daring, almost indecent to do so; and I found my hair rising at times, particularly when you tore into one of those smug heterosexual assumptions about "queers" that I, with the humility of the undefended, had long ago absorbed into my own estimate of myself.

When my sense of reality was threatening to go under again, I would cling to the fact that here it was in actual print—with every quality present that we depend upon to reassure ourselves as to the solidity and

worth of a person or thing. Then I could take one more step toward accepting myself and the world as it really is. Please accept my deep-felt gratitude.

Mr. B.
Los Angeles, California

A POX ON CALIFORNIA

Dear friends:

As a loyal supporter since 1952 you can be sure I appreciate your untiring efforts toward making our world a better place in which to live, but I was very upset to see the very trite comment on vacationing in Florida (Tangents, June, 1963). Spoken like a true Californiate!

Certainly we deplore the actions and methods of the Johns Committee, but what of the raids and purges elsewhere? I know of a Florida bar in business since 1946 which never has been raided. In fact there are several like that around here.

South Florida is fast becoming more cosmopolitan each year and is in truth a great place to vacation in. You seldom hear of someone being rolled or beaten up. Because of a few hard-headed, ignorant North Florida politicians it seems totally unfair to perhaps frighten someone from the pleasures that do exist here.

After all, bus station restrooms aren't the safest place in California, or most anywhere else. Anyhow, to quote Ann, three lashes with a wet noodle to whoever wrote a very foolish and thoughtless paragraph.

Mr. R.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

EDITOR'S NOTE:

There is hardly a hamlet in California that has not (since 1952, Mr. R.) had a great deal more than noodle-lashing in TANGENTS, in articles and editorials, or the LETTERS, to say nothing of towns in Texas, of New York City, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, Boston and elsewhere — including most of the allegedly glamorous capitals of Europe. Please go back and check your copies from the years and months past.

Bad doings, directed at the homosexual, are not restricted to any geographical locality. The Magazine's job, so it has seemed to us, is to tell the story, whatever it may be, wherever it may have happened. And it does so happen that Florida and California, where population increases are surging the fastest, get more than their share of the bad doings, all too often these days. We wish with all our hearts that Florida would take an even larger share of the flow than it does, lest we here get shoved right off into the Pacific by the swarmings.

LET'S "SHARE" A LITTLE

Dear Sir:

The movement (or is it a religion? No,

say your U.S. income tax people) which calls itself MRA, while not seeming to be decidedly FOR anything, is most certainly and vehemently, AGAINST many things, two of which are sex, hetero and homo.

The last time I read one of their mildly amusing full-page newspaper advertisements, I fell to wondering why this should be so, but soon gave up. Then I ran across an issue of Maclean's Magazine (Toronto, May 4) which carried a lengthy article about MRA. While it didn't come out and say so, it was easy enough to read between the lines and suspect that the group's founder was a latent homosexual, with a fear of sex and a hatred of women. Apparently he never married and always had around him a group of athletic young men.

As we know, those who wax vociferously against homosexuality usually have a latent streak of it hidden in their make-up; those who have a fear of sex, are also usually fascinated with it. One of the most important activities of MRA training is what is called "sharing," when a group of people sit about for hours and tell in great detail of their hidden thoughts and previous experiences — and the sexual ones seem favoured.

Apparently at such "sharing" sessions presided over by Buchman himself the revelations were especially juicy, so much so in fact, that it is reported he was once kicked out of Princeton. By the way, one of the minor things that MRA is against is suede shoes. They are OK of themselves but "in Europe and America the majority of homosexuals" wear them. Gee whiz! I'd better fly out and buy a pair!

Mr. E.
Vancouver, British Columbia

FAN MAIL

Dear Sir:

Just a note to tell you how much we enjoyed the June Magazine. Every month it cheers us up. We enjoy the up-to-date editorials, TANGENTS, and the Letters to the Editor. However, we enjoy most the fiction. My favorite author is Bob Waltrip. His "White Cranes" (November, 1962) has remained my all-time favorite. His "Orange Blossoms" (June, 1963) was great too. May we expect more from him in the future? We hope so.

Mr. D. and Mr. G.
_____, Texas

Dear friends:

I look forward greedily to each copy and like to read first — Letters and then TANGENTS — and the Editorial, but not necessarily in that order. I wonder if anyone thinks like I do that more space for Letters at the expense of some of those sheets of poetry might be an improvement?

I know it is impossible to adopt every suggestion, but one can get so much real inspiration from some of those letters. But the very existence of ONE (in any form) is a cause for rejoicing. So I wish you all long life and happiness in the great Cause and "putting good intention into practice" enclose something to help keep the wheels of ONE turning.

Mr. G.
Nelson, England

Dear Don:

I enjoyed the June issue, particularly "Orange Blossoms." I think Mr. Waltrip very talented. He deserves much encouragement. I agree with Randy Lloyd that the "ordinary" side of homophile existence is sadly neglected — and our public image suffers accordingly.

"As for Me" by George Francis produced in me an overwhelming sorrow and sense of tragedy — that there are many who believe this and that they live in such a world as set down here. I say in all sincerity that it isn't so, and believe many of us have proved it isn't. And who, homo or hetero, is ever "accepted"? We are to the world whatever we have the courage to back up with our conviction and guts. No man who wills himself to the slightest part of individuality does so without the price of sacrifice for it. Only how much the man wants this individuality makes the paying for it worth it or not worth it. This is all there is to define the mature from the immature.

We are the world we believe exists. And we make the world we live in. We have the freedoms we are willing to defend, fight for, believe in and ability to realize. And sometimes risk all for — die for. But most of all depends upon just how honest we are with ourselves. How many of us are rejected because we cannot accept ourselves? How much of the persecution we believe in is nothing more than our own unspoken guilt demanding punishment? The will to kill and be killed, to dominate and be dominated, to punish and be punished walks in many a delicate disguise, with all too gentle look and mincing step.

I did not like James Colton's "The Corrupter." I will grant that perhaps there is something worthwhile imbedded in it, but it didn't get it stated, certainly not to my satisfaction.

p. e. britton
Pico, California

Dear ONE:

The last two issues have been a bit better than the preceding ones in 1963. Of special informative, thought-provoking interest were "The New Nazism" (May, 1963) and Randy Lloyd's article on homophile marriage (June, 1963). And the caliber of the fiction too

was above average: "The Corrupter" and "Orange Blossoms" were very nice. But what about more stories on the order of "Francesca and the Wicked Giant" (May, 1962)? That was really fine.

You are doing a great job of helping each of us, merely by being there and putting out your publications, by, for, and about us. Makes me a little prouder to be homophilically inclined. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Mr. S.
San Antonio, Texas

WORDS AND MUSIC

Friends:

I hate to disappoint all you gals n' guys of ONE, but the song (June, 1963) referred to about Robinson Crusoe should be: "Where did Robinson Crusoe go with Friday on Saturday night?"

Mr. G.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear people of ONE:

Until recent months I had watched television only on occasion. Now I enjoy "The Tonight Show." As a student of trends and symptoms I was interested to see how Johnny Carson handled Liberace on the show. He was careful not to exploit the situation for gay humor. At one point, however, when Liberace held up a bathing suit with musical notes sewn on it, Johnny couldn't resist saying something about WHERE some of the notes were.

His best humor is derived from the assumption that the audience knows more about the facts of life than can be expressed on TV. My suspicion here is that the gay mode of humor has invaded TV via such programs. And where do you think such a trend is leading? I'd say toward more permissiveness.

Edward Denison
_____, Texas

FROM LATIN AMERICA

Dear Sir:

I read your information about "our life" in USA with great interest. To me it seems wonderful. I am twenty-eight and love to paint, am very fond of good music, literature, theater. My preferred sports are swimming, rowing, tennis, fishing and to go to the beach and the seaside every time I can.

I am here very lonely. Here we have no reunion places, no bars, no magazines, nothing serious and the people, "our people", are very persecuted. Perhaps this is because most are very weak and have not the sense of friendship and are generally not very good. So I have conventional friends, some girls. All my real friends are in Europe.

Mr. P.
Buenos Aires, Argentina