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

Carlyle

magazine

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March 1964

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COVER: Don Chaplin

Almost two years ago there appeared on this page an editorial in which we pointed out the increasing willingness of society and the arts to consider homosexuality as a facet of man's nature, and we also tried to place these changes, as they had been reflected in novels, the drama, the movies and television, in proper perspective against a background of more liberalized attitudes toward, and greater preoccupation with, man's sexuality.

Perhaps authors and artists, producers and directors over estimated the public's willingness to accept these new attitudes and consequently moved too far or too fast. We say this because we sense a retreat, in recent months, from the outspokenness of a year or so ago. But the retreat is, we feel sure, only temporary, and is in no sense a retrogression. That this is true particularly in so far as the subject of homosexuality is concerned is demonstrated by the continually increasing willingness of writers to write and publishers to publish books in which homosexuality and homosexual characters play a frank and honest role in the same way and with the same relationship to other aspects of character and to other characters that they do in life. That this is true is demonstrated also by the fact that newspapers and magazines which not so long ago would not sully their pages (nor the minds of their readers) by even printing the word "homosexual" have printed lengthy and forthright articles on the subject.

A year ago many homosexuals and, I don't doubt, heterosexuals, too, were startled and either pleased or shocked to find what appeared to be a tolerant, if somewhat condescendingly sympathetic, article on homosexuality in Harper's Magazine. More recently and even more shockingly the staid and arch-conservative New York Times featured a similar article. We are glad that these two periodicals have dared to open their pages to such discussion; the willingness of "respectable" elements of our society to recognize the homosexual as an individual will inevitably be the first step toward bringing about the changes we in the homophile movement are striving for.

Regretfully we must point out that a bad article, wherever it may appear, may still do more harm than good, and it may be particularly damaging when it is written with a tone of reasonableness and tolerance. An irresponsible diatribe may be easily recognized by any reasonable person. On the other hand the quiet article, studied, tolerant and sympathetic in tone, apparently the result of personal investigation, may, and all too often does, repeat the same old untruths, the same stereotypes, the same faulty generalizations, the same emotionally charged words which we find in the diatribe, but its very tone compels the reader to believe what he reads to be true.

Homosexuals, be critical, and someday you may write the truth.

Marcel Martin
Associate Editor

A SERIOUS LOOK AT DR. RAY EVANS

by Donald Webster Cory
and John P. LeRoy

When pot shots are taken wildly and aimlessly, they strike in curious places. Thus, in the January 1964 issue of *One*, Dr. Ray Evans, clinical psychologist, reviews our book, *The Homosexual and His Society*, and accuses us of not achieving what we never set out to do: namely, to offer a work meeting the rigors of scientific discipline. Ours is a view of various aspects of homosexual life in America, as we have observed it, as we report it, interpret it, and analyze it. Evans may not like our way of doing it, and for reasons that are quite evident, but to speak of the work, in any part, as not being substantiated by evidence, is to miss its essence. In an introductory note, one of the authors stated:

This work . . . is a *subjective* study not only of the homosexual in America, but of his changed situation in the changing American society, as seen by one who helped . . . to bring about such changes and by one who was caught up in the sweep of them. (Our emphasis).

After having read Evan's review, one can only conclude that he missed this crucial point entirely.

Evans proceeds to take isolated quotations out of context, misinterpret them completely, and then use this to justify his thesis that the book is not an objective, unbiased treatment of homosexuality, which it was never intended to be, any more than that was the intent with *The Homosexual in America*. The subjective nature of both works was stated so explicitly that it would have seemed impossible to miss this, but Dr. Evans accomplished the impossible!

Evans finds the book out of sociological focus because we berate homosexuals for copying heterosexual patterns, and says that we do not recognize "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." We do not berate the homosexuals who do this; we point out the frustrating effects of their actions. Because they are not heterosexuals, the homosexuals must develop values of their own, if they are to build their own meaningful relationships, and if they are to reduce the guilt, shame, and self-abnegation which many feel

when they have an erotic affection for another man.

Since Dr. Evans missed this point completely, one can only wonder how a clinical psychologist can fail to see that a value of any kind cannot be incorporated unless it is first copied or imitated. As a matter of fact, there is considerable sociological literature, such as Franklin Frazier's work on the Negro middle class, which describes the difficulties, goals, and frustrations of groups that imitate the values of those from whom they are seeking acceptance. This phenomenon is known as "associational socialization," and it is our belief that there is a contribution in applying this concept, for the first time, to the world of homosexuality.

In another passage, Evans shows that he probably does not go out of his office very much to observe the world around him. Otherwise, how could he so naively see the homosexual muscleman as a continuation of the Greek ideal, or as a new variation on it? The American male we were describing is compulsively overcompensating his fears of not being a true male in a society that defines male homosexuality as synonymous with effeminacy and weakness. The Greek athletes, who were probably not exclusively homosexuals, believed in developing the whole person, not merely the body.

To our knowledge, ours is the first work on homosexuality that took serious note of the phenomenon of male cheesecake and gay muscle flexers. All that Evans can find worth noting about this analysis is that we call this a new stereotype in the course of development, a suggestion at which he sneers. Not being a sociologist, Evans probably does not know the dynamics of stereotypical thinking, and hence he is unqualified to pass judgment on this phase of our work.

Any close observer of the American scene must note the increasing number of people who think in terms of "queers" when they see barbells, and in terms of barbells when they encounter homosexuals. The cult has grown in gymnasiums and on beaches, much to the consternation of the physical culturists. This is indeed a new stereotype, and it is ironical that it should co-exist with the swish. Did it exist once before in classic Greece? We doubt it, at least not in the form of compulsive masculinity, of a neurotic reaction formation. But even if it did, it is still new to our society. And one can predict that, within a few years, the supermasculinity cult will have permeated almost the entire homosexual life, and will be identified with that life by the entire society. If this proves true, then we will have to look back upon the early 1960's as the period when this was the emergent stereotype.

Briefly, one must dismiss another statement in the review. It is said that we quote so-called authorities, without identifying them. And one such example is given. The statement in question concerns the high amount of male prostitution as compared with female prostitution in the United States, and was made at a meeting of a scientific group, in the presence of myself and several friends and associates. Again, there are times when important information should be passed on to readers, although the ultimate source is unwilling to be quoted by name.

There are two issues here: one of substance, the other of form. The formal one involves whether persons quoted in this fashion are worth the space. It seems to us that, when they have something important to contribute, and when a responsible author (commentator, journalist, or subjective observer, as the case may be) regards the source as worthy,

the information should not be withheld. In such fields of behavioral science as race relations, politics, and others, this is accepted practice. Serious works constantly refer to the opinions and information culled from "high government officials." It remains for the reader to give such weight to the statements as is possible, in the light of the manner of presentation and other substantiating evidence, as well as the overall impression of the author.

As for the content, which is really what has Evans worried, for he never protested about form when the subject matter pleased him, we have permission to quote the following, which does not repeat exactly what, in our book, was paraphrased from another source, but adds up to the same general picture that we wished to convey: namely, an extremely large number of male hustlers, when compared with female heterosexual prostitutes:

There may be nearly as many males being paid by other males as there are females being paid by males (for sex acts in the United States at this time).

The source of the above is Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, and probably no one is better equipped to make such a statement. Again, we do not contend that this is exactly the same as what was written in our book and quoted from another authority; we merely maintain that the innuendo about unnamed sources was a smoke-screen to cover what really irks Evans: that we made the contention that hustling is widespread—which it happens to be.

The reason that this bothers Evans will become clear in the latter part of this article.

One of the most curious criticisms of our book that Evans makes involves a letter from a young man

who had contracted syphilis, a letter in which your reviewer could find nothing significant except the man's claim that penicillin might have prevented the infection: certainly the least important point in that letter.

That Evans' irritation with this section of our book is not shared by others is attested by an inquiry from a publisher, requesting that Cory gather together some fifty or hundred such letters from his files, and publish them as a book; and also from comments by several readers of his forthcoming work (*The Lesbian in America*), that a somewhat similar letter, written by a young heterosexual who discovered that his mother and "aunt" were lesbian lovers, was a highlight of this work. *One* has opened its pages to letters of this type, usually shorter and, in our opinion, less interesting and less important, and sometimes longer and published in the form of articles.

Now, what is the validity of such a documentation, a form of sociological presentation that was used by Thomas and Znaniecki in their classic, *The Polish Peasant in the United States*, and by many others? Such letters are not meant to disclose how the world of reality is structured, but how it is structured to the letter-writer and participant. They are invaluable at getting inside the minds of these people, and seeing what they see. Particularly when not written for publication, they perform this task more admirably than could many writers who are describing what they believe these people see.

What is the point of this letter? It depicts the activities and feelings of a young homosexual who contracts VD, and does not have the means or the courage to visit a private physician; it tells what he must go through in order to obtain treatment. It dramatically illustrates the per-

sonal embarrassment, lack of dignity, downright humiliation endured at the hands of ignorant officials. Only a reviewer extraordinarily callous to the all-too-human desire of homosexuals to be treated with respect and dignity could have missed this message.

If it is not from documents of this sort that we will learn what the homosexual is and how he behaves, what patterns he follows and how he feels about them, then we are convinced that there is no *raison d'être* not only for the letters column of *One*, but for the magazine itself.

What disturbs Evans is not that a letter has been published, but that it rings with authenticity, and it portrays a kid who goes through some very typical experiences when asked who his sex contacts had been:

Again, I was humiliated and embarrassed by his request, for here, too, I would have to give him names of men and thereby reveal myself again. Not only that, being a relatively active person, the number of people with which I had sex in the past four months probably ran into the dozens, and I would be flatly admitting that I was not only queer, but also a promiscuous whore at that. I noted the wedding band on his other hand, and froze. I asked to be excused for a moment to go to the men's room before I really pissed in my pants.

Perhaps, as one must suspect, Evans would like to have us show this youngster as very atypical, and state that most gay young men are romantically attached before they permit another male to come near them, that every contact is permeated with the spirit of Damon and Pythias. If he believes this, then he must return to reality; and if he does not believe it, then he should have no objections to a faithful portrait.

Let us not spend too much time indulging in polemic on the question of the timeworn and long-discarded theories of inborn or congenital or hereditary or constitutional homosexuality. It is difficult to believe that a clinical psychologist, in 1964, adheres to the beliefs expressed (or implied) by Evans. Perhaps he would like very much to believe in inborn homosexuality, but he does not refute a position by asserting an irrelevant and discredited stand that was debunked thirty years ago. He accuses us of failing to acknowledge the nature of the evidence favoring our position, although we cite the works of Kinsey, Bieber, Allport, A. Ellis, George Henry, as well as others too numerous to mention.

The issue of inborn homosexuality is closed. The overwhelming evidence against it is summarized very briefly by Albert Ellis in a recent paper¹ in which he states:

Several hypotheses concerning the possible innateness of direct constitutional causation of confirmed homosexuality have been examined, including the theories that it is genetically caused, is hormonally based, is directly connected with the individuals' body-build, is almost completely untreatable, is the result of brain damage, and is historically and culturally uniform in incidence. When critically reviewed, all these hypotheses are found to be distinctly lacking in objective, confirmatory evidence of a scientific nature.

It would be wasteful for *One* to open up its pages, at this late date, to such a polemic. But more important, some people are evidently under the impression that the homophile

¹Albert Ellis: Constitutional factors in homosexuality: a re-examination of the evidence, in *Advances in Sex Research*, ed. by Hugo G. Beigel, New York: Harper & Row, 1968, p. 182. This review contains approximately 110 references.

movement requires and demands the inborn theory to justify itself.

Approximately one-eighth of Dr. Evans' review is a series of quotations from our work, purporting to indicate that we are inconsistent, switch sides on a crucial matter, and are in a "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."

First, this is a serious misstatement of our position—for we never deny that the treatment methods "are effective against homosexuality," but only that their effectiveness is limited to a small number of cases, and that a change of orientation is not indicated for the majority of people involved. Some have indeed been changed by therapy, and any clinical psychologist who denies this is denouncing almost every authority as a liar. In such an instance, one must wonder why the specter of change is so threatening to some individuals that they consider "cure" the dirtiest word in the English language.

This is why the quotation with which Evans ends the section of his review dealing with our attitude toward therapy and change is *not* inconsistent; we never switch sides because we were never on the side imputed to us. Our position is clear, and is spelled out at great length; namely, that this is a disturbance, that it is in some instances subject to change, but that the nature of the adjustment made is such as to preclude—or at least make extraordinarily difficult—any change for very large numbers of people. For this reason, and because homosexuality is not antisocial in its nature and, if society were accepting, would not in itself be dif-

ficult to cope with, the homophile movement can accept therapy for some and adjustment within the framework of homosexuality for others.

If this position is "illogical," then we are indeed in a coterie of good company of illogical experts, including Freud, Bieber, Albert Ellis, and Clifford Allen, and the highly praised "first Cory report," among many others.

There is one basic question that permeates the entire review of Evans, and it is unfortunately never articulated by him. If he were to put his cards on the table, we could find that he is irked by the spotlight given in this book to hustlers and VD, effeminate men and muscle flexers, and other aspects of homosexuality that do not at all glorify this life.

When the chips are down, some people who have written in *One*, and who have been associated with the homophile movement, are under the impression that a prettified and glorified and romanticized version of homosexuality will aid in obtaining public acceptance. For these people, a writer should turn the spotlight on eternal loves, not on cruising and one-night stands.

There is only one thing wrong with their picture of homosexuals in America: it is not the truth. And basically, they do not ask for and would not support a plea for acceptance of homosexuals; they are calling for acceptance of a mythical nonexistent group.

Homosexuals can be accepted only if they are presented as real people. Making them appear to be more virtuous and noble or more degraded and disturbed than they actually are is to give the public good reason for rejecting them. Those who wish to emphasize only their virtues and omit their difficulties and shortcomings are only advertising their own

insecurity over the worthiness of homosexuals, such as they really are. The homosexual does not need to be either glorified or denigrated. He only needs to be accorded a decent amount of human dignity as a person.

The propaganda of those who would distort, by commission or omission, will only hurt the homosexual, not help him. It cannot alleviate the distress of the individual, who will feel more left out, more alienated, even by his own champions. His guilt will increase as he sees that even the organizations fighting in his behalf are not for him, but for other, "purer," more "decent" people.

ON MATTERS PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL by Donald Webster Cory

Whatever else may be said about the review by Dr. Ray Evans of *The Homosexual and His Society* by Donald Webster Cory and John LeRoy (*One*, January 1964), it should go far toward destroying any suspicion that the American homophile movement consists of a group of hero-worshippers whose charismatic leader (as a graduate thesis on this subject recently contended) is Cory. In this sense, the review will contribute toward an atmosphere of a free interchange of ideas, in which these ideas are evaluated on the basis of their intrinsic worth, and not because of their identification with any individual. But that having been said, it is difficult to take seriously the Evans diatribe, and if it were not for my respect for this movement, and my sense of responsibility within it, I would choose to ignore it.

In another article, my collaborator and I deal with the content of Evans' review; here I wish to confine myself to some personal matters. Although personal, they cannot be ig-

And it cannot ameliorate social conditions, for the public must of necessity be disillusioned with a movement that bases its pleas on a foundation of falsehood.

The hustler, the cruiser, the lonely and the distressed, the muscle flexer, the partner-changer, the effeminate hairdresser, the closet queen who is frightened and the clothes queen who is courting social ridicule: yes, even the poor disturbed people who are caught up in the sad world of sado-masochism—they are all our brothers, and their cause is ours.

This is the message of *The Homosexual and His Society*.

nored, because they were raised in a publication which proclaimed itself, and accurately no doubt, "the homosexual world's best-selling magazine."

Early in the review, Evans quotes me as stating that my "own thinking is largely sociological in orientation," and proceeds to comment that: "No mention is made of Cory's qualifications to speak sociologically, and there is no evidence of competence as a sociological thinker." The implication of the remark is all too clear, and any effort on the reviewer's part to escape responsibility by squirming out of such an implication and interpreting his own remarks, out of context, as simply a call for proof, must be in vain. For in the context of this review, in which everything I am saying and writing at this time is under attack, he is doubting the integrity of my claim to have qualifications to speak sociologically.

Now, first I will substantiate the claim, before I review the reviewer. As the editors of *One* know, I have

had works in sociology published under another name. My sociological studies in such fields, *inter alia*, as sociolinguistics and race relations, have been reviewed in *American Sociological Review*, *American Anthropologist*, *Phylon*, and numerous other journals, in the United States and abroad. These works are on college reading lists, have been cited in bibliographies, have been quoted, have been discussed, and have been criticized.

In addition, as Evans could have determined by having the editors of *One* contact me before rushing irresponsibly into print, I have been on the sociology faculty of four universities in the United States, and am presently a member of what is generally considered one of the dozen or so outstanding such faculties in the United States. (The names of the four universities and the one where he is presently teaching are here given by Cory, but are deleted, at his request, by the editors of *One*).

If further credentials are needed, I have in my possession a letter from a nationally renowned educator (the photostat of this letter can be sent to *One* on request) in which I was referred to, at the time between the publications of the "first and second Cory reports," as offering more promise of making a contribution to social science than any other student ever encountered.

Finally, inasmuch as matters of this type tend to be judged by some people exclusively on the basis of formal education, I have taken 75 graduate credits in sociology and social psychology in two outstanding schools, have been awarded fellowships, have earned an A- average, and will shortly be honored with a doctoral degree, as soon as a dissertation on homosexuality will have been completed.

Now, all of this would be of secondary interest, except that the ques-

tion raised by Evans has very serious implications, that go beyond the implied slander that Cory is probably or even possibly a fourflusher, and beyond the absurd notion that one must be formally trained (which I am) to have an orientation in a discipline. For Evans should understand, and *One* editors should know, that the major characteristic of homosexuality is anonymity; that it has no other feature so all-pervasive as the virtual impossibility for anyone to openly proclaim his adherence to this way of life and to continue to earn a living, particularly in the teaching professions.

It would therefore have been more proper for Evans, had he not been so disturbed and anxiety-ridden by our work, to have accepted my claims as coming from a person whose integrity had been established. Why, *One* has published material in the past in which they have identified the author as a "well-known novelist"—understanding that further identification was impossible in the present cultural milieu.

I do not know anything about the sex life of Evans. If he is heterosexual, then he does not function under conditions that determine my inability to reveal, on a book jacket, certain personal, albeit relevant, information. If he is homosexual and has not so stated, in the explicit form that has characterized my work, then he is likewise in no position to call for me to put my credentials on the table. But if he is homosexual and has so stated, in words as clear about himself as I have about myself, and if this has been done without benefit of pseudonym, then he must know the consequences to be suffered.

However, I cannot absolve the editors of *One* of responsibility for this remark. Not only because they have information about me, and could obtain still more with an airmail

letter, but for quite other reasons. It is ill-becoming for a publication that is spokesman for those who have suffered so severely when their identities have been revealed, to goad into revelation any one of its members, rank and filer or leader. I would characterize this as hitting below the belt, if it were not for the high opinion that I have for the particular part of the human anatomy that resides in that area.

One other personal matter, and I will sign off. Evans contends that much of the material "is merely a rehash of other people's ideas"—and who these people are, these "other people"—is never explicated. Could it be that Evans thinks it is quite all right for Evans to talk about "other people" without identification, but Cory and LeRoy must not commit this sin?

I have suffered many accusations in life, but fortunately no one has ever accused me of *not* incorporating other people's ideas into my work. The task of a writer, or a thinker, is to build on the foundations of seminal minds: and I would be quite remiss if I did not betray in my work the ideas of Plato and Aristotle, Darwin and Freud and Einstein, Whitman and Gide, William James and John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, Krafft-Ebing and Kinsey and the Ellises (Havelock and Albert), and many figures less renowned to the public but not the less influential in shaping Cory: namely, W. I. Thomas, Charles Cooley, George H. Mead, Florian Znaniecki, Karl Mannheim, Robert K. Merton, and Talcott Parsons. All of these people are my spiritual and mental fathers, even should they disown me as their son.

But never do I recall incorporating in this book, nor in any previous one, a train of thought swiped from another; never have I taken an idea and repeated it without acknowledging my debt. My works, both on

homosexuality and other subjects, have come out of the loneliness of my own inner monologue, extended with John LeRoy into a dialogue.

What amuses me about this statement is that for years I have seen many authors worthy and unworthy in books and magazines (including writers in *One*), take my ideas, and only on rare occasions make acknowledgment. The concept that the homosexual constitutes a minority group was worked out in utter solitude; it is now repeated almost like a platitude. Norman Mailer acknowledged the influence my work had on him, and other writers have done the same, sometimes in private letters which I may not quote. Max Lerner wrote that the only original ideas in *One* (or perhaps he stated, the only worthwhile ideas, I paraphrase from memory) were in my writings. A recent British book on homosexuality liked some of my ideas so much that the author lifted them without acknowledging the source—including it so happens, a factual error that I had made in the earlier work.

Robert Lindner often quoted me, sometimes disagreed with me, and then a careful reading of his work reveals that many of my phrases and expressions and even whole parts of sentences are turning up, as if they were his own, as he must have thought they were. One of the most important works on the teenage subculture in America, widely hailed by educators, develops the concept of the teenage group as a minority. When the author was approached by a mutual friend of himself and myself, who suggested that the manner of development of this theme indicated it had its origin in the reading of *The Homosexual in America*, the author replied that this is very possible, he had read the book and been deeply impressed, but had he known the debt, he would have acknowledged it. The same cannot be said

for one Ann Aldrich (whose most recent work was highly praised in your publication, a fact which reflects rather seriously on your judgment); for Miss Aldrich not only liked the ideas and format of one of my books, but attempted, most unsuccessfully, to replicate it, copying line after line, paragraph after paragraph, word for word, stopping only to change "he" to "she," and not daring to change more for fear that she could not paraphrase material which she obviously did not understand.

So that I cannot but be amused when I am accused of putting forth the ideas of some mysterious, anonymous others. Let us find out who they are, lest your reviewer be accused of indulging in some pretty sloppy non-name-dropping.

So much for matters personal.



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Red Leaves

by James Colton

Mark Morsov, dark and small and soft-spoken, with eyes beautiful as a hawk's, had come to Stone River from Chicago when his Uncle, Jacob Pincus, had been felled by a stroke. He had come to take over the dry cleaning shop, the only one in town. Jacob Pincus was an old bachelor, but his brother-in-law in Chicago had many sons, of whom Mark was the eldest not yet married and in business for himself. So to far-away Oregon he was sent. And from June through this second week of September he had tended the shop in the wet summer heat, laboring at the great steam presser, stripped to the waist, his neat, brown body gleaming with sweat.

The hardware store where Floyd Nichols worked was across the street. Floyd saw Mark through the plate glass and yearned after him—a nameless longing he had never before known, that made his mouth dry, made him stammer when he spoke to the boy at noon in the Acme Cafe. What if the boy turned him off? He felt this would be the end of him. But there was no need to fear. The boy's smile had been open, welcoming. Over their hamburgers and Pepsi-Cola's they were soon deep in talk of books.

That night Floyd was supposed to preside at a meeting of the Young Christian's Guild in the church basement. He had never missed a meeting. Yet tonight he forgot to go. Tonight he spent instead in the small room at the back of Jacob Pincus' house, where Mark slept. He started it there, playing chess and listening to wonderful records the Chicago boy brought; ended it in an hour's-long walk down the dark, tree-shady night streets of Stone River, talking, talking, talking—of all manner of things, in and out of books, ideas that had crowded his own mind through long, mute years, seemingly awaiting the advent of this boy, this Mark, this beautiful, wonderful friend of whom he'd dreamed.

"Where in the world have you been?"

From the door of her downstairs bedroom, a jagged, agitated silhouette, his mother surprised him out of his happy daze. He had no idea of the time. Outside in the grass the crickets had stopped. It must be very late.

"The church children called and called. I didn't know what to tell them. I've been half out of my mind with worry."

"There's nothing to tell them," he said. "I just didn't go, that's all. So I missed one meeting. Can't they do anything without me?"

"Where were you?"

He went to the stairs. He didn't want to fight with her. He only wanted to think of Mark and the fine, the enchanted, the unbelievable evening he had had. At last, at long last. He wanted to go to bed and dream of it. He climbed the stairs.

"I was with a friend."

He heard her—she was big and bony but normally moved soundlessly, like a wraith, in her gray dresses—heard her thud after him, halt at the stair foot, breathing hard.

"What's the matter with you? Have you been drinking? Let me smell your breath."

"Don't be silly," he said.

"But there's something wrong. Don't tell me, I'm your mother, I know you. You're not yourself. You've changed, Floyd."

"No," he said. But then he stopped and looked down at her, dim and gaunt in the hall below. He smiled, knowing she couldn't see the smile. "Yes, that's right. I've changed. I'm happy. For the first time in years and years I'm happy."

"What are you talking about?"

"Good night," he said.

"No," she said. "I want an explanation."

"Tomorrow," he said. "I'm tired now. Good night." And he bravely shut the door of his room, shut her out—a thing he'd never dared try before. Trembling, he stood waiting for her to come charging up the stairs, demanding, tearing the whole story from him, somehow robbing it of all good, shredding it, finishing it. He waited in the dark, but she did not come. That ought to have worried him, but it didn't. Smiling he undressed and lay down naked in the warm, wet night. Smiling he went to sleep.

"You know, of course," she said to him at supper a few days later, "that boy is a Jew."

She had fixed scalloped potatoes, his favorite dish. He swallowed.

"Mark?"

Her thin mouth twisted, "Who else?"

"Well, I don't see—"

"No, you wouldn't see. But others have seen. Mrs. Williams was talking to me at the Supermarket today. She said she'd noticed you with that nephew of Old Pincus, Jake. She says Ernest is a little hurt that you never come over there any more. She doesn't quite understand. Neither do I."

Ernest Williams was a pimply boy Floyd had gone to school with, and who now worked at the city hall filing things. His principal interest was the memorizing of Bible verses. For lack of anything else to do, any other companionship, Floyd had spent evenings with Ernest sometimes. He found it hard to believe now.

"I'll go see Ernest tonight," he lied.

He went to Mark's. And, except for the church meetings, where he always went because he was afraid of angering his mother too much, he spent all his time with Mark. And the more he saw of the dark, quick-spoken boy, the more they talked and smoked—the cigarettes were Mark's: he'd never have dared keep any himself—played chess, listened to records, and drank cold beer—suppose his mother knew that!—the more he needed him. And he could not understand the urgency that drove him back again and again, the need

that held him to that small back bedroom, where they had to strip to their undershorts in the thick, wet heat of the Oregon summer nights, the hunger with which his eyes feasted on the smooth, brown-skinned body of the boy who was his friend. What he felt was half pain and half delight. Almost as much as it pleased him to be with Mark, it tormented him.

And it went on all summer. Until that Sunday when he made his mistake. *I won't miss church*, he'd sworn to himself. *I'll keep that up like always, and then she'll have no cause for complaint.* But he was young, and not good at keeping resolutions. After all, his mother still woke him each morning so that he could get to work on time. That he earned a meager living, had savings in the bank, were not marks of manhood and judgment; they were acquiescences to his mother's will. So that, when Mark proposed one night that they picnic up the river all day Sunday, Floyd could tell himself in all innocence, *One Sunday won't matter. Just one.*

It was September, and the leaves on the riverside trees and bushes were gaudy as gipsy rags. When a breeze blew, they drifted down, scarlet and yellow, as if the sun were moulting feathers of flame. They crunched under the boys' shoes. The boys hiked miles up the river, miles into wild country, miles from the highway Sunday drivers used. They went where no one came. And it was then, after eating the lunch Mark had wheedled Anna, the Mexican cook at the Acme Cafe, into packing for him Saturday night, it was then, stretched out replete, side by side on heaps of leaves rich with the smell of summer dying, it was then Floyd learned what all his bewildering emotions of the summer had been about.

Lying there, their hands touched. And suddenly their words, of which they had so many, such a fount, had stopped. Floyd's mouth went dry, his heart began to beat quickly. He turned his head to look at his friend and Mark's brown eyes were wide, staring into his. And Mark's hand gripped his, and there was a low cry from him, and then their mouths met, and there was a low cry from Floyd. And clothes were torn at, kicked and flung aside, and they were naked together, and fiercely rejoicing in their nakedness, while the leaves fell whispering upon them, the red leaves, and the dappled September sunlight.

It was late, very late, when they reached Stone River that night. They had stretched the afternoon out careless of everything but their own bodies and the fond astonishments they could bring from them. Floyd had meant to be at church that night, but it was nearly service time, it was past sunset when they started back. Anyway, he couldn't have gone: his shirt was torn, and he couldn't find his necktie in the dusk among the leaves. The church, when they passed it, was shut up and dark, the steeple thrusting blackly at the stars. They parted at the gate of Jacob Pincus' house, dark also, the old man in bed—parted with a clumsy kiss and soft laughter.

On his own front porch, Floyd thought, *I'll catch it now.* He pressed the rattly latch and stepped into the dark hall. Shutting the door behind him, he sucked in his breath, ready to meet her attack. But she did not come. He tiptoed for the stairs. For a second, something he couldn't quite name caught at a corner of his attention. Then he realized what it was, and grinned. It was the smell of leaves, red leaves. He guessed that smell would never leave his memory.

He slept tired through, dreamless, content.

But he woke early and afraid. Even if she hadn't waited for him last night, he would have to face her now, at breakfast, and explain why he hadn't met

her for church. It was the custom for him to meet her on the steps after Sunday School. She would be furious. And somehow he was afraid to face her, not because of her fury, so much, as because of what he might blurt out, how much of the truth, and of the consequences it would bring. No, he daren't face her. Stealthily he dressed, and, picking up his shoes, tiptoed from the house.

He hurried up the street past the still-sleeping, so-familiar houses, the parked cars with dew darkening their roofs and hoods, past the bottle-jangling trucks of milkmen, so somehow cheerfully lonesome in the fresh, cool, early sunshine. For a few blocks he couldn't help glancing over his shoulder from time to time. His heart raced with fear. But when he reached Jacob Pincus' house, it stopped knocking. He caught his breath and smiled sourly at himself.

What was the point in fearing her? She couldn't stop this that he'd found with Mark. How could she? Unless he told her, she'd never guess. What would she know about such things? A small town girl all her life, never interested in books or thoughts—what would she know about it. It would be beyond her powers of imagination. She might suspect he drank or smoked: well so did most boys when they reached his age. She'd scold, but she'd get over it. No. If he didn't tell her what it was he and Mark had between them, she couldn't know. It was good forever.

He hurried quietly along the little walk beside Pincus' cottage and came to Mark's window at the back. He wanted to see him, hear his voice. Then, with his hand lifted to rap on the glass, he remembered how hard Mark worked—far harder than Floyd. If he'd been as tired out by yesterday as Floyd was, he needed to be let sleep. Smiling, Floyd turned away.

He waited for Mark in the Acme Cafe where he knew the boy ate breakfast. But eight came, and eight thirty, and ten of nine, and still there was no Mark. Floyd paid and went out and looked up and down the street. People hurried along toward their stores and offices, but not the dark, slight figure of Mark Morsov. Floyd waited another five minutes, then had to run to avoid being late for work at the hardware store.

But he was too worried to be of use there. All morning he loitered near the front windows, watching across the street where the dry-cleaning shop remained shut up tight, the steam presser gaping like the white mouth of a stranded fish. He couldn't eat the food set before him at the Acme at noon. He was sick with alarm. What had gone wrong? He couldn't phone. Pincus had only the phone at the shop. The afternoon was nearly impossible. He was proud of his ability to cut plateglass. This afternoon he shattered four panes.

"If you're sick, Floyd," Mr. Ringgold said, "why don't you go home?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I'm sorry. I guess I better."

But he didn't go home. Through the dying afternoon, he ran to Jacob Pincus' house, and rapped loudly on the door. The voice that called for him to come in wasn't Mark's. Somehow, he had known it wouldn't be. The old man was seated, sagging, gray stubble on his cheeks, in his armchair staring with bleary eyes at the television set.

"What do you want?"

He was hostile. He'd always been friendly before, full of wry jokes, despite his half-paralysis, sometimes shouting out to Mark to turn up the music he was playing in the back room, asking, *What do you think—I'm too old for culture?*

Floyd said, "Where's Mark?"

"Mark is gone. Home. Back to Chicago. You trying to tell me you didn't know that, maybe?"

"I didn't," Floyd said hotly. "And I don't know why."

"Hah!" Jacob Pincus snorted.

"I don't understand, Mr. Pincus. What's wrong?" Floyd heard his voice trembling. "He wasn't going home. You're not well enough yet to run the shop."

"Somebody else is coming. Listen, leave me alone."

Floyd stared at him. The old man had turned to face the blue glow of the television tube. But he wasn't really watching it. The rugged old face worked painfully. A tear ran down the deep crease beside the mouth. Abruptly, a fat, hairy hand waved.

"He left some books for you. Books you loaned him. There."

They were piled in a corner of the sofa.

"Take them and get out of here."

"Mr. Pincus, why are you sore at me?"

"Go!" the old man roared. "Get out of my house!"

Floyd picked up the books and got out. Stunned, he stumbled toward home, knowing nowhere else to go. Along the way, he blankly noticed a slip of paper sticking out of one of the books. He pulled it out. On it were three words:

I'm sorry, Floyd.

When he opened the front door, his mother called to him from the living-room. He set the books down and walked in, too dazed to be afraid.

"Where have you been, dear? Mr. Ringgold phoned he'd sent you home feeling sick. I called Dr. Friend right away. We've been waiting."

"Come here, son, let's have a look at you." The doctor smelled of peppermint, a little round man. He stood up when Floyd didn't move. "Don't like his color," he murmured to Floyd's mother. "Here, take off the jacket." He bent over his shapeless black leather bag, rattling his hand inside it. When he straightened, he had his stethoscope. "What's wrong, Floyd? Didn't you hear me?"

Floyd had heard, vaguely, as if from someplace far off. But his ears weren't important at the moment. His eyes were. He was staring at the room. It was festooned with leaves, autumn leaves from the riverside woods. They had been fastened up over the mirror above the mantel, tucked behind pictures, grouped in the immense vases beside the fireplace. Over the doorway into the hall, the doorway into the diningroom, over the front bay window. Red leaves, branches and branches of marvelous red leaves.

"Floyd?"

He answered the doctor this time. But he was looking at his mother.

"I'm not sick. I was, but now I'm all right, doctor."

From the strained, gray face of his mother, he looked to the leaves again, then back.

"Aren't they lovely?" she said. "I went for a long walk yesterday, up the river, miles and miles. September is so beautiful in the woods. You weren't at church, so I thought, I'll just take a walk, as I used to do, as a girl."

"And then you went to see Mr. Pincus," Floyd said. "He's sick. How come you didn't take him any leaves?"

His mother's face went red. She stood. "Doctor—?"

"Now, Floyd," the pudgy man began.

But Floyd turned on his heel and walked out. He heard them conferring in loud whispers, heard them come out of the parlor and start up the stairs after him. He locked himself in the bathroom and turned on the water in the tub full force. He paid no attention when they knocked and rattled the knob and called him. He calmly undressed and sank gratefully into the water. Suddenly,

he felt fine. He even laughed softly to himself. At last he said:

"Go away. I'm all right. Just taking a bath."

"Son, I think we ought to have a serious talk," Dr. Friend said.

"Tomorrow," Floyd called. "I'll come to your office tomorrow, Doctor."

And pretty soon they went downstairs again. In a minute, he heard the doctor's car drive off. Later he heard the twang of the backdoor screen: his mother going to the A & P. He got out of the tub and dried himself.

Dressed in clean chinos and a short-sleeved shirt, he pulled out of the closet an old cardboard suitcase and packed it with t-shirts, shorts, socks, laundered shirts, a few ties, his good suit. His best shoes he kept in their store box. He jammed this in and shut the lid.

Sweater and corduroy jacket over his arm, for later, when it got chilly, he picked up the suitcase and walked to the door. He paused and glanced around the room. It was a place he'd been lonely and confused and trapped in for a long time. He wouldn't miss it. He stepped into the brown-papered hall and pulled the door shut behind him.

Lilly Smith would still be at the bank. If he tapped on the door she'd let him in, even though it was after hours. He'd withdraw his savings. He guessed he had enough to get him to Chicago by Greyhound. What else he would do in Chicago he didn't worry about. One thing he was sure of. He would find Mark Morsov.

PROHIBITION

Soft now, soft.

Do not wake her.

Do not penetrate the peace

That drifts around her,

Covering her, protecting her.

Do not shatter the laughter

That sparkles in her dream

Like a strand of colored glass,

Sun-dapple, merry.

And do not,

Oh, do not touch the hand,

The soft white hand,

That moves now, slowly, easily,

With the grace of a doe's waiting,

As she sleeps,

Do not wake her.

By Alix Morgan

tangents

news & views

ALL I WANT IS THE FACT, MAM!

Ralph Ginzburg, indefatigable editor and publisher of the erotic (**Unhurried View of Erotica**, and **Eros**), under heavy fines and penalties for his publication of the latter, has now come up with a new magazine, designed to bait self-appointed custodians of the public morals, from ignorant undemocratic congressmen and religious fanatics, to the Supreme Court justices.

FACT (a friend has subscribed to it for ONE) in its first issue, has three references to homosexuality, in remarks by Eugene Burdick, Ronald Weston and Ralph Ginzburg. It also has articles on the sexual symbolism of Christmas, the Catholic Church, the Nazi party, experiences while under narcotics, and "America's first Negro president," which give the magazine a most controversial beginning. Particularly interesting is the quote on the first page as to the purpose of the magazine.

RESEARCH

The Janus Society of Philadelphia reports that Temple University plans a joint study with them

of the homophile movement in the United States.

Unfortunately most universities' attitudes are reflected more by that of the Texas Tech newspaper **Daily Toreador** which willingly prints anything smirky concerning homosexuality, but can't find space for intelligent and thoughtful articles on the subject.

And speaking of research, those who saw the **N. Y. Times** article on homosexuality (December 17, 1963) could wish that the paper had done a little research before actually printing the piece. However, the fact that they did it at all on their front page is encouraging.

THE DALLAS POLICE, PLUS DE LA MEME CHOSE

The police in Dallas are still getting publicity. In recent weeks they have raided two newsstands claiming that the proprietors were selling publications which would corrupt the public morals. In both cases, the juries, made up of Dallas citizens, disagreed with the police censors and found the dealers innocent. Then the police decided that finding a few queers would make the public feel that

they were doing their job, so they raided, according to the newspaper story, a "sex den" bar where lewd and immoral conduct was going on and people who were deviate were hanging out. That's not the way we heard it. What we heard was that it was "Mercy Mary's" not a bar but a club operated as a place for gay kids under age (21 in Texas) to go. Apparently the managers weren't doing a good job though, for some of the customers arrested were in drag. They were charged with vagrancy and sodomy. Others (47 all together) arrested were charged with disorderly conduct and fined \$10 and released. It would be good news to hear that the courts in Dallas were jammed with homosexuals pleading innocent and demanding jury trials.

SAN FRANCISCO

Lester La Monte, a star of the Finocchio female impersonation act, died January 8 at the age of 63. Many people confuse homosexuals with female impersonators and transvestites. But many homosexuals in drag or out feel a comradeship with female impersonators, homosexual or heterosexual. Lester La Monte was the headliner at Finocchio's for 16 years. He was born in 1900 in Cincinnati, his mother was a vaudeville singer and he was trouping before the footlights at the age of 4. He was famous for his costume designs, of crepe-paper.

CHICAGO

A man who, until 13, was raised as a girl, has become a father. Dr. James Barrett Brown of the Washington University plastic surgery service said that the person's feelings prompted medical consultation, and sex chromosome study established that the man was always

a male, but his parents didn't know it. It is cases like this that make the whole area of sex so complicated. The parents didn't see a male sex organ and assumed that the child was female. The case has nothing to do with homosexuality, although at first it appeared to, but it does show to objective scientists the need for research into the sex makeup. Dr. Harry Benjamin has revealed that our sex life can be socially, psychologically, anatomically, etc., determined.

CENSORSHIP

In a trial in Grand Rapids, Michigan, West Coast News Co. was convicted of obscenity. The story behind this is best described by Robert R. Kirsch in **Los Angeles Times' Calendar** Section of January 12th. The fact is that this company has been sued in many cities where the book ("Sex Life of a Cop") has been sold. The presumption is that the book was persecuted because cops took offense at the book. The court actually rebuked the police for violating every rule of law by raiding the printer and confiscating (stealing) all copies of the book and the files of the printer. Unless decent people in America demand that police abide by laws, our country is in for police acts which will not be confined to printers of books, but will be acts against individuals and companies which the police or church officials do not like.

That is why the American Book Publishers Council has voiced its opposition to a new postal screening bill, H. R. 319, which would establish procedures for returning to the sender mail that is pornographic or communistic, on a complaint made by one person. It seems strange that persons who claim to be against big government and centralization will eagerly

ly back police raids on newsstands, arbitrary post office decisions on what citizens will be allowed to read, committees of aged police widows (as in Chicago) deciding which motion pictures will be shown on American screens.

On a lighter side of censorship, pointing up by satire the absurdity of censorship, is the following review by **Field and Stream** of the book **Lady Chatterley's Lover**.

"Although written many years ago, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' has just been reissued by Grove Press, and this fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to outdoor-minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheasant raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savor these sidelights on the management of a Midlands shooting estate, and in this review's opinion this book cannot take the place of J. R. Miller's 'Practical Gamekeeping.'"

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYONE

Two women became pregnant as a result of a homosexual act. One partner had sex with a male friend, and then had sex with her female friend and unknowingly passed semen from herself to the female friend and they BOTH became pregnant by the semen from the male. (Journal of the National Medical Association, Vol. 55, No. 4).

During his late February visit to L.A., Father James Jones—known to ONE Friends for his appearances at ONE Institute, 1963, and on Norman Ross' Chicago TV show "Off the Cuff" with W. Dorr Legg

—reported his repeat performance on the same TV show February 14th. However, among the other speakers this time discussing homosexuality was a representative of the DOB Chicago Chapter, Dr. Franklin Kameny, Wash., D. C. federal employee currently contesting his dismissal from government employment, and the public relations director of the Homosexual League of N. Y.

Sexology, in its March, 1964, number reports the death of famed sexologist Dr. Rene Guyon in Thailand where he had spent the latter part of his life as legislative advisor to the government there.

Truly a patriarch in the field of sexual ethics, there is hardly a man anywhere with the qualifications that Guyon possessed, for he not only had vast personal experience but he was also a philosopher, a world traveler, a judge and student of jurisprudence, a student of human behavior, and he was fully familiar with the main roads and byways of passion. His most conspicuous work on civilization and sex begun in the early 1930's, **Studies in Sexual Ethics**, ran into many volumes. Only the first two volumes were ever published in English. In volume number X, **The Abolition of Sex Offenses From the Penal Code**, he got the jump on Wolfenden, The American Law Institute, and all such bodies by demanding and blueprinting new laws conforming to an enlightened pro-sexual society.

Guyon believed in complete sexual freedom and the abolition of all sexual restrictions where minors and violence were not an issue.

BOOKS

Probably the most important recent book on the subject of birth control is **Too Many Americans** by Lincoln and Alice Day, Houghton Mifflin Co. It is must reading.



THE MATURE MAN—

May I submit some thoughts and questions which arise after reading Mr. Legg's "A Moral Imperative?"

The author does not attack the church, he rattles the swords which hang over the churches' heads. Let us hope his meaning will not be misinterpreted and precipitate any frontal assault against a religious system which could mean only a bloody Dunkirk for the homosexual.

Rather than attack Goliath, the organized and existing, religious-philosophical systems of the world: any man so motivated might do well to back away and take a long look at this great power. Dare any man fling down his gauntlet at this giant, without knowing well, the tactics, strategy, the weaknesses of this somewhat irrational creature?

Cruelty by the churches to the homosexual is admitted; but let us go from there. The church can be friendly, neutral, kind, fearful and cowardly. It can also, on occasions, be almost Christ-like. But, most important we should remember what the church

is not. The church is not God; and certainly not, also is the collection of biblia known as Holy Bible.

The recitation by Mr. Legg, of the ancient and new, and well-admitted atrocities committed by evil men of the church is little insight into the problem of man's relationship to his God. Thoroughly unsatisfactory is the author's discussion of some men's spiritual problem within the shallow, superficial framework of church practices. Man-to-God relationship is not only a homosexual's church problem. This thing is all men's problem. Mr. Legg's resolution offers no hope for the troubled seeker-after-truth. "A plague on both your houses," would have been a consistent conclusion insofar as his ideas being helpful to anyone.

Surely, those spiritually troubled people who seek help from ONE are searching for more than merely adjustment into the church environment. Mr. Legg is, in a sense, playing sandlot baseball; and if I am striking the author's ball over into the Big League lot, it is simply because that is where we should be playing.

Skip Ward

RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT

Your December issue is indeed a thought-provoking one, except for those dogmatic individuals who can entertain no other views but their own. With this issue, you hit the nail on the head. You have perhaps gotten to the basic difficulty of civilization, not only for homosexuals, but for all men—the age-old problem of stoic vs. epicurean, Dionysos vs. Apollonios. This struggle has been going on ever since man has tried to become (but always unsuccessfully) a social being, although its manifestations have been in various forms. The struggle will probably continue as long as the human being is extant, but if any age has come close to a resolution of the problems of men, it is certainly this one.

We live in a democratic culture (although not a perfect democracy by any means), and democracy should pervade every area of life, not just the political, including the religious, social, educational and so on. At this time, I would like to make some observations on statements by various religious leaders, as quoted in your article *The Failure of The Church*.

Mr. Jensen (p8) says "... homosexual activity . . . has always been regarded as immoral and a psychological illness. These people as I understand them are emotionally sick." Mr. Jensen's dogmatic use of the word 'always' belies his ignorance of world history, and world anthropology. Other important issues are raised.

In the first place, that which is a psychological illness cannot be immoral. An illness is a physical or functional malady which is causing personal dysfunction; it is something over which the individual has no control, such as smallpox, or schizophrenia. This principle has long been a principle of British and American civil and criminal law. Homosexuality can therefore be either a psychol-

ogical illness or immoral, but not both.

This brings me to my next consideration. Dr. Brown (p8) said that "homosexuality [is] anti-Biblical and anti-Church; that 'normality' [is] 'basic Christianity.'" The lack of insight, hindsight, and foresight of some reputedly responsible men amazes me. The fact is that 'normality' has nothing to do with Christianity. This seems so obvious that I fear I am being redundant. 'Normality' is a fairly recent mathematical (statistical) concept, which refers to average expectable behavior. No human individual is expected as such to be 'normal', but this concept rather is used to provide a convenient reference point whereby to compare one man's behavior with that of his fellow men.

Homosexuality is definitely anti-Church, but merely because the Church defines it this way. In doing so, however, the Church is being anti-human, which may or may not be betraying its own ends. The Church has established a set code of behavior, which all of its members are expected to follow, just as any club would do. When a man joins a club, for instance, he is expected to go by the rules, or he will get kicked out. Unlike other clubs, the Christians maintain that their rules were made for everybody—non-members as well as members.

As for homosexuality being anti-Biblical, it is a question of what Dr. Brown means, and a large number of answerable questions are raised. In the first place, does he mean the modern Bible, and if so, which one? If he means by his statement that references to homosexuality are not to be found in the Bible, clearly he is mistaken. Historically speaking, homosexuality has been a practice as long as there has been animal life on the earth (not just human life), and, referring to the history of the Bible,

the Jews are no exception. Despite the practice of homosexuality being so widespread as to be found in nearly every culture and clime, the world seems to be none the worse off because of it.

An urgent consideration, which seems to have been totally overlooked by respondents to ONE, is that the religious outlook of a given time and culture needs to be considered in its historical context—the long perspective. We know that religion and morals may develop independently of one another, but that they both arise out of the mores of the culture—the determining factor of which, as I have said before, is economic and dependent also upon family structure.

What does *intrinsically sinful* mean? The term 'intrinsic' refers to a property or quality to be found in an object, which is what in part determines the nature of the object. Blueness, for example, is intrinsic to blue paint. If the blueness were not there, then clearly it would not be blue paint we were looking at, but some other color. Intrinsically sinful means that a performed act has in it the quality of sinfulness. In other words it is the sinful nature which determines the act. This seems to me to be a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as we are not dealing here with matter, or physical properties, and an action can have qualities only in so far as we define them. Also, intrinsic means that the quality which is intrinsic is always found in the object. Since this is not possible with actions (whose qualities are determined arbitrarily by definition), no action can be intrinsically sinful.

We could call an act moral if it had good consequences; immoral if it had bad consequences either for individuals or society. If by homosexuality we mean not just the sex act between men, or between women, but also genuine affectionate feelings between beings of the same sex and of

all ages, then clearly, when mankind learns to love man, such affection could have exceedingly beneficial consequences to society. The homosexual affection and passion can therefore be considered to be moral behavior in specific, non-hurtful circumstances. We might even go so far as to say that those agencies which would prevent a moral act from taking place are themselves immoral, and do not justly deserve the respect or obedience of men. If the consequences of homosexual acts can be shown to be good—even if just occasionally—the *intrinsically sinful* theory of the nature of homosexuality is thereby refuted.

Homosexuality being a *natural* development in all animals including man, we are obliged to review our general attitudes. Our orientation has been toward condemning the homosexual and trying to change him by whatever means are at our disposal (even shock treatment!), rather than trying to help him achieve an optimum degree of socialization and development of his talents. It is interesting to note that some of the greatest creators of art in the history of the world have been homosexuals. If we are really interested in our society and in our fellow man, whether he acknowledges his homosexuality or not, then it behooves us to make the requisite changes in our attitudes. Homosexuals must be helped to make the optimum social and individual adjustment, and they can only do this when they are able to acknowledge their affection honestly, without fear of punishment or harassment, and with a high degree of integrity. Some homosexuals manage to do this despite the opprobrium of society. There are millions of homosexuals in this country. To treat them as outcasts because of their affectionate inclinations is to deny them their rights as citizens of a democracy.

James Rogers

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.



In view of the recent gushings about the writings of Jean Genet prompted by the Grove Press translation of Our Lady of the Flowers, the following essay on Jean Genet by Edmond Barnard from Der Kreis, though written in 1956, seemed more timely today than ever.

Ed.

THE 'COMPLETE WORKS' OF JEAN GENET: FOR PERSONS STRONGLY PERVERTED

Among the post-war authors who have treated of our sphere of life, Jean Genet has taken a particular place since his first book. From the time of its appearance, some years ago, he has awakened a lively echo even if somewhat confused in public opinion. In his "Complete Works" the background upon which his obscure characters—almost exclusively pictured as homosexuals—operate is clearly limited. It may well be that he intends by the plain phrase, "For highly inverted persons" on the one hand to classify in advance his unfavorable critics as imbeciles and on the other to gratify the self-love of his literary disciples and others in order to lend them a doubtful semblance of modern intellectuality. This tendency to stimulate the vanity of his readers was certainly a profitable idea. Equally profitable has proved to be the immoderate and literally dragged in by the hair of the head preface in which a philosopher as

doubtful as J. P. Sartre has desired at any price to prove the right of the man of letters, Genet, to exist.

However in these pictures of a defective humanism, which reveal morbid symptoms whose origin has been carefully left in obscurity—and with reason, for this fact only permits the expression of the strange ideas of Genet—in these pictures, I say, which shock and certainly are intended to shock by content as well as form, one perceives in this case a disgusting trace of real talent as a writer, which can be the only explanation for the tolerance of certain homosexual media. Thus a short time ago a critic who had fallen into an ecstasy upon reading "Querelle de Brest" and who was transported, wrote: "The magnificent sound-bursts of Jean Genet", "Archangel of crime", "radiant beauty", "pure diamond", "Querelle is, as Orestes, a quintessence of humanity. . .!"

To those persons sensitive to these accents in the manner of Mimi-Pinson, the works of Genet certainly do not carry any deception. The expected pornographic sections embody an in-

disputable indecency, and even the allusion to the "metaphysics of sex" etc., so often timidly employed as a kind of excuse, is completely lacking here. In fact, these sections of "wildly foolish" sexuality do not make up the most indecent part of these *Complete Works*—since one cannot understand why assassins, thieves, and embezzlers are generally depicted as homosexuals, or rather pseudo-homosexuals (since from experience one can say that this important difference passes quite unperceived by heterosexual readers). On the contrary, it is especially the primitive and vicious surroundings, proper to Genet, which are elaborated with a monotony so singular that to make the reader lose his orientation and his spirit and slight erotic interest as well. He surrenders before this extreme and dangerous anarchism which runs like a red thread through the pages of Genet and leads to shameful errors, a complete loss of the capacity to accept the good and the evil of this world in a spirit of sanity and realism. The writer Genet, perverted in this sense, places himself by his attitude almost in the class of the mystics who, no more than he, show little taste for a life of sanity and reality. Thus the come and go of open accounts on Genet is as rich in bias as in hypocrisy. Finally one can only derive profit who in advance has become more familiar with the biases and hypocrisies than with a somewhat doubtful morality, even if not so unhealthy.

As if he had need for a collection of particular examples for his horrors of defective humanism, Genet presents his characters as "hard" homosexuals, that is, pure blood. But the homosexuality which we know is not that at all. It succeeds at the most, and that quite involuntarily, in bantering the sexual schizophrenia proper to assassins, prostitutes, and other criminals. It

has borrowed a little of the unstable and nervous life of the extra-legal who yield to sexual attractions under all their possible forms and whose existence is reduced to the present moment. However, Querelle is especially much more an abstract homunculus born of the mad and fantastic imagination of its creator than a living person of flesh and bone.

The fruits of such a *tour de force* do not hold the attention. After a secular and traditional law, they fall on each homosexual as bitter as gall. And even if he affirms that he is not the ferocious beast "à la Genet", no one wishes to believe him—for such a one is in no condition to believe him after reading the *Oeuvres Complètes*. The association of ideas, "homosexuality-crime", already so strongly held among our fellow-citizens who are "serious-minded", is given a soaring flight by Genet and opens the way to new possibilities for discrimination against homosexuals. The non-conformist Genet, has, to his shame, built his literary career at the expense of thousands of men for whom the right to existence is already in question, an existence which is little more than that of a pariah.

The pornographic stories and anarchic ideas of Genet, for which even certain homosexual media create a noisy publicity, represent only an evil influence for those who have worked and struggled for years for an ideal, certainly contained in the so solemnly proclaimed Rights of Man, but not recognized by a truly human "humanity". That situation will not be changed in the near future, thanks now also to the literary ambition and the commercial sense (for we should not forget the relation between the latter and fashion) of Monsieur Jean Genet. One cannot even condemn him—one should have pity for him.

Translated by T. M. M.

UNCOMMON MEN by **Kemper Simpson**, Agathon Press, Washington Bldg. 454, Washington 5, D. C., 1963, pp. 201, \$5.00.

Socrates, Sappho, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare and Marlowe—"great" figures shimmering in an aura of speculation, about whom volumes have been written. What new thing can be said about them?

Surprisingly, each of these figures moves in an ambiguous light—due to the efforts of scholars and critics to accommodate them to bourgeois concepts of the culture-hero. The glory of their art has dazzled the world, but their private lives are an embarrassment. "As if to see beneath the maquillage," Kemper Simpson has sought to illuminate the hidden life whose intimate relationship with the art is indisputable.

I can find nothing to quarrel with in his evocation of the atmosphere of ancient Greece and Lesbos, of Renaissance Italy and Elizabethan England. The subjects have been thoroughly researched, and Mr. Simpson's views on the psychological makeup of his six geniuses are plausible. Sappho's idealization of what has been called Lesbian love, her rivalry with an opposing academy of young women for the prize beauties, her "romance" in later years with the unlettered nineteen-year-old sailor Phaon—it is a life worthy of a Colette or a Tennessee Williams, and Mr. Simpson presents it cunningly.

He contrasts the effeminate da Vinci with the more "butch" Buonarrotti—the former somehow protected from the persecution which his overt behavior might have provoked; the latter compensating for his small stature with the projection of heroic if somewhat androgynous nudes in his art. These are types which are not too difficult to locate in our midst today. And it is easy to recognize a

certain American species in a Shakespeare whose romantic love-image was basically masculine, but who for reasons of politics or expediency perhaps, conformed to the heterosexual pattern.

I regret that the author cast his views in verse rather than prose. Robert Graves has declared that any poem of more than thirty lines runs the risk of frightening away the majority of modern readers. This is not to argue that Kemper Simpson is difficult to read or lacking in a talent for direct statement that is the essence of some of our great poetry (Wordsworth's, for instance). But the novel or fictionalized prose biography suggest themselves as more appropriate forms for the present material.

Kemper Simpson, however, proceeds in his own way. He has printed his book on good paper, given it a substantial binding, and, with uncommon faith in its mission, has sent it forth into the indifferent world. Who is to say that his trust is mistaken? —Paul Cordell

UNLIKE OTHERS by **Valerie Taylor**, Midwood-Tower Paperback F3111, 50c.

Josephine has just lost Karen to a straight marriage but ends up "bringing out" Betsy, a divorcee who couldn't enjoy sex with a man. Easy reading but too much chopped up by we-are-not-all-nellie-queens-and-bitches propagandizing asides for the hetero's to be a good novel. Has some small and excellent portraits, such as Mag, an elderly, famous lesbian columnist, and Stan, a hetero hopelessly dominated by mama. This author is such a strong personality that she can't keep herself out of a story and should stick to non-fiction (which, if my guess is correct, she does write excellently under another pseudonym).

K. O. N.

A SENSITIVE, READABLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY—AN ABSOLUTELY HONEST AND HUMBLE STORY OF THE AUTHOR'S ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT, HIS LOSS OF WORK, HOME AND FUTURE, BECAUSE OF A HOMOSEXUAL ACT WITH ANOTHER CONSENTING ADULT BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

"I must be bad and too blind to see. The idea that it was right for me to find sexual satisfaction and fulfillment in a manner that deviated from the normal was just a starry-eyed piece of nonsense that had brought ruin and shame and was knocking my little world to pieces before my eyes. How could I have been so stupid? Oh God, help me!"

by **Geoffrey Neilsen**

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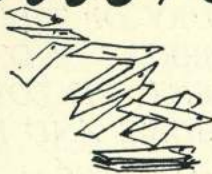
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Letters



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.

LET'S TREAT MAMA!

Dear ONE:

I trust you saw the Doty article in the TIMES. Actually, the article is about par for the course and no worse than most. The most misleading aspect seems his contention that homosexuality is generally regarded as "curable." While I cannot vouch for their attitude being typical, I know a number of psychiatrists who will not treat homosexuality per se. They will treat an individual who cannot function because of homosexual conflicts, the objective being either to reorient him to a heterosexual pattern or to strengthen his personality to an acceptance of his homosexual behavior. The determination has to be made on the basis of the particular factors in each case.

One wealthy young man was sent by his mother to a succession of psychiatrists, each of whom interviewed and then turned him down. The latest explained that the rejection was based solely on the boy's apparent complete adjustment to his pattern and on the doctor's finding nothing to treat. He did, however offer to treat the mother in order to help her to accept her son as he is.

H. S.G.
NYC

DON'T JUST BITCH BUT DO SOMETHING!

Gentlemen:

Please forgive me for taking this opportunity to write you in the same envelope in which I am sending a small contribution. I enclose this message not to qualify the check nor to excuse it but to add my voice in a writing manner to those who have faith in you and your work. Faith in you might be easier to those who are not near you and who can allow their imaginations to carry a more glorious picture of you and the building in which you carry on your business. My faith is based on the cold hard fact that you are what you are and I've seen you, know you, and have attended almost all your Sunday meetings since I first began my association with you. Don't

let those many people who would change you immediately into a Saturday Evening Post with high quality get you into a muddle about your taste in content. I feel that the magazine is like a symphony, some parts are exciting, some parts are terrific, and others are for bridges between the terrific and horrific.

The magazine is not "great" but then neither are the letters that criticize it, for they do not criticize constructively by suggesting what should be in place of what they object to. In fact, if they really wanted to build something out of the monthly, they should try to write something for it.

G.
El Monte, Calif.

Editor:

We, as any other group, are prone to find fault about anything that doesn't go our own way. People are especially zealous in finding fault with either the editor, the art, or even the covers of ONE. I wonder how anyone can really take sides against ONE. When you think that for every hundred or so issues of a heterosexual magazine, there is only one magazine for the homophile, then you can get some idea of the size and task ONE copes with. ONE has to be our LOOK, LIFE, TV Guide, and all the others we read each week. I say instead of finding fault with ONE, let's get behind them and help them. I am sure you would appreciate constructive criticism, but the sarcastic you're-bound-to-go-out-of-business letters—well, anyone can do without.

ECD
_____, Texas

TWO LETTERS ON RELIGION, THE FIRST FROM A HOMOSEXUAL, THE SECOND FROM A HETEROSEXUAL:

1) A homosexual speaks:

The Editors
ONE Magazine
Dear Friends:

Thanks for printing the letter from Mr. K of Miami in the December issue. It expressed the sanest view I have yet encountered on homosexuals and religion, in sharp contrast

to the sickness of mind and soul which permeate letters by Mr. G of New Orleans and Mr. W of Enid.

It is the rare individual indeed who emerges from the battle with both his religion and his homosexuality unscathed. I think it a great shame that many abandon religion because of its hostile attitude, but the fault lies in the unbending character of some of the sects.

Perhaps worst is the homosexual who sacrifices his self-respect and forces himself to live in what he feels to be a continual life of sin. These people would be better off rejecting religion rather than themselves.

J. O.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

2) A heterosexual speaks:

Dear Mr. Slater:

You quote me as writing concerning your publication, "Such a conglomeration of faulty reasoning and pure nonsense, etc. . . ." I fear that your further publications only confirm my original judgment.

I am not really certain what you want. Or perhaps I am! You soundly condemn the churches for not meeting the needs of homosexuals, for not speaking to them, etc. What you do want Apparently, from a cursory perusal of your material, you want the Christian Church and other religious groups to tell you that homosexuals are not morally awry. In addition, you seem to want to hear that they are also not emotionally disturbed people. Thus, according to your argument, if the church continues to look at homosexuality as a moral and emotional disturbance, the church is somehow supposed to be inadequate.

You make an effort to support the normality of the homosexual by citing certain cultural data. If you want cultural data, I could cite cultures where homicide is not considered morally perverse. Is the church, then, still inadequate because it refuses to accept homicide as moral?

The point is, why limit your attack on morality to homosexuality? One could say that the church is obscurantist and reactionary because it considers adultery, homicide,

or anything else morally unacceptable. Is the church inadequate because it continues to look at these behavior patterns as immoral? Must the church condone behavior before it can minister to the person? Did Jesus tell the woman taken in adultery to keep it up? Or did He say, "Go and sin no more?"

The message of the Christian faith is that Christ, through His death and resurrection, offers deliverance from sin, despair, meaninglessness, and purposelessness. I am as much of a sinner as anybody else. In this respect, I am no different from the homosexual, the rapist, or any other deviate. We are all sinners. Thus, we do not speak from self-righteousness but a knowledge of our own sin.

But we can be forgiven and released from the power of sin by repentance and commitment to Jesus Christ. This is the message of the church to so-called "normal" sinners, or to homosexuals, or anybody else. This, to me, seems like an altogether adequate approach to the needs and problems of man. Of course, if a man refuses to face his problems and cope with them, what can anybody do? If a man filled with cancer considers every doctor a fool who diagnoses his illness as cancer, what can be said? To say that the man really has no problem is neither factual nor loving.

The church wishes to minister to the homosexual as well as anybody else. Undoubtedly we have not been adequate. But we shall never become adequate by denying that homosexuality is a moral and emotional disturbance.

Let me assure you that I should be more than happy to minister to the needs of the homosexuals, and to use all possible resources to discover exactly what those needs are. The person of Jesus Christ is more than adequate for homosexuals—if they will receive His deliverance!

Very truly,
George B. Wall
Pastor

First Baptist Church of North Hollywood
11210 Otsego St., North Hollywood, Calif.

SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION of ONE, INCORPORATED

Offered to Friends of ONE having questions and difficulties. Referrals may be made, after interview, to sympathetic and understanding physicians, attorneys, clergymen, psychologists and psychiatrists. No Los Angeles area referrals made without a personal interview. Write, or telephone for an appointment.

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