

FOR SALE

Slim

Mature

Attractive

Provocative

Interesting

ONE Magazine

Enter your subscription as soon as you have recovered from your state of frenzied excitement. Receive your very own copy into your hot little hands before it's been massaged by just everyone at your local newsstand.

First years subscription, (sealed) \$7
(foreign) \$8

NAME

ADDRESS

(Include Street City State Zip Code)

I am over 21 (Signed)

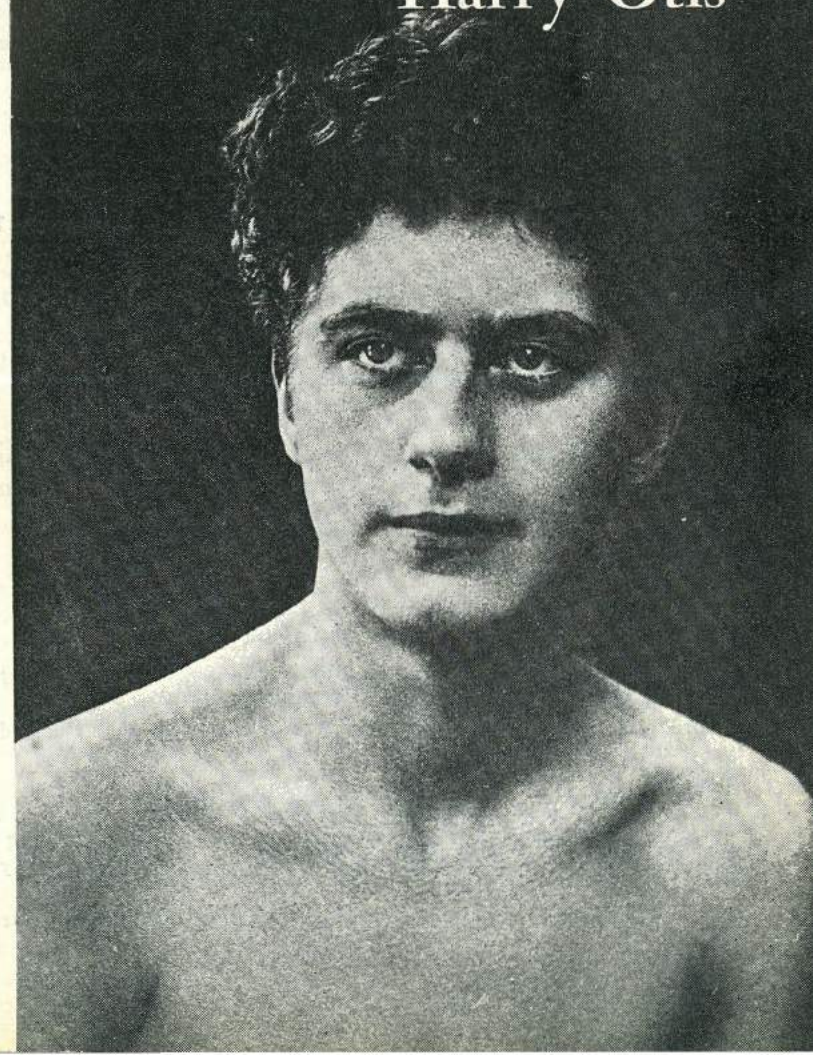
ONE, INCORPORATED 2256 VENICE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90006

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

13TH YEAR
JULY 1965
FIFTY CENTS

Quantrill's Boyfriend by Harry Otis



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

Volume XIII

Number 7

July 1965

- 4 EDITORIAL by Richard Conger
- 5 OFFICIAL NOTICE: FOR YOUR PROTECTION
- 6 ELEVEN LEVELS OF INTIMACY by Gus W. Dyer
- 12 KNOXVILLE SONNET 2 poem by Stephen Foy
- 13 QUANTRILL'S BOYFRIEND story by Harry Otis
- 15 TANGENTS news — views
- 18 PEPPER story by Douglas R. Empringham
- 22 WHERE RIGHT IS WRONG by Alfred Craig
- 26 BOOKS
- 29 ELEGY poem by Susan Smpadian
- 30 LETTERS

Editor	Richard Conger
Managing Editor	Robert Gregory
Associate Editors	Marvin Cutler Alison Hunter K. O. Neal
Staff Artists	Mark Haldane George Mortenson

ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents a copy, plus ten cents for mailing. Subscriptions, one year only, in United States, Canada and Mexico, seven dollars first-class sealed, first year; no airmail; rates to all overseas subscribers eight dollars a year. Publication offices, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90006. Copyright 1965 by ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, unless self-addressed envelope and return postage are enclosed.

EDITORIAL

A viewpoint is a way of looking at things. It is the spot where one plants his feet and sees what may be seen. A viewpoint is limiting in one way but then it can also be expansive. It all depends on the height of one's eye level. Stand in a ditch and the horizon doesn't extend very far. Stand on higher ground and the range is greater.

What of the homophile viewpoint? An anomalous term, some would say. Repugnant, others would call it. Many homophiles are themselves rather vague. Do I really have a viewpoint, they ask? Frankly, say they, I try not to think about such things any more than I can help.

It is not strange that "thinking about things" should be something to avoid. Thinking things through undeniably is hard work. Why do it at all when it is pleasanter to gaze on that pretty thing coming down the street or to anticipate that even prettier thing that may be walking along just past the next corner?

Yet some of us get more than a little fed up with a steady diet of visual stimulations. Besides, after a time the stimulation sort of wears off. If you hadn't already noticed this you soon will. When this happens you just about have to say to yourself, what's it all about? What do I want—really? What am I doing about what I really want? How should I go about doing what I really want? And the first thing you know you are getting yourself a viewpoint.

A homophile viewpoint is the way a homophile looks at the world with his own special eyes. There's no use trying to deny that your eyes are special. They are. You can't possibly view marriage and children, for instance, as does the non-homophile. That you happen to be married or to have children doesn't alter the situation at all. For, inevitably, you are compelled to think about that marriage and those children from the viewpoint that you are homophile; that you believe homophiles should marry and have children, or that they should not; that you are going to try hard not to allow your tendencies to harm them, or that you don't care at all if they do.

Politics, religion and the ways you spend money all fall within the range of the homophile viewpoint, your viewpoint toward being homophile and about other homophiles—what they should and should not do, their threats to or attractions for you. Or you may feel that you aren't "really" homophile at all but that you just play around now and then. Well, that too is part of your viewpoint.

A generic, or collective, homophile viewpoint is something still more elusive and complicated. It is to the task of exploring and defining such things that ONE long has addressed itself. The exploration necessarily must be multi-faceted. It calls for research, for intuitive as well as for scientific explorations. History must give us its clues and records. Most important of all is life as homophiles themselves live it from day to day.

The pages of ONE Magazine have for the past thirteen years been gaining here and there flashes of unexpected insight concerning such matters. It truly has been an exploration of the outer spaces of the inner man. We don't see this work being done in very many other places and so it is to the discovery and the exposition of the homophile viewpoint that we dedicate our pages each month.

We aim to range widely and far, to explore horizons as distant as those of the astronomers and the astronauts. Perhaps those physically measurable distances are only a small part of the story. The promise of more is incalculably exciting. Let's really cruise, or would you rather stay safely down in that ditch? Yours is the choice.

Richard Conger, Editor

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 other, or to any address other than 2256 Venice Boulevard.

ONE, Incorporated, By Board of Directors

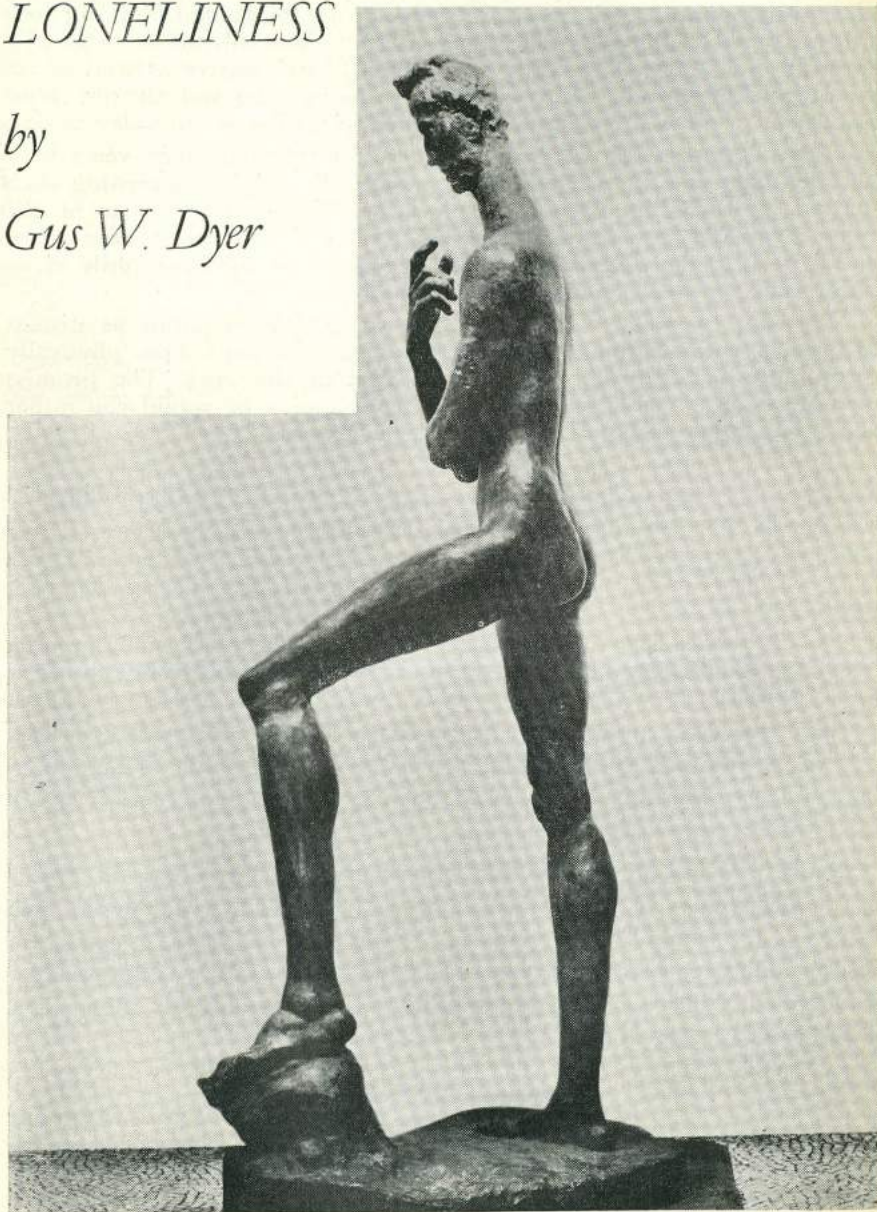
W. Dorr Legg, Chairman

Lewis Bonham, Vice Chairman

Manuel Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

ELEVEN LEVELS OF INTIMACY, A STUDY IN LONELINESS

by
Gus W. Dyer



Modern man is perhaps the loneliest of creatures. He finds himself imprisoned in a milieu in which it is difficult to establish vital contact with his associates. A few—through scientific, altruistic, or creative activity—are able to escape loneliness; but myriads, unable to do so, are condemned to isolation.

Regulations governing social interaction are complex and contradictory. Society has arrayed man's primitive habits of intimacy onto different levels and has said: "You may on some of these levels appease your loneliness, but not on others—except in special circumstances. Intimacy on some of these levels may be enjoyed but not mentioned; on others mentioned but not enjoyed." Not clearly understanding what is permissible and what taboo, the more sensitive withdraw into an ashcan of loneliness, while the desperate seek escape through alcoholism, violence, psychoses, and suicide.

The levels on which society has arrayed habits of intimacy range from the most-frequently approved to the never approved. Inasmuch as American culture is an amalgam of other cultures, the order in which the levels are presented does not coincide with the moral evaluations of every sub-culture but only with those of the dominant middle class. Although one level merges imperceptibly into another, the guardians of morality—through a complex of contradictory precepts—attempt to keep them distinct.

The author will give a brief description of each level and then attempt to suggest a direction in which a solution to the problem of loneliness may be found. To understand this presentation, the reader will have to project himself into the predicament of those psychiatric patients to whom this article is dedicated: the lonely and lost individuals of modern society.

Level 1: Small Talk

Without prior structuring, small talk is the only type of intimacy approved. And even this, except in special circumstances, is generally prohibited between the sexes. In certain situations it is also taboo between members of the same sex. While it is permissible for a male to strike up a conversation with another male sitting beside him on a bus, it is not permissible on a crowded city street. To be thus intimate would be "odd" or "queer."

One type of individual may of course enjoy intimacy from which another is excluded. The "grandfather type" may strike up a conversation with a young girl, but the "lecherous old man" may not—despite the fact that their intentions and conversations may be identical. The "junior executive type" may initiate conversation with an attractive member of the opposite sex, but the "fresh guy" is penalized for so doing, even though he uses the same approach. Inasmuch as many human beings are uncertain of the classification into which others put them, they are at loss as to what is permissible. Knowing not what to do, they live out their lives in loneliness.

Even at best, the intimacy of small talk can do little toward alleviating this distressing condition. Consisting as it does of clichés and superficialities, it soon leads to boredom—unless one dares leap to the next level of intimacy.

Level 2: Dark Sayings

In venturing onto this level, one must face certain hazards. By daring to talk or write seriously and profoundly, one runs the risk of being original. He may "queer the situation." He may arouse anxiety in his listeners or readers, causing them to shy away or to ask him, "Do you feel all right?" just as good judgment is required to know when and with whom to initiate small talk, good judgment is needed to determine the situation in which it is safe to initiate discussion

on a deeper level. Because of the uncertainties that lurk in depth communication, there are advantages in by-passing it, especially when one is seeking intimacy with the opposite sex. The advantages gained, however, may not be worth the price; for even though one achieves sensory pleasure, he may remain quite lonely in his intellectualizations.

Level 3: Approach to Physical Intimacy

Only after becoming verbally intimate is one permitted physical intimacy. The auditory receptors must be stimulated before the tactual. "In the beginning was the word," and in the establishing of intimacy that is the way it must be. The intention to become physically intimate, however, must not at this stage be verbalized; for the establishment of physical contact is considered less intimate than verbalizations expressing a desire to establish such contact. Verbalizations which accompany the approach to physical intimacy must be on a different subject. The gentleman does not say to the lady, "I desire to feel your shoulder." Instead, he goes ahead and feels it as he verbalizes about the fabric, of which her coat is made. Not until after a closer intimacy has been attained is it permissible to verbalize one's desires.

Level 4: Restricted Osculation

Although there are sub-cultural differences as to the participants, situations, and anatomical areas in connection with which osculation is sanctioned, middle-class morality decrees: (1) no kissing between males except fathers and young sons; (2) no kissing among relatives and friends—other than lovers—except on ceremonious occasions, such as partings, reunions, receiving of gifts, etc. (3) no prolonged or repetitious kissing in public; (4) no kissing of any area other than the face.

With these and other restrictions,

opportunities for the relief of tension through osculatory gratification are for the average person quite limited. Although smoking and drinking afford a measure of oral gratification, these substitutes do little toward alleviating the pangs of loneliness. In modern industrial society, it is becoming increasingly difficult to attain the type of privacy needed for osculatory intimacy. The wooded pathways of yesteryears have been supplanted by the super-highways of today; and opportunities to "meet a body, kiss a body, coming through the rye," reduced to nil. Motor transportation has brought with it a full measure of loneliness.

Level 5: Horseplay

This type of intimacy is expressed not so much by horses but by cats, dogs, young boys, television wrestlers, and occasionally among teenage boys and girls at the beach, although the latter is generally not consistent with middle-class mores.* The term horseplay, as here used, means vigorous pushing, pulling, squeezing, tumbling and rolling around over top of each other. Its primary function is not to demonstrate physical superiority, but to alleviate loneliness through pleasant kinesthetic sensations produced by vigorous physical interaction.

Stadiums packed with eager football fans suggest that the sport derives parts of its popularity from the regression of closely packed Homo sapiens down on all fours fanning into flame the intimacy of tangled interlocked muscular bodies vigorously stimulating each other at many points. The spectators vicariously experience the primordial intimacy enjoyed by our forebears prior to their adopting the lonely habit of walking up-

**Despite the middle-class disapproval of horseplay, the French have a dance in which the participants pile on top of each other in the middle of the floor. (CBS News Report)*

right—a lonely habit, indeed, substituting as it does a cold relatively unsensuous face-to-face relationship for a multisensuous all-around intimacy.

A desire to return to the pack sometimes finds expression in the behavior of psychiatric patients who, when on passes to the city, gravitate toward the thickest crowds in elevators and buses, dangerously to recapture for a moment the pressure and warmth of primitive intimacy.

Level 6: Nakedness

Approximately half-way between complete loneliness and complete intimacy is nakedness. Next to walking upright, the habit of wearing clothes has done more than anything else to isolate human beings. Except in a nudist camp (the members of which adhere rather closely to most middle-class mores), it might be difficult to separate for long the intimacy of nakedness from all the other little intimacies which in the Garden-of-Eden package are tied up with it, such as the semi-unconventional intimacy of unrestricted osculation, the conventional intimacy of generative penetration, the semi-conventional intimacy of spanking, and the unconventional intimacy of nongenerative penetration, all of which are closely interlocked in the aesthetic experience of total sense stimulation.

As a half-way station on the road to complete intimacy, nakedness is of course surrounded by various taboos. Protectors of morals have long regarded the unclad body as a public menace, buttressing their position with Genesis 3:7, "And the eyes of them were opened and they knew they were naked. And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons." One may wonder why, at a time when emphasis was on procreation, nakedness became taboo. Possibly because of its interference with work. Not until man recognized that he must earn

his living by the sweat of his brow did he repress his inclination for intimacy. The apron was a means of hiding distractions from industry.

Largely because of this emphasis on industry, loneliness has now reached a point where many are beginning to wonder whether the fruits of toil are worth the price. Industry may contribute to survival, but a life of loneliness is without savor. Certainly, to the extent that nakedness actually interferes with the necessary work of the world it is bad. But when man is unmotivated by the zip nascent in the Garden-of-Eden package, his work may be as barren and dreary as that of a psychotic patient.

Level 7: Generative Penetration

To insure race perpetuation, civilization has attached an exaggerated significance to the alleviation of loneliness through generative penetration. Such overemphasis on the therapeutic value of this one type of intimacy has tended to illegitimize other types. Civilization has said to man: "Conquer loneliness through generative penetration, or become its eternal victim. In winning the Seventh Level of Intimacy, it is your prerogative to enjoy intimacy on a few of the other levels; but if you take not the Seventh Level as your goal, you must forego intimacy altogether — except on a verbal level."

Thus civilization punishes with loneliness those who postpone, cannot attain, or refuse to accept the standard pattern of intimacy permitted in marriage. If loneliness could in this way be eliminated, the punishment might be justified. But the fact is that generative penetration, with its accompanying intimacies, is in many instances incapable of touching the deeper wells of loneliness.

It is believed that a more enlightened civilization would attach less importance to generative penetration and

allow a greater latitude for the relief of loneliness through whatever types of intimacy experience and experiments indicate are, in appropriate situations, rich in human values. In a world threatened by overpopulation, there is no point in attaching so high a premium to generative penetration.

Level 8: Aesthetic Sadomasochism

Although sadomasochism is similar to horseplay there is sufficient difference to warrant a special classification. In practice the two sometimes overlap, as beachplay between the sexes; but generally one leaves off where the other begins. I am using the term sadomasochism in a somewhat special sense, restricting it by the adjective *aesthetic* to a type of physical-and-verbal intimacy in which the aggressor, through the infliction of mild-to-moderate pain compels the loved one to feel him, to feel through him, to be occupied with him. The term, as here used, does not include aggressiveness resulting from anger, inconsiderate acts of sheer cruelty, or masked sadism manifesting itself as enthusiasm for war. It may, however, find expression in the masked sadism manifesting itself in the disciplining of children as well as in the marked masochism manifesting itself in the deliberate provocation of corporal punishment. It is unfortunate that the adult need of intimacy at this level should so often have to vent itself upon the children in a one-sided manner which the children themselves cannot appreciate.

Although the love spanking almost belongs to the inventory of normal love, it is surrounded by so many taboos that in sophisticated society it is almost extinct except in play with small children, and even this generally restricted to close relatives.

Level 9: Unrestricted Osculation

With the practice of walking upright, wearing clothes, and living in

well-lighted partitioned homes—instead of in dark crowded caves and nests in the woods—opportunities for unrestricted osculation have diminished. A one-sided and somewhat inconsistent over-emphasis on hygiene has excluded from osculation most of the areas toward which all animals, including *Homo Sapiens*, naturally gravitate. Although confidential surveys suggest that practice is more liberal than precept, many are excluded from all forms of osculatory intimacy not approved by the guardians of morality.

Alcoholism, excessive smoking, and other neurotic form of oral gratification are part of the price that is paid for the maintenance of this over-delicate attitude. The greater portion of the price, however, is paid in sheer loneliness. As one psychiatric patient, starving for intimacy, said: "I want to taste every girl to see what her flavor is."

Level 10: Non-Generative Penetration

While loneliness may to some extent be diminished through creative activity, rituals, and approved types of intellectual and sensory stimulation, it can hardly be eliminated except through literally or figuratively penetrating or being penetrated, overcoming disunity by becoming one. This may to some extent be achieved verbally, and to some extent through generative penetration, but by neither of these can loneliness be completely conquered. Other types of intimacy appear necessary—especially when an individual, because of nature or circumstances, is unable to function potentially on levels 2 and 7

Although there appears to be no general agreement as to what extent the vicissitudes of penetration are desirable, the study of human behavior suggests that variety of types of non-generative penetration, effective as they are in relieving loneliness, cannot be completely repressed. Any attempt to outlaw such expressions of intimacy

is equivalent to an attempt to condemn to lifelong loneliness not only the sexual invert but also many others, including those who cannot be aroused to generative intimacy except through indulgence in penetrative non-generative foreplay.

Level 11: Cannibalism

On almost all levels of evolutionary development we find cannibalistic practices. At one end of the scale, protozoans attempt to dispel hunger-loneliness by absorbing into themselves any non-irritant they can wrap themselves around, while at the opposite end the warriors of Genghis Khan dined on virgins. In religious ceremonies we find residuals of the primitive practice of devouring what we love. The language of endearment, "sweet," "luscious," etc., betrays this tendency, as does the baby-talk, "I'm going to eat you up." The Red Riding Hood fable is an example of the extremes to which a lonely wolf may go to alleviate loneliness. To eat what one loves is to possess it entirely. Despite the adage, "You can't eat your cake and have it too," one cannot in a sense really *have* his cake unless he does eat it, cheesecake being no exception.

As a means of escaping loneliness we usually find it imprudent to devour what we love, and so we turn on ourselves—chew our nails, bite our knuckles and lips: infantilisms which reveals the cannibalistic craving in the depths of our nature.

Discussion

I do not mean to suggest that we should tear down all cultural barriers—divest ourselves of raiment, get down on all fours, and "do what comes naturally." This we could not stand. We do not want to return to a "state of nature." What we can and want to achieve is a gradual, carefully controlled, and accurately evaluated transition to a less lonely and more

congenial type of civilization. In making this transition, we would do well to heed the words of Pascal: "Man need not believe that he is equal to the beasts or the angels, yet he should not be ignorant of the one nature or the other, but he should know the one and the other."

Certainly, as in other habits of daily living, there is need for moderation. The achievement of this requires discovery of the golden mean, not as a static point but as a gentle zig-zag along which it is possible to experience the values of both intimacy and aloneness. Aloneness is not loneliness except when one is starving for intimacy.

In contemporary civilization man finds it increasing difficult to be either intimate or alone. Through the constant bombardment of commercialism he is tantalized by the attractives of each, but has little leeway to zig-zag in either direction. One is struck by the anguish of human beings dominated by a great longing that they know not how to overcome. Cocooned within inhibitions or hypocrisies, with whom can modern man relate except a stranger in the night? Having lost touch with each other, there is for many no dread in the prospect of atomic war.

The lonely person experiences himself as an outsider, one who is helpless to help himself. It may be overwhelming loneliness in the midst of a multitude, loneliness in which one is estranged from the life about him and from the development of his positive potentialities—the loneliness of a thousand closed doors along a thousand streets, the loneliness of a forest of dead trees, the loneliness of a tunnel leading in an endless circle . . . The loneliness of a psychotic patient at a dance. Loneliness in modern society is not due to an absence of associates but to the inhibition of intimacy.

In a society more considerate of human values, intimacy within broad

limits might not only be tolerated but encouraged on all levels—except, of course, the cannibalism. Certainly regulations are desirable; but those by which we are now dominated hardly seem suitable for promoting the good life for all. Conventional morality has fulfilled its function of stimulating habits of industry and reproduction and now needs to be supplanted by controls geared to bring into closer union the members of the human race. The statement "God is love" has not yet lost all meaning; but love without intimacy is a hollow empty concept. No longer sustained by the hope of supernatural intervention, man realizes that he is now on his own—that he has no purpose, no goal, no mission in life other than that demanded by the deep loneliness of his nature. His most promising hope for salvation, he now realizes, is the attainment of satisfactory social relations with his fellow creatures. Only in this way can he escape the psychotic nightmare of meaningless existence.

Deep within us is the call of life. But amid the clamor of status seek-

ing and pyramid climbing, it can scarcely be heard. Excluded as irrelevant to production and reproduction are most of the values of intimacy, which somehow we must re-learn to enjoy if the flame of life is to burn bright and clear. To make the earth a more habitable place, we must discover means of integrating the value of animal-and-angel intimacy with industrial efficiency, constitutional justice, and democratic individualism.

Conclusion

Despite the baffling relationship of self to others, man with resolute effort may be able to conquer loneliness and move into a better, more exciting and richer world. As to how this may be done, I have only the vaguest idea. The advocating of greater intimacy is fraught with many dangers, not least among which is the danger of being misunderstood; but closing our eyes to the problem, and not speaking out about it, will lead only to greater loneliness. It is hoped that future research will suggest ways of transcending this dilemma.

KNOXVILLE SONNET 2

You fated heir of Celtic flesh that sold
 Its chiefest titles out to mythic kings;
 Whose primal fathers traded their freehold
 For drunkenness and brightly-wrought arm rings,
 Or rattling Chevrolets and sleeveless shirts
 And deathly shrilling swerves from rude, wild race;
 Improvidence is what your blood asserts
 As sure as you inherited your face.
 So many rash men owned that face before
 To bequeath it through millennia to you,
 And now they weigh the pedal to the floor
 To make a fuse the race you must pursue,
 And squander their last stock, and when that's gone
 Then, Arthur comes no more from Avalon.

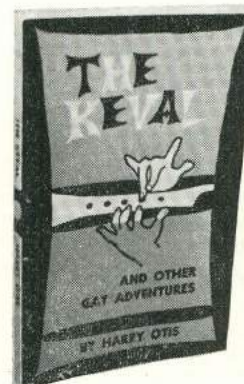
Stephen Foy

QUANTRILL'S BOYFRIEND

by Harry Otis, author

published
in 1959

by
ONE,
Incorporated



a popular short-story collection
now out of print.

Sue-Marcu Jerome Clarke was born in Kentucky in 1845. At 16 he joined the Confederate army. He fought at the battle of Donelson on the Cumberland. Cut off at Cynthiana, he went under ground and took up guerilla warfare. He named himself Captain and was very resourceful with gun and knife. At 19 a seasoned warrior, he learned the location of Federal troops and supply trains. He kept away from cities

where women might recognize him as a man.

One contemporary has left this picture "a quiet spoken dandy, with his in love knots each 6 in. long, a hand like a school girl and a waist like a women. As a spy he came and went as the wind blew, so many were his shapes and disguises, so perfect under control were his speech and bearing, that in some quarters his identity was

denied. His smooth, open, rosy cheeked face made almost any disguise easy of encompassment. His iron nerve carried him easily thru many self imposed difficulties, that without it extraction could not have come thru a regiment of cavalry." Impossible for him to wear a wig he let his hair grow as did Custer and Pickett. However "beneath an exterior as effeminate as a woman, he carried the muscles of an athlete. His long hair in battle blew about as the mane of a horse. The dandy in a melee became a Cossack; in desperate emergencies, a giant. Even the rough guerrillas had no desire to tangle with such a person."

Records of Sue's guerilla command first appeared in the Union dispatch of Nov. 5, 1864. His men were pillaging Bloomfield, Kentucky. He got away but they were caught. In the next four months Sue's guerillas and Union troops were in almost daily contact. In January, 1865, 18 home guards were plundering stores in Bloomsburg when 60 guerillas under Sue and Mc-Gruder dashed into the town, killing all but one of the plunderers. Day after day Federal officers reported skirmishes with Sue, the pattern always the same. Union troops arrived in force to find a burning depot on a farm that he had looted. After Sue's men had captured one wagon train, a detachment of U.S. cavalry appeared so suddenly, Sue had to flee barefoot through brush and snow to escape.

Altho several packs fought on their own, several joined forces. This brought Sue together with the most celebrated of all guerillas—William Clarke Quantrill (*Collins History of Kentucky*)—"Sue's men were to be relied upon equally with the best of any guerilla band, Quantrill not excepted... Quantrill, 28, handsome, well brushed dark hair, and a small moustache, must have created a charming companion for the attractive Sue

Mundy, even though Sue appeared upon occasion as a man with very long hair." A veteran of violence in bleeding Kansas days, Quantrill had been mustered into the Confederate army as a Capt.; but he preferred the methods and rewards of a guerilla. Sue operated on equal terms with the James Brothers and the younger gangs of cut-throats.

At a toll gate two miles west of Bradfordville, Quantrill was leading a raid when his rear was heavily attacked by Federal troops. Sue led a counter-charge that sent the northern cavalry reeling but his own horse falling finished Sue. 50 Federal troops rushed in for the kill but Frank James and James Younger saved him.

Sue's ferocity in battle and bestiality on raids brought increasingly large numbers of Federal troops on his trail. On March 12, a detachment of Wisconsin's 30th surprised the guerillas near Webster, Breckenridge county.

Sue personally wounded 4 Union soldiers, one mortally and refused to surrender despite heavy odds against him until a tricky Northern commander promised he would be treated as a prisoner of war, and not as a captured outlaw. Sue accepted the terms. He was tried by a court-martial two days later in Louisville. The court repudiated the terms of surrender. He was a un-uniformed person who had shot and killed Federal officers, said the court, which refused to let Sue introduce evidence as to his military service in the Confederate army. Sue modestly protested that many of the acts were committed by a lesser known person.

March 15, in his 20th year at 4 in the afternoon, Sue was hanged. Just before hanging he amazed his captors by demanding pen and ink so he could write a farewell note to his lover, Quantrill.

tangents

news & views

CHILD MOLESTING: THE CHARGE THAT SELDOM FAILS

Mother of a six-year old boy in Scottsdale (Arizona), a cocktail waitress, testified that she believed her son would not lie to her because he had been raised as a Catholic during trial of physician accused on two charges of lewd and lascivious acts and one of child molestation. Murray Miller, attorney for the accused Dr. Robert H. Christensen challenged the constitutionality of Arizona's new child-molester law. While Maricopa County Superior Court Judge Fred J. Hyder ruled that the court did have jurisdiction in the case Justice of the Peace Vern Sessions pointed out inconsistencies in the testimony, saying "It's a weak case," and for once, a jury (10 men and 2 women) agreed by acquitting the physician. Not so, usually.

In San Fernando Valley California, neighborhood newspaper (*Valley Times*, June 9) ranted in comment on recent maiming of a small boy "by a previously convicted, suspended, pampered pervert" that (and here we quote again) "**The Courts are manned by incompetent Judges** . . . Hanging from the same gallows should be the judges who did not confine the perpetrator before—and the parole officers who recommended suspension."

Flailing out left and right at "all of those members of the clergy who have tearfully been plighting the cause of the poor, downtrodden

homosexual" our rustic editor cries on, "Now is the time for the members of the United States Congress who have tried to pass special legislation for the 'Mattachine Society' . . . to examine this case and then account to the parents . . . Now is the time for the Legislature to make mandatory life imprisonment the unwavering order for any sex offender — on the first conviction."

An impressive 32 page booklet "Laws For Youth" issued by the County of Los Angeles warns, "Hitchhiking is particularly dangerous for young boys because it is a favored and easy method of approach for sex perverts." The question, are homosexuals child molesters or sex perverts, goes unasked. Understandably so, for there are a fraction as many "child molesters" interested in little boys as there are Lolita-chasers among middle-aged males. But the shouting goes right on unabated—after all it makes a cheap and flashy headline.

SO WHO WAS MOLESTED?

A former Cuban writes that there used to be three houses of boy prostitution in Havana, plus a great many boys available for money in the streets, plus any who wanted to do it for love. Boys in their teens or young men in their early twenties were in demand. One place catering to respectable middle-class customers was hard by the Cathedral.

Another house in an old section of the city was priced a little more modestly but a place six blocks from the Presidential Palace was really high class. Members of the diplomatic corps, successful business men and celebrities patronized it. The proprietor made a great deal of money from the enterprise before his death some years ago.

After Castro's revolution the boy business kept right on flourishing in Havana. It appears that very soon after the uncertainties of the revolution homosexual love in Havana went back to "business as usual." But now Castro is talking more foolishness than ever and the newsreels show pickets in U.S. protesting Castro's treatment of Cuban homosexuals.

Quite different the story out of Texas of a kindly, well-to-do high school teacher who on his death left a considerable fortune to cultural and civic betterment, as well as the welfare of elderly school teachers. Honored and eulogized by public acclaim his unwritten obituary was marked in the memory of "many a high school young stud for at least last twenty years," so a correspondent writes.

Did the well-known education journal, then, know what it was doing when it printed recently a large ad for a place noted from Coast to Coast as one of "The places"? Perhaps so, for what would this country be without its fine, hardworking and conscientious homosexual school-teachers? There are none better. America one day may wake up to realize how much it owes these hordes of upstanding men and women.

But back to hitch-hiking and who got molested, St. Louis police rookie William R. Johnson picked up a 14 year old hitch-hiker of a Sunday evening, got a gun pulled on him by the boy, who took

\$5 and his dashboard radio; then the boy jumped out of his car and ran. Wouldn't it be interesting to hear what kind of a story the boy's mother is putting out these days? But it could be the kid is on his way to your town by now.

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

Retired University of Chicago Archaeologist, Dr. S. C. Gilfillan contends that too much lead from earthen-ware dishes, wine, grape syrup and preserved fruits in the diet of the ancient Roman aristocracy, (evidence discovered from teeth and bones in their remains) led to the fall of Rome. "This poisoning not only emaciated the hierarchy but cut their reproduction capacity to one fourth of what was needed to sustain the race." And here we were just getting used to the idea that homosexuality was what brought about the "decline and fall." What won't they discover next?

At any rate old Rome still is at a good many things these days, or so it seems. For what else can one conclude about a city where matters are so plainly understood that to fondle the rear end of a car a little over-ostentatiously, along with a meaningful glance, can lead to arrest as being public indecency?

We now learn that farther to the east, Kemal Ataturk, more or less the George Washington of modern Turkey, in his headlong career chased after pretty young men and prostitutes with an impartiality that would perhaps be thought very prudent for a leader seeking to unify his country — favoritism to none, something for everyone.

PROGRESS IN EMPLOYMENT

A recent graduate from a large midwestern university in the School of Nursing was involved in a raid

at a bath house and was denied a license to practice his profession in the State of Illinois by the Department of Registration and Education on the grounds that he lacked moral qualifications.

The arresting officers had notified the licensing body of his confession and without a hearing of any nature whatsoever, the above action resulted. Chicago attorney, Paul Goldman filed a petition for a rehearing and Father James G. Jones (Episcopal) well-remembered for his brilliant talks at ONE's 1963 Midwinter Institute, testified at length about the real significance and meaning of morality and the attitude of the church. The licensing Board of seven women unanimously decided to grant the license, a highly significant precedent in such cases.

Equally significant and of even broader application was the June 16 decision in the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. that an applicant for a federal job cannot be disqualified because of "vague" and unspecified charges of homosexual conduct.

In a case filed by the local American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of a former resident of Alexandria, Va., Chief Judge David L. Bazelon said that the Civil Service Commission "must . . . at least state why" specific homosexual conduct is related to "occupational competence or fitness" and whether the specific conduct should disqualify a man from holding a particular government job.

OF THIS AND THAT

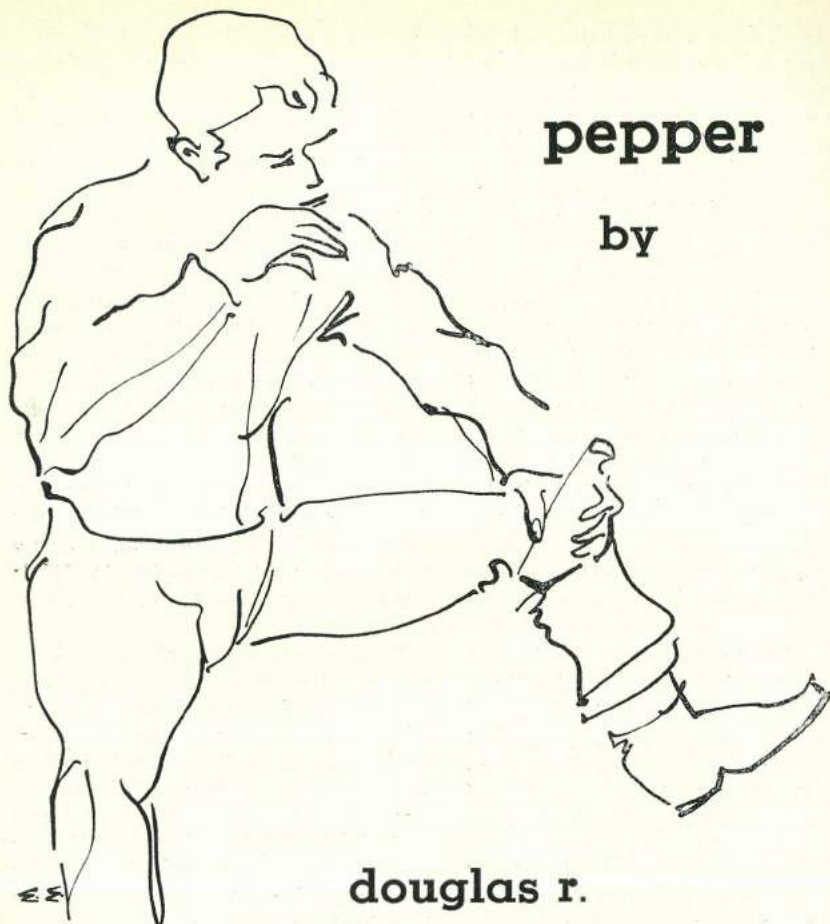
The failure again of the recommendations of the Wolfenden Report to persuade the British Parliament to modify the laws concerning homosexual acts in Great Britain is no longer news but doleful history instead. A mild cheer

should, however, be given the House of Lords who nobly (of course) acquitted themselves by voting approval of the motion only to see it dismally fail in Commons.

A similar fate befell provisions to improve the lot of homosexuals in New York State. Its long-studied revision of the State Penal Law contained strong support from the Episcopal Diocese for exempting penalties against private homosexual acts as "a significant and enlightened advance over existing laws." Opposing this view was that of Charles Tobin representing the Catholic position who said, "Homosexuality is an increasing threat to sound family life in our community," an argument now echoed almost verbatim in *Life's* June 11 statement on homosexuality.

Republican Assemblyman Richard J. Bartlett, chairman of the Temporary Commission on Revision of the Penal Law and Criminal Code was quoted as fearing there were not enough votes to carry the homosexual reforms through and stated his opinion that few if any people were prosecuted in New York State for acts of homosexuality in private anyway.

So Illinois still remains the only one of the fifty states with an enlightened legal viewpoint concerning homosexual behavior. Which state will be next to fall into line behind the recommendations of the American Law Institute and its Model Penal Code? With legislative sessions shutting up shop all over the place at this time of year the immediate prospects are not too bright. Benighted citizens of other states will have to continue making do with hope as best they may. And in summertime there just might happen to be something more than hope every now and then, might there not?



pepper

by

douglas r.
empringham

morning of a february day in the present.

interior of a cottage in an upper middle income section of a non-southern city.

at center rear is a sofa-bed made up as a bed. at left, between doors to the closet and bathroom, is a mat, isometric bar and weights at right are a desk and a door to the yard.

wilfred, wearing only a pair of black denim jeans, sits on the edge of the bed smoking. he is a compact, wiry boy of nearly 15. around his neck he wears an ornate gold cross on a chain.

after a moment, denis enters. he is fully dressed, and carries a quart of milk, two glasses, and a bowl of doughnuts. he is a tall, heavy-boned, and firmly built boy of 15.

DENIS—the doughnuts are probably a little stale.

WILFRED—baby, i been eatin day ol stuff all my life, so don't worry none bout me.

denis sits down on the end of the bed next to wilfred, hands him the bowl, and pours two glasses of milk.

WILFRED—don't you never drink coffee in the mornin'?

DENIS—coffee makes me nervous.

WILFRED—my idea a breakfast is black coffee an a fresh orange cut in half an sprinkled with sugar.

DENIS—don't you like milk and doughnuts?

WILFRED—(shrugs) it's okay.

pause. they eat and drink in silence for a long moment.

DENIS—i never noticed that cross before.

WILFRED—you couldn't hardly, cause i only got it bout two days ago. it's a voodoo charm.

DENIS—it looks nice. how much did it cost?

WILFRED—nothin. i picked it up in a fight. it near to killed the boy that was wearin it. if it hadn't a broke here (indicate where the links broke) i would a strangled the bastard. i fixed it with some wire.

DENIS—aren't you worried that some guy'll use it against you the same way?

WILFRED—if i sees some action comin up i'll just get shed a it.

DENIS—(pause) it looks nice next to your skin. you ought to get a gold earring.

WILFRED—how bout a gold bone thru my nose?

DENIS—i'm serious. i think you'd look good with a gypsy earring.

WILFRED—man, some a the things you say are outta sight. the air around here mus be weak or somethin.

DENIS—we live on the same street.

WILFRED—cept you live on the handle-end where the jewels is an i live on the other end that gets the mud and crap.

DENIS—that's just fate and chance and the bouncing ball.

WILFRED—don't your folks never say nothing bout me?

DENIS—they let me choose my own friends.

WILFRED—how bout your neighbors? the way they look at me don't leave no doubt they is the kind that sees red when they sees black.

DENIS—my parents couldn't care less about the neighbors on either side.

wilfred get up, searches out his socks, and puts them on.

DENIS—if you don't have anything planned, how about going to a movie?

WILFRED—man, is that ever weird.

DENIS—what?

WILFRED—i was jus gettin ready to tell you somthin that happened cause a the las time we went to a flic.

DENIS—what happened?

WILFRED—pepper, he's one a the guys in the gang, he seen us. an he went back an turned baron an the other guys on to me bein with you.

DENIS—so what?

WILFRED—don't play stupid, man i know i told you every guy in the black masks has to swear to havin no gray buddies.

DENIS—you mean you're not coming back?

WILFRED—listen. i got the question dropped on me an i wasn't bout to lie.
DENIS—what did you tell them?

WILFRED—the way it is. they know i is up tight with my folks an that i was lookin for another pad to fall by sometimes when i can't stand to go by my folks' place.

DENIS—what happens now?

WILFRED—listen. baron don't care who you is. he just wants to check out my story. like i told you: baron is number one, an he's a real hog for knowing what the guys is doin.

DENIS—i can tell what you're leading up to, and the answer is no. i'm not that kind of person. i can't do things like that.

WILFRED—it's just pepper, cause he was the one who seen us. an it don't have to be here. fact, pepper says if you'll put a couple a bottles a g.i. gin on him he'll check you out by jus watchin.

DENIS—no. i won't be laughed at.

WILFRED—you took a chance with me! an it was your idea to go to that flic. baby, if i was a bastard, i coulda jus fallen by with pepper an told you: do it or i'll turn your folks an the neighbors on to the scene i been makin here.

DENIS—i intend to be the way i am on my terms.

WILFRED—you took a big chance with me, an you keep tellin me how much you dig me, so what's the matter? this ain't jus a little favor. man, to stay healthy i got to have that ox, baron, believe in me. i ain't givin you a bad time, an i ain't puttin you down an sayin you is one bit less partic'lar than you say you is.

DENIS—you'd be on his side. if he laughted at me, and i tried to stop him, i'd have to fight both of you. and he'd go away thinking i did... *that...* just for kicks, for anybody.

WILFRED—man, if you don't do this for me, i'm gonna start writin your name an phone number on crap-house walls.

DENIS—i'm stronger than you are, and you know it.

WILFRED—you're jus one, baby, while baron is hisself an has nine other guys to do like he says. i ain't the first cat you ever made it with, an you ain't the first cat that ever went down on me. that's the way it is.

DENIS—maybe you believe it would be only one time, but i don't. right now it's your word against mine, and i have to protect myself, too.

long pause during which wilfred finds and puts on his shirt and shoes and denis more deeply absorbs the last several exchanges of dialogue.

DENIS—*(with a tincture of resignation in his tone)* that time i saw you with all the guys in your gang, which one was pepper?

WILFRED—*(carefully, trying to persuade as subtly as he can)* the tall, lean guy that was kind a honey color. reddish hair. but the best lookin cat in the whole gang.

DENIS—do you know him very well?

WILFRED—known him since we was little people. he's cool, an he swings. he's a good man.

DENIS—why did he tell the others he'd seen us?

WILFRED—i figure he didn't ask me what the scene was cause he didn't want me askin him to say nothing bout it to baron. i don't put him down for not wantin to take a chance.

DENIS—how do i know baron want to come here once he finds out where i live?

WILFRED—man, baron don't give a goddam about you. he's checkin me out cause he's suspicious why i didn't tell him bout you in the first place.

DENIS—*(pause)* would pepper... laugh?

WILFRED—maybe, if he was nervous, or if he thaught it was a good trip an he was gettin a kick outta it. i laughed the first time a guy went down on me cause i was nervous.

DENIS if he watched... us... i'd always feel him in the room when... we did it... and you can't be here while he is cause... that would change things with us...

WILFRED—*(relieved)* then it's a deal for sure?

DENIS—*(pause)* yes... if it's soon.

WILFRED—*(grateful)* just be cool, an forget it soon as he's gone, jus wipe it out like it never was.

GAY Studio Greeting Cards!

Hard to find THOSE Cards? NOW... ALL NEW Campy, Dishy, and Risque, or Humorous — ALL to be found in HAVE A BALL CARDS! A MUST for those SPECIAL Friends. Cards are standard STUDIO size and a LOW \$1.20 for FOUR — covers mailing. Printed in wild MULTI-COLORS, too! We have the MADDEST DRAWINGS yet! Order NOW! All orders PROMPTLY mailed sealed First Class!

SET 1:
4 BIRTHDAY

SET 2:
4 BIRTHDAY

SET 3:
2 GET WELL
2 MISS YOU

SET 4:
2 GET WELL
2 MISS YOU

Send your order to: HAVE A BALL CARDS
FOR-BA Co. P.O. Box 226 Woonsocket, R.I.

Please RUSH me Sets **1 2 3 4**
Enclosed is \$_____ to cover all costs

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



ORDER
YOURS
TODAY!

WHERE RIGHT IS WRONG

by Alfred Craig

Of the following article the author has written, "The enclosed is neither prose nor poetry, complete fact or total fiction, propaganda or objective writing. It contains elements of all of these and is intended as an expose of the many quasi-political fronts of the far right and their relation to the police or other kindred spirits."

Readers will be intrigued to learn that our author has been infiltrating meetings of one of the most far-out of all the rightest organizations and taken notes on some of their meetings and plans. So where does this leave those who can spot a Queer a mile away?

Some of the things he heard are as incredible as they are absurd. Yet, as our author says, "This writer does not believe that homophile groups are fully aware of the danger growing in our midst. He does not believe that sufficient cooperation exists between homophile and liberal groups. These persons will not stop at anything short of total victory. They are organized in an effective fighting force, generously supplied with funds; we are not."

He goes on to describe the traits of some, if not in fact the most of the membership of such groups: "Boiled down and distilled, all of these traits are summarized as the authoritarian personality. Be they tough leather-jacketed cops or pipsqueaking old maids we find they all have this in common."

What are some of the strategies they favored and the recommendations which are being made? Agitate for

the closing of all establishments catering to "perverts," such as gay bars, magazine stands handling gay publications, stores featuring gay clothing styles. Write members of Congress to investigate and expose all homosexuals in government jobs, putting their names and acts on public record. Ask that mail to homosexuals or suspected homosexuals be inspected by the post office to prevent subversion.

Ask all "patriotic" citizens to urge the enlargement of vice squads, the elimination of all "queer cops" and judges who are soft on "queers." Support the increase of the questioning of suspected queers and the passage of laws making it possible to arrest known queers and also those who look or act queer.

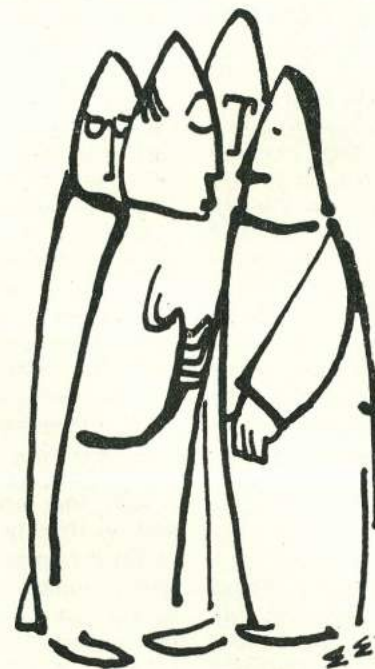
Suggestions for the betterment of the moral climate of United States included: amputation of the sexual organs of homosexuals; the organization of "sissy corps" in schools to prevent the development of fairies; the hiring of prostitutes to be placed in the cells with arrested homosexuals; "beat the hell out of them;" make men in "queer occupations" take "queer tests;" dress known homosexuals in special clothing so people could identify them; remove the protection of law from them; gather them into concentration camps and feed them garbage. Yes, literally!

Also discussed were proposals that college students be urged to report all queer, or suspect, professors; that they should picket businesses which cater

to homosexuals; infiltrate queer organizations.

Running as a basic assumption throughout these meetings was the conviction that most liberals and socialists are queer if not in fact Communist and should therefore be deported to Russia, where everyone must be queer, because everyone is Communist!

In view of all this the tone of Alfred Craig's following outburst can better be understood. Readers will variously react, of course, to Mr. Craig's indignation at his experiences as an undercover agent for the homophiles of U.S.A., but few will disagree that his ingenuity can well be labelled as being a game of the tables twice turned.



Behold the Black Ash Society, that dark commune of sharp invective, that motley crew living on indecency. It now takes a new advance, a new twist to the right, a turn to make us hop and dance. Infected by a venomous god and invested by his earthy vicars, these "Sons of Liberty" discovered a ghastly fiction: the beastly

act of Comrade Karl who allegedly became well-red while in the wrong bed!

With aim drawn our way these sweet souls are generating a lot of poison gas. Now if we put one of these to the light and apply a little pressure we find the mark of the authoritarian man. It is here that the

really true red, white, and blue bugs go. Indeed, they are a rare insect—fewer than three million—but with these go a swarm of followers, those conventional types who are “good Americans” at least some of the time.

Their hive holds a myriad of assorted types characterized by many similarities: it is a social syndrome, a patchwork of personalities, of cherry-chested jokers and hairy-breasted brokers. Inside are pip-squeaking old maids who dance the grundy and cages full of unwashed Neanderthals who hide their skin in hide. But with the old pinch and squeeze act the copper gingergun boys steal the show (usually without a single blow).

Above all, flying high above their dread of communism, they have an intense fear of the queer and have sworn not to change. At the thought of it they whip into fiery tornadoes of poisonous hate generated it would seem by such overpowering desires to be gay that they overcompensate in the other direction.

Psychiatrists who probe them deeply tell us that the Dick Straightloves, the common type, love women because of a driving irresistible desire to overpower something weak (but is their libido really in that direction?). For we see that Cousin Leather Boy may throw his lavender leatherwear on a bed where he develops quite a strange love—and it is here that the big truth about Dick's true convictions emerges from its previous restrictions. Dick's love for woman is not love at all—not an emotional love—but a hate, a fear of the passive and “weak” elements in him. It is masculine power and strength that our boy cultivates, idolizes, and adores.

For a lover, Straightlove says he prefers God to Adolph (depth studies indicate the reverse). He manipulates the Bible to find himself winding us as his wrathful god's faithful asp. Our Richard clasps a false philosophy to his bosom and mouths platitudes of

brotherly love from a Bible which has *Mein Kampf* written on the reverse side. He is the idealized rigid, moral absolutist and disciplinarian. In his ranks were the hardheads, knockheads, and roundheads who purified 17th Century England of Sin and burnt witches at the stake. It was he who forced prohibition on the people while making bathtub gin. It is he who advocates purity (of both race and sex), freedom (to take it from us), and fraternity (to form nasty little groups). Dick loves giving mouth service to Democracy, but only as long as she plays along to his advantage.

Like the stinging social insects, the danger from our Straightloves lies in their instinctive ability to organize their small minority into an effective force for control of large majorities. It is then that they ramrod their perverted feelings down the throats of the many to annihilate the few. Although our authoritarians, our *real* authoritarians, comprise a scant two percent of the population, their influence is vast. One discovers they quite instinctively fly to commanding positions, but are rare bugs indeed among the arts and sciences. Judges and men of wisdom are seldom in their ranks.

Their nest is in the military-industrial complex, and like the ANTS (American Nazis for a Totalitarian State) and WASPS (White Anglo Saxons for a Protestant State) they thrive on conformity and organization. They coat their bodies in uniform drab tones and shun the glare of publicity. They number with them the generals, government administrators, and business executives, but it is mainly the police who cause so much of the trouble.

Not only are the police often of the authoritarian breed, but those who back them are likewise. Perhaps a different method of officer selection would change these hard facts. It is

plain to see how frequently a gay gets arrested by some tough leather-jacketed cop only to be released later by a kindly judge.

We are their natural object of contempt. How faithfully we mirror in lavender light that which pervades their minds. But they cannot stand the x-ray treatment and pink before the mirror. They flee and destroy their other—their true selves. We, the mirrors, must be smashed! And yet when ground to dust we will always be there still, for we are in all men.

Straightlove slices the world into two sexes, each with a carefully prescribed role. He sneers at us and asks, “Where is the man?” Backed by self-created political, legal, and moral sanctions he gyrates into compulsive frenzies of destruction. I have read American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell's “final solution” for us, and I don't like it. Any homosexual who could possibly support his program for our annihilation must be crazy. As far as the law is concerned, we have neither legal existence nor protection. Can one expect our tormentors to flogellate themselves?

The enemy is now organizing against us. I was recently in one of the larger organizations which acts as a spawning ground and collection pot for the hate complex. They organized a “keep our boys straight” committee to contact other hate groups and initiate a full-scale queer program (and use “queer,” that offensive word, in the broadest sense to include all who deviate from their narrow line).

Given the least opportunity these dears are hot to cram everybody who doesn't fit just right into the fright pot. They scream, “Queer!” at those who come to our aid. Campus dicks are ordered to proliferate vicious rumors about suspect professors (and all are suspect). The squeeze is being put on fruit stands, especially on yellow fruit. And they even hope to sneak a few of their freaks into

gay organizations in hopes of catching something good and bad. But above all they are squeezing into cracks and crannies to subvert the military and police. As one cop put it, “We're out to pick every Pansy in the U.S.”

We must organize and fight for every basic human right. No fewer than 13 of 30 articles in the U.N. *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* are violated with regards to us. Can we expect rights to fall from Heaven, from their dear sweet heaven? There is no hope that we can expect progressive legislation unless we first act. Thus far, homophile organizations have paid scant attention to these alarming bolts of lightning from the right, although these fright peddlers did nothing to conceal their feelings during the recent national election. While the danger grows, the gay flirt and fritter away their time on lavender clouds blissfully innocent (or pretending to be) of the truth.

Now that we have isolated the pathogen and given the diagnosis, what is the cure? First we must form a committee to activate the liberals to our plight. There are a number of organizations which especially concentrate on human rights, and these have been far more dedicated to the elimination of hate and preservation of personal freedom than have we. A homophile publication commented recently on students who paraded in front of the United Nations with signs proclaiming: “Sex is Good” and “Sex is a Fundamental Human Right.” A germ of resistance is developing and cracks are appearing in the wall, but around these cracks there is some very nasty handwriting. Unless we clearly see this writing and its desperate attempt to seal up the cracks we have made, we may find the wall closed tight again. There has never been a homosexual revolt in history, but does that say there never can be one?

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



THE HORN BOOK by G. Legman, University Books, Inc., New Hyde Park, New York, 1964 565 Pages, \$12.50.

This reviewer has already pointed out that the twofold theme of the history of Western Europe since the Renaissance has been the development of democracy and the application of rationality successively to the various concerns of mankind. Democracy means that the goods of life should be distributed among all men as over against their monopoly by a small group of a favored and privileged minority. It is here that the great work of ONE is done in teaching that homosexuals as a discriminated-against minority are entitled to the same consideration as any other member of society, neither more nor less. The application of rationality, so well illustrated in the field of the natural world by the astounding modern development of science, to the field of sex is still in its earlier stages. Every type of prejudice, bigotry, and irrationality seems arrayed against its sane and rational consideration. But progress is being made. The present encyclopedia volume marks an important and hopefully influential step in the right direction. The author, who was official bibliographer for the Kinsey Institute for a time, has broad experience and with incredible industry has amassed a body of material without equal in the field.

The Horn Book, which also calls itself *Studies in Erotic Folklore and Bibliography*, is a listing of materials gathered from innumerable sources with chapters of comment and interpretation which add much to counteract the tendency to tedium in reading the almost interminable listings. It is a marvel how the author has managed to collect so much material especially in view of the universal tendency to destroy, mutilate, conceal, and misrepresent sex materials. It is perhaps an unsolved mystery why sexual manifestations and expression have aroused such opposition and hostility in view of their profoundly natural character. The author has done a wonderful piece of work in wading through this morass and coming out with rational and plausible conclusions. He found much better source materials in the other major languages than in English.

The name of the present volume, *The Horn Book*, is derived from that of a small volume published in 1899 with the additional title of *A Girl's Guide to the Knowledge of Good and Evil*. The author states:

"The words Horn Book" originally referred to a sort of kindergarten battledore on which was tacked a slip of paper with the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer printed on it, and covered with a strip of transparent horn to protect the print from the children's grimy hands. By extension the term has come to mean any primer. In this

case a primer—actually a quite advanced handbook—of sex technique, with a pun on the word 'horn'" (page 48)

The problems of authorship, origins, publishers, editions, etc., which are unbelievably complex, set the style and approach to the whole field of erotic folklore literature. Thus the name.

From so elaborate a book one can only select scattering ideas leaving the vast number of authors and specimens for those who have specialized interests. The author states that collectors of erotica "are normal people interested in normal things" (78) as contrasted to those interested in murder-mysteries and other non-erotica. Perverted erotica, however, do exist and are to be gotten rid of. Unfortunately he lists homosexuality with flagellation, fetichism, corporphily, sadism, etc. "Expurgation of the literature and art of Europe was a direct result of the Protestant Reformation begun by Luther, though Luther himself had little to do with it." (78) The author does not hesitate to lambast his former employer in his attempt to rule out the non-acceptable. He says of the sadistic literature:

"As with homosexuals, a similar and in fact largely overlapping group, the noise they make is all out of proportion to their numerical incidence—despite the faked and weighted figures of the late Professor Kinsey, pretending to prove the opposite—and rises solely from the assiduity of their propagandizing and proselytizing activity." (113)

He holds further that the opposition to the legitimate and scholarly activity in the field is due to the anti-humanistic and anti-intellectual agreement between literary *avant-garde* and reactionary political groups which is the mark of the culturally decadent twentieth century (116, 117)

In his researches the author has uncovered some highly unexpected

sources of erotica which he submits to his technical scrutiny. The work of Robert Burns is an example. He says:

Burns' greatness in what he wrote of women was—precisely as with Shakespeare and his 'articulate heroines'—his remarkable identification with women and their emotions, which is one of the crucial elements in the poetic temperament and one reason why it has often been confused with mere homosexuality (138) Burns' feminine identification songs are among the most penetrating statements of the erotic emotions of women—as man believes them to be—that have ever been made (216)

One has always to distinguish between genuine folklore and the commercial and artificial product of the theatre and music halls, later radio, television and movies. This break first occurred in the early eighteenth century when the stylized and artificial Italian opera drove out of England the ballad-operas. (292, 293) Folklore has a serious function. The author thus expresses the idea:

"Folklore is that which serves a certain function: the function of social or individual expression, appreciation, communication or control of particularly feared or valued aspects of the natural or civilized life being lived. (332) The human spirit does not easily die." (324)

In fact it is in its folklore and folk habits that a defeated nation clings most desperately to its continued existence as a people. (366)

Throughout his work the author makes a strong plea for a rational attitude toward sex. In fact he is scathing in his denunciation of the various types of literature which are so squeamish about the "simple normality of sexual intercourse (which) has got to be apologized for and deprecated, or silently left out every time." (350) When every other type of anti-social and anti-human crime

and horror from murder down has free rein even in the university presses, "It is almost time to stop apologizing for sex." (351) (Perhaps the author has had more influence than he knows as a considerable number of the ultra-modern novels show no noticeable reticence. As an illustration of his point, I have noticed that it would be worse to the intensely religious folks, even impossible, to show the genitals on a crucifix than the most horrible suffering and death, which causes no reaction whatsoever.)

It is a curious provision of nature that a million seeds are provided for one to germinate, a million spermatazoa for one egg to be impregnated. No male can ever be completely satisfied. The fiercest fights of the animal world occur between males competing for the favor of the female. Thus one may seek the motives for erotica collecting and even bibliophilia of which *The Horn Book* is so notable an example. While the author recognizes that many collectors of erotic books and pictures "seem touched with eccentricity or sexual abnormality" (101), there is a large group of "collectors of taste and intelligence" (101) who do not limit themselves exclusively to erotica but make it a part of a wholly legitimate and broad interest

in book collecting. Many French collectors, for example, were high grade scholars or talented amateurs who have made a real contribution to the world's culture. Few people will want to read *The Horn Book* as a mere recreational exercise, but it is a must for scholarly collections and may offer a new type of interest to those of intellectual bent who may find in it a source of satisfaction to the imagination which they did not know existed. The serious study of folk tales and materials, folklore in general, is not for mere hobbyists or would-be amateurs or even for the superficial theses and dissertations of seekers for degrees. There is needed "long and far-reaching study and patient research." (254) And the insight to interpret the meaning of reams of research detail. The rewards, however, are great. The author concludes:

"Sexual folklore is, with the lore of children, the only form of folklore still in uncontaminated and authentic folk transmission in the Western world... (One is) in the presence of what is—for all its barbaric and sometimes dirty tatterdermalion—the central mystery and the central reality of life." (288)

Thomas M. Merritt

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

REpublic 5-5252

Elegy

by Susan Smpadian

In the beginning there was flesh, and with the flesh
there was full lips, and cheeks, and eyes
that weren't sunken into the head.

There was non-calculating youth and pristine dignity.
Yes, in the very beginning there was beautiful flesh
and beautiful white teeth.

There was a perfectly straight nose with perfectly shaped nostrils,
nostrils that hardly flared from anger or hatred
or anything bad.

Youth seems to last for a day and no more,
and so one day, a child is small and a mother is young,
and the next day, a child is grown and a mother is feeble.
A bud has blossomed, a bird has flown,
and the end of a world from only yesterday to now
is nearer than something called Tomorrow.

In the end there was flesh too,
but flesh that had forgotten itself in the middle of a night,
dumbly dazed losing its senses forever.

There were thin lips that could hold no smile.

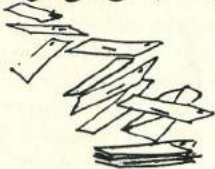
There were eyes now sunken deep into a frail sweet head,
eyes that recognized no one.

There was a tongue that moved heavily, frantic for water,
and still the nostrils never flared
and still the dignity never waned.

But the child that the flesh had borne long ago kept asking,
"Mother, whose child am I? Whose child am I?"

The answer was lost somewhere between midnight and morning
when the moon deserted a sky looking down on a frail
and shaking frame that was waiting for a trace of sun.

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.

Dear Sir:

You know, sir, born homosexual in an underdeveloped country like the Viet Nam, which is being the theater of an ugly war, you can not expect fun—all the more as you are surrounded by incomprehension, ignorance and conformity.

Therefore, to lessen my loneliness I want to make ONE a companion that will keep me company, for I have no friends. Even a simple momentary experience is beyond my reach. Fancy my life then!

Mr. H.
An Phu, Viet Nam

Gentlemen:

I have wanted to write and express my appreciation for your excellent magazine for several years now. Thanks to it I have come to accept myself as a gay person. Although I "came out" when I was only twelve I fought against being a homosexual until about a year ago.

Whatever I am, I am and must accept. Believe me it has made me happier and more secure. No longer am I mortally scared that my gay life will be discovered. This changes my life, the life I had planned as a teen-ager and the life my family and friends had planned for me, but I am ready for the change thanks to ONE and several wonderful persons whom I've come to know.

I shall always be thankful to ONE for providing me with a literary outlet to keep abreast of current happenings in gay society around the world and to read encouraging letters from people in situations not too unlike my own.

The years of my life in military service are part of what I can do for my country. I hope to be able to help my country understand people like me and accept us for what we are. Each gay person must help society understand the problem of homosexuality by being first of all a worthwhile and productive person, not flaunting

his homosexuality around like a bull-fighter wearing a red cape.

It will take patience, perseverance and much hard work by all gay persons if we ever expect to be accepted by society. I hope that I can do my part as ONE will continue to do. My deepest thanks to ONE.

A Serviceman
U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

Intuitiveness is one of the prime gifts of your constituents. Perhaps we are more "psychic" than most. If so, we should recognize the responsibility that goes with it.

We simply "know" who is part of us and who is not. This acuity of perception is a spirit bonus. So must we use it to heal the wounds of the world. Like the great man Walt Whitman, giving his soul to nursing the injured Civil War soldiers.

The length of life on earth per individual is ridiculously small. Let us set out to make our stay worth something to posterity. Compassion is our signet. Let us wear it and use it. It is as close to love as most can come anyway. So far you are doing fine. Keep it up!

Mr. M.
Santa Monica, California

Gentlemen:

As a "fringe" member of the Homophile Movement I can only condemn the actions of He has done ONE, Incorporated a disservice. Please rest assured that my loyalties lie with ONE Incorporated, not with rogue editors with visions of grandeur.

Mr. M.
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I have noticed that you mention redecorating and improving your Library. I have a number of books, all hardcover editions and while I did not enjoy all of them perhaps some of your readers would like to see them. I will be happy to send them to you at my expense.

If I may be of any service to you I am in touch with many free social and psychiatric aids to better understanding of self or help of legal or social nature. If I can help someone in any way I will be glad to do so without expecting any favors in return. Please don't misconstrue this as an attempt to set up social dates. I do quite well in that respect on my own.

Mr. P.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I am writing you to inquire about obtaining material for a paper I am writing in connection with my master's degree in sociology. At present there is a limited amount of factual material available on the subject of homosexuality and one of my professors recommended you.

Mr. R.
....., Florida

NOTE:

ONE, Incorporated has for many years received many such requests from university students all over the world, as well as from college faculty members. Frequently those living nearby or visiting Los Angeles come to ONE's offices for extended interviews. In each case the Corporation extends to such inquirers all assistance within its means, believing that it is through an ever-widening circle of correct information that social changes are encouraged.

Dear friends:

Enclosed is a clipping from LIFE (June 11) that I send you for what it may be worth. Frankly, I don't think that is much for while LIFE seems disposed to be helpful it then includes derogatory remarks. The statement they quote from an Albany "legislator" is asinine.

The last paragraph should be answered, I believe, by someone in authority at ONE. It is manifestly unfair to say that homosexuality breaks up homes. Many more cases can be attributed to infidelities of a hetero-

sexual nature. In this county there is one divorce for every two marriages. It is silly to say this would be due to homosexuality.

From my short acquaintance with ONE I have been happy to know there is such an organization and applaud its efforts.

Mr. P.
Riverside, California

Dear friends:

Late this fall I plan to be in Las Vegas, Nevada. I understand that the American Eastern Orthodox Church has one of its churches there. I would like to visit it if possible.

Mr. C.
Berkeley, California

NOTE:

We are happy to send Mr. C. the address he requests. ONE's Social Service Division (see inside cover this issue) supplies whenever possible the names of highly qualified and sympathetic clergymen, physicians, attorneys, psychiatrists and other professional persons to those requesting such information.

While this aspect of ONE's social service work is of long standing and has served many hundreds (perhaps thousands) of individuals all readers have their part to play in this work, wherever they may live.

How is this? By supplying ONE's Social Service Secretary with the names of addresses of professional men and women for whose reliability and understanding treatment of homosexuals they stand ready to vouch. It readily can be understood that a small public service organization such as ONE must rely upon its well-wishers for information from distant cities, for the Corporation has very limited funds at its disposal for travel by staff members. Hence the importance and uniqueness of the service YOU can render to the furtherance of ONE's work right from your own hometown. Please address Secretary, Social Service Division, 2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90006.

INSTITUTE FOR THE STUDY OF HUMAN RESOURCES

For the aid and betterment of persons having behavioral patterns which may result in social disorientation. Organized as a non-profit California Corporation; certified, September 23, 1964. "Contributions made to you are deductible by the donors." (State of California Franchise Tax Board.)

509 South Beverly Drive, Suite 1

Beverly Hills, California