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If you have had difficulty in securing U.S. dollars for subscribing to ONE's publications and for purchasing books from ONE's Book-service, pounds sterling may now be used for these purposes. We are pleased to announce that the century-firm of B. F. Stevens & Brown, Ltd., 77-79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London W.1, England, Subscription Department has graciously consented to receive sterling funds to be credited to ONE's account.

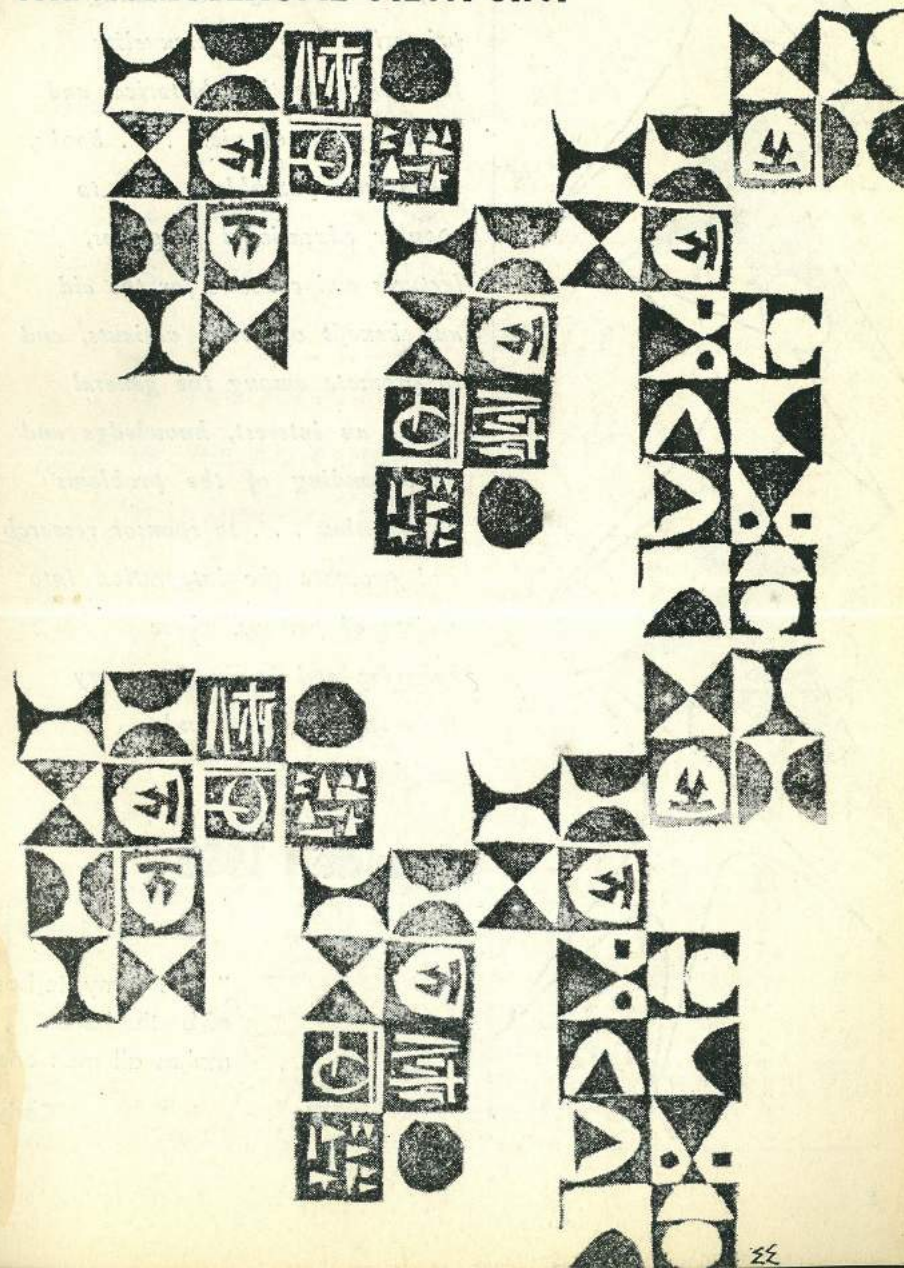
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one

13TH YEAR
MAY 1965
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT





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

Many organizations and movements have built to great heights by fostering the cult of personality. They have seized upon the popular appeal, the uniqueness or other striking features of some individual and proceeded to focus around him a whole structure—artistic, religious, political, intellectual or whatever.

There is no denying that Buddhism was essentially built upon what is believed about the personality and history of a man. Nor is there any denying that without Luther religious reforms would have come about very differently than they did. Many such instances could be cited in which reforms and mass movements could reasonably be credited to some individual.

Ever since its founding ONE has followed a far different plan. At ONE the effort has consistently been to draw attention to aims and goals, and away from those persons who happen to be working to further those aims and goals. Energetic, unremitting effort is made to discourage personality exploitation, personality domination, ego-nurture, the indulgence of temperamental quirks and foibles. For it was the conviction of those who founded ONE that unless this course was followed the whole program could easily be lost in a welter of the very quirks and foibles in which so many homophiles appear to delight.

Implementing this conviction has never been easy, for it is axiomatic

that many highly talented individuals are also richly endowed with some pretty fantastic and touchy quirks and foibles. ONE having been largely staffed and developed by volunteer assistance the problem has always been how to unify all these efforts in a productive way.

The means employed have been simple in outline, however difficult to apply. Their essence has been basic democracy. ONE as a Corporation is administered by its Voting Members. It has been from the beginning they, and they alone, who have come to decisions about what seemed best for ONE. The members have framed policies and then put them into force.

This rather primitive democracy has been endlessly galling to the wayward, the prima donna types, the seekers after stardom of whatever sort. Of these there have been not a few, as can be imagined. The test of the sincerity of those professing devotion to ONE's aims is made when some individual's pet projects and cherished desires come headlong up against the cold, stark fact that others—in fact a majority, do not share his views, do not approve of his plans for ONE, and will not permit him to act upon them.

This is the test supreme: either to drop his cherished hopes and plans and abide by what the majority (rightly or wrongly, but democratically holds to be best), or, to drop ONE! There are many who complain bitterly

at having to make such a choice or face such a decision, but make it they must if ONE is not to go the way of so many other organizations and veer back and forth in its policies as various personalities come and go from ONE's midst.

Most Members have felt that perhaps its most valuable asset, the goal most needed is that of stability of purpose and continuity of operations. Popular views concerning the unreliability of the homophile being what they are, it long has been noted that the confused, the unhappy and the "lost" have found ONE's longtime steadfastness vastly reassuring and comforting.

So it is that staff members in all earnestness continually direct inquirers to acquaint themselves with ONE's views and to concern themselves little with the personality of any particular staff member, or his private attitudes on any matter. So active is the "passion for anonymity" on the part of many staff members that there are those who misinterpret this as fearfulness.

Nothing could be farther from an intent which is that of redirecting the inquirer's attention away from personality and back to the ideas and principles, those things which are more lasting than any person. While

this seems abstract and cold to some, which it undeniably does, this long has been ONE's policy. All of those working at ONE sincerely hope that those to whom such impersonality seems forbidding will look a bit deeper and discern a broader and deeper humanitarianism as the motive.

How easy it might be for ONE to cultivate the popular, the personal, the Madison Avenue sort of folksiness that is assumed to be commercially attractive nowadays. That ONE has chosen a more difficult, less fun-games way of helping the homophile is because the highest idealism and the most devoted thinking of all the dozens and dozens of hard working people who have brought ONE this far have with all their hearts believed that this was the best way.

Has it worked well? The Voting Members think so. They point to the record of the last dozen years of growth from what was but the germ of an idea to an effective and growing organization which today has many useful activities, publications and services. The record looks pretty clear to most of the Members, but still they are always open for new ideas. The new ideas better be good ones, though—otherwise, ouch, and there goes another wounded ego!

Richard Conger, Editor

OFFICIAL NOTICE

There has been no change of address for ONE, Incorporated, nor for any of its divisions and departments. It has been brought to our attention that unauthorized leaflets have been mailed to some readers which have stated otherwise.

Please address all of your correspondence and make out all checks or money orders to ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles 90006, California and not to individuals (see Editorial above).

ONE, Incorporated, By Board of Directors

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Manuel Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

NOTHING ESPECIALLY NEW

by Manuel Boyfrank

From a talk given December 27, 1964 at First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles, California.

You're going to be disappointed when you see, as you presently will, that I can't tell you much more about sex than you already know. One reason for that is that your personal sexual situation is different from every other man's, as every person's face is unique among the three billion faces in the world.

Another limitation is that not enough is known about sex, by anybody. So many of the data that have been compiled have come from doctors and lawyers; and those fellows learned about love from sick persons and criminals—persons who make up only a tiny fraction of the man-loving men or the woman-loving women.

An expert who has a string of letters yea long after his name can come and lecture you learnedly. He'll be a better speaker than I am, a faster thinker and more enjoyable to listen to; but when he stops talking you'll note that he does not know all of the answers either.

Fortunately, common sense and commonly possessed knowledge are of help in this field. One of the best things that any expert can do is tell you to rely upon your own observation, your own measurements and your own reasoning. Beyond that there are too many questions to be gone into; and until ONE, Incorporated, got

on the job it was against the law to ask those questions.

One Incorporated's historic legal victory against the forces of ignorance and malice—forces spearheaded by the postmaster of Los Angeles of the time—was a very near thing. We were hanging on the ropes when the issue came up for decision in the supreme court. If the litigation costs had come to one more dollar than we had put into the fight, we would have lost. We couldn't have raised another cent.

And the possibilities of malicious prosecution are still worrisome to anybody who tries to learn all of the truth.

Research is one of the purposes of One, Incorporated, and in the dozen years that our outfit has been in existence we have found out many new things. And even if you do not obtain much information from me that you didn't have before, it is useful to sort out some things that you do know and to bring your knowledge into perspective. We can reduce some commonplaces to their proper proportions.

Believing as I do, that irresponsible fatherhood is a grave crime—that it is as bad to beget a child and be unable or unwilling to support it as it is to commit murder—I am eager to say

anything that I can to dissuade men from engaging in it.

I first saw your church edifice about 1930. At that time, the notion of my standing here, with my bare face hanging out, and saying the things that I'm saying would have been fantastic. The thing that has made the difference is a growing concern among thoughtful people with the population explosion. The crisis of the crowd has been the event of the greatest importance to the world that has occurred in my lifetime—and I was born in 1900. The two big wars that I lived through have been mere incidents of that crowdedness. Medication has been able to cope, extraordinarily in the last century, with many diseases that used to offset human fecundity. People are being born today as they were never born before.

Competition for the means of subsistence and for the good things of life has sharpened measurably in my time. Life has become fearfully insecure. A hundred years ago a man scorned to spend his whole life as somebody else's hired man: today, getting a life-long hired-man status is the preoccupation of every college student. Realization of the appalling difficulty of being self-sustaining has impelled an increasing number of citizens to turn wistfully in the direction of one sort or other of collectivism. Seeing that he can't support as many women as he can marry and as many children as he can breed, a man demands that somebody else help him.

And yet, when you mention the population explosion to your neighbor he is liable to say, "I didn't hear anything."

Pressure of population has, of course, been with us for a long time. In the time of Hammurabi, king of Babyon, who flourished about 1900 b.c., we read in the Bible's first book, Genesis, chapter 13, verses 5 to 11, how men's cattle and the tribesmen

dependent upon them had multiplied until strife occurred; and similar cases of overloaded land can be found all through history.

Historically, half-a-dozen measures have been taken to cope with redundant people. You know what those measures are; but it may be useful if we run through some of the expedients on the list.

Infanticide has always been common. Anciently it phased into exposure, which is worse than the infliction of a quick and comparatively painless death. Today's infanticide masquerades as neglect or as child abuse; and we may say fairly that the laws promote it. Children's fatal neglect and their outright murder occur all over the country all of the time. Laws there are that are imagined to punish parents' mistreatment of their children, but those laws are a dead letter. Consistently, when infanticide has been clearly proved against parents, it is punished far more lightly than is other murder. I don't think an American parent has ever suffered the death penalty for murdering his child.

Children often get a dirty deal from their parents and from the law in another way. You can miseducate your child and keep him in ignorance about as badly as you like, and hardly anybody can stop you. The law is extremely solicitous to keep anybody from dispelling your child's ignorance if you want that ignorance maintained. Young people hunger and thirst for knowledge, especially for knowledge about sex. That is their dire need—the knowledge, I mean, not necessarily the sexual expression.

Abortion is another measure that has been tried in the effort to thin out the surfeit of people. Abortion is practiced all over the world, but it does not work well, ever. It involves great inconvenience, expense, suffering and danger. As you look at certain persons, the notion strikes you that their moth-

ers ought to have undergone abortions instead of giving live births in those cases; but the trouble with all reproduction is that you can't see what you're buying, and with abortion you can't see what you're not buying. I can't see any bright future for abortion, nor any end to it. Now then, if only somebody could cipher out a way of making abortions retroactive . . .

Contraception and asception have their logic, but they are the recourse of the intelligent, the educated, the informed and the wealthy—of people who possess bath rooms. Contraception is no remedy for the poor, the young, the ignorant, the gullible, the stupid nor the drunken. Consequently, with the widespread reliance upon contraception, we are breeding exuberantly from out populace's worst stocks.

War has been called a pruning-hook of population. It may or may not be that; but certainly it is a plague. The man who advocates war is a fool and a scoundrel. As a means of limiting proliferation, war seems ineffectual. Surely Germany put as much energy into the destruction of the Jewish population as you can reasonably ask anybody to; but I hear that there were more Jews living in 1946 than lived in 1936.

Murder and mayhem are not very good as brakes on runaway breeding, but they are resorted to as such. People are getting killed now who were never killed before. Women will kill their husbands, and husbands will kill their wives. A life-long bachelor may be forgiven if he thinks marriage is murder. Still, the statistics do indicate that marriage sometimes leads to murder. The relation here between the cause and the effect frequently escapes the unpainstaking observer.

Among the ancient Greeks, of from 750 to 500 b.c., colonization was resorted to as a means of relieving the pressure of people. A city that had more denizens than it could support

would organize the emigration of the surplus to a distant place where land worked well: people moved into the colonies, stayed there and developed new communities.

Modern colonization, though, say from about 1600 a.d. onward, was of a different kind. A forehanded man in Europe would sojourn in one of his country's colonies only briefly while he made a fortune: then he would return to make his home in Europe. Alternatively a group of investors in Europe would farm a foreign colony as the investors' private property—while they could. So modern colonization did nothing to relieve excessive population.

Space there is, whether or not it may properly be called living room, today, in the colder and hotter parts of the world, such as Brazil, Canada and Alaska; but we see nobody trying hard to plant colonies there. As a soldier and sailor, I've traveled in foreign parts, including Canada, Alaska and the tropics; and I can tell you something on this point. An American who has brains enough, energy enough or capital enough to make a go of it in any of those places will undoubtedly find it easier to make a go of it right here in the 48 contiguous states. I see no prospect of population's flowing into the sparsely settled but undesirable areas of land. On the contrary, it seems as if everybody is coming to Los Angeles.

It is not hard to argue, in the light of these obvious facts, that homosexuality is a good, a positive good. It is the non-procreative man or the man prudently procreative who is the responsible man, the man of righteousness. In our compacted world we have a right to ask of any father, "What justification have you for gratifying your sexual desires thus to probable detriment of your neighbors?" He may have a good answer, but the question is bound to be raised.

Men have argued for thousands of years that the love of a man for a man is eminently practical as a means of limiting the surplus of human beings. Without birth control, a point is reached at which we cease to be human. At that point some come to think of themselves as supermen and others become cattle or dogs. Travel in foreign countries and you'll see that clearly: you can see it in the United States if you know where to look.

Any man who argues against homophily has shut himself off cruelly from the real world. It is hard to believe that mere ignorance can be blamed for some of the perversity exhibited by the advocates of wanton proliferation.

Still, ONE, Incorporated, does not extol or instigate homosexuality. ONE concerns itself with those who are already of the homosexual bent, and only those who are 21 years old or older. ONE, Incorporated, does research and education and helps people who have got into trouble. We are doing useful work and gaining recognition accordingly.

I shall anticipate a question that is usually asked of one of our lecturers, "Are you a homosexual?" I wish I could give you a plain yes-or-no answer; but our case is not that simple.

It is hardly good form for you to ask a man, without any preface or preliminaries, whether he be a homosexual. He might ask why you're interested, and then you might feel embarrassed.

About homosexuals, embarrassed or not, you've probably been told that it takes one to tell one. Twenty million homosexuals would be delighted if things were as simple as that. Perplexities, deceptions and misapprehensions are common. A young man can't be too careful. Men do have their little gambits, which sometimes work and sometimes don't.

Whether or not you are a homosexual is a metaphysical question, and

such questions can get abominably murky. Any question that touches upon being—any sentence that has the word *is, are or be* in it—is metaphysical. One of the best doctors of philosophy whom I know, and one who has studied sex far more patiently than I could, came to the conclusions that everybody is homosexual and everybody potentially heterosexual. As he put it, any man who thinks he is exclusively heterosexual just has never met the right man; and any man who thinks he is exclusively homosexual has just never met the wrong woman. Men are getting married nowadays who never got married before.

I surmise that people who find sex much of a problem don't have many other interests. Trouble-prone folk seem oddly apathetic: a lot of jail birds take little interest in their businesses or their jobs and participate in no sports. Their interest in sex may not be great but it is great when compared to their listlessness in other directions.

Associated with the problem of identifying a man who may be interesting in another man is the method of entering into negotiations with him.

Step recognition is a favorite artifice. It works as does sonar, which is a navigational aid. You make a noise and see what echo you get. Your first overture is tentative, and if you don't get an encouraging response you try the succeeding steps cautiously or not at all. A man will make, as his initial sonar signal, a remark such as any man at all might make. For example, I once heard a man say, and I quote, The sign on the door says *gentlemen*; but I didn't pay any attention to it, I came in anyway. Unquote.

I'm telling you men nothing new. Any of you who are thirty or better will have been fielding overtures of that general nature for fifteen years. You have, each of you worked out your responses, your bits of patter

whereby you manifest your unavailability for any commerce to the kind in mind, manifest your unavailability courteously but promptly and clearly. If you're unavailable.

Much man-to-man attachment is, I think, of a sort scarcely to be called sexual. A human being likes to have other persons around, sometimes some certain person, and not always with any logic to his preference. People like to have *young* persons around, much as they like trees, green grass, shrubs, vines and flowers. You probably prefer young persons, yourselves: I do. I have been young, though you wouldn't guess it to look at me now, and I have been old; and I can bear personal testimony, younger is the better.

In the army and navy, in both of which I served, formation of a partnership is highly desirable for mutual protection. In a precarious world you need one good, reliable friend. Once you have identified a man as of a negotiable bent, once you have decided that he is the one for you, you have the problem of attracting him and coming to terms with him. If some of you girls have been at your wits' end for means of luring a desired male, I can assure you that there are millions of men in the United States, rivals of yours, who know exactly how you feel.

As I say, sex has never been much of a problem with me. My personal connection with the movement is incidental to my interest in the world as I find it and the mess that it is in. My main idea is that a remedy will be found only in a reconstruction of the family.

Our modern families are in sore straits. Families have become small, fragile, badly managed and evanescent. Time was when the family was of primary economic importance and social influence. Now the family has lost ground painfully when compared

with commercial corporations, labor unions, pressure groups or the all-powerful national governments. Only the churches have suffered any comparable decline from a once-high estate.

People have become waifs.

A return to the old-fashioned autocratic family is no solution. Shortcomings and abominations that led to that family's extinction make its restoration intolerable. Something better can be contrived.

I propose that the family take on vigor, safety, permanence and prosperity by doing six things.

First. Conserve such family establishments as we have by such means (and they are many) as are available to us.

Second. Adopt into the family selected teen-agers and adults (even the acceptable of the elderly).

Third. Formulate a sound family law, which shall be based, to the extent practical in family management, upon the members' consent.

Fourth. Bring the resources of scholarship, technology and research to bear upon the family's interest.

Fifth. Encourage children to stay in the household after they have grown up.

Sixth. Run a family farm, store, factory, business or other wealth-producing establishment.

Organize families of from twenty to two hundreds persons according to this plan and you'll find that your sexual problems will lend themselves to resolution along with a lot of other problems. Specifically, you can solve that parent of lesser problems, the economic problem.

In a revitalized family such as that which I describe, power and authority to deal with sexual questions will be vested where they ought to be vested, in the family, in a family competent to act on those questions.

Two Poems

by Anela

OF COURSE

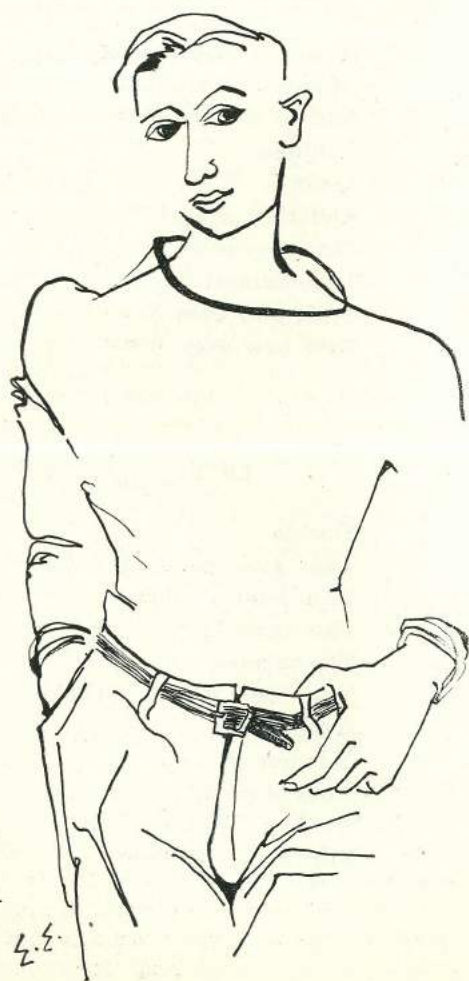
It would last forever
Of course it would
And so they bought
A house
A car
And they shared
Time payments or
Togetherness
Until two eyes
Two new eyes

OUT

Suicide
That ever pending out
You hold it there
The tantalizer
The security
Your one big stronghold
Against reality
Not out of step
Your fantasy
Against futility
But with the flow

THE WALLPAPER

by Peter Abbott



Stephen Reynolds put his suitcase on the floor and switched on the hall light of his apartment, closing the door behind him. As he took off his hat, he saw his reflection in the rook mirror hanging above the little mahogany chest of drawers. He paused, hat still in hand, and looked closely into the mirror. He looked closely at his forty-five-year-old face.

His face looked younger than it was. His complexion was clear, and there were but few lines. True, his hair was graying—though people told him that it was “distinguished.” It wasn’t a middle-aged face, he thought, and his figure wasn’t too bad.

He was tall and very—well, “slender” was how he liked to think of it; he knew that he was definitely thin. Muscles he had never had in spite of years of rowing. But at least he didn’t have a pot. For a man over six feet, a thirty-four inch waist was pretty good.

Stephen continued to stare at his image. Finally he shook his head and smiled wryly. “You incompetent, naive, and consummate *jackass!*” he muttered.

Having thus relieved his feelings to a small degree, he hung up his hat and topcoat in the hall closet and went to see what was left in the refrigerator. In a week’s absence he’d forgotten whether there was anything in the apartment that would do for supper. There was. Cheese, beer, and eggs: Welsh rarebit.

As he stirred grated Cheddar into warm Budweiser, he thought again of just how it had happened.

It had happened because one leg of his business trip had taken him through Washington. A sense of family duty had impelled him to call his Richmond cousin, Miss Mary Laughton, a lady whom he’d not seen for a decade although they often corresponded.

“My dear Stephen,” she said in her plangent voice, “how lovely to hear from you! Where are you?”

“I’m in Washington, but I can get a flight to Richmond that’ll put me there at about four o’clock. I thought that if it’s convenient for you, I’d like to pay you a short visit. I have to be home by tomorrow night.”

“Why, that will be delightful! We’ll meet you at the airport. What is your flight number?”

As Stephen left the telephone booth, he wondered who “we” could be. His cousin lived alone, so far as he knew, and her only brother, Bob Laughton, and his wife were in Italy for the year. Miss Laughton wasn’t old enough to need a companion, and she wasn’t rich enough to have a chauffeur. Well, he’d soon know.

The flight was on time.

When Stephen walked into the waiting room, he wondered if his cousin would remember him well enough to recognize him. He stood uncertainly looking about at the moving crowds of passengers, the friends and relatives meeting and greeting, the poisonously charming young women in their smart airlines uniforms.

“Is this Stephen?”

He turned and saw his cousin, a tall, slender woman with fashionably dressed gray hair and a well-cut suit of dark-blue wool. Altogether very neatly turned out, he thought, quite the *ancienne* Junior Leaguer.

“Cousin Mary!” He bent slightly to kiss her. “You haven’t changed a bit in ten years!”

“It’s sweet of you to say so, Stephen, and really, except for my silly heart trouble, I don’t *feel* any older. Rather worrisome at times, too. I’m so afraid I’ll make a fool of myself one of these days.” She smiled at him. “But *you* haven’t changed very much, either. A little grayer, of course, but you

really do credit to the family. Oh!" She checked herself. "You haven't met my nephew! Jim?" Miss Laughton turned to a young man whom Stephen now saw for the first time. "Jim, this is your cousin, Stephen Reynolds. Stephen, this is Jim Laughton, Bob's son. He's staying with me for a while."

The young man gave a slight bow, and he and Stephen shook hands. "How do you do, sir?" he said.

Stephen gulped mentally. Jim was good looking. *Quite* good looking! Taller than his aunt and not so tall as Stephen, he had the slim, well-developed figure that Stephen found so attractive. He was wearing a charcoal flannel suit, a white shirt, and a dark tie that was evidently the badge of some school. His smooth dark hair had only a slight wave, his skin had the beautiful transparency sometimes seen in late adolescence, and his brown eyes smiled into Stephen's gray ones. How old was he? Twenty? Eighteen? Stephen sought wildly in his conversational armory for something to say.

"You've grown a lot in ten years," he remarked, rather inanely.

Jim smiled but said nothing. What could he say? Fortunately his aunt intervened.

"Of course! You saw Jim on your visit here in 1955! Well, yes, he *has* grown. Children usually do, you know."

Stephen again ransacked his brain for chit-chat. "You're at the Britton School, aren't you? What are you now, a senior?"

The boy began to redden although he continued to smile, and Miss Laughton said quickly, "Jim isn't in school just now. He's going to join his parents in June and finish his schooling in Switzerland. Won't that be wonderful? I understand that there are some excellent schools around Lau-

sanne." She rattled on. "Jim, dear, take Cousin Stephen's suitcase. If we can miss the five o'clock rush traffic, we'll have time for a couple of comfortable drinks before dinner."

Stephen and Miss Laughton, preceded by the suitcase-bearing Jim, walked through the terminal to the parking area. As they walked, Miss Lawton said very quietly, "Stephen, don't say anything about the school. Bob felt it was better to take him out—I don't know why. He wouldn't discuss it, and he made me promise not to mention it to Jim. I *do* know," she added, "that Bob was very upset."

"Oh, certainly," agreed Stephen, wondering what on earth was behind it. He remembered Bob Laughton with disagreeable accuracy as a self-righteous, tyrannical boor. Jim seemed to be such a gentlemanly kid, he thought. Probably got it all from his lovely, brow-beaten mother. Poor Cousin Edith!

On reaching the car Miss Laughton said, "Stephen, you sit up front with Jim. I like the back seat better when I'm not driving."

Meekly Stephen got in.

"Do you like to fly, sir?" asked Jim, turning smoothly into the stream of the main highway.

This subject seemed harmless enough. "Yes, Jim, but I'd rather fly less frequently and make longer flights. These puddle-jumping business trips can be very tiring."

"You're in photography, aren't you, sir?"

"No. It's really PR work. I round up models and settings to display the fabrics my firm makes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Laughton, "I haven't thanked you for that charming photograph of yourself that you sent me last month! You'll see it in a place of honor on the coffee table—in a silver frame, no less!"

"Models and settings?" queried Jim.

"I travel a good deal," explained Stephen. "Last winter I was in Bermuda and then in the Virgin Islands. We take a crew with us and take photographs with local settings. You know, the happy couple having cocktails on the moonlit terrace of the Carib-Hilton and waiters bowing all over the place."

"Wonderful!" Jim exclaimed. "You must have a wonderful job, sir, that lets you go places like those in the winter—or at any other time!"

"Well," said Stephen ruefully, "it *would* be wonderful if I had time to lie on the beach and admire the view. As it is, I spend most of my time on the run, trying to make schedules and getting everybody in the same place at the right time."

They continued to talk about planes and flights, about jobs and Bermuda and St. Thomas, and by the time the car reached Miss Laughton's small but expensive house, Stephen had forgotten his uneasiness. Still, he was looking forward to those drinks.

They were good, thought Stephen, as he began on his second vodka martini. He noticed that Jim was drinking tomato juice.

"That isn't tomato juice entirely," said Miss Laughton with disconcerting perception. "It's what an unbearably elegant friend of mine always calls a 'Marie Sanglante.' I allow Jim to have one drink before dinner. After all, he's practically nineteen."

"Not for nine months, Aunt Mary," smiled her nephew.

"Well, you're certainly old enough to learn to drink properly. I have little patience with people, *including* your father, who drink while telling their half-grown children that it's 'wrong.' She gave a mock-serious sigh. "I wish I could still indulge."

The little French clock on the mantelpiece struck half-past six.

"Jim, dear, will you take Cousin Stephen and his suitcase upstairs to

his room, please? Then, after he's settled, you can finish your drinks and have dinner. Patty said she'd have it ready at seven. She also assured me, Stephen, that everything in your room is in order. I can't go up the stairs, you know, without making a very great occasion of it. I know that Jim will see to it that you have everything you need."

Watching the boy walking up the stairs ahead of him, Stephen admired his straight back and the set of his shoulders. He was tremendously attractive. Oh, well.

The house was not large, but Stephen remembered that it had three bedrooms, one downstairs. As he followed Jim down the short hall, Stephen glimpsed through an open door a room with the chaotic appurtenances of paper hangers: ladders, dust sheets, and rolls and rolls of paper. Jim opened another door and flipped on the light. It was a pretty room, although obviously furnished by a woman: a four-poster with a blue chintz dust ruffle and canopy, a soft rose carpet, blue-flowered wallpaper, and white organdy curtains at the two windows.

Jim set the suitcase on a luggage rack at the foot of the one double bed.

"The bathroom's through that door, sir, and you can hang your things in the closet there. I've moved some of my stuff into the other bedroom closet, so I hope you have enough room."

Stephen gulped physically this time. "Is this—is this your room?"

Jim smiled. "Yes, sir. I hope you don't mind sharing a bed? The other bedroom's all mucked up with wallpaper." He opened the bathroom door. "Well, if you want to wash, your towels are the blue ones. I'll see you downstairs, sir." He paused. "Oh, sir? Maybe we'd better not mention the wallpaper. Aunt Mary's sort of upset

about the mess in the guest room." And, smiling, he left.

Stephen was petrified. This was really too damned much! And no hotel within fifteen miles! Glumly he took off his coat and went into the bathroom. He managed not to slam the door.

When Stephen entered the living room, Miss Laughton was pouring another Bloody Mary for her nephew. His own drink, he noticed gratefully, had been refurbished.

"Did you find everything you wanted, Stephen?" She went on without waiting for an answer, "I just told Jim that he could have *one* more drink in honor of our guest. Now, let's just sit and talk. I've asked Patty to put dinner back a little."

So they sat and talked, mostly of family connections and what Stephen did in his work. Occasionally Jim offered some remark or comment, and Stephen was pleased that they were pertinent and intelligent. A bright lad. And so damned handsome! No, Beautiful. He looked at that clear skin, those fine-boned hands, the dark, soft hair that persisted in falling down over his heavy brows. Really, it wasn't *fair* to be in such a fix! To have to spend the night lying chaste next to *that*! Mentally he cursed his hostess for her wallpaper.

"That was a wonderful dinner, Cousin Mary," said Stephen later. "I'm so pleased that you remembered how much I like Patty's frozen vanilla soufflé."

Miss Laughton laughed. "I really *didn't* remember, Stephen," she confessed. "but it's one of Jim's favorites, too. Patty just happened to decide to make it for tonight."

"Aunt Mary," said Jim almost shyly, "may we have *Grand Marnier* with the coffee?"

"Really, Jim, you're turning into a lush! *Two* cocktails and now you

want a liqueur! Very well! *Grand Marnier* it is."

"I can see that you're looking after him properly," grinned Stephen.

As Patty brought in the coffee and liqueur, Miss Laughton curled up almost girlishly on the yellow damask sofa. "I feel quite the lady of the evening! Two handsome men all to myself! You can have the coffee to yourselves, as well as the *Grand Marnier*. Coffee keeps me awake. At least, I always *think* it does—and feel obligated to lie awake half the night in consequence." She poured two cups, filling the delicate Wedgwood demitasses with the elegance born of long practice. The fragile Waterford liqueur glasses were brimming. For a moment the three sat silently, watching the fire that the chill of the May evening made comforting.

"It's just as well, Stephen," remarked Miss Laughton, "that you didn't come last week. The house was in utter ruin thanks to a pair of the most dilatory paper hangers I've ever seen. They finally—yes, Patty?"

"Miz Randolph wondered if you could talk to her a minute, Miss Mary. It's about them flowers for the church."

"Oh—oh, all right. Yes, I'll come. Excuse me, please. Annie always calls at the wrong time." Stephen and Jim rose as Miss Laughton left the sofa and the room. Stephen thought that Jim had a rather curious expression of relief. They had scarcely sat down again before Miss Laughton was back.

"Now, don't get up, for goodness' sake!" She sat down smiling. "I love good manners, but let's just be comfortable tonight. What was I saying?"

"Are you going directly back to New York, sir?" asked Jim seemingly from the depths of reverie.

"Directly back. I have to be at the office day after tomorrow. And," he added, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'sir'."

"Jim asked me how he should address you," said Miss Laughton, "and I told him to use his own judgment. Evidently you've impressed him. I think he ought to call you 'Stephen,' and if he calls you by your first name, he can't very well 'sir' you, can he?"

Jim smiled at his cousin. "May I—Stephen?"

"You may—Jim," Stephen smiled back.

At ten o'clock Miss Laughton yawned. "You youthful souls may stay up until dawn if you like, but *I'm* going to bed. You'll see to the lights, please, Jim?"

After her departure to her downstairs bedroom, Stephen settled back in his chair and looked at the fire. Jim, he felt, was watching him with curiosity. Stephen could think of nothing to say. He might have talked of Switzerland, but he was afraid that the subject lay under the general embargo on school. Did the boy know anything about music? Certainly his aunt didn't!

"Do you like music?" Stephen ventured.

"Some kinds. I don't like the stuff a lot of the fellows my age go for. The Beatles! Ick!" He made an amusing face of distaste.

"What, then? Brahms? Gilbert and Sullivan? Gershwin?"

"I guess they're all right, Stephen, but I generally like earlier music. You know—Bach, Handel, Purcell—people like that."

Finding that they had a taste in common in addition to that for vanilla soufflé, Stephen single-mindedly kept the discussion to music until eleven o'clock. At last he yawned in turn.

"Are you sleepy?" asked Jim.

"Yes, I am," replied Stephen with far less reluctance than he felt.

"So'm I," yawned the boy, getting up and beginning to put out the lamps.

When they reached the bedroom, Jim asked if his cousin wanted to shower. Stephen *did* want to shower, but . . . he paused before replying. Then he said, "Look, I want to unpack and look over a couple of letters. Why don't you go ahead, and I'll shower after you've finished?"

"All right," said Jim, and he began to undress. Stephen opened his suitcase with immense concentration and began to transfer his belongings to the closet and to the top of the chest of drawers. He was perfectly aware of every movement Jim made. Now he was taking off his shirt. Now his shoes. Now his trousers. Now T-shirt and briefs. As the totally naked Jim began to open and close the dresser drawers, Stephen kept his eyes riveted to his suitcase, trying to whistle softly in casual unconcern.

"I'm sure Aunt Mary told me that my pajamas were back from the laundry, but they don't seem to be here," said Jim.

Stephen, who had seen a pair of light-green silk pajamas hanging on the back of the bathroom door, said nothing and continued his deliberate motions of unpacking.

"Well, I won't be long," said Jim, disappearing into the bathroom. He left the door open. Damn the boy!

He wasn't long. Stephen had scarcely had time to strip down to his shorts before his young cousin reappeared. That the pajamas were still hanging behind the door was instantly apparent.

"All finished?" asked Stephen. The casual tone nearly strangled him.

"All finished! It's yours!" And Jim began to turn back the bedclothes.

"My God!" thought Stephen and fled into the bathroom, closing and locking the door. He was covered with soap before he remembered that he'd left *his* pajamas in the bedroom. He dawdled about as long as he could.

Maybe the boy would go to sleep.

Minutes later he opened the door quietly and turned out the light. There was Jim propped up reading. He seemed as far from sleep as Stephen felt. Jim looked up and smiled at him. "If only," thought Stephen, trying not to swallow too obviously, "if only he wouldn't turn on that damned smile of his!"

"All set?" asked Jim. His eyes made a quick inventory of his trapped cousin. At least, Stephen felt that way.

"Yeah," said Stephen, feigning a yawn, "just about." He took his pajamas from the chest of drawers and put them on with resolution. He fancied that Jim looked disappointed. Too bad!

"Good night, Jim," said Stephen, getting into bed.

"Good night, Stephen," said Jim, turning off the lamp.

It wasn't a good night. Stephen, pretending sleep, had seldom experienced such delicious misery. Every fiber, every muscle yearned to turn and to move across the bed just those few inches. That Jim was as wide-awake as he, was incontestable: occasional sighs, a sudden movement, the gradual, steady encroachment of a bare thigh and leg upon his own thinly clad body.

Stephen, gritting his teeth and breathing deeply, gave a slight snore and turned over on his side away from his exquisite tormentor. The boy simple dovetailed, and then there was no doubt at all about how he felt. Not that Stephen had had much doubt for some time! He was wretched. God! It would be so easy! "I can't!" thought Stephen unhappily. "He's so young! He's only a kid! My God, I'm more than old enough to be his father!"

Stephen could feel the length of the warm young body behind him.

He could feel the boy's hand creeping over his pajama-coated shoulder until the fingers touched his bare flesh. For a time Jim's hand rested upon Stephen's chest, playing gently with the hair. Then his hand began to slip down, caressing Stephen's belly and navel. Then still lower until the fingers were entwined in the thick curls below his abdomen. Determinedly, Stephen continued to lie inert, breathing regularly and deeply, although the effort nearly suffocated him. How long could he hold out? *Why* should he hold out?

Just as Stephen decided that he could no longer stand the anguish of his situation, Jim's hand slipped farther. Stephen felt the strong, supple young fingers encircle him and tighten gently about his throbbing, traitorous organ. Stephen gave up. He turned over and crushed the boy to him.

Jim gave a sigh very like a sob and wrapped himself about Stephen, fumbling at his pajama coat until, with Stephen's cooperation, he had removed it. Stephen felt the smooth skin of Jim's breast against his own. He felt Jim's hand untying his trousers, slipping them away until they were about Stephen's ankles. Impatiently he pushed them off with his feet and entwined his naked legs and arms with the boy's.

For a while they lay thus, feeling each pulsing against the other.

Finally Jim sighed. "Gosh, you play hard to get!" he whispered.

"You're a little devil!" Stephen whispered in reply.

"Not really," and even though Jim whispered, Stephen could hear the tremor in his voice. "I've always tried to do right, but I can't help the way I feel. That's how I got into trouble at school. I had a —a friend there—and another fellow—" the boy sobbed aloud, and then caught his breath, "another fellow who wanted

me to—well, I wouldn't, so he turned us both in. It was awful!"

Stephen felt tears on the young face, and drew Jim closer to him. Perhaps someday he could tell him of his own school career and its disastrous end. For the moment he wanted only to comfort and love the boy in his arms, to try to soothe away some of his unhappiness.

Jim snuggled nearer, tightening his embrace. "I loved that photo you sent to Aunt Mary. You're much better looking than it is, though."

"You're a very dear little devil," murmured Stephen, and he covered Jim's mouth with his own.

They spoke little after that, but Stephen felt that the night must be radiant with his awesome happiness.

When he awoke near seven o'clock, it was to find Jim curled within his arms, his face tender and vulnerable in sleep. Gently Stephen kissed him, and Jim's eyes opened and looked at him in trust and wonder. When Jim looked at his cousin and once again gave him that enchanting smile, Stephen could enjoy its charm now in frankness and delight.

Miss Laughton was at the breakfast table when they went down.

"Good morning!" she cried. "Did you sleep well, Stephen?"

"Yes, thank you, Cousin Mary. I hope you did?"

"Oh, yes. I have all sorts of dope I can take, you know, if I can't get to sleep." She looked at her nephew. "You don't look very rested, young man. What time did you turn out your light?"

"A little past eleven, Aunt Mary," said Jim, helping himself to cream for his oatmeal.

Patty appeared with a platter of fried apples and bacon.

"Miss Mary, wen kin Ah clean up the gues' room?"

Miss Laughton looked surprised.

"Why, Patty, not until Mr. Stephen has finished his packing."

"Miss Mary, you mean Mistuh Stephen *slep'* in all that mess?"

Miss Laughton looked bewildered. Stephen was beginning to have an idea. He was careful not to look at Jim.

"All *what* 'mess,' Patty?"

"All that stuff wut Mistuh Jim tuk up there wen you wuz doin' the marketin' yestiddy afternoon."

"All *what* 'stuff,' Patty?" asked her mistress with some signs of impatience. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Ah mean all them rolls of wall-paper and them ladders and things wut them no-good paper hangers lef in the cellar las' week." She eyed Jim. "Mistuh Jim said he wuz playin' a joke."

Miss Laughton looked at her nephew. Stephen was already staring at him. Jim was eating his oatmeal with industrious innocence.

Jim had the decency to blush. Stephen, in spite of himself, thrilled at the clear skin kindling with the blood beneath it.

"It—it was just a joke on Stephen," he said lamely.

"Do you mean that you had the rudeness to play a joke on your cousin whom you had scarcely ever *met*? What kind of manners are these? What sort of mess did you make of the guest room?"

Stephen intervened, trying to laugh. Somehow he had to get the kid out of this. "It's all right, Cousin Mary! It was quite funny to be shown into a room that looked as if a cyclone had hit it! I really enjoyed the joke! We had a good laugh, *didn't* we, Jim?" He glowered at his young lover.

"Sure. Sure, Aunt Mary! We really had a lot of fun. I feel a whole lot closer to Stephen because of my joke." He smiled that lovely smile at his cousin. Stephen wanted to mur-

der him. Right there. With the waffle iron.

"Well, Stephen," said Miss Laughton at last, "I hope you weren't too upset. Jim has played practical jokes before, but never anything like *this*."

"I slept like a log," lied Stephen, reflecting that, after all, logs don't do very much sleeping.

As Jim and Stephen left Miss Laughton on the front porch and went to the car, Stephen was seething. Jim said nothing, but he was not at ease. For some minutes neither said anything as Jim drove along the road to the airport.

With his eye still on the road, Jim half turned toward Stephen and said very soberly, "I meant everything I said last night. I told you the absolute truth about everything. About me and—and how I feel about you."

Stephen did not trust himself to answer.

Jim sighed and went on. "I guess it was pretty silly to do what I did about the guest room." Suddenly he laughed. "Damn Patty! She *never* comes upstairs before eleven o'clock in the morning, but *this* morning she went up just after we came down. She said she'd forgotten to take my pajamas up yesterday."

"Your pajamas, you conniving little liar, were on the back of the bathroom door!" snapped Stephen, but he

sounded far more angry than he really was.

"Oh, you saw those, didn't you?" said Jim with complete candor. "Honest, Stephen, those were a dirty pair—last week's."

"And you couldn't *possibly* have put *those* on, oh, no!"

Jim looked hurt, but all he said was, "I still meant everything I said."

In spite of himself Stephen smiled. "That's the boy!" said Jim.

"You little bastard!"

Jim turned to him and grinned. "Come off it, Stephen! You helped me a hell of a lot. I'm grateful. And you know damned well you had a ball! So did I!" He extended an impudent hand and squeezed Stephen in a tender spot.

He was still grinning when Stephen saw him waving at the barrier. As the plane began to taxi, the grin changed into that wonderful smile.

Stephen had finished his rarebit and had poured himself a double Scotch when the telephone rang. It was Western Union:

CAN YOU PUT ME UP A WEEK
BEFORE PLANE LEAVES FOR
EUROPE AUNT MARY SAYS
OKAY WITH HER IF OKAY
WITH YOU JIM

Stephen sat for a moment dreaming. He could use a few days of vacation in early June. Then he poured another slug of Scotch and smilingly picked up the telephone.

tangents

news & views

THE MOST HOMOPHILE PROFESSION?:

Recommended for the historical minded is *Prince Eugen of Savoy*, by Henderson, new biography of a man Napoleon ranked as one of the seven most brilliant generals in all history. Our anti-homosexual society today insists on twisting facts and harping on how many homosexuals are artists, conscientious objectors, etc., with the limp-wrist-and-swish bit. Plain truth is that, percentage-wise, far more military men have been homosexual than have artists and, perhaps, more than in any other field. Napoleon's list of seven has six on whom there is homophile biography: Eugen, Alexander, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, Hannibal. And if someone wants to research Marshal Turenne, it just might be seven out of seven.

BEEFCAKE MARKET BULLISH

Both biggies of the beefcake brigade, *The Young Physique* and *Muscleboy*, will come out in snazzy subscription-only book-magazine editions "in luxurious hardbound buckram covers" at three bucks each, but if you're poor you can still get the cheap newsstand edition at two bucks. Both magazines have always been refreshingly unique in their field due to the total absence of cover-up—no barbells, no health food, no hot flashes from Bob Hoffman and the weightlifting records. Just photos—and plenty in expensive color. The new

hardbacks will undoubtedly be the most lavish homophile photographic works ever published and will soar in price as collectors' items.

BIRCHERS BLAST CODDLING HOMOSEXUALS

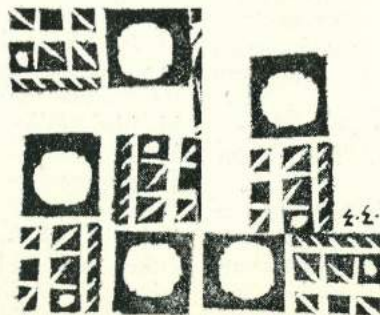
The latest John Birch Society pamphlet has a clear-cut anti-homosexual item: "We contend that for Protestant clergymen to give public parties for known homosexuals borders on insanity." The only other political group we know of who has come out as anti-homosexual was also ultra-right—The American Nazi Party. They've announced that when they come to power they will simply shoot the homos.

SWITCH QUEEN IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

That 17-year-old boy in Baltimore charged with stealing \$3,900 worth of women's wigs and who petitioned the court for a sex change, actually got his petition granted. Two Johns Hopkins doctors said it would be in his best interest as he was a psychic hermaphrodite, couldn't be helped by psychiatric treatment, and the operation and hormone treatment would permit him to make "an adequate adjustment." Now he can start letting his own hair grow long.

WALT WHITMAN AGAIN

Reviewer Malcolm Muggeridge in the 3-11-65 *N.Y. Review* says "As for Walt Whitman—that old queen,



announcing his readiness to impregnate the women of America! That preposterous old humbug with his pickled butterfly on a ring for photographic purposes and George Sand drag!" Such anti-homosexual tirades probably hurt the reputation of the ones making them more than anything else. At least they clear the air—and it certainly sounds as if Mr. Muggeridge is relieved to get a pent-up hatred off his supposedly manly breast. It is amusing to conjecture how many of Mr. Muggeridge's friends are, unbeknownst to him, homosexual and are laughing at his childish tirade.

AND HE CALLED IT AN INSULT!

In Tauton, England, an 18-year-old boy was given three months in jail for pinching a policeman on the nose and saying, "You are the handsomest man in the force today!" Police Constable Tom Clarke said he felt he had to bring charges because he felt "this physical insult was really beneath my dignity to suffer in silence." No photograph of Constable Tom was published alongside the clipping sent us—which we think a great pity. Do we have any friends around Tauton who might sneak a photo of Constable Tom? We usually don't print pictures of heteros, but we think poetic justice might be served in this case by paying him the compliment of having thousands of homophiles viewing and admiring the face and figure of Handsome Constable Tom, for the beauty of whom one of our brethren is now in stir.

DETACHABLE FIGLEAF TICKLES PLAYBOY

The April *Playboy* said: "Fruits of Technology, Peekaboo Division: An advertisement in ONE, a magazine for homosexuals, offers 9-inch replicas of THE SLEEPING SATYR, classic

Greek statue of a young chap snoozing au naturel. The ad tells us that the figure is a precise replica of the 2,200-year-old original. 'Only the magnetized, detachable fig leaf is new,' adds the copywriter coyly." That same issue of *Playboy* has a less campy answer to a student asking if he and his roommate should stop having sex.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES AND QUEENS

One of our correspondents claims Pamela Mason on the radio said one of 1964 *Harper's Bazaar* cover girls was actually a man . . . All of Dublin and thousands more viewed the bier of Roger Casement, whose body was finally returned from England where he was hanged in 1916 as a traitor. What purports to be his diary is probably the most luridly homosexual diary ever published—England refused the formal request to return the original diary also. . . . The owner of the L. A. theatre where *The Toilet* was being rehearsed was so shocked at some of the language that he said he'd surrender his license to operate the theatre rather than stick to his contract, so rehearsals moved to another theatre. . . . The ACLU and Authors League of America petitioned U.S. Supreme Court to review the conviction of Ralph Ginzburg, editor of *Eros*, for distributing obscene material. . . . A post office clerk in Texas writes that a little old lady who sent her maid for stamps and got the new issue, "Centennial of the Sokols," sent her maid right back for refund with a hot note about stamps showing a naked man—it's a fine reproduction of "The Discus Thrower. . . . *Variety* for 2-24-65 had a full-page ad from an English TV network pushing their film on prisons headed PUTTING A HOMOSEXUAL IN PRISON IS LIKE PUTTING AN ALCOHOLIC TO WORK IN A BREWERY. . . . The Unitarian Universalist Churches

carried an ad in two Washington, D.C. papers on Rev. David Harris Cole speaking on "Homosexuals, The Strangers Among Us" Walter Kerr in reviewing Arthur Kopit's N.Y. play, *The Day The Whores Came Out To Play Tennis*, didn't have much good to say of his prissy distaste for faggots. . . . In Omaha, two chartered buses and private cars representing Catholic schools and associations attended the legislature's hearing on a bill putting strict penalties for selling "obscene" literature to kids under eighteen. . . . Authors of *Towards A Quaker View of Sex* have a new edition with minor revisions. Remaining is the longest section on homosexuality with the amazingly realistic "One should no more deplore homosexuality than left-handedness" An anti-smut bill introduced in the N.Y. legislature has a special section specifying homosexual aspects of publications. . . . THE LISTENER for 1-28-65 published a broadcast called "The Male Homosexual" by four Freudian-fraught men with the usual jargon—*not fully developed sexually, acquired condition, remaining in adolescence, flight backwards into non-responsibility*—and with the amazing statement that "it is so much more safe to have homosexual relationships" . . . That background shot of perfect-physiquest Hugh O'Brian in the ad for *Love Has Many Faces* has him in realistically brief swimming trunks—a welcome relief—Hollywood strips females to the nubbin but usually swaths males in things only a fat man

wears to any beach these days. . . . The 2-23-65 N.Y. *Daily News* published some of the 8,937 letters they got applauding their current "anti-smut" drive, and one was signed "John Barth"—but probably not the same John Barth who is the author of a novel many think a modern Rabelesian classic, *The Sot Weed Factor*, which spoofs sex (including homo) till you're weak from laughter. . . . George Meany, AFL-CIO president, claims a 76-country labor group, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, is falling apart because of "inefficiency and homosexuality" and that "it's full of bureaucracy, even to the fairies"—and wants his organization to withdraw from it. Wonder what's really behind his gripe? Usually when the charge of homosexuality is made, it's only a cover-up for jealousy and/or one's own inefficiency. . . . *Boot & Shoe Recorder*, shoe industry magazine, devoted an entire issue to sex-and-shoes research and came up with such interesting tidbits as men having for centuries worn high heels to accentuate masculine contours of legs in the days before legs were hidden by trousers. . . . Columnist Matt Weinstock tells of the guy who was irked by the post office's cancellation message that said REPORT OBSCENE MAIL TO YOUR POSTMASTER. So he had a rubber stamp made that said REPORT OBSCENE MAIL TO YOUR POSTMASTER—HE THRIVES ON IT!

K. O. Neal

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As for me...

a forum for your ideas

Unless I am a terribly misled Christian, the essence of Christianity is love; love of God and love of fellow man. Unlike some earlier prophets, Christ concentrated upon preaching and living a life of love. If indeed the essence of Christianity is love, then I would assume that God and Christ do not frown upon the expression of one man's love for another, even if that love should include sexual relations. Rev. Robert Wood speaks quite well to this point in his book *Christ and the Homosexual*.

If God is indeed a God of love, who is all merciful and all forgiving, how can He also be a condemning, damning and vindictive God? How can he condemn any form of love? This paradox lies at the crux of John Stuart Mill's perceptive essays on religion. While Mill was led to reject religion, for reasons not dissimilar to those which alienate homosexuals from it, I have been able to reconcile myself to Christianity. That I have been able to do so is a result of my interpreting Christ's teachings in a manner contrary to that accepted by many clerics when the topic is homosexuality. Clerics who are intolerant of homosexuality are, in my opinion, misled Christians.

Some will say that my Christianity is merely the product of psychological defense mechanisms, that I have merely determined that God condones my homosexuality in order that I may escape guilt feelings. I happen

to believe that my Christianity is more than just that. It is a sincere interpretation of Christ's teachings, based on reading and a good deal of thought. I believe strongly in the validity of my interpretation.

It suggests to me that homosexual love is just as natural for some, as heterosexual love is for others. The widely held belief that it is unnatural is more a product of our cultural milieu, I would suspect, than of any intrinsic abnormality in homosexual behavior itself. Homosexuality becomes a perversion only to those who see it as such. It is no perversion to me. It does not make me feel "unnatural." I have seen no psychiatrists nor do I desire to see any. I have no need to escape into alcoholism—or religion, for that matter.

What I have done, is to face my homosexual inclinations, accept them, and to lead my life accordingly. Because I had the temerity to do so, I find life gratifying and livable as a homosexual. I love men without shame or psychic misgivings. All, save a very few, of my heterosexual friends, who know of my homosexuality, accept me for what I am. I have several deep friendships with both straight men and women.

In answer to the suggestion that homosexuals run to the bottle or to psychiatrists because deep down they know their sexual drives to be evil and anti-Christian, I would suggest that alcoholism and the need for

psychiatric assistance stem from the failure of homosexuals to resolve their conflicting homosexual inclinations and the demands of an intolerant society. Alcoholism, chronic running to psychiatrists, yes, even religion, can be escapisms for homosexuals who cannot honestly confront the fact of their homosexuality. But none of them is an adequate and comforting solution to an individual's homosexuality.

F. P.

Kenneth Anger's new movie, "Scorpio Rising," reminds one of a piece of artwork by a favorite niece or nephew. It's atrociously and embarrassingly bad, yet one feels compelled to say something nice about it, since it is—after all—all in the family.

Well, then, what *is* nice about "Scorpio Rising?" Is it good and dirty, as some have suggested? Not really. People have stated that all kinds of wild sex take place in it, yet I was unable to see any of it. It is very badly edited. Scenes flashed by so quickly that I got eyestrain after the first ten minutes. It was pretty hard to see anything that made sense. As far as I was able to gather, it's a story about boys who wear chains and leather jackets and spend most of their time either lying in bed or putting on clothes or going to parties or roaring around on their motorcycles, of which they seem inordinately fond.

When I was a kid of about twelve I was a member of a "secret club," and we had an elaborate initiation rite. The new recruit was called upon to take off all his clothes and run around buck naked in the clubhouse for five minutes, so that everyone could get a Good Look. After that, we threw his clothes out the clubhouse door and he was supposed to run out naked and grab them and run back in. But we were usually per-

sueded to go out and retrieve them for him. When this was finished, he was a full fledged member, and allowed to put his clothes back on. We then sat around and smoked and played with each other and told enormous lies about our sexual conquests and capacities for liquor. The boys in "Scorpio Rising" remind me of nothing so much as those childhood clubmates. Their carryings on are just as absurd. Of course, they have bigger and more dangerous toys—motorcycles and death figures and leather jackets and knives. While we merely had sex with each other, they attempt Grand Atrocities and fail miserably. Where our enemies were grownups, theirs are boredom and lack of imagination. While we half-heartedly practised cruelty for its own sake, they attempt sadism with genuine zeal but not much success.

Mr. Anger makes a little self-effacing attempt to get back at The Big Guys by employing a bit of sacrilege in the film. (A gang leader is equated with Jesus Christ. The leader roars off on a bike, followed by his pack, and the scene cuts to Jesus riding on a donkey while the disciples walk behind, etc.) There are no spoken words in the film, and the soundtrack consists solely of rock and roll music, which is often employed in a cute and effective manner.

But for the most part, the six-foot twelve-year-olds in Anger's film are pretty dull—just as our old clubhouse gang would have been boring to adult observers. The Scorpio boys roar around and beat their chests and seem to shout, "Hell with you guys, we're gonna be different." But instead of being awful and horrid and shocking they're merely silly. And for all of Mr. Anger's effort, "Scorpio Rising" never gets off the ground.

Ray Johnson

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.



NOTHING LIKE THE SUN: a story of Shakespeare's love-life, by Anthony Burgess. N.Y., W. W. Norton Co., 1964, 234 pp., \$3.95.

This book is a pastiche. A pastiche is not a good thing. It is a worthless thing. To speak with another's voice is paradoxically both easy and impossible. As a result this novel succeeds and in its success fails. Anthony Burgess can no more be William Shakespeare than Shakespeare could have been Burgess. Less so, for Burgess has less talent.

He does have nerve. He set out to imitate the robust style of Elizabethan writing and he succeeded. The style sounds precisely like what it is—an imitation. There is no life in it. When Burgess heaves his dummy Shakespeare on to his knee it simply crushes him.

The facts Burgess had to work with are familiar to us all. Shakespeare was born in Stratford, the son of a merchant politician. He married an undistinguished lady and she bore him children. He went up to London, acted, wrote poems and plays, made money, returned to Stratford and, after a few years of retirement, died.

Burgess, in gratuitously knobby prose, retells this story with elaborations. For 300 years the identity of the youth to whom the sonnets are addressed has been a puzzle. Burgess gives the handiest answer: he was

Henry Wriothesley, young Earl of Southampton. Was Shakespeare in love with him? Yes. Was it at the behest of the boy's worried mother that Shakespeare wrote the sonnets urging the boy to marry? And for pay? Yes to both questions.

Who was the dark lady of the sonnets? Why a Negress, of course, from the West Indies, brought to England by Sir Francis Drake. Surprised? Your surprise and mine are as nothing to the howls of incredulous outrage from Shakespeare scholars at this fancy. To explain why would take more time and space than a review affords. Actually, Burgess makes it seem quite as improbable as it is.

If you care, in this novel Shakespeare sleeps with a ten-year-old boy when, as a young man, he is hired to tutor the sons of a wealthy squire. The episode is without detail. Later, and often, Shakespeare sleeps with the adolescent Wriothesley. Details of their love life are not given, either. The only detailed sex episodes in this book are with women. Maybe Burgess is trying to tell us he is so straight he can't even imagine what two males would do in bed together except sleep.

To finish with the plot, we have a final lapse of taste. Wriothesley brings back from a military campaign with Essex "some French pox or other." Naturally Shakespeare contracts it. What does it turn out to be? Why, what

else? Syphilis, of course. Because of the contagion, Shakespeare breaks with Fatimah, his dark lady and, if we are to believe Burgess' murky written emphasis, writes his greatest plays as a result of being mortally sick.

Then he goes home to Stratford to die, only his physician, whose lips are sealed, aware of the nature of his ailment. This is a handy explanation for the fact that seldom, if ever, in Shakespearian critical and biographical literature has syphilis been mentioned as the cause of Shakespeare's death. Internal evidence in this novel would seem to suggest Burgess merely used it as an excuse to give detailed descriptions of the symptoms. They run over several pages and are written with evident relish, the same relish Burgess shows in describing, earlier in the book, a hanging, drawing and quartering so vividly as to make you think you are there watching.

Burgess has a pedestrian and fashionable imagination. It is ironical in the extreme that such a mind should elect to attempt to take us inside the body, soul and genius of the greatest writer in our language. But the failure in no way mitigates the impertinence of the attempt. Nor, to descend abruptly to another critical level, does it prevent boredom. On the level of pure story we are constantly led to expect exactly what takes place. The novelist who cannot surprise (see E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*) belongs in another occupation.

As little as he understands the mind and heart of his towering protagonist, does Burgess understand Elizabethan England. To him it is no more than a compound of shit and vomit, snot and running sores, dirty bodies and filthy sheets. If Shakespeare, through whose eyes Burgess is supposedly making us look, had seen his town and times this way, he would have written tracts on sanitation instead of *Hamlet*. Burgess' emphasis is wrong.

It belongs strictly to the 20th century and is the final failure of his book.

James Colton

SEX OFFENDERS IN GROUP THERAPY by Manning R. Slater as told to George Bishop, Sherbourne Press, Los Angeles, 1964, 159 pp., \$4.95.

This is a book based on the notes and tapes of a clinical psychologist. The notes came from meetings at which four men and one woman for a short time met to discuss their problems. They were required by the courts to attend these sessions as part of probation. All were convicted sex offenders. Mike was a homosexual, Sam and Monty exhibitionists, Norm a child molester and Helen a prostitute with lesbian tendencies.

The book is boring because the recorded conversations are not interesting. The psychologist, who uses the name Slater, adds a few comments which seem, according to all psychology experts I have met or read, sicker than the comments and acts of the admittedly sick individuals he is supposed to help. If this is a typical example of group therapy, it is not scientific and is of no value. The only value apparent is that of "misery loves company."

The jacket says the reader will get actual case histories. This is not true. All the reader gets is a few titillating bits from session to session, most of which are the Slater opinion of what happened or why it happened.

Anyone buying this book for factual information will find none. Anyone buying this book for pornography will find none. Anyone buying this book to find out what goes on in group therapy will be disappointed since this is not a legitimate example.

No cheap paperback could be worse. It is sad that homosexuals will buy these books and pay Sherbourne and pseudonymous psychologists to

write and publish lies about them. Perhaps the type of homosexual who buys this sort of book IS sick, but God help him or her, he will only be more sick after reading such nonsense as *Sex Offenders in Group Therapy*.

W. E. G.

TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING OF HOMOSEXUALITY by Daniel Cappon, Prentice Hall, 1965, 302 pp., \$6.95.

In his prefatory phrase, "There are no homosexuals—only people with homosexual problems," Dr. Cappon sets both the tone and the limitations of his work, for what is it that he is saying? Is it not that homosexuality is no "part" of the human condition but merely one of the inconveniences or annoyances which some persons encounter because of their unfortunate unfamiliarity with such "clarifications" as Dr. Cappon offers?

Having thus begun, Dr Cappon continues, "Homosexuality, in the author's view, is a painful and destructive disorder, but one which can be relieved and even cured." On page after page of this book, homosexuality is a disorder, an affliction, can be cured, is a symptom, a problem, abnormal, contaminating, deviant, pathological.

With the revealing disclosure of the doctor's predispositions and scientific shortcomings such phrases provide, the natural question would be, why bother further with the book? Why not shelve it alongside the books of Bergler, Albert Ellis, and the host of other pseudo-scientific works on homosexuality?

The answer is, that Dr. Cappon is not quite so easy to dispose of. He is far shrewder than any of the above and more persuasive, by virtue of his strongly professed humanitarianism and sympathy, if for no other reason. In fact, despite the absence of extensive tables and graphs, he exhibits a much more penetrating and muscular intellect than that of Dr. Irving

Bieber or any of the contributors to his pretentious 1962 book, *Homosexuality*.

There is no doubt that Dr. Cappon, who was educated in London, and is a specialist in Internal Medicine and Psychiatry, has made many acute observations from the limited experiences he has had with homosexuals as patients. Yet his conditioning by long exposure to psychoanalytic theory has rendered him apt on one page to be reasonably objective and scientific and on the next a veritable gypsy fortune-teller. Is there something innate in psychiatrists that causes so many of them to behave in this fashion? The author's handling of the Kinsey findings exhibits this type of shortcoming, a seeming inability and reluctance to deal with the Kinsey material dispassionately: it does not fit my theories, *ergo* Kinsey is at fault.

A section of Chapter Four is entitled "The Hereditary Hoax." For several pages, the author vigorously sets up a straw man theory of homosexuality as hereditary, flashes a few fashionably modern phrases about genes and chromosomes, and passes neatly on to "The Constitutional Stewpot;" "The Myth of Chemistry;" "The Biological Theory;" polishing each of these off with a few well-chosen phrases. The trouble with this is that Dr. Cappon is really so innocent, so happily unaware of where and through what areas he treads.

Nowhere is this better shown than in his truly disappointing little chapter on homosexuality in history, a potpourri if ever there was one, of historic tidbits intermingled with Sunday supplement journalism, quite devoid of any of the severities of historical discipline. He even repeats the ancient howler about the virile absence of homosexuality among nations on the upgrade; the moral decline that eventually brought in homosexuality which, in turn, led to the downfall of nations. That there simply is no

historical evidence to support such a charge bothers Dr. Cappon not a whit.

In his chapter, "Homosexuality and Values" the author rushes bravely through well-mined battlefields of philosophy with that recklessness which is always the mark of true ignorance. Floundering through the treacherous complexities of standards of ethics and morals, he comes up brightly with the finding that homosexuality, "by definition, is not healthy or wholesome." But why? Who says that this is so? And on precisely what basis? Homosexual behavior, Dr. Cappon declares, is "undesirable and worthy of disapproval," which statement, so far as he is concerned, seems to settle the matter. But does it?

Again, the soap-shiny innocence of the good doctor shows its face in the chapter on "Therapeutic Attitudes and Goals." "How deep is the homosexual cancer?" he asks. The patient is to be "changed for the better." For is it not both obvious and hopeful "that abnormal sex behavior can be stopped?" It is. "The cure of homosexuality is an all-or-none affair."

But enough of quoting. For we now have the type and dimensions of one more psychiatrist laid bare before our eyes, his own prejudices and complexes exposed. Humane, yet narrow, kind,

but imprisoned within a strait-jacket of his social and religious orientation—too un-selfaware to see any other view of life but his own as both conceivable and workable.

It should in all sincerity be said, questions of bad taste aside, that the day will be welcome when people venturing to study homosexual questions will receive or supplement their training with the thorough and searching regimen of the ONE Institute classes. For then we might hope to prune away those rank growths of speculation and personal bias so characteristic of those who have not had to endure healthy, knowledgeable criticism and analysis of their work.

How sad it is that the unwary by the thousands continue to place themselves in the hands of practitioners who really are, let's face it, untrained or but half trained. Yet there still are those who feel that the work of ONE Institute is a waste of time, not needed, even presumptuous. To all these, it must be said that without such an approach, many sided and interdisciplinary, as has long been used at the Institute, there are none qualified to advance the understanding of homosexuality very far.

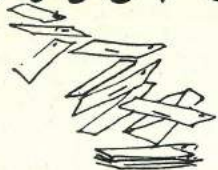
W. Dorr Legg, Director,
ONE Institute.

TARZAN & HIS FRIENDS

If I told you
To get off your fat behind
To turn off the television
Go back to school
Get an education
And make something of your life
You probably wouldn't hear me
Tarzan and the natives are shouting so loudly.
It's just as well. I'm not at all certain
That knowing French, German, and Middle English
Has made me the least bit happy.
So if you enjoy Tarzan and his friends
Then, by all means, do.

—Christian Lowell

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.

Sirs:

Read with interest your statements concerning a young man who was railroaded into a mental institution. This type of situation is nothing new, nor do these peculiar incidents happen to strictly one of his particular persuasion. Anyone may now be taken out of circulation forever and a day on the signature of a psychiatrist miles away who has never seen you, and be shipped intra-state without the privilege of making bond. Read the Alaskan Mental Health Bill (HR 6376) which was pushed through the U.S. Senate with only seven senators present.

Mr. G.
Chicago, Illinois

Sirs:

I think there should be something similar to a Pen Pal section. I know I would like to meet other ONE readers in my city. Perhaps other readers feel the same as I. If there is anyone from my town that you know of, that feels this way, please feel free to send him my name and address.

Mr. M.
Buffalo, New York

Editor's Note: ONE does not forward correspondence or give out addresses.

Sirs:

Late in December I received a phone call from my friend saying that there was a piece of mail at the New York office and the postoffice wanted to know if it could be opened for postal inspection. I told my friend to write them and tell them to go ahead and open it. He has had a subscription to *The Circle* for almost five years and wondered why this was coming up at this time. Permission was sent to the New York P.O. Nothing more was heard from them,

but about five weeks later, actually in February, the December issue showed up in his mailbox, showing that it had been opened and resealed with tape. The contents were intact, including the monthly leaflet of personal ads.

Mr. S.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Sirs:

Is it incriminating in any way for one to order by mail sexological material (primarily novels dealing with the homogenic theme) and/or the guide purporting to give addresses and names of bars, clubs, etc., throughout the USA, where members of the brotherhood can get to know one another?

Leonardo
Atlanta, Georgia

Editor's note: No, not unless the material has been declared obscene.

Sirs:

As you said (editorial Oct. 1964) whatever is in first class mail is nobody's business. Personally, I would like to exchange photos with friends were it not that postal inspectors might open the mail. I wish the U.S. Supreme Court would rule on that question.

Mr. D.
Charleston, South Carolina

Sirs:

The *Denver Post* exposed to the public the homosexual goings on and it was for understanding of the homosexual that it was written, but it backfired, and the police have been visiting the places that are known to be gay and it has become dangerous to appear in any of them. Some have been asked to close up or face a law suit.

Mr. L.
Denver, Colorado

Sirs:

Your mag has been coming to me for the past seven and a half years and I cannot tell you how greatly helped I have been by reading its contents. When I am able I will send a contribution to you all at One, Inc., and trust that it will further (if only in a very small way) the work that you are all doing to promote a better understanding of we folk.

Mr. A.
Auckland, New Zealand

Sirs:

In *Time*, March 5, there was a story on a proposition of the "new morality" or "ethics based on love, rather than law." Nine hundred clergymen and students gathered at Harvard Divinity School, the more progressive feeling that "no sexual relationship should be absolutely condemned by the church."

We have a responsibility to behave in a manner which is constructive; positive rather than negative attitudes must be fostered. It is our backyard to clean up, before accepting public responsibility as a group. We as individuals must build an "ethics of love" and adhere to our set principles.

Mr. L.
Phoenix, Arizona

Sirs:

I would say that generally there is mutual consent rather than outright seduction in homosexual affairs. I have never seen coercion used, and I have commingled with homosexuals for many years. If anything, I think the reverse is true—that heterosexual affairs often thrive on seduction. But I do not suggest that heterosexuality is an anti-social force.

Mr. G.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Sirs:

I am getting darned tired of experts telling me that even if I am happy, deliriously happy, I don't really know what I'm talking about, and I am basically unhappy. Doesn't the reverse apply—all those happy little morons aren't really happy either? Everybody is unhappy!

Mr. G.
Chicago, Illinois

Sirs:

I couldn't help notice Mr. H's letter (February ONE) on body building magazines. I am of the very strong belief that these young boys that pose for these physique magazines are advertising themselves to the homosexual, and probably could be homosexual themselves.

Mr. T.
Boston, Massachusetts

Sirs:

Alcoholics Anonymous, Suicides Anonymous, The Salvation Army. What do these organizations have in common with the Homophile Movement? Nothing. And that's my point. They are all dedicated to the proposition that no matter how degenerate an individual may be, he is worthy of assistance. Dope addicts, derelicts, prostitutes, in other words the dregs of society can go to them for that priceless "last chance." I have no argument with the excellent job being done by the Homophile Movement in bringing our "case" before the courts. But what about the dregs of our society? There is a homosexual skid row in every major city and closing our eyes to the fact will not make it vanish. What are you doing about it?

George Marshall
GAY Publishing Co.
Toronto, Canada

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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