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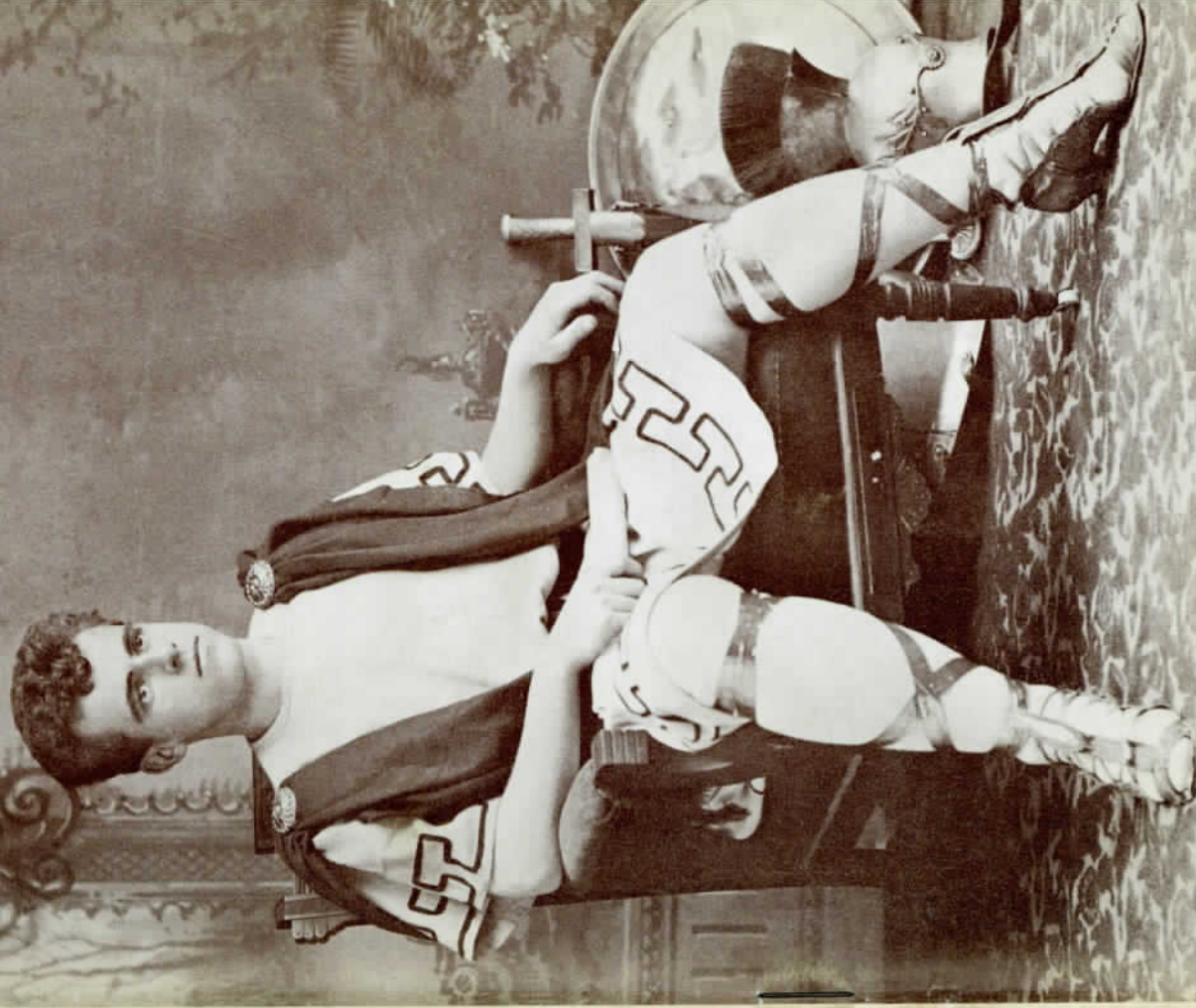
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**founded 1952**

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

Carlyle

# One magazine

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# Editorial

*Last month on this page we referred to the disheartening news that in England the Wolfenden Report had failed of adoption, and that in New York State plans to revise the penal code in such a way as to eliminate homosexuality as a crime, had been abandoned. It is, consequently, all the more pleasant to be able to report this month a really significant development in the homosexual's struggle for equal rights under the law.*

*In Washington last month Bruce Scott won his case against the Civil Service Commission and the Government of the United States by a ruling of the District Court of Appeals that homosexuality or vague charges of homosexual conduct are not in themselves proper grounds for denying a person federal employment. The Civil Service Commission was ordered to restore Scott's name to the Civil Service Register. Of course, this action does not automatically guarantee Scott employment; federal officials may still find reasons not to hire him, but, on the other hand, so long as his name is on the register, there is always the possibility that some fair-minded official, concerned only with finding the best qualified man for a particular job, will decide that Scott is that man.*

*The Government will probably not give up easily, and the case may be referred to the Supreme Court. Should that court's decision support Mr. Scott it will be a real landmark in the history of the homophile cause, and every homosexual in the United States, and millions yet unborn, will owe Bruce Scott a real debt of gratitude.*

*And there is now good reason to expect that the Supreme Court will decide in favor of Mr. Scott. What is really surprising, and so far too little appreciated, is the increasing frequency with which homosexuals who have the courage to fight are winning. The day when the slightest insinuation of homosexuality was the signal to turn tail and run is past—not to do so no longer means inevitable disgrace and sure defeat. Today every homosexual threatened with loss of job or freedom must seriously consider resistance.*

*If but a handful of the servicemen and government employees who were persecuted and discharged during the war and in the purges which followed in the wake of McCarthy had had the courage to resist, what might not be the status of the homosexual today?*

*The editors of this magazine offer sincere congratulations and an expression of deep gratitude and profound admiration to Bruce Scott.*

## Science looks at Homosexuality

by Joseph Hansen

In a series of 17 essays this book\* examines homosexuality from the point of view of the biological, the social and the psychological sciences. The academic credentials of its contributors are formidable. It possesses an excellent index, fine bibliographies, and a superb introduction by its distinguished editor.

Yet one cannot escape the uneasy notion that it is, in fact, an elaborate practical joke. For example, what is one to make of the fact that in the book's first 27 pages Dr. Marmor systematically demolishes the arguments of almost all of his contributors, often simply by citing the words of fellow contributors?

Of Dr. Irving Bieber ("Clinical Aspects of Male Homosexuality") he writes, "The concepts of psychoanalysts are all derived from the study of homosexuals who have sought psychoanalytic therapy or else have been referred because of external difficulties . . . A strong possibility thus exists that traditional psychoanalytic concepts about the characterological defects of homosexuals are based on a skew sampling of homosexuals and may not accurately represent the spectrum of personalities present in the total homosexual population . . . If

the judgements of psychoanalysts about homosexuals were based only on those they see as patients, would they not have the same skew impression of homosexuals as a group?" Marmor is prompted to these observations by the work of Dr. Evelyn Hooker ("Male Homosexuals and Their Worlds"), who "argues that, apart from the specific differences in sexual orientation, many of the homosexuals she has studied reveal, on psychological testing, no 'demonstrable pathology' that would differentiate them in any way from a group of relatively normal heterosexuals."

While his book contains two essays, one of them very long, on homosexuality in history, Marmor writes, "It is a logical fallacy to try to compare homosexuality in the contemporary Western world with homosexuality in ancient Greece, for example. The psychodynamic patterns were quite different, not only because in ancient Greece the behavior involved was bisexual rather than exclusively homosexual, but also because the cultural attitudes toward homosexual behavior in ancient Greece were so different from our own." There it "conferred with it neither the derogatory self-image nor the maladaptive social consequences that make such behavior in our culture a 'disease' that may cause its possessor to seek 'treatment.'"

\*SEXUAL INVERSION: THE MULTIPLE ROOTS OF HOMOSEXUALITY, edited by Judd Marmor, New York, Basic Books, 1965, 358pp., \$8.50.

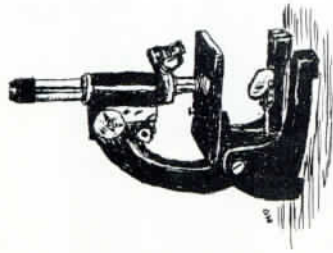
Animals"), William H. Perloff ("Hormones and Homosexuality") and C. M. B. Pare ("Etiology of Homosexuality: Genetic and Chromosomal Aspects").

Writes Dr. Dennison, "Homosexuality is certainly not a uniquely human practice. It occurs in every type of animal that has been carefully studied. It has little relation to hormonal or structural abnormality. Even as lowly a creature as the fish shows homosexuality related to social dominance subordination conditioning rather than to endocrine aberrations . . ."

The sexual equipment of lizards, notably the *Tritidae* and *Iguanidae* makes intrasexuality easy and the homosexual incidence high. But the homosexuality of creatures whose convoluted brains more resemble those of men—dolphins, for example and baboons—is more interesting since it closely approaches that of man. It takes place, for instance, even though there are females available, though it is never exclusive but only a part of the overall sex activity pattern. Only in man, the most complex mammalian evolution, do we find examples of exclusively homosexual behavior in circumstances of free choice.

"Three elements are involved in the determination of human sexuality," writes William H. Perloff. "The genetic factor sets the sexual pattern and defines the general limits within which the other factors operate. The hormonal factor develops the organs needed for the sex act and increases their sensitivity to stimulation. The psychological factor essentially controls the choice of sex object and the intensity of sexual emotions."

"Treatment of the homosexual patient with the hormone of his somatic sex will in no way influence his sexual behavior unless this substance be

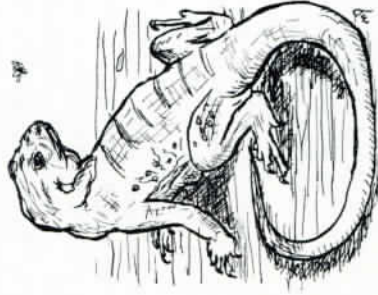


In the short space of a review it is, regrettably, not possible to survey Marmor's penetrating analysis of the contents of his book further. But his conclusion deserves citation. It has about it again that curious quality of irony that renders the pontifications of the experts to follow just a bit absurd. "We must recognize . . . that homosexuals seeking psychiatric treatment represent only a small fraction of the total number . . . in our society. The vast majority . . . does not seek or wish such treatment. Clearly, society must ultimately learn to live with them and to accept them as long as they maintain common standards of public decency. Punishment of the homosexuality is clearly no solution. Homosexuality is no more common in such countries as France, Sweden, and the Netherlands, where it is not a crime, than it is in Great Britain and America, where it is. . . . If society were to undertake to imprison or isolate homosexuals, furthermore, it would lose the services of many of its most talented and creative human beings."

Aside from the introduction and the chapter by Thomas S. Szasz ("Legal and Moral Aspects of Homosexuality") only three other sections are of signal interest. These are the contributions of the biological scientists, R. H. Dennison ("Ambisexuality in

androgen, in which event his sexual activity will increase *but always in a direction determined psychologically.*" (Italics mine, J.H.)

C. M. B. Pare's chapter on etiology is extremely important—again in the strictly negative sense. In a penetrating analysis of Kallmann's studies of twins show astonishing incidences of homosexuality in both twins when one is homosexual and they are monozygotic ("identical") Pare sees at least the possibility of genetic causation of homosexuality. This in spite of Marmor's typical demurrer in his introduction where he cites "reason to doubt [Kallmann's] reliability." His findings "have not as yet been verified by any independent investigators." Almost in direct contradiction to this, Pare refers to a very much smaller twin study by Sanders (1934). Of eight sets of twins studied seven were monozygotic and of these "six had twins concordant for homosexuality."



Pare then moves on to E. Slater's study, "Birth Order and the Maternal Age of Homosexuals." Slater "found that the birth orders of 401 male homosexuals showed a significant shift to the right, that they were generally born later in the sibship than would be theoretically expected." This suggests to Pare that "a chromo-

somal anomaly, such as might be associated with late maternal age, may play a part in causation [of homosexuality]." But Marmor wonders if the answer does not lie in the tendency of older mothers to "baby" the youngest child. In any case Pare says that due to "the crudeness of our techniques" it is unlikely that his "chromosomal anomaly" will be identified very soon.

To conclude this biological section we have an echo of Pare's negativism from Dr. Perloff in his special field: "It must be clear by now that, despite intense and widespread interest in the possible influence of hormones on sexual behavior, this type of research has proved to be extremely frustrating . . ."

While the contribution of Dr. Evelyn Hooker is, as always, firmly based in commonsense, objectivity and humor, and is written with her customary warmth of heart, it adds little to the homosexual's knowledge of himself and his way of life, though it may be educationally important to the non-homosexual reader. Scientifically it has none of the importance of her paper, "The Adjustment of the Male Overt Homosexual," printed in *The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society* edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek (1963). It concentrates mainly on a description and analysis of homosexual social life with a disproportionate emphasis (it seems to this reviewer) on the "gay" bar. It is, none-the-less, rich in quotations from other authors on various phases of societal complexities and perplexities that homosexuals face, and the origins of these, and it certainly is superior as a contribution to this book to the work of the clinicians.

The chapter by the anthropologist Marvin K. Opler is, as one would expect, filled with references of the usual sort to Andamans and Utes and

Cubeos—tribes one hears of only in anthropological journals—along with Taregs and Kwakiutls. What “the chief’s yam houses with their rotting yams among the Trobriand Islanders” have to do with the useful study of homosexuals in the United States of America in 1965 eludes this reader. There seems to be some sort of obligation on the part of anthropologists to include one such suffocatingly dusty and irrelevant chapter in every book on homosexuality. May this be the last.



Mercifully (and probably intentionally) Opler's essay is followed by the single truly modern and exciting chapter in this book, “Legal and Moral Aspects of Homosexuality” by Thomas S. Szasz. It is closely reasoned and, despite the fact that Dr. Szasz is a psychiatrist and a Freudian, free of jargon and refreshingly clear-sighted and original.

“If we believe that, by categorizing homosexuality as a disease,” he writes, “we have succeeded in removing it from the realm of moral judgement, we are in error . . . because the concept of disease itself involves a value judgement . . . Every society attaches certain . . . judgements of both a legal and a moral sort to par-

ticular diseases . . . In our society . . . homosexuality is neither morally nor legally neutral.”

He goes on to elucidate the distinction between the legal and the moral, follows this with a long section on homosexuality as a legal problem—not neglecting armed and civil service strictures against homosexuals, and throwing harsh light on the frightening “sexual psychopath” laws of many states, that permit “indeterminate incarceration [of homosexuals] in mental institutions.”

Szasz is at his most brilliant in his next subsection, “Homosexuality as a Moral Problem.” For example, “It is often claimed that our morality is permissive toward homosexuality and is hostile only to homosexuality. This claim is a deceptive half-truth. Much of what seems permissiveness toward homosexuality is inspired by dread of homosexuality; the heterosexuality it promotes is compulsive, not spontaneous.”

From his section “Conclusions”: “In the United States today, why is homosexuality a problem? Mainly because it presents, in sexual form, the classic dilemma of popular democracy: How much diversity should society permit? Many people, eminent psychiatrists among them, do not distinguish between democracy and what Tocqueville called ‘the tyranny of the majority.’”

In his essay “Historical and Mythological Aspects of Homosexuality” Gordon Ratray Taylor spends much of his time and energy on ceremonial transvestism. Transvestism, in fact, figures throughout this very long and tiresome chapter, and leads one to question whether the author knows the difference between homosexuality and cross-dressing. His sections on 17th, 18th and 19th century homosexuality, while extremely superficial do have the virtue of provoking laughter, but he misconstrues ancient

Greek homosexuality completely. He in fact denies it. Which may have been what prompted editor Marmor to follow Ratray Taylor's chapter with a short one by Saul H. Fisher which while inaccurate in many ways, at least sets the record straight on that count.

Part III, “The View of the Clinician” is twice as bulky as the two preceding parts and half as informative. The reader meets the usual jargon—Oedipal stage, dominating mother, weak father, penis envy, the whole threadbare glossary. The psychoanalyst's conviction that he has achieved knowledge of a mental manifestation by giving a name to it was never more pathetically evident. The Sigmund-in-Wonderland nonsense that insists upon the absolute power of the subconscious to form the life and the absolute power of the conscious to re-form it is here solemnly reiterated upon page after page with no evident awareness of its fatal self-contradictoriness, by men and women whose judgement we are expected to respect, presumably because they have strings of academic degrees.

The single note of hope is that the distinguished doctors constantly disagree. For example, in 1940 Sandor Rado published “A Critical Examination of the Concept of Bisexuality,” which Marmor here reprints. In it Rado, to his own satisfaction at least, demolishes bisexuality as either a biological or psychological possibility. Yet here is a quotation from “Clinical Aspects of Male Homosexuality” by Irving Bieber, only half a hundred pages later in the same book:

“Homosexual behavior may be defined as erotic activity between two members of the same sex . . . and I do not diagnose patients as homosexual unless they have engaged in overt homosexual behavior. Those who also engage in heterosexual activities are diagnosed as bisexual.”

And while “latent” homosexuality as a concept is, at least to *his* satisfaction, demolished as a concept by Leon Salzman in his chapter, Bieber utilizes the concept in his chapter without apologies.

Lionel Ovesey confuses the issue about overt homosexual behavior pretty thoroughly with his paper, “Pseudohomosexuality and Homosexuality in Men: Psychodynamics as a Guide to Treatment.” But the paper tends to bolster Salzman, and to be bolstered in turn by Marmor himself who suggests in his introduction, “I prefer . . . to define the clinical homosexual as one who is motivated, in adult life, by a definite preferential erotic attraction to members of the same sex and who usually (but not necessarily) engages in overt sexual relations with them.” Ovesey wants to isolate what he calls “pseudohomosexuals” on the basis of their non-sexual motives—“dependency, and power [which] as their names suggest have completely different . . . goals, although the genital organs may be used to achieve them.” To the question as to why certain men might seek a dependency relation with their sexual organs, or might seek power this way, and always with males rather than with females, Ovesey offers no answer.

Dr. Bieber's work is of course far more risible. He is wonderfully old-fashioned and his work has the same charm for mid 20th century Americans as has an old melodrama restaged with its exaggerated pantomime and stilted clichés. While other psychiatrists have firmly laid aside, on the basis of biological findings since Freud's day, the Viennese master's masculine = dominating/feminine = submissive concepts, Bieber blissfully writes them out again and again, like a Tibetan priest mumbling at his prayer-wheel.

“The insertor [in homosexual anal

intercourse] acts as the dominating, powerful male who is subjugating the feared, hated, and threatening masculine object; he is also achieving sexual gratification by enacting a submissive male in the defensive dominance-submissive power constellation; he also takes a feminine role in the heterosexual dynamic. Thus, an attempt to achieve heterosexual fulfillment is acted out . . ."

It is tempting to blame the profound sickness of the homosexuals who have come to Dr. Bieber for help for his picture of homosexuality. But his own failure of imagination must also figure in the building of such a picture, as must his own evident heterosexual orientation and his slavish allegiance to Freudian-Victorian conventionalism. In any case, he plainly cannot conceive of any male engaging in sex with another from motives not of hate and fear but of love and the giving and receiving of pleasure.

"Homosexuals do not choose homosexuality. The . . . adaptation is a substitutive alternative brought about by the inhibiting fears accompanying heterosexuality." So homosexual acts are substitutional, a sick seeking after "a love object that may be unconsciously identified with the mother, sister, or other cardinal female figure in the life history."

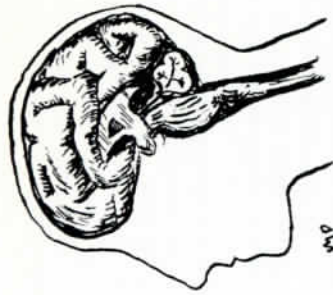
I have cited Irving Bieber at such length because he represents present-day psychoanalysis at its most obvious and grotesque. Cornelia B. Wilbur ("Clinical Aspects of Female Homosexuality") and May E. Romm ("Sexuality and Homosexuality in Women") with such statements as "Female homosexuality is . . . an unfortunate result of the early impact of a stressful environment upon an individual who, for reasons not yet fully understood (Italics mine, J.H.) is unable to handle the ensuing anxiety . . . [and] may take refuge in an erotic relationship with a member of her own sex," merely echo feebly Bieber's testimony as to the total bankruptcy of the so-called science. The juggling of statistics and tables in the final chapter of the book, "Psychotherapy of Homosexuals: a Follow-up Study of Nineteen Cases," where heterosexuals and bisexuals are lumped together only underlines the bankruptcy.

It is too bad that Judd Marmor's book appeared before the remarkable article "The Psychoanalysts: The Future of an Illusion?" by Alasdair MacIntyre was published in *Encounter*, May 1965. This brilliant piece of logic based in erudition would have served the perverse function that this reviewer cannot help attributing to the editor himself on the internal evidence of his introduction. While MacIntyre's article has nothing to do with homosexuality, it questions with unyielding and, so far as this reviewer is concerned, utterly unanswerable force, the viability of psychoanalysis, and brings heartlessly into focus at last the immense fissures—theoretic, semantic, functional—that make of it not a structure but a ruin.

*Sexual Inversion*, with its apparent purpose to show that biology, anthropology and psychology cannot after 100 years of examining homosexuality give a single answer as to its cause or its nature, would have benefited

by the inclusion of MacIntyre's essay. The essay is too closely woven to permit quotations here that will bear its weight. And for those homosexuals who have in maturity of thought and security of adjustment rejected psychoanalysis and its answers that are never answers, there is no need to read MacIntyre. For those homosexuals too prone to accept the strictures of the Irving Biebers and the conformist society of which such "scientists" are the big priests, MacIntyre can prove a liberator.

So, to a lesser extent, can Judd Marmor's book—to a lesser extent because its message sprawls through 150,000 words and 358 pages, and because one must do one's own questioning and draw one's own conclusions. The point is inescapably made, however. So far as science in the mid 20th century U.S. can prove, homosexuality is a minor but persistent part of the natural world, no stranger and no less strange than the flowering of a peach tree or the rising of the sun.



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## remembrances of rittenhouse square

black sarah ruled,  
and we of lesser divinity paid homage to her  
with our pansy smiles,  
we breathed magnolia air,  
dreaming other visions through the velvet of our mascara lashes,  
and blessed ourselves with water from the shallow pond,  
and kissed each handsome boy as he passed by;  
the low hung moon brought expectation to our hearts,  
we chattered endlessly,  
mingling within, without,  
seeking happiness,  
finding nothing but the sad green beauty of the trees;  
our priestess has another temple now,  
and we the keepers of this sacred ground  
have been raped, our harpstrings broken,  
we sing no more;  
ah, good queen sarah,  
why did you never speak of reality?

Adrian Stanford

# Tangents

**NEW YORK**—*Life* magazine, which published a fair-minded survey of the homosexual in America in June of last year, waited nearly a year to reverse its position, but reverse its position it has done. In an editorial: "The Law and the Homosexual Problem", prompted by the New York legislature's failure to "follow the example of Illinois and revise its laws on homosexual activity," *Life* not only cites with evident relish the casuistic argument of one legislator who favored lifting sanctions against adultery but not against homosexuality—"after all, there are more of us than there are of them"—but follows this up with the totally unsupported assertion that homosexuality "can and does break up families; and the protection of the family is a legitimate area for legislation." In a wire to *Life*, the editors of ONE replied: "If the breakup of families is the concern of *Life* then why inveigh against homosexuals when statistics show mothers-in-law a far more frequent cause of divorce. Responsible journalism must back its assertions with facts. There are no facts to prove homosexuality a threat to the family."

**MANCHESTER, ENGLAND**—Evidently *Life* is not the only powerful opinion-molder to regard homosexuality as such an attractive way of life that only stern laws against it will prevent the majority of boys and men from taking it up by preference. Lord Montgomery has expressed such sentiments. The following response appeared in the June 3 letters column

of the Manchester *Guardian*:

"Sir—As an oriental much given to metaphysical reflection about the problems of the world, I offer my solution to Lord Montgomery's fear-some vision of a Sodomite Britain: aphrodisiacs and the topless dress... We of the East have never found it necessary to pass laws to attract men to women. Yours faithfully, V. C. Mathur, Strathclyde University, Glasgow."

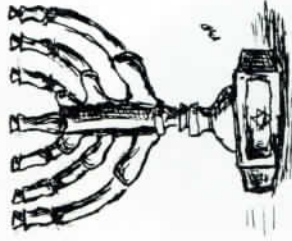


**LONDON**—Despite the defeat of the Wolfenden proposals in the House of Commons this spring, the wide publication of the fine liberal-minded speeches by the Earl of Arran and the Marquis of Queensbury (whose grandfather was instrumental in the Oscar Wilde calamity) in support of understanding and tolerance for England's one million homosexuals, cannot help but have been instructive to the British public.

A superb series, "The Shame that all Men Fear" by Montgomery Hyde, whose latest book is reviewed in this issue, reached millions of readers through the pages of *The People*, a mass-circulation daily. Hyde, a bar-

rist and former Tory M.P., writes in a popular, easy-to-understand manner. Skillfully and clearly he points out the erratic contradictions and injustices of the existing laws, severely condemning the support they give to blackmailers. With intelligent sympathy he cites case histories, where the careers of young men were destroyed after their homosexual bent was discovered, a bent he flatly states is inborn or very early acquired and is not reversible.

Each of Hyde's three articles (one on lesbianism—not a crime in England) was lengthy, occupying a double page spread in a full size newspaper, with photographs. The subject was thoroughly covered. And if a majority of Britain's Members of Parliament were too timid to pass a law permitting private sexual acts between consenting adults, it is probable that they are a step behind the voters who put them into office, if those voters have read and digested these articles and the many others like them in the newspapers of England.



**JERUSALEM, ISRAEL**—It was the policy of the former Israeli attorney general, Haim Cohn, not to prosecute cases of abortion or of homosexuality involving two willing adults. In spite of existing laws against both acts, he ordered police not to interfere.

Cohn is no longer attorney general, and in a recent session of the Knesset (Israeli Legislature) representative

Shlomo Gross, stating that homosexuality was considered "an abomination" in the Bible, and that Israel was turning into a wholesale abortion mill, asked for an act of censure to be passed against Justice Cohn.

While the Minister of Justice, Dov Joseph explained that at present there are no orders to the police not to bring charges against persons suspected of breaking any law, and that "as long as I am Minister . . . I will not tolerate that any law . . . should be nullified by administrative order," he said he personally considered the law against homosexuality a bad law and had proposed that it be changed. "But," reports the Jerusalem Post, "this proposal was defeated in the Cabinet."

**BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA**—"Australia is a young, virile country; it needs all its children, sound families in which to rear them, and a pioneer type of population to develop its marvelous potentialities. We should not tolerate here in Australia people who are conditioned to decadence by the effete and degenerate example of older nations."

So concludes one Lady Cilento in an article "Homosexuals—A Menace to Women" in a recent issue of the Brisbane *Courier Mail*. Lady Cilento has been called a fascist at one time and another. ONE wonders if she wouldn't be distressed to learn that her remarks closely parallel those of Communist Fidel Castro on the subject of homosexuality. (See Tangents, ONE, July 1965.)

Both Lady Cilento and her husband, Sir Raphael, are physicians and they regularly bombard the public with their outdated opinions on homosexuality, its cause and cure. Title of Lady Cilento's fulmination of last year was "Homosexuals are not born but made." She harps on this theme in her latest column, plumps for what seems to be the revulsion "cure", and

weeps crocodile tears for women who "carry the torch" futilely for homosexual boyfriends who will never marry them, and for those women who do marry homosexuals.

The results of such a mistake, she writes, are tragic. And she paints this bizarre picture. "In communities where homosexuality is prevalent, women in desperation turn to each other for satisfaction, lesbianism becomes rife and, as with men, it quickly spreads to the younger members of the group in which they live . . ."

Our Australian correspondent happily assures ONE that "Lady Cilento's attitude is not that of the average Australian. Last year she got into trouble with the public over some puritanical articles on morality . . ." Her savage onslaught against homosexuals was answered in the press by F. A. Whitlock, professor of psychological medicine, University of Queensland. He calmly demolishes all of Lady Cilento's assertions as unscientific nonsense by bringing to bear on them the processes of ordinary logic. For example:

"There is no evidence for the commonly-held belief that aging male homosexuals turn to younger men for sexual satisfaction. The great majority of adult male homosexuals prefer partners of their own age, and only a minority seduce adolescents. The belief that such adolescents are invariably corrupted by such experiences seems questionable in the light of Gibbens' study on boys in Borstal Institutions.

"A good many of these youths had experienced homosexual contacts with older men without having their normal heterosexual preference in any way affected. Many boys confined for months to the all-male environment of boarding schools have homosexual experiences without being 'conditioned' to this form of sexual preference."

After placing the blame for Australia's falling birthrate on the wide availability of contraceptives in the land of the kangaroo and the koala bear, and not on homosexual men and women, professor Whitlock concludes:

"One might have expected that an article on homosexuality by a well-known physician would be informed, understanding and perhaps, compassionate . . ." Instead, "Lady Cilento's contribution . . . is based on emotional prejudice, distortion of evidence, and plain mis-statement of fact."

WASHINGTON—A new series glorifying the F.B.I. is due to begin in September on the ABC Television network and the AP reports "the FBI is running a check on performers hired for a television series about its operations to make sure no Communists or subversives take part . . ." Warner Brothers, who were deeply involved in blacklisting during the McCarthy era, are happily providing the FBI with the names of performers hired for the series, to be checked against the Bureau's files. ONE has information from a private source that homosexuality makes an actor quite as unwelcome on this show as does Communism.



WASHINGTON—The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review a decision of the California Supreme Court that law enforcement officers must advise a suspected criminal of his rights to counsel and to remain

silent under interrogation. Contending that the ruling (known as the *Do-rado case*) hampers police officials in performing their duties, 55 California district attorneys had hoped for a reversal from the Federal high court. Its refusal, based on the fact that the issue was decided by them in 1964 when it ruled in *Escobedo vs. Illinois* that the plaintiff had been denied his constitutional rights by not being allowed to consult his attorney, means police throughout the nation will have to be extra cautious from now on in making arrests. Protests in the Los Angeles Police Department: "The high courts have repeatedly employed language implying distrust of local authority." For an explanation of such distrust see the following story.

NEW YORK—According to the Associated Press, "A police mistake in identifying vitamin pills caused an ailing 37-year-old woman to spend 20 days in the women's house of detention on charges of possessing barbiturates . . ." At the time of her arrest Mrs. Gloria Siderton showed police a prescription for the "unusually large number of pills in her possession" but the police did not contact the doctor whose name was on the prescription blank. Instead, when Mrs. Siderton could not post the required \$25 bond, police sent her to the detention home. Not until 20 days later, when a police laboratory finally got around to analyzing the pills and discovered they were vitamins and not barbiturates at all, was she released. Reports the A.P., Mrs. Siderton "was not permitted to make any telephone calls from the house of detention."

ARLINGTON, VA.—After finding police rookie Jerry R. Gaines, 24, guilty of disorderly conduct and fining him

\$100 for attempting to entrap a homosexual in a department store men's room, County Judge Paul D. Brown described the case as "sad . . ." the defense is that you were trying to encourage an offense." Young Gaines had waited until he got on the police force to revenge himself on "a homosexual who had been bothering me since elementary school . . ." but his personal vendetta ended up in his own arrest by the Arlington vice squad and his dismissal from the police force. Why he should have been fined and subjected to a scolding from the judge while the vice squad officers who spied on him should not remain a moot point.

DAYTON, OHIO—*The Journal Herald* recently published a series of four lengthy articles titled "The Third Sex". And if Montgomery Hyde's articles in *The People* were models of enlightenment and humanitarianism, those by Jessie Donahue, staff writer for the Dayton paper, are the opposite. Following are typical quotes from the series:

"Medical and scientific men feel homosexuality is a criminal thing. We regard the act as other normal members of the community do . . ." Speaking was Dr. M. T. Faruki, director of Dayton State hospital.

"Police refer all homosexuals arrested in Dayton to Dr. Edgar L. Braunlin, operator of Darmouth hospital, for private psychiatric care. Dr. Braunlin describes the homosexual as 'an emotionally unstable, irresponsible, maladjusted human being, who considers himself completely normal. He almost invariably comes from an unhappy home life . . .'"

"Dayton Municipal court judges, recognizing the hazards of jailing homosexuals with other male prison-

ers, usually put such offenders on probation. "But we always order them to seek psychiatric care," one judge said, "even when we know they can't afford it and don't want to be cured anyway . . ."

The third part of the series contains an interview with a homosexual the writer calls Paul and who is presented here as representative of all homosexuals. This man is 39 years old, has been in jail five times, has once attempted suicide, has been attacked and robbed by a hustler, wants to be a transvestite but has never had the nerve, has never been able to maintain a stable homosexual relationship, admits himself to be irresponsible, talks in such phrases as "I just want to cry every time I talk about it"—is in general precisely the stereotype homosexual that makes the easiest kind of target to hit for this sort of near-sighted journalism.

The whole series, with its concentration on homosexuals as criminal offenders, is calculated to prejudice the ignorant and to make the problem of rational reform in the areas of law and social attitude harder than if the series had not been written. The medical men quoted by the writer seem to have read little about their subject in recent years and cling to outmoded concepts of cause and cure. The most advanced opinion given in the series comes from Dr. Faruki who admits to "scientific bafflement." To find among these columns of fine print the most backward and unenlightened opinion would be difficult. But this one, from New York Supreme Court Justice Samuel Hofstadter, responding to the proposal of the N.Y. Bar Association to make legal homosexual acts between consenting adults, probably qualifies: "Tantamount to legitimatizing an abomination."

However, despite the Dayton newspaper series, the Ohio legislature is

faced with doing something about a law that prohibited solicitation to enter into "an unnatural act." The state appeals court found it unconstitutional on the grounds that there is no "usual source of legal authority" to provide "a definition of the phrase 'unnatural sex act.'" An attempt to replace that term with "sexual perversion" got nowhere. Former county prosecutor Danny Johnson claimed that term also was too vague. He plumped for Ohio adoption of the consenting adults reform proposed by the American Law Institute.

It is further interesting to note that the *Journal Herald*, which published the hostile series, followed it quickly with a thorough review, including long quotations, of the Quaker pamphlet *Towards a Quaker View on Sex*, that takes a rational and tolerant attitude toward homosexuality. So all is not lost in the state of Ohio.

CHICAGO—Happily, all U.S. newspapers are not like the Dayton *Journal Herald*. The Chicago *Sun Times* ran a reasonable and well-informed article by Jean M. White in its magazine section recently. Titled, "A Moral-Medical Dilemma: Dealing with the 10th Man," the writer is careful to point out the existence of responsible homosexuals as contrasted to the queens and frequenters of men's rooms, quotes not only hostile authorities like Dr. Martin Bieber, but rational ones like Wardell B. Pomeroy (associate of Dr. Kinsey), cites both high (15,000,000) and low (1,200,000) population estimates for homosexuals in the U.S., notes that while Plato, Tchaikovsky, Proust and Whitman were homosexuals and there are many in the arts today, there are more who "wash dishes and run elevators." This is an interesting, informative, well-balanced article. Congratulations to the Chicago *Sun Times*. And thanks for mentioning ONE!

# Feminine Viewpoint

At the slight scraping sound behind her, the bookstore clerk turned from the shelves where she was alphabetizing the history section. She saw a girl on crutches standing by the desk. As the clerk crossed the store, the girl heard her and turned. From the waist down she was helpless. Without waiting for the clerk to reach her, she began to move on her crutches to meet her. Her look of distaste as the clerk hurried forward made it plain that she did not want her infirmity to be the cause of extra consideration or pity.

When the clerk asked what she could do for her, she said she wanted books to read aloud. After making a wide selection, she moved to a table where hundreds of used paperbacks were displayed. After looking for some time, she leaned forward on her crutches and awkwardly picked up a book whose cover promised that cheap sensationalism achieved only in those lesbian novels written by men for men, but which seem to set a standard of behavior for some lesbians.

With a shamefaced glance, the girl asked if there were any more of this kind of paperback. When the clerk, thinking of the finer books in the pile on the desk, hesitated, the girl said, "They're for my friend. She's in the car. This is all she likes, and she'll only listen to the others if I promise to read her one of these. She likes the tough ones, and they don't do her any good. She can move her

head a little; except for that, she's totally paralyzed."

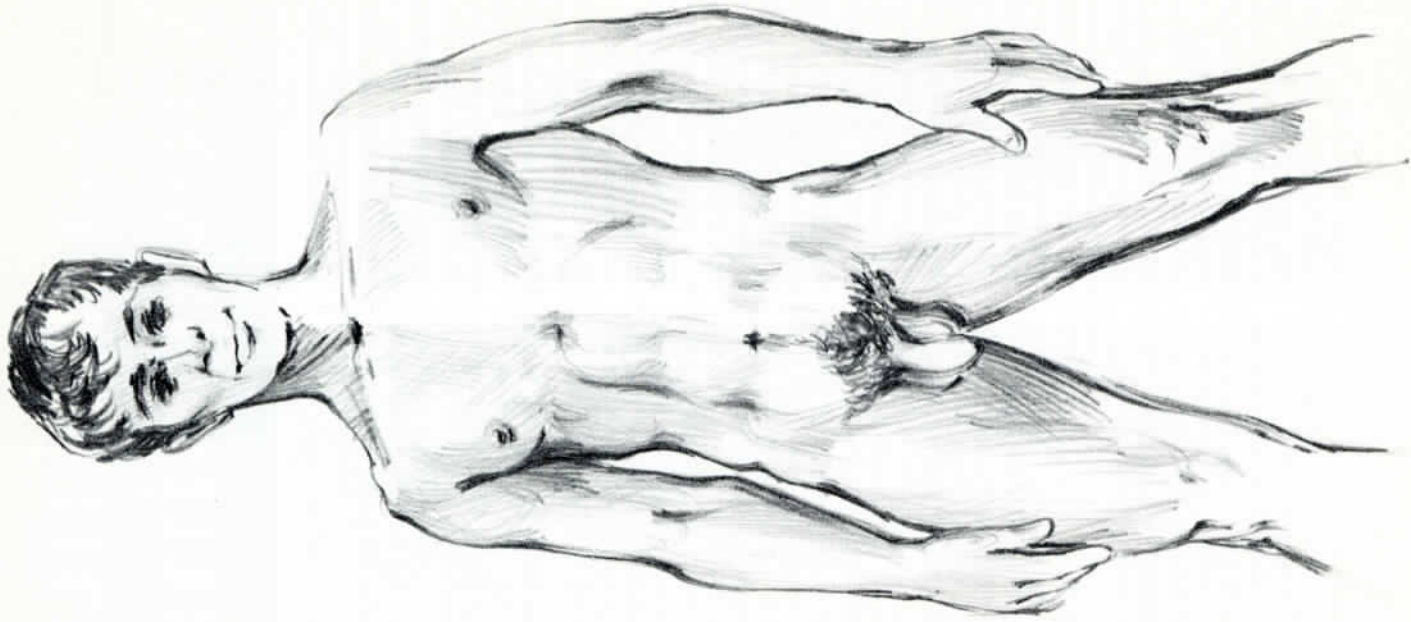
The clerk picked out as many of the lurid paperbacks as she could find. The girl asked her not to wrap them but to put them in a carton so that some of the titles would show. Then, as though she were imposing, she asked the clerk to carry them to the car.

A girl was sitting in the car. If she could have stood she would have been tall and athletic. She turned her head to watch the girl on crutches and the clerk carrying the carton cross the sidewalk to the car. Her eyes were full of resentment and her "Thank you" brusque as the clerk put the box into the car. When the clerk started around the car to the driver's side to open the door for her, the girl on crutches said, "Never mind," and "thank you."

Then, as though with the closing of the car door she was shutting out any threat to her helpless companion, she started the engine and drove away without any further acknowledgment of the clerk or of the outside world.

These two young women loved each other despite overpowering handicaps. Under the circumstances, self-deceptions and desire projections could find little place in their lives. Reality was with them 24 hours a day. But love, real love, made that reality bearable.

—JANE RACE



### The Diver

Naked  
the diver  
stood poised  
on the limestone ledge.  
Droplets running down the lean brown torso  
like love-frenzied fingers  
traced the wet hair line  
that pointed down to the dark sea flower  
proudly thrust out before him.  
A drop of water,  
reluctant to join the others,  
stayed behind, clung to one brown nipple  
like a kiss  
and winked like a sequin in the sunlight.

Muscles tensed in the lean long legs.  
The dark head turned toward me.  
(He knew I was watching)  
Arched body thrust out and up,  
hung crucified against the flat blue sky  
and then, turning,  
slowly dropped

d  
o  
w  
n!

And I stopped breathing  
till he burst, Triton-like,  
out of the quarry-clear water.

Arcades Ambo

# La Belle Epoque

by Marc Daniel  
translated from *Arcadie*  
by Marcel Martin

## III YOUTH, OH YOUTH

It is precisely at this time that we get the first hint of a new type of homosexual—a type which while in part a logical development of the one we have just considered, yet stands clearly apart from it. It is that of the glamorous young homosexual.

At the beginning of any history of homosexuality we find a glorification of the adolescent, and so it becomes important to remember that Jean Lorrain and Marcel Proust and others of their particular day showed a marked preference for mature men. I must refer, as so many others have, to that particular aspect of the *Belle Epoque*, pederastic literature—the quotations of Greek poetry, the invocations to Socrates, to Plato, then to Anacreon, soon to the Renaissance page-boys and the youthful favorites of Henri III. All of these writings have come to form a picture of homosexuality which, in the public eye, was much more acceptable than was that of "a colossus in an apple-green cardigan," of a "Jeanne, Maid of Lorraine," or a potbellied M. de Charlus.

And yet, let us remember, it is in this period around 1900 that the passion for antiquity, not only for decadent Rome, as I have described above, but also for Greece, becomes so apparent. This is the period which

glorifies fauns and nymphs, goat-footed satyrs and dryads—all the paraphernalia of a far-distant mythology. This glorification was, of course, only an ill-disguised attempt to conceal a somewhat morbid desire for the most decadent voluptuousness under the whiteness of marble and the pristine purity of a flowing spring. Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un faune* appeared in 1892, the *Chansons de Bilitis* by Pierre Louys in 1894, *Aphrodite* in 1896.

All those who idolize youth can find a ready made precedent in this period. If somewhat later, around 1925, there was to be a crush on the blond Etonian, there was in 1900 a veritable passion for the prototype of the Greek shepherd. In England, preparing for the day when he would be stripping rope in Reading Gaol, Oscar Wilde was doing a magnificent job of simultaneously glorifying Greek youth and compromising himself with the youth he found somewhat nearer at hand. In France, it was an aristocrat, Jacques d'Adelswärd-Fersen, who was leading the cult of a neo-Greek literature.

Comparatively few people today have ever heard of the poetry written by this man who was a descendant of a Fersen who had been linked romantically with Marie-Antoinette. In his own day, however, he was famous not only for his poetry but for the tragedy which overtook him in 1903, and for his death which was both mysterious and so like that of many other homosexuals.<sup>22</sup>

Jacques d'Adelswärd adored adolescents, and he expressed this love by organizing little parties at his home on the Avenue de Friedland, parties with dim lights attended by his discoveries—boys of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, all of a tender and critical age.

What was bound to happen did

happen: denunciation, arrest, trial for contributing to the delinquency of minors, and, as soon as he was out of prison, an attempted suicide.

It furnished Paris with a beautiful scandal; the salons which Adelswärd had frequented were closed to him (the conviction of Oscar Wilde, a tragic precedent, had occurred only eight years before): only a few voices were raised in his defense, and finally, he left France and took up residence on Capri.

While on a trip to Rome he made the acquaintance of a divinely handsome young boy, Nino Cesarini, whom he took to live with him. Unfortunately, one of Jacques' sisters had married the Prince Minutolo, Mayor of Naples, who harassed Jacques in many ways, and finally succeeded in having him expelled from Capri. Jacques later returned, found Nino again, and then one evening, after taking dinner on the terrace, killed himself with cocaine.

This man, gaudy and flashy as a hippie could be (Charles-Louis Philippe speaks of his corsets, his bracelets, his jewels, his silks and velvets and his blond hair) was given to writing poetry—a rather special kind of poetry, to be sure, jaded and somewhat childish, but which, when all is said and done, was bound to please those who found reflected in it their own particular passions.

Greece, of the shining shore, of the first sun,

Mother of perfumes, youthful games and roses,

Thou, whom the wanderer hails when sight discloses

Thy ne'er forgotten hillsides of vermillion,

Never has thy supremest chisel hewn Statue more beautiful, more golden boy Than Daphnis, shepherd youth, whose flocks and joy

And dreams I watched on Pelion, forenoon

On afternoon, lost in his wantonness,

Delighting in the pain of speechless yearning;

Ah me, his smile alone could set me burning,  
Yet he has fled, nor sensed my tenderness.

Lost to me all his charm in distances  
I am become that hero of Homer's lays,  
Limbs turned to clay, who, though his eyes might blaze,  
Yet could not lift his shield, his sword,  
his lances,  
Greece, of the shining shore, the sun's first rise,

Again I turn to my desire, which chants  
me  
The golden shepherd boy whose beauty haunts me,

Whose eyes are purer even than thy skies.

With such tastes as these anyone would do well to take up residence on the Mediterranean coast where it was both sunnier and less dangerous than in Paris or London.

A similar conclusion had been reached by the astonishing Baron de Gloeden whose story Roger Peyrefitte has related in *Les Amours singulières*. The Baron de Gloeden abandoned his family and his native land, Germany, and went to live in Taormina, where, surrounded by Sicilian youths, he spent his time photographing them, nude or almost nude, garlanded with myrtle and jasmine, against dream-like backgrounds. His pictures still grace the pages of albums and the walls of modeling studios. In his last years his reputation was such that several very illustrious people—an imperial highness and even, if one is to believe Peyrefitte, a cardinal—came to buy his works of art or perhaps to admire his models first hand as did the Prince August Wilhelm von Hohenzollern who, while with him, made the acquaintance of and fell madly in love with a young cobler, handsome as a god.

But, alas, it is not everyone who can be an Adelswärd or a Gloeden and go off to live on the cliffs of Taormina or Capri. Many another admirer of adolescents, after having read the sweetish verses of Adel-

swárd and having become intoxicated with the thought of Greek or Sicilian shepherds, were forced to settle for less radiant youths descended, not from Olympus or Mount Ida, but from Pantin or Belleville. And once this compromise with reality had been made it was but a step to take up with still other youths, less poetic and of more doubtful reputation but easier to procure, who, exquisite and of indeterminate sex, were all too much in evidence in the most elegant drawing rooms of high society.

Francois Porché speaks somewhere of the contrast between ancient Greece and Victorian England, between the dialogues of Plato which took place in the shade of plane trees to the accompaniment of rippling springs and the songs of the cricket, and their labored counterparts which took place in Oscar Wilde's London in an atmosphere of truffled quails, Chambertin, sofas designed by William Morris, and with a heavy fog hanging over the windows.<sup>24</sup>

Herein lies the drama—whereas one earnestly desired an Alcibiades he had to be content with a Jim Smith or an Alfred Douglas. So it was that one would eventually end up with some "little marvel" with blond hair, "parted on the right, with a complexion like that of Lucia, and with blue eyes like those of a little English girl." The words in quotations are taken from Colette's description of the charming Marcel, Claudine's stepson in *Claudine à Paris* (1901). Unfortunately, a few years later the "little marvel" begins to use make-up, to swish about and tint his hair; still later he will get into trouble with some Charlie Gonzales, will let himself be taken by chislers, will live in a rose-draped studio strewn with gold-brocade cushions, and will have his portrait painted in the costume of a Byzantine lady.

the scientific theories of his day and knew that his hero was a victim rather than a monster. But for all this, Binet-Valmer cannot sympathize with his hero—he pities him, but he does not overlook his faults.

We stress this portrait by Binet-Valmer because it lays the ground work for the subsequent attitudes of a Willy, of a Francois Porché and establishes the precedent of what would become in our generation a new and extremely perfidious form of persecution—scorn; for this, too, is our legacy from the *Belle Époque*.

The literary figure who will be most responsible for this attitude is the character of the "Petit Monsieur," who will be described some twenty years after the *Belle Époque* by Francis de Miomandre who will be illustrated by Cocteau, described in the syrupy prose of Axiéros and by the magazine *Inversion*;<sup>25</sup> who will represent the triumph of the androgynous type and will become the everlasting stereotype of popular imagination and prejudice. Knowing these facts, we cannot be surprised to find this description of a gay party written by Paul Reboux, not in 1901, but in 1951.

From fragile stemmed glasses they drink Rossoli, *Crème d'angélica*, mauve-colored kummel. Liqueurs flow, pink, green, lilac. On sofas of pale grey velvet, strewn with black cushions, languish formless groups hardly distinguishable in the dim light of heavily shaded lamps. Cigarettes are passed; some are perfumed with chypre, others with sandalwood; still others have a rose petal affixed to the paper.<sup>26</sup>

If such a description seems overdrawn to the point of being grotesque, we must remember that this trite stereotype of the homosexual personality has been accepted by many as being truth of the first order. In *le Dernier Sabbat de Maurice Sachs*, Philippe Monceau relates that in 1944, in the prison in Hamburg where he was incarcerated, his fellow

French prisoners refused to believe that his friend Marcel was a homosexual simply because they had seen him fight. Their concept of a homosexual's being a pansy was so firmly fixed in their minds that even what they saw with their own eyes failed to convince them to the contrary.

To be sure, there are, and always have been, homosexuals who are effeminate, beribboned, perfumed half-women. But what is important here is that this was the type which, during the *Belle Époque*, became fixed in literature and which has remained to this day, even though it has become an anachronism with little resemblance to reality. Today's typical homosexual is of quite another style—he is a solid young man patterned after the sketches of Jean Boullet, an American-style athlete in a leather jacket and blue jeans, and, false as it may be, all too often depicted by the cinema as the quintessence of masculinity.<sup>27</sup>

There is yet to be described still another type of homosexual whose literary pedigree also dates from that fertile period of 1900, and that is the type created by André Gide.

André Gide, who was born in 1869, was more than thirty years old in 1900. His *Nourritures terrestres*, 1887, had already sounded notes which differed greatly from those which had been generally predominant in the literary symphony at the end of the century; here one hears the murmur of gushing springs, the rustle of wind among the palm trees, the melody of the Arabian flute in an oasis. Those who knew the author or well were able to give faces to the Greek names which appeared in its pages—there was still the harking back to Hellenism and the worship of youth, but what a difference there was, not only in the success of the work itself, but in its

He will have himself treated at the esthetic institute, will become passionately fond of *eau de quince*, sterilized lanoline, benzoin, and a soldier from the barracks of Chateau d'Eau who has a "sweet little school-girl's soul."

Another example of this same literary type will appear in 1910 in the figure of the hero of a novel by Binet-Valmer, *Lucien*. Certainly Binet-Valmer cannot be compared with Colette in the matter of talent, but it is not without interest that there should appear, just at the end of the *Belle Époque*, the most unrelenting, the harshest and cruelest attack against the painted and effeminate homosexual.

*Lucien* is a penetrating analysis of the case of a young invert—as penetrating, in a different way, as that of Proust. Whereas Proust basically sympathizes with M. de Charlus and identifies himself with him, Binet-Valmer despises his Lucien, a soft, frail, cowardly and vain creature who will ruin his entire life, his literary work, even his attempt at suicide, and who will not make a single noble gesture nor have a single healthy reaction. Once again we find a portrait of a completely effeminate man: "His skin (was) fine and white without a spot or blemish, his body curved and rounded, his chest without a trace of hair and a little plump across his nipples; he had beautiful shoulders and a wasp waist." And again, "with that precious elegance which he assumed with his toilet, with that burgeoning breast, his frightened affected gestures, and that feminine habit of sitting sideways on a chair—and especially, that furtive, guilty look!"

The portrait is cruel, but it is a faithful one. It is distressing, however, to find such a picture, and all the more so when one realizes that Binet-Valmer was acquainted with all

which the old King, hiding behind a curtain, gnawed by grief, desire and jealousy, overhears the amorous dialogue between two young boys, one of whom is his son, is poignantly beautiful. The declaration of love between the young Jonathan and the young David, inspired certainly by Phèdre, attains classic heights.

"Ah, David, I would like to cast off these trappings of royalty! I would like to stretch out on the ground and sleep. Ah, why am I not like you, a goatherd, naked but for a woolen fleece, living in the open air! How beautiful you are David! I should like to walk with you on the mountain. You would remove every stone from my path, at noon we would bathe our feet in a running stream, then we would lie down under the vines. You would sing. I would express my love for you to the fullest..."

And the old King, hidden behind his draperies, prepared to burst out like a madman at the moment when David will take Jonathan into his arms, sighs, like an echo, "Yes!"

What a contrast between this poetry, physical and heavy with passion, highly expressive yet healthy, and the sickly effusions of the "artistic" style.

22 Roger Peyrefitte, in *L'Exilé de Capri*, (Paris, 1959) has masterfully evoked the life and work of Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen. The above lines were written before the publication of this work, the importance of which far exceeds the personality of the man of whom it treats.

23 Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen, *L'Hymnaire d'Adonis*, 1902.

24 François Porché, *The Love Which Dares Not Speak Its Name*, p. 160.

25 Willy, *The Third Sex*, p. 106-107 and 222-223.

26 Paul Reboux, *Sens interdit*, Paris, 1951.

27 This movement of homosexuality toward the external manifestations of virility has been excellently depicted by Rodney Garland in his *Heart in Exile*, London, 1951.

28 Gide, *Immoraliste*. T. N. This passage and the following one are taken from the English translation by Dorothy Bussy.

as a verse from Theocritus, dazzling, sweet smelling and savourous as a fruit. "How pretty the lady is!" he said in a charming voice as he watched Marceline move away.

"You're pretty, too, my boy!" I answered, and, as I was leaning toward him I could not help myself but drew him to me and kissed him. He laughed and made no objection.

"All you French are lovers," he said. "But all Italians are not loved," I said, laughing too. I looked for him on following days, but I did not succeed in finding him.

In a history of homosexuality such a scene is invested with an importance which cannot be exaggerated. To be sure, it did not initiate the craze for Italian adolescent boys—the Baron de Gloeden did not wait until he had read Gide to take up his residence in Taormina—but it did succeed, to a certain extent, in establishing it in contemporary life, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say *re-establishing* it after twenty centuries of Christianity and female dominance. *Immoraliste* foreshadows *Si le grain ne meurt*, paves the way for *Corydon* and makes possible an as yet distant *Les Amitiées par-ticulières*. The sun, the youthfulness of the boys, their beauty and appeal—or perhaps, to state it more accurately, the evocation of their great Greek ancestors—succeeded in disguising from the public of 1902 what, if the story had been about French boys, might very likely have turned out as badly as did the activities of Oscar Wilde or Jacques d'Adelsward.

Gide really pushed his luck when, in 1904, he described in *Saül* the love of an old man for an adolescent youth and, simultaneously, the mutual love of two youths. The story was dedicated to De Max, which was in itself a bit of daring. This was, in my opinion, the first literary work of the period which was clearly and basically homosexual. Moreover, it is still one of the best. The scene in

*Immoraliste*. Here we have a hero, Michel, a philologist and paleographer, who, not satisfied with bathing nude in the fresh waters of a spring, experiences an indescribable emotion as he watches the young Arabs of Biskra or the young Normans as they joyfully scoop fish from an overstocked pool. Watching them only of course not! We know well enough now, thanks to *Si le grain ne meurt* and to *Et nunc manet in te*, that Gide was already beginning drunkenly to succumb to his own taste for adolescents. But this fact the readers of *Immoraliste* did not know, and would not, in all probability, have admitted in any case. What is important is that the readers of 1902 were able to read passages like the following:

It was a place full of light and shade; tranquil; it seemed beyond the touch of time; full of silence; full of rustlings—the soft noise of running water that feeds the palms and slips from tree to tree, the quiet call of the pigeons, the song of the flute the boy was playing. He was sitting, almost naked, on the trunk of a fallen palm-tree, watching a herd of goats; our coming did not disturb him; he did not move—stopped playing only for a moment.

This goatherd, naked, playing a flute is an almost untouched version of the shepherds of ancient Arcady. But is it an innocent version? Our hero derives a little too much pleasure from the company of these children. "Soon, I knew a large number of them; I spoke with them at length; I learned their games and taught them still others." A rather odd pastime for a professor of the Collège de France, this watching a young Lachmi climb to the top of a palm-tree "skillfully, exposing under his flapping cloak a gilded nudity."

Gide almost betrays himself; does so in fact in one scene in the novel. The scene is in Taormina. I had stood up in the carriage to speak with the coachman. He was a young Sicilian from Catania, beautiful

point of view as compared with those of Wilde or Adelsward-Fersen!

*Immoraliste* appeared in 1902. What an innovation in literature! Here, with all of the charm of *les Nouritures terrestres*, are fresh air, the African sun, the humid underbrush of Normandy in autumn. What a contrast with the tuberosc scented salons and the incense laden air which surrounded the Duc des Es-seintes and M. de Phocas! Just imagine—the hero, Michel, bathes in the nude in a spring near Amalfi, but this is as nothing when compared with the new vibrations to be found in the style.

In a hollow of the rocks I have mentioned, there flowed a spring of transparent water. At this very place it fell in a little cascade—not a very abundant one, to be sure, but the fall had hollowed out a deeper basin at its foot in which the water lingered, exquisitely pure and clear. Three times already I had been there, leaned over it, stretched myself along its bank, thirsty and longing; I had gazed at the bottom of polished rock, where not a stain, not a weed was to be seen, and where the sun shot its dancing and iridescent rays. On this fourth day, I came to the spot with my mind already made up. The water looked as bright and as clear as ever, and without pausing to think, I plunged straight in. It struck an instant chill through me, and I jumped out again quickly and flung myself down on the grass in the sun. There was some wild thyme growing near by; I picked some of the sweet-smelling leaves, crushed them in my hands and rubbed my wet but burning body with them. I looked at myself for a long while—with no more shame now—with joy. Although not yet robust, I felt myself capable of becoming so—harmonious, sensuous, almost beautiful.<sup>28</sup>

This essay is not intended to be a study of Gide any more than it is of Proust, but it is important to point out just how revolutionary and disquieting was this new art form which appeared for the first time in that era of potted palms, tapestries and lacquered furniture which was the *Belle Époque*, in a romanesque form in

# Books

I GIVE YOU OSCAR WILDE by Desmond Hall, NAL-World, 1965; \$5.95.

One of the latest of the many books about Oscar Wilde is this autobiographical novel in which, fusing fact with fiction, Desmond Hall does an apparently creditable job of evoking a man who might very well have been Oscar Wilde. It is an engrossing novel, entertaining, a wee bit spicy, and, above all, informative. The person who has read little or nothing about Wilde's life will learn a great deal about Wilde for the particular period on which the novel focuses—primarily the period of his marriage, his greatest success and his trials. Nevertheless, I don't really think very highly of the book, principally, I suppose, because I don't approve of the biographical novel as an art form.

In recreating Oscar Wilde, Hall has used for his skeleton the sequence of events established by "The Letters of Oscar Wilde," as edited by Rupert Hart-Davis and corroborated in so far as major events are concerned by most of Wilde's biographers. To flesh out his skeleton Hall has drawn heavily on the contents of the letters themselves and from Wilde's literary works. Complexion and coloring have been supplied by Hall's own inventiveness.

The result is a great deal of genuine Wilde; how could it be otherwise when page after page is derived from Wilde's own words? But there are dangers here. No man speaks as he writes and there is bound to be dis-

ortion if he is made to appear to do so. It is a little disturbing to read his carefully composed letters emerging as casual conversation.

Indiscreet as Wilde may have been in his behaviour, he was extremely discreet in his correspondence. In all his great volume of letters there are not more than a half dozen in which there is any reference, overt or covert, to homosexuality, and there are not more than two or three in which there is any reference to sex or physical contact. So the letters are not much help in reconstructing Wilde's sex life; consequently it is in the treatment of this subject that Hall has had to draw most heavily on his own invention. Whether any harm is done or can be done by this fictionalizing, the fact remains that to reconstruct Oscar's and Constance's wedding night and to elaborate on Oscar's rendezvous with some of his boys demands a greater effrontery than I am prepared to accept. No one ever really knows anything about any other man's sex life and to invent one for anyone who has actually lived is very risky business.

Hall's treatment of Wilde is warm, sympathetic and humane—perhaps almost too much so. While it was heinous that a guilt-ridden society seeking a scapegoat should have accorded Wilde—or any other man—the treatment it did, Wilde's conduct was not above reproach and most of his troubles were largely of his own making. I'm not sure but that Hall's sympathetic treatment sometimes obscures this fact.

MARCEL MARTIN

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS, a Medico-Forensic Study by Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing, translated from the Latin by Dr. Harry E. Wedeck, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 512 pp. \$7.95. PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS, With Especial Reference to the Antipathic Sexual Instinct; A Medico-Forensic Study by Richard von Krafft-Ebing, translated from the twelfth German edition and with introduction by Franklin S. Klaf, Stein and Day, 434 pp. \$10.00.

Perhaps it depends on how old one is, but I have the distinct impression that *Psychopathia Sexualis* was never very good reading. One can only ask why these two new translations of the German and Latin languages of the original edition first published nearly 80 years ago should now appear. I cannot speak for the German readers of 1886, but it should have been clear to most American readers as it was to me in 1935 when I read the English translation first published in the U.S. shortly after the turn of the century (various printings and editions of which are readily available through any bookstore or discount bookservice)—it should have been plain, that the ideas and concepts in the book were obsolete—that it was psychologically unsound. Undoubtedly, as a compendium of cases of sexual deviations, it was and is thorough, but as a contribution to human or medical knowledge of sexual behavior it is not the least valuable. The book is historically interesting as a prelude to psychoanalysis and especially so to students of psychology. But it brings little rationalism and too many superannated and superstitious ideas into the subject. Of what value is the recording of the most intimate details of various kinds of sexual behavior? Is there any man alive who does not know about them all? If only they

were spicy. 80 years ago Krafft-Ebing may have succeeded in titillating, but both the Putnam and the Stein and Day editions destroy that possibility for us. What they provide by way of translations for Latin-less readers proves what we always suspected—that the Latin phrases and passages of a book are better left in the original language. In the earlier English editions it was still possible to attempt an understanding at what lay hidden in the Latin, and when etymology failed, one's imagination willingly took over.

There is little significant difference between these two editions. Both the Putnam and the Stein and Day retain many of the awkward contractions of earlier translations: in describing case 127, they offer the following language: "At maturity he committed excesses in *libido*, with *coitus*." The Stein and Day version does attempt to correct some of the laughably inept language of earlier English editions. There is an interesting scoring of some of today's practicing psychologists by Ernest van den Haag in his introduction to the Putnam edition.

The best thing that can be said about *Psychopathia Sexualis* today is in regard to the ample notes and references—a very interesting listing of materials gathered from distant and difficult sources—invaluable for the student of the subject.

D. S. J. G.

A HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHY by H. Montgomery Hyde with an introduction by Morris L. Ernst, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1964, 246 pp. \$4.50.

In recent years there has been an outpouring of books about "pornography" and, as is the case with similar books dealing with sexual subjects, there have been only a few which are worth reading. Many are

hardly worth the price of the paper on which they are printed. Mr. Hyde's book must be classified as one of the better ones, but it cannot be listed as outstanding. It is a workmanlike job of popularizing some of the material that Rolfe Read (Alfred Rose) listed in his *Register Librorum Eroticorum* compiled in 1936 and which was supplemented by an unpublished study that C. R. Dawes made in the 1940's. The book concentrates on pornography in English except for some classical and late medieval-Renaissance writers. Since Mr. Hyde defines pornography as writing which has the power to excite sexual passions or desires as well as literature which describes those parts of the human body which are normally kept covered, his range is wide and all encompassing. It might come as a surprise to some readers to find the *Decameron*, *Canterbury Tales*, and such writers as Rabelais and Shakespeare included in a study of pornography. Many of the works described in some detail are readily available

and have long been required reading in colleges and universities.

In a chapter entitled "The Pornography of Perversion," Mr. Hyde devotes brief sections to masochism, sadism, incest, fetishism, homosexuality, *et al.* He finds it worthy of comment that while homosexuality has been and continues to be more prevalent than the other types of "perversion," homosexual literature is by no means so extensive. He feels that this is because such literature is not erotically stimulating to the "average reader of pornography," who was and is a male heterosexual.

Mr. Hyde concludes that there is bad pornography and good, or at least well written pornography; he wants more of the latter and less of the former. He argues that it is impossible to determine when or if pornography corrupts but it is easy to demonstrate that pornography has always existed and probably always will, at least so long as men and women have sexual fantasies which they cannot realize in actual life.

VERN L. BULLOUGH

# Letters

Sirs:  
The quality of ONE seems to be bettering, issue to issue, and at times I wonder how it can be improved, but you seem to find ways. I enjoy all departments of ONE including the art work. Don't cut the latter out for the few who can find anything vulgar or distasteful in the partially or fully unclothed body.

DENVER

Sirs:  
I can hardly wait until I move out there . . . I know I have missed a lot; my whole

freshing. I never had much time for CON-FI, which shot the subscription price up to \$15 . . . rather too tall a figure for us Britishers who . . . are at a great disadvantage with the rate of dollar exchange. So I am glad your group intends to give us back ONE as a single entity available for the modest \$7.

ENGLAND

Sirs:  
As a faithful but inarticulate subscriber since ONE's humble and precarious beginnings 13 years ago I should like to raise my voice for the first time to congratulate you all, whoever you are, on the giant step forward recently taken by our magazine. It is certainly gratifying to have observed the steady progress of ONE over the years.

St. Louis

Sirs:  
The proud young rooster on the cover of ONE for May fascinated me as Rhode Island is the home of the R. I. Red breed of chicken and our state publicity people have a picture on material advertising the merits of Rhode Island with the slogan "Be a Rooster Booster." I found ONE Magazine both enlightening and enjoyable, not at all a far out magazine as R. E. L. Masters would have readers of his *Homosexual Revolution* believe. He refers to his "many revolts" in the homosexual and lesbian community but some of his statements make me wonder if he appreciates his friends and the facts they gave him that made it possible for him to write his book. He would have his readers believe ONE contains salacious and offensive matter. I don't understand how he arrived at such a conclusion. While reading the story of "The Wallpaper" I felt some of the joy that Jim and Stephen felt toward each other . . . their week together at a later date must have been rather wonderful. *Feminine Viewpoint* is excellent, proving that discretion in manners and dress will go far toward making both homosexuals and lesbians socially acceptable. Congratulations to Jane Race, a real smart woman.

RHODE ISLAND

Sirs:  
Pin medals on your staff for surviving an anxious time (your field is difficult enough without internal battles to fight) and for the great improvements in the magazine (especially the last two issues). You are doing fine. Stick with it.

PENNSYLVANIA

Sirs:  
I feel that heterosexual relations are no longer necessary and could be discontinued. Better babies can be produced by artificial insemination, provided the sperm

is taken from healthy males having a high I.Q. I find homosexual relations far superior to those of hetero. In my experience most of the latter have been unsatisfactory. Intercourse with others of one's own sex is to me both brotherly and proper as well as beneficial.

WISCONSIN

Sirs:  
ONE's June editorial is so right; one of the main reasons for our world being a hidden one is that we have been talking to ourselves. Y'all at ONE have been speaking up but the voice of ONE is so tiny when compared with the din there would be if all of our responsible people would speak up. But—as you have pointed out before, if one talks about homosexuality without snickering one is immediately suspect.

So, like the proverbial iceberg, the biggest part of our world is hidden from public view—but all this has been thrashed out before; if we were all obvious, how much easier, theoretically at least, it would be. ONE is making progress, but it is so slow and painful and you get so little help. Some can't help and some won't. The ones that would don't know how. It's so easy and comfy to sit on our fannies and reap the benefits which others are sweating blood to gain. Some of us feel guilty (along with our other complexes) but we would feel worse if we stood up and made fools of ourselves.

Most whites don't believe the Negro when he says that he is no different from them; they think that he is using a ruse to get to them, perhaps to destroy them or their way of life. Perhaps the same holds true for so-called normal people and sexual deviates; they "know" that we are different, yet we claim that we aren't. They could be suspicious because they think we are lying to them to let down their guard and then we'll pounce.

ONE has stated over and over that society deals much more severely with the "normal" deviant than with the screaming queen. They try to ignore the swishes but they must fear the ones who wear the mask. People have always feared the unknown . . . I don't suppose that comes as any revelation. Well, the music goes round and round but it doesn't come out here . . . it just keeps going round and round. Anyway, I'm always thinking of you and what you are doing for all of us and here's another check to help you keep on doing it.

GEORGIA