

AN INVITATION TO WRITERS

In the United States today some of the finest literary reputations belong to homosexuals. Yet these writers are making no contribution to ONE. ONE needs good writing. As the quality of the pieces in the magazine improves, its reputation among readers of taste, background and influence will grow. This can substantially advance ONE's crusade for tolerance and understanding.

ONE does not insist that its writers use their real names. A fine story, a stimulating article, come into existence because of an author's talent, not his name. Naturally, where a successful writer will permit his name to be used, its appearance on the cover or in the contents list of an issue will accomplish much. But it is not mandatory.

To find outlets for stories, articles, poems on homosexual themes has not been easy even for recognized professionals in the past. Despite some liberalization of editorial policies, U. S. magazines for the most part are not receptive even now. And many professional writers have in their files pieces touching on this interest area which they have given up hope of ever seeing in print. Because these are written out of deep personal necessity and conviction they are sometimes better than the writer's published work.

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To young writers who will one day be professionals but whose talent needs shaping and encouragement, ONE offers the opportunity of first publication for stories, articles and verse in an area of interest other magazines shun. The editors are eager to see fresh, original, imaginative manuscripts. We hope for them from talented young people as well as from successful professionals.

What is vital is that ONE publish the best available work in its special field. And those who can do this work are not coming forward. Homosexuals form the last of the minorities. No matter how accomplished and famous, or simply how promising and gifted, a homosexual may be, he is a member of that minority. And we believe he has a responsibility to the voiceless members of that minority to speak for them whenever and wherever he can.

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"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."

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COVER by Eve Elloree

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

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EDITORIAL

Public interest is frequently focussed these days upon instances in world and domestic affairs of irresponsible behavior and double-dealing. Governments and their leaders often rise or fall according to their ability to act responsibly and in good faith on such matters.

If these concerns are of importance to the world at large, no less are they so to the smaller world of the Homophile Movement. Ever since ONE's founding the Corporation has devoted much space in its publications to questions of morality and ethics. During the past year ONE Confidential has several times pointedly discussed such matters at length under the general heading "Responsibility is Where You Find It."

Among the many questions for which answers have been sought are: where in the Homophile Movement is responsible conduct best represented; where least; of what does responsible conduct consist; are homophiles more, or less, responsible as a group than "the general population?"

It is easy to understand that pat and easy answers do not lie about readily at hand. The great Renaissance philosopher Machiavelli, himself homosexually oriented, has supplied the guidebook in his writings for what many have believed to be the soundest answers. Self-interest, he said, is the only safe and sure guide to sensible conduct in the affairs of states and of men. To think otherwise is to be duped, he held. But what exactly is self-interest?

So it has been that opposing schools of thought have argued that cynical self-interest is a weak foundation indeed upon which to rest responsible conduct. Larger interests, social interests, and the abstraction called "right" must also be taken into consideration, they hold.

While this is not the place to enter upon finely drawn arguments concerning the respective merits of such varying views, neither does this Editorial Page feel justified in shirking its own responsibilities concerning the homophile point of view.

Put in plain and simple terms ONE, Incorporated upholds, and always has upheld, the simple virtues of honesty, fair-dealing and respect for one's word, once it has been given. In these respects ONE feels that the homophile is no exception to the rest of society and agrees that without such agreements between men society would soon degenerate into anarchy.

What then of the homophile's obligations to be obedient to society's laws? ONE has great respect for them, as clearly was illustrated when this Corporation (1954-1958) carried up to the U.S. Supreme Court its insistence that even the Federal Government, in that instance the Post Office, must be obedient to law.

However, ONE likewise holds that many statutes now upon the books in various States are not truly "law" and believes that time, along with calm and merciless exposure of the facts will gradually bring about the needed reforms. But does this give license for individual homophiles to violate codes of honesty and fair-dealing? Obviously not, though it would seem from their behavior that some of them believe otherwise. Such persons ONE never has and does not intend either to protect or to condone in their conduct. It is a fundamental tenet of ONE's position that the homophile is a worthy part of society and that as such he must merit and be accorded the same position and respect, the same Constitutional guarantees, as any other citizen.

But let it not be forgotten that he must merit and earn this freedom and this respect. Homophiles who play fast and loose with honesty and fair-dealing need not look for ONE's sympathy in their misconduct. In this broad and general sense ONE stands very much on the side of society as a whole but it at the same time believes that society is going to have to be taught many hard, unwelcome lessons concerning its attitudes toward and treatment of homophiles. We believe that thinking homophiles will join ONE in its self-appointed mission to help bring about these changes.

Richard Conger, Editor

AS TRUE NOW AS IT WAS THEN

by a former Editor

(Reprinted from ONE Magazine, July 1963)

The other evening at a meeting as I sat listening to a speaker who had been stirringly introduced as a champion of the homosexual cause, I became increasingly disturbed by his repeated use of the pronoun "I." I have done this; I have done that; I shall do this; I shall do that; I promise this, and so on. As I sat listening, I found myself playing a game with the speaker: I calculated what he would say next from what he had said previously. It was easy. We had both read the same book. He followed the formula transparently.

Actually much of what this self-appointed apostle had to say was not true; nor was it new. But it sounded beautiful. As the popular speaker concluded, the audience rose to a standing ovation—hungry listeners pressed around him. I heard somebody whisper, "This is a dangerous man. The people are applauding him - not his ideas, not his platform, not his principles." I was reminded of the wisdom of the fathers of the Mattachine movement. They abided by a rule not to ever back a person or a candidate for a job or office. Instead they supported a man's platform or the issue he stood for. A nice distinction, this. The founders of Mattachine knew that men frequently change their positions because of one persuasion or another. It is especially true where the homosexual cause is concerned.

Every cause needs a spokesman. History is full of promising leaders; it is equally full of leaders who did not keep their promises. History records the folly of mankind as it insists on following men instead of their ideas. The homosexual cause is ripe for the opportunist. ONE has tried to educate the homosexual against relying upon the words of the first man to recite the ritual. Let him be taxed. Let him be tested. He may not honor his promises then; he may not even bother to respect his words, but may offer dozens of reasons and excuses for the disregard of his sworn duty.

The homosexual cause needs support. But that support should be given to issues not men. True, it is harder to believe in an issue than in someone. This is because it is so hard to learn the issues in the first place. It is much easier to delegate support to the champion and let him take care of the issues.

Homosexual men and women can in no way afford to be exploited. But if they are not to be, they must begin to observe how their functionaries carry out self-appointed duties - not just for a day but over a period of years. Homosexuals must also be alert to a disposition in anyone to exceed the limits of their lawful powers. Each homosexual should try to find out what the issues involved are, and he should try to understand where he stands in relationship to the issues. Having done this he should then support those measures and those efforts that work toward the things he stands for.

Don Slater

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.

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In consideration of the differences in currency between various countries ONE, Incorporated makes an exception for those living outside United States, Canada and Mexico regarding subscriptions. Those living in other countries may subscribe or renew their subscriptions to ONE Magazine without becoming Members, if they so desire, at the regular overseas subscription rate of \$8 per year.



TANGENTS is one of America's most interesting "open forums" for the reporting of events and the expression of individual viewpoints on the subject of sexual orientation and behavior. But it depends on YOU, the reader, for clippings, reports and letters which can be used for its columns. KEEP THEM COMING to 2256 Venice Boulevard by consulting your local news sources regularly, being sure to include NAME and DATE of publication with each clipping. UNDATED, UNIDENTIFIED CLIPPINGS MUST BE DISCARDED.

THE MOBSTER THREAT

During early June, 1965, NEWS-DAY, one of Long Island's foremost newspapers, ran lurid reports concerning the Magic Touch Club of Island Park. The reports, if true, indicate that the homosexual community of Long Island (in predictable succession to that of Manhattan) is being exploited by Mafia-type operations. In this case, members of New York's "Cosa Nostra" were cited as operating the Magic Touch Club "catering to sex deviates," in addition to a large number of similar bars in the Greenwich Village district. In Long Island, establishments protected by the mobsters flourished, while others not "cleared" by the underworld syndicate were mysteriously

burned to the ground. First evidence of mob encroachments into this area were uncovered by Nassau County's Arson Squad investigating suspicious blazes which razed two cocktail lounges on the South Shore. When it was learned that both of these were gay bars, investigators zeroed in on other questionable fires which within the preceding year had destroyed three other bars of the same type; and in the course of these investigations a number of underworld names came to light.

Nassau District Attorney Cahn himself led the 2:00 A.M. raid on the Magic Touch Club, which had to be conducted an hour earlier than planned, as the plainclothes agents which had been sent in

as observers and decoys were apparently so convincing (as well as seductive) in their roles that they were being virtually mobbed by admiring patrons. The raid, which, presumably, was in time to preserve the virtue of the vice squad, also "netted a top Cosa Nostra soldati and two of his aides."

The identities of these gangsters is, of course, of no particular interest to America's homosexual communities. What is important is that homosexuality is once again linked in the public mind with the worst of the anti-social elements in modern society. In a case of this kind, the attitude of most homosexuals is necessarily ambivalent. While resenting still another case of gratuitous and essentially undeserved association with criminal activities, we must at the same time be grateful that public authorities are taking steps to oust vicious and unprincipled underworld characters from positions where they can add homosexuals to their long list of other victims. As with all other citizens, homosexuals' rights of association include their rights to be protected by public agencies against gangsters and their ilk, and it is to be hoped that authorities in other parts of the country are now on the lookout for mob operations similar to those which have been so recently uncovered in Nassau County. A gay bar does not have to be a "disorderly house"—the charge leveled against Magic Touch Club; but gay bars are certain to become disorderly houses and much worse if the crime syndicates are permitted to infiltrate.

MORALS CHARGE RUINS LONG ISLAND MAN

NEWSDAY for 7-13-65 also reported the case of a middle-aged Long Island school supervisor who had just been arraigned on a felony

morals charge involving a 15-year-old boy. If view of this man's excellent personal and professional reputation locally, the case seems somewhat reminiscent of the Washington D.C. Jenkins case which received so much publicity in 1964. Friends and associates of the Long Island man are said to have reacted to the news with shock and disbelief. The incident would probably have gone undiscovered had not the man, driving the boy (whom he had picked up as a hitchhiker) and three other teenagers, been involved in a car accident, and in the ensuing investigation the boy reported the driver's alleged sexual advances to officers. From ONE's point of view, similar incidents take place so frequently that a single instance is hardly newsworthy, but in this case much suffering has resulted for the man, and, doubtless, much confusion for the boy; and the occurrence itself need never have taken place had the participants had a better understanding of themselves and of proper relationships among homophile individuals.

SEX BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER?

Closer to home, sex is trying to bust out all over, or so one would gather from the LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER's news item of 7-16-65. On or about that date, the Park Commission first granted, then revoked, a picnic permit for L.A.'s Griffith Park, ostensibly requested by a social club which was later discovered to be "an organization calling itself the United Sexual Rights Committee," who privately advertised their gathering as a "sex seminar," at which "sexperts" of all persuasions would be present." The LOS ANGELES TIMES reported the same episode under the heading "SEX NO PICNIC." Perhaps a more ac-

curate heading would have been "NO PICNICS WITH SEX."

SWEDISH MALES BECOMING FEMINIZED

"Men, it appears, are taking woman's place as the 'weaker sex'—at least in Sweden." So begins a Reuters' dispatch published in the LOS ANGELES TIMES for 7-18-65. The dispatch hastens to explain this statement in terms of a conspicuous decline in the health of Swedish men, and a sharp rise in the death rate for men compared with that for women. Lars Widen, director of Stockholm's Central Bureau of Statistics, is quoted as saying (of Swedish males), "Man has not merely become the weaker sex, but even the much weaker sex." But then the dispatch goes on to generalize:—"Doctors and sociologists here have also noted a change in young people. They say the actual facial features of boys have become more effeminate" and that "in larger Swedish cities, it is no longer easy to decide which is boy and which is girl at first sight. Hair is the same length, sweeping down to shoulder level, and clothes are often identical." From ONE in the U.S.A., a broad "ho hum" . . . so what else is new?

HOTBEDS OF HOMOSEXUALITY

Penal institutions have long been recognized as encouraging to homosexual activity, if only from the pure circumstance of the segregation of the sexes. Now, in an article by Jerry Ruhlow of the LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER, dated 7-12-65, juvenile "halls of detention"—specifically the L.A. County juvenile detention facilities—are regarded as contributing to the spread of homosexual activity. Undergoing an average stay of four weeks, which may be prolonged up to eight months, the detained

youngster is reported as being detrimentally affected by, among other things, too much idleness, and an inferior kind and extent of personal counselling. "But mostly there is idleness," Ruhlow writes. "Idle hours to learn from one another—a source of barbiturates; the 'kicks' of sniffing glue; the technique of hot-wiring a car . . . Hours to contemplate or experiment in homosexuality or be made the target of homosexual overtures—an ever-present problem." And again, ". . . every boy we talked to was aware of homosexual activity within his unit. In the girls' facility, the homosexual incidence is even higher." ONE can find nothing horrifying, or even unusual in these observations, which describe circumstances admittedly common in all boys' schools and girls' schools in this and any other time, and which are usually controlled by providing plenty of outdoor recreation and exercise. What is remarkable, continually astounding in fact, is that the same society which bemoans the incidence of homosexual behavior in its juvenile halls would consider it sinful beyond description if the same adolescent boys and girls were quartered together and heterosexual activities encouraged. The illogic, not to say hypocrisy, of the prevailing heterosexual "moral code"—so-called—is sometimes beyond belief.

NEW KINSEY STUDIES FAVOR CHANGE IN SEX LAWS

According to Eric Pace, recently reporting for the New York Times News Service, "A new Kinsey report challenges the popular conceptions of sexual criminals as crazed by narcotics, aroused by pornography, or goaded by senile desire." The reference is to "SEX OFFENDERS," a 923-page report

published recently by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. It is based upon information gathered by Dr. Kinsey during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life, as edited posthumously by his successor, Dr. Paul Gebhard, and associates. Its conclusions are in precise agreement with those reached through surveys from other points of view, for example, the Model Penal Code of the prestigious American Law Institute, the Wolfenden Report to the British Parliament, and many others. The general conclusion has been often repeated in this and other publications, namely, that "What two or more consenting adults do sexually in private should not be governed by statute law." With the weight of mature scientific and legal opinion gathering more and more behind this position, it is incredible that the legislators of more states have not followed Illinois in revising their laws accordingly.

FATHERS MAY KISS SONS

Ann Landers, who in the past has been eminently objective and sensible in her treatment of the homosexual theme (as in ANN LANDERS TALKS TO TEEN-AGERS ABOUT SEX, Prentice-Hall, 1963) touches once more on this subject in her syndicated column which came to our attention through the Mexico, D.F. THE NEWS, for 7-3-65. Here, Miss Landers answers a distraught wife who questions whether friend husband's frequent affectionate kisses bestowed on their eight- and ten-year old sons might possibly induce homosexual inclinations. Leaning dangerously, but in this case triumphantly, on Freud, Miss Landers replies: "A father who kisses his sons will not turn them into homosexuals. As a matter of fact, the experts tell us that one of the causes for homosexuality is a poor

relation with the parent of the same sex. Little boys who fear and hate their fathers often turn to their mothers for love and emotional support. They grow up to imitate Mama and identify with her. Be glad your husband kisses his sons. It's really beautiful."

AND NOW BEN BELLA

A news report from New York, published by the Rochester, Minn. POST-BULLETIN for 6-30-65, begins: "In addition to economic and internal troubles, deposed Algerian President Ahmed Ben Bella's reported homosexual proclivities were responsible for his ouster . . . According to (the Insider's) Newsletter, Paris authorities believe that Col. Houari Boumedienne took over in Algeria less out of personal ambition than exasperation with personal indiscretions committed by Ben Bella . . . Though tolerated by Arab custom, the practices were said to be increasingly the talk in foreign capitals . . . It probably wasn't mere coincidence that the coup came near the eve of the Afro-Asian Conference, where top foreigners might have been disturbed by what they saw of Ben Bella on home ground." If all of this proves anything, it is that the homophile cannot—indeed should not—expect to stray beyond the boundaries of public tolerance as respects erotic behavior generally; in fact, he should err, if at all, on the side of restraint. Also, if he lives in a goldfish bowl, he can expect to be criticized with more than ordinary fervor.

HOMOSEXUALITY TOPIC IN CAMPUS PUBLICATION

INSERT, an occasional supplement to San Francisco State College's daily newspaper, devoted four pages of its May, 1965 issue to the subject of homosexuality, both on and off campus. The ar-

ticle, by Carol Gilbert, begins by reviewing briefly the large dimensions of the homophile community in San Francisco, as well as certain myths together with popular and scientific opinions relating to homosexuals and their behavior. It continues with an interview with two undergraduate homosexuals, one male and one female, much of which mirrors the stereotyped pattern of the disturbed homosexual—unhappy and socially maladjusted. Both subjects claim they would rather be simon-pure heterosexuals if they had the choice, but, as usual, they leave it uncertain as to whether their present distresses are moral, or social, or both. At one point, the male says: "All I want is to be accepted but I can't be. I'm 'queer'," which is another way of saying that he has not actually accepted himself. On the same subject, the female says: ". . . people are insensitive to homosexuals. They refuse to believe we have feelings and that they can be hurt," which is another way of saying that she herself is, or has become, more or less insensitive to motivations and viewpoints

different from her own. On the whole, the article gives the impression that it was prepared with compassion and a desire to fairly depict the subject, but the interviewees suffered somewhat from the limited scope of the questions asked, which gave them little, if any, opportunity to talk about themselves in other than a sexual context. A TIME Magazine book reviewer once opined, somewhat unkindly, that "homosexuality has come a long way from 'the love that dare not speak its name'; it is now the neurosis that doesn't know when to shut up." Nevertheless, the subject still comes under the motto that "any publicity is better than no publicity." As on the subject of civil rights for racial groups, public opinion must continually be reminded and prodded until the constitutional rights of American homosexuals are reflected in both our statutes and our public policies. INSERT is thus both cited and commended by ONE for its fair and forthright handling of an important and controversial topic.

STERLING AREA ANNOUNCEMENT

If you have had difficulty in securing U.S. dollars for subscribing to ONE's publications and for purchasing books from ONE's Bookservice, pounds sterling may now be used for these purposes. We are pleased to announce that the century-old firm of B. F. Stevens & Brown, Ltd., Ardon House (Mill Lane, Godalming, Surrey, England, Subscription Department has graciously consented to receive sterling funds to be credited to ONE's account.

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A queer in the house

by benjamin feldt

"I've inquired into it quite extensively, Fred, and to be frank I don't think any of them really know a hell of a lot about it. I mean, one says it's because there's not enough love in the home, another says it's because of over-protection; one says it's always existed and always will, a part of nature, another says our society is producing more now than ever. Well, who you gonna believe? I mean, do any of them really know what they're talking about? I want to know, for god's sake! I wanna know what's the matter. I mean, he's my own son. (Yeah, sure, I'll have another. Why not?)

"My own son. Huh, that's a laugh. My own thing! What is it? A thing—something else. Did you ever think about it? I mean about what they do. It's disgusting. Think of doing that to another man! What a disgusting thing to do. Or letting him put it up your ass or something. What could possibly possess a person to let someone—Oh, god! Perversion is the word for it. They're a bunch of perverts. They're perverted nature, twisted, something else. God.

"I'm sorry, Fred, I don't mean to get carried away like this, but it's Ronnie. My own flesh and blood. So close to me . . . Ya know? that's just it. It's too close for comfort. I wouldn't tell anybody but you, Fred. And I'm not sure I should even go as far as to tell you. Honest, that's how much it hurts, but you see . . . well . . . well, there's all those sayings, like 'chip off the old block,' or 'the apples don't fall far from the tree.'—I know they're just sayings, for god's sake, but don't try to be kind, for god's sake. We know each other too well, Fred. I mean, that's why I'm telling you all this. I feel I can tell you. You won't just nod and be understanding and all that crap. After all how many years has it been? Ha, ha, no, no, don't count! I don't wanna know. We've just been friends a long, long time, and that's why I'm telling you all this. I mean, he's my own son. The faggy bastard!

"No, no, let's call a spade a spade. I came up with one and that's that. To tell you the truth, Fred, I don't particularly give a good god damn, except he's my son, ya see? That's where the trouble lies. I mean, I don't particularly give a damn. I never liked him. He lives in my house, that's all. I mean, he's just somebody that lives in my house. I don't even mind having a queer in the house so much, but you see, I fathered him. That's the point. Where'd he get it from? Could he have somehow gotten it from me? There. There, I've said it. There, I finally said it after two days of thinking it. I'm glad it's off my chest. I could only tell you that, Fred. 'Cause I know you understand me better than Janet even. I bet you knew it was in my mind. I bet you knew all along it was in my mind. I bet you knew all along it was in my mind. —There. I knew you knew I was thinking it.

"Yeah. But now. What do I do? I've read so much in just two days. I didn't go to work, I couldn't sleep. This is the first drink I've had in two days. First relaxation. Maybe I'm getting used to the idea. God. A fag. A fruit. Thank god he goes to college this fall. We'll get him outa the house. Just to look at him turns my stomach. He admits everything. God. He even said . . . oh, god . . . he even said he's in love with the kid. Ha, ha, yeah, it's like a joke almost. A distorted, hideous, sick, sick, joke. (No, this'll be my last. Well, all right, but that'll be my last.)

"Yeah, ya know. Your kid grows up, you see him go through things, big things, little things, all the things people go through, childhood diseases, haircuts, the dentist, school, long pants. One day he comes home, all shining like bright metal, a gleaming object. 'What is it, son?' 'Dad, I'm in love!' Great, great. Ha, ha, ha. Great! Except mine—and he tells me, he tells me to my face, Fred—I'm in love with Harry Birnbaum.' He's in love, in love, with another boy! Isn't that a joke! No, they can't hear me. Yeah? All right, it's all right, I don't think they heard me.

"Yeah, here's Mrs. Birnbaum, she calls me to say she got off early from work on Tuesday, walks into his bedroom and there they both are, naked as jaybirds, locked in each other's arms! What a picture! And when I ask him, does he try to get out of it, blame it on the other kid? No! He says—as if it explains everything, as if it makes everything clear as day—he says, 'I love him. I'm in love with Harry Birnbaum.' I coulda killed him. I had to control myself with all my effort to keep from striking him. Ha, ha, ha. And now, I'm so unstrung, I'm so upset, do you know what actually went through my head yesterday? With all this do you know what I actually thought for a confused moment? I actually said to myself in all seriousness, 'Here are all these boys in the world, and my son has to fall in love with a Jew!' Ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha. Oh, my god, my god. What we think of in a moment of crisis even. Oh, well.

"So off he goes to college in the fall and good riddance. But there's this thing now, Fred, remaining behind. Like a spectre, if you pardon the poetry. But that's what it's like. A ghost, a shade hanging over me. Where did it come from? And then that terrible, terrible question, did it come from me? Oh, god, god, god. I wish the little bastard had never been spawned. It was probably a lousy lay that night, too, I bet. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, I'm cracking up, Fred. No, just tired. Thinking too much. Thinking too much. Well, I have something to think about, by god.

"Now, don't be kind, for god's sake. I don't want consolement, I want the truth. I want to know. And the books are no help. Did you ever realize how padded psychology books are? I hadn't read one since I got outa college, but they must be paid by the page. It takes you pages to get one solid idea out of one, then you read another and it refutes the first. Well, I'm asking you, Fred. Fred. Can I ask you? Is it too much to ask? Are we getting too deep? Fred. Is there anything . . . about me . . . Have you ever seen anything in me that might lead you to suspect . . .

"Fred, you're not just saying that to please me, are you? I mean, I'd rather know an awful truth and try to live with it than never be sure. Always wonder. Ya know what I mean? I mean we never really know what impression it is we make on other people. We don't know what we look like to other people. So how can we know unless our truly close friends tell us? Am I right?

"So, Fred, as a friend, the brutal truth, have you ever had any reason to think that perhaps deep in me . . .

"Awright, awright, we'll drop it. -Sure, I understand. The reason we're friends is neither of us is like that. If we were like that in the slightest way, we'd just give each other the gate, as it were. Sure. I mean, you're a completely masculine guy. I mean, that's what most appeals to me about you. You're married, two kids. I mean, never would it ever enter my mind . . . But I just have one kid. And lightning sure struck there. Wow.

"Aach. Who knows? You know, I never would have seen it in Ronnie. Not in a million years. I guess it takes one to know one, uh? Ha, ha. Yeah. Ya know, only this summer when he and I went swimming—at the municipal pool?—god, I was really taken aback. I mean, it seems only yesterday he was just a little kid, but I had to notice, my god! I mean he's a man. He looks like the proverbial Greek god, good straight back, broad shoulders, deep chest—and muscles! I mean, I don't have much reason ever to see him naked like that and I didn't realize how he's developed, what he's developed into. And he's ample. I mean he's got a full set. I noticed that. Ha, ha, ha. No one, no one would ever take him for a . . . for a . . . oh, god, god, god. Why? I mean a beautiful boy like that. I can say he's beautiful and say it as a complete compliment. Like a statue. God. What a waste. To think of him, to try to picture him doing something filthy with his mouth. How can they do that. Oh, god, god. Oh, well.

"But then, but then . . . you know, when I first heard of how you do it with girls, that almost floored me. I can still remember when I found out. The idea was so extravagantly insane, so shocking, that I've never forgotten the circumstances of when I heard. Let's see, I was . . . god, I was fourteen! In high school, a freshman, it was in the library—jeez, fourteen. What a protected

life I led, uh? Ha, ha. There were three kids with me sitting at a table. One was talking about girls, about 'putting it in.' I didn't know what he meant. Then he was very specific, about the wonderful sensations you felt when you did it. You know. Whatsa matter with me! Why am I circuitous about saying it—especially to you? About putting his cock up a girl's cunt! I weakened, I was physically stunned and weakened by his words. I remember it. I remember it clearly. I thought he must have been insane. What a weirdly improbable thing to do. Ha, ha, ha. God, I must have been innocent, uh? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

"Well, well, maybe they're not crazy, maybe it's not really insane when you think of it a while—just perverted. My son. My son a pervert. Good healthy friendship, Fred. Like we have. That's something fine. God, all the hours and hours we've spent together. You know me better'n Janet even. That's something fine. Happy hours, Fred. But if I ever thought such an idea even momentarily fledged through my mind, I'd, I swear, I'd kill myself. I would!

"I mean, think of it, Fred. Never an argument between us. Isn't that amazing? Sure, heated discussions—plenty of 'em. But only about ideas, never anything personal. God, and all the fights I've had with Janet. Well, you've said it, Fred. If one of us had been a woman, we woulda had a perfect marriage. Ha, ha, ha. But that's friendship, Fred. Good, clean friendship. Not like . . .

"All right, not another word about that quiffy fuck. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, I don't give a good goddamn. In the Fall, phfft! Off he goes. Good riddance. Ha, ha, ha. You know what? I'm getting—Oh, you know that, huh? Well, I want to. Drown my sorrows. If I get drunk, Freddy, will you take care of me? Ah, you're a pal, Freddy. My pal. But that's beautiful. Beautiful friendship. Not like . . . The pig! But, god, what a shame, Freddy. What a waste. 'Cause let me tell you, if you ever saw him in the shower room, that boy has the most beautiful body . . ."

LOOKING FOR JIMMIE

Looking for Jimmie.

Seen him?

He's young.

Has brown hair.

Brown eyes.

Soft voice.

Real soft.

He's shy. Like a little kid.

Seen him?

Haven't you seen him?

Anyplace?

Hayes Hill

OUR SITUATION TODAY

by Manuel Boyfrank

Prosperous as the country may seem, I tell you that our situation is precarious. Truly good jobs are hard to get. The man without a college education is handicapped and from now on we shall see more and more applicants for employment displaying two diplomas apiece where one was once enough. The man who hasn't \$5,000 today is in bad shape.

We had best study how to discharge the citizen's responsibility by exercising industry, prudence, thrift, forehandedness, tact and goodwill toward our fellow citizens. Fortitude is called for.

You can't be sure where you can best put in your oar, but if you are forever on the lookout and energetic to do the right thing when you can—what more can we ask of you?

THERE IS HOPE

Bad as the situation is, there is hope. You have many friends. Don't be too ready to assume that you are in a minority. Do you think you have any monopoly on intelligence? Whatever you have learned that is true, other people may have learned the same lesson; and those who don't know the truth are usually eager to have it told them. Don't you believe for a minute that other people haven't had occasion to give demological questions long and intensive study. Don't be astonished if you find out that other people have totted up the same column of figures that has engaged your interest and have come up with the same total that you got.

We in America need a deuteronomy, a return to the law. All our troubles can be traced to our violations of the constitution; and if only we will regard the constitution, pay our elected officials better wages and exert ourselves as the citizens the constitution contemplates our being, we shall thrive and live in peace as never before.

ONE and its friends have a special interest in the constitution's faithful observance. Article VI, paragraph 3, provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust and Article I of the amendments prohibits an establishment of religion. You and your friends, whenever you are persecuted by officials under legal pretext, are afflicted by reason of somebody's determination to write religion into the law. There is not one law which you find obnoxious that was not put in the statute books from a religious motive—and in violation of the constitution.

Much of our trouble comes of our paying Congressmen and other elected officials such low wages that it is not worth while for an honest man of ability to run for Congress. Unless he be backed by free-spending interests—interests with axes to grind, he will find a campaign's cost so high that it will outweigh his lawful salary. As long as we pay coolie wages we shall get the coolie Congressmen who are the source of trouble—and, at that, our Congressmen, as are all our elected officials, are, on an average, better than we deserve. We

should raise all elected officials' salaries steadily over a period of several years.

State legislators are subject to the same comments. How are they going to stand up to the pressure groups' high-priced lobbyists when they themselves are in such a weak economic plight?

Still, hard as is the legislators' lot, a point at which mischief can arise lies nearer home. It is the individual police officer whom we should scrutinize, even as we are taking a wholesome interest in politics generally.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES

Every policeman is a walking question mark. Of two things, one: either he is a responsible official or else he is a usurper. If he serves from a sense of duty and dedication and is zealous in every one of the law's particulars he is a citizen par excellence and should be given approbation and cooperation by the good citizens of the land.

If the policeman be the right kind of man, though, he will not have been satisfied to mumble his oath or affirmation of office as a part of an empty ceremony, a meaningless ritual. No, as Article VI, paragraph 3, of the constitution binds him to support the constitution, he will have read that constitution and have studied its application to his office. If he didn't read the constitution, doesn't know its provisions and doesn't intend to live up to it he is a liar and a perjurer—and, as a usurper of authority, he is just as much a criminal as a Russian spy or saboteur.

There can be no such thing as a disinterested policeman: either he knows the law or he does not (and he has the responsibility of determining which laws are valid and which void because in conflict with the constitution) and either he intends to enforce the law or he does not.

The policeman who says "I only work here" is a hired killer.

No more than anybody else has a policeman a right to do anything unlawful. It is the right and duty of the policeman, as it is the right and duty of every citizen (and the policeman has oftener occasion) to say, "This thing is in accord with the constitution and this other thing is not." Constitutionality is not a thing that must always be carried to the supreme court before it can be decided. The constitution requires the lowest civil-service messenger to swear or affirm that he will support the constitution: it logically follows that the constitution is understandable by a person of ordinary attainments.

Our constitution is written in the plainest language and is remarkably simple and consistent. There is no excuse for the policeman who panders to that element in the citizenry which tries to make the government enforce church law.

If a policeman's lot is not a happy one it is chiefly because as he walks down the street every person looks at him and wonders, "Hero or heel?" He must be the one thing or the other, for there is no middle ground.

It is the policeman's responsibility that he arrest only such persons as are guilty of behavior prescribed by a constitutionally sound law—and of course there are many laws on the statute books' pages that will not stand a constitutional test. The policeman has promised to support the constitution: he must not enforce an unconstitutional law.

When a policeman enforces an unconstitutional law it is not the state that is responsible for the wrong done: the state can not do anything illegal. Anything illegal that is done is done on the responsibility, the personal responsibility, of some person. We who cherish our freedom should take steps

to visit condign punishment upon such individuals.

A CITIZEN'S DEFENSE

It is the citizen's responsibility that he defend himself against usurpation. How he is to defend himself is, under the constitution, a matter of the greatest latitude. If you are being assaulted you have a right to protect yourself; and if you have to kill a criminal to preserve your own life you should not feel any qualms about it.

I imagine that the expedient course is for the citizen to retain competent counsel; and as no man knows when he will need a lawyer (and is liable, when the time comes, to find it inconvenient or impossible to get one), he should retain legal service long before he has reason to suppose he may need it.

How practical is it to hire attorneys as people are coming to hire their doctors, on long-term contracts? Can the dangers and damages of unconstitutional prosecution be coped with by means of insurance? Is any actuary prepared to say how much the average man would be justified in paying into a personal-freedom league against the possibility of his being molested by some usurper? Liability insurance seems a logical recourse.

So far have we wandered from the constitution that we are liable to be surprised at some of its implications. In the case of a man fired from the government because he did something that offended his superiors' religious tenets, there is a patent injustice in that religious concerns are confused with the law; but there is also the fact that the man fired was probably illegally employed in the first place—as was, I admit, his superior.

Article 4, section 4, guarantees a republican form of government. That provision has been violated much as Hitler violated the German constitution. If I remember aright, Hitler

claimed the German parliament's powers because the parliament by enactment delegated its powers to him and then voted itself out of existence. Similarly our legislatures have delegated their powers unlawfully.

We are bound by the constitution to maintain a republican form of government—though "form" is not enough and the constitution's intent is that our government will be republican both in form and substance. Now then, if the people elect A to office and A appoints B, I suppose the republican principle is not violated. But suppose B appoints C, C appoints D, and so on until Y appoints Z. Somewhere in that alphabet, even if I can't say exactly where, the republican form of government has been destroyed; and that is where our government stands today.

Out of the 15 million people on the federal payroll, the great majority is there in violation of the law. The people of the nation know that: that is one reason why they are glad to see any excuse whether good or bad.

Our nation's situation, then, is desperate. If we are to have the deuteronomy I propose (and every hour that we postpone it will make its urgency the greater) some ten per cent of our population must find legitimate occupation, must quit being tax-eaters and become taxpayers to a degree new to them and onerous.

LEGITIMATE OCCUPATION

Conscription is an abomination: it is slavery, and slavery, be it remembered, is bad. As things are, though, many an American boy comes to welcome slavery because his lot as a civilian man between ages 14 and 21 is miserable. Military service promises him some semblance of economic justification; hitherto he has been a begrudged parasite upon his family and his neighbors, and now he can pretend to himself that he is earning a wage, supporting himself. Actually of course he

is a parasite still, but he is a parasite legally approved.

Becoming a soldier, he forfeits a lot of a man's rightful freedoms, but how much real freedom did he ever have? Now it is true that he will be subjected to a process of degradation, stultification and demoralization, but the hours of labor are short and he can do some things that he could not do before. He is usually well fed and he can carry a little pocket money. He can use filthy language and adopt a cynical system of evil thought if those courses strike him as means of asserting his new manhood, and he'll find his fellows doing likewise. He can consume tobacco and liquor and can gamble, and he will find himself, as he does those things, attracting friends who will presently be in positions to serve his interests.

He can use (as Saint Paul puts it) women and girls. He can use them with unaccustomed impunity if he be bestial enough, and his companions will be doing the same things. He can exploit an occasional pansy, shamelessly. Slavery, he finds, has its compensations.

He can get away with murder. Let us be clear here. To kill a man because that man deserves killing and you know that he deserves it may be a duty, not a crime. To kill him, though he may deserve it, when you do not know that he deserves killing or when you are actuated by improper motives is not to have the same justification. To kill when you merely guess the killing justified and—as fits many a soldier's case precisely—when you don't give a damn about the justification is murder.

Hiroshima's bombing was murder. Violating that United States law which forbids any officer to deny quarter, United States officers murdered armed men and civilians alike, murdered men and women alike, murdered friend and foe alike and murdered grown-ups and little children alike.

That was inexcusable. That murder is approved by the officers of the United States today. Those officers stand ready to murder tomorrow. When a recruit associates himself with murder he becomes an accessory, becomes himself guilty of murder.

We soldiers of the United States who adhere to our constitutional duty are bound to repudiate acts and policies that contravene that constitution, acts that break the law, acts that appall the moral sense.

Thomas Jefferson once said, "I tremble for my nation when I reflect that God is just." He had a point.

THE RIGHTS OF BOYS

Freedom to be homophile, which may be the responsibility to be a homophile, is a boy's right. From the time he is 13 or 14 we deny him that right at our peril. When he is a man in fact he should be recognized as a man, take a man's powers and shoulder a man's burdens. His powers will only cause trouble if he be forbidden their exercise.

As soon as manhood is upon him he should be facing up to life's realities, planning his participation in his man's world. At five, at ten and possibly at 15, a boy can say to his teacher or parent, "I believe the things that you tell me. I trust you as my guide." At 15, perhaps at 14 and possibly at 12, he will have ceased to have exactly that attitude—somewhere along there he will have ceased to have any right to keep that attitude. He doesn't know everything, but he does know some things.

It is true that a man grown, a man of sixty perhaps, can attend a class and learn something. But as a rule that is something of a luxury for him. It is easier to listen to a good lecturer than to read a book, but study may be a more manly course than listening. And when a man listens to a lecturer there is something like make-believe in his attitude. When you go to a

play you adopt the theatrical convention: you know that that is not a real gun that the villain is brandishing and that the heroine is not necessarily the childlike and saintly young woman she makes out she is; but you say to yourself, "Let's make believe."

An occasional evening of make-believe is all right for a grown man, but it had better not be overdone. Children ought to go to school; but for a man to go to school, day after day and month in and month out, is hurtful to him.

Americans who do not know history do not realize how precious is the right of contract. People read the constitution's first article, section 10, where it says, "No state shall . . . pass any . . . law impairing the obligations of contracts," and they wonder what that provision means and why it was put there. There is a long and contentious history behind that provision. Respect for his contract once distinguished the American from foreigners. Foreigners had legal means of escaping their obligations; Americans contracted carefully, performed rigorously and prospered handsomely in consequence.

It is a crime that men between 15 and 21 are not given more chances to engage in the making and performing of contracts. This is a way of isolating them from the facts of commercial and industrial life comparable to their insulation from the facts of biology. Any contract one of them may make is bound to be terminated when he becomes 21; and any plan that he makes is subject to rupture if he goes into the military service. Legally he is badly maimed. Life set in abeyance for seven years is much the same as life extinguished altogether.

THE FRIENDS OF ONE

ONE's friends are, in a way, the nation's best citizens, and they have, as salesmen and missionaries say, a

talking point. All men eat, ultimately, from nature's bounty; and despite man's every artifice (marshes' reclamation, better husbandry, the seas' wealth's harvest, irrigation and all such), nature's bounty has limits. Every increase in population adds a burden upon that ever-precarious bounty—and ONE's readers are characterized, one may safely presume, by their comparative refraining from the population's undue increase.

Study world history and you'll note that there has never been a time when the human race was free from famine. Remember how in the Old Testament, in the first book, Genesis, Abraham and Lot parted because there was not grass enough for all their herds. And today an official, a noted Rationalist, Prof. P. M. Blackett, tells us, "The rich countries of Europe, America and Australia number some 500,000,000 people with an income of about \$1,000 per head per year. The under-developed countries . . . number some 2,000,000,000 people with an income level of \$60 per head per year, or one-sixteenth of that of the rich countries."

If world statistics bore you, look at the same problem from another angle. How bad our case is, how fearfully nature's bounty has been strained, is demonstrated when a man undertakes to make a legitimate living. (No wonder men flock to the army, the navy and the civil service.) Add up all the property of any going concern and divide the dollars' total by the number of employees and you'll find that the average job represents a capital investment of between \$40,000 and \$80,000.

When I ask the state department functionary to quit his job and start making an honest living I'm asking a lot.

Deuteronomy will take time, work and patient study. The sooner we get at it, though, and the harder we work at it, the better for everybody.



ROMA I

by Philip Alexander

She walked straight ahead of me, seemingly sure of her destination, a large creature, round and womanly, a *gonzesse* (the term suggests the knowing imperiousness of her tread), tasting the air, breathing deep, sniffing for the precise place to stop and perch. There was a crack in her armor—she would notice, suddenly, that she was walking alone, ahead of me, and she would then crane her neck watchfully back to see where I was, stop a moment, smile reassuringly, look at me and wonder, Scorpio fashion, whether she could absorb my every thought and wish and make me share her world with her . . . a little.

"How are you, baby?"

"Fine . . ."

"Fine fine! or Fine . . . not so fine?"

"Fine."

"Are you all right, baby?"

"Sure . . ."

"Then say so . . ."

She took my hand, sweetly, possessively, drawing me along with her, at her pace, happily humming a little something between her teeth and consciously savoring the feeling of being insouciant. I followed along, responded to the pressure of her inquiring hand, turned every once in a while to share her gaze and tried to reassure her with a look so that we would not have another round of how are you. She cared and she cared too much. I went along with it as far as I could. She wanted so much to love.

The sun was heavy on our shoulders. We had arrived. The delicious sound of myriad fountains mitigated the overwhelming power of the sun. Water poured forth from the unlikeliest places and in the unlikeliest shapes: obscenely, from ancient brown sculptures of pendulous breasts in muted stone; ominously, from the limpid eyes of an ugly pagan god. The walks were ingeniously arranged. There was one little path you could squeeze by, lowering your head a bit to escape the cascading water and then be surrounded by the thundering fountains, feeling the damp coolness pouring waves of comfort all around, enclosed womb-like in a world of water.

She held fast to my hand even there and we shared our growing excitement.

"Wait till you see it by night! Didn't I tell you . . . *Bella bella* . . ."

"*Villa d'este*," I said, pronouncing the syllables meaningfully. "I love the water."

"So do I."

She always wanted to share. *Un etre de sympathie*. All she needed in life was to be given the opportunity to agree. All she needed was to be given the chance to love.

And all I needed was to hide. No, that wasn't true. I needed too. But did I need her? I asked myself that question, over and over, until it became a gaping ruin in my consciousness, a hellhole of doubt, smouldering like an old Roman ruin at dusk after a hot day's onslaught from the Roman sun.

We came out of the little shelter and onto new paths. She scouted for a place to settle. I pointed to a shady spot where she could spread her drawing paper and sketch while I could curl up with pencil and paper.

That was the plan. We had come out to the *Villa d'Este* for the day. She, the artist; I, the writer; she, the pursuer, I, the pursued; she, the certain woman, I the uncertain fellow; she, the earth mother; I, the nervous air bubble; she, the stalker, I, the prey; she, the lover, I, the beloved.

She accepted my suggestion. We plumped down on the shady path, miraculously cooled by the fine spray from delinquent fountains. It was deliciously damp all around us, mildewed and redolent of the musky odor of pollen, bilge and exquisite mossy decay. She took her provisions out from her all-purpose bag: pad, pastels, subtle pinpoints with which to capture the colors from nature, and then refreshments: a thermos full of aranciata, the distilled essence of fruity pulpiness sacrificed by many oranges in season, a thick panino and two sprawling slabs of salami and provolone—a divine collation for mid-afternoon artist fatigue.

"What else do you have in there?" I mocked.

"What else do you want, dear?"

"Nothing. I just marvel at how you get it all in there."

"*Semper paratus*," she chirped, in her little girl tone, not sure whether she was being made fun of or being hurt. The little girl tone covered a multitude of hurtful situations.

I got out my own pad of lined yellow paper and confronted it. She was already sketching me.

"Shall I pose?" I asked solicitously.

"Go on about your business. Write something. Forget I'm here . . ."

She was obeying the stipulation. I had told her that I was at a critical stage of my life. I either was a writer or wasn't one. I either wrote or didn't write. I had come to Rome to write. I couldn't face myself if I didn't concentrate on that and that alone. So that if she insisted on seeing me during the day, I had stipulated we create together. I thought she would say no. But she had grabbed up the possibility hungrily and suggested an outing to the *Villa d'Este*.

As she sketched me, slowly, patiently, cocking a knowing eye to be sure she had the proper perspective, she would pause and stare. I couldn't work. I just kept wondering where all this was leading. We had had dinner every night that week. We were seeing each other every blessed moment now. She would be wanting to make love this very evening . . .

We had met a week ago. I was alone in Rome. I took a room in the *pensione* on the *Via Margutta*, near enough to American Express to keep in touch with the outside world. My aim was to live a little . . . in Rome. I wanted to breathe the Italian atmosphere, eat all the *echt pasta* and *vitelle* I could stuff into myself, listen to as much Italian, frequent as many shops and walk in as many Roman streets as I needed to bathe myself totally in the atmosphere of Rome. Until one fine morning I would wake up, walk to my trusty Olivetti and the keys would runneth over. I would write my heart out. But I would imbibe before I would write . . .

During one of my long exploratory walks I happened into that *trattoria* near the *Via Veneto*. I was sitting alone, savoring my exquisite solitude when I heard a familiar voice. It was Alice from Yale days. Her voice caught me like a sting out of the past. She was bright and breezy, talkative and insinuating, one of those clever girls one walks a mile to miss. And with her was Joanna, quiet, circumspect, well-dressed, stout and short, in every way a fine foil to her garrulous friend Alice.

They latched on to me as Americans do when they're abroad. I tagged along with them and we walked together through the elegant sections of *Roma di Notte*. We stopped for cooling glasses of *carpano* at Doneys and bitched the passing crowds. The evening was long and languorous and Joanna and I listened to Alice's endless fund of gossip and chatter. They were staying nearby my *pensione* and Alice excused herself early because she was off to *Venezia* in the morning. Would I be kind to her friend, Joanna? It was Joanna's first trip to Rome and she didn't know anybody else. I was designated *cicisbeo* by Alice's choice. Joanna's disarming silence made refusal impossible. Before I knew it I had asked her to breakfast. I felt foolish about it. It was the first date I'd had in years. I laughed at myself as I walked back to my *pensione* in the deserted streets late at night. Had I come to Rome to change my ways? Was I going to be involved with a girl?

From the very first she had a strange power over me. There was nothing vulgar about her. Vulgarity I detested and put down everywhere. The Alices of the world were my enemy. They castrated a man by instinct. They talked him into insignificance. American female dominance I smelled a kilometre away and sidestepped. But Joanna was different. She was an artist. She had come to Rome to paint. She loved the city as much as I did. She never did or said anything that could make me reject her. We started to see each other every day.

There we were at the *Villa d'Este*, she sketching me and I writing her in my mind's eye. Perhaps were good for each other. In the last few days she had started to get possessive about my time. I was beginning to distrust her, inventing reasons for myself to get away from her.

It was fear. She was cornering me. We would have to go to bed sooner or later. I couldn't leave it up to her. I would have to make the decisive step. After all, I was almost twenty-five years old. I'd have to go to bed with a woman some time. Shaw was forty, I had heard somewhere. But he had had ninety years to live through and more. And he probably never liked it anyway.

She wasn't my type. If I had a type. She was too stout and her face was too large. When you start inventing excuses like that, you know you're fooling yourself. After all, I could do it with any man. You never know about anybody until their clothes are off. A man's clothes never tell you all that much. Why should a woman's? All cats aren't grey in the dark. I hated myself. I was vulgar. She was a tender person, Joanna was. I knew that. She was powerful but anything could wound her. I must never wound her in any way.

Here she was sitting drawing me and giving me the look of a woman who wants a man. Why shouldn't I do that for her? Why should I be afraid? I was a born worrier. You always think you can make a *tabula rasa* and start all over again. You can keep up the illusions for about ten minutes. Then the same old fears and compulsions hit you.

Last night she had frightened me. We had had a delicious dinner in the old Jewish quarter. We had walked and walked until we were wonderfully tired and hungry. Then we found one of those little restaurants that jut out from nowhere. We sat down on the terrace and had a bottle of *soave*. Suave *soave*. Then she talked me into ordering the *piccioncione alla diavola* just to see what it would be like and the little squablette was as crispy as sin. A handsome street singer serenaded us, pouring his young Italian lungs out. If I had been there alone, I would have absorbed every ounce of his easy masculinity. But I averted my eyes. I tried not to notice his proud neck and wonderful stance. I took him in without suffering. For once I did not suffer because I could not possess. Her protection was there. I had my big girl with me. I felt protected.

After a splendid meal, we lingered over our coffee and watched the dramatic Roman sky get darker and darker. We got up to walk when the warmth of the coffee no longer protected us from the slight chill of the evening. We waited for her elevator in the dark hall of her *pensione*. She kissed me. I knew she would be the one to do it. Her mouth was hungry and her tongue curled and inquired, kittenish, indiscreet, searching. She didn't kiss like a man. But her body was ample, warm, enveloping. We went very far, very quick. There we were, standing in the darkness near the elevator, and I went ahead and satisfied her with my finicky fingers, feeling masculine enough. Then she wanted to reciprocate and somebody came in and almost caught us. From then on they would come trooping in to the elevator almost every minute. We felt silly. She had asked me up to her room but I said I didn't want to compromise her with her omnipresent landlady. No use ruining reputations. She hadn't suggested coming up to my place. Modesty held her back. But I succeeded in angering her. She said that lots of people passed the first hurdles but failed the final exam. That frightened me. Frightened me as isolated fragments frighten you if you are a frightenable person. Why should a boy be frightened if he can't make it with a girl? He can always blame it on her.

What was the use of torturing yourself? You either made it or you didn't. Let it happen . . .

She stopped drawing me. It was no use pretending. The end of our evening had not been consummated. There was a big fat question mark between us and she was as aware of it as I was. Were we going to be lovers? The *Villa d'Este* in all its sumptuous wetness could not mitigate that question one iota.

I decided to break the ice.

"Let me see what you've wrought?"

She eyed her portrait jealously, as if she wasn't sure she wanted it seen.

"I don't know. I'm not sure it's right."

"Let me see. I'm a pretty good judge of these things."

"Well, all right. But I can do better."

She handed it over directly. There was an awe-inspiring directness about her at times, a quality I wish I had. The sketch was very handsome but it wasn't me.

"The sketch is very handsome but it's not me."

"Modest."

"Modest, hell. It's just not me. Do you really see me this way?"

"Are you accusing me of not being able to draw?"

"No, of course not. I'm not being subtle. But I've been drawn by a few artists . . ."

"In your time."

"Now don't get testy!"

"Can I help it if I see you differently?"

"Oh, I see. The eye of the beholder."

"It's the same when you write, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"I notice you haven't been writing anything."

"My mind's been racing."

"I loved every minute of last night. Every minute . . . Did you?"

"It was a wonderful evening. Beautiful meal!"

"Wasn't it great? I'll miss that restaurant. I could eat there every night."

We were off, discussing food and wine, skirting the issue. After all, in some traditions, food is love.

"Listen, are you going to do any writing? This afternoon, I mean?"

"I guess I ought to try."

"Well then, get to it. I'll make another sketch and I'll try to make it real ugly, o.k.?"

I laughed. She disarmed me. We worked for a while. I started writing a story about a girl who tried to describe all her sensations to herself as she experienced them. It made me think of a story by Thomas Mann called "Disillusionment." It was a very bad story and very untruthful-not Mann's, mine. I read it over and over, hating it for being clever. She insisted on seeing it. We exchanged drawing for story.

"So far, so good," she piped. "You're a talent."

I could have kissed her.

"I could kiss you for that."

I blew her a buss and she blew it back; emotional ping pong. Then she took out her little knife and cut generous portions of salami and provolone to put between the halves of our little *panions*. After the blown kiss, the

outstretched hand with the bun full of Italian goodies. Food *was* love. All the while I studied her portrait of me. It was better than the first one and yet it was still miles wrong. She had romanticized my features. I was staring at someone else, a Hollywood mirror of myself.

"Still not satisfied?"

"Yes, more. Distinctly better."

"You're a hard man to please. You'll come up to my *pensione* and I'll do a real portrait of you."

"You're very talented . . ."

"Thank you," she whispered, almost too quickly, as if she were afraid I might take it back.

The crackling of thunder interrupted our awkward pause. We hadn't noticed the sun had gone. The sky had darkened with late afternoon clouds. We were about to have a squall. We threw all our things into her all-purpose bag and darted for cover under the arched fountain we had explored earlier that afternoon. We stood protected from the elements, surrounded by the drumming of cascading waters. She held my hand tightly. We were two little children facing the storm, eager and bright-eyed, hiding in a shelter. The rain stopped as suddenly as it had started. A tiny rainbow radiated across the waters of the fountain.

"Look," she said, and kissed me, furtively on the cheek, muttering something which I figured out later was "Baby face."

I kissed her on the mouth and held her. She pretended to be surprised. Then she looked up at me gratefully. Finally she allowed herself to relax and be there, next to me, without a mental reaction. For a moment we allowed our instincts to take over for us and forgot our awkwardness. We heard the voice of an approaching couple. We laughed and wended our way slowly back to the train. The din of cascading water echoed in our ears all the way back to Rome.

Later that night we were back at the same restaurant. We had had a devil of a time finding it. In my dreams, ever since, I am walking along those side streets in *Roma antica*, searching with my mind's eye for the little courtyard which leads to the sprawling restaurant imperceptibly, as if it had sprung up there over night for the pleasure of itinerant passers by. We managed to get the same table with the splendid view of the narrow streets below a noble Roman sky. The waiter brought *soave* without our asking for it. The boy who sang was there and winked to both of us as if sharing some secret with us. The excitement of seeing him added something to the pleasure of being there. If I had been there alone, it might have been the beginning of a skirmish. But Joanna was there and I felt protected. When he picked up my lavish tip, he gave me one of those smouldering looks Italians can muster for money when it has an overtone of *sensualita*.

"Are you all right?" she asked, bringing me back to her.

"Of course. Aren't you?"

"You know, we've known each other for about a week and we've never told each other about ourselves."

"I know. That's one of the nicest things about knowing you. We've not been bogged down by facts."

"How long will you be staying in Rome, Roy?"

"As long as I need to."

"You mean, you're free?"

"Well, not exactly. You really want to know?"

"Idiot! I wouldn't have asked if I didn't want to know."

"I have a Fulbright for this year. It's for Belgium, actually, but I couldn't get one for Italy. So I came here for the summer to begin my writing."

"When do you have to go to Belgium?"

"Sometime in the fall. I hear if you're lucky, you can write to them and insist you can't do your work elsewhere. I wish Verlaine and Rimbaud had spent some time in Italy together."

"Is that your subject?"

"Rimbaud's influence on Verlaine's work."

"Fascinating."

"I couldn't think of a French-Italian subject that hadn't been treated. All the French-Italian gimmicks had been grabbed up long ago."

"Then you're in graduate school. Somehow I thought so."

"You're so right. And you're here to paint. Who are you revolting against, Joanna?"

"Nobody . . . Well, perhaps, my uncle."

"Uncle?"

"I live with my uncle. My parents are dead. They died a long time ago."

"I'm sorry . . ."

"My father died of cancer and my mother committed suicide. A long time ago. My mother's brother took me in."

"I am sorry . . ."

"Don't be sorry. It was a long time ago. I've had a good life. I like my uncle."

"Doesn't he miss you?"

"I suppose so. We each go our own way. He kind of looks after me. But we don't really communicate. He shields me from my other relatives. The ones that try to run things."

"So you've come over here to live, too?"

"I guess you could say that. I want to become a good painter. I need atmosphere. Just as you do. The Bronx isn't the answer."

"Here we are. Exiles from the Bronx. With the same culture and the same appreciation of the finer things. Scratch an exile from the Bronx and you find a Roman convert lurking under the skin. We get converted so easily to the Roman pulse, the Roman rhythm, the Roman way, Roman food, Roman sensuality, Roman wine . . ."

"If only the Vatican were Bergdorf Goodman's. We could pick and choose."

"Old Rome is Hebraic. Even the cats look wise and solemn like old Jewish men in a synagogue."

"Oh, Roy, you're funny . . ."

"Here we are, Joanna. Young, cultured, over-sensitive Americans, eager to find ourselves. We last here as long as our money lasts. You're a painter, an artist, a person. I'm a graduate school rat, a refugee from research, Rome-struck . . ." We laughed.

"Let's take a walk . . ."

We left our coffee cups half filled, tipped lavishly and strayed out into the Roman night. We ended up in the direction of the *Coliseo* and *Foro*. We walked among the antic Roman splendors lit up for the occasion by the ultra modern feat of dramatic lighting. We read inscriptions and whispered the magic letters SPQR dramatically. I could feel it clearly that it was only a matter

of moments before the love-making would begin. She would see to that, all the way back through the winding streets to the *Via Margutta*. And tonight was perhaps the night.

The moon was high. We stood high up over the remains of the temple of Minerva. The wind was cool and refreshing. I stood in back of her. She took my hands and placed them firmly on her breasts. I kept them there, enjoying the novelty of the pose. I was pressed tightly against her buttocks. I was the instrument of her pleasure and I took every cue. There was a silly smile on my face as I thought of us there in the wind, too innocent, really . . .

We went much further than usual, excited and emboldened by the splendor of the panorama and the drama of the moment. The wine from the meal had lingered and dissipated inhibitions. I satisfied her again with my fingers and again until she was almost fainting against me with overflushed desire and its recompense. We walked back to the *Via Margutta*, she leaning against me, a withered reed, and I, walking erect, strong, feeling impossibly masculine, almost Italian myself.

When we got to her *pensione*, I took it for granted we would go up to her room. Emotionally, I was ready.

"We can't tonight," she said simply.

"Oh, why?"

"It's my fertility time."

"Oh . . ."

"I figured it out. These are my fertile days. It wouldn't be good for us to try it now. I mean . . ."

"I understand."

"You're not upset, are you, Roy?"

"Of course not."

"I feel wonderfully satisfied. But I guess you're not."

"Well yes, I am. Yes, sir. I mean, yes, Madam."

"Now, don't be funny!"

"We can do it again, here . . ."

"I'm tired of dark corners and shadows. I'm beginning to see the virtues of bed . . . and lying prone . . ."

We argued in a friendly way for a few more minutes and then I kissed her good night. She left Rome two days later. Her uncle had had a heart attack. She had received a telegram.

"I'll be back as soon as I can. Let me know where you are. I'll come to Belgium if I have to . . ."

"Maybe it would be better to consummate whatever we are going to consummate back in the Bronx. It's only poetic justice."

She looked up at me with eyes that were eager to cry.

"You see . . .", she said simply, "I'm a virgin."

"Oh . . ."

"I'm not exactly inexperienced with men. But, technically, I'm a virgin."

"Well thanks for letting me know."

"Does it make a difference?"

"Of course not."

I held her in my arms.

"If I thought it would make a difference, I wouldn't have told you."

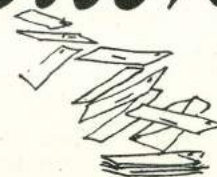
"I should have known. *Should have*, that is . . ."

I walked her to her train. We kissed good-bye like the lovers we weren't.

I walked along the quai after her departing train, as I had seen so many people do in movies, feeling a thousand years older. Then I picked up a Roman boy hanging around the station, took him back to my *penione* and held him in my arms for a few guilty hours. But I couldn't get her out of my mind. I was glad to see him go. Phase I of *Roma* was over. Perhaps now I could write.

That night I found my way back to our favorite Roman restaurant. The waiter inquired about the *signorina*. I drank my *soave* alone. That evening the singer did not appear. It was probably his night off. I took my pad and pencil and sketched a few notes by candle-light. When it was too cool to continue, I paid and walked back to the *Via Margutta*. She was not there any more. I felt my first pang of loneliness in Rome.

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.

SOME BRITISH VIEWS

Dear sir:

As an ardent believer in the freedom of the individual and in the maintenance of human rights I am very concerned with fighting illogical and outdated censorship and removing the abuses against the individual's right to choose for himself.

Thus I belong to several societies here in England and am intensely interested in any other societies which are striving for the same cause.

I am also a great admirer of the male physique both in life and as it is reproduced in photographs, films and magazines, firmly believing that healthy bodies can help to promote healthy minds in each and every one of us.

.. Mr. B.
Cardiff, Wales

Dear Quentin Crewe: (a copy of a letter)

I have been considerably amused by both articles of yours which appeared in the *Mirror* (London) on the subject of male homosexuality. Presumably this is one of the eternal subjects to which writers turn in order to bolster circulation or to titillate reader imaginations. However, I wish those who write this kind of thing had more genuine knowledge before attempting to enlighten the public.

The biggest laugh is where you say "every one of them is unhappy." You obviously, from this opening remark, have met few truly homosexual men and women who,

having adjusted themselves to their psychological and physical needs, are neither more nor less happy than are heterosexuals.

I could introduce you to a great number of people who are very glad to be different, if it means escape from the enslavement of a domestic life tied to one partner throughout, the problem of unwanted children, privation and dullness. The homosexual retains the choice of living with a partner if he so desires (known as a "gay marriage") or remaining free in his choice of partners. Glad to be different? I say they are.

You have given very little mention to the female homosexual. You may not realize how many lesbians there are. In my opinion there are at least as many as there are of their male counterparts, all having their own associates, clubs, meetings places, etc.

It would be more to the point if you used your energies to educate the public to realize that there is nothing wrong in a homosexual relationship provided it is freely entered into by persons of adult years. And here let me say that very few homosexuals are interested in corrupting minors, certainly no greater proportion than of heterosexuals.

We should all work for the day when the law is brought into line with more enlightened countries such as Sweden, Holland and Denmark, as well as that one state in U.S. where the view is that private sexual matters are the concern only of those participating in them, I suggest that you take out a subscription to ONE Magazine, of Los An-

geles. This would enable you to write more worthwhile and factually true articles.

Mr. P.
London, England

BACK IN U.S.

Dear ONE:

After viewing a special TV program on Channel 11 here, "Every Tenth Man," on the subject of homosexuality we now realize that there is someone on our side. We are interested in working for equality for homosexuals. Please send us the necessary information.

Mr. S.
Wilmette, Illinois

Dear sirs:

A rather sizeable group of people here would like information about ONE, Incorporated. Until quite recently most of us were unaware that you folks existed. Then, quite by accident, we acquired several back issues of both your monthly magazine and your quarterly journal. Needless to say, we were much surprised and the interest is very keen.

I would especially appreciate any material that you may offer pertinent to your medical division. Fortunately for the homosexuals in our area we have very little trouble obtaining medical help. This is not, of course, to say that we are not bothered by VD, at least to whatever extent could be considered average. I honestly cannot recall even one occasion when anyone has had trouble as a result of consulting local doctors or our Public Health officials concerning VD problems.

As a member of the medical profession I should like to go on record as saying that the theory of homosexuals being more subject to VD than are others is absolutely a lot of ROT! As a matter of fact, it has always been my experience that they are much less subject.

Mr. D.
Clinton, Tennessee

Sirs:

I understand that there exists an organization known as the International Committee for Sexual Equality and that you are affiliated with this organization.

I would like to know your opinion on whether prostitution should be permitted or not; do you think that prostitution is immoral? What do you think of the new penal code recommendations in Illinois and New York that the prostitute's customer, as well as the prostitute, is guilty of violating the law?

Mr. C.
Brooklyn, New York

EDITOR'S REPLY:

The book from which you seem to have gathered the supposed affiliation of ONE with the International Committee for Sexual Equality was a grossly careless and misleading publication. The facts are that some years ago such an organization was established in Amsterdam, Holland to try to achieve an interchange of information between the

various homophile groups in existence in Europe at that time.

ONE did have some correspondence with the I.C.S.E. and received a number of the publications which the organization published. We have noted that during recent years the group has become less and less active and has issued few publications. It seems to be more or less dormant.

Dear ONE:

LIFE Magazine is not your friend; its June 11 issue practically says as much. From it you will notice that the church will or could drive your publication and others into hiding, or might try to.

Mr. W.
Santa Monica, California

Dear ONE:

I have really enjoyed the magazines and reports that you have sent me and do wish that I lived in California so that I could attend your lectures and other meetings. I hope that your organization continues to enlighten people and to enlarge itself—I have a few members for you.

Miss J.
Chicago, Illinois

PERSONS, AND THEIR PROBLEMS

Sirs:

You drive me crazy you're so perfect, so understanding—so damn perfect. I'm sixteen and it looks like I don't know how to write a decent letter yet. Well, I'm non-conformist, so what? Yup, I'm a queer, a fairy, a pansy, or whatever. Of course I've been to a head man. He just sat there and made like Harpo Marx. You know, coolin' his chops, treating me like a crumb-crusher. So I told him all about my hard wrinkle. I just sat on his nail bed and opened my messy attic at him. I was really torn up. And for all that bread it didn't do me a damn bit of good.

I spent the past year in a seminary five hundred miles from nowhere. So upon returning after summer vacation I did the only natural thing: after two weeks I went and had myself a quiet nervous breakdown. And then I went and let out the whole story, partially because I was hooked on this blue-eyed blonde guy in my class. I mean, like every time he brushed against me it was somethin' else and I couldn't tell him. Even now I couldn't. I knew he was straight and would have hated me. So I was quietly eliminated from the seminary.

I haven't had sex since I was ten and believe me that's a long time—six years, when you're sixteen years old feeling like some kind of freak or monster or something.

I'm the real odd type—like Shakespeare, opera and ballet, you know. What kind of a teen-ager am I anyhow actually, reading Shakespeare for pleasure when I don't have to and buying classical records when I should detest them? What am I going to do? I've

talked to analysts and priests and MD's. They can't help me; they can only think that I need to be cured. I guess I need comfort and assurance, but not nearly so much as I need to be understood and most of all loved.

What are they trying to do to us? I don't know what they think they are trying to prove. Maybe how many people they can drive insane, like some kind of a game. I'm not a freak or some kind of a perverted sex maniac. I'm human and need companionship, understanding, love. I need them now, not when I'm sixty or seventy. Now!

Mr. L.
....., Connecticut

Dear sirs:

I am twenty-two years of age. Could you please inform me if there are any Gay Bars in this area or if there are any persons that happen to live in this area? I have just returned from living in Los Angeles for seven months and got to know quite a few dear and true friends that I will never forget but because of financial reasons and the lack of job training I had to return here and live with my parents.

Idaho is still quite a wilderness but they do know a few of the words from the Gay Set so I'm not sure if they are in the dark or if I am. It gets very lonely way up here in the back country so I am looking forward to your Magazine and what it means in this world of turmoil.

Mr. D.
....., Idaho

Dear sir:

Let me be frank with you from the beginning, I am thirty-four and have never been able to lick this business of homosexuality. It has almost ruined my life because I have never been able to conquer it and have never fully accepted it. At my age it is hard to change feelings I have had since my teens.

I have never had sexual intercourse with women and feel no desire for it. But some men fill me with strong desires which I have tried to suppress and up to now have. But it has made my life a living hell. I have gone from job to job, city to city, with a bad case of nerves preventing me from keeping a steady job.

Don't misunderstand me: I love this country and especially its French-English character and I'm not constantly preoccupied with my problems to the exclusion of everything else. If you could give me some social contacts you may know in Canada or some advice I would appreciate it greatly. I am still young and have been told I am handsome.

Mr. F.
Edmonton, Alberta

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Letters such as the above continually come to ONE's offices. Many of these are referred

to ONE's Social Service Division Secretary for reply. The replies sent are invariably along somewhat such lines as the following:

1. For legal reasons ONE does not deal with minors. However unfortunate this may be, the fact that this is necessary spot-lights the great need for social and legal reforms. More hopefully, ONE has for several years been exploring and developing programs which may eventually make it possible to counsel minors but no immediate solutions are available, except occasional referrals to physicians, clergymen and psychologists whom ONE has found to be reliable.

2. The problem of self-acceptance is one faced by many persons. All of ONE's publications and activities are specifically designed to aid persons in understanding themselves and others. This will help them to accept themselves better, also to work out the problem of loneliness, but there is no quick, easy solution like taking a pill. While it may take a long time to solve such problems why be discouraged? Many heterosexuals find their problems more than they can manage comfortably too.

3. Arranging for people to meet each other never has been a function of ONE. It has been felt, quite apart from the legal hazards, that friendships are so much a matter of individual tastes and differences of personality that "institutionalizing" the question of getting acquainted is almost a useless undertaking. The experience of those homophile organizations which have made the attempt quite reinforces ONE's belief in this respect.

However, ONE has for many years had a carefully-considered and well conducted series of public lectures and meetings in such cities as New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Usually these meetings either open with a cocktail hour or are concluded with refreshments. These orderly occasions while by no means pleasing to the reckless or to sensation-seekers are pleasant and dignified events which give those attending a chance to converse with each other and to feel themselves a part of something larger than their own petty rounds of self-interest. In this sense they are social, but not otherwise.

ONE's view is that those who make some effort, through reading ONE's publications and through independent study for those unable to attend ONE Institute classes in Los Angeles) will soon find ways and means for developing their own social lives in ways appropriate to their own circumstances and needs. Glamorous? No. Exciting? No, but in the long run you can lead a normally comfortable and happy life and is this not what most people are really looking for?