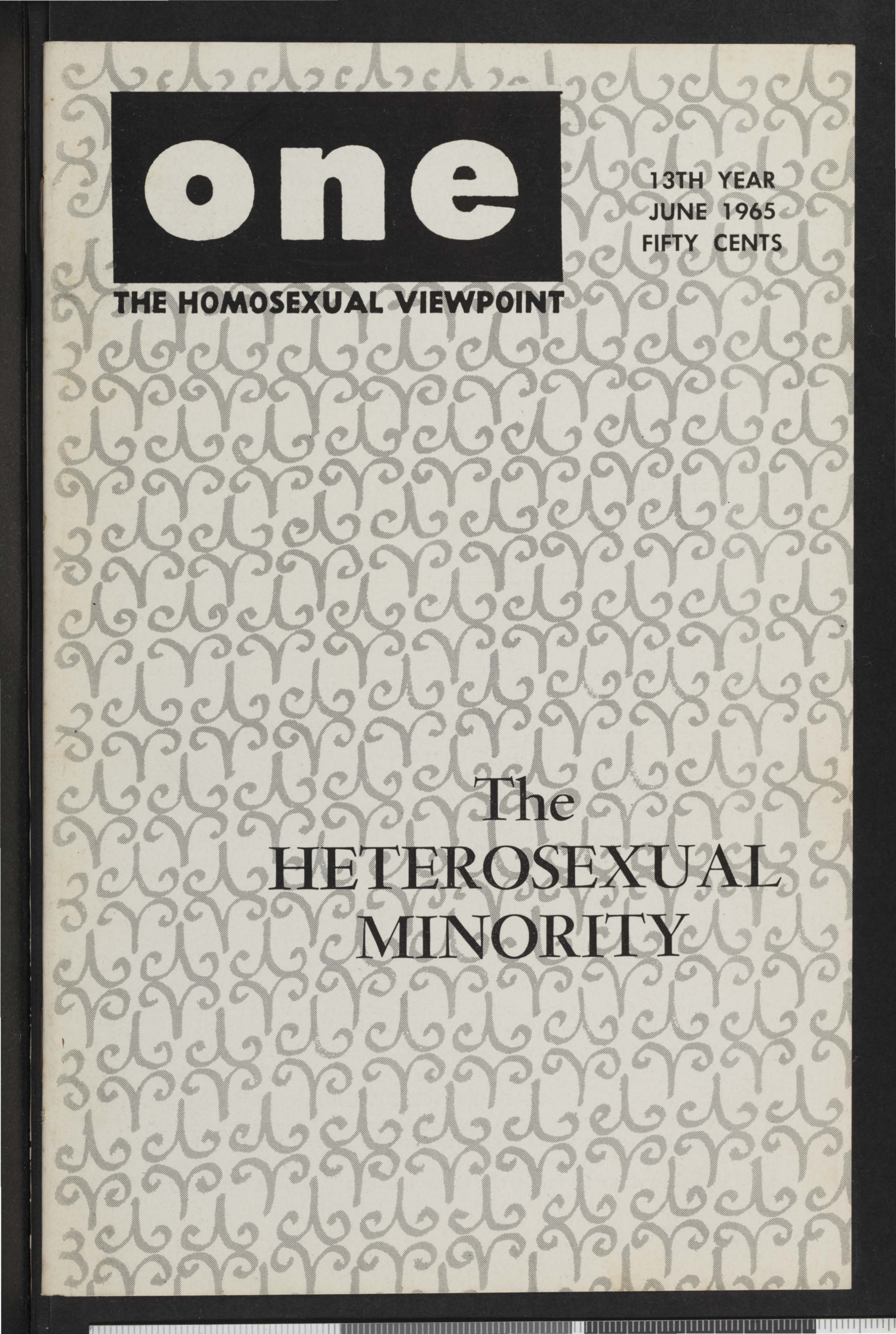




one

13TH YEAR
JUNE 1965
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

The
HETEROSEXUAL
MINORITY

ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

A non-profit corporation chartered by the State of California May 27, 1953. Its Voting Members elect the Directors (who also are the Corporation's officers) to direct the affairs of the Corporation. Elected to serve until the 1966 Annual Meeting are:

W. Dorr Legg, Chairman
Lewis Bonham, Vice Chairman
Monwell Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

Official Newsletter: *ONE CONFIDENTIAL* Marvin Cutler, Editor

SERVICE COMMITTEES

Advertising • Business & Accounting • House • Promotion

Bureau of Public Information & Lectures, Robert Gregory, Secretary

"To promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems . . . of all social and emotional variants." (Articles of Incorporation).

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

Thomas M. Merritt, Ph.D., Dean (Emeritus)

"To sponsor, supervise and conduct educational programs, lectures and concerts . . ."

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

W. Dorr Legg, Editor

"A magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . ."

PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Monwell Boyfrank, Manager

"To publish and disseminate magazines, brochures, leaflets, books and papers . . . pertaining to socio-sexual behavior."

Book Publishing Department

ONE MAGAZINE Richard Conger, Editor

RESEARCH DIVISION

"To stimulate, sponsor, aid, supervise and conduct research of every kind and description pertaining to socio-sexual behavior."

Library, Leslie Colfax, Librarian • Research Council, John Burnside, Secretary

SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION

"To aid in the social integration and rehabilitation of the sexual variant . . . and to aid in the development of social and moral responsibility in all such persons."

Bookservice • Social Service Council, Chuck Thompson, Secretary

one

magazine

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EDITORIAL

OFFICIAL NOTICE: FOR YOUR PROTECTION

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 falsely stated otherwise.

Please address all of your correspondence and make out all checks or money orders to ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90006 and not to individuals. ONE assumes no responsibility for checks, manuscripts, letters or packages addressed to Don Slater, William E. Glover or others and at any address except as above.

ONE, Incorporated, By Board of Directors
W. Dorr Legg, Chairman
Lewis Bonham, Vice Chairman
Manuel Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

May 1, 1965

Dear Richard Conger

Yesterday this Board voted to ask you to assume editorship of ONE Magazine, to replace Don Slater, who was dismissed April 23 and is no longer connected with the magazine or with ONE, Incorporated.

We have observed for years and with growing dismay a once idealistic and trustworthy man's deterioration. Starting with rudeness and petty quarrelsomeness, his conduct became intolerable.

He disregarded the Board's admonitions about his carelessness and unbusinesslike behavior. He would issue written statements under ONE's letterhead and fail to keep copies, so that there was no telling how he had gone on record in the corporation's name. He was airily frivolous about working hours and would come in at eleven, noon or not at all, day after day. He could not get any grasp of the facts of financial life. His treatment of our exceptionally fine printers was cavalier and arrogant.

He had become editor in 1958. At that time, "Corky" Reid had nursed the subscriptions to one thousand, and for two years the magazine continued to grow slightly, reaching something over twelve hundred. Since that time there has been a steady decline to the original level of about one thousand subscribers.

Readers complained that the magazine showed bad taste. A reputation for quiet and responsible journalism that previous editors had achieved for the magazine was squandered. Recently editorial responsi-

bility fell to such a low point that the board had no choice but to remove most of the editorial staff.

Let us make it clear that the Corporation is the publisher and it sets all policies through its duly elected officers. This will not limit proper editorial prerogatives nor hamper creative leadership. For several months we have studied proposals for changes in ONE Magazine's style and format for early adoption. We promise you our hearty co-operation.

Very truly yours,
Board of Directors
ONE, Incorporated

May 1, 1965

Board of Directors, ONE, Incorporated
2256 Venice Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

Dear friends:

I feel pleased and complimented as you offer me the editorship of ONE Magazine.

Having served as an associate editor throughout 1963, I can confirm all that you say about the malfunctionings, and much more. It is deplorable that while the general public's interest in and understanding of the homophile movement has flourished amazingly, the growth of ONE Magazine's circulation failed to match that flowering.

I aim to give readers the thoughtful and responsible handling of magazine material that they have shown they want. Of sensationalism the newsstands afford plenty. Let those who seek the outlandish, the weird, the absurd and the super-sexy find their satisfaction there. ONE Magazine should appeal to literate readers who fail to find in commercial publications full and honest handling of vital topics that call for full and honest treatment.

I thank you for defining the scope of my responsibilities. From the page describing ONE, Incorporated, which you have ordered placed on ONE's inside cover, I recognize that ONE Confidential is the newsletter in which you announce and define the corporation's policies and that the magazine may or may not report these, as seems fitting in each case, but that ONE Magazine itself does not fix ONE's policies.

That page makes it clear that ONE Institute Quarterly of Homophile Studies is the primary publication mentioned in the corporation's articles of incorporation and that ONE Magazine, though popular and highly important, is subsidiary. ONE Magazine acquaints the public at large with our message. Through it, people indeed come to learn that "a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

I shall publish articles and stories that will make it plain that homophile men and women are first of all human beings, sharing ideals and feelings that everybody can understand and find acceptable. The prospect of working to achieve such an editorial goal is immensely challenging and stimulating. I accept your offer with appreciation.

Sincerely yours,
Richard Conger, Editor
ONE Magazine

The heterosexual minority

by
Andrew Bradbury

The idea that the majority of human beings are homosexual will strike many as amusing. How could it be possible that a vast majority of homosexuals are intimidated and kept in line by a minority of heterosexuals? Those whose main goal in life is to be precise in verbal definition will be irritated by the impressionistic thrust of my efforts to define by painting pictures, a means of definition more emotionally adequate than mere verbal symbols. Because it is obviously crucial how one defines the word "homosexual" in order to determine who is the minority, many are irritated if not angered when one does not stick to the dictionaries and psychological studies written by the heterosexual minority's establishment.

Kinsey was one of the first to challenge the establishment, by conclusively showing that a majority of men have "homosexual experience" at one time or another. The assumption of the establishment, of course, is that most of this "experience" is childish play, like adolescent masturbation, and that in time—when physical maturation is completed—this adolescent play

is outgrown. This essay, of course, would not question the fact that a vast majority of the population does indeed enter into satisfactory heterosexual relationships in marriage. An interesting footnote at this point is the question, as yet inadequately studied, of how many homosexuals are married in this way.

Now let us paint a couple of pictures. Who is a Negro? In Brazil anyone who has a fraction of white blood is white, so a person with 90% Negro blood is considered white. In the United States a person with a fraction of Negro blood is Negro, even though he be 90% white. Now the question is how shall we apply this problem to "homosexuals?" Nearly everyone has some homosexual impulses and experience. What percentage of homosexual impulses and experience makes him homosexual? 2%, 10%, 30%, 60%, 90%? Nearly everyone has some heterosexual impulses and experience. What percent makes one heterosexual? 10%, 30%, 60%, 90%, 100%?

The heterosexual establishment, which the present generation of young

people is challenging in revolutionary ways, talks out of both sides of the mouth. Out of one side of the mouth, the establishment proclaims that the majority is heterosexual, and draws the line on the continuum to include the majority. But it is able to do so only by closing its eyes to actual behavior.

We need at this point to paint a second picture. Who is honest? The establishment maintains that the majority is honest—while at the same time being very dishonest about the truth of the homosexual situation. But we know that everyone cheats a little. Who is honest: the man who cheats 4%, 10%, 30%, 60%, 90%? When does he become a thief? The answer: when he gets caught.

A man who steals 90% of the time but is never caught spends his life renowned as a moral citizen, while the man who steals only once and is caught goes to jail. The same is true, of course, in illegal sexual behavior. The establishment counts only those homosexuals who admit it, or are caught. This means that the vast majority of persons who have homosexual experience are allowed to pass as heterosexuals, much as Negroes who have lost identifying racial characteristics are often successful in passing as whites.

At this moment, there are prominent psychiatrists and students of sexual psychology who will admit privately that the heterosexual establishment is going to be increasingly challenged by scientific fact. The fact which will be established is that *all persons* have strong homosexual desires and impulses, although many succeed in sublimating or suppressing these desires to a point where they do not know they exist. Scientific fact number two: the vast majority of persons engage in homosexual acts when they have the need or opportunity. One young man, recently completing a five year term in prison, was teased by some of his friends

when he reported that "nearly everyone in the prison was having sexual relations with someone." Finally, he blurted out a statement which was truer than he realized: "Just because I enjoyed sex in prison doesn't make me a queer! I just need sex. I just like sex. Human beings are just sexual persons."

Now here is the point of the disagreement over definition. Is this young man homosexual? The establishment says no. Out of prison he has taken up with girls again—although never exclusively. His "homosexual episode" was a temporary one, they say, of five years when he was deprived of "normal" sex. He is to be counted with the heterosexual majority from now on, despite the fact that he will continue to enjoy homosexual activity part time from now on. So out of one side of its mouth, the heterosexual establishment seems to be saying that anyone who has some satisfactory heterosexual relationships is a heterosexual. By that definition, the vast majority is indeed heterosexual. Indeed, despite many of the "case studies" and psychological documents which seem to read to the contrary, I know from vast personal experience that most homosexuals can and do from time to time greatly enjoy heterosexual experience.

Does a fraction of heterosexual experience make one heterosexual, or a fraction of homosexual experience make one homosexual? An honest answer may be that we are all bisexual. The fact is that all, or nearly all young adolescents are homosexual, and the achieving of heterosexuality is quite an accomplishment, to be achieved only through a difficult struggle. In fact, very few make it, as heterosexuality is defined by the establishment.

For where out of one side of its mouth the establishment proclaims that the majority is heterosexual, out of the other side of its mouth it de-

finer the heterosexual somewhat as follows. A "normal" boy grows up as a non-sexual being until his early adolescence. Then he discovers girls and begins to play around with girls in his early teens, and establishes his heterosexuality through intercourse with a girl either on a date or in marriage. We are told that this is the experience of the majority. This is the "norm," the normal experience of most.

If this is the definition of the heterosexual, then heterosexuals are definitely a minority. For scientific evidence continues to build up to establish the error of this picture. The "normal" boy's experience is more likely somewhat as follows, although to be accurate we must first state emphatically that there is much more variety in typical experience than the establishment's definition would allow for.

The normal child is a sexual being. He takes great delight in exploring his body and the bodies of others. He becomes a human being, capable of love, through warm bodily contact with parents, both male and female. He continues to grow in his capacity to relate to others through natural body contacts with both males and females. Because of the mystery of the female sex organs (his own are no mystery to him because of their availability for all kinds of exploration) and because of the association of female sex organs with generation and birth the typical young boy intuitively turns to his male friends for sexual experience and experimentation. Before puberty and for a time afterwards, nearly all boys associate almost exclusively with males, and although many experiment with sexual adventures with girls, up to age 14 the most satisfactory sex experience is with other boys or men.

The pre-puberty period is not so much homosexual as autosexual. The youngster loves himself, plays with

himself, and finds delight in himself. But as he grows more social at puberty, nearly all boys pass through homosexual and bi-sexual phases. Close friends sleep with each other and experiment with making love to one another. Through this experience some become confirmed as passive homosexuals because of the satisfaction they discover in passive sexual experience. (These are the persons usually considered to be "homosexual" by the heterosexual establishment. But science will not allow us to limit homosexuals, by definition, to passive homosexuals. In fact, the "passive" homosexual likes "active" experience too. And there is no realistic division between active and passive. We are caught up again in the problem of percentages. Is a person "active" when he likes to be passive only 30% of the time?)

But back to the "typical boy." In his adolescence he is attractive both to boys and girls, and is attracted both to boys and girls. The percentage of experience with boys and girls will depend to a great extent upon the company he keeps. Because of its at least unconscious recognition of widespread homosexual activity, the establishment has in recent years been forcing very young children into co-education and mixed social experiences. Boys and girls go to dancing school at ten, and shortly are forced into "dating." Y.M.C.A. and even Boy Scout activities are becoming co-educational at an early age. Every effort is being made to push the young boy into the arms of girls in order to prevent the homosexual adolescent play which teaches the youngster how to enjoy homosexual fun for the rest of his life—at least as a sideline.

But it doesn't work. Dancing and association with girls who refuse him sexual liberties because they're "good" girls, simply sends him back to the boys for "more and better" sex. And early furtive sexual experimentation

with girls simply create more appetites without providing adequate means for satisfying them. In such situations, many of the most "normal" girl-oriented boys turn to other boys for sexual release. One scholar recently suggested that perhaps the only answer therefore was child marriage, which would allow a boy and girl to begin sexual relations within marriage whenever ready. But cultures where this has been tried have found this no solution either. Early satiated with "married" sex, the boy-husbands turn to extra-sexual experience, generally with boys, to meet a hunger for varied experience which early marriage sought to deny them.

Eglinton, in *Greek Love*, has recently suggested that it would be normal for every young boy to have homosexual love affairs, as a stage to normal, mature adult sexuality. We would suggest that in fact, a majority of boys do indeed have such affairs—if only passing, furtive, secret, and unadmitted. The question is: what is normal, mature sexual activity? Perhaps the Romans were right: marriage should be a covenant relationship for companionship and children, which would allow each partner the right to a rich and varied sexual experience with other persons. In such a "truly adult" society, (where persons would be mature enough to accept variety and not insist upon selfish, possessive monogamy), there would probably be a place for marriage between two men as well as between two women, or a woman and a man. And certainly sideline adventures with both men and women would be normal and expected. Both, indeed, are normal within most present western societies, but the establishment closes its eyes to frequent adultery and homosexual excursions by married men.

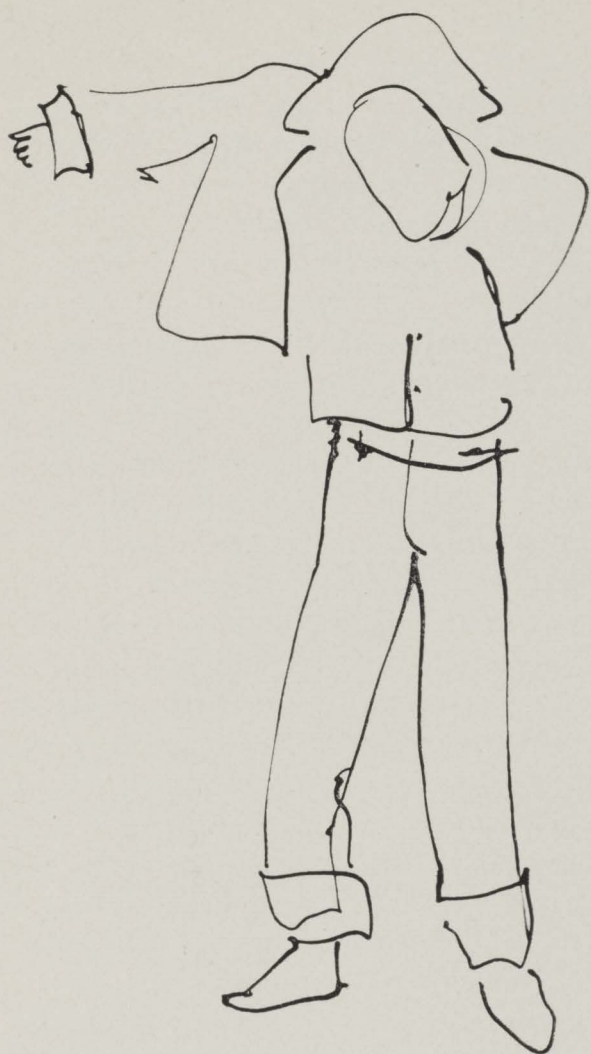
The fact is, therefore, that by its own definitions, the heterosexual establishment is already a minority—a

minority which successfully enforces its rules on the majority in order to keep up the population explosion, and to enforce an outmoded sexual legalism which is neither scientific, nor humane, nor enforceable.

The majority are heterosexual, if one accepts as heterosexual anyone who is capable of, or is having, satisfactory heterosexual relationships. At the same time, the majority is homosexual if one accepts as homosexual anyone who is capable of or who desires homosexual relationships. The difference? The law facilitates heterosexual relationships, and limits homosexual ones. Bigotry and inhumanity result from the oppression. Indeed, the price western society pays is tremendous: frustration, sadism, crime, mental illness, because males must sublimate the normal emotions they feel for one another. Each man develops secret inferiority feelings because of his homosexual impulses, because he assumes that other "normal" men do not have such impulses. Out of these feelings is born the establishment which enforces the laws. No one is so much for the prohibition of liquor as the man who is tempted to drink but feels it wrong; no one supports the heterosexual establishment so much as the man who is married and feels his homosexual impulses to be wrong.

The result: both heterosexuals and homosexuals are oppressed by the way a heterosexual minority (a minority at least who live up to the definition) controls the establishment. The entire civil rights picture would change if the law were amended in the United States to say that every person with some white blood is white. And how the emotional climate would change if the law admitted that every person with homosexual desires is homosexual!

If a homosexual majority took control of the establishment, how would society be different?



Fascinated ... but not Interested

*by
Ahmad Azarmi*

The kitchen door swung once, and a young man wearing black-striped trousers and a white shirt ran into the kitchen. He was carrying a black cummerbund on his forearm. "Hi, Chef!" he shouted.

"Hi, buddy! You're a little late, aren't you?" the chef answered.

The young man hurried to his locker, twirled the lock a few times, opened it rapidly, and picked up his uniform jacket. He then started to put on his bow tie while looking at a full-length misty mirror on the wall. His trim but well-proportioned masculine body seemed to fill the entire mirror. He bent down a little in a quick graceful arc so that he could see his bow tie. There was an almost animal urgency in his movement, an insistent maleness. As he adjusted the tie he glanced at the mass of black curly hair floating above his forehead. He didn't take time to comb it, at least not at that moment. His cheeks were still quite red from running on his way to work. For a moment he remembered his friend Richard's remark about the way his cheeks sometimes and unexpectedly turned red. It embarrassed him. He wanted to forget it but he recalled Richard's comment, "Boy! You could sure slay some people with those red cheeks!" "You fool, you," he had said as much to himself as to Richard. He took a final look at himself, straightened his shirt, observed the cut of his trousers, and then headed for the kitchen.

The kitchen door had swung again. Somebody stuck his head in and called, "Hey, Chef, has Otto showed up yet?"

The young man on his way from the locker room shouted rapidly, "I'll be with you in a minute, John."

"Well, step on it! You've got two dames sitting here for ages." He didn't wait for Otto's answer but left at once.

Otto was all ready now. In a single action he seemed to propel himself to the kitchen and, while on the run, managed to straighten his hair with his hands.

"Easy, now! What do you think we've got here—some kind of a race track?" the chef shouted. Otto was already out of the kitchen. "Damn nuisance," the chef muttered, but not in anger. His thoughts were on Otto's slim-fitting trousers, the almost sculptured effect they created, and the firm but easy swing of the youth's thighs as he passed by on his way to the dining room.

The dining room itself was so dim one could scarcely identify who was present. Every few minutes, different tables in turn would acquire a soft brightness from one of the candle lamps which Otto had lighted.

In a far corner of the room, two young women between twenty two and twenty five were sitting close together at one of the tables. If it hadn't been for their strangely white faces, no one would have noticed them since both were wearing dark dresses and each had dark, blue-black hair. They were very quiet and both had smiles on their faces.

Every few minutes they would pick up their drinks and sip them smoothly and slowly. Once, one of them offered the other a cigarette, lighted it, and then held the lighted match in her hand. They both watched the dwindling flame with pleasure. Then each seemed to fix her gaze on the soft white top of the other's breast, and the gaze was long and dear. They realized the match flame was nearing its end from its dim light when it shadowed the softly sloping portion between the two white breasts. Then one blew out the dying, flickering flame, and looked at the burned match, while the other looked at her girlish partner like a goddess of beauty in the twilight.

Otto looked at them with vague surprise. He walked towards their table and asked if they wished to see the menu.

"Not yet, thank you—but we would like another round of drinks," one of the girls said pleasantly.

"What were your drinks, Miss?"

"Aren't you the one who served our drinks a few minutes ago?" one of the them asked.

"No, Miss, that was the bartender."

"Well, I'm sorry! Bring us a baccardi cocktail and a daiquiri," one of the girls requested with a smile of sweetness.

"Yes, Miss," Otto said as he returned the sweet smile and faded from their view. He went over to the bar and ordered the drinks from Johnny. Johnny was wiping the counter; the bar was empty of customers. "There's something about those women—the two of them—that I don't like," Johnny said.

"What don't you like about them?"

"I don't know. They just don't look to me like decent women."

The time slipped shortly past seven o'clock. Johnny had two more parties: a group of four people—two middle aged men with their girl friends. The men were fat and needlessly loud. Both were smoking big and pungent cigars. The girls seemed somewhat uncomfortable but their speech contained a measure of respect for the men whose employees they obviously were.

A bit later, the maitre d' walked in. It took him a few moments to adjust his eyes to the dim light of the room. He went directly to the captain's desk.

Rubbing his hands together and hunching his shoulders, he looked at the reservation book. He was not satisfied with the small number of reservations. Disappointedly, he walked towards the bar and said, "Hi, Johnny! Doesn't look like much business tonight."

"Well, let's just hope," Johnny said. As he ended, someone shouted from the party of four, "George! Come here a minute."

The maitre d' looked straight towards the table and recognized the group. "Well, Mr. Finegold! I didn't recognize you—it gets so dark in here, y'know," he called while walking towards the table.

"George, I want you to meet these two beautiful girls, Judy and Carrol. Oh, ... and you know Sam."

"Sure, sure," he walked towards the girls and kissed their hands.

"Listen, George! Who are those girls over in the other corner?" Mr. Finegold asked as he indicated them to George. "They look to me like some kind of nuts."

George looked towards the two girls who were sitting close to each other, just as before, quiet and happy. "I never saw them before in this place," George volunteered. "I'll take care of them. How about another round of drinks for you, huh?"

"Yes, bring us another round."

"A pleasure," George answered, and then walked again to the bar. "Johnny, what's going on here?" he asked while pointing at the corner.

"I was just telling Otto the same thing about them," Johnny answered. "They've been sitting there since five thirty."

George saw Otto pushing a wagon with two cups of soup on it. He went to him and whispered, "Serve those girls quickly." Otto nodded his head in obedience.

Soon it was nine o'clock, and the two girls were still sitting quietly, talking in low tones. Otto tried to snoop a few times, but they cut the conversation quickly. They had finished their dinner a long time ago and had had a few after dinner drinks. Several times Otto approached to collect his bill, but he was refused and sent to bring more drinks.

Within the next two hours all the customers had gone, but the two girls were still sitting there. The hour was approaching eleven. George and Otto were standing by the bar. George was discussing his varied experiences and his knowledge of girls like the two at the corner table.

"Boy, if somebody gave them to me, I'd break their skulls in a minute," Johnny, the bartender, said.

"There are thousands of them in every city," George asserted.

The girls ordered another round of drinks. When Otto brought them, they asked him to strike a match to the liqueurs. Otto complied with the request nicely but nervously. The girls raised their heads and saw him clearly. His large brown eyes under their heavy brows sparkled in the candlelight. He seemed a little shy. A smile on his clear and cleanly shaved face gave him a pleasant look. Their fixed and steady eyes upon him seemed to un-nerve him. He was a bit short of breath and his whole body seemed to pulse with a steady but almost imperceptible beat in time with the candles. As he bent to flame the liqueurs in the glasses, the sharp-cut outline of his amply endowed manhood under the tissue-thin material of his tight pants was clearly visible in almost specific detail. It made a shadow on his black, half-shiny pants. The girls noticed it with curiosity but without embarrassment.

They were fascinated but not interested. The liqueurs had a beautiful blue flame. The girls enjoyed the blue reflection. They smiled at Otto in gratitude but Otto hardly noticed it because of his nervousness brought on by George, and his own embarrassment over the unplanned sexual display his too tight trousers had provided in such specific detail. His thoughts were interrupted when he noted a five dollar tip on his tray. "Nice service," the girls said and smiled. Otto thanked them and headed for the bar again.

George and Johnny were still talking about the two girls. Otto drew near them but didn't say a word. George kept repeating and repeating the same things. Otto ventured to remark, "Whatever you people said is probably right, but why should you care? They spent a good deal of money and they didn't bother a single soul." Encouraged by their silence, he continued, "Customers like those two girls are much better than people like Finegold."

This made Johnny angry. "What do you know about people, anyway? You talk too much."

George smiled and said, "That's the trouble with college students. They think they know everything." John nodded in agreement.

The two girls got up and said good night, very quietly. George thanked them, then said, "I hope you won't mind my saying so, but you should know that this place is very exclusive and is not for people of your type." The girls looked at him with surprised embarrassment and didn't say a word. They left quietly.

Otto had been watching the scene intently. He thought a little and then left the room. Outside, in the corridor by the kitchen, he reached for a telephone. He dropped in a dime, dialed his number, and waited a few moments.

"Hello!" the other party answered.

"Hello, Richard. This is Otto speaking." His voice seemed shy and uncertain, but he continued at once, "How would you like to get killed tonight by red cheeks.....? He paused a moment, and then added in a rush, "I'm coming over to spend the night at your place."

The Hall

Downstairs they're talking about girls
I stand in the doorway in my underwear
to catch the breeze from the open window.
The night is hot. I listen.
They were lying on the floor in their
underwear because of the heat,
talking about girls, but when I passed
on my way upstairs, they giggled.
They'll be there tomorrow. I'll pass.
I'll say Hi! I won't stop. I'll go up
to my room. I'll stand in the doorway,
listening, while they talk about girls.

—R. J. Stark

tangents

news & views

IN RETROSPECT . . .

The week of October 11th to 17th in the year of 1964 could truly be labeled "This Was The Week That Was":

1—Nikita Khrushchev was suddenly ousted as dictator of the mighty Soviet Union and Aleksei Kosygin became Premier and Leonid Brezhnev was named Secretary of the Communist Party.

2—Mao Tse-Tung's Communist China finally exploded a nuclear device. This event had taken China 14 years, cost them more than 200 million dollars and utilized the combined talents of 1,800 scientists and engineers.

3—In a significant election in Great Britain, Labor nosed out the Tories and Harold Wilson replaced Sir Douglas-Home as the Prime Minister.

4—It was revealed that an overworked Washington official, close to the President, had been arrested at the Y just two blocks from the White House—as a sexual deviate.

How did American Editors and writers react to such a history-making week? Let us take TIME magazine as a fairly typical example:

It devoted approximately six pages (plus references elsewhere) to the case of the arrested Washington official, four pages to the momentous events in Moscow, two pages to the important British election and less than a page to the Chinese nuclear explosion. The grotesqueries of the American press are known to the entire world and this was but one more blatant example of their talent for putting the wrong emphasis on the

wrong thing at the wrong time.

How will the Historians rate these four events from This Was The Week That Was? It is safe to say that long after the name of Jenkins is forgotten they will still be discussing the other three events. And yet, there is a special significance to the manner in which TIME and the press in general evaluated the events of the week. On page 21 of the October 23rd issue of TIME the writer gives us all the gory details of the crucifixion of the overworked aide of the President: "Soon after 8 p.m., he left, ostensibly for the White House.

"But Jenkins took a detour, headed instead for the Y.M.C.A. on G Street. Meanwhile, two plainclothes members of the Washington morals squad, Privates Lamonte P. Drouillard and R. L. Graham walked through the front door of the "Y" into the lobby, then descended to the basement men's room During one five-hour period earlier this year, police arrested eight homosexuals there, including two college professors and several Government workers.

"The two cops entered the room, walked past two adjoining pay toilets and up four narrow steps leading to a shower room that has been padlocked for ten years

"They entered the shower room and stationed themselves at two peep-holes in the door that gave them a view of the washroom and enabled them to peep over the toilet partitions. On that night the cops spotted Jenkins in a pay toilet with Andy Choka, 60, a Hungarian-born veteran of the U.S. Army Jenkins' back partly ob-

structed the detectives' view, but they figured they had seen enough to arrest the two men for a misdemeanor, if not for a more serious morals rap.

"At the fifth-floor office of the morals division at police headquarters, Jenkins identified himself . . . and gave his address, birth date and birth place correctly, but listed his occupation as 'clerk.' Under questioning by Lieut. Louis A. Fochett, he admitted that he was indeed the President's aide. Fochett immediately telephoned Inspector Scott E. Moyer, chief of the morals division, for guidance. Moyer gave a two-word order: 'Book him.'"

TIME goes on, and on, and on. And this is the magazine which goes into 5,000 classrooms across the U.S.A. so that more than 100,000 young people can get a better perspective of history in the making!

PRESS HYSTERIA

The press in general was not far behind TIME in falling on their victim like a pack of wild hyenas. There was something almost Freudian in their hysterical denunciation of the man who had strayed from the 'straight and narrow'. The fact that he was a highly respected married man with a wife and six children only seemed to increase their indignation and fear of this moral leper: This deviate! The social ostracism and exile of a fallen leader behind the Iron Curtain is almost civilized when compared with our treatment of a homosexual, unmasked.

But all was not darkness and hate. Here and there one could see a glimmer of light. Writing in his column for the New York Post of October 19th Editor James Wechsler wrote in part:

"Perhaps Franklin D. Roosevelt rendered both the most wise and pragmatic judgment when one of his valued high officials was denounced

by bureaucratic rivals as a homosexual. 'Well, he may be,' Roosevelt is said to have replied, 'but he doesn't do it on the Government's time.'

"But in his later years the man was eventually apprehended in a lamentable public fiasco (again without any indication that he had betrayed any public trust) and FDR was obliged to dismiss him. The verdict was politically inescapable. But the country would have been deprived of many years of distinguished service if this offender had been initially disqualified.

"What I am suggesting is that some of the ablest men of our time may not be the 'safest' by conventional standards, that democracy must sometimes take calculated risks with those too easily branded security risks and that, according to all the evidence supplied by Dr. Kinsey and other distinguished scientists *let no man judge others hastily lest he be judged.*"

The reaction of the American press, as a whole, to the incident at Washington is far more important and significant than the incident itself. But, of course, most Editors and writers are totally unaware of the significance . . . or are they? Every society and culture feels the need to protect itself against the 'outsider', the rebel, the deviate—but few institutions act with the zeal and puritanical determination of the American press. Perhaps it is just their way of telling the world that ours is a 'Government of heterosexuals, by heterosexuals and for heterosexuals.'

Yes, indeed, This Was The Week That Was!

NEWSBIT . . .

Mayor Wagner of N.Y., politician that he is, isn't taking changes lying down and is deploring "obscenity" for the benefit of the State Catholic War Veterans—do Catholic Veterans have some problems other veterans don't have, or why are they organized?

SUICIDE!



Joseph
Hansen

Are homosexuals more likely than are other people to commit suicide? There are no statistics to prove it, nor are there statistics to disprove it. So reports Dr. Edwin S. Schneidman, co-director of Suicide Prevention Center, and perhaps the world's foremost authority in his field.

Located in Los Angeles, the SPC is the largest and most complex institution of its kind. Rescue, Inc., of Boston, FRIENDS in Miami, Florida, and the National Save-a-Life League in New York, are all devoted to preventing suicide. But the SPC, with its staff of more than 20 psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, consultants, nurses and research associates, undertakes the education of both physicians and the lay public, and has opened doors of knowledge to a subject area too long taboo.

Suicide is tenth on the list of the of the nation's killers. In California, suicide accounts for more deaths than traffic accidents. Between July 1961 and July 1962 nearly 1,000 people

killed themselves in Los Angeles county alone. Psychiatrist Albert Schrut reports the known annual suicide rate in New York city as eight to 10 per 100,000 population.

Yet when Dr. Shneidman and Dr. Robert E. Litman started the SPC under a U. S. Government grant, no major center for the systematic and continuing study of suicide existed. With energy and imagination the center has undertaken research into motives for suicide that is proving helpful in the diagnosis of potential suicide victims and which should in time effectively lower the toll of fatalities.

One of the most important tools Dr. Schneidman and Dr. Litman have devised for the systematic study of suicide is what they term the Psychological Autopsy. By a study of suicide notes taken from the records of the Los Angeles County Coroner's office, and through interviews with relatives and friends of suicide victims, they have uncovered facts that can help

people avoid suicidal tendencies in themselves and detect them in others.

Are homosexuals lonelier than other people? It is a common belief. Certainly society as presently structured alienates homosexuals when it can identify them. And the reaction of individual homosexuals to society sometimes appears to accelerate and intensify that alienation. The attempt by some homosexuals to fit into conventional behavior patterns fails. And when they are then either indisposed to, or unable to find a framework of homosexual relationships within which to live, they are naturally lonely.

And lonely people are predisposed to suicide.

Many homosexuals have difficulty finding a life partner. In those who are determined to do so, the drive would seem no different from that of most heterosexuals toward marriage. But the fact that homosexual relationships must succeed without the recognition of the community, where they do not experience its outright condemnation, makes them difficult to establish and maintain. And "loss of a loved one" through death or separation is another "symptom" Dr. Schneidman and his associates look for when questioning friends and relatives of a suicide victim. Homosexuals are sometimes thought of as more sensitive and emotionally unstable as well as more dependent than other people. If this is true, reaction to the shock of separation from a loved one, notably where a love relationship is not easy in the first place to establish, might tend to make suicide a likelier possibility with homosexuals.

It is often said that the person who constantly threatens suicide will never kill himself. Reference is made to the barking dog that never bites. But the studies of the Suicide Prevention Center contradict this folk-say flatly. The best index his family, friends and co-workers have to a man's

suicide potential is his talk of suicide. Such talk has been termed by Drs. Schneidman and Norman L. Farbarow "the cry for help."

It is a cry to listen for.

There are other symptoms, some of them subtle. When a man repeatedly says, "I give up," or "I don't care," or "it doesn't matter," he may be in the psychological downward spiral that can end in his taking his own life. When a person abruptly begins to give away possessions for no discoverable reason, this can be another danger signal. Loss of a job, loss of family or community respect, sickness and imagined sickness, enforced retirement, the isolation from others that sometimes accompanies old age—all of these can contribute to a desire to "end it all."

The slowing down of a man's or woman's physical actions, the dragging step, can be a mute cry for help. Where a person has been normally talkative and no longer appears to want to make the effort to talk, this can be a warning. Not that any of these signs invariably points to suicide. But they are strong indices and should not be ignored.

They should especially not be ignored as age increases. "We have rarely encountered a nonlethally intended suicidal action in a man over 50 years of age," writes Robert E. Litman, M.D., in his paper, "Emergency Response to Potential Suicide." He means that faking a suicide attempt is not a likely act for an older man. "By contrast, the group of young women, aged 15 to 35, provides the . . . least number of completed suicides." Suicide threats or actions from this group are usually a means of emotional blackmail.

But if noticeable changes in behavior take place in an individual and among these are suicide attempts, no matter how ineffectual, they are cries for help. And, especially with men, they are fairly certain indications that

he will ultimately succeed in bringing about his own death. SPC notes that once the pattern is begun suicide attempts occur in the individual with increasing frequency, and the pattern must be broken if the life is to be saved. The love, attention, understanding of family and friends can make the difference. But where they are either not available or are too weak, this is the point when professional help should be brought into the picture. This is where a clinic like the SPC can do direct life-saving work.

The charge at the clinic is very small, but a charge has been found to be an important factor in making the patient feel he has a reason for talking to the doctors, taking the tests, going through the therapy. He has lost, after all, the reason that is basic to all normal people when they visit a doctor—the desire to live. Or, to be more exact, the desire to die is temporarily outweighing the desire to live. The clinic seeks to set the balance right again.

To give the patient hope and purpose is a foremost aim at Suicide Prevention Clinic. When the love and counsel of friends and family have failed—or worse, where they have never been given, the clinic attempts to help the individual regain his sense of perspective and of the value of continuing to live. The clinic does not always succeed, but it has the virtues of understanding and sympathy along with the special techniques it has evolved, to make its chances of success high.

Are there certain types of people more apt to commit suicide than other types? It would seem, from a very interesting and complex essay, "Orientations Toward Death" by Dr. Schneiderman (in the book *The Study of Lives*, edited by Robert W. White, 1963), that the heavy drinker, the fast driver, the so-called accident prone individual, "the diabetic who 'mismanages' his diet or his insulin, the individual

with cirrhosis who 'mismanages' his alcoholic intake, the Berger's disease patient who 'mismanages' his nicotine intake" are suicidal potentialities, managing the act over a period sometimes of years, but in fact killing themselves none the less.

While there are no statistics isolating homosexual from heterosexual suicides, the fact of the widespread belief among homosexuals that self-destruction is common to their kind has prompted this article. Dr. Litman writes: "Often the attitudes of spouse, relative or friend may mean the difference between life or death for persons involved in symbiotic [emotionally dependent] relationships."

The family of the homosexual who lives at home often does not know of his sexual bent. This makes relationships awkward. The family cannot help effectively in the individual's moments of emotional crisis or crack-up. That same lack of communicativeness that often marks the dangerously potential suicide is difficult to detect where confidences have not normally been shared and where emotional problems have been given no expression.

The homosexual who depends for outlet upon different pickups and a constant change of partners often lacks real friends to observe changes in his behavior patterns that signal danger. The most fortunate of homosexuals, he with a permanent relationship, is sometimes, when death takes his partner, least fortunate. A close relationship of this kind often tends to eliminate family contacts and to keep other friendships peripheral. This means that the bereaved has no one close to turn to at a time of stress, no one who can intelligently note his moves toward seeking death himself and who can gently deflect him.

Except in cities where suicide clinics exist.

Dr. Schneidman has stated, "While I am not myself a homosexual, I sympathize with them." And this writer was made acutely aware, in trying to gather particularized rather than generalized information for this article, that anonymity is a closely guarded right of every person who applies to the clinic for help and counsel. No records are available to any but SPC personnel and these are all highly qualified professionals. The homosexual who applies for help here will be treated with kindness and respect and may be assured that his sexual orientation will in no way influence the care given him, the hope held out.

Beyond its researches and studies, valuable as these are proving to be, beyond even its purpose to demonstrate to the U. S. Government, which finances it, the usefulness of such clinics on a nation-wide basis, the Suicide Prevention Center exists to cope with emergencies. Even the switchboard people are drilled in the correct procedures. The phone is answered 24 hours a day.

Suicide can enter any life at any time. But the scorn that met it once has been replaced by understanding. Where once there was no hope left, there is now a fund of hope.

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I WANT TO STAY

by Carol Harris

In the bare, dry, threadbare bone whiteness of a beach apartment, the sounds of Miles Davis' trumpet stuttered cool and muted, and hung in the warm breeze like blue teardrops. Sitting on the faded yellow couch under the window overlooking the sea, Marilyn Jaeger felt very alone. Combined with the music were the sounds of Bobbie Randall fumbling in the tangle of knives and scissors in the utility drawer, looking for a can opener, and the sound was a cold and dissociated one.

Marilyn had only known Bobbie for a few hours and although Bobbie had told her that they were to stay together, that this was it, the final thing, the permanent setup, Marilyn was wary and afraid. Afraid her parents might yet decide to find her and would turn her up even down here in Hermosa Beach, the last place they would decide to look logically—afraid of the scene when they did, afraid to go back, yet knowing deep down that she was being a fool to worry, that she hated them and didn't want them, that she'd walked out on a bad situation and into a good one, and that to worry about them was to let them ruin her life even when she was away, free, here, with someone

she was beginning to love. She was twenty, anyway. She didn't have to go anywhere, not even if they wanted her to. That idea calmed her. It was so easy, so simple.

Bobbie walked in from the kitchen, carrying two cans of beer. Clad in faded blue denims and a long-sleeved wool shirt with a small black dragon over the pocket, she looked absurdly like a fourteen-year-old boy, one of the surfer boys who rode skate-boards with flexible, furious precision on the sidewalks of Culver City, instead of the savage-voiced, city-ravaged blues singer who wore tight, straight black dresses and sang, till her scrawny frame shook with the effort, about men she would never love and whom she could only imagine, gripping the microphone till, through the smoky air of Rick's Jazz Showcase one could see her knuckles whiten and her big-sad eyes fill with tears.

"I just never can find the frigging can opener." She set one of the cans of beer on the black lacquer coffee table in front of Marilyn, and sat down on the couch with a sigh. "Isn't that Miles Davis a genius? Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?"

Marilyn smiled. "I never liked Miles

Davis till now. I guess I never listened to jazz much."

"It's something you grow into." Bobbie put her strong, bony arm around Marilyn.

Marilyn sucked in a deep breath, felt it pull cool across her teeth. "Oh, Christ!" she said, "you're too good to be true—" The tension in her couldn't wait. She put down the beer and grabbed Bobbie, took the skinny girl in her arms and pressed against her till she could feel breath and warmth fighting her grip, till she could feel the moan pressed out of Bobbie, till their two bodies were bone to bone, till the ache between the legs was battered and bruised out of existence, till they were both crying and beyond that to where they laughed and sighed and sat with eyes inward, breathing hard.

Bobbie looked at her watch. "Oh, hell. You're going to kill me for this, but if I don't change and get my ass down to rehearsal, I'm through. I'd invite you, but Jerry's kind of unpredictable. He might blow his stack, and I don't want to put you through that."

She got up and walked towards the curtained door to the bedroom. Marilyn got up and followed her. Bobbie talked on as she slipped out of her clothes, revealing her skinny frame, the light through the drawn shades turning her skin to pale green. She slipped into a straight pink shift that made her look more angular. Then she gathered her pants and shirt off the bare floorboards and folded them on the rumpled white bed.

"The records are in the cabinet, the whisky's in the icebox. I gotta beat it."

Pushing aside the curtain she left the bedroom and Marilyn followed again, feeling a little foolish.

"I—wish I could tell you—"

Bobbie turned sharply. "What, Baby?"

"Oh—nothing, just forget it. It wasn't important."

"Sure it was. Only, it doesn't need saying. I know all about it." She smiled. "See you later." And she was gone—out the door, down the hard, hollow stairs, around through the patio, and she latched the gate firmly with its clattering bolt.

Left alone, Marilyn stood just listening, listening to Miles Davis' cool explorations increase in the silence of the room. Then she cried.

At five-thirty she heard the bolt of the gate go up. She set down her guitar which she had been playing to ease the worrying whirlwind that had spun in her mind since Bobbie left, and listened. Not one, but two people were coming up the stairs. One was a man. Marilyn cursed inwardly. There was laughter, and the door opened, and Bobbie was back.

Behind her was a pale young man whose arms and wrists poking from his rolled back sleeves looked as though they were wound with nervous, pulsating ropes. His drawn cheeks and the circles under his eyes indicated not weariness but the marks of an endlessly raging nervous drive, raw, exposed. The look of him shocked Marilyn, shocked her to where she couldn't say it or touch it.

"Marilyn, this is Jerry Ballard. Jerry, Marilyn Jaeger. I'll get us a drink."

Bobbie kicked off her flat, hard-soled shoes and padded into the tiny kitchen. Jerry smiled at Marilyn and when he spoke, his voice was soft, with just the hint of a drawl, with the gentle, inarticulate slur, the pauses, that Marilyn had heard only from other musicians, really good ones, who lived in partial absence.

"Bobbie tells me you're a singer, too. Are you working? I mean, do you have anything going?"

"Not yet," Marilyn said. "Of course, I'm not a jazz singer. I only do folk music, and I haven't found any place in this area where I can try out."

"There are lots of places," he smiled. "I can help you, if you want. Let's sit down. I admit it—I'm tired out." He laid a tense, bony hand on her arm and let it drop. They sat down on the couch. Jerry put his feet on the coffee table and shut his eyes for a moment.

"I sure do appreciate the offer," Marilyn said. "I'm pretty lost around here and I guess I will need help to get started."

"Everyone does. It's that kind of business. You smoke?" He pulled a package of cigarets from his pocket, shook it, and extended it to Marilyn.

And as she took a cigaret, she saw his arm. And she remembered the husky voice of her hygiene teacher, short-haired, athletic Miss Jenks, the day the class had discussed the mysterious, sinister terrors of narcotics, while flies had droned through the schoolroom and everyone had yawned from heat and the boredom of hearing endless hygiene book platitudes about healthy living and the unclean obscenity of using artificial stimulants. The bluish marks under the naked pale skin, the tiny lumps where the needle had given up its hold—there they all were. And before she realized she was staring, mouth open, shocked like a kid at her first horror movie, Bobbie's voice broke in:

"Drinks all around. Come on Marilyn—wake up!"

Her eyes met Marilyn's hard as Marilyn took a glass, and Marilyn blushed a little. She looked quickly away. And when she looked at Jerry she made up her mind, with all the resolution she could muster, not to look at his arm. But as she glanced back at him, she saw him coolly rolling his sleeves down, buttoning the

cuffs with nervous fingers, then picking up his cigaret from the ashtray and smiling at her.

"Can I try your guitar a minute?" he asked.

"Sure," she said, swallowing, "go ahead."

It leaned against the end of the couch. She picked it up and swung it high to avoid knocking the glasses off the coffee table, and he gripped it and brought it safely on to his knee.

"This is as big as you are," he grinned.

She watched his fingers. Their trembling and uncertainty vanished. The lean, sinewy beat of the blues walked from under them as though it was the only sound meant to exist. She sat transfixed. She just couldn't believe it. She remembered her iron-haired mother saying rigidly that musicians were stupid people, that dope addicts were even more stupid, that the combination was simply not to be associated with. And here she was, sitting with an addicted musician who was saying more with a pawnshop guitar than her mother would ever be able to say. Marilyn suddenly wanted to shout, to laugh: Who gives a good God damn? What difference does it make? And then the sick worry, combined with anger now: What if my goddam parents come and spoil this, break it up, take me out of here, away from Bobbie, away from Jerry? She got up from the couch and walked quickly into the bathroom, shutting the door quietly and firmly. She stayed a long time.

When she came out, her guitar rested against the couch again. "Where's Jerry?" she asked.

Bobbie shook her head. "Poor son of a bitch." She got up and went to the kitchen, switching on the glaring light that turned the white walls to yellow, and opening a cupboard above

the sink. Marilyn had tagged after her again.

"Bobbie," she said softly, "I've got to get out of here. This won't work."

Bobbie whirled on her. "You're not going back home? Not after what you said, not now when you've got a chance, Baby?"

"No, not home. What I thought was, if I could borrow a little from you and get my own place—"

"What is this? Your home is here, right here. We settled that. What the Hell's going on?" Then her face changed. Whiteness and tension flickered across her mouth as they did when she sang. "Is this Jerry? You're not hung up on Jerry." She moved toward Marilyn. "Look, you don't want to get mixed up with him. He's got trouble. And I don't want that for you. Maybe all the rest of my friends lean on the frigging needle, but please not you, baby."

"Bobbie, that's why I've got to go. My folks have probably got the police looking for me right now. And, Jesus, if they found out I was hanging around with an addict—even if they found out about you and me . . . I'm scared, Bobbie. Lend me a little money. Let me get my own place. I'll pay you back. I promise."

"A little money is right." In the harsh light Marilyn saw the muscles

across Bobbie's sharp jaw line tighten. "For Christ's sake wake up to reality, Marilyn. If I hadn't found you, you'd be sleeping under a pier someplace. Yeah, I can pay a week's cheap rent somewhere, but what about next week and the week after. You haven't auditioned any place. How do you know you're gonna get a job—" A cigaret pack lay on the drainboard. Restlessly she poked into it. Empty. She crumpled it hard, and hung on to it. She stared at the dark window, her mouth pressed into a hard, crooked line, her body all broken, rigid angles.

And Marilyn suddenly understood. Bobbie didn't want her to go. It was as simple as that. For the first time in her life here was someone who didn't want Marilyn to go, somebody who really cared about having her around. And she had wanted to throw it away in a moment of panic.

"No!" she shouted, her eyes shining. "No, listen, I'm sorry. I don't want to go, Bobbie. I don't care about Jerry or the cops or anything. I was just scared for a minute, that's all. I'm sorry, Bobbie. Honest. I want to stay."

"Good. Nobody's going to find you here." She stepped right up against Marilyn and kissed her lightly on the mouth. "Say, kid, go slip on that Miles Davis record. I'm in the mood for it."

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The delinquent behavior of certain members of a minority can influence public opinion against the entire group.

When a group acquires an unfavorable name because of some of its members, Society automatically assumes that the entire group is to be feared and ostracized as an unwanted entity, lest the minority should acquire enough power and influence with which to deteriorate the morals and standards of living of the majority.

Persecution of minority groups evolves from such fears, as is shown in the anti-Negro, Asiatic, and Puerto Rican movements in the United States. This persecution does not serve to suppress the minority, however, as History has shown us in the persecution of the early Christians by the Romans, but rather contributes to the growth of Fascistic elements within the minority which serve to keep it intact, leading to violent retribution if the group should gain power—as was shown later in the Catholic persecution of Heretics.

In India, Mahatma Ghandi was faced with the problem of gaining the world's respect and sympathy for the Asiatic peoples. He did not begin by accusing the British of intolerance, but rather by telling his own people to gain the world's admiration by a worthy show of conduct and self-improvement. The success of Ghandi's method is a living example of how adult behavior has gained the respect and attention that is the birthright of every human being.

Ours is a strange minority. We possess neither distinction of color nor bone structure, and a great part of our members are undistinguishable even among ourselves. Nor are our privileges, our limitations of the same as racial or religious groups. We belong to no set political class, creed, or nationality. There is no real tradition we can cling to, no proud history that justifies us. We are placed out of bounds of religion, of marriage, of very existence. We are considered wayward, immoral, perverted, and unjustified. We cannot, as other minority groups, proudly segregate ourselves in special sections, with our own literature, entertainment, and education—the Negroes have Africa, the Asiatics, Asia, the Jews, Palestine—we have that lost civilization of Ancient Greece—and even to that we can place no proper claim. We are forced to love surreptitiously, to mingle with others who, if they learn what we are, have the right to discharge us from our work, our homes, our schools. Most states carry anti-discrimination laws, but there are no provisions in those laws for us. We are forced to undergo the greatest degradation of all—insincerity of speech—we are forced to lie about our thoughts!

We might consider ourselves as part of a liberal, modern movement towards the greater personal freedom of mankind—the freedom to love whom we choose, and in what way we choose. This freedom has been carelessly omitted from the Bill of Rights of which America is so proud—nor did President Roosevelt include it among his Four Freedoms—yet it could be called the Fifth Freedom—and it should be, for it is the most important of all—not only to us, but to everyone else in this world!

Ours is a dangerous minority. In no other group are the members so dependent on each other for approval, for we are, basically, constantly trying to impress and gain each other's love. Each one of us, therefore, is a strong influence on the entire group. Most of us are not what we are because we have to be, but because we choose to be—rather than conform to a pattern with which we are incompatible. We attract converts from all walks of life; we are potentially, a majority—A majority justifiably feared, not only by others but by ourselves—for in the hands of any leader—we have the power to create chaos in this Nation. For the most obvious among us are unstable, yes, sadly enough, the most obvious are the dishonest ones, the unreliable ones—as is shown by the hundreds of black marks against us in the Nation's prisons.

It is through personal contact that our movement gains its greatest strength—more than from books, films, articles, we can contribute to our acceptance by the favorable impression we create among other people. One day we hope it will be possible for us to say out loud "I am a homosexual!" When that day comes, we can expect the world to accept us only if we carry ourselves in an acceptable manner.

Ours is a great responsibility—to the world—to preserve, protect, and improve the fundamental principles of liberty, tolerance, and morality which have been handed down by the world's religious and philosophical leaders, to guard against fascism and intolerance within our group, to ostracise and discourage at all points the elements in our midst which might harmfully influence adolescents—for we must not be known as a group of children experiencing a new thrill, but adults who have freely chosen a way of life they prefer. Among ourselves we must assume the responsibility of eliminating delinquent, wayward behavior in the maladjusted members of our group with as strong methods as possible without the use of violence. We must preserve our moral behavior to the dictations of the Ten Commandments, with particular stress on the laws pertaining to dishonesty, adultery, respect of others, and the respect of God as our only idol—rather than the worship of materialism, debauchery, or sex.

If these words seem foolish, it is best to remember that for every one of us that commits a mistake, a hundred others are forced to prove that they are not also in error.

Let us make our name a good name, a sober name, one which we can speak proudly. Let us prove ourselves worthy of Freedom—the Fifth Freedom!

CARLE

Reprinted from October, 1955, ONE Magazine because of its still valid appropriateness. "Carle" is the pen name of a well-known author of lesbian fiction. Another lesbian comment, next page.

One of the commonest complaints in the lesbian press concerns the real or anticipated attitude of parents on learning that their daughter is a lesbian. Is this a valid concern or is it based on a fundamental fallacy? Let us examine it.

First, and perhaps silliest, is the idea that "if I were heterosexual I could discuss my dates and all that happened on them with my mother and father." Now, in most cases this just isn't so. I see heterosexual boys and girls year in and year out. A few are on close enough terms with their parents to share a small part of their happiness in regard to the person they love or think they love—and, knowing these parents and the relationship of trust and understanding between them and their children, a little tact, a rational plea for patience and sympathy in regard to a lesbian daughter would without doubt go far toward maintaining the harmony of such a family. And it is important to remember that even in these families the reticence of a decent sense of privacy is maintained. The details of last night's necking party or affair are not discussed.

In the other ninety percent, family relations range from a permissive indifference to downright hostility. Since the truth of the matter is that the nearest any of the members have come to confidences is the exchange concerning the necessity for a car on the part of the young person and the impossibility of affording the insurance on the part of the paying parent—it is unreasonable to insist on a warm, sympathetic family circle around one's lesbianism. The solution here is the same solution that will solve the other problems—how you dress, when you come home, who your friends are, why you don't go to church, and the innumerable other sources of friction common to the families of homosexuals and hetero-

sexuals alike—get a job and move out.

We have been discussing the teenage or young adult situation. What about the older lesbian who still lives at home with one or both parents? No doubt there are individual circumstances which would justify this situation, but they are few and far between and of a temporary nature. Too often, however, a mild indisposition on the part of a parent serves as an excuse for a woman to live at home, supported by her parents (and to complain about how hard her lot is) or, if she works, to expect the same care she had in the nursery and none of the restraints. Things just don't work that way. The divorce statistics which show in-laws to be at the bottom of more than fifty percent of broken marriages are just as valid for lesbian relationships. And may we suggest that before all fingers are pointed at the parents, a closer look be taken at the maturity of the woman who is unable or unwilling to answer in the affirmative the question about "forsaking all others."

It is too bad that so many lesbians let their self-consciousness and sense of guilt color their views of the world. The established happy lesbian relationships existing in the arts, professions, sports and business, in city, town, and on campus, attest to the combined indifference and ignorance of the world around them. There are two secrets to their success: first, they regard their marriage as a private matter whose value lies in the joy of their relationship one to the other—not as a symbol of their contempt for society and its mores; second, they conform in dress and manner to the society and occasion where their background, present interests, and work, place them.

Too often lesbians, as well as Dr. Albert Ellis, confuse transvestism, poor housekeeping, unpaid bills, a ridiculous promiscuity and a childish irres-

ponsibility, with lesbianism. Fortunately these are more often the attributes of the pseudo lesbian, that unhappy woman who for countless reasons, being in total rebellion, makes a public display of her relations with women as a last desperate slap at society. There are unquestionably transvestite lesbians, messy lesbians, financially irresponsible and promiscuous lesbians—but, since these traits are shared with some of their heterosexual sisters, no one, particularly lesbians, should take these as identifying marks.

The lesbian has no identifying marks; therefore where a lesbian finds herself rebuffed by society let her ask herself what she is doing to bring about this reaction. If she has chosen to imitate and exaggerate the most objectionable mannerisms of the most socially unacceptable men, then she must not complain if she receives the same rebuff these men would, were they to move out of the narrow world where their behavior patterns are acceptable.

The lesbian who moves into a quiet, a family, or a very conventional neighborhood and creates a disturbance is going to receive unfriendly treatment from most of her neigh-

bors. Frequent late, loud parties, where falling-down-drunk guests shout sexual suggestions and desires in four letter words will inevitably bring about chilly relations with everyone within earshot. The same thing would happen if a heterosexual couple did it. Loud television late a night, exaggerated dress, unconventional friends, a messy yard—these things are out of place in the conventional neighborhood. The lesbian whose life includes these things must be willing to make the same adjustment her heterosexual counterpart would have to make—namely, to live in a bohemian or decasse neighborhood, where it is to everyone's advantage to be tolerant of the shortcomings or excesses of others.

Just as much a fantasy as the idea that within heterosexual families there exists a warm, pink cloud of understanding, is the belief that "if only I were heterosexual I could do the most unsuitable things at the most unsuitable times and places, and everyone would still love me." This is not so. And it has nothing to do with lesbianism. It has to do with the facts of life as it is really lived.

Jane Race

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. ONE's Bookservice attempts to supply titles (for members only) of books in ONE's special field.

2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles 6

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Paean . . .

after an orgy

of reading ONE

Glancing over the index of 1963 many readers who have already read the issues will have fond memories of the various articles and stories and subjects covered. Those readers and Members who have not yet read them have missed a great deal of entertaining and informative material. Let's take a swift glance just to see what has already become "history."

January To start the year off was an intelligent article on the attitude of different homosexuals toward sex. K. O. Neal gave us a hilarious story, based on an actual incident reported in the newspapers, of a bull bought primarily for breeding cows who refused to mount them, and instead sought out other bulls.

February The Editorial and lead article discussed briefly the problem of birth control, over-population and the homosexual. The Supreme Court's 1962 decision in favor of the physique photo magazines (and against the Post Office) was reported. The Book-service announced that it would pay \$1.00 for used copies of such books as *Young Torless*, *The Bastard*, *Quatrefoil*, *Derricks*, *Gay Bars*, *Aubade*, and other books no longer in print, an offer still good.

March Donald Webster Cory wrote and Luis Medina's drawing from an

Indian temple illustrated a book review of three famous books on love, *Kama Kala*, *Roma Amor*, and *Eros Kalos*. The Editorial attacked the Hollywood paper which used falsified statistics to fight the homosexual called SD, (sex deviates) as being sources for vd., etc. A very funny story by Lance Knight ("Breakfast in Bedlam") concerns a mother who gossips about the escapades of the boy next door with girls. It then turns out that her own son . . . ! The second part of "Gentle Sir" appeared, probably one of the finest love poems we have printed. There is a rather good bar story.

April This issue contained the first section of a two part series by an attorney on the rights of individuals when dealing with the police. Also an article on vd based on talks held at ONE's offices with several doctors and health officials. The Editorial discusses jokes about queers. Members were invited to visit ONE's offices when in Southern California and also were reminded that the Social Service Division maintains a file of doctors and lawyers to be used when needed for all parts of the country. A whimsical story was "My Coleus Romance." There was a review of a *Harper's Magazine* article on homosexuality which seems strange when viewed from the present.

May The American edition of the Wolfenden Report was announced in the Editorial and the lead article was on New York, its police and the YMCA, etc. The latter rings a bell after the November 1964 election and Mr. Jenkins.

June With a bright yellow cover homosexual marriage was plugged. A poignant Bob Waltrip story, "Orange Blossoms," was liked by almost everyone. James Colton's "The Corrupter" made the issue a very good one for fiction. Dr. Merritt's review of a book on tyranny pointed how tyranny fails. The letters column carried one from Oregon on a stupid column by Howard Taubman which attacked homosexuality on the New York stage, and a letter on the hardships of homosexuals from the States crossing into Montreal for a visit to the gay bars there.

July Contained an article by Father Bernard Abbot of St. George Monastery of (American Eastern Orthodox Church, Las Vegas, Nevada) on some religious truths which the homosexuals should consider. The fact that this ancient Christian church, which is not homosexual, accepts homosexuals, should cause other churches and religious persons to reconsider their out-date religious concepts. The short story "The Moralists" put across a point on the hypocrisy of heterosexuals toward sex, the population explosion and poverty that no sermon or article could have done half so well. *Variety* reported (tangents) on W. Dorr Legg's appearance on a Chicago tv show (ABC). *Esquire* had an article on censorship which mentioned ONE's famous case against the Post Office, which we won, and which is still the only case carried to court by ANY homosexual organization, despite all the bravado claims of some of the other organizations.

August How could anyone ever forget this auspicious issue which brought down on us the wrath of so many

prissy queens who have their homes stacked with dirty pictures and physique photo magazines but who couldn't bear it when they saw a penis in ONE Magazine. Also, a story portrayed an unpleasant aspect of some homosexuals and once again proved that ONE does not hide the unpleasant side of homosexuality. Tangents pointed out the lies contained in Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy* soon to be out as a motion picture. And George Francis gave us an excellent little gay beach story from Australia. *City of Night* finally got reviewed, favorably, in ONE. And readers complained, for the umpteenth time in letters that ONE concentrates too much on news from Southern California and attacks other areas too much. Neither charge is true, but readers in other areas who fail to send in news clippings *should not complain* we don't report more news from their cities.

September This issue contained an excellent interview with a teenage homosexual. The fiction was the all too often story of two shy individuals who, due to a failure to let their wants be known, fail to make friends. Tangents reported that in Canada *Macleans Magazine* had fired a writer who had written an article on puppy-sex and the tv network (CBS) had cancelled a show with Helen Gurley (who wrote *Sex and the Single Girl*.)

It is interesting that since then *Macleans* has carried an excellent article on homosexuality. Time doesn't change some things though, for New Orleans was having a to-do about James Baldwin's *Another Country*, which this year Chicago is to-doing about—or rather *Tribune* is attacking. And Hawaii was having a witch hunt, and (February 1965) the Magazine carried an article which points out that the so called gay guides are wrong most of the time (only one bar out of

10 listed was actually gay and some listed bars never existed or were always hetero) and that now you can in Hawaii wear drag if you wear a tag pointing out that you are a man. *Tropic of Cancer* was news since it had just been declared to be NOT obscene. Two more Masters' books were blasted in the book reviews.

October. This issue contained a brochure or pamphlet giving the viewpoint of ONE, Incorporated and information about the Corporation. There was also a Donald Webster Cory report on his new book. Later, after seeing the book, ONE felt that too much space had been given to it, the value of the book was not up to that of first book, still his best one.

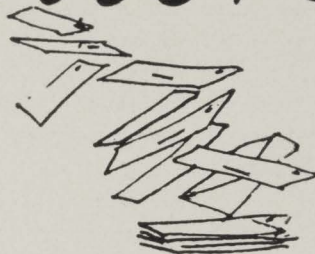
November This is probably the best issue of the year, with the possible exception of the December issue. The Case History was stimulating and thought provoking. The boyhood sex affairs of the subject were well told. A vivid description of an appearance before the Florida Inquisitors reminded readers that there, but for the grace of geography were they. The excellent little paperback *Sex-Life & Criminal Law* was reviewed. And someone complained by letter that our mailing procedure was not careful enough—could be one of those same people who get arrested for performing acts in a public restroom.

December This issue will be used by those interested in religion for months to come and the churches will sooner or later have to answer charges made by James Barr in the quote from *Game of Fools* in the Editorial and by "A Moral Imperative." Just this day we received in the office a copy of *The Lutheran Witness* (February 16, 1965 issue) which contained an article on sex and a column which heferred to a letter from ONE to a Lutheran minister in Chicago and the above article in ONE Magazine. They are not derogatory, but show still little

understanding of the problems of homosexuals.

A beautiful little Christmas story, "The Other Present," is a nice gift to the readers. The military services dirty tactics are reported anew in tangents, as well as news from England—the individual who sent it has since gotten a straight roommate and now can't receive mail from ONE, proving that even those who read and deal with ONE don't always understand and learn that it is "sick" to give up your individual freedom to gain economic support from roomers or relatives. Changing the law and religious attitudes wouldn't help this individual, since he simply gives up his own rights to buy someone's approval. Well that was the year that was 1963. No bad when you consider how relatively few people will sit down to write articles and stories and how relatively few homosexuals subscribe for or read the Magazine. Incidentally all 12 1963 issues may be had for \$3.00.

Letters



Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.

Dear Mr. Legg:

I know you must think I've forgotten all about ONE. I could never do that, but I just haven't had the money to keep up my Associate Membership payments on time.

As for the cover on the April issue of the Magazine, I liked it, BUT. Why did you take "Homosexual" off the cover? When you do things like that you make us feel ashamed of what we are, so put "Homosexual" back

on the frontcover, for that's where it belongs.

Mr. Y.

White Plains, New York

Dear ONE:

The recent issues of ONE Magazine, the QUARTERLY and CONFIDENTIAL are all up to their high standard. Congratulations for finally cracking a foundation. May this be the first of many.

Rev. P.

....., Michigan

Gentlemen:

Ever since I received from you a notice that my introductory subscription to the Magazine was expiring I have been determined not to resubscribe. I had been successful in maintaining that determination until I saw your April issue. The issue is magnificent! The stories are excellent. James Colton is one, of your better writers and I hope you will be able to persuade him to contribute more frequently to your story pages than he has in the past.

I would appreciate any back issues of ONE CONFIDENTIAL that you would care to send me. I am twenty-three and don't have too much money.

Mr. J.

Watertown, New York

Dear Editor:

The column "Private VS. Publicly Supported Colleges" in the "Tangents" section of ONE (Feb. 65) held special interest for me. I attend a private college which receives most of its financial aid from student tuition and church donations. Not only is it a private school but a "religious" one as well. I thoroughly agree with the statement in "Tangents" which says that most private colleges do not and have not allowed honest research on controversial matters. In fact, at this particular college homosexuality is discouraged at every turn. The outlook of the faculty and administration on such matters is highly puritanical. This does not mean, however, that homosexuality does not exist here. Rather, there is a surprising number of homosexuals on campus. Each and every one, needless to say, must be careful and present a false public image. Otherwise, there is severe ridicule. After putting up with this for two years, I am ready to go elsewhere. A larger, public college, it seems, would not discriminate as much as a small, private college. Perhaps because each student is obscure in the masses of people. I am interested in reading what others in private colleges have to say about this matter. Thank you for the opportunity for such things to be expressed. Keep up the good work at ONE.

Mr. T.

Orange, California

Dear ONEs:

How I wish I lived close enough to town that I could help you with some of your

work. Your holding out as long as you have shows rare acumen. I've seen perhaps half a dozen periodicals fail in the past thirty or forty years; and I think you are exceptionally successful in striking the right note. Incidentally I miss my guess if you are not having the time of your lives. It is not all of us who are privileged to participate in significant endeavors.

Mr. F.

Barstow, California

Gentlemen:

I believe you are performing a most worthwhile and necessary work. There are many of the activities of ONE which I would join in actively if I lived in your area. Also, the idea of your Tours to Europe fascinates me a good deal and if you continue these I will hope to go next year.

I look forward to, and am sure you people feel the same way, to the day when all large cities of this country are supporting branches of ONE. Detroit being the fifth largest city could well support such a venture if it were possible to get the right people interested.

Mr. S.

Detroit, Michigan

Dear ONE:

This is a wonderful place. Went on a city tour Monday and to a very enjoyable party given by the local homophile group Monday night. Yesterday another one of the ONE European Tour members and I went on a spending spree in the morning and walked miles in the afternoon just photographing statues. In the evening we went to the famous Tivoli Gardens.

Mr. B.

ONE's 1965 Tour

Copenhagen, Denmark

Dear Mr. Legg: and friends:

Your kind letter was quite a shock to me. It sure looks like a crazy stunt. I hope that privacy will not be violated. What a nice Easter greeting for you fellows. Be sure and change the locks on the office and get a night watchman.

Mr. J.

Washington, D.C.

Dear Bill:

I surely am confident in the manner in which ONE has grown and of your personal worth and steadfastness. I shall continue to support modestly financially and totally psychically all that you are doing and have done so well. I hope all others that have been close to your work will do the same.

Mr. B.

Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Lambert:

Good luck and I MEAN it.

Harry Otis

Glendale, California

What do you collect?

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Automobiles?

Sea Shells?

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"Junk"?

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Book?

Magazines?

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