

**13TH YEAR
SUPERSTITIOUS?**

I once read a sign which read: "This is a non-profit organization; We didn't plan it that way, but that's how it turned out."

Well *WE* planned it that way, but we did not plan to be non-profit to the point of running a close second to the U.S. Postal Department in deficit expenditures per year.

Each year we launch a Fall Fund Drive to help pay this inevitable deficit. Some of these drives manage to cover the expense of printing and mailing these pleas; others add more red ink to the debit column and a few even make a profit.

For those of you whom we have assisted without request of remuneration, a donation would be a welcome way to show your thanks.

And, for those of you who have never found yourselves in a crisis needing our assistance, your help would be greatly appreciated.

Like the BILL OF RIGHTS, you may never need to use our legal or professional help, but we're awfully nice to have around.

Will you help us in trying to buck superstition and make this, our thirteenth year, a lucky one?

We realize that one dollar can be 50% of one's spending money and we appreciate these contributions as much as the larger sums. But please, may we beg you, **NOT** to send in any single contribution of \$1000 or more; our treasurer has a weak heart and he's the only one we trust with the money.

REMEMBER! NOTHING IS AS ANONYMOUS AS CASH.

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

**12TH YEAR
OCTOBER 1964
FIFTY CENTS**



one incorporated

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

founded 1952



Editor	Don Slater
Managing Editor	Robert Gregory
Associate Editors	Wm. Edward Glover Marcel Martin K. O. Neal
Staff Artists	Rolf Berlinsen George Mortenson Tony Reyes

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; no renewal; no airmail; rates to all overseas subscribers eight dollars a year. Publication offices, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California. Copyright 1964 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, unless self-addressed envelope and return postage are enclosed.

one

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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XII

Number 10

October 1964

- 4 EDITORIAL Don Slater
- 6 THE MYTH OF THE HOMOSEXUAL VOTE by A. E. Smith
- 8 MUCH HAVE I TRAVELED a poem by T.
- 9 THE CLIFF DANCERS fiction by Bob Waltrip
- 13 TANGENTS news & views
- 17 RACE AND SEX by Andrew Bradbury
- 22 TOMORROW poetry by J. R. Cain
- 23 BOOKS
- 27 MURAL ON A BLANK WALL fiction by Edward Mason
- 29 IN-CLASS THEME poetry by R. J. Stark
- 30 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

COVER: Brooke Whitney

editorial

"See that your judgments are your own; and do not shrink from disagreement."

Lord Acton

Of course, it is considered impolite to say *I told you so*—even when it is true. But in the matter before us, if anything may be gained or any lesson learned by our doing so, this might be the appropriate occasion for us to run the risk of being considered ill-mannered.

When ONE first set about its task of helping homosexual men and women, there was a great deal of distrust among our people of all public officials no matter how puny. The distrust was largely justified at the time, and the need for continued wariness has in no degree lessened. Nor has ONE ever failed to advise caution and circumspection where a homosexual's interests or activities might cause him to come under the scrutiny of any one of our public custodians. From snoopy postal inspectors to "sympathetic" health investigators, the whole lot is not to be trusted with knowledge of our personal lives. Is this so difficult to understand? After all, the first duty of every public official is to the welfare of the community, and as long as the homosexual act is a felony punishable by prison sentences in most states, the public official is required to act against the interests of homosexual men and women whether he wants to or not. The public official like Dr. Walter Smartt, head of the Los Angeles County Health Dept. VD Section, who is quoted in a recent *Mattachine* Newsletter as saying to a *Mattachine* representative that if the police suddenly showed up and demanded the health records of one of his patients "I'd burn them," is simply talking nonsense. And if he means what he says, his answer should be investigated for he is not fit to serve his office.

The point is that ONE has been the only organization saying these things until recently. We have been severely criticized for our uncooperative and unyielding stand too. But our judgment was not wrong. The U.S. Supreme Court's refusal to hear the case of John Darnell III convicted of sending obscene material via first-class mail has now scared the daylights out of the fast operating pen pal clubs. And the discovery by the naive that it is perfectly legal for every federal agency and every

state agency as well as several committees of Congress and certain individuals to examine confidential records of public agencies, has been a frightening bit of news. The *Mattachine* Society of N.Y. in a brochure entitled "V.D. Is No Camp" has been advising its homosexual readers that "If you get VD, co-operate with the Department of Health. Records are entirely confidential." They even go on to say, although it is hard to believe, "Give them [health officials] the names and addresses of your sex contacts. Their health will be protected and your name will never be revealed." So its okay to sell the other guy down the river because no one will ever know you did it. This, unfortunately, has been the general attitude.

Those individuals and groups who have allowed themselves to be persuaded either by the profit motive or fast-talking public officials that things like pen pal clubs, introduction services, and public records are secure and private will now have to start talking out of the other side of their mouths. And indeed they are. One of the leading commercial pen pal exploiters had this to say only last month: "The U. S. Post Office has successfully prosecuted every individual who has attempted to operate a male pen pal club.

"The U. S. Post Office has always secured the membership lists of such clubs, and the results have been little short of catastrophic for those who had participated in such pen pal activities." Of course. The commercial pen pal club does not have the welfare of its homosexual clientele at heart. It is only out to make a fast buck. It doesn't matter that back in 1953 in the *Rumely* case the U. S. Supreme Court denied the right of the government to have access to publisher's mailing lists. Another strictly commercial directory service which had long lists of known homosexuals and has for years prospered at the homosexual's expense now offers this belated caution: "The Service has been permanently discontinued . . ."

"We are taking this action because we have no wish to see the respectable persons who used the Readers' Service in good taste hurt by the actions of the irresponsible few who take advantage of this type of service to injure others." Better late than never. But back in 1959 ONE Magazine had this to say on the subject. "A number of inexperienced persons around the country, not knowing the serious legal issues involved, and without any guarantee of proper safeguards, are starting such clubs. If such a thing is to be done, it had best be done responsibly. Proper supervision of such contacts is needed to prevent the abuses we suspect may result." And in 1961 we editorialized ". . . we have reason to believe that first-class mail is no longer private, that it is being opened by postal inspectors . . ."

ONE's stand is simple. We believe that the first-class stamp on a letter should seal it from prying eyes. We believe that any man who wants to write 3 and 4 letter words and send dirty pictures to friends who are willing to receive them should be allowed to do so. It is nobody's business what is sent sealed first-class. This right to privacy should be guaranteed. And snoopers beware! But public records are public records, and a man who wants to keep his sex life confidential should go to private practitioners not public ones. Furthermore, a homosexual has a moral obligation not to tell on anyone else. We welcome any indication that others may be ready to share our point of view.

Don Slater, Editor

The Myth of the Homosexual Vote

by A. E. Smith

More and more the heterosexuals are talking and writing about us and about the fact that we are "organizing." More and more they will think of us as another new minority and, possibly, one to be feared. And more and more I have heard and seen in print the phrase, "The Homosexual Vote."

There is no such thing as "The Homosexual Vote."

This is true for two reasons:

(1) Homosexuals have no choice between political parties. We can't vote "for" homosexuality. No party holds out anything to us.

(2) Homosexuals lack the religious, racial, economic, family, or "ghetto" ties which, from childhood on, bind and mold the members of those true minorities in which the majority actually do vote alike.

The minority voting blocs that do exist, of course, are very real and powerful entities in our U. S. political scene. Until Kennedy, not much was said or written about them. But now things are different. When Kennedy was merely a candidate, his being a Catholic was spoken of as a liability. But he won. Now, being a Catholic is spoken of as a political asset. Everybody agrees that the Republican party nominated its Catholic candidate for Vice President "to catch

the Catholic vote" and to counter-balance the expected Catholic Democratic candidate for Vice President. Both the Catholic minority and, much more so, the Jewish minority are traditionally Democrats.* Sometimes a U.S. minority voting bloc has switched, as with the Negroes, who pre-FDR were Republican, but with assiduous wooing were won over to the Democrats.

But a Negro, Catholic, or a Jew is a member of a minority in a far different sense than is a homosexual a member of a minority. The word "minority" should not be so loosely used.

I think the myth of "The Homosexual Vote" began when people started using, or associating, the word "minority" with homosexuals. Think of that word and naturally one thinks of voting power. The Catholic Vote. The Negro Vote. The Jewish Vote. So, by extension, "The Homosexual Vote."

This extension is totally wrong.

There is no more sense in talking about "The Homosexual Vote" than

*See Elmo Roper's "The Catholic Vote: A Second Look" in Sat. Review of 11/5/60, and "The Political Behavior of American Jews" by Fuchs.

there is in talking about "The Left-Handed Vote."

Left-handed people, too, constitute a "minority" of our population. But left-handedness, like homosexuality, is not mentioned in the platform of any political party. Further, left-handed people have nothing in common in their social backgrounds.

The minority status of a Negro, Catholic, or Jew is a thing that stems from a lifetime of association. From babyhood on, he is barraged — but gradually—by social facts and situations that, on the one hand, teach him he is of a minority and set apart and, on the other hand, weld him into the minority. He is "raised" in his minority. Whatever may be the forces that cause the majority of these minorities to vote alike, they are forces stemming from social conditioning from living in their minority. And that includes those important many years prior to adulthood.

The "minority" status of a homosexual is a vastly different thing. Each homosexual, too, has had those many years of social conditioning prior to adulthood. But it was not at all a period of gradually growing up in, of gradually assimilating the facts of, and of gradually being molded by and into a minority. On the contrary.

A homosexual is not a homosexual until puberty. Perhaps he was slated to be one from the age of three, as some psychoanalysts believe. But until a homosexual "comes out," he knows nothing of the homosexual world, practically speaking. Until then, he is "raised" as, and is presumed to be, a heterosexual. Always, a homosexual is "raised" by heterosexuals, as a heterosexual.

After entering his "minority," the homosexual finds that his homosexuality does make some differences in his life and in his view of some things. But politics is not one of those things. Because politics simply does

not treat homosexuality, he will not find it necessary to even think about reviewing politics in the light of his new status. He will vote, therefore, as if he had never entered any "minority."

Unlike those of the true minorities, there is nothing in common in the social and economic backgrounds of homosexuals to make them alike. Negroes, Catholics, and Jews, besides the catch-all phrase of their being "raised" in their minority, are, specifically, often educated together. Also, the Negroes have the low economic status in common. The Catholics and Jews each have in common the religion and the interests of their powerfully organized churches.

In stark contrast, by comparison what do homosexuals have in common in background to make them alike, to make them think alike?

We weren't educated together. We didn't go to church together. Economically, we come from all income brackets.

Let's face it. There is one thing, and one thing only, that homosexuals have in common—homosexuality.

I am not saying, of course, that this sole common interest of ours is negligible. Neither am I saying, as some do, that being homosexual is merely like being left-handed. Even if we homosexuals didn't have the law and social discrimination to contend with, we would still have our need to associate with other homosexuals, and we would also still have our unique literature. Left-handed people don't seek out each other, and no left-handed young man is ever going to have the heavens open up and life suddenly made beautiful by stumbling on left-handed literature and falling in love with another left-hander. Being left-handed does not change, does not "color," one's life. A man's sex urge is the rock-bottom source of the fountain of his person-

ality. Being homosexual also is, in some ways, of more importance than being a Negro, Jew, or Catholic, for members of the latter groups often willingly sever themselves completely from any contact with their group. A homosexual cannot so easily do the same. The need is too great, too basic. And it is not for nothing that from the earliest treatises onto today, scientists have remarked about the curious (to them) fact of discovering that practically all homosexuals would not

change even if there were an easy "cure."

But this great common bond, homosexuality, should not blind us to the fact that it is all we have in common.

A minority we may be, but if we are, we are certainly a unique and limited one. And certainly one of the limitations we must face is that we can never have political power, never have such a thing as "The Homosexual Vote."

Much Have I Traveled

Much have I traveled in the realms of flesh,
Conveyed by arms of many boys and men;
Through beds and beds of bodies I have been,
Till I and passion were no longer fresh;
I'd then curse weakness in myself and long
To have the strength to settle on one boy,
To have his body for my only toy,
Focus of all my passions. I was wrong:

Forced constancy grows out of weakness, too:
Selfishness fed by fear; your love for me
Grows in proportion to my strength; to woo
Its growth, I must grow stronger constantly:
I must both practice and allow to you
A love-enlarging promiscuity.

T

THE CLIFF DANCERS

by Bob Waltrip

"I'm leaving now," Bill said, suitcase in hand.

He kissed Doug lightly on the cheek and left, closing the door softly behind him. Doug sat on the divan, smoking, his feet curled underneath him. Occasionally he made little sucking noises between his teeth, thinking. Eight in the morning. Go to work at nine. Bill is gone. Goddamn. Pay the rent, goddamn it to hell. I love him. Iron the clothes. He's gone. Make up the bed.

Doug was suddenly about to cry, and he bit into the cigarette, determined that he wasn't going to do *that*. He remembered one night shortly after he and Bill started living together. They were lying in their bed, exhausted from sex and loving each other so fiercely. Bill reached across Doug's chest toward the window and raised the shade. Light from the street poured in over them. Bill looked at him for a long moment of infinite sadness and said, "What clumsy dancers on the cliff we are."

That was all. But it was enough. Bill had an infinite capacity for poetry and romance. What he said fitted them perfectly. Clumsy dancers, indeed. Now the cliff had caved in. Bill was gone. Three simple words, but oh God how they filled his heart with terror and despair. Doug tried not to think about it. He got up and went about the apartment, putting it in order. He thought about his youth.

When he was much younger, Doug was more emotional. With a heavy stomach he would stand on a busy street corner, filled with an impotent rage at all the beauty he saw and could not have; breathing through clenched teeth at the men passing him—tall blond boys who pranced like farting stallions, small smooth Mexicans with liquid voices—legions and armies of firm buttocks and bulging genitalia passing him by with insolent disregard. Doug would want to scream out at them—to accost them in public. Had he been born a woman he

knew he would easily have been the most notorious harlot in the history of the world. He wanted to love every man on earth.

And he tried. His youthful nights were filled with the sounds of men. Gasps and groans and protestations of undying love that reached a hot climax then slowly died until only nervous, sidelong glances remained. And with the passing of each night's lover, something died a little in Doug, leaving him older and more lonely.

He was eventually resigned to his fate. He couldn't love them all. Perhaps some of them weren't worth loving to start with. He comforted himself with this thought.

But then he met Bill, and they took up their life together as though they were two old and settled friends. This was different. They slept together, instead of fleeing in opposite directions the minute sex had ended. They found an apartment and filled it with Bill's books and manuscript papers, and Doug's art reproductions and phonograph records. Late at night Bill would sit at the kitchen table, writing poetry in cramped, frugal longhand. His poems were never published, and he violently cursed each rejection slip. Occasionally he would write a scalding letter to the editor, reading it proudly:

"Dear Sir: Your recent rejection of one of my poems serves to forcefully and unhappily demonstrate the profound and awe-inspiring stupidity of the people who are running your magazines . . ."

These letters were never mailed. Eventually he would send the editor another poem. He and Doug would then wait with the expectancy of two children who had written their initials on a wall and were wondering when someone was going to notice.

They were friends as well as lovers. A happy thing. They would sit cross-legged on the living room floor, eating baloney sandwiches and leafing through Doug's Renoir portfolio.

"God, this man loved women," Bill would say, filled with his unconquerable romanticism. "Look how fresh and pink they look. They always look as though they smell of flowers and home made bread."

And the nights. Ah Christ, those nights they spent together, loving each other so completely that they were afraid of themselves. Afraid that it would end. What a miracle, that two people could know each other so thoroughly, so intimately. Often Doug was filled so full of passion that he trembled spastically, uncontrollably, insane with waiting for Bill's touch. During these times they came together in an embrace so violent and strangely tender that Bill would cry afterwards, filled with poetry and life and quiet wonder—pressing Doug to him, kissing his face, while giant tears coursed down his cheeks and ran between them, merging with their sweat and skin. And then, being held so tenderly in Bill's arms, Doug would feel normal. Only then. During daylight, while working at the department store, he was an abnormal being, forced to act like something he was not. He hated it, hated the constant act he had to put on, talking in a baritone voice and telling dirty jokes to the floor manager. Only in Bill's arms could he be himself. A man who lived for the masculine embrace of his lover. In Bill's arms he was at peace.

They slept together. Together. Doug grew used to waking in the morning with Bill beside him, stubble-checked and slightly breath-smelley; his legs entwined in sheets that were white and noncommittal. Every morning he had gloried in Bill—in the flesh of his chest and legs, in his hair and sex. Every

morning they lay naked in sunlight, looking at each other or examining each other's bodies like apes cracking fleas. And in the morning Bill's voice would ring out from the shower:

"Ohhhhh, Sal went around behind the barn, 'n I went around to meet her. She pulled up her petticoat, 'n I pulled out . . . for Tulsa. Ohhhhh, take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry, take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marr-ieeeee."

But now it was over. In the past months Bill had become restless, striding about the apartment, complaining that they were getting on each other's nerves. They were too used to each other, he said. He had to get out. Now, this morning, he had gotten out. The walls of the apartment screamed with silence.

Doug finished cleaning the apartment, dressed, and walked to work, determined not to think of him. The department store smelled of floor polish and new clothing. All morning long, Doug daydreamed, to keep his mind away from Bill and to alleviate the boredom of his job. At eleven o'clock he was the big wheel in a slave camp where everyone was gay. He was picking the man who would sleep with him tonight. All the slaves were standing at attention, and he walked among their naked ranks, kissing a cheek here and there for the feel of it, and pinching an occasional haunch. He examined sexual organs with a judge's detachment.

"Do you have a Maidenform bra in a 34-C?" a puffy woman asked, blushing so deeply that her hair roots stood out.

"These are nice," Doug answered, cupping his hand over an empty brassiere, trying to make her faint and cause a scene.

At two in the afternoon, he was the sole possessor of a magician's chant. A Secret Love Word that made men fall in love with him at once. All he had to do was look at the men and say "Shazam!" and they followed him home in a row, like little ducks. But, for the sake of variety, they were only in love with him for three hours. After that, they went on about their business.

The floor manager tapped Doug on the shoulder. He turned and looked the man straight in the eye and said "Shazam!"

"What?"

"Oh nothing. I was just thinking about something."

"Well, you'd better shazam on down to the storeroom and get a load of girdles. We're running low."

At five in the afternoon Doug left his little post in the lingerie department. He waved and blew a kiss to Millie the Mannequin who stood limbless on a counter, wearing only a bra and panties and looking very vulnerable, but smiling nonetheless.

On his way home he stopped at a delicatessen and bought a fried chicken wing, just for the hell of it. He walked down the street, greasily munching the wing and saying "Shazam!" to every passing male.

Then eventually he was in the apartment and it was empty and there were no daydreams and life was very real once more. The rooms weren't supposed to be empty. Bill was supposed to be there, freshly showered after his work at the bank. Bill should be stretched on the sofa, reading Byron and drinking a Coke.

But Bill was not there. The rooms were filled with emptiness. Everything was silent. That night Doug went out to a bar, somehow knowing that the old life would start again. A man a night, each professing love and giving fake phone numbers. It had to start again. He needed Bill. He needed love. He needed

companionship. But he no longer had them, and would have to settle for sex.

With each passing day, and with each passing man, Doug became more depressed. After four days he stopped going to the bars. On the night of the fifth day he finally let himself go and laid across the empty bed and cried for twenty-three minutes. Tears came in a flooding catharsis that washed the leaden feeling from his stomach. On the sixth afternoon, he sat on the sofa. He had given up hope of ever forgetting Bill. He sat now, remembering everything. He had to remember, no matter how much he didn't want to. He couldn't keep from it.

"I want him," he said to the barren walls. "God help me, I need him. I love him. Oh, Christ, I love him."

Tears welled behind his eyes, and he remembered Bill. The jockey shorts he wore. The tender little way he had of lying in bed at night after sex, holding him, caressing his thigh, patting it occasionally as if he were comforting a child.

Doug remembered the night they had come home drunk after a party somewhere. He had shed all his clothes and gotten into the shower. A few minutes later Bill, naked except for his socks, got in with him.

"You're crazy," Doug had said.

"Here, lemme wash yer back," Bill had answered. Doug gave him the wash cloth, and he soaped his back, rubbing it slowly and drunkenly. Then he sat down on the floor and soaped his buttocks and thighs and calves.

"Turn round," he said. Doug turned, and he worked his way back up, soaping his legs and groin and stomach. After the water had washed the soap away, Bill took a buttock in each hand and drew him close and kissed his stomach, then laid his cheek against it.

"You're crazy," Doug said.

He sat now and remembered that, and tried not to cry again. The memory of things. Bill. The sight of him shaving in the morning, and the scent of his Lilac Vegetal. The ungodly things he put on baloney sandwiches—like chopped olives and sour cream—and ate with relish. The smell of his hair. The texture of the skin on his back and shoulders. The feel of his sex in his hand. The poetry he wrote: "A boy once offered me his love/Faintly smiling and holding it forth with tender hands."

Suddenly the door opened, and Bill was there. He stood looking down at Doug with a question on his face. Without hesitating, Doug jumped up and ran to him, grabbing him with such desperate frenzy that he staggered back a step. Doug held on for dear life, crying and kissing him and speaking his name. Bill's arms went around him.

Late that night they lay together. Bill's hand was again between Doug's thighs, caressing and patting. Bill was back. His skin and hair and sex were back. The poet—the lover—had returned.

"You don't know what hell I went through without you," Doug said, gently running his hand over the continually amazing and comforting texture of that magnificent broad back.

"I went through hell," Bill answered. "I never fully realized how much I love you and need you."

"I love you. I love you more than anything."

"I'm sorry I went away. I'll never do it again."

"I love you."

"I love you."

They kept saying it almost all night long.

tangents

news & views

ALBERT ELLIS VISITS BEVERLY HILLS

On Sept. 9th, in front of an 85% non-Jewish and 99% heterophile audience, Dr. Albert Vincent Freeman, West Coast Advisory Council member of The Institute for Rational Living, Inc. welcomed with "a happy Jewish New Year" the persons filling the auditorium of the Beverly Hills High School. Dr. Freeman was there to introduce Albert Ellis, Ph.D., founder of the Institute, and Freeman's humor was somewhat like that of one of those jolly men who play the good uncle in children's t.v. series. Not very amusing, however, was Dr. Freeman's estimation that Dr. Ellis' profound thinking and prolific contribution in the field of psychology would one day rank him along side Freud. True, some of Ellis' opinions about sex pre-date Freud for their unscientific spirit. But it wasn't until the lecture was about over that we appreciated the full meaning of what Dr. Freeman meant when he said, "Dr. Ellis types almost as fast as he thinks—which is incredible."

There are undeniably many admirable qualities in the outspoken and consciously "modern" and "tolerant" sex theories of Dr. Ellis. His views on sexual topics other than homosexuality generally make good sense. The straight men and women in the audience found him so "progressive." And the people came in streams to listen to Ellis at \$2.00 per head in "his only

appearance" in Beverly Hills. And such a number of real ladies. [No drags admitted, apparently.] Women, of course, love to hear "a frank discussion" of "Sex, Psychotherapy & Sanity," and Dr. Ellis took delight in shocking many.

We had never heard Dr. Ellis speak before although we have read his many popular-style books and articles. He turned out to be one of the most insipid and colorless personalities that we have ever met.

Being a student of human behavior as Dr. Ellis is, imposes heavy responsibilities as regards objectivity. We hadn't expected any new and interesting developments in his thinking, but still we were disappointed when he got around, as he inevitably does, to his one peculiar bias—his strident thesis, which distorts all his writings — that homosexual men and women are self-defeating, anti-social and, hence, neurotic and sick individuals who need to be, and can be cured.

We should have known better, but we just couldn't resist the temptation to go listen to his very unhealthy and over-dusty, "Best-freshman's" graduation speech.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS

Dr. Franklin Kameny, President of the Washington D.C. Mattachine Society, and participant in 1964 ECHO Conference on "Homosexual Rights," speaking of the yakking

about homosexuals getting "cured," said: "I do not see the NAACP and CORE worrying about which chromosome and gene produces a black skin, or about the possibility of bleaching a Negro. I do not see any great interest on the part of B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League in the possibility of solving problems of anti-semitism by converting Jews to Christians. In all of these minority groups, we are interested in obtaining rights for our respective minorities AS Negroes, AS Jews, and AS homosexuals. Why we are Negroes, Jews, or homosexuals is totally irrelevant" . . . In London, a new Beatle-ish group is made up of five outrageously longhaired and weirdly dressed men calling themselves THE PRETTY THINGS . . . In Copenhagen, R. Broby-Johansen explains women's topless bathing suits as just another historical revolt of women and says that "In all prior patriarchal societies, the ruling sex has exposed the bosom, and now the time has come for another revolt" . . . Editor Schechner of the much-touted TULANE DRAMA REVIEW editorializes against plays he thinks panders to the "morbidly and sexual perversity which are only there to titillate an impotent and homosexual theater and audience" . . . London's mass circulation SUNDAY MIRROR said there was a homosexual relationship between a famous peer and the "king of the underworld"—naming no names. Lord Boothby, 64, read it on vacation and on returning to London found that gossip had HIM the queer peer. Then a German magazine came out and said the queer peer was Boothby and that the thug was Ronald Kray. Boothby started libel action—and the paper quickly shelled out \$112,000.00 to him, plus costs . . . The "unexpurgated

autobiography of an inveterate homosexual" is what the just-published WITCHES SABBATH has been tabbed . . . Dr. Douglas Hubble, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Univ. of Birmingham, has written that as a biologist a doctor "would like to know much more about the genetic and environmental causes of this deviation" and that as a humanist a doctor "agrees that society errs in using punishment as a deterrent for the homosexual who engages with other consenting adults" . . . George Riker, 30 of Lynwood, Calif., got 1 to 10 years for killing Robert Matthews, who he alleged had made "improper advances." And in Iowa, Robert Chapman, 22, with a long criminal record, got 30 to 80 years for murdering a Lutheran Minister. He alleged he did it because he was so shocked (at his age and with his record?) by the minister's homosexual advances . . . England's new directive—that the consent of their DDP (Dept. of Public Prosecutions) must be had before police prosecute homosexual acts in private—is taken by some as putting into effect recommendations of The Wolfenden Report. But the law against the acts still stands . . . Delaware state police say a lot of homosexuals from Baltimore and Washington come in swarms to the beaches (don't hetero's, too?), and they announced a get-tough patrolling campaign—and with police dogs . . . NYC Mayor Wagner said he personally will head a tough drive against pornography. It came after Cardinal Spellman had asked for just that in an address at Fordham Univ. Later, the good Cardinal commended the mayor at an address in Denver to The Grand Aerie Convention Banquet Of The Fraternal Order Of Eagles, urging the Eagles to boycott "dealers who

traffic in pornography" and saying that the judges who concurred in recent US Supreme Court decisions had standards "substantially below the standards of the communities over which they sit in judgment" . . . England's famous THE OBSERVER had a review by Philip Toynbee headed A VICTORIAN HOMOSEXUAL of Phyllis Grosskurth's frank biography, "John Addington Symonds" (available through the Bookservice) . . . THE REALIST for March/64 has an excellent anti-censor article by Edward Galligan, Associate Prof. of English at Western Michigan Univ., who was asked by gov's officials to read SEX LIFE OF A COP and testify for them. He read it—and testified for the defense . . . Egypt's Nasser gov't. still has King Farouk's fabled pornographic collection—in the care of The Deputy Premier For Culture And National Guidance. One official is unofficially quoted as saying that if it were put up for sale it could "easily finance Nasser's second five-year plan" . . . Frisco's gay theatre, HAIGHT, got picketed by a dozen neighborhood 12 to 14 year-old boys carrying placards like DOWN WITH HAIGHT SEX and PUT THE HEX ON SEX, we want TARZAN. Accompanying the boys—but of course—were their chaperoning mothers. The theatre later folded, but scuttlebutt has it that it was fixing to close for lack of attendance even before the picketing . . . In London, "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," which Terence Rattigan says is the best first play he has seen in years, is a comedy hit about a boy lodger who divides his sexual favors between his landlady and her gay brother . . . Dr. Saunders, Chancellor of the Univ. of Calif. Medical Center, says that sex change operations have been quietly going on

there, and at other hospitals in other states, for ten years. The operation is extremely rare and usually only done as a last hope of saving a patient from suicide or insanity . . . Chicago police arrested Frank Randayko, 48, for blackmailing, for threatening to tell the victim's mother and employer of homosexuality. The victim made payoffs from \$50 to \$500, then was told by his priest to go to the police. Newspapers never mentioned the victim's name . . . Municipal Court Judge Gibbens of Santa Monica, Calif., got perturbed by the number of morals offenders from restrooms, and after a tour of restrooms of the city he ordered that they all be repainted to clear the walls of the obscene writings . . . The official publication of the American Nazi Party, THE ROCKWELL REPORT, for 7/15/64, has an unbelievably nightmarish frothing-at-the-mouth diatribe against homosexuals. It ends with Rockwell saying that "Hitler had trouble with the same kind of filth and had to shoot Roehm, the leader of the gang. When it can be done legally, I will not hesitate to do the same thing" . . . The pride of Seattle's zoo is one of the handsomest gorillas in captivity, Bobo, who is making zoo officials furious by absolutely refusing to be sexually interested in female gorillas. Write-ups so far have said nothing about Bobo being interested in other males . . . A new magazine, DRUM, published by the Janus Society, Philadelphia, successor of the Mattachine Society, is trying for national circulation . . . Although it happened in Los Angeles it should apply to all places and all homosexuals. A well known Sunset Blvd. variety-do it yourself store, which grew rich and famous on homosexuals has now invited the vice squad

to terrorize and beat its homosexual customers. The solution is obviously for homosexuals to stop patronizing all businesses in any way which discriminate against minorities and to start supporting businesses which treat homosexuals and all minorities with human dignity. Homosexual businesses, such as the men's clothing stores, which refuse to advertise in homosexual publications and spend money only in Playboy and Esquire type magazines do not deserve the support of homosexuals.

BEATING THE BIGOTS

The recently formed Atheneum Society of America, Inc., of Miami, Florida, a non-profit organization dedicated to fighting the harassment of homosexuals, has just acquitted itself well in a skirmish with pig-headed Florida State Atty. Richard Gerstein (see "tangents" June ONE). In the middle of July, Atheneum's President was issued a demand by Gerstein for their membership and mailing lists. On the 24th of July, the President appeared and refused to waive immunity, and presented a letter which read in part: "Please be advised that . . . the submission of the membership and mailing lists of this organization would tend to subject the various individuals to fear of harassment and improper publicity. The demand for such membership and mailing lists is in violation of Article 1 of the Bill of Rights . . ." Atheneum then supported its claim by citing the case of the NAACP vs. Alabama, 357 U.S. 449. They could, of course, have used the Rumely case as well. Result? Demand dismissed. Looks like the Miamians have decided to stand up and fight at last.

one

IT'S NOT NEW!



Only the magnetized, detachable fig leaf is new on this replica of the "Sleeping Satyr." Originally created 2,200 years ago by an unknown Grecian sculptor, we have interpreted his work into a 9 inch tall replica ideally suited for use as bookends, but attractive also when displayed singly.

Precise detailing and hand rubbed finishes reflect quality and taste.

Shipped postpaid and insured with a ten day full refund guarantee of satisfaction.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

PARKLYN PRODUCTS, Box 234-A
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272

Tarnished dark bronze finish
Single \$12.95 Pair \$24.95

Antiqued ivory finish
Single \$12.95 Pair \$24.95

Unfinished — apply your own
Single \$9.95 Pair \$18.95

Matching detachable fig leaves \$1.85 each

Send to: _____

Race and Sex — Andrew Bradbury

James Baldwin, in *Another Country*, is but one of a number of current writers who is discovering a homosexual dimension to the current Negro revolution.

On one hand we note the guilty feelings of the white youth, sometimes expressed by his willingness to be "cannon fodder" — as the *New York Times*, July 3, 1964, quoted one white civil rights worker in Mississippi. At other times these feelings of guilt are expressed in a need to atone for injustices committed by whites upon Negroes in the past. As hinted by Baldwin, it is interesting to note how many young whites submitting sexually to Negroes are southerners. Recently in New York, I checked into nearly a dozen cases of "homosexual marriages" between Negroes and whites in which it was well known that the Negro partner was regularly beating his white partner, and in every case but one *the white was a southerner*.

This, of course, is only a natural reversing in these times of the well-known, if widely ignored sexual exploitation of Negro by white in the south. The exploitation of the Negro girl by the white man is now being discussed and admitted; the light-skinned Negro everywhere present, presents evidence that can not be denied. Much less has been said about the opposite, the frequent insistence

of white males that Negro youths submit to homosexual relations. This has its roots in slave days, and across the centuries whenever one group has slaves—that is, has power of life and death to do anything they wish to another group, there has always been homosexual exploitation of younger, better looking male slaves. We cannot deny the evidence of this in the American south given by Kyle Onstott in *Mandingo*. He tells of the teen age white boy who insists that his family purchase for him two light-skinned slave youngsters that he lusts after. He tells of the slave dealers lust when he sees beautiful Negro twin boys, whom he sells to a Frenchman in New Orleans, who also sends for the mother of the twin boys, in the hope that if he purchases her and keeps the twins sucking her milk the twins will stay younger and fresh-skinned longer. In subsequent books, Onstott has continued to expand the picture, extending it in *The Tattooed Road*, to Cuba and Africa.

And after slave days in the American south, there was hardly a southern city where colored boys were not readily delivered up to white men at hotels and saloons. Haywood Patterson, recounting his experiences in *Scottsboro Boy* suggests that boy street-walkers were the products of the southern prison system:

"But there was no reform school

in Alabama for white boys that unloaded white youngsters into the hands of white wolves. That just went on in the Negro prisons. Young Negro boys were put in with the old Negro wolves. The whites took better care of their white truants. We colored didn't count . . . That is why, I later learned, the Negro sections . . . have so many gal-boys in the streets today. The Southern prisons breed them." (p. 83)

A Negro leader in Nashville, indeed reported that one reason for swift progress on one integration matter, was the confrontation and threatened exposure of a number of white leaders, who had names, dates, and witnesses ready to testify. That city would break wide open, he said, if we exposed prominent white men who had played around with Negro boys in the 1820's and 1930's." Much less so, he added, since World War II.

All of this is well-known in sections of the Negro community in this country. And this freedom-from-exploitation theme therefore has its sexual overtones. The Negro wants freedom before the law, protection by the law, partly to protect Negro boys and girls from white men and boys.

It is therefore ironic, and perhaps inevitable, that another dimension of the problem is arising, and may become more serious than anyone could have expected. It is perhaps only inevitable that the long pent up repression, anger, feelings of injustice of Negroes would to some extent take sexual forms of expression. Why else has the Negro sometimes raped white women? Is this not the ultimate expression of his anger, his desire for revenge against the sexual exploitation of his own people, often members of his own family? As I write this on July 3, 1964, the *New York Times* reports the anger of the Negro community in Corona, a Long Island

community of New York City, at the way white men molest Negro women as they search for Negro prostitutes. A middle class, respectable business man driving along the street with his wife and family resents being approached at a stoplight by a drunken white man asking him "where can I find a woman?" And such families resent their college age daughters being stopped on the way home from school at the subway entrance. Such behavior of the white community breeds resentments that lead educated Negroes to draw up petitions for police protection, and leads less educated Negroes to retaliatory sexual violence.

On one hand, gangs of Negro boys are in many places making life miserable for young whites in the big cities. This is especially manifest in such a place as the Brooklyn youth house, which ex-inmates call sometimes the "big HD" — not "house of detention," as most would think but "hell den." I have sought out and interviewed nearly a hundred boys who have served time in this institution during the last year, and the evidence is over-whelming: Negro boys are raping the white boys to an almost unbelievable extent. The staff cannot segregate whites and Negroes. The whole pressure for integration in the society around would never allow it. Aware of the vast amount of homosexual activity which goes on in the institution, the staff has carefully screened and isolated all "gay boys" putting them on the 10th floor. The result as one recent inmate said bitterly: "They take away all those who would like it or who would be willing, with the result that any white boy who is young, or is frail, or is without powerful friends or who is especially good looking gets raped before he is there twenty-four hours."

Some of the boys reported that they thought the staff was doing all they could to prevent it; a larger majority

said that the large numbers of Negroes on the staff were simply doing nothing about it, and many were secretly amused, tolerant enough of what was happening to the white boys to do little to prevent it. I talked to an Italian boy on June 27, just two or three days out of the institution. He said: "They didn't get me, thanks to the fact that I'm a Golden Gloves champion, but they tried hard enough. At supper, two Negro guys offered: 'My pie for your eye', and I refused angrily. In the showers several of them cornered me to feel me up, and I busted several of them. That's what usually happens, they eye guys in the showers and then three or four guys start beating him up all the time. Everywhere the kid goes he gets kicked — often in the stomach and privates — and he gets his wind knocked out, they put piss in his food, and persecute him all the time until three or four of them get him alone, then they just hold him down and take what they want."

"We are just two to a room," another boy reported. "And after about nine o'clock there isn't much supervision and you can do what you want. It's hell if your roommate is an older, stronger Negro. The boy next to me, a sixteen year old white boy, small for his age, was forced every night for a month. He just about went crazy, but there was nothing he could do about it."

I have selected these two episodes to tell, because both of them illustrate that these are not merely sexual encounters or experiences. The Negro boy who led the group that went after the Italian boy told him: "I promised my sister I'd screw an Italian boy to get even because of what an Italian man did to her." And the sixteen-year-old who was forced by his roommate, said that the sexual act was accompanied by a stream of talk, in which his Negro persecutor reported every sexual approach a white person

had ever made to any member of his family. Each sexual thrust was in response to an indignity which he reported.

Illustration two. Operating out of a fourth-class Manhattan hotel is a Negro pimp, who supplies very young white boys for his clients. Some of his clients are white, and this amuses him. He actually used the word "poetic justice" to describe a Negro supplying 13 and 14-year-old white boys to white tourists and other clients. But the larger share of his clients are Negroes, because there is a rapidly growing demand on the part of Negroes for white boys—a good deal of it the same motivation described in the House of Detention episodes above. "It used to be hard to find white boys for Negroes," he said. "But now it is easy. The young kids are the ones who first had it in detention or some institution, or else they are just gay kids that live in the neighborhood. I suppose I know a thousand gay kids of junior high age."

"But," he continued, "it's the older white guys that are pushovers, especially southerners and college boys. Sometimes they are virgins, and they act like it would be race prejudice if they refused. I suppose a lot of them are just curious."

One is tempted to report in detail many of the episodes he reported to me, but most of them couldn't in his own language go through the mails. All he said, however, documents the increasing phenomenon we have noted elsewhere: the number of Negro males that are seeking white boys, and often high sadist sex motivations; and the parallel number of masochistic motivated whites that are making themselves available.

"Do unto others as they did to you" is a kind of justice which has always appealed to the lesser educated, more primitive persons—quite apart from any question of race. But

it is likely to be intensified in a situation where a portion of the population is seething with a sense of continued humiliation and injustice. A Negro man, who had been forced by a white man when he was only 8, recently spent \$50 which he could not afford to enable the pimp referred to above to provide him with an 8-year-old white boy. "Turning up an 8-year-old boy isn't easy," the pimp reported, "especially when you know he's going to get busted open and hurt plenty. But in this town you can arrange anything for three ten dollar bills." While we cannot justify any such episodes, we can in a way "understand" them, in a situation where the emotional demand for racial justice far exceeds the supply. This emotion is expressed in demonstrations, strikes, riots, and in such personal acts of retaliation and revenge. At this moment in New York, and perhaps other such cities, there are many white boys subjected to these emotional thrusts which cannot be discharged in more healthy ways, at least not yet.

The reaction of some whites, however, is more difficult to explain. I mentioned the cases earlier of nearly a dozen southern white men who were now in the north living with Negroes who beat them. "I would never let a white man beat me," one of them said. "But the intense sensations I feel when he beats me, I could never have imagined." These men are homosexuals, and the question their experiences raises is: when do homosexuals want to be beaten? Does anyone, normally, ever want to be whipped? Perhaps sexual pleasure from such pain is always the result of the addition of other emotions, such as the highly emotion charged situation of race. We are not here, of course, discussing the dynamics of masochism, which are adequately treated elsewhere. But there is some evidence in the experience discovered in these recent interviews, that (1)

among homosexuals, racial guilt feelings may lead to a wish to be beaten, and (2) among heterosexual males racial guilt feelings may lead one to submit sexually to a member of another race.

Much of what has here been written thus far has said little about the extent to which the relaxing of racial taboos, may make it possible for normal interracial couples to come into existence. Certainly it is now easier for white and Negro to associate together socially, go to theatres and restaurants together, and to live together. With the relaxation of many prohibitions, Negro men are marrying white girls and vice versa in larger numbers. Natural homosexual friendships between white and Negro are also more frequent and possible. We would not want to suggest that there are sadistic and masochistic elements present to exaggerated proportions in every interracial relationship. Yet the picture painted by James Baldwin in *Another Country* is a compelling one. I know happily married men and women who find their marriage continually threatened from within, precisely at this moment when such interracial marriages are less threatened from social pressures without. Emotions built up across centuries of slavery and injustice and inequality exist deep in the subconscious of every person, much more than he can ever realize. And these emotions are especially likely to be present in homosexual affairs, perhaps in part because the social disapproval of the community at large not only exists, but is intensified in an interracial situation. I spoke recently with a well educated, sophisticated Negro who has lived some years with a white friend in what has been one of the happiest relationships. Recently, however, when little Negro children have been jailed and murdered in the south, he has found himself burdened by feelings that have overwhelmed

him. "In the night, sometimes," he says, "as much as I love Ralph, I find myself having an overpowering desire to choke him or beat him just because he is white, and it is whites that are doing these things to my people." Ralph, on the other hand, knew only that his friend's love-making had become more violent. In time, they talked it out, and apparently had resolved the problem, by expressing their feelings, and making it clear that there was no prejudice between them, and therefore should be no barriers to their love. However, from that time, Ralph, the white man in the duo, has been completely impotent whenever he has sought any active sexual activity. What used to be a mutual love affair has become completely one-sided, the Negro taking more and more a violent masculine role, his white friend finding only a passive feminine role possible. "I know," Ralph says, "that I am reacting to Ken's emotions. His words cannot reassure me, because what he feels is so overpowering, so destructive to my personality."

In the few short weeks in which I have been examining this question, I have only limited evidence at hand. But I do seem to find that the racial conflict in our country is breeding barriers in interracial love affairs. I would welcome letters to the contrary, contrary evidence from other sources. Certainly there are still Negro males who want white masters, and whites who have the psychological need to subjugate Negroes. The picture is not entirely one of Negro aggressiveness and white submission. But no one can deny that there is a rising tide of Negro aggressiveness, in every area including sex. What is the white reaction, and how do we explain it? I am leaving this article open-ended, in the hope that it will stimulate letters and reaction.

SUBSCRIBE TO ONE MAGAZINE?

Certainly. More and more readers of ONE are discovering the advantages of having "their" magazine come directly to their door.

It costs a little more—but you get a lot more. For instance: no newsstand buyer ever gets **Conf (ONE Confidential)**, and he ought to; no newsstand buyer can take advantage of ONE's Bookservice selections.

These privileges, and many others, exclusively for The Friends of ONE (Non-Voting Members) at these rates: Annual, \$15; Contributing, 30; Associate, \$50 (or \$5 per month); fuller details sent upon request.

New subscribers (for the first year only) may receive ONE Magazine for \$7; all overseas subscribers \$8.

Use the handy subscription blank below.

one

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

All copies sent in plain, sealed envelop.

Enclosed \$.....

I am over 21 (signed).....

2256 Venice Blvd., L. A. 6

one

TOMORROW

Spring crept softly round
The corner of my house
To greet me as I left the door;
It slipped its thin fingers in my hair,
And flapped at the corners of my coat.

Walking down the swaying bus,
I quickly sat by a youth in chequered trousers and shirt.
His chin was lightly downed
And his body was warmed by the youthful
Blood in his veins.
The movement jostled his leg and
Shoulder and arm, but it was
He who deftly shifted and moved
To bring his body secretly
Close to mine;
Touching, now at the knee,
Now at the shoulder, and arm, and
Eye.

J. R. Cain

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.



OLD ACQUAINTANCE by David Stacton, N.Y., Putnam, 1964, \$3.95, 185 pp.

This novel is puzzling in several ways. The story is very slight, yet the author has elected to freight it with a heavy measure of truth. His observation of human character is penetrating and compassionate, yet the fictitious men and women on whom he has chosen to exercise it are hardly as weighty as the butterflies that decorate the novel's dust-jacket. Stacton evidently has not solved some of the most basic problems of grammar and punctuation, yet his book is strewn with the names of minor aristocrats from minor countries in minor centuries, obscure composers, unfamiliar painters, unidentified quotations from little-known poets—in short, the kind of intellectual paraphernalia intended to make the reader gasp in admiration at the writer's eclecticism, erudition and retentiveness.

The class of novelist addicted to this sort of exhibitionism normally has little real ability to tell a story or to make his characters live. Stacton is an exception. As well as a handsome man (his picture covers the back of the dust jacket) he seems to be a warm and understanding one. It is a pity so many readers who might benefit from his knowledge of life on its most meaningful inner levels, will be defeated by the chichi in-

tellectual persiflage of *Old Acquaintance*.

Because he is writing about a European novelist whose mind is a rattle of such trivia, and because Stacton quite often takes us into that mind in the course of the story, there is an excuse for its being. And the story of Charlie's life and relations with his current young lover, Paul, and his old friend, Lotte, a celebrated singer-actress, is well worth reading, if one can skip the references to:

"Prince Eugen, Ludwisburg, 1788 . . . a Piranesi world, though not the *Carceri* . . . that Victorian, Howard Sturges . . . Mrs. de Stael's *L'Allemagne* . . . a sketch by Domenico . . . not so good as Gianbattista . . . or do I mean Gian Lorenzo . . . or Longhi? She is more like a Crespi, or a Piazzetta slimmed down . . . Charlie did not have a Tiepolo or a Guardi . . . that left Canaletto, but the Canalettos were either too large or else in Dresden, in which case they were by Belloto. What he did have was a Maulpertsch. He didn't like it much . . . he would have preferred a Carlone, or even a Casanova . . . a sizeable painting by Slabbinck . . ."

Of course this sort of thing doesn't turn up on every page. It only seems to. And I repeat, if you can put up with it, you will be rewarded by having read a very moving story about two aging human beings, and how

they are betrayed. It is a truthful and sad story with a lot of admiration implicit in its telling, admiration for the courage it takes to survive, whether one is a famous novelist with a mind full of spilled intellectual sequins, a famous chanteuse whose records are part of the lives of millions of lovers she will never know, or just an ordinary mortal trying to make the best of the common, and often unkind, business of living.

—James Colton
NYMPHOMANIA by Dr. Albert Ellis and Edward Sagarin, Gilbert Press, New York, 1964, \$5.95, 255 pp.

The introduction to this book declares that "an understanding of the causes of nymphomania can lead to an adjustment of negative social attitudes and prejudices that cause society to castigate unfairly the compulsively promiscuous woman." There can be no quarrel with this, except from Puritanical fanatics, as oversexed in their view of life as the so-called "nympho" is in hers.

Unfortunately, the authors do not appreciably bring about the promised understanding in what the jacket calls "the first book ever devoted to a full-length, forthright study of nymphomania." Rather, they tend to dump the burden of proof and of clarification on society, and to equate promiscuous homosexuals with "nymphos" in motivation and behavioral patterns. They even suggest, as one possible solution to the common problems of compulsive promiscuity in both homosexuals and nymphomaniacs, marriage between two such individuals—preferably arranged and guided by a psychotherapist like Dr. Ellis.

The book is provocative, as promised on the jacket, but it provokes more frustration than clarification. Presumably Dr. Ellis does this to drum up further business for psychiatrists. He dismisses as so rare as to be

practically negligible any physiological cause for compulsive promiscuity, since he has never treated one. Instead, he attributes such promiscuity, on the basis of a dozen cases which he has treated, to what he calls "basic irrational ideas such as the dire need to be loved and the need to conquer other human beings . . . Nymphomania is not basically different in this respect from other emotional ailments, and it has the same causes."

The most valuable service rendered by the book lies in its efforts to make valid distinctions among various types of female promiscuity, all crudely lumped by the public at large under the name of "nympho." The authors dismiss summarily the folk notions that a nymphomaniac is a woman unable to reach satisfactory sexual climax, and that most hardworking prostitutes are merely working off their nymphomaniac tendencies. From the few cases cited by the authors, it is evident that many women become more compulsively promiscuous after they have achieved regular climax. And the true nymphomaniac makes a poor whore, for she inevitably tends to give away what she should be giving a greater market value to. The folk belief that only a lesbian can truly satisfy a nymphomaniac is also given the lie by the case studies presented.

Unfortunately, there is not a sufficiently wide range of these studies, nor sufficient documentation by other authorities. In the extensive bibliography, by far the greatest number of sources listed by any one author are the 16 previous works by Dr. Ellis. His constant references to his own preceding statements refute the jacket's claim that this is a "full-length study," which would presumably involve extensive research requiring far more than a mere 250 pages, much of it a mere repetition of the Ellis dicta on open sex life versus the closed society.

The authors do attempt to limit their definition of nymphomania to the compulsively promiscuous and non-selective female, driven by her fears and anxieties to an ever-recurring need for sexual relations with anything in pants. They distinguish between this "true" nymphomaniac, and the powerfully sexed but selective woman who exercises discrimination although remaining determinedly promiscuous. This distinction could have been more clearly maintained in the chapter describing famous "nymphos" of history, in which Messalina, George Sand and the Empress Theodora are considered through the eyes of gossipy memoir writers rather than by scientific observers. Even the authors slip occasionally, and term as nymphomaniacs various other types of promiscuous women.

The moral, if one may call it that, of this work seems to be that the compulsively promiscuous woman should be given extensive psychotherapy to overcome her fears and ritual compulsions. (One case subject insisted on having her men in a certain order: first an Italian, then a Greek, then an Armenian, then a Jew, then a Negro, and so on until she had completed her self-prescribed list, before rotating again to another Italian.) One should not consider all promiscuous women or prostitutes as nymphos. Some may be Donna Juanites trying to pay off Don Juans. Those who really want to overcome their compulsions may do it by finding the properly understanding—and necessarily long-enduring—homosexual "adjustment partner," under the eagle-eyed guidance of a therapist like Dr. Ellis.

But society must adjust too, to both "homo" and "nympho" trying to overcome their compulsions. The final paragraph of the book states:

"A few women suffer from nymphomania or compulsive promiscuity. But many many more suffer from lack

of sexual freedom, from condemnation of their free lives . . . When sexually alive women are fully accepted, and are not considered oversexed trollops, much of the anguish will be relieved."

Which restates the question raised by much of Dr. Ellis' previous work: Which is more sick, the morally constipated society, or the free-living individual?

Dean Franklin

AN HONORABLE ESTATE, by Lane Kauffmann, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia-New York, 1964, \$5.95, 424 pp.

This highly readable novel begins with the engagement party of Vicky Fortescue and ends with her marriage some three months later. Using an ages-old story teller's device, Mr. Kauffmann introduces to us, one by one, each of the important personalities gathered together at this party and proceeds to follow their activities throughout the following months. In this manner the author sketches a complex of modern New York society and a variety of human beings. From beginning to end the novel is absorbing as it leads us from one person to another and from one situation to another in our quest to find out what is going to happen next.

As might be expected in such a cross section of society, there would have to be at least one queen and Mr. Kauffmann does not disappoint us. Eliot Clay, the half-brother of one of the more important characters, a homosexual and a writer of risqué songs for supper club entertainers, is "our" queen. His appearance is limited to a few brief scenes—scarcely more than three or four pages in the entire novel—but his personality is deftly and sharply drawn, with, I am happy to say, none of the condescension or prejudice which usually accompanies the creation of a character of this type.

If you want a really entertaining story for fall reading try this one.

Marcel Martin

THE SYMBOLIC MEANING by D. H. Lawrence. The Viking Press, 1964, 240 pp., \$5.00.

There is nothing specifically mentioning homosexuality in these essays on American writers: Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville, and Whitman. This is literary criticism of a very unique variety, being more that of a creative artist gushing forth his artistic philosophy in a literary frame. Repeatedly Lawrence leaves his subject to mystically and wildly praise "sensual understanding," "myth understanding," "blood understanding," "the great centres of breast and bowels," and the "deep living plexus of the loins."

The few homosexual scenes in Lawrence's fiction indicate he thought of homosexual acts as incidental to, and in addition to, the far more important sexual love between man and woman, and he projects this view in his essay on Whitman. This is understandable, because in his poetry Whitman meticulously played up the man-woman sex. However, Lawrence, unlike others, was not fooled. "But what is woman to Whitman? Not much—muscles and wombs—no more." But he caught that in CALAMUS Whitman "does not shout. He hesitates: he is reluctant, wistful." This is as close as Lawrence comes to mentioning homosexuality. It is a sharp insight into Whitman and his work and one of the first along this line, as Lawrence wrote it in 1918, and it is still being quoted as basic by the best Whitman critics.

A. E. Smith

HONEY FOR THE BEARS by Anthony Burgess, W. W. Norton and Co., N. Y., 1964, \$3.95, 256 pp.

This short novel by Anthony Bur-

gess is a delightful social satire which takes us into the incomprehensible world of modern Russia. While most of Burgess' wit and satire is directed toward the U.S.S.R., Great Britain and the United States, too, come in for a bit of spoofing.

Paul Hussey, an antique-shop keeper from Sussex, and his American wife take a vacation trip to Leningrad where, to help out the widow of a dead friend, they hope to raise a fabulous sum of money by selling, illegally, of course, brightly colored synthetic-fiber dresses to the drab and consumer-goods starved citizens of the U.S.S.R. Needless to say, things don't quite turn out as they are supposed to.

In the course of Paul's harrowing adventures, however, he learns a great deal about the Russians and not inconsiderable about himself and his wife. Homosexuality rears its head, but its contrived introduction into the already highly artificial plot of a true *tour de force* serves little real purpose. Paul loses his wife (not that he cares much) to a Soviet woman doctor, but she could just as well have died of the illness for which the doctor was treating her or run off with some male for all the difference it makes to the plot. Of homosexuality we learn only that it is apt to turn up in the most unexpected ways and among very unlikely people.

Good fun and good reading if you like Anthony Burgess' clipped style and his particular brand of humor.

Marcel Martin

ONE Bookservice proudly offers Phyllis Grosskurth's open, and honest biography, **JOHN AD-DINGTON SYMONDS**. Just published and only a few copies available in the U.S., so order your copy now. Send check for \$12.50 (includes all cost) to **ONE BOOKSERVICE**, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California.

Mural on a Blank Wall

by
Edward Mason

When Jules Melan walked down the street, as he often did, for he did not own an automobile, he held his head up and looked straight before him; and, as he was tall and of a slender build and wore eye-glasses, strangers thought of him as being, perhaps, a teacher, or a musician, or, quite possibly, a counsellor, for, also, his clothes were good and, although he did not actually scowl, there were wrinkles on his forehead, indicating to the sober-minded that here was a thoughtful fellow not much given to frivolity but devoted to study and argument and certainly not a dunce.

But no one ever looked at Jules Melan with a heightened glance; no one ever raised an eyebrow when he passed and let the eye beneath travel down his leg and up again to rest upon his eye with that questioning look, which, at the same time, extends an invitation. In short, no one ever flirted with Jules Melan and, each time he dressed so carefully to go out into the streets, he regretted not having been born attractive, or invested with that vivacity the sparkle of which lures youth and age alike into the tentacles of romance.

For thirty-two years Jules had to be content with himself and with such crumbs as opportunity might bestow in the unexciting form of some long-term acquaintance, or a sporadic visitor, who would assume that Jules would pay to have his own heart broken and his dreams dashed crudely into dust.

Jules dreamed many dreams and read many books, but took little delight in any of his friends, his job, or his activities so that his life grew dull and devoid of the element of surprise.

Once he planned a suicide, but decided against it as unrealistic; and his days ticked on much as a metronome, once set in motion, beats out, monotonous, the rhythm of a dirge.

One Saturday morning Jules decided to make a shirt, for he had taught himself to sew and had become adept at fashioning clothes, which he wore with a certain amount of pride. He dressed and took the bus and went in town to shop.

People filled the avenue; the sun shone down on them deliciously; they went in and out of the shops like squinting, scurrying ants bent upon storing up for winter the foods that summer had laid down. Jules, with head erect, walked past them and around them, feeling more so than ever in this bustling crowd that God, the mightiest hand, must also be the greatest practical joker ever.

He made his purchases in haste, eager to return home and lose himself, if only for the space of a few hours, in the creation of the garment he had planned. It would be simply tailored, for he was not ostentatious and feared displays of any sort that might bring censure, blame, or ridicule upon him. Having been earmarked for anonymity, he did achieve a certain measure of success by adhering to the role, being able thus to justify the sadness in his life and so go on.

As he made his way to the corner where the bus would stop to take him back, Jules pondered on those people who seemed, as if by magic, to be able to fascinate, cajole and render helpless their partners of either an evening or an eon. Did they, he wondered, possess some special knowledge, which, when practised properly, turned them into loreleis? Or were they given this ability as a gift to compensate for some other lack? Jules thought of his own possessions—the job, which paid him well and which he handled skillfully without having to bemoan the whole idea of work; his little house quite neat and amply kept; his talents as a tailor and a painter, which, under supervised development, might have led into a role of some repute—and drew from them the ungratified conclusion that life had not been unkind to him but remiss. He could have been entirely dispossessed.

But the comfort he derived from this summation was small—a thin blanket on a chilly night. The sight and sound of couples walking together and laughing, or at odds with one another brought home to him with brooding clarity his own life's mural, hung with ill-defined precision on a blank wall. Jules Melan suffered completely.

Standing on the corner midst the throng suddenly became unbearable to Jules. He wished the bus would come. He longed for it. Home would offer him at least respite. He looked out beyond the people, up the street, but saw no bus; and he could not stand still.

Recalling a book-stall not far from where he was, he left the corner.

As he approached the stall, Jules saw him standing there, leafing through a book. Jules' eyes, accustomed to dismay, glanced past him and down to the rows of books placed titles up for more convenient browsing. But the casual stance, the air of seeming insouciance aroused Jules' curiosity. He suddenly wished to see the person's face. He lifted his eyes but a fraction at first for fear of encountering a reproach and noticed with a thrill along a nerve with what confidence the stranger held the book; what strength the hands seemed to possess; how well formed the fingers were. Young hands. Strong hands. Hands that were unafraid. Jules' own hand trembled so that he picked a book at random and opened it to be struck with Romeo's impassioned declaration: I ne'er saw beauty 'til this night.

Jules closed the book and returned it to its place.

A change of position gave him his opportunity. He raised his eyes swiftly up and nearly wept with gratitude.

The young man had turned from Jules, but not far enough as to destroy the view. Jules, indeed, had ne'er seen beauty 'til this night, and would remember it forever.

How tall, immaculate and strong the young man stood; his hair, heavy with its own dark weight, falling over itself and shining as if in an attempt to match and victimize the thick-browed eyes, turning even darker now in the threatening dusk.

Jules looked one long, embracing look at the perfect nose, the full-carved lips, the molded chin and screamed a silent, futile scream and turned away.

So many years of mutilated hopes, of dashed ideals, disastrous whims, fantasies sped through his mind Jules did not hear the voice and was startled into dropping his packages when he realized he was being spoken to.

The young man smiled at some thought of his own and said again: "Do you think I might find a Goethe here among this collection of dusty verbiage?"

Jules found it difficult to breathe, but managed to reply with what was left of his composure. "I wouldn't count on it," he said. "Goethe only collects dust in libraries."

"How right you are," the young man said. "Music to impress the neighbors by."

"But here is Shakespeare," Jules said, taking up the book, hoping the stranger would be impressed himself enough to take the book from his hand and, perhaps, brush his fingers as they passed.

"Yes. I saw that," the young man said. "But it's Romeo and Juliet and I've had enough of that for now. I think I'm ready for more profound disappointments. Are you looking for something in particular?"

"No," Jules said, dying a little.

"Then, if you're in no great hurry, that is, could I get you to help me look for *The Sorrows of Werther*? As you say, I won't count on finding it, but it may be worth a try. And I would be grateful. Why, I'd even buy you a cup of coffee, or your pleasure, when the search is done. Book lovers, as well as some books, are hard to find."

"Yes," Jules said. "But they should be. The reward of finally finding one exceeds by a whole world the difficulty of the search."

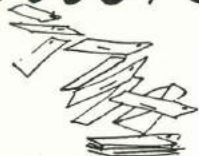
The bus came as Jules looked back to see the crowd of people waiting to get on. He would take a later bus. It didn't matter.

In-Class Theme

Did Socrates face **them**?
Methods,
times were different,
But did he have focal problems?
How to keep
his mind,
eyes off
sprawled thighs, tight-togged;
How to avoid
a lapse,
slip of the tongue—
"Is everybody **sat**?"

R. J. Stark

Letters



Dear Friends:

Why not a civil rights activist group? A non-violent committee to selectively participate in CORE and other demonstrations isn't outside the spirit of ONE is it? I am not suggesting that ONE as an organization take to the picket lines. But you could editorially recommend involvement and commitment. I encounter too many homosexuals who don't see the parallel between the struggle of the homosexual and the struggle of the Negro.

The homosexual concern is our primary concern, but is there no value in aligning ourselves with kindred concerns? If our goal is to escape the scapegoat caste, would it not be served by joining openly in the civil rights movement?

Mr. Douglas Empringham
San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Lambert:

I definitely think that ONE, as an homophile organization, is a bit too patriotic—or is that temporarily due to the Goldwater craze? It seems to me and some other readers of ONE that in recent months you are trying to prove that you are Americans first (and homophiles second) like other minorities of Jews, Negroes and Catholics have to prove that they can be good American citizens at the same time. Your sentences like "Americans love their country and they are proud of it and proud of being Americans" is really a bit too much. It reminds me of the American parish priest who told his congregation that he had been happy to see the American flag out before so many homes on the 4th of July, because that shows that Americans still love freedom, and freedom is close to the heart of God.

While "you know of no instances in which all (bar) visitors were arrested" and you report that *agent provocateur* is a French phrase, speaking of conditions in the United States, the recent *Life* (June 26) article has quite factually and realistically reported the incredible means by which the U.S. police are interested in keeping America free from

homosexuals. Now, this happens in some European countries also, but the point I was trying to make is that America considers itself the world leaders of democracy and freedom, it is expressed in every public speech by their representatives, it is engraved on all monuments and the foundation of their historical and national declarations. While it is true, as you say, that *Vriendschap* et al cannot be sold here on newsstands to protect early teens, as in America, pen-pal clubs are permitted here in most countries and first class mail privacy is honored throughout Europe. Homosexuals are made fun of the world over, but legally, they are not hunted after by the police in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, as long as no one under 21 is involved. The club in Switzerland was closed because minors were in.

The Editorial of June, 1964 is not worthy either of your generally attained standard, for it's entirely silly. To compare the homosexual condition with the silence of the wartime Pope and to say that "we" are like the Jews who did not defend themselves against the Nazi Germans is senseless and if one thinks about it, unbearable: what would Mr. Glover do with a pistol before his stomach—or is he a young angry man?

Mr. Lambert, ONE is doing an excellent service to all of us. You are actively helping our young and hopeless boys socially and doing high calibre work through publications. Lately you have given us realistic and pleasing photos as the two boys (April and June covers) but they definitely look much nicer from the front! (Editors note: The one on the left IS Mr. Glover.)

Finally, may I express the hope that you will always stress the steady emotional relationship which only can give full satisfaction physically and mentally between two human beings, instead of the promiscuity which in our days is unfortunately synonymous with homosexuality and immaturity.

Mr. P. A. V.
Ghent, Belgium

Dear Sirs:

I read a back issue of your Magazine and gave it to a friend and of course it started a chain reaction. He gave it to another and so on.

But the thing that most struck me was the fact that the issue was entirely dedicated to homosexuality and religion. I am a homosexual and a devout buddhist. I have been both for a long time. And I am sure that there are others like myself. There are an estimated 165,000 Buddhist people in the U.S.A. One fifth of the state of Hawaii is

Buddhist and there are many Buddhist churches, temples, meeting rooms and organizations in almost every large city from Maine to California.

Even here in Missouri, the center of the Bible belt, there are four Buddhists in a small community of 562 people.

I believe that Buddhism is the perfect religion in regard to its attitudes toward life, science and everyday society.

The Buddhist churches of America published a printed sheet called *The Buddhist Way of Life*. I would like to quote a few paragraphs from it:

"A Buddhist deplores inequality, racial, religious, prejudice and injustice in society and strives to establish equality, understanding and justice.

"A Buddhist dedicates himself to the preservation of freedom and liberty and will sacrifice himself, if need be, for the noble cause.

"A Buddhist cherishes peace and harmony. "A Buddhist extends a helping hand of compassion to all men."

Does this not speak for itself? I am very grateful for the wonderful work ONE has done in the line of homophile education. You are truly practicing the Buddhist way.

Mr. S. A.
Missouri

Dear Mr. Legg:

I was sad after reading Rev. Manz' letter to ONE and your reply to him printed in *Confidential* [ONE Confi, July]. This past Sunday's sermon made mention of the "shocking" article on homosexuality in *Life*. Rev. Manz stated that while the church should love the homosexual and that Christ died for all men, homosexuality is WRONG, subversive, and undermines the whole of society. He said he has watched the spread of homosexuality on the near north side of Chicago with dismay. (I dare say that he has watched those on the street corners, but is totally unaware of those sitting in the church pews and serving the church in various capacities.) I'm only all the more convinced that you and I must work harder keeping everlasting at it.

It's interesting to make note of the proceedings of the Colloquium on Medical Ethics held at Concordia Senior College, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, on May 20 & 21, 1961. Rural and city pastors, college professors, doctors, chaplains, and the like—all Lutherans—were asked 100 questions. One of the questions was "Do you believe that a homosexual is a sinner because of his homosexuality?" 177 answered yes and 174 answered no.

I have been passing on to another minister

back issues of ONE, and the Quarterly containing the articles by Rev. Robert Wood as well as Rev. Wood's book *Christ and the Homosexual*.

Mr. R. H.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Legg:

The August ONE is good, as usual, the cover refreshing and well-chosen.

This issue contains readers' comments concerning the article published in *Life*. I note the editor's note, under one such letter, to the effect that the article hadn't created any earth-shaking results, presently visible. This is not, I think, a bad sign. Perhaps the article was, in the main, so sound, that there just wasn't much left to be said. Regardless of obvious results, though, such writing on the subject is surely tops insofar as can be expected of popular journalism at this time. Don't you think?

Enclosed is a clipping from local paper, regarding the arrest of a trio for selling male photos. I don't personally know the group, but their ad has appeared in the directory of suppliers carried in the several magazines of the Potomac Press empire. It's difficult to know what they were doing out along Memorial Drive in Hunters Creek with a load of photos yet, but anyway it made a big deal for a small-town officer. Haven't heard anymore about it, but will be watching.

What I am wondering, though, is what will finally become of the business? I realize that ONE has stayed rather aloof toward such publications. But at the same time, the boldness of recent months merits serious attention. Time was when these magazines were rather pleasing. Most photos were well-chosen and presented with statistical footnotes or quiet humor. Now, they aren't particular about the physical quality of either the model or the photograph—and the captions are so silly as to be disgusting.

Unfortunately, there is a connection between physique magazines and homosexuals. If Potomac meets with disaster, many homosexuals will be burned in the process.

Mr. R. N. W.
Houston, Texas

Sirs:

In the story "The Wall Around His World" (August '64) the main character, writing in 1798 uses the word "homosexuality." This word was not coined until 1897 (according to the Oxford Universal Dictionary).

Leo MacAlbert
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: The word was coined in 1869 by Benkert, a Hungarian physician.