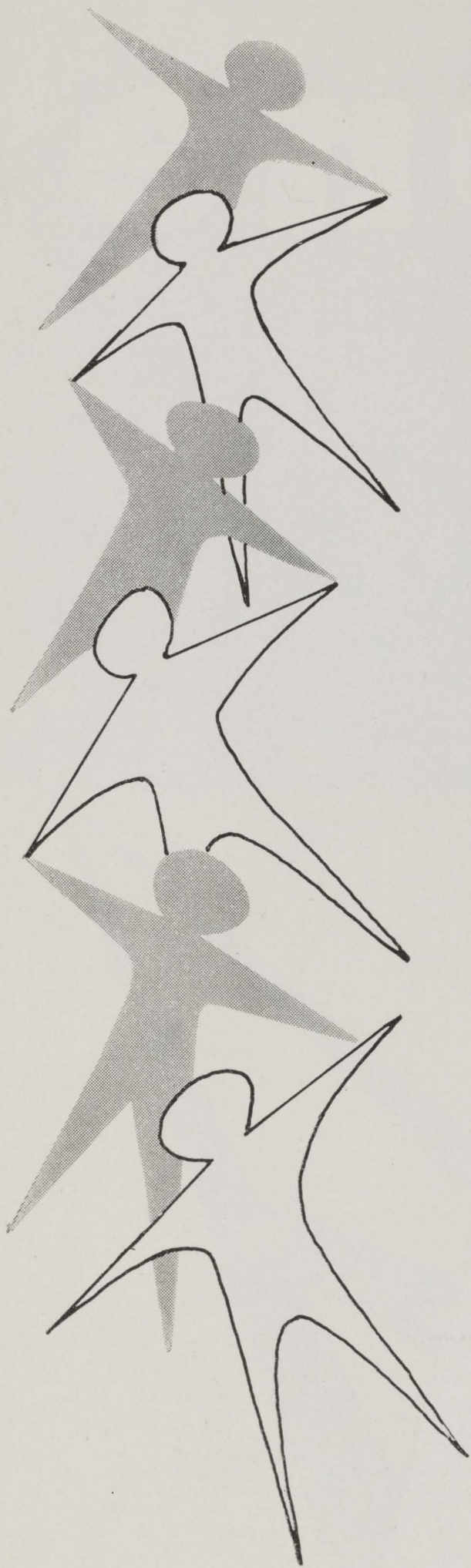


one



APRIL 1965
FIFTY CENTS



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 persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

founded 1952

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

Carlyle

one

magazine

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EDITORIAL

Los Angeles County District Attorney Evelle Younger has drafted an anti-obscenity bill, introduced in the California State Legislature by Assemblyman Howard J. Thelin. The measure provides a \$2,000 fine for the distribution of morally corruptive material to persons under eighteen.

The bill supposedly sets up exact standards as to what is pornography and what is not. However, the standards mentioned in the bill contain only the usual well worn phrases "contemporary community standards" and "predominant appeal to the prurient interest."

Under the terms of this proposed bill we believe some persons might consider ONE "morally corruptive." Should the bill become law it is entirely possible that newsdealers could be arrested for selling ONE to a person under eighteen—in spite of the fact that the U. S. Supreme Court has declared ONE not to be obscene.

We have never suggested that ONE not be sold to minors. To do so would be to put ourselves in a class with "nudie" and "girlie" magazines and other publications of this genre, where ONE emphatically does not belong. For ONE to print For Adults Only on its cover would be to confess a guilt we do not feel. We would be directly implying that we are "dirty"—and we are not.

If a homosexual teenager, aware of his deviation and not knowing where to go for information, wanted to read ONE to try and learn something about himself, we believe he should be allowed to do so. Would ONE corrupt his morals? Would ONE be dangerous? On the contrary. The danger lies in the volumes of conjecture and misinformation sold under the guise of "medical books."

If the Younger-Thelin bill is passed, the homosexual teenager might be forbidden to purchase ONE at a news stand. This would be bad. It would keep valuable information from persons who need it. For this reason we oppose this bill.

There is no need here to go into the problematical question of whether or not pornography influences anyone but the feeble minded and naive. To say that today's teenagers know nothing about sex would be erroneous. To say they would be harmed by pornography is at least debatable. The majority of teenagers in 1965 are considerably more sexually sophisticated than the unimaginative publishers and distributors of so-called pornography.

Ostensibly Younger's bill is aimed only at hard-core pornography—whatever that is. But we fear that in the eyes of the law the core can be hardened to fit whatever pleases the enforcers of such laws. Under the sanction of this bill, witch-hunters could have a field day.

In future years this country will be sufficiently enlightened so that everyone, teenagers included, can laugh off pornography, or read it for its freak value. Then the pornographer will be out of business and magazines like ONE can get on with their work unhampered by public hysteria. Until that time we have no choice but to fight such legislation as the Younger-Thelin bill.

Ray Johnson

The Right to Read

by Joseph Hansen

Few will deny that today's novels are far franker in their handling of sexual matters than were those of even 20 years ago. Most of us who can think at all, think this is a healthy development, an honest state of affairs. That *Catcher in the Rye*, *Another Country*, *City of Night* are on sale not only in drugstores and supermarkets but in the bookstores of our junior colleges and universities is an advance toward a truer understanding of human relationships and of the basic importance of sex to happiness than was afforded earlier generations.

But any action begets reaction.

So-called Citizens Committees for Decent Literature are forming all across the country. In their attitude toward the rule of law they resemble the White Citizens Councils of the South. They are in fact vigilante groups. They ride estate wagons rather than horses. Their weapons are not six shooters and ropes but intimidation and boycott.

They pressure the local supermarket manager, the drugstore and liquor store owner until he removes from his racks the magazines and paperback books they assert must be kept from children. Most store owners are afraid not to cooperate. They place the offending items—those they have

room for—under the counter, forcing those who want them to ask for them.

This is not an effective way to merchandise magazines and paperbacks. They are designed to sell on appearance. Nor have druggists, grocers, liquor dealers time to devote to pushing items on which the profit is seldom more than a few pennies. The result, after a time, is that certain packages of books and magazines are returned to the distributor unopened. Obviously if this happens often enough and widely enough, publishers will stop issuing the offending publications.

Evidently some inroads are being made.

A recent issue of *Writer's Digest* printed a summary of the manuscript needs of one of the larger publishers of paperback fiction, until now well-known for its liberal approach to sex. In this write-up what do we find? Taboos. In the second half of the 20th century, in the most technologically advanced civilization the world has ever known, this witch doctor word, taboo, and its witch doctor implications are actually set out in black and white by a group of (one supposes) adult males engaged in what was once one of the most dignified and significant businesses in the Western world—the publishing business.

What are these taboos? "Drug addiction, male homosexuality, pregnancy and/or abortion." That the publishers in question actually believe the public does not want to read novels in which these elements figure seems impossible. Don't they read magazines and newspapers, listen to radio, watch television, check the bestseller lists of hardcover books? These topics are not only of intense interest to today's citizen, they are of real importance.

If the public did not want to read about male homosexuality, for ex-

ample, would two major magazines, *Maclean's* in Canada and *Life* in the U.S., have published in the last year a total of four articles on the subject for their millions of readers? Would CBS radio have done a week-long series on homosexuality? Even television—which with notable consistency avoids any subject not of interest to literally *every* viewer—has discussed the subject. Can any group of editors have missed all this evidence?

The matter of pregnancy is of urgent interest in 1965. The rise in illegitimate pregnancies among high school girls in this country has in recent years been astronomical. The figures are repeatedly cited with increasing alarm in magazines and newspapers, on radio and television. Surely a novelization of this disturbing, even tragic problem, which vitally affects our social fabric not only ought to be able to find a publisher, but merits wide distribution.

As to the matter of abortion, it would seem worth the notice of this paperback publisher, with a readership requirement of perhaps 100 thousand to make his operations profitable, that a motion picture whose box office grosses indicate that it was seen by millions, and whose female star was nominated for an Academy Award in 1963—*Love with a Proper Stranger*—dealt with both illegitimate pregnancy and abortion.

When the state of affairs reaches the point in our country where book publishers are even more timid than movie makers, we become acutely aware that the decent literature crusaders are capable of doing real damage. Pressure groups, because they work quietly, can be more dangerous than mobs.

Further evidence of the backlash resulting from the increasing freedom to write, publish and read, appears in George P. Elliott's article "Against Pornography" in the March issue of

Harper's magazine. This is alarming because *Harper's* is a liberal journal for intelligent, educated, influential readers. Should they join the neo-puritan army, its power would increase out of proportion to its numbers.

That Elliott's article is loosely constructed, semantically vague and naively self-contradictory will perhaps limit its effectiveness. But because it voices from a respectable rostrum sentimental appeals to "our lost innocence," "decency," "the family," and "civilization," and fervently damns "perverts," "intellectuals," and "nihilists," it is emotional dynamite.

When Elliott equates civilization exclusively with 20th century U. S. middle class culture he is merely laughable. But when he smears all who oppose his narrow priggishness as "nihilists" intent upon destroying the American way of life, his fulminations have an ugly ring of demagoguery, especially when we note that it is Elliott himself who wants to abridge freedom of the press.

"Pornography," writes Elliott, "is the representation of directly or indirectly erotic acts with an intrusive vividness which offends decency without aesthetic justification." He adds, "Obviously this definition does not just describe but also judges; quite as obviously it contains terms that need pinning down—decency, for example"

Yet he never succeeds in defining decency. He uses the word often, in the expression "decent citizens," for example, meaning those who share his prejudices, and "decent social opinion," meaning his own. He is also addicted to the word "perverted." For example, in discussing the permissibility of a copulation scene in a novel he regards as a work of art (as opposed to Tennessee Williams' and Elia Kazan's fine film *Baby Doll*, which he considers pornographic) Elliott writes that the reader ". . . will

not use either the episode or the whole novel for pornographic ends, unless he himself is already perverted." Can Elliott be unfamiliar with Dr. Kinsey's listings (*Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, pp. 164-165) of the variety of sources of erotic excitement among 291 boys—from taking a shower to sitting in church, from being late to school to hearing the National anthem? If Elliott is truly unaware that a wide variety of objects and experiences is stimulating to a wide variety of individuals, and that one man's perversion is another's normality, his is a dangerous ignorance.

It is dangerous in that Elliott, presumably honestly, believes himself to be right—and righteous. With horror he notes: "Conceivably the First Amendment will be taken literally ('Congress shall make no law . . . abridging freedom of speech or of the press') and many or all legal restraints against pornography may in fact be removed." He would prefer a situation where, concerning "pornography for adults, the law should rest content with a decent hypocrisy: 'Keep it out of the marketplace, sell it under the counter, and the law won't bother you.'" He chooses to ignore the raids and arrests one reads about nearly every month in the newspapers. The law does bother booksellers and publishers—and bother is too light a word; it ruins many. But Elliott wants not the rule of the Constitution but "decent hypocrisy" with no guarantee that it will be observed.

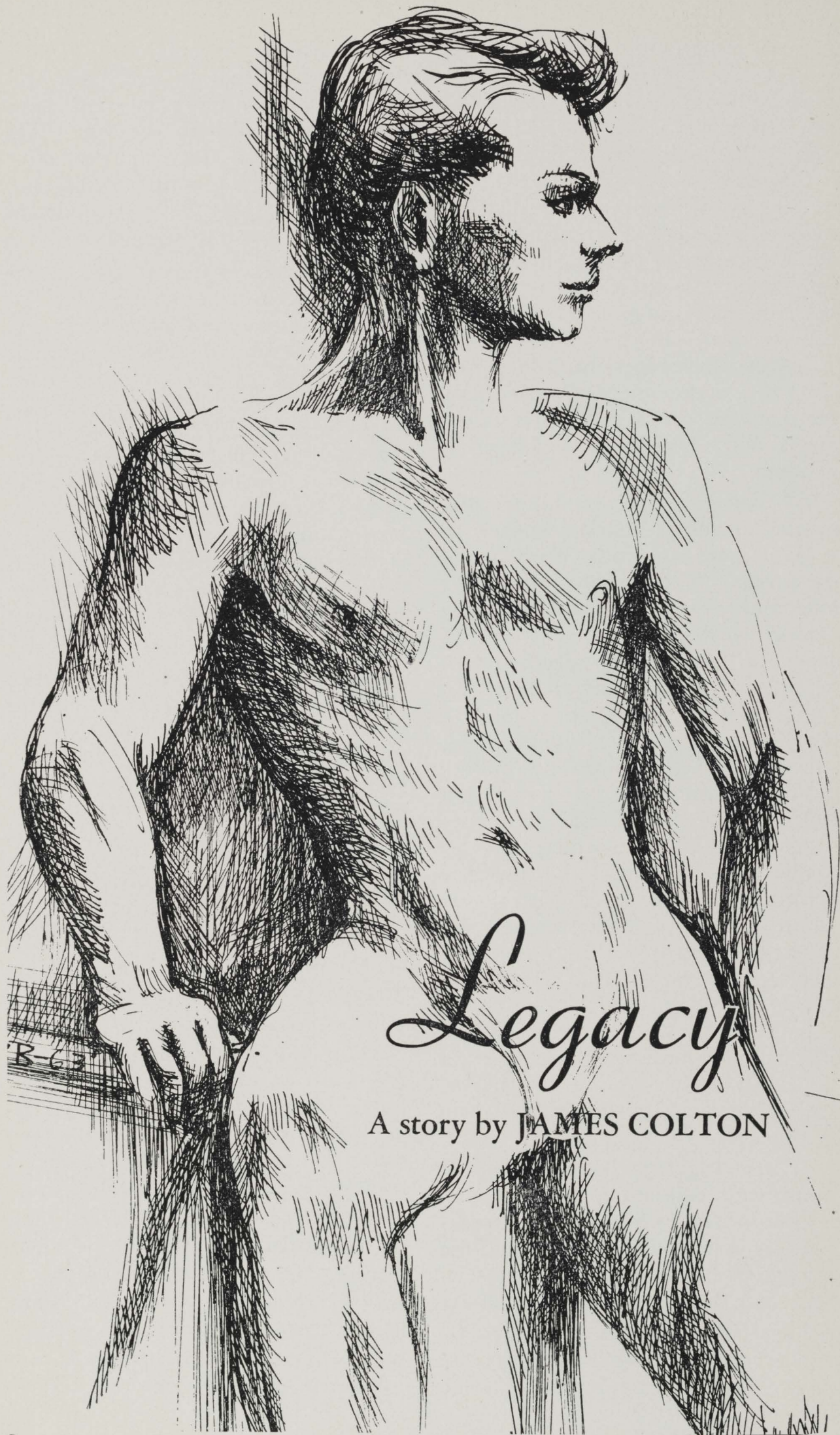
He also suggests the setting up of committees consisting of ministers, professors and psychologists to decide on what is and what is not pornographic. ". . . With a book, if the board decides the gravity of the offense outweighs such literary excellence as the book may have, the book is banned—not burned, just no

longer offered for public sale." Note the horrified "not burned!" Mr. Elliott would not for a moment want to be identified with the Nazis. He is blind to the fact that effective banning is the same as burning, and that abridging the First Amendment is a step toward totalitarianism.

The freedom to read is basic to our democracy. Only a literate and informed electorate can make the system work. This is why we have universal free public education. By abolishing the schools we could effectively reduce the danger of children reading what the neo-puritans consider unsuitable. At such a proposal George P. Elliott and the Citizens Committees would surely balk, but in fact their aim is closer to this than it is to the concept of free access to learning from the printed page.

Countless lives have been warped at worst, unfulfilled at best, under a system of morals that confused sexual expression with evil-doing and that supported this confusion in print. The neo-puritans, from whatever motive, are seeking to re-establish this climate of opinion. Homosexuals, at this stage in their fight for the right to have honest sex lives as free as those of heterosexuals in our society, would be among the heaviest losers should the neo-puritans succeed.

If you find evidence of their activity in your neighborhood, encourage your supermarket manager, your liquor dealer, your druggist, to ignore the prudes and not to do their censoring for them. That you don't read girly magazines does not mean their presence on the news racks has no importance for you. It has. Protecting the other fellow's right to read protects your own. We cannot expect to enlarge our freedom until such freedom as we have already gained is made secure.



Legacy

A story by JAMES COLTON

Robie frowned at the copy of *Time*. "I don't know what you need with pictures. I'm not leaving you, Art." He kept turning pages, expecting an argument.

Instead, Arthur Mohr, M.D., went out of the room. A large man, beefy, his movements were normally slow and gentle. When they were fussy it meant he was either displeased or determined. Evidently now he was determined. He returned with his camera on its tripod, leaned it against the back of the couch, and went out again.

Robie threw down the magazine. "Art, I said I'm not going to do it."

Art came back, struggling with floodlamps, awkward on their standards, their great, gleaming heads nodding and clattering idiotically. "Don't pout, Robie." Briskly he set lamps and camera in place. "No, don't get up. Sit there."

"You know," Robie said grimly, "it's only when you act like this that I ever think I really might leave you."

"Like what?" Art crouched and plugged light cords into sockets. "Like what, Robie?"

"Overbearing." Robie got out of the chair. His jacket lay on the couch. He picked it up. "I'm going out."

"Please, Robie." Art turned. Kneeling, he looked a little absurd. "What possible difference can it make to you? I'll develop and print them myself. They're certainly not going out as Christmas cards. You and I are the only ones who'll ever see them. Good God, Robie, after nearly three years, it's a little late for you to turn prim and proper on me."

Robie sighed. "Isn't it enough that I just don't want to? Doesn't it matter to you that I'd feel—oh, hell, I don't know—dirty, like some cheap, hungry little hustler?"

"Why would you feel that, Robie?" Art's tone was reproachful. "Have I treated you like that? Ever?"

"Well, you do push me around sometimes, Art. You're doing it now."

"I don't mean it that way." Art got to his feet. "I only want—images of you, Robie. As you are now, young and quite unbelievably beautiful." For a moment he stared at Robie, gently, wheedlingly. Then he came to him, stepping across the tangle of wires on the floor. "When you're my age, you'll understand."

Robie hadn't put his jacket on. It hung from his hand. Art took it gently and dropped it on the little cane-seated chair beside the doorway to the hall. Then, still looking into Robie's eyes, he began to unbutton the boy's shirt.

"Art, you can't just walk all over—"

Art covered his mouth with a kiss. At first, Robie kept his lips stiff, teeth clamped. But in the end, he yielded, as he always did. He couldn't deny Art anything. He hadn't the right.

Art had met him when Robie's mother was dying of cancer in County Hospital. Upon her death, rather than let him go live with his drunken Uncle Clyde on his filthy chicken farm twenty miles from nowhere, Art had taken the boy in, given him a room of his own in this pleasant house, bought him clothes, fed him, sent him to school.

And asked nothing.

Robie had made the bid for sex. Oh, undoubtedly Art had suspected from the moment he'd set eyes on Robie, forlorn beside his mother's bed in the white hospital ward, that the boy would someday make that bid. So perhaps Art could be said to have taken advantage. But he rarely abused that advantage. And he honestly loved Robie. And Robie, though at barely twenty he knew little about love, couldn't conceive of life without Art.

So, fighting down his instinctive dislike of this, his unreasoning shame,

he now turned away from Art's hands and finished unbuttoning the shirt himself. Glumly he dropped it to the floor and began on the slacks.

"That's a good boy." Relieved, satisfied, Art crossed the room to the window. Beyond it, October rain soaked the dead leaves fallen from the sycamores on to the dark slope of lawn. Art drew the curtains, then came back to switch on the flood-lamps. They made brilliant the corner of the room where Robie had sat—the striped mauve and orange cushions of the Danish chair, the brightly jacketed books on white shelves to the ceiling, the big Paul Cadmus oil of a circus acrobat. Art turned to the naked boy.

"Now, in the chair, first, Robie. Pick up the magazine. No, just sit the way you were before, relaxed." He peered into the viewfinder of the camera. "My God," he breathed, "but you are lovely." He stepped into the dazzlement of light and bent over Robie, hand caressing the neat, hard Robie, very much. I'll thank you for curves of his chest. "Thank you, this evening the rest of my life." He kissed Robie's mouth, tongue moving deep inside. His hand slid downward across the smooth belly and provoked boyishly quick reaction. He lifted his mouth from Robie's. "There, now. That's the way I want you in these pictures. Sexual, not clinical." He was in the dark again, the lights glaring at Robie, blinding him. "Just touch yourself there, Robie. That's right. Now—"

Art took twenty pictures. Robie sat for them, stood for them, lay on the white carpet for them, and on the sleek couch. He smoked, he read magazines, he sat at the white baby grand, pretended to speak into the white phone, always sexually aroused, sexually provocative, sometimes grave but mostly smiling. Art wanted it, asked it, so he did it. He even tried

to relax and enjoy it. Didn't he love his own body, wouldn't he too want the pictures to pore over? But he couldn't dissolve the uneasiness, the distaste. He went to the kitchen for drinks while Art changed the film. When the doorbell rang and he heard the front door burst open, he nearly dropped the glasses.

"Hey! Anybody home?"

He froze where he was, naked, in the act of pushing the swing door with his foot.

"Wait a second," Art shouted. "Hold it right there."

Robie heard him moving quickly in the living room, the muffled thud of his feet on the thick carpet, his breathing. The swing door opened. Art's hand flung his clothes through. The door flapped shut. Hurriedly Robie dressed, while beyond the door Art managed to sound jovial, welcoming the intruder. As Robie thrust his feet into his loafers, Art's voice sang out:

"Bring a drink for Harry, will you, Robie?"

With a whistling sigh, Robie moved to the refrigerator. That had been close. Art ought to have remembered to lock the front door. Not that you'd expect anybody on a night like this. The rain roared quietly on the shake roof overhead. And Art's brother rarely came. Still, when he did, he invariably walked right in. Two minutes sooner he would have caught Robie and Art in a position no amount of explaining would have helped. And Harry would have been shocked.

Occupant of a pretentious house mortgaged twice over, driver of expensive new automobiles whose payments he could never quite meet, victimized by a wife to whom clothes and country club meant life, sending a daughter to a private college when in reality he couldn't afford the modest expenses even of a state uni-

versity, lavishing upon his son all of the best, clothes, cars, vacations at ski resorts and Florida beaches, when he had nothing with which to be lavish, forever failing at job after job, yet forever convinced he was about to be manager, vice president, chairman of the board—Harry was dauntlessly and irretrievably conventional. The shock would have torn him apart.

With a shake of his head, Robie poured Jack Daniels over ice cubes, set the three squat glasses on a tray and, trying to stop trembling, carried them into the living room.

Art was saying, "So I thought I'd try a few portraits tonight."

Harry was examining the camera. He was shorter than his older brother, square and sturdy, his yellow hair at 40 thinning above a ruddy, genial face, hopeful, innocent blue eyes. "Yes, sir, our little yellow brothers know their stuff. Beautiful piece of equipment. Jimmy's doing great with the one I bought him. Did I tell you he took a red ribbon at the Fair this year? Next year it'll be a blue, or his old man doesn't know a sure thing when he sees it. Kid's hardly ever out of that darkroom I built for him in the garage" He looked up, saw Robie, and his geniality evaporated. "Oh, hello Robie. You still around?" He took a glass from the tray and sat down.

"I'm still around," Robie smiled.

He was used to Harry's hostility. It no longer bothered him. There was nothing hard to understand about it. Harry simply resented anybody else getting anything from his brother. For Robie to keep out of Harry's way was no hardship. It pained him to see how patiently time and again Art parted with money to support Harry's fantastic pretensions. And without thanks. Jimmy's camera and darkroom, for example, had both been paid for by Art.

"You two will want to talk." He handed Art his drink. "I'll go type some bills. Holler if you want more booze. I'll get it."

"We'll manage," Art smiled. "Thanks, Robie."

"Yeah," Harry grunted. Then he sat forward, eagerly gripping Art's knee. "Doc, you know how much it means to a woman to keep up with the rest of the gals. There's this European tour Esther Parkinson and the other Chamber of Commerce wives want to take. The thing about it is, it won't only help Helen, it'll help me, too, if I can swing it. When you think of the good it can do, it seems a shame not to be able to raise a few hundred miserable bucks"

Robie shut the bedroom door, set his glass on the desk, snapped on the intense little lamp over the glossy blue portable, and sat down to sort receipts. For an hour he tapped the white plastic keys. Art came in for his check book and went out again. Robie heard the front door shut. Then Art was back, bending over him. He turned up his face and Art kissed his mouth. He smelled of whisky, good cologne, and, 18 hours since he'd shaved, his face was raspy. Robie nipped his ear. "Any objection to bed?"

Beside the bed there was a phone. Hours later it rang. Art rolled heavily away from the warm and naked boy asleep beside him. His big hand groped out for the instrument, fumbled it, bumped it painfully against his mouth.

"Doctor speaking."

"Doc, Myra's water busted," the receiver squawked. "Guess the baby's coming. You want to get out here?"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes, Andy." Art swung his feet to the floor, reached out in the dark for his shirt. "Don't panic. This kind of thing happens a thousand times a day. Nothing to get excited about." He

hung up, staggered to his feet, dragged on his clothes.

From the bed, Robie murmured drowsily, "What is it?"

"Andy Clifford's wife is about to spawn. Go to sleep. I'll see you in the morning."

Art shrugged into his suit jacket, took his trenchcoat and emergency bag from the closet. There was no need to turn on lights. The routine was habitual. Grumbling inwardly, he walked through the dark house to the door that opened from the kitchen into the garage. Fool girl ought to be in the hospital, but she said they couldn't afford it, which was true, and that, anyway, her mother had had all her babies at home. Grimly Art wished that mother was alive tonight to deliver this one.

He set the bag on the front seat of the car, hoisted the garage door and shivered in the cold rush of wet air. As he turned back to climb into the car, something checked him. For a minute he stood blinking, troubled. Then he went back into the house. In the bedroom, he stared down at the sleeping Robie, who lay on his back, breathing shallowly through parted lips, head half turned on the pillow, lashes lying dark on his cheeks.

The lashes fluttered. "Forget something?"

"Remembered something," Art said. He bent and kissed the boy. "Good-bye, Robie," he whispered.

Then he returned to the car.

The rain poured across the windshield. The highway was new. It shone glossily in the glare of the headlights. But the road for which he left it after a few miles, the road that would take him to Clifford's farm, was not new. Its shoulders were mud. Its narrow strip of paving was many times patched. The tires thumped across the

patches with the sound of drunken drums. The night was black.

He pushed the throttle. Myra Clifford's pelvic measurements were narrow. That could mean trouble. He felt an urgency to be there now, in the bleak little bedroom of the runty, stucco farmhouse. The trip seemed to be taking longer than it should. What time was it? He tried to look at his watch. The sleeve of the trenchcoat caught on it. He shook it free. Ten till four. He looked up.

In front of him loomed a battered pickup truck, not a light showing, nobody inside. Its front wheels were mired in the shoulder gumbo. Its sharp, shovel-shaped back end reared half across the paved strip. He tramped the brake pedal, wrenched the wheel. No good. Not at this speed. Not in this rain. The stalled pickup rushed at him, nightmarish. *No, he thought, this can't be happening to me. Then he thought, Robie!*

Then he no longer thought.

"You better drink." His Uncle Clyde got up, huge, unsteady, from the kitchen table, rattled clumsy hands among dirty dishes in the sink, rinsed a glass for him. "Drink hard, Robie, boy. There's no other true solace. Not in books, for example . . ." He waved an arm to indicate the shelves that crowded even the kitchen walls of this house, weighted with a thousand dusty volumes.

When Robie was little, books had been all life to Clyde Walker, as flowers had been all life to his frail wife Clara. Their farm had been a magic place to Robie then—color, perfume, the sleepy drone of bees outdoors, indoors wisdom and warmth and humor. Clyde and Clara were like grownup children. He had spent enchanted summers here.

"No solace in books," Clyde repeated, "no salvation in wisdom. Only in booze. They knock it, but it's saved

many a man's sanity, Robie. Saved mine when Clara died."

He hulked to the cluttered table, picked up the bottle and sloshed bright brown whisky into the glass. He thrust the glass into Robie's hand, who stood just inside the screen door, dumb and stiff with shock, mud on his shoes from the wet farmyard, the morning sun an unwanted caress on his back. He put the glass to his mouth and drank deep and long.

He sat wordless on the chair, facing his uncle's broad, leathery, beard-stubbed face, and drank till the face became that of a dying lion before him, and the kind, gruff voice became the sick roar of a lion, and then Robie went outside and was very sick off the broken porch in a stunning blaze of sunlight, and then he was in his Uncle Clyde's arms and laid on a bed and undressed and left senseless in the day-dark, to come back slowly out of pain into pain that must be killed again with whisky, killed and killed and, like a snake, not dying.

Days passed. He lay on the bed where his Aunt Clara had coughed out her gentle life, a cheap, iron bedstead, its white paint long ago turned yellow. To try to keep out the fury of the sun, he had pulled down the limp green roller shade. But light leaked in at its frayed edges and he could see himself dimly reflected in the wavy glass of the oval dresser mirror. He lay listless, clad only in shorts, and he looked to himself small, pallid, somebody else, somebody he vaguely remembered, somebody about ten years old.

He turned his eyes from the glass to count and recount the cabbage roses of the weary wallpaper, once red, now pale brown. He raised his eyes to study for the hundredth time the yellow patterns made by rain leaks on the ceiling. He rolled on to

his shrunken belly to stare over the edge of the thin mattress at the faded rag rug. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the bright tumble of his clothes, brought sometime by somebody, and dumped in the corner of the room. He rolled away from the sight, faced the wall. What had become of his want to die? Hadn't he enough will left even for that?

A car drove into the yard. He heard it with dull indifference. Its motor was small and fierce sounding. The chickens squawked and flapped. The dog barked. Someone spoke to the dog. The car door slammed. There was the loose flap of the kitchen screen, his Uncle Clyde's voice. Then Clyde was standing in the bedroom doorway.

"Get dressed. Young Jimmy Mohr's here, and he's got a little girl friend with him. Wants to talk to you."

Robie said, "I don't want to talk to anybody."

"It's time you did. You know I was already an old man when Clara went. My life was over anyway. Hell, you're not twenty yet. I know you're half girl, but you're not all that dainty. Get up. Maybe his old man's had a change of conscience. Maybe the kid's brought some money."

"Clyde, I've told you I don't care about the money."

"Get up anyway. It's time you did. Put on your clothes. Here." He stooped over the heap of color and tossed a shirt and a pair of chinos on to the bed. "Shake a leg." And Clyde stood stubborn till Robie obeyed, took a feeble first step back toward living.

He didn't put on shoes. He stood on the baked porch boards and stared at Jimmy Mohr, who was like his father, square-built, blond, scrubbed looking, with straight blue eyes. In his hand was an envelope. Beyond him, in the jaunty red MG, a pretty,

dark-haired girl sat and smiled at him. "What is it?" Robie asked.

Jimmy said, "I've . . . got something for you. Can I come in a minute?"

Behind Robie, Clyde Walker said, "Come on in."

All right. What did it matter that the house was filthy, that the boy's crisp, clean clothes might catch dust and cobwebs? It didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

"Come in," Robie said.

In the kitchen, the boy said, "I guess I better talk to you alone. . . ." His young face reddened and he glanced in Clyde's direction. Clyde, an intense look in his bloodshot eyes, eager about the money—well, whisky was expensive, and he kept a poor farm poorly, and the idealism of his bookish days was far behind him—nodded toward the hall.

"This way," Robie said. And, once in the bedroom, with the door shut, "Now, what is it?"

"These pictures." Jimmy held out the envelope. "There were these rolls of film in Uncle Doc's house. Dad brought them to me. Said Uncle Doc was taking them the night before he . . . before the accident. Said I should develop them, print them, see

what they were. Maybe we'd want to keep them to remember him by."

Robie did not touch the envelope. He stared at it but he did not touch it. He had forgotten. He had remembered so much, too much. But the pictures he had forgotten. He felt cold in the pit of his stomach.

"You mean. . . ." His throat was dry. He swallowed. "You mean, your father saw them?"

Jimmy laughed and shook his head. "I told him they didn't come out, said I screwed up the developing, the negs came out blank."

"Did they?"

"No. They're great. Uncle Doc was a swinger with that Hashica. Look at them."

Numbly Robie accepted the envelope, broke the seal, took out the prints, crisp, glossy, very black and white. Himself, naked, sex up. He looked at the impassive face of the boy.

"Thank you, Jimmy," he said.

"Forget it," the boy said. "Listen, Bev's waiting. I have to cut out. So long, Robie."

He opened the bedroom door and trotted down the hall and left Robie standing with the photographs in his hand.

TANGENTS

SENATOR KUCHEL KICKS BACK

A secret three-week hearing with 43 witnesses by the LA County Grand Jury resulted in indicting 4 men for libeling US Senator Kuchel (R-Calif.) which centered around an affidavit depicting him as committing a homosexual act. It stemmed from a 2-11-50 incident when a cop, Krause, said he got the impression that two men whose car he stopped were engaged in a homosexual act and that one was Kuchel. When at the hearing Krause (now an ex-cop) was confronted with the arrest records with fingerprints indicating neither had been Kuchel, Krause refused to withdraw his story but is believed to admit some doubt about it.

Perhaps the key to what appears to be a flimsy story is the fact that one man indicted is Francis Capell, publisher of the ultra-right HERALD OF FREEDOM. Kuchel refused to come out for Goldwater, and he has always been so vote-popular even with democrats that a smear is about all that could hurt him.

PHILIP ROTH ON PANSY RHETORIC

"The Play That Dare Not Speak Its Name" is the heading of Philip Roth's viciously anti-homosexual diatribe in the 2-25-65 NY REVIEW on Edward Albee's new play, TINY ALICE.

In WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, writes Roth, Albee "attempted to move beyond the narrowness of his personal interests," but TINY ALICE has "pansy rheto-

ric and repartee." Albee "seems to have introduced the Catholic Church into the play so that he can have some of the men dressed up in gowns." And the last line shows Roth's red-hot hate is actually against not only this play and this playwright but others:

"How long before a play is produced on Broadway in which the homosexual hero is presented as a homosexual, and not disguised as an angst-ridden priest, or an angry Negro, or an aging actress; or, worst of all, Everyman?"

The naming (in everything but name) of the last three playwrights shows that Mr. Roth is infuriated by the fact that some homosexuals can write about heterosexuals — and (perhaps the crux of the thing), superbly so — which nobody has yet said about the writing of Mr. Roth. Maybe Mr. Roth would get more art in his writings if he moved beyond the narrowness of his personal hetero interests and wrote about us pansies.

To attack homosexuality through a weak play is pitiful. To ask why homosexual playwrights don't write about homosexuals is just plain dim-witted. It is like asking a Jew why he didn't march right up to Hitler with prayer shawl, skull cap, the Torah in one hand, a flaming menorah in the other, with his fly open and flaunting his circumcision and say, "Please, sir, I'm afraid you might miss me,

I'm tired of waiting for the gas chamber, let's go."

Just because Mr. Roth can write about American-Jewish people (his specialty), it does not follow that famous homosexual playwrights can (at least under their own names) without persecution write about homosexuals. There are no laws against acts stemming from being Jewish. Does Mr. Roth have no idea of the laws against homosexuality and of the number of homosexuals now in prison? Doesn't he know homosexuals have always been known as the easiest prey of the vice squad?

More and more we see these blind-hate reviewers, like Taubman of the NY TIMES and Kolodin of the SatReview. Recently a world-famous novelist in a speech to Friends of ONE said that one review in the LA TIMES of his latest work was so insanely written due to blind hatred of homosexuals that it could be viewed as only "racist;" can it be, as he suggests, that since it is no longer respectable to be anti-Negro, etc., we homosexuals are going to inherit the bitter salt of the earth's "racist" hatred?

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS

The producer of the sensationally successful TV shows, THE DEFENDERS and THE DOCTORS & THE NURSES, said their success is because they're not afraid of controversial subjects and they've covered about everything but homosexuality "and sooner or later we'll hit that" . . . A judge in Montreal fined a man a grand for exhibiting a homosexual film and screamed that homosexuals are on the increase. But not nearly as fast as the heteros . . . The 1-28-65 BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PRESS had a frothy-mouthed article

by Albert Bernstein on banning Whitman from schools 'cause he was homosexual . . . In the Nebraska State Legislature a bill was introduced prohibiting publications depicting sexual perversion, and in California one was introduced that would bring male homosexuals under the state's anti-prostitution law . . . A booklet from Denmark called INTERNATIONAL NUDIST SUN we hear features male nudes with excellent photography . . . A 40-year-old bachelor Navy Lt. Commander whose home is in Carmel was found guilty by court martial of five homosexual acts, and his attorney says he'll appeal . . . In a 1-31-65 NY TIMES interview with superb actress Kim Stanley, she says she wanted to do the lead in WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF but the author nixed her cause he thought she was too soft and womanly, and she asks, "But I don't think that woman should be dikey, do you?" . . . The LA TIMES said "reader complaints" were the cause of sending out a note to stage & screen accounts saying they'll not run ads with certain words — included were "homosexual, lesbian, third sex" . . . In the 2-13-65 SatEvePost, a Vassar sociology prof. Dr. Leslie Koempel in WHY GET MARRIED? poohpoohs today's conformity craze. She cites Princeton's list of history's ten biggest contributors to advancement of knowledge as containing three bachelors—Plato, da Vinci & Newton. Also on that list are Socrates, Aristotle & Shakespeare. All six have homophile listings. And there is a startling listing of the composer Schubert as homophile in Colin Wilson's new book, THE ORIGINS OF THE SEXUAL IMPULSE, which to our knowledge is a unique listing—any Schubert experts in the audience with info on this?

Three Poems

by Douglas Empringham

1 Before you leave the shower stall
you pause. And with your hands
sweep the water
from your scarfskin
You are well anointed with summer
And the band of paleness
at the center
of your sun-dyed height is like
the pale band
at the center of a bow

2 Our bed linen
is white
But it does not suggest
purity. For the whiteness
of our linen think
of a blindman's cane
Or of a flag used to surrender

3 With your legs drawn up
Your thighs are
as loose as swarms of bees
Unadorned with a quarter-cowl
Your unicorn-device seems as
precarious as soap sculpture

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by Jane Race

What is a lesbian? According to a recent correspondent in *The Ladder*, "A true lesbian is a male entity." That the writer explains and supports this statement with a few superficial arguments drawn from the theory of reincarnation is extraneous. What is relevant is that this view (there is no need to discuss its male counterpart here) is widely held among homosexuals and heterosexuals. It is high time that this belief, which places the non-masculine part of the female homophile world in some nameless limbo, be examined.

If *The Ladder's* correspondent and her many co-believers are convinced of the truth of this statement, then the women who accept and return their love differ in no way from other women. Rather—I exclude here those who through ignorance are led to believe that their lover or husband is a man—for reasons unstated and presumably unknown they have chosen to ally themselves with creatures who are but sorry imitations of that crown of creation, man. If this is the case, if knowing and having available true men, these women willfully prefer men in women's bodies (whatever the explanation of this sad plight), then here is true perversion, and *The Ladder's* correspondent should eschew all commerce with such baggage.

Self-vaunting, at the expense of the love object, is a product of the late 19th century. Up to that time, the lesbian found her sex far more of an asset than a handicap. It gave her a freedom of association with women which no man could hope to have. In both European and Oriental societies, the separation of the sexes, both in duties and pastimes, created a situation where lesbianism could and did exist as a matter of course. Although one of the two women thus involved often influenced or even dominated the other, she usually did so not by imitating a man but by presenting something of a contrast to the too-often convenience-chosen husband.

While literature, history and even folksong afford many examples of women dressing and living as men, and even going into battle, yet in most cases the motives had nothing to do with lesbianism. Though Xerxes might declare of Artemisia after the battle of Salamis (480 B.C.) that the men fought like women and the women like men, Artemisia's motives for her naval exploits lay in political necessity, not in any confusion of mind and body.

Mu Lan cut her cloudlike hair, bought horse and armor, and marched away to the northern frontiers of

China to save an aging father and underage brother from a conscription that took no cognizance of such conditions. For centuries she has been revered as an example of filial piety. On her return, laden with a grateful emperor's bounty, she married.

In a day when religious belief is tepid and foreign armies reduce to rubble only the villages of distant lands, it is easy to claim Joan of Arc as a lesbian. But an examination of the record will not support this idea. It is amply clear that her cropped hair and male attire were both symbols of and sacrifices to her mission. Furthermore, in the seventy charges brought against her at her trial, she is accused (charges eight and nine) of having left her parents to live in a house of ill fame, and to have attempted to force a man to marry her. The 54th charge accuses her of refusing the service of women and "initiating men into the most secret intimacy of her private life." Considering the breadth of the other 67 charges and the unflagging determination to destroy her, surely a charge of masquerading for the purpose of seducing women would

have been introduced if it had not been too far fetched for even her accusers.

An 18th century folksong tells us of "Sweet Polly Oliver" who stole her brother's clothes and ran off to war. Alas, it was in order to be near the young Captain she loved.

George Sand dressed as a man and may have had a brief lesbian relationship, but her energies were devoted to one affair after another with the male literary and musical lions of her time.

Throughout the centuries, from Sappho, who had no delusions about male entities in female bodies, through Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman (Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough), to Colette, there have been enduring and influential lesbian relationships. The point to be stressed is that, except where idle curiosity or a known traumatic experience are the incentives to such relationships, no matter how feminine in dress or mannerisms one of the partners may be, her lesbianism is no less a fact than her lover's.

Jane Race

WOMEN

A CONTEST ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

Win a choice of the following books:

SEX VARIANT IN LITERATURE by Jeannette H. Foster

SEXUAL DEVIATIONS IN THE FEMALE by Louis S. London, M.D.

THE GARDEN a novel by Katherin Perutz

The rules for this contest are simple:

1. Send us the name and address of a friend who might be interested in a membership to ONE, along with the title of the book of your choice.
2. Upon the receipt of **her** membership fee, we will send you your free book.

Send all particulars and inquiries to:

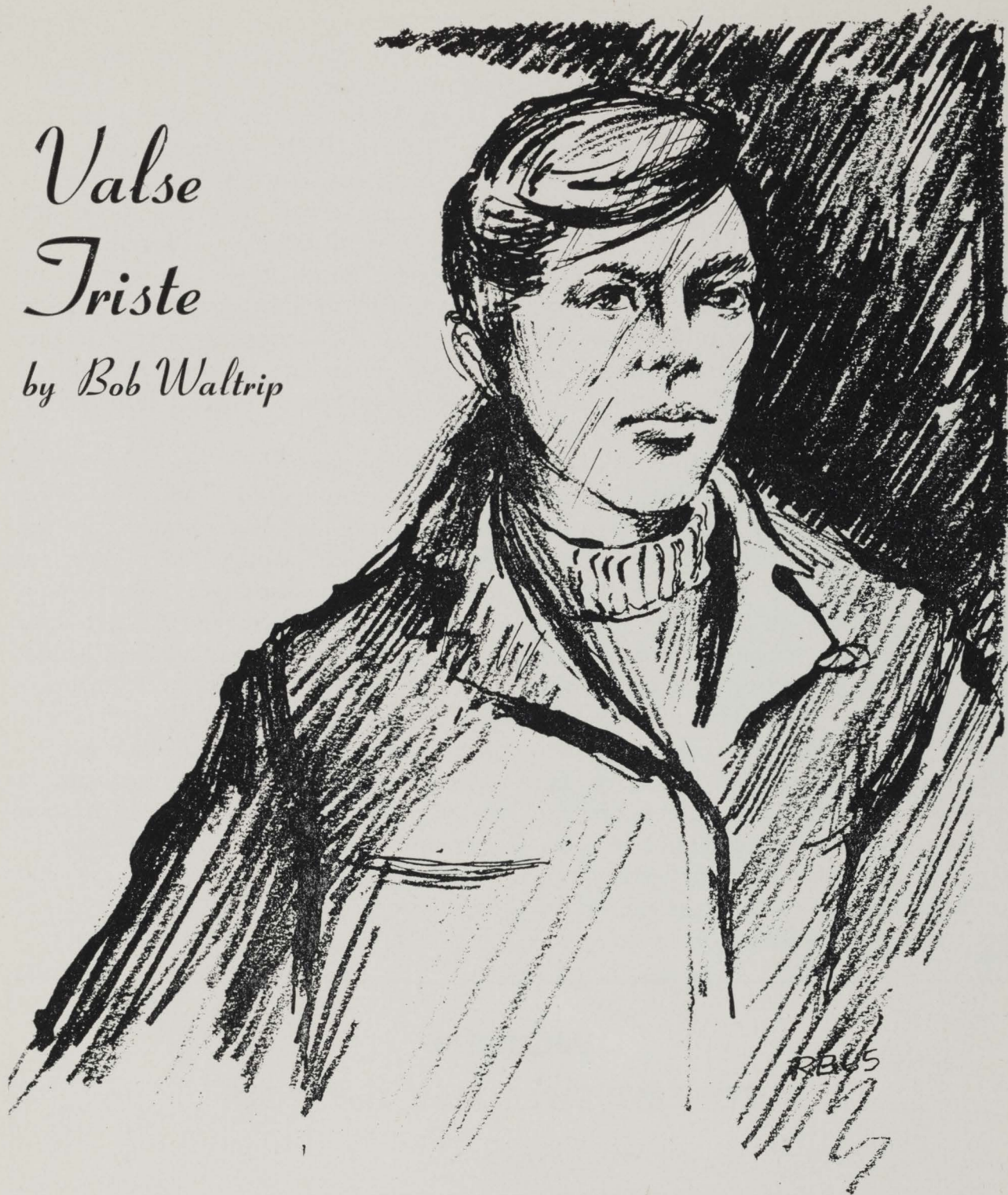
ONE INCORPORATED

2256 Venice Boulevard

L.A. 6, Calif.

Valse Triste

by Bob Waltrip



"I really loved you, Mike," I said, sitting in the absurd little car as it splashed along the rain-wet street. "I gave you everything I had. God, I would have given you my life."

Mike said nothing, but stared through the windshield, biting his lower lip and doing busy, preoccupied things with the gear shift.

"I owe you a lot," he finally answered, stopping for a red light and looking over at me. "You tried to teach me things. But I was so dumb. Jesus, you should have hit me on the head and told me to wake up."

"I tried."

"Jesus."

"It's been five years," I said. "Just think. I haven't seen you for five years, and suddenly here I am sitting in your car like nothing has happened. It's kind of unbelievable, and kind of sad."

"I owe you a lot," he said.

"Stop saying that. You make me feel old."

"You're only in your twenties," he said.

"I feel like I'm eighty. An old man. A defeated old man."

"Umm."

"I thought you'd be married now," I said, "with a wife and a couple of kids. But here you are. As fruity as I am. I never thought you'd admit you're queer. I was convinced you'd make what they call a 'heterosexual adjustment.' When I saw you in that gay bar tonight I was shocked. Now I feel like it's all my fault, somehow."

"It's not, really," Mike said. "If it hadn't been you, it would have been somebody else."

He suddenly swerved and turned into the driveway of a hamburger stand. He stopped the car with a flourish and left the headlights on to attract the car hop. A woman in her forties limped over to us on aching feet and stooped and peered into the window.

"Couple of hamburgers and Cokes," Mike said, flashing her one of his brightest Joe College smiles. Unimpressed, she went back to the stand and called in the order.

"I love the rain," I said, looking out the window at the slow, steady fall of it. It was cold, but everything smelled fresh. The smog-smoke smell of L.A. was temporarily washed away by it.

"Remember that night when it was raining and we went up to Stadium Hill?" Mike asked, leaning back and putting his arm across the back of the seat.

Oh, God help me. Did I remember? How painfully and pitifully I loved Mike? With what trembling hands and sweating palms I drove my old convertible up that hill in the rain that night? It was so sad, so sad now to remember the wild glory of being made love to by Mike—the sound of him saying "Oh God, oh God," over and over again, while my white-socked feet waved a merry salute to the departure of innocence. How fiercely I held him against me, feeling all that hair and muscle and maleness.

"Yes," I said, still looking out the window. "I remember."

There was a long pause. I could feel Mike's hand on the seat behind me, and it was all I could do not to lean back and touch it with my shoulder.

"I've often wondered how you did it," he said.

"Did what?"

"Have a mutual climax."

"Oh Christ," I said, laughing helplessly. "Oh shit."

"What? What's the matter?"

"Is that all you remember? I mean, is that what you remember most about it?"

Mike was looking at me with an idiotic half-smile on his face, like someone who had not quite caught the point of a joke.

"I . . ."

"I'm a fool," I said. "I should know by now that you didn't give a damn for me. But for five years I've nursed the hope that you did—just a little."

He was trying to think of something to say. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, then wet his lips, then rubbed them dry with the back of his hand. He looked down at the palms of his hands—curiously, as if they were something new and slightly alien.

The car hop brought the hamburgers—limp, sodden monuments to the high art of American frying. Mike took his and looked suspiciously inside it. Then he took an enormous bite and started chewing noisily. The Cokes tasted like disinfectant. I took a bite of my hamburger and a big blob of juice ran out into my hand.

Mike looked different now after five years. He was wearing his hair longer. He was still beautiful. He was still heavily-muscled, still dark and young and perfect. I chewed the hamburger and tried to swallow, but my stomach was so leaden that it was hard to do. So many sad, terrible memories came back at the sight of Mike that I wanted to do something to make them stop. I wanted to scream and smash my fist through the windshield. I wanted to jump on him and kiss him and love him and hug him right in front of the car hop and everybody. I wondered if—underneath those tight-fitting clothes—his body still looked the same. I couldn't really recall how it did look. But I remembered it as perfect. That was the tragedy. There was nothing imperfect about him that I could use as a stabilizing point and thus preserve my sanity.

Oh, I wanted Mike again. I wanted to be swallowed up by those arms. I wanted to be kissed. Mike had never kissed me, even back then. There had been nothing five years ago but sex. But now that Mike realized he was gay there was even less possibility of it. I knew that Mike would never touch me again. I knew it beyond a shadow of a doubt, and it was killing me.

"You know," I said, putting the hamburger down on the dashboard, "My heart is waltzing, just like in the movies. But it's a slow . . . dead . . . heavy waltz."

He looked at me.

"That sounds trite doesn't it? But I can't help being maudlin. I remember everything about you. I'm still in love with you." (It was killing me, saying this.) "I never got over you."

"I . . . what?"

"I want you still," I said. "I want you again."

Unable to stand it any longer, I reached across and put my hand on his thigh. Touching it, feeling it, grasping it, dear God, for my very life.

"But . . . I couldn't," he said, moving his leg. "It's unthinkable. Sex is for a lover, or for someone you'll never see again."

I took my hand away. We looked at each other for a long time.

"And I'm neither," I said. "I'm not your lover. And that's the truth."

Mike looked about, then wiped his mouth with the paper napkin, then rearranged the disarray on the serving tray the car hop had attached to the window.

"You're the most intelligent person I've ever known," Mike said, looking away from me.

"But I'm ugly," I said.

"Don't say that."

"Why not?"

"Well . . . don't torture yourself by talking like that."

"What do you care?"

"Richard, I . . . I can't help it if I don't love you."

When he said that he turned and looked at me. Oh, he was so beautiful—like a little boy. His face was drawn into a frown, and he looked as though he were going to cry. I wanted to cry, myself. I wanted to fall into his arms

and wail and beat my fists against his chest in anguish. I wanted *comfort*. I wanted to do something to release this *feeling* inside me. It was so awful. It was so unbearable.

I rolled down the window and picked up the glass of Coke and threw it with all my might. It hit the driveway and broke into a thousand pieces. The car hop immediately bore down on me, swinging her arms at her sides.

"That'll cost you thirty cents," she said. "That'll cost you *thirty cents*."

"All right," I said.

Mike was sitting there, looking at me.

"What the hell you mean throwin' glasses out the window," the car hop yelled, towering over me. "I outta make you clean it up."

"All right," I answered. "Goddamn it, I said *all right*!"

"Don't you swear at me, young man!"

Mike hurriedly paid. The car hop yanked the tray off the door so hard that the other glass upset and crashed to the pavement. Mike backed out. As we swung onto the street I leaned out the window and, as loud as I could, screamed, "FUCK YOU!" to the car hop.

I felt better.

Mike said nothing. We drove to my apartment. Mike parked at the curb in front and left the motor running. We looked at each other.

"Thanks for the ride home," I said.

"S'okay."

"Will I see you again?"

"Yes. I want to be your friend. Now that I understand so many things I want to show you that I understand."

"So you want to be buddies, huh?" I said. "You want to be *pals*."

"Yes."

"Goddamn you."

"What?"

"I'm still in love with you. Can't you understand that? After five years I still love you as much as I ever did."

"I know. I understand how you feel."

"You don't either."

"I'm in love with someone myself."

"I don't want to hear about it."

"Please," Mike said. "Can't we just be good friends?"

"I don't know," I said, opening the door. "I don't know if I could stand it."

"Will you call me?"

"Maybe."

I got out and slammed the door. Mike gunned the motor and the car sped down the street. The goddamn rain was falling on my bare head. I stood and watched the receding tail lights.

"Go to hell!" I shouted after him.

Someone's dog started barking.

"Goddamn it," I said, standing there in the rain. In my coat pocket was the piece of paper with Mike's telephone number on it. I held it in my hand as tight as I could.

"Goddamn it," I said. "Oh shit."

And the stupid rain was falling all over my head.

THE DRINKING PARTY

By Stephan Foy

The last authenticated appearance of the Wandering Jew was on the Brooklyn Bridge on the evening of April 16, 1958, a Wednesday.

He was standing in under the southeast arch back there. That flamingo-necked lamp crashed the yellow light off its enamel shade and sent it down in a cone under the vaulted gloom of the night arch to blacken the small form of the stoop-shouldered man.

If you stand on the bridge in the winter when the dark comes early and the offices are still working there's so many lights the city's a forest of Christmas trees for lights, a blizzard of lights, but the black it sits in is so real that the sheets of windows become walls of dominoes riveted up with braille that must dam back the nothing, and the city still lies at the bottom of the night like a dime under a boulder.

In the early morning though, or in the evenings of middle-year when the sun outwears the office day, then the industrial angles of the gray buildings frame no perforation of the night; seen from the bridge then, the bone-colored buildings that take the sinking sun in bloody draughts down under the glass ribs look—have a different mood.

Bridges rest on sinister things. No river submits its back to a bridge without the assuage of blood or immurement. Peter of Colechurch was supposed to have sprinkled the wet mortar of London Bridge with ladies' blood to keep it standing six hundred years. Many poor men died in the caissons under this bridge.

So that's where he stood, right in there. No, seriously. But your hand is awfully cold. Are you all right? You're sure? It's cold up here at night.

No, that was the last time he was seen. Lonely. watching Manhattan. He stood up here, above the dirty river that slides out of its own black mouth into the sea. That's the new Narrows Bridge. See it out there, a long way above the water, its span is all beaded with lights like a wet spiderweb. The ocean's beyond that.

I don't know what he was doing here. Just waiting. But you look cold. Come on, skinny, we'll go back. You are so. Agathon's play won the prize, I was told, and he was supposed to have old friends in for a drinking party. But I'm afraid we're too late.

BOOKS

GREEK LOVE by J. Z. Eglinton,
Oliver Layton Press, New York,
1964, 504 pages, \$12.95.

We can only speculate on why we should now have this excellent book on the subject of sexual relations between men and boys. One might suppose that it reflects a growing interest in sex of all types and that it reflects a change in attitude toward sex on the part of the general population.

It is interesting that, as usual, it has taken a layman to do what we had a right to expect experts to do. But once we have considered the foregoing, it must be said that Dr. Albert Ellis was right on at least one point he made in his postscript to this book:

"*Greek Love* is a truly remarkable work . . . the only comprehensive work in any language, to my knowledge, that unequivocally espouses the right of an older male to have social-sexual relations with a young boy. . . . It is sober, scholarly, and both figuratively and literally a weighty tract that ranges far and wide through the byways of history, sociology, psychology, and literature to unearth and present a massive amount of material on Greek love. Quite aside from its polemic nature, it manages to amass between its covers more primary and secondary data on this interesting subject than any other work."

Eglinton first answers the arguments that anonymous critics have leveled against such sex acts and a

book on such acts. He then discusses the problems involved, lists and considers the parts of the Bible usually cited to prove such acts sinful, discusses the laws and such authors as Hirschfeld, who have published work in the field of man-boy sex. He then points out the good that can come to both the adult and the boy from Greek love and lists possible varieties of the sexual act. He gives case histories of affairs successful and unsuccessful, and concludes that in the unsuccessful relationships, the fact that the affair ended hurt the child rather than helped him.

The ages of the boys considered by Eglinton in this book are from 12 to 17. He concludes that a boy younger is incapable of benefiting from such an affair, and a boy older should already have entered the sexual life of his own age group.

Documentation on acceptance or rejection of Greek love in world history is given. Facts concerning this kind of love in Greece are brought out which contradict ideas commonly held today. Eglinton believes there was little Greek love in Ancient Rome or in the Middle ages. He believes that it came back into being with the Renaissance. We are shown it in Shakespeare's sonnets as well as in the works of Ancient Greece.

A glance at the index and bibliography and footnotes to this work will reveal its admirable thoroughness.

W.E.G.

**INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL
OF GREEK LOVE**, Oliver Lay-
ton Press, New York.

If Greek love were to materialize long enough to utter a few words, these words would likely be: "I have been dumb for well nigh 25 centuries, but now, finally, I have again a voice in the affairs of men!" Yes, Greek love has, with the appearance of the first issue of the *International Journal of Greek Love* found its voice. And what a soul-stirring voice it is—telling of a love which for many men has been and is a thing of the spirit. For such a love transcends perishable values attached to flesh and bone, and reaches for spiritual values of imperishable worth.

We should all rejoice at the appearance of this new quarterly so boldly devoted to this long neglected topic. But our joy, we find, is somewhat tarnished by one glaring shortcoming in this first try. It is the absence of what should have been its main feature: an historical tableau anchoring Greek love within the framework of history. True, such tableaux are presented in many of the best books on Greek love, but magazine readers (a completely new audience for the subject) who open for the first time a magazine by this title will immediately have to have the subject set in perspective to discover the meaning of so many things—to know what counts, to justify themselves to themselves, if need be, in the light of their newly acquired knowledge. In the absence of such orientation, the magazine reader is apt to feel cheated and deluded. This first issue of the *International Journal of Greek Love* will be, for many of its readers, the very first picture of the Greek love phenomenon.

That it reproduces some aspects of the truth of this phenomenon without the distortions which characterize so many other representations offered for

sale, and makes the subject so commonly available is to the credit of its editors and publishers.

The shortcomings of this first effort may be redeemed in future issues. The editors have only to show that what Goethe said of boy love is true: that it is as old as nature, and that in its best times it has inspired men to reach for the highest truths and live in an almost perfect symmetry of body and soul. The editors may want to open the pages of their next few issues to the confessions, as it were, of boy lovers from all over the world. There must be many voices of those who would like to sing the praises of their love; they have been so long muted.

This, of course, is the truly remarkable aspect of the *International Journal of Greek Love*: here at last is genuine public discussion of the subject. Let us hope that the journal will have ethical and educational consequences which we can all call good.
M. P.

**THE BOY, A PHOTOGRAPHIC
ESSAY.** Book Horizons, New
York, 1964. \$25.00.

All the 400 photographs of pre-pubescent boys in this sumptuous out-sized album are excellent. For boy-lovers (except those who insist on pornography), I would judge this a must even at \$25.00. However, as most of the photos are clothed and there is only one front-view nude, some may call the album prudish. Still there is certainly no dearth of rear-view nudes.

Boy-love is a ticklish subject, not only because of the law but because of personal taste. One of our editors is opposed even to reviewing this work, contending that boy-love has little or nothing to do with homosexuality, nothing to do with ONE. I suppose there is among homosexuals, just as with chickens, a pecking order

or a somebody-to-look-down-on hierarchy.

Seeing this sumptuous album, I wistfully thought of Shaw's "Youth is such a wonderful thing, what a pity to waste it on children." A similar album of mature males has, alas, never been done, the closest thing being the modest volumes by *Der Kreis*.

Of importance is the fact that probably ten years ago nobody would have dared to publish this book. Of course, it is done now only with camouflage, but only the over-sublimated will miss all those bare bottoms and the significance of beginning the preface with a line on youth by Lord Byron—especially if one has read Knight's *Lord Byron's Marriage*, which contains a frank explanation of a main attraction (tightness) this particular segment of our world holds for some men, particularly bisexuals.

K. O. N.

SEX BEHAVIOR OF THE HOMOSEXUAL, Lucius B. Steiner, Gavell Corp., Hollywood, 75c.

The author begins this paperback with a preface that appears to be objective. He seems sincere in an attempt to enlighten the reader. And on the surface this seems like good journalism. However, the reader begins to wonder what is in store for him, at the first sentence of the introduction: "The homosexual population is increasing with alarming rapidity. . . ." Later, on the first page, leaders of the homophile movement are called vociferous and demanding. Very soon, the reader realizes this is a book dedicated to gossip and distortion, a reiteration of well-worn accusations made by a self-appointed champion of social morality.

The book is arranged like a scholarly case study manuscript. Each chapter presents a case history and after

each case history the author indicates his complete ignorance not only of psychoanalytic terminology but of the latest concepts of psychology. The text is spiced with such statements as, "most homosexuals are neurotic," and "all homosexuals are narcissistic." It is obvious to the knowledgeable reader that such assertions are purely products of the author's imagination.

Little credit is given to qualified experts and very little quoting from experts is done. One sentence is worth quoting in its entirety: "In homosexual studies, patients almost consistently admit sessions where orgasm is achieved over and over again, day after day, without let-up." The author neglects to inquire where the heterosexual newlywed, for example, might stand on this point.

Each chapter is dedicated, according to the author, to a single aspect of homosexuality. All that is accomplished is to link homosexuals with transvestism, pedophilia, fetichism, sexual psychopaths, transsexualism, phallic worship, prostitution, and exhibitionism. The author not only confuses these aberrations with homosexuality but in some cases with each other.

None of these chapters provides what the author in his introduction promised the reader. The author fails to maintain objectivity. Rather he has spent the better part of the book expounding his concepts of morality. He seems to say that any sexual experience other than vaginal penetration for the aim of procreation is contrary to nature.

A distinct impression after reading this book is that Mr. Steiner is more interested in grinding his own ax than understanding homosexuality and its place in the world. His proposed solution to the "problem" is not to live and let live, but rather to "cure." The treatment he advocates is revulsion therapy, less politely known as brain-

washing, and in fact nothing more nor less than cruel and inhuman punishment.

—Tad Bruce

NAKED TO THE NIGHT by K. B. Raul, Paperback Library, 1964, 175 pp., \$3.00 (hard cover).

Rick Talbot, a good looking, small town boy, goes to New York to elude his stepfather's heavy hand. He is seduced, of course, and "made into" a homosexual. He steals a car and drives to Hollywood, where he becomes, in quick order, call boy, kept boy, film star, and corpse.

The blurb would have us believe that this novel begins "where *City of Night* leaves off." Rot. I am strongly tempted to believe that the author does know his subject and does not merely possess a vivid imagination and a well-thumbed copy of the Rechy book, largely because *Naked to the Night* is poorly written, filled with clichés, bad grammar and misspellings.

Yet the trite, routine-tragic ending, and the cheap production of the volume itself would indicate that the publisher's target was the dirty book trade. An attempt has been made to lend authority to this hack job with an introduction by a Dr. S. U. Lawton, who deserves a prize for packing much drivel into little space.

—George Francis

ROUGH TRADE by Lou Rand, and **SUMMER IN SODOM** by Edwin Fey, Argyle Books, Los Angeles, 1964. \$3.95 each.

As a book reviewer I make it an iron-clad rule to read at least 100 pages of any book that I am assigned to review, under the premise that the author, no matter how bad he is, is *bound* to write at least one good sentence. Regrettably, that one good sentence does not appear in either of these books. Mustering Olympian

courage, I was able to read all of *Rough Trade*. However, I was not able to finish *Summer in Sodom*. This book is so thoroughly and unrelentingly bad that it has conquered me. And that is no mean task.

Both these books are written on the assumption that the average book-buying homosexual is a gullible, slavering, sub-normal cretin with absolutely no taste. Lou Rand and Edwin Fey are obviously pseudonyms for the same man, since it is highly unlikely that two different people could write as badly as this. The characters in these books are not people, but gigantic robots, bigger than life. They speak at top volume, and they move in monstrous strides. But for all their bluff and show, they are absolutely silly.

Summer in Sodom is about three perfectly-built Greek gods who cavort on a summer beach somewhere. Each of the boys is perfect—and, consequently, not human at all, since a basic human factor is imperfection. But these boys move their perfect robot bodies and speak their perfect pre-taped robot language. In short, everything is faked. After the first chapter the reader knows that he is being condescended to and patronized. Unless he's a masochist, he throws the book down in indignation and disgust.

Rough Trade is a reprint of a little paperback book that was originally titled *Gay Detective*. It is about a gay detective. Or a detective who acts gay to get in with the gay set where a murder has been committed over a dope ring centered around a bath house in San Francisco (quaintly called "Bay City" in the book). In this book, too, the people are merely robots. The book is so dull and silly that the reader doesn't even care if the murderer is captured. And when he is captured the reader is so bored that he doesn't even re-

member who the murderer is. He's just a name. We can't even remember when he appeared in the book before.

These books are beautifully printed (despite a few proofreading errors) and are beautifully bound. They have beautiful orange and black dust jackets designed by David Costain. But they are like those beautiful bowls of wax fruit you see in department store window displays. Open them up and there's nothing inside but empty space.

If these volumes had been printed as twenty-five cent paperbacks I might be able to forgive them. But at \$3.95 each they are perpetrating a fraud upon the reading public and I must warn that public now. No one should be called upon to pay four dollars for a dime novel.

Don't buy these books. And if

they're so pretty that you just *have* to buy them, don't read them. And if you do read them, don't say that I didn't warn you.

Ray Johnson

MY SPANISH YOUNGSTER by Martin Elmer, Vennens Forlag, Copenhagen, 1964.

The charming Cocteau-like drawing of two nude extremely young boys on the cover of this paperback is misleading. Inside is a very mediocre long stort story of a one-lay affair between a 20-year-old Spaniard killed in the Civil War and an older English prizefighter. The pretentious butch-literary style is an unintentional parody of Hemingway. Just tear off the beautiful cover (by Jorgen Carlsen) and send it to a pedophilic friend.

K.O.N.

LETTERS

Gentlemen:

What you (Jan. Confi) lament is the "orneriness" of human nature, which is not confined to homosexuals. Anyone who works with organizations devoted to the welfare of a group constantly meets with individuals such as you describe. They come to receive, not to give. His writer has for many years worked with trade organizations, where most of the labor is done by the few and the rewards are enjoyed by the many. A considerable percentage of the people in the trade do not bother to join the organization and pay dues, but fully expect to run to the association in a crisis and demand help in such matters as policing fair practises within the industry. Some who are dues-paying members cannot be found when work is to be done. Too, in the established churches there are more to receive than those willing

to give. This seemingly innate trait of human nature is being further encouraged and developed by our present form of government. However the government has the power to tax, even though often unfairly, and the diligent and the thrifty are taxed for the support of those who are wasteful and lacking in ambition. We who work for the many associations that strive to benefit our group must depend on persuasion or giveup.

You have certainly made a point about the "boys," no matter whether 16 or 60 years of age, who have neither ambition nor persistence to make a life of their own. Having parents or other close relatives, they choose to remain **emotional dependents**, and, too often, financial dependents to some degree. This very "home" which they share with heterosexuals, and which hampers their independence, gives them a haven, that is a

sort of a half-a-loaf, and which inhibits their activity in the matter of selecting a permanent partner and establishing a home of their own, where they can have the benefits of companionship and shared interests. For those who trade their birthright for this mess of pottage, time has a way of pulling the props out from under them in some instances, though not in all. Parents die and leave the child to shift for himself. In come such cases, a sister may take over, offering shelter and maintaining the every restrictions the parent had kept up. I once met such a character who was in his sixties and who bemoaned the fact that life was not the same since Mother passed away. Assuming that his was a recent bereavement, I inquired how long it was since he had lost his mother. "Twenty years ago, this coming May 16," I was told.

You article discussed children who must, or feel they must, yield all or much of their independence to parents. This brings up a comparable situation where it is the parent rather than the child who is a homophile. At this particular period in history there are a great many homosexuals who are parents, and, it seems, as time goes on, there will be many more in this position. Since the very essence of parenthood is to protect the young, which had means providing not only food and shelter but social protection as well, the homosexual parent must dissemble. The question is, how long should he afford this protection. All will agree that he should provide it through the tender years, but at what age can a child be allowed to know the truth without causing him some kind of emotional shock? Time has a way of promoting parents into grandparenthood. Then there are grandchildren to be "shielded." As a parent and a grandparent, I can tell you that it is a bit disconcerting to have little grandchildren tell their playmates that they are going to sit their "two grandfathers."

E. A.

Dear Don:

I have just come across an interesting chapter on homosexuality that I thought I would bring to your attention. It is in a recent volume of the 20th Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism. The title of the book is **Law and Morals** by Norman St. John-Stevan and it is number 148 in the series, published by Hawthorne Books, New York for \$3.50.

It is 10 brief pages but does draw attention to the latest views of the Sodom story in Genesis, gives a short but adequate treatment of the history of laws regarding the subject based largely on erroneous views of Scripture. It refers to a Fr. George Hamgaier's book **Moral Problems Now** and

to an article in Theological Studies (March '55) by a Fr. Harvey on "Homosexuality as a Pastoral Problem."

Mr. T.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Sirs,

I sincerely trust that you are preparing some strong reply to the latest does of claptrap—I refer to pages 46 and 47 of **Time** for February 12th (on psychiatric "cures" by Dr. Samuel Hadden)—another "quack" angling for the gay kids' dough by claiming a cure.

Mr. L.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I am interested in perhaps subscribing to your publications. I read in the **Evergreen Review** (Aug-Sept. 1964) that you were offering a sample copy of the Magazine and Quarterly for \$1.00, so here is the \$1. Please send the copies to the address shown above.

Mr. J.
Whittier, California

Dear Friends:

Enclosed are a couple of clippings of rather remote interest.

Seemed the editorial page comments on wiretapping are thoughtful and perceptive, as is much of the editorial material in the **Sun-Times**.

By the way, if I may indulge in a personal note: I recently was accepted for membership in "Mensa," a London-based organization which accepts persons for membership in the upper 2% of IQ level—and seems to be a rather broad-minded group, and not dedicated to any particular extreme philosophy or goals. Has ONE or any other Members come in contact with American "Mensa" at any time? And if so, what has been the reaction?

Mr. N.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor:

I don't want to say that ONE is giving the **Reader's Digest** competition, circulation-wise, but I am happy to see ONE appearing in several new places in the Windy City. New, that is, when compared to the list in the January, 1963, issue.

Mr. R.
Oak Park, Illinois

Dear ONE:

I talked to the news agent nearby and asked whether they'd market ONE if I wrote and asked you to send it to them. They sell all kinds of things there, but nothing so elite and tasteful as ONE. So, please send them a few copies. If I could, I'd go back to Texas where I could get your Magazine easily.

Mr. F.
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Billy:

I've been in the hospital, so got behind with my clippings, but I'm "back in circulation" now and am catching up on my duties.

Mr. M.
Los Angeles, California

Editors' Note: To those who don't know, we depend upon such readers to send us news from their local papers and magazines so that we will know all the story to put in Tangents. So stay well all of you and keep the news coming.

Dear ONE's:

There are disadvantages in being so far away from the group to which one is a Member. I wish that I could participate in the somatotype-personality-endocrine study, but I am in no position to come to Los Angeles and I presume that it is not a nationwide endeavor. I am, however, returning the application if for no other reason than for going on record as willing.

Thank you for your quick entry of my subscription to ONE Magazine and Confi. I am wondering if frameable reprints of your covers are available, as I consider Rolf Berlinsen's February cover quite striking.

Mr. K.
Hammond, Indiana

Editor's note: Thank you for the thought. And we sent all Members the announcement.

Dear Sir:

Hoping against hope once more, and maybe for the last time, I take a chance and write to you because I am at the end of my rope. I feel that if something does not occur soon, I will be lost in that turbulent sea of human waste.

I would like to sell the story of my life, from the start until today. It could perhaps serve as caution and education for the young ones coming along. It is the story of a male-woman. If you are not interested, perhaps you could tell me where I could go for a publisher.

I am 40 and utterly alone. Please help me.

Mr. S.
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Did you see this ad on page 80 of the February 24 issue of **Variety**? It advertises the Granada TV network of England's INSIDE report on prisons and thus discusses the homosexual problem among the prisoners. Let's hope that it did a better job than did CBS's FOR THE PEOPLE when it discussed

obscurity. The show last Sunday (March 7) was poor in script, plot and acting. And by the way, did you thank **Time** Magazine for its ad on page 15 of the **NY Times** Book Review section? Seems "ONE Magazine" got better notice than **Time**. With a few words changed it could easily have been an ad for ONE too.

Mr. G.
Los Angeles, California

Mr. Slater Sir:

The only thing which is keeping me in prison is the lack of a place on the outside to stay and a job. If you need information about me here it is.

On October 10th a detective came to the base and got me from the flight line after asking the Major if it was all right to take me downtown for questioning. All this being new to me, as I hadn't been in trouble before, the detective convinced me that a boy (about 16) had told about our homosexual acts, and I pled guilty. They let the boy go and the parents took care of him. The judge would have done the same for me, but my parents said I could not come home. I was a civilian, the Air Force had given me a discharge and closed their files, considering the civilian punishment enough.

At court I was given a lawyer and he was with me the two times I was in court, so I was properly represented. When we went in the court room I asked if I had a chance and he said I didn't because I had pled guilty at arraignment.

Before I got into trouble, all I had were my parents, when I wasn't in boarding homes; and since they wouldn't help I don't know anyone on the outside.

With the above information I hope you can help me find a place and a job so I can come out of prison. I thank you in advance for your help.

Mr. L.
Southwest State

Dear Sir:

Enclosed are both copies of your two publications which I am returning as I am unable to continue financial support. I must say that I was most surprised at the subjects many of your articles cover. For journalistic style, the editorials are at most times excellent. Couldn't "Tangents" be spotted with 3 or 4 cuts to add pictorial interest?

Mr. H.
New York, N. Y.

BACK ISSUES

Back issues of ONE Magazine are available at 50c each or \$3.00 for each volume (year). Order these copies and enjoy the stories and articles today. Send a letter containing cash, check or money order; complete name and address and years wanted (1955-1963) to:

ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

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