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THE HOMOSEXUAL WORLD'S

BEST-SELLING MAGAZINE

12th YEAR

one incorporated

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

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EDITORIAL

As we look about us at the beginning of 1964, we might well ask, what is the meaning of the present world situation? Everything seems to be popping and changing so fast what with populations exploding, planned trips to the moon, immense increases in our physical powers, physical inventions, technological and economic advances. Few areas of our world and our lives remain static today.

Only in the understanding of human nature, which province very much affects all homosexuals, do we fail to keep pace. Yet, even here, where gains are not so readily measureable, some sort of movement is discernible. The homosexual world, while not exploding, is exploring, is groping, is collecting together, is trying to find a place in the ever-growing search for meaning. The homosexual world is getting rid of the feeling of "strangeness," and the homosexual is doing something about his situation.

Reflecting this changing scene—interpreting, analyzing, and perhaps, provoking it—is ONE Magazine. ONE is now in its twelfth year. It is the oldest U.S. publication of its kind in existence today; and it is the most widely read in all the world. No homosexual can afford to miss what is going on. Yet many garden-vegetable variety homosexuals believe it is the better part of wisdom to remain aloof from any knowledge of current happenings. It is no longer necessary or even prudent to remain uninformed. Rather, it is the responsibility of every thinking homosexual to be enlightened or run the risk of not keeping pace with his own world.

ONE Magazine offers a responsible presentation and reliable reporting of this world: its changing legal codes, proposed legislative reforms, new psychological and medical theories, new books, new motion pictures, and it offers news of the homophile world's current events. ONE Magazine tries to bring meaning and understanding to our present existence.

It is our hope in the coming months to reach many more people, as many as possible, with our point of view, and readers will find changes in ONE this year with this purpose in mind. It is necessary to continually find ways of expanding our range of influence. We like to think that one day all those who "want to know" will read "the homosexual world's best-selling magazine."

Don Slater,
Editor

A Serious Look at the "Second Cory Report"

by Ray Evans, Ph.D.

As a result of the publication of his first book, *The Homosexual in America*, Mr. Cory became a well-known spokesman on the subject of homosexuality, and consequently any work of his demands serious consideration. At the same time, Cory has a responsibility not only to contribute something of significance, but to be fair and accurate in his presentation. In this reviewer's opinion, those obligations are not fulfilled in the present book.

The style ranges from pseudo-scientific to second-rate fiction, expressions are often banal or pretentious, the organization is loose, and the content needlessly repetitious and occasionally downright trivial (e.g., discussing who is to lead when two men dance together). The authors frequently make vague references to

work by other people without mentioning names or specifics. For instance, the statement appears that "according to one of the most thorough and painstaking investigators in this country, there are more males than females earning money from prostitution at this time in the U.S." There is no excuse for not identifying such an investigator and stating where his work is reported.

In the introduction Cory states that his own thinking is largely sociological in orientation, while LeRoy's is psychological, and that the book "fuses two disciplines as well as two generations." Two generations may have been fused, but there is little scientific discipline at all. No mention is made of Cory's qualifications to speak sociologically, and there is no evidence of competence as a sociological thinker. LeRoy is described on the jacket as "preparing for a career in clinical psychology," but the book shows he has a long way to go.

The "sociological" approach here consists essentially of dividing the homosexual's society into three aspects: the milieu of the general world, the submerged in-group, and a sub-group organized to protest the

Dr. Ray Evans is a practicing clinical psychologist. He conducts the Abstracts Department of *ONE Institute Quarterly: Homophile Studies*.

injustices of the general society. The sociological focus remains superficial, however, and there is little insightful analysis of the relationships among these aspects of the homosexual's society. Furthermore, the authors sometimes write as if the homosexual were completely separated from the larger society. For instance, they severely berate homosexuals who "copy heterosexual patterns," without recognizing that homosexuals who aspire to a monogamous life of faithfulness, integrity, and fidelity have incorporated values of their own larger society, not merely copied them from the heterosexual members of that society. Similarly, Cory and LeRoy state that most members of homophile organizations are from "middle-class backgrounds and incorporate middle-class values and ethics into their organization. . . . In order to win acceptance among middle-class heterosexuals, they must be as much like them as possible. . . . The members act more like middle-class people than they do like homosexuals. . . ." Of course they do; they are middle-class people (or lower or upper) who happen also to be homosexual.

For a work claiming sociological focus, there is little recognition of cultural influences other than contemporary American. The appearance of a "new" homosexual "stereotype" is described, the muscle builder, athlete, or super-male. Though such homosexuals exist, they constitute anything but a stereotype. The authors apparently see no continuity between manifestations and the ancient Greek ideal of physical perfection; the motorcycle cult may be a new variation, but emphasis on masculine perfection is a recurring phenomenon.

An example of the artificial sociological analysis to which the authors are all too prone is their in-

terpretation of "camping" as "a symbolic representation of group belonging, a recognition that they are among their own, and that they are expressing common goals, interests, and values." However, a worthwhile suggestion is made that factors involved in the attitudes of heterosexuals toward homosexuality should be studied.

Their "psychological" approach is even more regrettable because it contains much jargon with a superficial ring of authority which may be accepted uncritically by the uninformed reader. The book offers nothing new regarding psychological aspects of homosexuality, but is replete with technical terms carelessly and inaccurately used, at times grossly so. For example, they say: "To be exclusively oriented in one direction to the total neglect of the other seems to be irrationally biased and perhaps even neurotically compulsive. To be exclusively homosexual without ever having known the felicities of heterosexual love must be some sort of compulsive fixation, perhaps fetishistic. . . ." That is nonsense. With almost no exceptions their explanations are glib, superficial, and without supporting evidence, and while similar criticisms can be made of much professional literature as well, that does not justify it here. Furthermore, they have explanations for virtually everything, given in absolutes and finalities, without adequate qualification or reservation.

The authors laud the ideal of research—for other people—and, for example, outline in great detail the conditions presumed necessary to investigate a possible relationship between homosexuality and creativity. At the same time they themselves do not hesitate to draw conclusions on far more important questions without specifying any of the conditions under which supporting observations

might have been made. They make vague references to their "observations and studies," but give no specifics as to what observations, what studies, on whom, how many, where, under what conditions, etc. The book is loaded with overgeneralizations, for instance, "most (queens) seldom read a book except for the marginal paperback novel of semi-pornographic nature. . . ." Motives of various groups are outlined in expansive fantasies without benefit of evidence.

There is great overlap in content with Cory's first book, but new subjects include the "cult of the butch faggot," the "hustlers," and venereal disease. Possible causes of the apparent increased incidence of venereal infection among homosexuals are outlined, and a sensible program aimed at helping to solve this problem is suggested. Twelve pages are consumed reproducing a letter from a young man who had contracted syphilis, the only significant point being his report of a physician's advice that penicillin taken prior to contact would prevent infection. The implication is given that by not dispensing such information, public health agencies are conspiring to prevent enjoyment of sex. It is irresponsible to print such a letter with no verification or clarification. Apparently the armed forces have found penicillin useful in preventing venereal infection under certain controlled conditions, but there are hazards in its indiscriminate use. One danger is that penicillin taken as a preventive (not the same as that used in treatment) may mask the symptoms of syphilis so that infected individuals go undetected and untreated.

An entire chapter is devoted to the question of whether homosexuals are more creative than heterosexuals. It is obvious that some, such as da Vinci, are highly creative no matter how the term is used; but it is equal-

ly clear that other homosexuals, the feeble-minded, are uncreative in every sense of the word. And feeble-minded homosexuals are no rarity, though less publicized than Proust. It might aid in keeping matters more in perspective if it were remembered that homosexuality appears in *all* kinds of people.

A most severe shortcoming of this book is the biased handling of the crucially important but unsettled question of the origin of homosexuality. Cory and LeRoy state it is "almost universally agreed that this is a psychogenic development and *not* an inborn trait," and that "all inverts owe their exclusive sexual preference to a pathological situation based on fear, anxiety, or insecurity which occurred in early childhood or early adolescence. . . ." As a matter of fact, there is no such near agreement, and there is very little supporting evidence and no proof for the causal conditions outlined. Poor parental relationships, fears, traumatic childhood episodes, etc., are widespread, and are bound to appear in the backgrounds of some homosexuals, just as they occur in the histories of heterosexuals. That does not mean such experiences "cause" homosexuality any more than they cause heterosexuality.

Cory and LeRoy have every right to adhere to any explanatory formulation they wish, but they have an obligation to acknowledge the nature of the evidence favoring their position. Furthermore, they deride other explanations, in particular the congenital anomaly concept, and state categorically that the difference in incidence of homosexuality among males and females does *not* suggest inborn deviancy. Actually such a sex difference is strongly suggestive, though not proof, of an inborn factor. Non-sexual characteristics which appear with greater frequency in one

sex than the other, such as left-handedness and color-blindness, are readily accepted as having genetic components. Logically, similar evidence must be admitted with regard to homosexuality, although that does not deny the extreme importance of environmental influences in sexual development.

The authors state there is no such thing as a "well adjusted homosexual," and that while some are better off than others, "the majority are disturbed." In discussing this matter they refer to a number of writers, but curiously omit any mention of Hooker's work, which is by far the most relevant and clear-cut, but refutes their position. They sensibly retain reservations regarding the matter of "cure" through psychotherapy, but apparently they are skeptical less because of inadequate evidence (as they might be) than for other reasons. They are in the rather illogical position of insisting that homosexuality is like other psychological disturbances in that it is a learned way of reacting to traumatic childhood experiences, but then denying that treatment methods effective in ameliorating other such disturbances are effective against homosexuality. Finally, they switch sides again with the following plea: "The homosexual should bear in mind that there are far worse things that could happen to him than having sexual relations with members of the other sex. If it proves necessary to alter or modify one's sex life in order to improve the personal and social adjustment, it is a goal worth struggling toward, especially if the new sexual experiences also prove to be gratifying."

In characterizing the work of others, Cory and LeRoy make two statements which this reviewer feels rather accurately describe their own book: "Because the amount of accurate and verifiable knowledge about homosexuality is still relatively

small, nearly anyone who knows how to read, but who may have little knowledge or understanding, can claim to be an expert on the subject. . . ." And, "There will still be an enormous amount of unfounded and unscientific opinion masquerading as gospel truth and irresponsibly flung around. . . ." This work is purported to be "a view from within," and in some respects it can be so considered; however, much of the material is merely a rehash of other people's ideas, unfortunately presented with bias and without clarity or significant re-interpretation. Cory's original book is a far better introduction to the subject of homosexuality; the present book has little to offer the reader who needs no introduction. A short lexicon of homosexual slang, a list of current homosexual organizations, and a selected reading list are included.

THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY IN MODERN SOCIETY

Edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek.
This outstanding collection of sixteen essays probes one of the least-understood of modern sexual enigmas—information generally inaccessible to the layman. Contributors include Abraham Kardiner, Clara Thompson, Robert Lindner, Freud, Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Ellis.

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DUTTON

MOONLIGHT

The moon blanches
Your sunpinked warmth
Chaste
In the chastity
Of sleep.
I move
When you wake.
And the cold
Question
In your eyes
Drives me away.

— Brooke Whitney

UNCLE BOB

by

John Paul Tegner

Bob Decker lived in a pleasant old house on a down-at-the-heel street that had once been fashionable. He was thirty-eight, with a long, bony frame, thinning hair, and a bulldog kind of face which he believed most people found repellent. He was an accountant for a local department store. It was a dreary, underpaid job. He hated it passively and aspired to nothing better.

His mother had died two years before, and he still found it hard to let himself into the empty house at night.

He had always been lonely. Now he was lonelier than ever, and to fill some of the emptiness, he took to going to Kirby Square in the evening.

The Square was a sounding-board, a meeting-place, a parade ground. It was the fiercest kind of jungle, too, and smooth-faced young policemen strolled the crowded walks in pairs, keenly vigilant for all their seeming nonchalance.

Bob knew the danger of the place. It might have been that, in part, that took him there, as if danger could somehow give point and meaning to his life.

Over the months he made his cautious contacts. The pattern of the encounters was usually the same. A park-bench conversation, a drink at a nearby bar, an hour in a cheap hotel room. And afterward the old despair.

On a Saturday night he sat alone. It was early spring, there was a chill in the air, and he was thinking of going home, when a boy came slowly into the Square.

Bob watched him slump down onto a bench nearby. He was slim and blond. He wore a dark suit that was neat but shabby. His face was shadowed and thin, and there was a beauty about him that left Bob shaken. And presently, as if he had no will of his own, he was on his feet, cigarette in hand.

He asked the boy, "Can you give me a light?"

The boy started and said, "What?"

"A light," Bob repeated gently.

The boy felt in his pockets. "Sorry. I don't seem to have one."

"That's all right. I'm cutting down, anyway." Bob put his cigarette away. He laughed, as a curbstone orator began to shout from a far corner of the Square. "They're all out tonight."

"Who?" asked the boy.

"The denizens. The proletariat. Don't you know this place?" asked Bob.

The boy shook his head. "I'm from out of town."

"Staying long?" asked Bob.

"Longer than I figured," the boy said wryly. "I just missed my bus."

"I'm sort of waiting around myself," said Bob. "Shall we wait together?"

"It'll be quite a wait for me," said the boy. "It was to Los Arboles. There's not another one till tomorrow."

"I'm sorry," said Bob, and his heart was beating faster. "Anyway, that gives us plenty of time for a drink, if you'll have one with me. Or maybe you're under the age—"

"Me?" The boy looked faintly annoyed. "I'm twenty-three!"

"Well, then—"

Bob led the way across the street. The bartender checked the boy's identification. He *was* twenty-three.

They had one round of drinks, and Bob ordered another.

"I—I can't let you pay for any more," said the boy. "I haven't got enough money to—"

"It's all right," said Bob. "I invited you."

"I know, but—I'd better get on my way. I'm sort of beat right now."

"You have friends in town?"

"No," said the boy. "I'll sit in the bus station."

"And sleep on a bench all night? Man, you can't do that," said Bob, and he heard himself saying something he had never said before, "I've got a place. I'll put you up."

"That's awfully nice of you," said the boy, "but I'd be in the way—"

"Plenty of room," said Bob, "and there'd be no one but us."

"Well, no. But thanks for spending the time with me—and for the drink."

He's going. I'll never see him again, thought Bob. His throat was dry. He was ready to plead.

He managed to speak steadily. "Maybe you have some reason not to trust me."

"Oh, no!" said the boy.

"Then come on." And Bob took his arm and propelled him lightly but firmly toward the car-stop.

In the car they introduced themselves. The boy's name was Walter Nord. He was from Minnesota and he'd gone to Los Arboles because a friend of his was there. He was trying to find work and he'd come into the city to answer an ad, but nothing had come of it.

Bob looked at him—the weary face, the smoky eyes, the cheeks shadowed with a gold stubble. It's happened to me, he thought. God help me, it's happened . . .

He showed Walter the spare bedroom and the bath, and he laid out a robe for him.

In his own room, he undressed and got into pajamas and slippers. Sitting by the window, he smoked a cigarette and looked out into the spring night. It was strange, hearing someone else in the house again. The walls seemed to come alive. He felt a kind of exultation, yet he was afraid.

He smoked another cigarette. By then the house was quiet. He looked into the room across the hall. The boy had put out the lights and gone to bed. In the glow of the hall-light, Bob could see his head on the pillow. He asked softly, "Did you find everything you needed?" There was no answer. The boy was asleep. Or pretending to be. Bob went into the room and closed the door behind him. He slipped into the bed. He drew close to the boy, feeling his warmth. He put an arm about him. The boy started violently. He said, "What the hell are you doing?" He jerked away. He was breathing heavily. When he spoke again, his voice was harsh and angry. "Is *this* what you wanted?" He was out of bed. Walter switched on the light. Then, as if suddenly embarrassed by his nakedness, he snatched his shirt from off the bedpost and held it in front of him. "Wait," said Bob again. "Wait, hell," said Walter. "I'm getting out of here." Then he said, "And I was supposed to trust you!" "I thought you knew why I was bringing you home," said Bob. "I'm sorry I made a mistake. What I said about trusting me—I meant it. I meant you could trust me not to do anything that would hurt you, or anything you didn't want me to do. You can go if you feel like it, but you're as welcome to stay as you were before, and you can be certain I won't bother you again." The boy looked at him uncertainly, his mouth open a little. Without another word—with dignity, he hoped—Bob got up and left him. He sat in his room across the hall. There was a long stillness. Then he heard Walter switch the light off. He heard the bed creak. And Bob huddled in the dark, his head throbbing, black misery in his soul. In the morning he made breakfast. Orange juice. Scrambled eggs and bacon. Coffee. It was on the table when Walter came down. "Good morning. Did you sleep all right?" asked Bob. "Yes, thanks." Walter stood there without quite looking at him. "I'll be pushing off now." "Breakfast's ready," said Bob. "Sit down and eat." Walter hesitated. He sat down. "I phoned the bus station," Bob told him. "The next bus to Los Arboles leaves at ten-thirty. You can catch the car out here at five till ten and get to the station in plenty of time." They finished breakfast. "Want a shave before you go?" asked Bob. "You can use my things." "No, I'll wait," Walter said. "Thanks for the breakfast. Thanks for giving me a place to stay." "It's all right," said Bob. Walter seemed to be trying to say something more. He began, "I guess I was pretty stupid last night." "I guess I was," said Bob. "What I mean is—I was surprised and all, but I didn't have to make a thing of it." "I know how you feel," said Bob. He washed the dishes, and Walter dried them. They walked together to the car-stop. The car came, and Bob put some money into Walter's hand. It was a ten-dollar bill, and Walter stared at it. As the car pulled away, he called out the

window, "Thanks. I won't forget this!"

I'll bet you won't Bob thought bitterly. It's a story you can tell the rest of your life.

Don't think, he told himself. Don't even remember.

And all week he remembered.

On Saturday afternoon he went out back and started to dig in the garden.

The door bell rang. He went through the house to answer. He called out rather crossly, "Who is it?"

And it was Walter.

They sat on the steps in the sunshine. Bob was foolishly, deliriously happy.

He said, "I can't get over it! I thought it was one of the neighbor kids selling cookies."

Walter said, "I came in to answer another ad, and I thought I'd say hello. I didn't know if you'd be home or not. If I'm breaking into something—"

"You're not breaking into anything. If you knew how sick I am of my own company today— How about some lunch?"

"Have you had yours?" asked Walter.

"No. I was just going to fix myself something," Bob lied.

They had lunch, and Walter said he'd have to go and pound the pavements some more. "I can't pay you back yet, but I will, as soon as I can."

"You don't have to pay me," Bob said.

"Well, I'm going to," said Walter.

He looked pathetic and tired. His hair was long, his collar was frayed. He was no match for the world. He needs me, thought Bob, and he said, "Saturday afternoon isn't much of a time to look for a job. Most of the offices are closed. Why don't you take it easy here and we'll go out to dinner."

"No thanks. I couldn't impose on you," said Walter.

But he stayed on. He took a shower and a nap. They went to an early dinner, then to a movie, then a bar.

They were both warmly, pleasantly drunk when they rode the car home.

They walked unsteadily up the stairs together, their shoulders touching.

"Me for bed," said Walter. "Same room? Same place?"

"Same room. Same place," said Bob. "You take the high road, and I'll take the low road."

"And never the twain shall meet," said Walter.

They began to laugh.

Then Bob was crying. "I love you," he said. "I never felt this way before. I'll never feel this way about anyone again."

"Oh, God!" Walter was suddenly sober. "You said you wouldn't—"

"I'm not asking for anything. Only—I want to be near you. I want to be your friend. Can we be friends?"

"Sure, Bob," said Walter, "only—"

"Shake hands?"

"Sure."

And Bob held Walter's hand and kissed it, until Walter drew away in embarrassment.

Walter stayed on into the next week. He found a job.

He was waiting with the news one evening when Bob got home from work.

"Nothing great," he said, "but it'll tide me over. It's in a food market downtown."

"Good. You can stay here with me," said Bob.

"You mean it?" said Walter.

"You can move in tonight," said Bob.

Walter sat quietly for a while. "There's something I have to tell you," he said. "I'm married."

Bob felt a sickness deep inside him.

"I should have told you," Walter said, "but I knew how you felt, and I didn't want to— Well, you've been nice to me, and—"

"It's all right," Bob said dully.

"See, she's back in Minnesota," said Walter. "Her family never liked me, and we had to slip out, and—I got her pregnant. As soon as we were sure, we got married. We kept it a secret because I didn't have a job and we didn't have anywhere to go. This fellow in Los Arboles said I could get a job where he worked, and I sold my car and came out. I thought I could send for Charlene and this far away, he folks would never know we had to get married. But I didn't get the job in Los Arboles, and my friend didn't seem to want me around when I wasn't working. I was at the end of my rope when I met you."

They sat on the porch and talked about how much money Walter would be making and how long it would take to save enough to rent a little place and send for Charlene.

Walter grew despondent. "It's no good. I'll either have to make a killing at the races or rob a bank!"

"We're friends, aren't we?" said Bob.

"Yes, but—"

"Didn't you ever think you could come to me?"

"No! You've done too much for me already. I'd be a real louse if I asked you to do any more."

"You're not asking me. I want to help."

Walter closed his eyes for a moment. He said, "When I think of that poor scared kid back there waiting for me to come through— Bob, if you could help me get her here, we'd be so damned grateful!"

They looked for a small house, an apartment, even a room, but before they had found anything, Charlene was due to arrive.

"I'd rather she helped decide on a place, anyhow," said Walter. "Is it all right if she stays here until we can look around together?"

"It's your home, too," said Bob.

So Charlene came to Bob's. She was ill from something she'd eaten on the plane. She was upset, too, because breaking away from home had been an ordeal. For several days she kept to her room, and Bob hardly saw her.

Then she emerged, wan but smiling, and thanked Bob very nicely for his hospitality. She was a pretty little thing with big, dark eyes and full, pouting lips.

"You've been such a friend to Walter," she said, "I know we're going to be friends, too."

Later she asked him, "How did you and Walter meet?"

"It was—through a mutual friend," he answered.

"Who?" she asked.

"Someone we knew in Los Arboles," he said.

It was a bad moment, but she seemed satisfied, and she didn't ask again.

At first she and Walter went apartment-hunting on week-ends, but after a while they stopped.

"I hope you won't mind if we stay here till after the baby comes," Walter

said. He added, "Do you have any idea what it *costs* to have a baby!"

Charlene had lost her shape. Her face was so puffy her eyes looked slitted. Her legs had begun to swell, and she wasn't able to be on her feet much. She spent most of the time lying down in her room.

Between them, Walter and Bob did the cooking and the rest of the housework. One evening they had finished the dishes and were sitting at the kitchen table. Walter was talking about something ridiculous that had happened at the market. They were laughing.

When Bob looked up, Charlene was in the doorway.

"Are you boys having fun?" she asked pointedly, and she let her gaze rest on Bob's face for a second or two before she turned and started back upstairs.

Walter ran to help her.

Bob sat there, still feeling the chill of the look she had given him. It was a look he knew.

Walter came down. Bob asked him, "Does she know about me? She does, doesn't she?"

"Well—" Walter swallowed. "I guess so."

"What do you mean, you guess so? Did you tell her?"

"Well, yes, I did," Walter looked uncomfortable. "See, our stories about how we met didn't jibe, and she began to ask questions, and I finally had to tell her. She suspected, anyway, because—she knows about things like that. One of her cousins was that way, and—"

"You shouldn't have told her!" Bob said angrily.

"What else could I do?" Walter looked so stricken that Bob's anger melted. He touched Walter's arm and said, "I'm sorry."

The baby was born on Thanksgiving Day—a boy named Andrew. The next day at the market Walter passed out cigars and the manager raised his salary. Walter was jubilant when he and Bob went to visit Charlene that evening.

"You see, honey," he said, "good things come in pairs."

He bent down to kiss her, and she smelled his breath.

"So you've been celebrating," she said, "while I'm cooped up in this hospital."

"Cheer up, sweetie," he said. "Your time is coming."

"You're damned right it is," she said.

Before she had been home a month, she and Walter went out dancing. Bob stayed home with Baby Andrew.

He was a good baby, a beautiful baby, so different from most. When he was a few weeks old, he had his own personality, his own ways of expressing himself.

Bob had had little enough to do with babies before, but between him and Baby Andrew there was a rapport. Both mother and father handled their offspring awkwardly, and as often as not he cried in their arms. In Bob's arms he was content.

"How did you learn to do that?" Walter would say, watching Bob prepare a formula or give Andrew his bath.

"I read the book," Bob would say. "It's all there in the book."

He hurried home after work to be with the baby, and evening after evening they were alone together.

Charlene and Walter had bought a car, and they went out almost every night with a crowd of young married couples.

Bob overheard them talking one day.

"We shouldn't leave Andrew with him so much," Walter said. "It's taking advantage of him."

"Can't you see he likes it?" said Charlene, and she giggled. "He thinks he's the baby's aunt."

It was true that Bob liked being alone with the baby. Those were his happiest times. He could talk to Andrew. He could sing his absurd songs, feeling foolish and at the same time blissfully content.

"Baby—my little baby," he would whisper. It was as if his love for Walter had somehow extended to Walter's son.

So the months passed. Andrew walked and talked. He was dutifully fond of his mother and father. He adored his Uncle Bob.

It was, "Read to me, Uncle Bob," and "Play ball with me," and "Take me to the park."

One night, as he was putting Andrew to bed, Bob heard Charlene and Walter come in. Usually when they went out for an evening they came home late. Afterward he thought they had probably come home early because they had been quarreling. He heard their voices rising sharply.

"To bed, to bed, you sleepyhead," said Bob, and he swung Andrew up and plumped him down in his crib.

"Go to sleep now." He bent over to tuck in the covers.

Andrew reached up and pulled his head down and kissed him. "I love you, Uncle Bob," he said.

And then Charlene was in the room. Her face was pale. Her eyes were blazing.

She said, "What the hell are you doing to my baby?"

Bob straightened.

"You couldn't have my husband, so you started to work on his son—is that it?" She was coming toward him. "You get out of here, you son of a bitch, and if you ever put a hand on my baby again, I'll kill you!"

He was sick that night. He was sick the next day at work.

When he got home, the car was parked in front and Walter was loading things into it.

Walter said, "We're moving out. I guess that's no surprise to you."

"Where are you going?" asked Bob.

"A place on the other side of town. Charlene and Andrew went on ahead."

"You don't believe I'd—that there was anything to what she said?" Bob cried out, "Good God, you can't believe it!"

"Keep calm," Walter said uneasily. "I don't believe it, and I don't think Charlene believed it either. She just got excited. But you have to admit she has a point. What I mean is, how would it look to an outsider if he knew—well—the whole business?"

"You can't take him away from me," said Bob.

"We have to think about what's best for Andrew, don't we?" said Walter.

Bob looked into his face. "You're fixing it so I won't ever see him again. And I won't see you again."

"Sure, you will. I—I'll be around after things settle down."

"No, you won't," said Bob. "No, you won't—no, you won't!"

"For God's sake," said Walter, "do you want to tell the neighbors!"

He got quickly into the car and drove away.

Bob stood for a while, looking down the empty street where the car had disappeared. Then, moving stiffly, as if he had suddenly grown old, he climbed the steps of the empty house.

tangents

news & views

HOMOSEXUAL RESORT

For about 15 years now the Black Cat, at 710 Montgomery St. in San Francisco, has been a target of the California State Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control on the sole grounds that the premises are "a resort for sexual perverts, to wit, homosexuals." Unlike any other gay bar owner that this reporter knows about, Sol Stoumen, proprietor of the now famous bar-restaurant, has fought all the way, spending thousands and thousands of dollars in the process, for his right to remain in business and cater to homosexuals.

Yet, early in the morning of October 31st last, state liquor agents trooped into the place and lifted Stoumen's license to dispense liquor. And so for a little while anyway the ABC has prevailed in its determination to be able to proscribe the meetings of disfavored persons or groups in public places if they decide the operations are "contrary to public welfare and morals." It is definitely frightening to think of any public agency, whether national or local, as having such power and control over the lives of American citizens. Ultimately, however, decisions in the matter must have a liberating

influence on all questions involving homosexuals and civil liberties generally.

The progress of the Black Cat case through administrative and judicial appeals has made one significant point clear: to close an establishment, the authorities must establish that the management countenanced or encouraged homosexual behavior in their patrons which went beyond equivalent heterosexual behavior in comparable bars. The tightly reasoned legal briefs of Atty. Morris Lowenthal and his offices in behalf of the Cat constitute a ringing declaration that this nation's constitutional guarantees to liberty are for homosexuals as well as heterosexuals (see **ONE Institute Quarterly** #8). But the ABC, all unheeding, continues to subject the Cat to a tyranny almost pathological in its efforts to close the bar. And so the ABC has finally got its way; the license has been taken.

The doors of the Black Cat are still open, however. Instead of liquor, Sol Stoumen dispenses apple cider, orange, lemon and grape juice, etc. to the many loyal customers that continue to patronize what is left of their diminishing individual liberties.

SCENIC BEAUTY SPOILED

Yosemite National Park, long a friendly vacation spot for the homosexual, is being spoiled by the frenzied actions of a few of our number in the public restrooms of the park. Last summer any number of tea room queens were arrested for committing lewd acts in public. Everyone to his own outlet, we contend, although we all must suffer the consequences of such thoughtlessness. One Federal Judge, Thomas J. MacBride, has even become so outraged by information he has received that he is sentencing offenders tried in his court to jail. He says that by this method he "hopes others will take note and keep away from Yosemite before it is ruined by their conduct."

SURVEY

Up to recently, any Canadian customs official could—and some of them certainly did—decide what Canadians could read by banning any foreign publication as "obscene," but now that power has been taken away from them, and the government says the import of all publications will be unchecked and only lawyers and courts can decide what is "obsence." . . . Tennessee Williams rewrote his *THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE* and starring in the new version are Tallulah Bankhead and Tab Hunter. . . . A journalism prof, Dr. Batroukha, in a speech at Univ. of Rhode Island said U.S. courts are becoming more and more liberal involving questions of obscenity and that the U.S. has moved from one of the most timid countries in such matters to one of the most liberal. . . . Columnist Joseph Barry remarked of the irony of the burials of Edith Piaf, famed singer, and of Jean Cocteau, famed in many artistic fields but also famed

as a homosexual. Both were Catholics. Piaf was divorced and so was denied full Catholic burial, with only the grave and not the body blessed. But Cocteau got the full treatment. Said Columnist Barry: "Unorthodox love apparently gives less offense than marriage and subsequent divorce." . . . A L. A. Municipal Judge has announced that all persons convicted of homosexual acts (70 to 100 monthly in Municipal Courts) will henceforth be sent for VD blood testing. . . . A Bwy revival of the play, *THE IMMORALIST*, from Gide's autobiographical novel, has franker lines that were omitted from the original, and NY TIMES reviewer Howard Taubman continues his anti campaign by referring to Gide's homosexuality as "The rot". . . . A NYC Catholic priest, Morton Hill, went on a publicized hunger strike protesting against pornography being sold, such as "Fanny Hill," the girlie model magazines, and magazines encouraging homosexuality—and he got results when Mayor Wagner instigated a new anti-pornography drive. So then stouthearted Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of *EROS*, announced HE was going on a fast, too. His purpose: To protest encroachments on free speech by smut-hunters. BRAVO! . . . The sex, including lesbianism, in the new Swedish film, *SILENCE*, has done what everybody assumed was impossible—shocked the Swedes themselves. . . . A New Orleans paper, *THE TIMES-PICAYUNE*, carries a 3-column *POLICE REPORTS* section liberally sprinkled with morals and crime-against-nature arrests—and giving the full name and addresses of the men. . . . In a men's washroom at the NY American T & T building, some employees discovered a hidden automatic camera—and threatened

to strike over invasion of privacy. Management like a flash yanked it out and said it had been planted to catch whoever was defacing walls with obscene drawings and epithets. . . . Charlton Heston got the Michaelangelo role in the movie to be made of Irving Stone's *THE AGONY & THE ECSTASY*—which figures, since his frame & face resemble the ugly looks of Michaelangelo (which all historians remark he was so bitter about) as much as Stone's story resembles proven facts. Wonder who will play "the wraiths", as Renaissance expert Prof. Clements dubbed all those beloved women Stone invented? . . . The LA County Grand Jury recommended an amendment to the Penal Code making it mandatory that if any school teacher charged with a sex offense wants to plead guilty to a lesser charge, the Court must be informed specifically the defendant is a school-teacher. This grew out of a resolution adopted by the American Legion that urged that all grand juries be told of the State Board of Education's granting or restoring credentials to teachers accused of homosexuality. . . . One reviewer of *THE WANTING SEED*, new futuristic novel by English composer-writer Anthony Burgess, says he is baffled on how to treat "the homosexuality idealized as a means of limiting births." What baffles others, of course, is our society's in these times pushing *HETEROSEXUALITY* idealized as a means of *PROMOTING* births. . . . Seattle is cracking down, and publicizing it muchly, on homosexual activity in their city parks and picked up 11 men to start with. . . . Home-made movies, said to be too much to ever be shown in a trial, **were** the downfall of a "huge male sex ring" in Portland. . . . A NYC fan of *TANGENTS* sent us a clipping of

an ad from the NY TIMES for a "Men's Hair Coloring, Men Only" shop on W 44th with the note that "The number of blonds is overwhelming in NYC these days!" . . . *THE CHERRY LANE* was tabbed one of the most flamboyant homosexual haunts in Greenwich Village and closed up—after authorities tried putting a police "Raided Premises" sign on display and found that that only increased the number of patrons, especially gawking tourists. . . .

RECOMMENDED READING

Mary McCarthy's *The Group* takes 8 girls fresh out of Vassar in 1933 and follows their lives for 7 years. Not until the very ending does the reader discover that the one girl of the group the rest all admire, Elinore Eastlake, "Lakey," is homosexual. That homosexuality is used as a surprise ending is interesting. More important, its presentation is unprejudiced.

The novel bubbles over with delicious, pinpricking, satiric portraits and some high farce. Don't miss this one.

S. M.

Solution Nov. Campogram

Mr. E. B. of Paris, France writes: November Campogram reads, "I wouldn't mind finding that male whorehouse I been hearing about. Out in Hollywood. Wouldn't that be a gassy kick? Even hustle chicks for a change. Man, usually I don get no good buzz outta guys swinging on my joint. Mostly I fall asleep. Then I got no problem. I always sleep with a hardon. . . ."

John Rechy, City of Night

E. B. continues, "I so think you should choose texts which are more orthodox English—some of your readers have difficulty in following your Americanisms!"

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 PRISON LIFE OF HARRIS

FILMORE by Jack Richardson, New York Graphic Society, Conn., 1963, \$3.95, 223 pp.

Here, for my money, is a real masterpiece in the languishing art of true comic literature. I would accept that this little book may well not be just anybody's dish of tea; but I heartily recommend it to all those with a relish and taste for the rare bit of savory. And what a dish! The loveliness of the style, alone, is worth the price of the book. Its statements are all so deliciously and delicately made that one seems never to be aware of their having been made. Like so much gentle rain falling upon earth that makes the flowers grow.

The only objection that I might see a justification for on the part of some readers, would be regarding the very, very oblique handling of the homosexual aspect of the theme. Where, in other works, this is done for cheap titillation, and I am first to raise an outcry of wounded rage, here I accept it without question. It becomes in this a muted, lovely music, that we all too often forget it is and can be, heard from just beyond the next hill tinkling faint fairy pipes of pan calling to the heart of every man.

The title of the book tells the bare bones story of the book. That to outline and detail here could only make it seem a banality, which it

never, never is! The quality of characterization is up to all the rest of its parts, especially Rosario's pigeon with a broken leg. Oh, do watch out for that bird! And for this young author, Jack Richardson. He is a cool one, dad!

—p. e. britton

BEHIND THE MIRROR by Robin (Lord) Maugham, Longmans, Green, London, 1955.

This is a dryly humorous novel, not without a certain depth of passion, about a young film script writer's journey to Tanganyika in search of the true story of a famous love affair. In the beginning, all he is concerned with is to get the permission of Norman Hartleigh, a one-time diplomat whose name had been linked with that of the famous actress Daphne Moore, for publication of their story. But before he has had time to adjust himself to the unfamiliar background he learns two things—the story of this love is not at all what it had seemed to be, and a new drama is in any case unfolding before his eyes in this remote corner of Africa.

These twin themes work out together, as bit by bit the past is revealed and the reader comes to see how the tragedy of the present is rooted in it. The author's great merits, to my mind, are an ability to make his characters full-rounded and alive and the solidity with which his

work is rooted in the realities of life. To this may be added an easily flowing style and a gift for evoking the atmosphere of very varied backgrounds.

The homosexual theme in the book, though basic to the plot, somehow strikes one as being in a minor key, and is presented with the utmost delicacy. Though I enjoy them, I cannot say that I really approve of novels which treat this subject as it were *in vacuo*, leaving the reader with the vague impression that, in the particular world inhabited by their protagonists, the heterosexual is certainly rare, and probably not indigenous. It is a pleasure to find a book such as this one in which this fault is wholly avoided and yet which can justly be described as a contribution to what is loosely called homophile literature.

B. E. J. G.

"BY CECILE" by Tereska Torres, Simon & Schuster, N.Y., 1963, \$3.95.

Publishers and their hacks have formed a Burke and Hare alliance. To satisfy the greedy prurience of the public, they have ransacked the graveyards of the centuries. The disjointed bones, desiccated flesh and bloody cerements are pawed over by the amateur anatomists of greatness who, having found that only these sad remnants remain, conclude that as in death, so in life, the record of the flesh is all there is.

Tereska Torres is only one of many literary ghouls who wire together a few bones of fact, draps them in ragged swathes torn from the partly autobiographical works of a dead author, and label the product "a novel based on the life of—." By means of this phrase, every exigency is covered. If they are attacked for presenting some eminent author as no more than a bed-hopper, heterosexual, or homo-sexual, they can reply

that this is a novel. Should plagiarism be the charge, they can reply that they have taken the part ripped from the famous author's fiction to be autobiographical and hence available for a slightly "fictionized" biography.

Such books as "By Cecile" and *The Vigil of Emmaline Gore* are no more than reverse hagiographies. All that Gide or Colette labored to leave as witness to their having lived is buried in these books under such a list of sexual "acts", condensed into so few pages, as to give the casual reader an impression of an activity only attainable by monkeys.

Surely the time has come for homosexuals to boycott such books as these—books that reduce the image of the most eminent homosexual artists to the stereotype of the "queer." The publishers and their hacks have depended in no small part for their sales on those homosexuals who point to the personal lives of the famous to justify their own usually messy lives. No one's life is the justification of another's, and the avid *he-tooers* of this world, who are among the loudest screamers when their personal lives are spread out before the non-homosexual, should remember that the listing of every homosexual from Caesar to Cocteau will not mitigate by one iota the resentment of the narrow-minded.

Tereska Torres, in "By Cecile," has written an adolescent schoolgirl's pastiche of the Claudine cycle of Colette, with the heaviest obligation owed to *Claudine Married*. The oh-so-sensitive prose is so marred by the repetition of mannerisms that Colette, at her best, was able to control, that the result is almost laughable. As to characters—let none feel slighted, from the very minor Madame Sainte-Albe of *Claudine Married*, now Mlle. Angelique in "By Cecile", to Claudine's husband Re-

naud, now Cecile's Maurice. Perhaps your favorite incident in the life of Claudine has been omitted, but if you read Colette only from the viewpoint of a peculiarly catholic voyeurist you should not be too disappointed. As Colette was necessarily selective in what she took from her own life to lend flesh and bones

to Claudine, so our author has been selective in what she took from Claudine. That selectivity seems to have been governed by an eye firmly fixed on the elements most apt to appeal to the lowest common mentality.

Brooke Whitney

BOOK SERVICE

FOR MEMBERS ONLY

NEW BOOKS:

THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY IN MODERN SOCIETY, an anthology edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, E. P. Dutton, \$4.95

An important work with unusually astute observations in the editor's introduction. Almost a first-rate book. Contents include Evelyn Hooker, Robert Lindner, Sigmund Freud, etc.

THE WHISTLING ZONE by Herbert Kubly, Simon & Schuster, \$4.95.

A novel of intrigue giving a view of life on a mid-western university campus. The homosexuality is present only through accusation and innuendo in this book, but it is a fair presentation of academic life.

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND HIS SOCIETY: a View from Within by Donald Webster Cory, Citadel, \$5.95.

To the un-informed this book could bring a little knowledge, but to the readers of ONE Magazine, this work will be a sad disappointment.

THE MESSENGER by Charles Wright, Farrar, Straus, \$3.95.

A "work of fiction" which is a poor copy of *Another Country*, *The Century* God Slept, *Naked Lunch*, etc.

NOT SO NEW BOOKS:

WHAT IS REMEMBERED by Alice Toklas, Holt, \$4.00.

Reminiscences of the author's friendship with Gertrude Stein. Many photos.

ANOTHER COUNTRY by James Baldwin, Dial, \$5.95.

A novel still worth reading by the author of *Giovanni's Room* in which barriers of prejudice, both racial and sexual, are broken down by love.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE by Ihara Saikaku, Charles Tuttle, \$3.50.

A good choice for a gift.

Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 25c for shipping costs, tax in Calif.

Mail orders to: ONE, Inc. 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California

one

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

a new book to be published in the Spring of 1964—an important addition to the already select group of books from ONE's Publications Division which explore the world of the homosexual, namely: **Game of Fools**, 1955, **Homosexuals Today**, 1956, **The Keval**, 1959.

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

is a chilling, sensitive autobiography by Geoffrey Neilsen, who with absolute honesty and humility tells the story of his arrest and imprisonment, his loss of job and home and future, as the result of a homosexual act with another consenting adult behind locked doors.

Through his frankness and vividness, the author reveals himself as a pathetic victim—not only of antiquated laws, but—mostly of his own human frailty.

Concerning his "crime" Mr. Neilson makes this comment: "If the sexual act involves adults, and if these adults consent, and if they perform their act in private, and if the worst that can be said is that such a sex act offends the sense of morals or propriety—then how is that act a crime? Does the crime not lie rather in the restriction of these individuals, freedom?"

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

is a perceptive, unswerving indictment of the attempt of societies to legislate morals. It is a magnificent story on many levels, and it reads like a novel. On whatever level you may choose to share the author's experience, you will find this, truly, an astonishing book.

ORDER YOUR COPY of Crime Against Nature TODAY.

By ordering NOW, you pay only the special PREPUBLICATION price of \$3.50. Take advantage of this saving (price after publication will be \$4.50) and order a copy for a friend. Heterosexuals should read this book. See that they do by ordering gift copies. Complete order blank below and mail with payment to ONE, Incorporated.

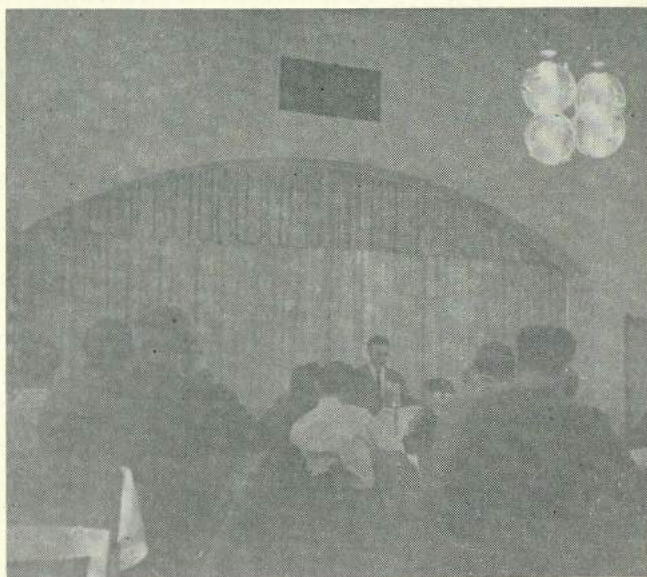
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The Echo of a Growing Movement

by Donald Webster Cory & John P. LeRoy

Labor Day weekend, 1963, was probably one of the most stimulating and informative to hit the city of Philadelphia for many years. Not only did ten thousand psychologists from all parts of the country pack the city's hotels and facilities, but for the first time in the history of the homophile movement, four independent, autonomous homophile organizations combined their funds, personnel, and talent to set up a conference program which few prior affairs, even the many on the West Coast, could match.

The ten thousand or more psychologists were all gathered in Philadelphia that weekend for the annual convention of the American Psychological Association. The New York and Washington Mattachine societies, the New York chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis, and the Janus Society of Philadelphia and Delaware Valley had joined forces some months earlier to form a loose federation, the East Coast Homophile Organizations, which soon became known as ECHO. And here was this infant ECHO, already holding a con-

ference, letting the psychological profession, as well as the general public, know that homosexuals can and do, in an organized way, assert their rights, provide for enlightened discussion, and handle the study of their problems with candor and discretion. So strong was the reaction to all this that the conference was almost never held at all.

An excellent job of advance publicity was done to attract interest in the event, with one significant breakthrough: the *New York Times* for the first time agreed to carry an advertisement of such a meeting—an ad in which the word “homosexuality” prominently appeared. Two Philadelphia radio stations carried programs on the subject: WPEN and WCAU. The latter, a CBS affiliate, had a panel discussion, with three ECHO speakers as guests, while WPEN broadcast brief interviews with several members of ECHO affiliates.

“Homosexuality—Time for Reappraisal” was the topic of the conference. As the time for the meeting drew near, the management of the Drake Hotel, where the meeting was to be held, received several telephone calls asking about the meeting, and became panicky. “We can’t have sex discussed at this hotel,” a manager stated, and the emphasis surely should have been on the word “discussed.” But after many meetings, with lawyers and others, and after advance payment was demanded and given, the management did relent.

ECHO officers gave brief talks of welcome, made introductions of the active representatives of the constituent groups who were present, and then embarked on the program. The first speaker announced was R. E. L. Masters, author of *The Homosexual Revolution*, *Forbidden Sexual Behavior and Morality*, and other works. Unable to be present at the meeting, Mr. Masters had sent his

talk, which was read. His topic: “The Homophile Movement and the Effeminate Homosexual.” The speaker contended that homophile organizations, such as Mattachine and ONE give little aid and encouragement to the effeminate homosexual, the transvestite, and the transsexual. Feeling that their presence would generate too much public distaste and antipathy toward all homosexuals, the leadership, Mr. Masters contended, considers these people a liability. But in rejecting them, he maintains, the organizations display bad faith, for the movement is presumably for the benefit of all homosexuals.

Next on the program was Donald Webster Cory who traced the history of the homophile movement up to the present day, commenting on some of its sociological aspects, pointing out some of the obstacles in its path, and underlining its accomplishments.

Looking at the movement as it exists today, Cory summarized what he felt to be the greatest difficulties and obstacles:

1. Insufficient leadership and incentive.
2. Many deepgoing emotional problems faced by homosexuals, giving rise to neurotic interaction within the leadership groups.
3. The tendency of the organizations to present homosexuality, not as it is, but in a form believed to meet ready public acceptance.
4. The belief of some that any kind of publicity, no matter how bizarre and absurd, constitutes a breakthrough, especially if it is presented over mass media. The mention of homosexuality is confused with the content of the message.
5. An obsequious attitude adopted toward speakers and guests, with fear of offending anyone who might turn out to be somewhat friendly, resulting often in the organizations' becoming a party to the distortion

rather than the correction of the image.

6. The myriad of inept and superficial writers, posing as authorities, cashing in on the sensationalist value of the theme, to titillate the public.

7. A failure of the organizations to sharpen their goals, so that they are frequently either too trivial and short-range, or utopian and long-range.

8. As a result of these and other factors, the organizations encounter difficulties in maintaining a high level of interest over any continued length of time.

The homophile movement, Cory pointed out, is today a reflection of only a very small part of the American homosexuals.

On the credit side, Cory noted several achievements of the movement:

1. Homosexuality has been raised to the level of legitimate social protest, worthy of serious discussion, and is no longer confined to an area of gossip and malicious tittering.

2. The conferences of the homophile organizations are deeply respected, meetings are held in important places and are advertised and taken seriously by professionals.

3. The organizations have provided subjects and have assisted in pioneering research, cooperating with professional groups, and thus helping to bring light on this entire area.

4. The organizations have ventured outside the confines of their own group, and have elicited the aid of, and in turn have been approached for cooperation by, the American Civil Liberties Union, public health authorities, and other social welfare, public and quasi-governmental agencies.

Cory called for a consistent and humanitarian ideology; the building of the image of homosexuality that would be realistic, acceptable to the

public, and to the homosexual himself.

Following a luncheon, Reverend Edward Lee of the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church of Philadelphia presented a talk entitled, "The Church and Homosexuality" which was in turn followed by a panel discussion on the research taboo in homosexuality. Presiding over the panel was Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, collaborator of the late Dr. Kinsey and for many years a prominent leader of the Institute for Sex Research. The participants were Dr. Harold Greenwald, New York psychoanalyst, author of *Call Girl* and other works; Dr. Robert A. Harper, Washington clinical psychologist, and author of *Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy: 36 Systems* and other books and papers; and Dr. Irving Jacks, a prison psychologist from the Philadelphia area.

At a well-attended evening banquet, the guest speaker was Dr. Albert Ellis, one of the most prolific writers and best-known figures in the field of sex research, widely known for his liberal views. In fact, the chairman introduced Ellis, in what sounded like a preview of next year's nominating jamborees, as "the next President of the United States, the candidate of the United Party for Sexual Freedom, Dr. Albert Ellis."

"Homosexuality—and the Right of a Man to be Wrong" was the title of the address, and this brief title summarizes Dr. Ellis' viewpoint. The homosexual is wrong: he is neurotic (if not borderline psychotic), fixated unrealistically on self-defeating behavior, a short-range hedonist, and is unable to come to grips with reality in the most self-fulfilling manner, but he still has an inherent right to pursue this self-defeating course in life without calumny and punishment by his fellow-men.

On Sunday afternoon, concluding

day of the conference, four additional speakers from divergent professions were on the program: writer, physical scientist, lawyer, psychiatrist.

Artemis Smith, the author of several popular novels on the female homosexual theme, spoke first, followed by Franklin E. Kameny, president of the Washington Mattachine, a scientist who holds a doctorate from Harvard.

Following a brief intermission, Charles Roisman, a Philadelphia attorney, took the rostrum. He observed that if anyone in the city of Philadelphia practiced brotherly love,

he would be charged with incest. When a police officer testifies against a homosexual, the attorney noted, the defendant is almost always found guilty, and is sometimes sent to a mental hospital, where his opportunities for homosexual activities are enhanced.

The final speaker of the conference was Dr. Wainwright Churchill, a psychoanalyst who set the tone for the entire conference and whose remarks gave to the affair a ringing affirmation of the crying need for a truly objective appraisal of the phenomenon of homosexuality.

MOTHER

I had rather
you took from my hands
a dram of poisoned
hate,
vile and dreadful bane.
I had rather
that
than these lowered lids
of
shame.

Robert Barufaldi

THE BOTTOM OF THE MONSTROUS WORLD

The centaur
With odd-numbered senses
To count up to add
He needs
He wants
To air his cock
To take the air with it
A census

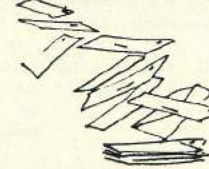
The censor
Will not let such reasonable conclusion stand
That such an orphaned piece of flesh
On the rim of things
Crawls into wisdom
Takes hold for description
Like the hermit crab
Houseless and rather ugly in the open
Takes the conch shell
Wearing like a hat
An overcoat.

The center
The homing-in place the hit place
Is a wandering target
Is when you don't touch bottom
And rise up free home free
But when you keep going down
Because of the brightness
No top no longer with the glare in it
But boxed on all sides with shining
And false norths.

The contours
All are fed by inexhaustible underground streams
That come from the other side of the world
Like his wife said
When he told her he once loved a boy,
"I should think two penises
Would be one too many."

Gail Chugg

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.

WIDE ANGLE

Dear Sir:

In support of the theory that when the population begins to reach a critical point the per cent of homosexuals increases at a faster rate, I quote from two past issues of ONE. From the letters section of the July, 1959 issue, Mr. P. of Colombo, Ceylon, writes, "To our knowledge 70% of the Ceylonese are homosexuals." From the "International-News," section on India and Ceylon, of the December, 1955 issue, "In both countries, homosexuality is very much a part of the national mores, though it is more a matter of homosexual practices than of real homosexual inclinations: it would be more apt to say that the younger men are 'sexual' rather than homo or heterosexual. The effeminate type of homosexual is very rarely met with, but few men under thirty seem averse to, at any rate, occasional homosexual practices."

Mr. S.G.
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir:

The Cory article in the October, 1963, issue was curiously exciting; for although it irritated me as nothing more than a blurb plug for his latest book, it whetted my appetite tremendously in spite of myself. So, I suppose that can rank as pretty damned good writing. I was also grateful to him for including himself so forthrightly among all the rest of "us," without batting an eye—well, hardly. And I suppose that can pass muster for progress. In the first report, if memory serves me, he was only "kind-of" bi-sexual. If only a few more of the "big ones" would do likewise! But of course it is a spooky bit to ask of anyone.

The whole magazine continues to show real advancement, and moves swiftly, I think, to real "quality." All thanks to you, and I do mean all of you of ONE.

Mr. p. e. britton
Rivera, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The October, 1963, issue was the first ONE I have liked in a long time. I could

show this issue to any leader in my community and say "This is what the homosexuals are doing for themselves and the world." I could not have done this with many of your past issues.

I really went for the suggestion of Mr. G. of Eau Gallie, Florida. He proposed that gay persons get together in business corporations. Just think what it would be like to live in an apt. where the rest of the tenants wouldn't complain about "that queer upstairs."

Mr. T. L.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I support your aggressive approach to the rights of homosexuals. However, as I read your letters and articles I cannot help being impressed by the extent of the great sea of loneliness that engulfs much of the homophile world. After 11 years with my dear one who only recently passed away, I too am now plunged in that abysmal gulf. As I do not enjoy the bars and their cliques, I find it difficult to make any friendships at all, much less a lasting one—despite the fact I am good looking, well educated, and well-off.

Surely some lonely hearts organization could be set up for the homophile set that could go far to remedy this unhappy state of affairs. I would suggest that in forthcoming issues you present the problems and difficulties involved so the Friends of ONE could offer solutions.

Mr. R.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear ONE:

I was thinking the other day what a great idea it would be to have a house, similar to those for reforming dope addicts, only for homosexuals. I don't mean a house of reform for the gay but a place where a group of homosexual men could live together and help each other. Through group therapy they could help themselves adjust to society—not by changing sexual inclinations—but just by learning to live and enjoy life. I think such a house, run strictly,

and without interference from the law, could be worthwhile to all the individuals concerned.

Mr. A. S.
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Bill:

Although the post office has been personally dirty to me I have never had the attitude expressed by so many queens—"I'll get even with you, you bitch!" I just went about getting additions to my picture collection in other ways, and it continues to grow steadily—a nice amusement for us old people.

In an article on Dolphins in the Sept. issue of **Sexology** we read: "It is readily apparent . . . that under some circumstances, how dolphins behave sexually toward each other may interest man to a very great degree. The fact that male dolphins when denied the presence of the opposite sex for a prolonged time—offtimes even when they are present—will engage in sexual stimulation of each other, is of interest to mammalian behaviorists." So who says it's unnatural?

By the way, I see that you got yourself quoted in the October **Sexology**.

Mr. B. H.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Friends:

The article entitled "The Inquisition" in your November issue had a rather profound effect on me. Little wonder though, as I once found myself sitting in front of such a venomous animal like Clayton Javits. I have always been sort of a sitting duck for these types of inquisitions. I am constantly being taunted and suspected by various witch hunters, and believe me, we have them here in Florida. I have learned to live with it though, and unlike the poor soul in the story, just lead me to the SOB who would like to force any confession out of me. I will fight to my dying day for my rights as an American citizen, which, in my opinion, includes the right to go to bed with whoever I please.

Mr. B. R.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Friends:

May I comment on the zip code question dealt with in **Confi** #9? It seems there is general misunderstanding in regard to the true purpose of the zip code. Little wonder, as the truth is not told. You are entirely correct in stating that the zip code seems of little value. It has none. It is the groundwork being laid by the post office in preparation for complete automatic handling of mail. Many persons faced with what will eventually take place in the form of automation would be upset by the vast departure from individuality: demand that letters be of more uniform size, and shape, etc. Ac-

tually, I look forward to automation. Without changing a single piece of legislation think of the greater privacy offered by zip code. Perhaps our new Zipmaster General will have other ideas, and the zip codes will soon be forgotten. Bless your hearts; don't worry about them right now—but if you see the thing continue as I say it will, don't wait until you have to stay up all night and add zip numbers before the magazine will be accepted for mailing.

Mr. N. R. W.
Houston, Tex.

ONE:

I have just moved from N.Y. Let me tell you, Seattle is rough! Cops have gone plain clothes and plain cars. 11 arrests made here last month. All the regular places are under close surveillance, but operating.

Always like to contribute anything of interest, and some dollars when available.

Mr. D. M. M.
Seattle, Wash.

Dear ONE:

You may have heard that the Pennsy State police swooped into town and raided the prostitute bars. Being as how it is an election year, the local Democratic administration is in a lather and apparently the local police force is in for a shakeup. Why they didn't raid the gay bars I don't know, but they didn't. Of course the effects of the raid are not over yet, and I wouldn't be surprised if a few of the "spots" are zeroed in on.

In the past year that I have been in Pittsburgh, however, the police have been very tolerant toward the operation of gay bars. Hope they will remain so in the face of current political maneuverings.

Mr. F. P.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

For your information, let me tell you about the situation here in Buenos Aires. We have nothing: no associations, no clubs, no bars, and so forth. The influence of the Church and the family makes things very difficult for "our way of life." In this our situation is similar to that of Mexico. The difference is our race and mentality. We consider ourselves the only white people south of Canada. We have no blacks like you and almost no Indians. In contrast with you, our people are of pure European stock—a mixture of Latin and German. Perhaps this is why we are one of the handsomest peoples in the world.

But the situation here for us is very bad. If I believe your words, California is a paradise. I have the good fortune to be a member of some of the European organizations. I am not a member of the Arcadiens, but I belong to Der Kreis of Zurich. I have several friends including a handsome

Newyorkian who visits our city from time to time. Some of my little efforts have appeared in the German, Dutch, and Scandinavian homophile magazines. And I have some very good friends that I visit when I go to Europe. I am planning such a "Sentimental Journey" to Paris, London, Amsterdam, Zurich and Rome this year.

Mr. S. P.
Buenas Aires

Dear Sirs:

Of last year's issues, I enjoyed September the most. Being a teenage myself, I know that we face many problems and decisions for which it is hard to get help. My life is so lonely because it is very difficult to meet another sympathetic male. I will admit that when I was twelve I had a few friends, but we just played around. Nothing worthwhile developed. Being only 18 it is not possible for me to hang around bars waiting to be "picked up." Besides, I consider myself a Christian and wouldn't want to do that unless I was desperate.

ONE has helped me a great deal to realize that being homosexual is nothing to be ashamed of. But you are not able to help me find a friend it seems.

Mr. E. M. III
Palmyra, N. J.

Dear Friends:

I wish to comment on the very fine "Case History" in the November issue of ONE. Mr. A. L. H. S. touched upon a number of points and theories that I hold very strongly, but I have been sharply disputed by other gay folk. My own experience, while completely different from Mr. S's in detail, exactly parallels has as "proof" that the **gay** in a person isn't put there by some episode of early life, but is there, and springs from much more obscure origins. Like him, I was the aggressor as a very young person; and without being told anything or even having a clue myself as to what was actually taking place. Unlike him my surroundings were entirely hostile, but had I a friend, as he did, the picture might have been much the same. Along this line of thought, it seems to me only common sense that an unwanted experience with an older person would, if anything, temporarily obscure or delay any homosexual tendencies a child might have rather than "fixing" them as a part of his life, which is so foolishly supposed by many persons.

Another thing that is impressive about your "Case History" is that the man having lived a number of years past the glow of youth with its easily available popularity, and having had some real trouble, is still able to look objectively at life and to speak of the good things he has been able to salvage. It is a good fortune that is available to all who will work for it. Such

experiences truly point the finger of contempt at the seemingly endless supply of whining, miserable, self-pitying souls one sees in the gay world. No wonder it has been so difficult for us to make even a little progress toward a better understanding of our position in life!

Mr. N. W.
Texas

Gentlemen:

Do you know about the paperback book currently on the stands called **The Velvet Underground**? It is by Michael Leigh, with intro. by Louis Berg, M.D. This so-called report, expose or what have you is concerned with obscenity, immorality, and illegal sexual activities. And yet this is one of the most obscene books I have ever read. The brief biographies of Leigh and Berg do not appear to make them eminently qualified to pass judgement, but a lot of "experts" seem to be in print these days. The book makes one wonder about Mr. Leigh's private life, which must be warped considering his ideas about others of whom he disapproves.

He devotes a chapter to ONE and **The Ladder** and feels they should be outlawed since homosexuality is illegal. I just wanted to bring this evil little book to your attention for possible review (though I'd hate to think of anyone buying it) or any other action you might want to take.

Mr. D. L.
San Francisco

Dear Editor:

In the magazine EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN there is an article on Gnosticism that hits hard at the deviate. This type of article is far more damaging than present day legal and moral battles. St. Paul did not preach celibacy as dogma. Some of the "boys" later enforced that brutal concept. After all the future belongs to the occultist. He can see through deception. Can homosexuality grow apace, or will it wither under the wily eye of psychic research? I am concerned.

Mr. A.
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

It will be interesting to see what if any comment may be found in your letters on the tragic assassination.

I wonder how many other people noted how much the personality of Oswald is that of the classic "psychopathic dirt" type. While one would not want to wish death on anyone, still one could wish that Pres. Kennedy's life might have been spared as the result of Oswald's being locked up (how rarely executed!) after shooting some elderly retired interior decorator who had picked him up.

Noel I. Garde
N.Y., N.Y.