

INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CLASSES FOR FALL SEMESTER, 1965-66

First Class, Sept. 20, 1965 — Final Class, January 28, 1966

Each Class meets one evening per week; sessions, two hours; students may enroll for full semester, or attend single sessions as desired.

Monday Evenings, 8-10. **HOMOPHILE ETHICS.** Is there an ethic for homophile conduct? Standards of morality applicable to male and female homosexual behavior. Value systems for individual life conduct (towards his fellows & society in general) as viewed in the light of various philosophical and religious systems. Legg. \$15 per semester; \$1 per session.

Wednesday Evenings, 8-10. **PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORIES OF HOMOSEXUALITY.** An examination and critical analysis, with detailed group discussions, of contemporary psychoanalytic and psychiatric theories, in contrast with modern biological and sociological findings on sex behavior. The concept of homosexuality as "disease" will be thoroughly examined. Basic texts will be *Sexual Inversion*, edited by Judd Marmor (ONE Magazine, Sept., 1965), and *Homosexuality*, by I. Bieber, (ONE Magazine, April, 1962); also additional reference materials. Underwood. \$15 per semester; \$1 per session.

Friday Evenings, 8-10. **PROJECTS LABORATORY.** Group and individual assignments according to abilities and interests. Affords opportunity for newcomers to meet some of the staff of ONE and to become personally involved in some of its activities. Provides training for taking a more active part in the Homophile Movement. This course now formally encompasses the work previously done by the Friday Night Promotion and Advertising Committees; also includes any projects which are of benefit to ONE, Incorporated, and which are suitable for handling by volunteers. Earl & Carr. No tuition.

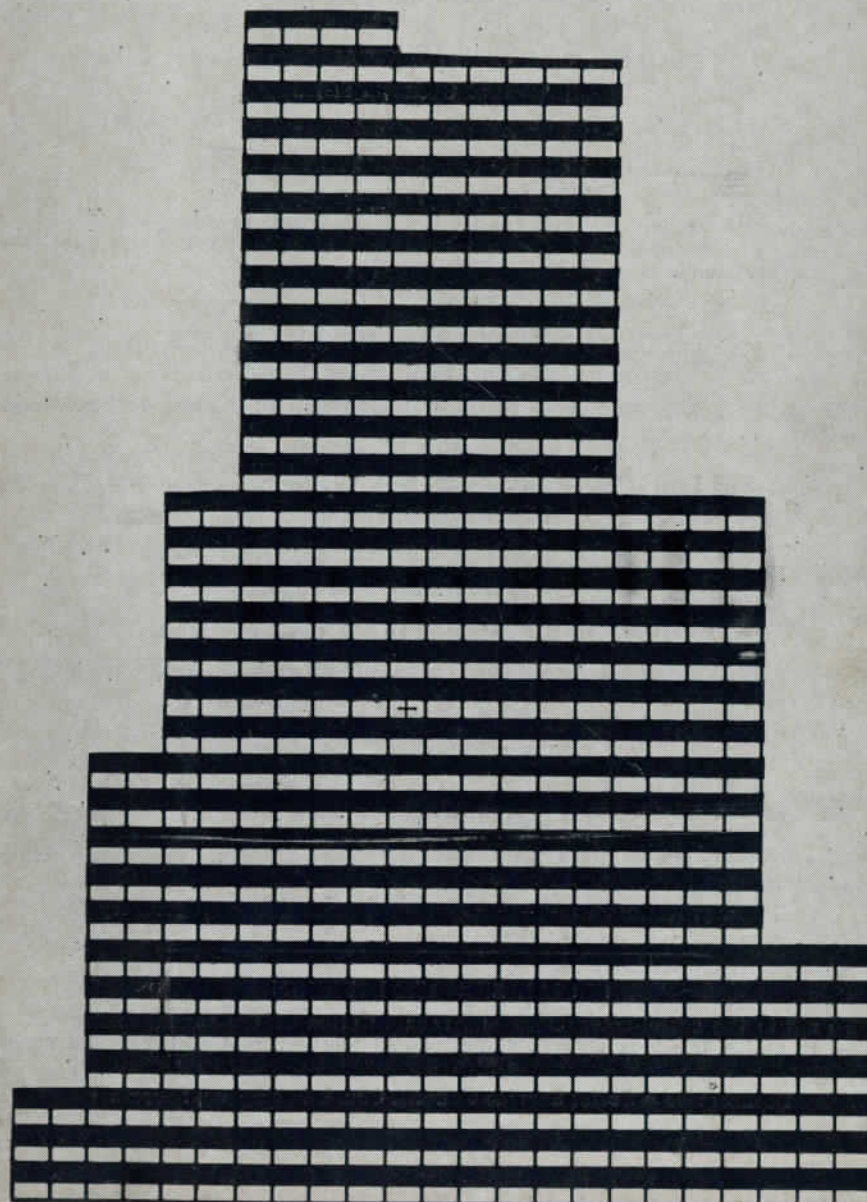
The Institute conducts a regular series of monthly Sunday afternoon Lectures (announcements sent by mail to those desiring them) during the Fall and Spring semesters. Speakers presented cover a wide range of topics: legal, medical, literary, religious, and others.

For a complete catalog of Institute offerings, address Secretary, 2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90006. All classes and activities of the Institute (unless otherwise announced) are conducted at this address.

V
one
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NOVEMBER 1965
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

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

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

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

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

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

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

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

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

Bookservice • Social Service Council, Chuck Thompson, Secretary

one

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EDITORIAL

Leadership in which creativity is matched by dependability is greatly needed in the Homophile Movement today. This Movement already has passed the midpoint of its second decade of existence in the United States. Hence it no longer can be regarded as a pioneering effort. Fifteen years ago such was the Movement's status. Today different standards must be used.

The problem of leadership appropriate to a rapidly maturing social movement promises no easy solution; for there are so few who have any clear ideas as to what such leadership should be. Many are satisfied to define a leader in terms of a following, this being the yardstick widely accepted these days in public life and the arts. According to this popularity-poll type of thinking the important questions are: do people *like* so-and-so; is he drawing a crowd; is he successful?

Commenting on this sort of thinking we should ask if Napoleon was a leader while he was winning but not a leader after he started losing battles. In short, was he ever truly a leader in terms of broad historical and social effectiveness? Having asked such a question the point is seen that only the crude forms of leadership can function on a basis of impulse and improvisation. Not to have thoughtfully considered aims and purposes means that leadership does not exist in any laudable form.

If this be so what of those within the Homophile Movement who feel that the path of success is found where there is the most noise? Homophiles must attract attention to themselves. They must march and picket. They must go on TV and radio programs as often as possible. So runs this line of opinion. When pressed for reasons the answer sometimes has been that it is foolish to get bogged down in "details at present." Let events take care of themselves and who knows what fine achievements may ensue? On the other hand, who knows how much disaster, how much damage, how much setback might follow?

Put a little more bluntly, it could also be asked, why, if getting attention is of itself so very much worthwhile, should we not aim for splashier goals? Put the whole Homophile Movement either into drag or leather. In this way there could be front page stories far oftener. There are those whose need for attention is so great that they will do almost anything to get it, but is this leadership?

A variation on the shock tactic is the camp approach. More camp, cleverer camp, even smuttier camp is the answer. This will show how sophisticated one is and serve to set the campy apart from the squares who just don't know what is happening. For instance, one might go butch to show how really subtle camp can be. Of course this may all become very complicated and, amidst all the laughs and sniggers, leadership gets somewhat lost in the tumult.

Does not genuine leadership necessarily imply social responsibility? The shock tactic crowd (more nude nudes), the campy giggle set and even the gray flannel coat-and-tie appeasers of society hardly seem to many thoughtful homophiles to have the answers. So it is that those who seek dependable progress for the Homophile Movement dedicate themselves to the painfully slow task of learning what leadership truly is, what its goals might be and how responsible persons should best go about attaining these goals.

It seems more likely that in the long run responsible individuals will for themselves find the responsible leaders whom they may trust and upon whose judgment they may depend. As usually happens in human affairs, like attracts like. Despite some scurrying this way and that in pursuit of the mad ones and the wild ones, when things settle down the picture clears. Leaders are then judged for their aims and achievements rather than for their personalities.

This saner focus can be achieved only as the problem of leadership is given much study by each of us for clear thinking must precede sensible action. Choosing intelligently does not come easily for most people. Rather it is the outcome of mature reflection and trained observation, of learning how to judge correctly between the genuine article and the false. Is it not the urgent task of each participant in the Homophile Movement today to address himself to this task?

Richard Conger, EDITOR

OCTOBER 1

by Yves Bourguignon

When Angelos and I play,
we are two stones in a Greek temple,
seeing,
watching,
firmly planted together.
The idle worshippers pass us
on sandal-strapped feet,
the scorners of stones.
We do not care.
Our corners meet,
the flat of our existence pressed
against each other,
fitted tightly,
watching,
seeing.
When Angelos and I play,
we know the gods catch us with a smile.

BOOKS REVIEWED

New Titles of Note

From time to time it has been the custom to present in these pages a group of book reviews as a leading feature. If the country's presses keep on working overtime, as surely they must have been doing, the occasion for such a feature could be even more frequent in the future than heretofore.

Let us not complain too loudly that there should be so many books which merit the attention of the readers of ONE Magazine. For the time was, and that not very long ago, when little was coming into print concerning homosexuality. If today there is some degree of over-supply perhaps greater discrimination among a readership will take care of this in the most effective of all ways, i.e., refusal to buy nonsense and in support of worthy publications.

It can with safety be claimed that books are even more important to the homophile than to the general class of readers. Why? Because so many homophiles are finding themselves and searching out their way of life alone. Scattered far and wide, on the farms, smothering in small towns, lost in the anonymity of great cities, they can turn to books to share vicariously the experience of others while avoiding the dangers which could so easily beset the inexperienced. They also can explore the views of scholars and scientists and take part silently in the debate about their own condition, all the while without exposing themselves to public view.

No one could wish for homophiles to remain forever "fixated" at the book-reading stage to the neglect of life itself as it pulses so compellingly all about them every day. But this in no way negates the value to us all to be had from sharing the thoughts and insights of others through reading. It is in this spirit that the following reviews, widely varied as indeed they are, are commended to your attention.

HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS?
Society and the Sex Criminal. By Gladys Denny Shultz. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, New York, 1965, 363 pages, \$6.95.

This book is frankly a study of crime with a sexual component. The author is a distinguished and scholarly woman with many years of experience as a writer and editorial staff member in the field of women's interests and

magazines. She lives alone in a suburban area and was one to whom the idea of sexual attack was unthinkable remote. But it happened, and, although she escaped serious consequences, the experience was soul-shaking and led her to an extensive study of sex crimes and a very thought-provoking and disturbing book on the subject.

The book starts with a detailed ac-

count of the author's harrowing experience and then covers the capture of the criminal and his trial. A critical account of court trials in cases of sex crimes follows with a thorough study of what is being done with the convicted criminals in the various states. The variability in legal definitions of crime in the sex field, laws, punishment, rehabilitation measures, and even conduct of trials is so great as to amount to a scandal and emphasizes the need for studies of which the present one is hopefully a competent beginning.

The authenticated facts in the area are almost unbelievable. A fifty-three-year-old child-molester, most of whose life has been spent in jails and prisons is turned loose on parole "uncured and untreated" before the end of his sentence to commit further horrible child murders. No prosecutor or judge had even had him examined for sanity or suggested what to do with him if he were adjudged insane. This situation is not unusual.

The author does not seem to have had much knowledge or experience with homosexuality. She had had one experience with a *swish* salesman which had left with her a strong if somewhat erroneous impression of all homosexual men. But she does note that child molesting is not limited either to homosexuals or heterosexuals, both of which may have a criminal disposition not specifically related to their basic classification. She introduces a new concept as follows: "The minor, non-violent sexual aberrations are called *paraphilia* when practiced only with other consenting adults, and children are not debauched or violated." (124) Thus homosexuality is recognized as not a crime in itself, although it may be associated with criminality in a specific case. And yet she speaks of homosexuality as a neurosis to be cured, (128) and lists it with offenses of a sexual and other types, such, for

example, as arson, assault, etc. (154) Two studies made at Sing Sing, New York State's famous prison, bring out the confusion in nomenclature and the great difficulty in defining the psychopath. The author says: "The very term 'sexual psychopath' is misleading, in the opinion of many psychiatrists, because it has never been satisfactorily defined and is so vague that almost anyone who strays from the conventional path by the narrowest margin might be considered a sexual psychopath." (156) The first study was headed by Dr. David Abrahamsen of Columbia University. "The conclusion of the Abrahamsen group was that the problem of the sex offender cannot be solved by the passage of any laws or by any sudden panacea whatsoever. It is necessary to extend mental health and psychiatric activities beyond the mental hospitals and into closer contact with the people through clinics, general hospitals and general medical practice." (162)

An episode of peculiar and intense interest was the brutal murder and dismemberment of a half-grown girl named Avril Terry by a man named Hashfield and the court trial which followed. The facts of the case came to be known with no reasonable doubt, but the defendant's lawyer, named Broadfield, used every imaginable trick and device to avoid the conviction of his client in spite of his obvious guilt. There is here an implied criticism of American court procedure in general which is of the utmost importance. This particular point has been noted by a columnist in the Los Angeles Times of June 28, 1965. He says: "Sir Hartley Shawcross, former attorney general of England . . . has been waging a campaign, so far lonely, to persuade his peers that drastic rethinking is in order if Englishmen are to succeed in controlling the rate of crime. . . . Under the Anglo-Saxon code, designed for the most part centuries ago

when other problems were foremost, the adversary system obtained. *It is a sort of game between the defendant and the prosecutor, played under a set of rules which the judge is there to umpire.* (Italics added.) The judge's function, says Sir Hartley, ought instead to be to get at the truth." After four years the Hashfield case was not concluded as the book went to print. The author comments on the case as follows: "the indeterminate sentence (with release by Parole Boards) for serious sex offenders proves small deterrent when it is not backed up by an adequate system of treatment. The Hashfield case exemplifies the price a community may be called upon to pay long after a particularly bestial sex murder has taken place, when the citizens of a state have failed to recognize the special nature of crimes against women and children and have been content with a system which permits a chronic sex offender to be freed, time after time, untreated and uncured, until at last he lands in newspaper headlines over the entire country." (81)

Fortunately some states are working on a solution of the problem of so-called sex crime with notable effectiveness. The author gives a detailed account of "Treatment and Prevention" in Wisconsin, California, and Massachusetts, that of California being especially worthy of study.

No review can do justice to this book which should be read and pondered by all who are interested in the legal aspects of public welfare and the rational consideration of sex problems.

T. M. Merritt, Ph.D.

WOMEN'S PRISON, Sex and Social Structure, by David A. Ward and Gene G. Kassebaum, Aldine Publishing Co., Chicago, 1965, 269 pages, \$7.50.

Women's Prison, a large labor to prove something already well known has put into words once again the fact that wherever women are segregated

into camps, schools, or even kindergartens they will seek one another out for an outlet to their emotional and affectional needs. One is hardly surprised to find that such is the case also in a prison for women. Further, that women of sexual maturity will carry their emotional needs to the point of physical contact can not be too astounding.

Anyone who has done a minimum of reading on the women of this or any other era will find little in the book that has not been covered. In a comparison of this book with those of our old Lesbian mystique mentor, Ann Aldridge, and an April issue of *Bazaar*, which happened to be about the place, I was rather inclined to believe that *Women's Prison* mirrors the situation of the outside world fairly well.

Homosexual society has become fashionable from the jet set to the afternoon frolics of the business men's wives, and our authors at least recognized that the causes for Frontera's homosexual orientation lie deeper in the social structure than the prisoners' expression of it can explain.

However, that the concern of 50% of the women at Frontera (that 50% not participating in the homosexual milieu) were not covered in this study is, of course, also in keeping with such investigations which tend to interest the public more in "the problem" than in the "successes."

Viewed from the personal point of view, the orientation at Frontera seems quite normal, and as viable as the cliques and backbitings and self-oriented miseries that might have been discovered had that other 50% also been intimately queried and examined. In addition, it would have been interesting to know whether the "hot" and "cold" running "snitches" were from the homosexually oriented community or from the other undefined 50% of apparently less interesting womanhood, who, we are to believe, are entirely drawn into the culture of intimate

twosomes, in which they have actively no part.

One might note an odd naivete in the following passage, which might serve to make one as sympathetic with the problems of such social scientists, as one is sympathetic to those few "experienced, articulate and perceptive women" who took their chances of reprisal in baring their private resources to the interviewers.

"Legitimate programs which are functionally equivalent to Homosexuality must be substituted."

We shall certainly watch the "functionally equivalent" programs with interest.

But perhaps I have failed to take into account the purpose of the study, and whether or not that purpose has been served.

One will find the avowed purpose in sentence 1, Preface:

"This study began with our interest in gathering data on women in prison to see whether there were similar prisoner types consistent with the reported characteristics of male prisoners."

This seems a worthy endeavor (as all curiosity and longing for knowledge is), though perhaps somewhat hollow to the Lesbian ear, and I will spare the reader of this review certain passages in which women prisoners compared rather unfavorably with male prisoners in criminal versatility, etc., as no woman, even in this advanced era, can truly expect to attain to that absolute equality for which she once strove, and has very likely begun to doubt whether she any longer seriously entertains such a desire.

However, to be somewhat reluctantly fair, this male and female pair of authors did bring up two extremely interesting points on which I made some attempt to gather additional information for my own edification.

One was the estimated incidence of "jailhouse turnouts" ("normal" women

wooded and won by the "true homosexual" in prison) who returned to their pre-prison heterosexual existence after their prison experience. The respondents pretty generally agreed they did thus return, but there remained some doubt in my mind, since this point seemed debatable. Yet guesstimate on the "outside" was substantially the same, a typical statement reading this wise: "It would depend—most of them would return to heterosexuality I suppose—it would depend on how strong they are."

Secondly, the issue of "giving up the work" is described by the authors as a "trial period" in which the "butch" does not expect the "femme" to reciprocate in the sexual act, and "should be viewed as defenses against deep emotional involvement and subsequent loss of the affection of these women (jailhouse turnouts) as they leave prison."

Again, on the outside, news of this phenomenon, unrelated to prison life, comes mostly from down Chicago way and this is described less graphically as being "real Butch." East and West Coast informants either do not talk about it or have nothing to say on the issue, but if memory serves me, intimate chatter has occasionally revealed some evidence of this kind not limited to prisons, Chicago, or everybody else.

I can conceive of no value this intelligence might have for the social and prison reformers, social scientists, et al, in spite of the truly remarkable way in which our authors went about tracking this very personal information down (as though it were the very denouement of a mystery tale). I do conceive, if somewhat dimly, the value it might have to the Lesbian, if it were better understood and further analyzed.

Ward and Kassebaum must be thanked then, for having brought to our attention, as well as to the attention of the prison authorities, a highly-charged bit of Lesbian sociometrics.

Charlotte

THE EROTIC REVOLUTION by Lawrence Lipton, Los Angeles, 1965, 322 pps., Sherbourne Press, Inc., \$7.50.

If we wonder what kind of hanky panky goes on among those heterosexuals, reading *The Erotic Revolution* is one way to find out.

Lipton does not confess, in so many words, that he is heterosexual; but I wouldn't put it past him. His book gives the point of view of the less responsible heterosexual.

The Erotic Revolution undertakes the telling of a big story. It gives us a look at a world that needs looking at. Its field of investigation is broad and the information is hard to dig up and assess.

The author has found out many things and he reports them emphatically. Many of the things that he tells are news. He summarizes his findings and draws conclusions—his critics will say he jumps to conclusions.

His revolution (if it be anything more than a minor disaffection) seems to center among college students and to preoccupy them during the hours when they are not studying.

A question that I would like to see cleared up is the students' ages and why they're still schoolboys and schoolgirls. Another question is why out of only 24 hours in a day they can devote so many hours to sexual research, as Lipton calls it.

Children's interests get short shrift in this book: if a child gets born as a result of the goings on that go on in sexual revolutionary circles, that's just the child's bad luck. Apparently the supposition is that contraception and abortion will prevent misadventure.

Another thing viewed light-heartedly is venereal disease, although I infer that Lipton is against it.

Examples of poetry, if that's the word I want, are given in the chapter on Sex and Morals as Reflected in the

Arts. They may be categorized as different from poetry commonly seen elsewhere. Let's be gentle with these people if they show any disposition to go from bed to verse, let's not discourage them.

In an appendix the author makes some good points against censorship.

This book is not obscene, for it costs \$7.50; but if the publishers play their cards right they can get somebody to suppress it, whereupon its sales will undoubtedly go sky high. There are four-letter words in it.

Manuel boyFrank

THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK, by Richard Miles. Delacorte Press, 195 pages, \$3.95.

This book is a rarity, one that will appeal to anyone who has secretly harbored the desire of kidnapping a beautiful young boy and keeping him forever and secretly alone. The lead characters are a middle-aged woman, a fifteen year old hustler with the looks of an Adonis and the bedroom skill of a Don Juan, and his would-be lover, an amoral mulatto named Yves who's goal in life is to sell his body as long as he can, and then start selling other peoples! The relationship between the boys is delicately probed, with an aching realism that lifts the book way above the level of ordinary erotic fiction.

But erotic it is, to anyone who hasn't lost the uses of his senses. The author uses smell, odor, color and the most carefully shaded physical contact to make his love scenes more exciting than any pornography. He's not afraid to be blunt, but there is no dirty word, no crudity to mar the achingly hopeless and yet hope-filled relationships that tangle tighter and tighter until a climax that leaves the reader breathless.

This belongs on your bookshelf with the best of Rechy, Gide, and even Thomas Mann. If you were touched by "Death in Venice," you won't be able

to put this book down until you've read it cover to cover.

C. R. Prater

IN DEFENSE OF HOMOSEXUALITY by R. O. D. Benson. Julian Press, New York, 1965, 239 pps., \$5.95.

What is the right attitude for reviewing a book such as this? How does one fairly present the situation? In *Harpers* there would be an approach of one sort; in *Der Kreis* another. But what of ONE Magazine?

For here is a volume whose publishers boldly predict "that at no future time will any work dealing with the subject of homosexuality be able to ignore the essential facts as presented." The author, unidentified except as to name, gives some indications of being mathematically oriented, if his bibliography is any indication.

In eight short chapters he reviews, and to his own satisfaction refutes, in succession "the Nature argument," "the Religious argument," "the Psychological argument," and so on, constantly assuming, it would appear, that he is breaking new ground with bold recklessness.

Many of his points were stated well in the latter years of the 19th century by Ulrichs. Innumerable successors such as Hirschfield, Havelock Ellis and, above all others, Guyon have completely covered the ground. In fact, the Guyon writings which were coming into English translations nearly forty years ago are hardly to be improved upon for the rigor and freshness of their logic.

Closer at hand, the early meetings of the Knights of the Clock and the Mattachine Foundation in Los Angeles and other California cities, already more than 500 in number by the end of 1953, thoroughly haggled over sub-

stantially every point which Benson makes. In the dozen years since that time further Mattachine Society meetings in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other cities continued such discussions. The Daughters of Bilitis in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and New York have done much the same.

More formally, ONE's Institute of Homophile Studies has held about 1000 public lectures and class meetings devoted to the most exacting analyses of "the Nature argument," "the Religious argument," "the Psychological argument." Publication of aspects of these discussions has occupied probably several thousand pages in the books, magazines and other publications issued by ONE.

Small wonder, then, that a knowledgeable reader would find *In Defense of Homosexuality* somewhat less than an earth-shaking novelty or innovation. Such a reader can at best say to himself, "Here we go again," while deriving some satisfaction that a new voice is found uttering the old truths once more. He can hope that such a new voice may arrest the attention of new listeners willing to pause a moment to give consideration to topics long debated.

If this truly is a necessity for education that the same things shall be said over and over again in varying tones, then many cheers for Benson. Be that as it may, the book is here to be read. It will harm few and should enlighten many.

W. Dorr Legg, Director
Institute of Homophile Studies

SEX AND CRIME by Clinton T. Duffy with Al Hirschberg, Doubleday, 1965, 203 pp., \$4.50. (see p. 20, following.)

ONE, INCORPORATED BOOK SERVICE

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The facilities of the Book Service are made available to Friends of ONE (Members) as a convenience to them in ordering books, both old and new. Inquiries from Members are invited. This is neither a commercial sales operation nor a book shop, but is maintained in the interests of Members who may wish to locate titles on homophile themes through ONE.

FICTION

Sanford Friedman, *TOTEMPOLE*, an important new novel which handles love between men with literary distinction and dignity. \$5.95

James Herlihy, *MIDNIGHT COWBOY*. Those who read his *STRANGE SLEEP OF BABY FILBERTSON* will understand that Herlihy's handling of male homosexuality is both off-beat and entertaining. \$4.95

Louise King, *THE DAY WE WERE MOSTLY BUTTERFLIES*. If ever a novel could rightly be termed Gay, this is it. High camp in full flight. \$3.95

Ihara Saikaku, *FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE*. Short story collection by a Japanese master sophisticate; the women loved love all right, but unluckily for them, the men loved each other. \$2.75

James Colton, *LOST ON TWILIGHT ROAD*. Pleasant little paperback for those who like to read about young boys finding love. \$1.00

NON-FICTION

Daniel Cappon, M.D. *TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING OF HOMOSEXUALITY*. One more psychiatrist has a go at it; better than most; some interesting insights, heavily tinged in places by ill-concealed religiosity. \$6.95

Irven De Vore, Ed., *PRIMATE BEHAVIOR*. A masterly and authoritative series of papers on Monkeys & Prosimians; Apes; Comparative studies of their reproductive cycles, social development, and signalling systems. Invaluable to an understanding of why we are as we are. \$10.00

Clinton J. Duffy, *SEX & CRIME*. By the former warden of San Quentin; the voice of great experience writing of sex in prisons. \$4.50

Noel I. Garde, *JONATHAN TO GIDE*, a large volume of 300 biographical notices of homosexuals and those believed to be homosexual ranging from Biblical times to post World War I; based largely on Hirschfeld's famous *Encyclopedia*. Full of interesting tidbits as well as historical inaccuracies, yet about the only thing of its sort in English. \$10.00

Judd Marmor, M.D., Ed., *SEXUAL INVERSION*. At last an up-to-date sober compilation of the views of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, broadened by anthropological and sociological insights. The first volume to be recommended as a textbook by ONE's Institute of Homophile Studies. \$8.50

LAW & CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS: SEX OFFENSES; excellent set of papers assembled by the School of Law, Duke University. \$2.50

Make all checks and money orders payable to ONE, Incorporated. Residents of California add 4% Sales Tax to their orders.

Brothers under

the Breech Cloth

by

James Hampton



No one in our family knew for sure why my brother Albert became a Mormon and consequently deserted us (except, of course, for a Christmas card every year and his secret communication with me). Mother, in her half-brave naivete that a lot of fat women have, says with a turned-down mouth that "It's because we came out here to the degenerate Middle West and got mixed up with all these foreigners." A foreigner to her is anybody who drinks out of a water fountain that's not labeled "white only."

Evidently she doesn't know the low status of Negroes in Albert's church and far be it from me to tell her if she's not willing to be full-sincere in her explanations. And she's not. She's a WASP lover and a complete snob, just like all of the other fourth generation Mississippians who aren't poor white trash. All the learning in the world wouldn't change her one jot. I know. I've lived with her for thirty-five years.

Albert didn't get converted until he was nearly thirty, just eleven years ago, only four years after we'd moved to Iowa to live with Aunt Sarah Lou, who is fatter than my mother, which is going some. A little pig-eyed boy from Idaho with a headful of brown kinky hair did it. And not with the Book of Mormon. Albert had read that as far back as the sixth grade in Cocoa, Mississippi, where he was the star pupil of Miss Annie Hannah.

Miss Annie was as fragile looking as an English sparrow but as persistent as a blue jay. She took almost as much time with Albert and his reading about religions and Egyptian monuments and such as she did in pining for Mr. Doc Fishel who couldn't marry Miss Annie till his grandmother, who was eighty-six then and crankier than hell, died and left him enough—free and without strings attached—to settle down with a solid woman who'd listen to his traveling sales-

man jokes and peel his soft-boiled eggs for him. He had a dreadfully bad case of ulcers brought on by listening to old ladies complain in the pharmacy where he worked sometimes and drank quarts of pineapple juice all the time. The point is: I think there's a connection between Albert's actions, the pig-eyed Idahoan, and Miss Annie Hannah. Because regardless of what any of them say—and that goes for my Uncle Hector who has a B.A., an M.A., and a Ph.D. in history—according to the psychology I know (I took three courses in it at State U) and the facts I've gathered, Albert gave himself away as a homosexual that early in life. After he gave up on the idea of marrying either Miss Annie or Mother, he never looked twice at another woman. The only women he ever loved were Mother and Miss Annie, and, believe me, they both have the pig eyes he adored. Well, you saw Mother's. Hey, *yours* are kind of like hers. But don't get me wrong, because around here that's strictly a very nice thing to say. Well, anyway, turning away from adored pig eyes of women and to pig eyes of men, like that Idaho boy's, sure was the telling detail as far as I'm concerned.

Furthermore, he had had experiences that he told me about that I kept as sacredly secret as the fraternity ritual I accepted at the State U, something I'd never reveal anything about to anybody who isn't a Brother. I saw Albert that day when he sidled up to that Mormon boy and I saw them walk out to Creekside Park to discuss the possibilities of Mormonism. Two days later Albert was gone without a word.

In good time we got a card from some Blackfoot or Crow or some kind of Indian reservation in Montana. I didn't have any idea till then how nice Indians were and how much the Mormons wanted the tribes everywhere to believe and join. All that card said was, "Converting unbelievers is adding depth to my character and stars to my crown. May God lead you to the Prophet and the True Church. Love, Brother Albert." I didn't see the implications that I do now, and I thought, now can you conceive of that—"depth," "stars," and the biggest laugh of all, "*Brother* Albert." Why, I never called him brother. Well, I'd never spread evil about my blood relatives. I have my own faults, I know. But I knew it was glands, not God, that did Albert in, and if I'd had my way no one else in this family would have ever had that revealed to them.

Mother was so shocked and upset after the missing persons bureau turned up with Albert in Salt Lick, Montana, yet failed to convince him to come back that she wept and wailed for weeks on end. Right after the finding of him, the card came, but it did her not a bit of good. She even lost three pounds, which convinced her that strawberry shortcake three or four times a week was no sin after all. While she'd bake the huge, flat biscuit-cake—that's the way a fourth generation Mississippian begins creating a strawberry shortcake—she'd cry, "My baby! My love! My own sweet darling child!" Now he may have been her love and her child, but he surely wasn't her baby, and I reminded her.

"Mother," I'd say, conjuring up all of the dignity that I'd have used at a solemn initiation ceremony at State U, "*I'm* your baby, and you know it. Now calm yourself and be careful of what you're doing." (At that point I'd pick up the soda box which she would have knocked down with one of those wild gestures of flipping her tiny wrist, her hammy, ringless hand and bulbous, flabby arm swinging in the breeze.)

"You know all the crying in the world won't bring Albert back. And you know he's happy with those Indians and those Mormons and all."

Those consolations, repeated so many times and always well meant, would just set her off again.

"It's like he was deceased, like your father. Away in the arms of God (sob). But, then, we know he's here on earth and can't even sit down with us to enjoy a shortcake tonight."

Then, right before another conflagration of tears, I'd usually be saved by Aunt Sarah Lou, who'd waddle in with some fresh strawberries guaranteed to be from Louisiana, the kind we put more store by than those big California berries that seem to never taste just right. She didn't need to be introduced to the subject or the situation. Particularly if she'd had a beer or two at Tiny's Tavern on the way home from the market.

"Angel Louise Whittimore! Goddamn it! That child of yours has given up his Christian responsibility! He's no longer honoring his mother. He's providing nothing for any of us poor, indigent family members who are manless except for unhealthy little literary Percy B. here. He's out there living amongst savages on the frontier and taking up their habits as well as those of the monog-, monag-, many-wived devils that call themselves Saints. You must pray for him . . ."

"But Sarah Lou, he is my love, my baby, my child."

"Not your baby," I'd repeat.

"And you must pray for him *silently!*" Sarah Lou would add with such emphasis that her watermelon-shaped breasts, which looked awfully heavy at such moments, would shake a little because of the physical strain of shouting. One thing about Sarah Lou, she knew a thing or two. And if she didn't know she'd find out. She hadn't run the Starlite Guest House ("Southern Hospitality in the Middle West") for twenty-four years just for the fun of it. She had purposely collected knowledge about people, their foibles and their foolishness, their weakness and their strength, and she was always ready to adopt the characteristics that appealed to her fat fancy and to comment on them and to judge the ones she didn't adopt.

Long after dialogues such as those I've just told you about ceased, when Mother could be satisfied with one strawberry shortcake a week and her original conception that more than that was a sin, after she'd gained back the three pounds and several extras, Aunt Sarah Lou told me the truth that she knew about Albert, that he had a female appetite for men.

"Besides," she remarked, "he was a pimply-skinned little moon-faced pip squeak!"

That last exclamation shocked me because it was quoted right out of my everyday diary. How was I to know she'd find it on the bookshelf, much less read the entry I'd made shortly after Albert ran off with pig eyes from Idaho, at the time when I was resentful and a little bit jealous. So I had to keep my mouth shut and try not to register any reaction and hope she'd not blackmail me. She might carry blackmail around in the back of her mind forever, too, because she was—and is—a powerful woman doing the work of two men every day and using a good bit of the profit of her labor to support Mother, who is a bit vague even when it comes to baking shortcake biscuits, and me. She calls me "literary" because I have thick glasses, don't work very regularly, and have the name Percy B. That is, she could carry the idea of blackmail around in her mind until yesterday when I found out the real truth about Sarah Lou Birdsong.

I had always known that Sarah Lou had strong passions and had always suspected that they carried over into the realm of sex. Women who run boarding houses but still wear Channel No. 5 and transparent nylon slips with yards of lacy trim almost give away their earthiness as far as I'm concerned, if you

know what I mean. Even if they *are* fifty-some years old and weigh three hundred and eighty-six pounds at five-two in their patterned stocking feet. Little did I suspect, though, that my very own aunt was carrying on with one of the guests of the Starlite Guest House. Come to think of it, I guess it is rather strange for Miss Fulvia Patton to have lived in the guest house all this time. She ought to have got an apartment with one of the other stenographers at the Petaltime Industries—or a husband. As feminine as she is.

Mr. Wolfe Jameson, the slick golf ball salesman from Dayton or Cincinnati, I forget which, once commented after dinner that Miss Fulvia Patton, complete with what I knew were powder puff bosoms, I won't tell how I found out, and, of all things, Evening in Paris perfume, had "the most delicate deltoids and the most succulent thighs" this side of Minneapolis. Coming from Mr. Wolfe, who is today known as the biggest cocksman on the golf ball circuit, that's quite a compliment. Oh, he was all the time trying to get her to go to Tiny's Tavern with him so he and she could drink draft beers and inhale the stale tavern air he loved so well. Only, as he put it, "We could indulge in the elixir of happiness and breathe freely in an atmosphere of liberality." Seemingly she was satisfied with the fifth of sherry behind her radiator and the relatively pure air that floated through her window.

Aunt Sarah Lou was the one who nearly every time ended up going to Tiny's with him. She could drink fourteen beers to his five, whether she had on her pink silk voile for special nights or her green cotton print for usual nights. She could out talk Murphy, the barkeeper, who eventually had to "go see Mrs. Murphy" and leave the small bar in her care momentarily, long before the gauntlet of Republicanism, Catholicism, Mississippi and Iowa, and, sometimes, Albert, had been run. Too bad Mr. Wolfe did not know the extent of usefulness of her advice to the lovelorn about Miss Fulvia; it lay just as inert and unused in the air, falling on dumb ears, as his latex prophylactic contraceptive devices lay inert and unused while he stayed at the Starlite. Also I think that it's too bad that Albert went away before Mr. Wolfe started staying with us. Mr. Wolfe has the truest of true pig eyes, a sort of slime green but not purely lifeless, and the kinkiest yellow hair you ever saw.

As to the indiscretion of Aunt Sarah Lou, though. I do guess I can tell you in confidence, for you are to be trusted, dear? As I said before, I'd never spread evil about my blood relatives. Anyway, just last night, last night, mind you, I had got up to run down to the bathroom. It was occupied at the moment. All the time I was hoping it would be, because I didn't have to go too bad and I needed an excuse to go downstairs to fix me a peanut butter sandwich. I get awful cravings for peanut butter sandwiches sometimes late at night, don't you? Well, I was halfway down the stairs. You'll notice they're carpeted now—cheap, thin carpet, but carpet, and a nice rose pattern. I guess they didn't hear me coming, for Aunt Sarah Lou and Miss Fulvia were having it out and some of Sarah Lou's words and expressions were so violent and abusive that I'll tell you, my dear, I wouldn't repeat them in your shell pink ear. Not on your life.

The door was ajar just enough for me to see Miss Fulvia on her big double bed there in the front bedroom that's been hers for two years now. She was surrounded; on one side there were two empty sherry bottles; on the other side there were about two dozen crumpled copies of those true love magazines she reads day and night when she's not at work or manicuring her cat-like nails; and—at the end of the bed—those three hundred and eighty-five pounds of Sarah Lou Birdsong seemed to tower. The contrast was tremendous. Sarah Lou,

standing straight as a pole of sugar cane, was shaking all over like she was in a tropical hurricane or else some kid in the cane fields was trying to pull her down by force. She had on this frilly black negligee and her shiny black-gray hair was pulled back in a neat chignon, like she fixes it when she's out for a special night at Tiny's. Miss Fulvia had on those orange stretch pants and a yellow and orange striped sailor-type shirtwaist and she was drunk as a coot. You could tell it because her little black eyes were floating in the whites like raisins in tapioca. She was crying almost silently and mumbling "Bitch, bitch, bitch" again and again, all the while pushing her unteased and straggling brown hair back up on top of her head.

Aunt Sarah Lou, after a whole lot of invective for about five minutes after I got where I could hear a little, quieted down. Then they talked so low I could hardly make sense out of it all, couldn't even connect the sense of the quiet talk to the sense of the violent part, which had been mostly name-calling by Aunt Sarah Lou anyway. I did hear them mumbling about "love" and "drinking" and "filthy men." They even named a few, but the only one you'd be familiar with is Mr. Wolfe, the one I just told you about. Then, like by impulse, Sarah Lou knelt by the side of the bed, gently set the empty sherry bottles on the Early American hooked rug, and reached out and grabbed Miss Fulvia and kissed her hard on the mouth. Believe it or not, at that exact moment the wind blew the door shut, nearly without a sound. There was a sound, though, from the kitchen. A strange kerplunk, topple, topple, topple series of sounds to be exact, which I found out later had been produced by that same wind knocking over the four pints of strawberries that Mother had set on the window ledge in the kitchen. Regardless of curiosity, I knew I'd had my thrills for the night, so I tiptoe upstairs without delay, and, having forgot all about my peanut butter sandwich and the bathroom, re-read the letter that Albert had secretly sent me by way of good old Murphy at Tiny's.

This has been the time of my life and I don't feel a bit guilty, do you? Even considering our plans. Go on and turn out the light again and let's go back to bed. I'm sure glad to know what you wear under those breechcloths. Were you honest-to-God the first heir to a chieftain that Albert converted?

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news & views

ENGLAND'S M.P.'s CONSIDER CASTRATION AS CURE FOR SEX OFFENDERS

A Copenhagen correspondent writing for the London OBSERVER for 7-4-65 reports that certain Members of Parliament are urging that England follow the lead of Scandinavian countries and Holland in the use of castration "for persistent sex offenders who are potentially dangerous to the public." In the latter countries, "voluntary castration has been available for many years within the penal system, and in some cases outside of it, for private citizens with severe sexual problems," the OBSERVER goes on to say. In the course of studies and experiments carried on at length by Dr. Georg Sturup, medical superintendent at the Herstedvester detention institution near Copenhagen, voluntary castration has been used on certain types of sex offenders such as rapists and pederasts, whose compulsions have resisted treatment through psychiatric methods. Surgery is brief and simple, and since only fully-matured adults are in-

involved, physical changes are "said to be slight. About a third of them, Sturup says, can still manage intercourse; but since most of the compulsion has gone, the castrate can usually choose to avoid its illegal forms . . . Only 2% of castrates commit another sexual offense again after release, compared with 40% of non-castrates." ONE is obliged to underline that, in all of this, the fundamental ethical question is, "Who is potentially dangerous to the public?", or, more precisely, "What types of sexual behavior are potentially dangerous to the public?" Existing answers to this question are what dictate our present penal codes in the area of sex conduct. There are those who have advocated castration of homosexuals and even worse measures; so let the homosexual reader do his part to make sure that such advocates are never permitted to make present laws more unjust than they are already. This can be done by supporting all those agencies who are working toward the general goal of equitable legislation in the field of adult sexual behavior.

LORD DEVLIN ON SOCIETY AND MORALS

The London TIMES supplement for 7-8-65 joins the many critics who have taken exception to Lord Devlin's pronouncements on social principles in general, and on the legal regulation of individual conduct in particular. Under direct fire, naturally, is Lord Devlin's opinion that an entity he calls "society" has a "right" to dictate the private sexual behavior of its individual members. After quoting his declaration that "society has a right to protect itself" followed by his dictum that "what makes a society is a community of ideas, not political ideas alone, but also ideas about the way its members should behave and govern their lives," the TIMES deftly proceeds to make mincemeat out of his premise, by showing its lack of relevance to actual sociological facts concerning homosexual behavior and its relation to society as a whole,—and out of his definition of society, by exposing its implications against the freedom of the individual. Thus, Devlin assumes as *a priori* that "society" needs "protection" against homosexual behavior, whereas there is actually nothing to prove that such behavior is inherently harmful or antisocial, or that its practitioners are any more "immoral" than the average citizen. He then makes the even more dangerous assumption that "society" and "ideas" have existence or human relevance independent of the individual minds which have evolved them. By whose "ideas" should each individual "behave and govern his life"—his own, or some mythical constellation of "social ideas" congealing in outer space, or—Heaven forbid—Lord Devlin's? And why are not homosexuals entitled to their own "community of ideas"

about behaving and governing their lives, as much as English lawyers and politicians? We have plenty of home-grown Lord Devlins here in the U.S.A., for which reason it must be remembered that it is out of Devlinesque notions about society that all totalitarian movements have taken form, and it is not only homosexuals who need to be on guard against their dangers.

NUDISTS BATTLE COPS AT ST. TROPEZ

According to NEWSWEEK for 8-9-65, things recently came to a boil on the Mediterranean beach of St. Tropez, famed tourist and resort mecca. It seems that for many years a remote and secluded section of this beach had been tacitly reserved for French families who wished to take the semitropical sun *au naturelle*. On this section, rocks and bushes were plentifully available to shield nude figures from prying eyes. But early in August, the beach was levelled, and the nudists "forced to flee before a squad of gendarmes, some cloaked in swimming trunks, and all in the righteous indignation of the law."

The real culprits behind this invasion of a respectable "nudist paradise?" Too many "exhibitionists and homosexuals," according to numerous St. Tropez residents, whose complaints instigated the police 'mop up.' "On the first assault," according to NEWSWEEK, "the *flics* were repulsed by 300 angry, naked men and women. Unabashed, they returned to the attack two days later with bulldozers, while helicopters directed operations from above. The rout was complete. Not even the smallest nudist child survived the police dragnet." Seems strange to ONE that homosexuals should ever find

it necessary to thus invade heterosexual strongholds, and even stranger than the nudists of St. Tropez could not find their own means of coping with the problem. Now, apparently, everything is ruined for everybody.

SEX AND MURDER

"The two most common reasons for murder are sex and money, with sex leading the way." This statement came from a man who should know—namely, Clinton T. Duffy, for many years Warden at San Quentin, whose recently published book, *SEX AND CRIME*, with Al Hirshberg as co-author, was condensed through a number of last month's issues of the *SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*.

The book covers many facets of this subject, including homosexual murder, which, the authors write, "is more universal than people realize, for the press, in interests of good taste, keeps it concealed from the public. A case without the involvement of a woman thus appears to have no sex significance, yet really has no other. This is particularly true when one prison inmate kills another, for it is almost always a murder for jealousy, for envy, or for any of the other emotions commonly associated with carnal love. Homosexual affections can inspire the same passions as normal affections, and bring on comparable results." Instances are cited of a number of prison "romances" which have resulted in homicide.

The general problem of sex-frustration in prisons has, of course, received the continuing attention of penologists and psychiatrists for a great many years, and Duffy and Hirshberg also give this problem extensive treatment as the

cause of most prison mutinies and escape-attempts. Mississippi is cited as having by far the lowest incidence of such occurrences, and also as the only State which permits regular conjugal visits between prison inmates and their wives. Duffy sees a strong, if not an absolute, correlation between these circumstances, and believes all penal institutions would benefit by inaugurating similar systems. As for escapees in particular, apparently a considerable proportion of those captured explain their attempt exclusively in terms of their inability "to stand a world without women any longer." Also, say the authors, many otherwise stable marriages end in ruin through the protracted separation of the inmate-husband from his spouse.

But, "it's not so hard for the homosexuals," they go on to say, "for although they are trouble-makers, constantly getting into fights over the objects of their affection, they can often find relief. They seldom try to break out of prison unless they have a 'sweet-heart' outside." Figures given suggest that regularly-practicing, committed homosexuals run about 30% of total population in a prison such as San Quentin—at least three times higher than in the male population at large. The authors do not appear to share the common view that most heterosexual prisoners, if converted to homosexual practices in prison, readily revert to heterosexual practices again upon release. On the contrary, they speak of the "not infrequent transformation from heterosexual to homosexual preferences," where "many . . . men become so used to a male sex partner that they can't resume a normal relationship when the time comes."

In relation to escapees, ONE notes the possibility that the inmate who says he breaks prison to find female companionship may actually be running, instead, from the far more real temptation of a homosexual alliance; and as for heterosexuals converted to homosexual preferences, all the indications of psychotherapy thus far are that these must have a strong, underlying homosexual orientation to begin with in order for such a transformation to take place. It is to be hoped that additional research will continue into these areas, so as to reach a full understanding of the personality-profiles involved. Meanwhile, Duffy and Hirshberg, not to mention the *CHRONICLE*, have performed a public service in once more airing the serious sexual problems inherent in our present penal institutions.

FROM INSIDE THE BARS

The *NEW YORK TIMES* Magazine for 2-28-65, published quite a different version of prison life, by a professional anthropologist who, as a result of a conviction in a security matter, spent 23 months in a Federal Correctional Institution. "My scientific colleagues would call me a 'participant-observer,'" he comments wryly, but "The U.S. Bureau of Prisons called me an inmate. I served in both capacities, of course, on an involuntary field trip among an isolated tribe of fellow human beings." As an anthropologist, he apparently concerned himself with sex matters only in their due proportion to the total field of prison "culture," and most of his comments about sex deal with homosexuality. He describes the homosexual as "the lowest of the low" in prison society. "The traditional

American intolerance towards sex deviation," he writes, "is increased to fantastic proportions in this atmosphere of tension and sexual deprivation. Inmates with a homosexual record are segregated from the rest of the prison population in a special house within single, barred cells like cages where they can be observed day and night by the officer on duty." Even if there is no homosexual background of record, "speech mannerisms, posture, facial expressions are considered sufficient clues for identifying a new man as a 'fag' (to be) referred to as 'she' . . . ostracized and victimized (and) routinely accused of crimes against the prison code . . . There are, of course, a number of inmates who sexually use the homosexuals for 'free' or for payment in cigarettes, but that does not change their attitude in public (where they) hide their guilt and shame by loudly condemning the practice, though sometimes indulging in it." In this respect, ONE might observe, such characters among prison inmates have innumerable and precise counterparts on the outside, who form the most rabid of the anti-homosexual elements in modern society.

DEAN RUSK DRAWS FIRE FOR EMPLOYMENT VIEWS

In a letter to the *WASHINGTON POST*, published 9/14/65, a correspondent writes: "Secretary of State Dean Rusk has put on an appalling display of specious and circular reasoning in refusing to employ homosexuals because 'they present problems of blackmail and personal instability.' The blackmail problem, of course, exists by virtue of discriminatory employment policies such as Mr. Rusk's, since the blackmailer's chief weapon is disclosure with

the concomitant specter of permanent unemployment. The problem of personal instability has been grossly exaggerated, and is not, in any case, the exclusive domain of the homosexual. It is the penalty exacted by society from all those who dare to defy its coercive rule. The private sexual relationship between consenting adults must never be subject to public scrutiny or approval. The day we allow public officials to pass on our private life, we will no longer have or deserve one."

FLORIDA MATTACHINE ACTIVATED

According to the Aug. 1965 issue of VIEWPOINT, Florida Mattachine's Newsletter, this Florida organization was recently incorporated with Richard A. Inman as President. It was formed from the now-dissolved Atheneum Society of America, whose President, also Mr. Inman, was subpoenaed in 1964 before the Florida State Attorney and ordered to produce the Society's mailing lists. Mr. Inman refused, citing the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the case of Alabama vs. N.A.A.C.P. (No. 367 U.S. 449), in which it was held that to produce such lists would be a violation of Article I of the Bill of Rights. The State's Attorney conceded this citation as sufficient to uphold Mr. Inman's refusal to divulge the Atheneum roster. Membership in the Mattachine Society of Florida, Inc. (whose address is P. O. Box 301, Miami, Fla. 33101) is restricted to Florida residents, according to Mr. Inman, but anyone may subscribe to its publications. The August VIEWPOINT also reports the dissolution of Florida's homo-baiting Johns Committee and the creation of a State Criminal Law Revision Com-

mittee to rewrite the entire Florida Penal Code along lines recommended by the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code. This would place Florida's sex legislation on a parallel with that in Illinois. Perhaps Florida, which has been the scene of some of U.S.A.'s most sensational "homo-hunts" will be the next State to adopt a civilized legal position in this area of human behavior.

HEADSHRINKING ON WAY OUT?

Maybe so, according to recent evidence from the field of biochemistry. During the past few years, research has been establishing that many kinds of psychosis and neurosis can result from genetic or other physiological causes, and that such conditions yield rapidly to the proper biochemical treatment. Doubtless to the dismay of some psychoanalysts, such treatment is beginning, where applicable, to replace the protracted and costly psychoanalytic methods of Freudian derivation.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN (male)

Paul Price, writing for the LAS VEGAS SUN for 9/10/65, views with combined humor and alarm the gradual eclipse of the rugged he—man of yesteryear. "You must think twice," he says, "about a male who buys wigs, uses rouge, shaves his legs, wears mink coats, and visits the men's section of the ladies' lingerie shop for his underwear. There are now shops in Beverly Hills, New York, and even Chicago that specialize in wigs for men . . . One shop is doing a dandy business in wigs with a short pigtail. It is known as the Fancy Fagola Cut, and mostly comes in blonde." And nowadays it can even happen (if we may slightly paraphrase Mr. Price),

that "a fellow walks up to a checkroom, hands over his check, and the lady passes over a silver fox cape. 'Is this yours, sir?' she asks. 'No, that's my boy-friend's; mine's the chinchilla.'"

"SEX LAWS SOMETIMES SENSELESS"

Dr. Walter Alvarez, Emeritus Consultant for the Mayo Clinic, and for years a highly respected medical columnist for the daily press, has expressed his views on the subject of sex legislation, as quoted in part from one of his columns:—

"Every time I see on a shelf in my library the book, 'Against the Law,' (Messner) by Peter Wildeblood—a fine journalist, who had committed no crime, but was jailed for 18 months because he was a homosexual—I feel that every sensible physician in the land ought to rise up and fight to get legislators to remove from our statute books our ancient, punitive, cruel, and senseless law, the only result of which is to enable an occasional policeman to blackmail some sexually mixed-up man. Curiously, the law does not bear down on women, who can be just as mixed up sexually as are some men. If two somewhat feminine men share an apartment, the police look with disfavor on them, but if two rather mannish women share an apartment, no one complains."

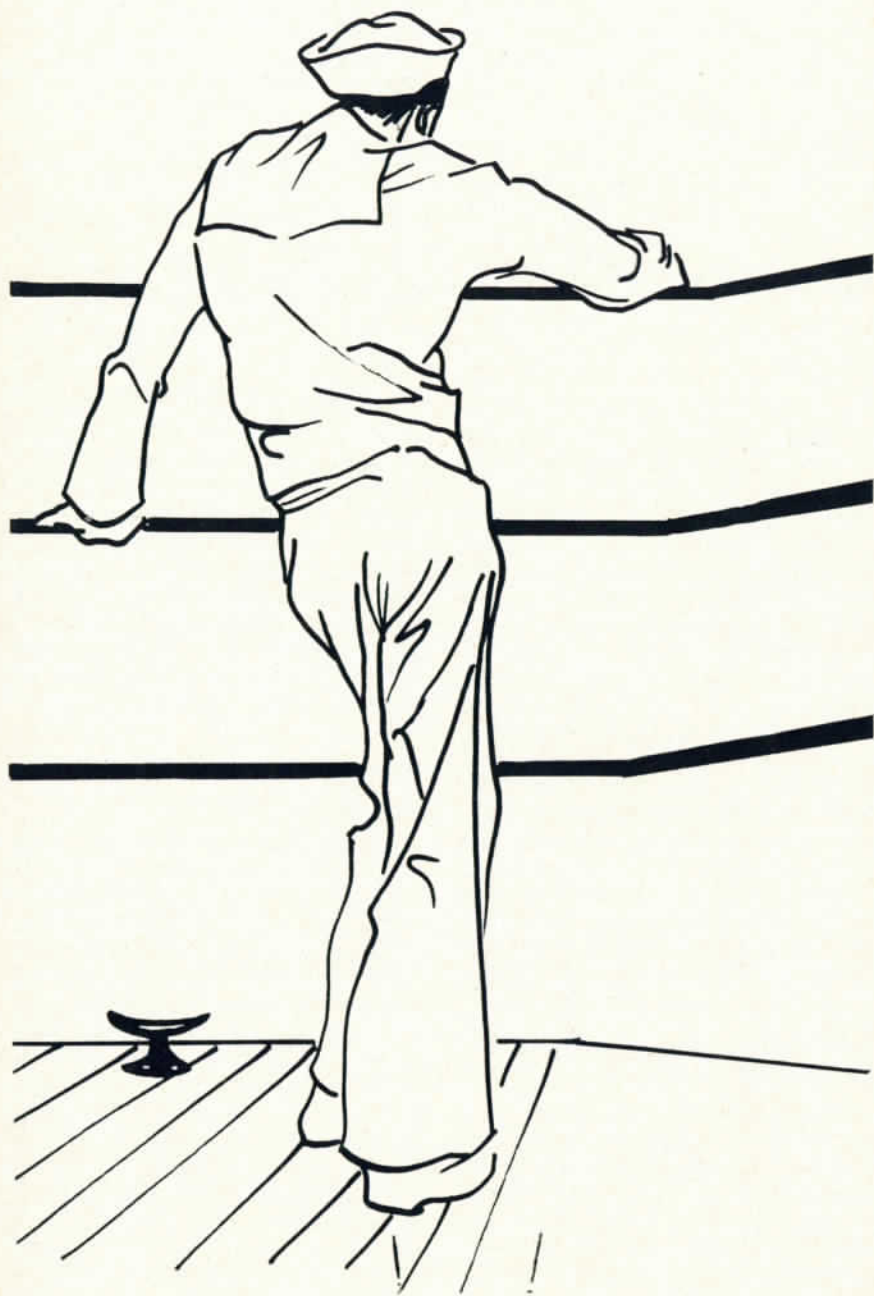
LAW REFORM MOVEMENT GOES INTERNATIONAL

The International Association of Penal Law, meeting at The Hague last year for its 9th Congress, devoted much of its time to redrafting existing penal codes involving sexual behavior, resulting in a series of resolutions summing up the essential results of their deliberations, of which Resolution VI dealt

with homosexuality. As reprinted from Vol. 8, No. 1 of the JOURNAL OF OFFENDER THERAPY, official publication of the Association for Psychiatric Treatment of Offenders, this resolution recommends that:—"The criminal law should prohibit homosexual behavior under the following circumstances—(a) Where force or violence is used to compel homosexual or deviant behavior, (b) Where a minor is involved in homosexual behavior by an adult, (c) Where an individual in a position of trust and confidence abuses his position and involves his ward or the person entrusted to his care in homosexual behavior, (d) Where the homosexual behavior occurs openly or in such a way as to instigate others . . . and (e) where it instigates homosexual proxenetism (pimping). Homosexual behavior, either male or female, between consenting adults which does not violate any of the aforementioned elements should not be prohibited by the criminal law."

FORMER G.I. BARRED FROM ARMY NCO CLUBS

The G.I. referred to is Christine (nee George) Jorgensen, Jr., according to the Long Beach PRESS-TELEGRAM for 9/17/65, based on a dispatch from Frankfurt, Germany, that the U. S. Army's 3rd Armored Division has refused to permit Miss Jorgensen to entertain its enlisted men. A division representative explained that "while the division believes that Miss Jorgensen is perfectly free to pursue a stage career, it was felt not in the best interests of the division to permit her to perform in our clubs." Is it really possible, ONE wonders, that Christine could have as drastic an effect upon the Army as the Army had upon George?



SAILOR

by Harry Otis

I have grown too used
To stand on deck, leaning against railings,
To see behind
The harbour grow small and insignificant
And then turn and look ahead:
Nothing but the empty sky
Curving to meet the bare sea.
Now and then, in between the weighing of anchor
And enjoying boys at ports,
Memory creaks like the taut rigging on a stormy night.
But it passes soon,
And even as the prow heaves thru the raging water
I am filled again with a strange steady content:
Content of a wanderer never to return home.

INTERVIEW with a HUSTLER

by Nathaniel Copley

I am a male hustler. My week begins Monday evening. I have spent the entire day in bed, arising only to prepare a hasty snack in mid- and late afternoon.

Sunday night had been strenuous, but I am young—one must be, in this game—and sixteen hours' rest had renewed me in body and spirit. I, sometimes, ask myself if there is another career which demands so much of its practitioners, and brings so little real reward.

I am a lone wolf. Not since my first weeks in the big city, when I was glad to exchange courtesies for a bed, have I associated with fellow-hustlers. My desire has been, from the first, to acquire a clientele of repeats, which would furnish sufficient income for me to live alone. My standards are not high, yet

they conform to my personality and background, and attaining them gives me more satisfaction than would much money, without the freedom which I crave.

I am a New Englander, a genuine individualist, and I fancy myself, at times, a sort of Henry David Thoreau of hustlers. The main thoroughfares of large cities, and adjoining highways and byways are my Walden Pond. There, I pass long hours, much as the famous naturalist did at Concord, meditating many matters, yet ever alert to the psychic tug which betokens a fish approaching the hook.

My Sunday evening date failed to show up last night. This happens much oftener than we young irresistibles care to admit. There is so much competition, and man is prone to vary his sexual diet. Today he swears fidelity; tomorrow he commits perfidy, with never a thought for the damage to the hustler's ego, or to his always precarious cash balance.

Last night, I met an odd-ball. The prospect, who approached, was completely unknown to me, but I sensed in his mien that which told me he was a brother New Englander. He was young, tall, dark, and comely, and exuded the aura of refinement which generations of inbreeding and sheltered living often impart. Despite an apparent shyness, the hunger that will not be denied spoke eloquently through his limpid, intelligent eyes.

My prospect asked if I had a match, and my affirming nod opened the way to the routine conversation of partners who understand and accept one another. "You look rugged," he said abruptly, and, with an arch smile, "I bet you could give a bad boy a healthy paddling!"

I cited my achievements as a former golden glovesman. "Good. Let's go!" he responded, as he waved to a passing taxi.

Service was slow, and I utilized the waiting period to suggest my pad for the rendezvous, instead of the nearby hotel he had mentioned. I cautioned that noise must be kept to the minimum. There are tenants on both sides of my abbreviated apartment, and although I am sure that they are wise to me—what with my scores going in and out nightly—I wished to give them no opportunity to complain to the house-manager of a suspected disturbance in No. 10.

I make it a practice, when it is possible, to bring my trade to my pad, adding the cost of this substitute hotel room to my charge for services. The arrangement is of dual advantage to me, since it increases my total intake, and obviates the necessity of registering an alias under the critical eye of a sometimes-hostile, sometimes-envious desk-clerk.

"I don't suppose," queried my client, "that there is a drug-store nearby where one might buy a walking-stick?" I reminded him that it was Sunday night, and late. "Have you a hairbrush with a strong, wooden back at your place?" he asked. I had.

We had hardly divested ourselves of our clothes when my client handed me the hairbrush which he took from the top of my dresser, and tested it for strength. "Take me across your knees and let me have it," he said. "Whale me, but good!"

Learned heterosexuals, who attempt descriptions of homosexual relationships, allude to the obstacles which nature has placed in the way of one who seeks physical gratification with those of his own gender. I found that a dilemma greater than any posed by the theoreticians confronted me, as I strove to balance the six-foot, one hundred and ninety pound body across my knees, and administer with force and regularity the fierce blows which his plaintive "harder . . . harder . . ." demanded.

I obliged to the best of my ability, however, handicapped though I was through fear of being overheard and the breathlessness which my exertions with the hairbrush entailed. I was beginning to jade, when my client exclaimed, "Let's rest a bit, boy! Shall we? Let's make the good time last."

As he lay on the floor, with my feet on his chest—he insisted on that—and a pillow under his head, he told me as much about himself as conformed to the image he sought to project. I have learned, long since, to separate the wheat from the chaff; but his story, I must admit, seemed to be more authentic than many I have heard.

He was, he said, a medical doctor who had grown up in New England—a lineal descendant of some of its Puritan founders—and had attended several of that region's best preparatory schools and ivy-league colleges. He had had, also, several years of postgraduate work in Europe, including a year in London with one of Sigmund Freud's last pupils. He was married and the father of two children.

Glancing at his wrist-watch—a birthday present from his wife—my client remarked, "Our respite is over. Shall we resume?" Again, he presented me with the hairbrush—which he had fondled all the time he lay on the floor—and his posterior, now a rich, rosy red.

The second session was much like the first, save that my client now requested verbal abuse conjointly with the physical. "Call me worthless trash," he whimpered. "Call me a yellow-belly son-of-a-bitch. Call me anything, just so long as you debase and degrade me."

Somehow I managed to maintain, in position for maximum punishment, the mass of wriggling, tormented flesh which sprawled across my knees. And I experienced an emotion akin to professional pride when he stammered "Excellent . . . excellent . . ." through taut lips.

As he lay resting, once more, the doctor spoke of the compulsion which forced him to seek release, above and beyond that which copulation with his wife afforded. The ritual he had devised to secure his humiliation he called the "ten-minute-on, ten-minute off" rule. The ten-minute interim of rest gave him the opportunity, he said, to savor to the full his unique experience. "Introspectively and retrospectively," he added, in pure Bostonese.

The doctor had maintained his composure relatively well in view of the grueling thrashing I had already given him. But he pulled out all stops and vibrated with passion when he stretched across my knees for the third and last time.

A glance at my client's tortured buttocks sufficed. Had I continued to gaze, I doubt that I could have gone on with my grim assignment.

"Flog me, mama, flog me!" he cried, again and again. "Spank me, mama, spank me, but hard, hard! I deserve it."

I sensed that the end was at hand, and summoned my last remnant of strength to give my client that which his frenzied pleas demanded. And then, the relaxed, grateful, "Thank you, mama, thank you! You have loved me in the way you showed, long ago, is best."

My client went out into the night, and away, I assume, to his home and family. "I shall sit on hot coals for days," he said in parting, "a stern reminder of a delightful experience."

I went to bed, satisfied that I had acquitted myself well of an onerous duty. I am more than ever convinced that the law of supply and demand prevails as truly in man's sexual sphere as in the market place. There is a buyer, at some price, for every seller.

As for me . . .

a forum for your ideas

The comments below clearly illustrate that not all members of society are intolerant and condemnatory. Tolerance is a two-way street for us all.

TOLERANCE by Paul Menken

There are few males today who would dare stick out their necks and come to the defense of their less fortunate brethren, that great fraternity (or is it sorority) of the homosexual. So I take it upon myself to do just this since I have known and talked with dozens of them and have come to realize that their defense, far from being a fabrication, is all too true.

They *are* driven by an overwhelming compulsive hunger for sex with their own kind, and this force is so powerful that it might be compared with that which causes a stranded traveller in the desert to seek water. No diatribe by the Church, no derision of acceptable society is therefore powerful enough to swerve these unfortunates from their objectives. (Verify this at your favorite psychologist).

They seek out each other in the dimly lighted cocktail lounges, in park rest rooms, in bus terminals; in fact anywhere that a prospect seems at all likely.

The normal male blindly refusing to tolerate his less acceptable brethren turns to scornful names for those thus afflicted and heaps upon them such appellations as "Queer," "Nance," "Pansy" or "Fairy." The homo for his part, not wishing to appear a freak in his own eyes, accepts for himself and his kind only the term of "Gay" since that sounds almost like a Mardi Gras tribute, suggesting the tinkling of cocktail glasses, the bright lights, the good life!

Some of the greatest names in the world of fame were similarly afflicted. When Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky composed "None But the Lonely Heart," was he trying to convey to us that one had to be (like himself) a homo to know the deep devastating loneliness inflicted by life, when those normally created turned their backs on these unfortunates?

We know too today what made Oscar Wilde. This great man of letters, accepted and lionized by Society all too soon was to sprawl alone across a table in a pub, empty save for his single glass of absinthe, because he too had consorted with flunkys and house-boys, way beneath him in social status but satisfactory, no doubt, as partners in taboo sex performances.

Andre Gide made no pretense about his leanings. After all, the French were never a nation to be sexually squeamish.

And the noble Caesar, stabbed in the back. Were his last words an inquiry as to whether or not (like himself), Brutus was "Gay" when he chokingly gasped out, "Et tu (and you), Brutus?" Had he survived a few minutes longer, he might have added the old Army gag, "Are you 1 2?"

Can we also believe that the exquisite purity of the "Pieta" came from the

same chisel which created that masterpiece "David" minus a fig-leaf, and incidently, the favorite statue to be found in the homes of thousands of homosexuals all over the land? Poor overworked David, once admired by that fame, invert with the broken nose, one Michael Angelo, now to be seen in plaster statuary shops world wide.

Leonardo da Vinci was quite "Gay" in the wine taverns of Italy, but this inventor was also a creative genius of the paint brush, viz: "Mona Lisa," "The Last Supper," etc. This great man, sexually inverted though he was, foresaw today's flying machines among his countless other inventions. Thus we can rightly conclude that many homosexuals *do* contribute greatly to the art and culture of this world. Certainly we cannot afford to heap only our disdain upon such illustrious names.

Today, offhand I can think of a late American Secretary of State who belonged to this Legion of Lost Men, a prominent leading pianist, a famed orchestra leader and at least two movie stars whose names in lights draw hordes to the box-office. Yes, last but not least, even a departed King of Sweden fitted into this strange pattern. Creativity and even high places frequently are bed fellows. Oddly enough there are thousands who not only do not have the accepted status of the effeminate, but possess none of the affected mannerisms nor high pitched voices usually associated with homosexuals. That manly appearing fellow walking by you now, pipe in hand, would you not be surprised to learn that he is not hurrying home to his wife, but rather to his less masculine room-mate?

Modern Society erects all sorts of barriers to inhibit normal men in their rightful release from sexual tension. Thus when a quantity of males are thrown together far from the company of the opposite sex, such as in our prisons and penal institutions, homosexuality rears its dark shadow and the graph of inversion soars to new heights.

The world of the theatre and the realm of art accepts the fact that although we may appear the same on the surface, conversely all of us are different to a degree. Marriage and perpetuation of the harrassed human race may not be the answer to everyone's problem.

To turn our backs today to the fact that a third sex does exist, has existed and will continue to exist as long as the human glandular pattern is faulty in many instances, is at best Victorian retrogression. It is an insult to lovely womanhood to insist that homos take a wife. It does not cure them nor correct a situation which they cannot help. All it accomplishes is to cheat a woman of her right to a real man.

How much more intelligent therefore it is to be tolerant of the shortcomings of our neighbors even though they do not think as we, and therefore cannot possibly follow society's more conventional and acceptable pattern?

In writing this I am not seeking encouragement for homosexuals nor am I condoning some of their deplorable activities which would stench if set out in the glaring light of day. What I do claim is, they are **HERE!**

The normal too make mistakes. Our papers are daily full of wife-stealing, husband-snatching cases followed by endless rounds of divorce suits, broken homes, confused little innocent children shunted from one parent to the other. None of us are paragons of virtue.

Let us therefore live and let live! It's a big world . . . there is lots of room, and if we believe in a Supreme Being . . . the welcome mat is out for all of us!

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Dear ONE:

Probably someone like myself, who has spent his whole business and professional life in dealing with organizations and public affairs, has a greater understanding of what you have been able to accomplish just by being able to enter into your fourteenth year as an organization than might some other of your Members.

Although somewhat new as a Member I can read between the lines and well imagine what it has meant in persistence, courage, sheer determination and ingenuity. These qualities are needed in any organization but how much more so in our own crowd!

When I was in your office not long ago I was struck by the fact that even though your quarters are spacious and airy their appearance could stand improvement—I don't know exactly what but surely some of your talented local Members could come up with some good ideas.

So, as my way of saying Happy Birthday to our "teen-age ONE" I enclose my check for \$500.00 to be used for dressing up your headquarters.

Mr. S.
Detroit, Michigan

Sirs:

Under separate cover I am sending you my complete Gay Library. It will be quite a few boxes. By adding to "our" Library many more people can now use them. I believe my collection is pretty complete of most modern and semi-modern Gay Literature up to about a year when the avalanche of books made this impractical. Even in my sixteen room house space was not readily available for all of them.

I also enclose a check for \$100.00 and wish I could send more. I glory in your work and wish I were living nearer so that I could help more.

Dr. K
....., Wisconsin

EDITOR'S NOTE: This splendid gift of nearly three hundred volumes to the Blanche M.

Baker Library has greatly enriched its resources, notably in fiction, and represents a most tastefully catholic selectivity. The Corporation's deep thanks have been expressed to this far-away Member. It is **Friends of ONE** (Members) such as Dr. K., who demonstrate for us all what Membership means.

Dear Teen-age ONE:

So you are just turning fourteen? Many happy returns and here is a small check to help you celebrate. I am sure I don't have to warn such a teen-ager as yourself that, for most of the time, discretion is the better part of valor, as the old saying goes. But you already have shown me that you have a wisdom beyond your years. On the other hand, don't get too stuffy either. Some teen-agers are pretty solemn and get overly intense about things. I see them on TV, sitting-in and sitting-out and taking themselves awfully seriously.

Be foolish once and a while, just plain youthful and in good spirits. It won't hurt you a bit—never hurt me when I was fourteen. And that was one hell of a long time ago—sigh (as they say in "Peanuts").

Mr. G.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

READERS ON WRITERS

Dear Alan Scott:

I liked your poignant story "A Broken Bow" (Magazine, September '65). It is a moving account of a little boy, yet not sentimental; it is realistic, but not quite without hope.

Mr. L.
Columbia, Missouri

Dear ONE:

In a note from that "otherone" which came not long ago I noted a sentence referring to their efforts: "for the first time a mature and literate journal reflecting the homosexual point of view appeared." (Sic!) After reading the September ONE Magazine, in particular the completely pertinent major review by R. H. Crowther of the book "Sexual Inversion" and the most moving homophile story-with-substance that I perhaps

have ever read—"A Broken Bow" by Alan Scott—I am so indebted to know that we—ONE—does exist as the mature and literate expression of our point of view.

Brian Jennings, Pianist
Berkeley, California

Dear ONE:

The August-September ONE Confidential-Catalog of the Institute of Homophile Studies is very fine. The new "competing" organizations will have to go some to equal that record and I don't think they will. I am sorry I can get out so seldom these days and down to see you people at the headquarters. Am inclosing the review of **How Many More Victims?** by Gladys Denny Shultz.

Thomas M. Merrit, Ph.D.
North Hollywood, California

Dear sirs:

The Articles in the QUARTERLY are excellent. Some in ONE Magazine are interesting. Some are just plain putrid. With all the fantastic so called "variant literature" in the world, of the past and the present, I really think it would be possible for the Magazine to do better on that score.

If you aim to gain public sympathy and cooperation I don't feel it can be done with such stories as "Valse Triste" by Bob Waltrip (April, 1965). Oh I don't mean the four-letter words! Not so much as the generally low literary value. I'd rather read Michangelo's sonnets to Tommaso again and again, or Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Interim," or the modern equivalent.

The Magazine should provide a perfect outlet for good writers of variant fiction. Also I think it is very important to uplift the thoughts of your followers and to help them raise their standards. Is that not one of the objects of ONE? Some of the articles have been on the "street corner" level. Too much so.

Most homosexual men and women are intelligent and I assume it is the intelligent ones you are aiming at! You've got a great thing going at ONE, but it is such a touchy thing that its success or failure has to rest on how it is handled. And I really don't think that wallowing in a lot of mushy stories can do that trick.

I am glad for ONE only if it can uplift, and I say that because I feel that homosexuality is not an unnatural thing at all, and should not be treated as such. But it stands to reason that the public feels the way it does owing to the fact that our mores and opinions are based on situations which no longer exist, and also because certain homosexuals, to top it off, behave rather badly, both men and women.

Miss C.
Santa Barbara, California

FROM OVERSEAS

Dear Gentlemen:

I greatly respect and consider your lovely gorgeous Magazine, but I am a lesbian female and your lovely Magazine confined to pederasty for males only. My husband is an effeminate passive homosexual and I am a dominant aggressive active woman and both are bisexual. We act freedom uninhibitedly as my husband and myself exchange sexual mates.

We are of high social level and our experiences and freedom shocks the society and we keep it very secrete and latent and we see friends of our type especially in London and Bombay as we regularly visit on my husband's business trips.

Therefore we seek combined homo society free and uncensored and not to be phony and fictitious. Therefore I will be greatly thankful if you introduce me to free uninhibited shameless sex-clubs anywhere and also if you show where I get uncensored naked lesbian publishers by ladies broad-minded anywhere.

Mrs. C.
Beirut, Lebanon

Dear ONE:

I was very glad to receive your letter of September 1. As soon as we arrive to visit the States we will let you know. We are following your advice to also visit Chicago. Boston is something we have to decide when we already are in America. We are leaving here on the 1st and will arrive in San Francisco, where I will contact the Mattachine Society, the end of the month.

Mr. V.
Djakarta, Indonesia

Monsieur le Directeur

Desireux de considerer sous eclairage le plus complete possible le probleme que vous traitez, et qui se pose evidemment maintes fois a notre association, j'ai lu avec grand interet les nombreux exemplaires recus de la Revue francaise "Arcadie."

Dans le meme esprit, je serais tres heureux si vous pouviez nous adresser differents numeros deja parus de votre publication—et meme si possible, par la suite, nous inscrire sur la liste de son Service de presse et de documentation.

Veuillez agreer, Monsieur le Directeur, avec nos remerciements anticipes, l'expression de ma consideration la plus distinguee.

Monsieur J. Le President:
Paris, France