

tude could come to immediate fruition. But this is unlikely; prejudice dies slowly — even mine against the institutions of religion. But the Council's forthright proposal represents a first, tentative step toward the reconciliation of homophiles with their religion. Indeed, a candle has been lit, rather than the darkness cursed. I salute the courageous ministers who demonstrated ample temerity in confronting the police.

October seems to be a month chocked with good news. The word that the rump "ONE" has desisted in its misrepresentations can only be greeted with a sigh of relief. The news that ONE enters its fourteenth year can only be greeted with applause and the enclosed birthday present. I love you all.

Mr. F.
Arlington, Va.

Dear Friends:

Enclosed are more clippings of possible interest. The series on sex education does not deal with anything other than "normal" sex to any great degree; but it certainly points up the backwardness and slowness of responsible persons, even in this enlightened time, in taking steps toward proper sex education. Perhaps, with the straights so slow to provide for their children in this field, the homosexuals are not comparably far behind the times! The October magazine was good as usual; but I think you'd do better to run more short items, instead of a few rather lengthy ones, as has been the tendency lately. I realize, though, that there is probably a shortage of material of just the right length. I should like to help, but fear that excerpts from my latest, "Glass-

ware of the Early Renaissance Period," would not be a great asset to the Magazine!

Mr. W.
Oak Park, Illinois

Dear Mr. Legg:

Thank you so much for your letter, referring me to someone for assistance with my difficulties on religious questions. I've been corresponding with one of these fine men, and it would be impossible for me to exaggerate the great help he has been. I can now, so much better, accept myself and be at peace.

All this through your help. ONE is a blessing to mankind. I am so grateful to all of you. Keep it up.

Also, I am very pleased with the October issue of ONE. This work on Religion and the Homophile is a great step. Blessings for a strong and steady growth.

Mr. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Conger:

Re: the enclosed clipping, I thought you and the staff of ONE would be interested in this account of the "reign of terror" that is about to be perpetrated on homosexuals in this town. I am quite sure the reference to "sodomy" no doubt involves those of us who are of a "certain" sexual inclination.

If only we could engage legal council to work to get the law on homosexuality changed by the Supreme Court (as they have changed other laws), perhaps we could live in peace! I, for one, would be happy to make substantial contributions toward this end.

Mr. L.
----, Georgia

one
magazine

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DECEMBER 1965
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

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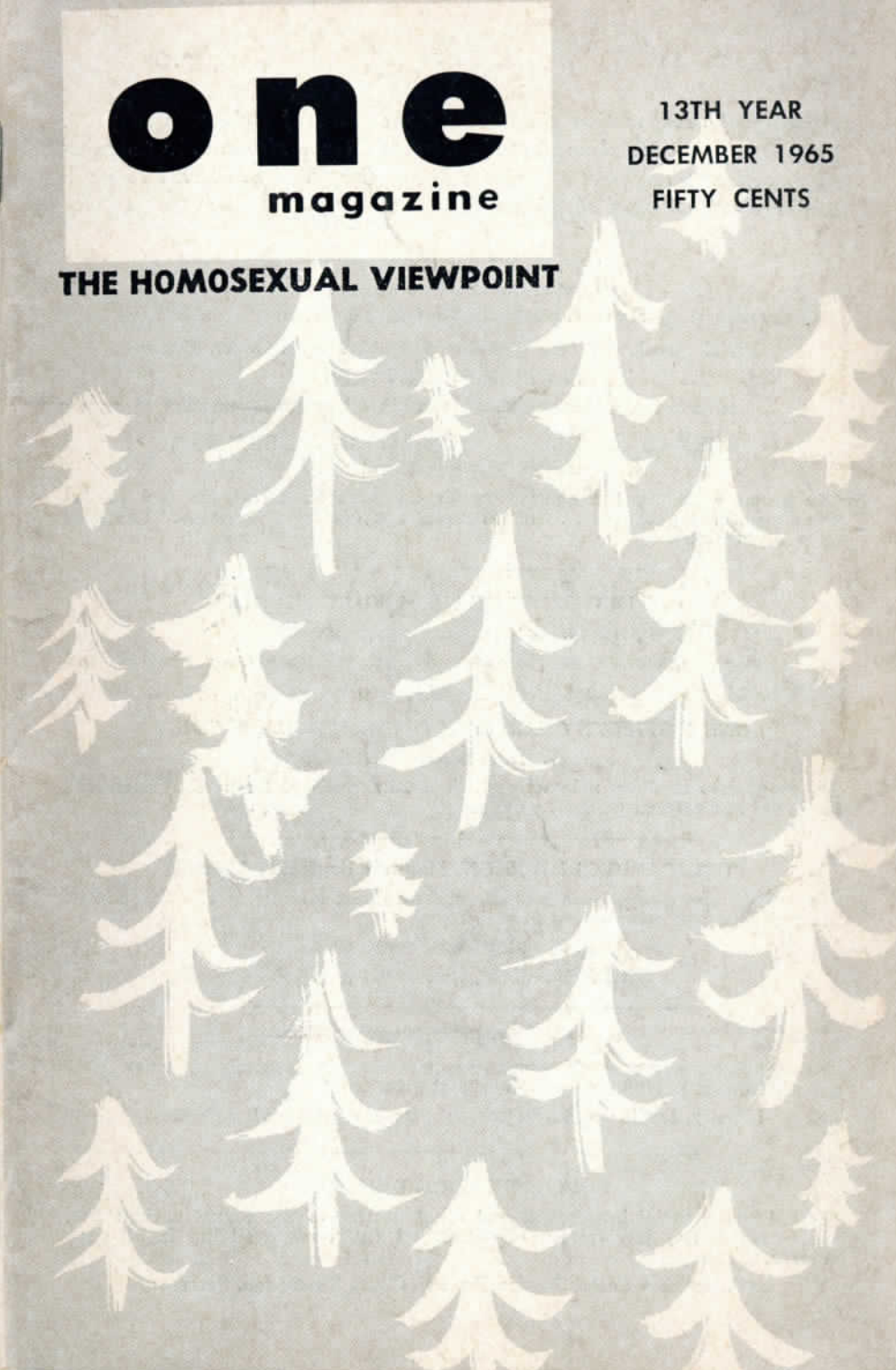
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ONE, INCORPORATED
2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90006



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

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

W. Dorr Legg, Chairman
Lewis Bonham, Vice Chairman
Monwell Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer

Official Newsletter: *ONE CONFIDENTIAL* Marvin Cutler, Editor
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Advertising • Business & Accounting • House • Promotion

BUREAU OF PUBLIC INFORMATION & LECTURES,
Robert Gregory, Secretary

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

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

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

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

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Bookservice • Social Service Council, Chuck Thompson, Secretary



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

Carlyle

magazine

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

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EDITORIAL

The following paragraphs are adapted from an Editorial I wrote some time ago in ONE Magazine which seem as pertinent now as they were then. While having little of Christmas cheer, might they not be read as expressing the hope for more Christian charity than usually comes out from officialdom?

Many minority groups have found themselves compelled to wage their battle on several fronts, internally as well as externally. Homosexuals have been no exception to this rule. ONE exists as a public service organization working in the interests of homosexual men and women and uses various methods for doing so, i.e., monthly and quarterly publications, lectures, classes, social service activities, etc.

These might be said to serve as positive forces in educating the homosexual himself and the general public, but are of themselves not sufficient to do the job. Another activity equally needed is the negative one of countering the misinformation and outright lies continually being foisted upon the public via radio, tv, books and the daily press concerning homosexuals and homosexuality.

ONE has maintained just such a department for many years, its Bureau of Public Information. This Bureau has sent hundreds of corrective letters and much printed material over the years to mayors, judges, police officials, psychiatrists, university administrations, newspapers, magazines, writers—anyone who has made false or abusive statements in print and over the air. On a number of occasions these corrective letters have mercilessly exposed the public irresponsibility of such persons and brought about at least some improvement in their behavior.

The time seems ripe for pressing such charges as libel and slander, now that courts seem to be particularly active in this direction. Where such charges may most effectively and strategically be pressed is a question to be determined by the particular circumstances, but pressed they will and must be one day soon.

Homosexual American men and women are citizens and taxpayers. There is no reason either in law or in morality for their sitting idly by while their hirelings—in the police, Army, Navy, or other civil service

sanctuaries—disgorge slanderous and libellous offal upon the homosexual who helps to pay their salaries. Nor is there any reason in law or morality why homosexual American citizens should sit idly by and permit their elected officials, judges, congressmen or others to ventilate twisted prejudices upon the public while hiding behind the cloak of official privilege.

The simple legal fact is that homosexuals are neither criminals, undesirables or perverts by reason of being homosexual. No court ever has or can prove such a charge. The legislature of Illinois is the first in the United States to recognize this simple constitutional principle and to acknowledge the moral standards placed upon the states by the prestigious American Law Institute which recommends putting homosexual acts between consenting adults on precisely the same legal footing as heterosexual acts between consenting adults.

By so doing Illinois has placed the legislatures and the courts of all other states in the unenviable position of supporting law which is both unconstitutional and immoral. Upon such sound legal premises notice is served upon public figures and especially the press, to mind its language or to risk action for slander or libel. Citizens and taxpayers have no obligation to endure silently the smears upon their characters and status which have for so long been considered the perfect right of every blatant attention-seeker, confident that no homosexual would ever dare strike back. Civil rights are not Christmas presents someone *gives* you. They are ours by natural inheritance.

It is unfortunate that human nature is such that rights must not only be demanded but taken forcefully, in so many instances. This is exactly what homosexuals are prepared to do these days and will continue to do with increasing insistence in all cases of published falsehood or other irresponsible behavior directed against themselves. And this is our holiday message.

Richard Conger, Editor
(Reprinted from ONE Magazine,
November, 1963)

ANNOUNCING THE MIDWINTER INSTITUTE SESSIONS

The Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

To be held in Los Angeles January 28-30, 1966. Three days of highest quality speakers, panels, round-tables (and some lighter fare) presented by America's oldest and largest homophile organization. Plan to come to California for this outstanding event—get away from winter for a few days. Announcements of further details available later.

ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT

"a candid year-end look at the national scene . . .
the investigations of one observer and no apologies
offered if feelings get hurt . . ."

DOES THE WEST LEAD US ALL? AN INQUIRY

by Sidney Rothman

There is no one, single or married, mother, father or child who can afford not to be interested in what is going on in the Homophile Movement these days. For this Movement is part of a minority group so large that hardly any family is without its homophile contacts nor can any business or governmental agency fancy itself to be exempt.

During the past forty years the Homophile Movement has gradually come into being, to devote itself to the problems and general situation of those in this country having homosexual inclinations. The actions and attitudes of this Movement must therefore necessarily touch upon public interest as well as the lives of those millions of men and women who comprise the homophile minority itself.

This article, representing the investigations of one observer, is offered at the year-end as an honest appraisal of the American Homophile Movement today. If some of its statements and conclusions should be bitterly resented or hotly debated no apologies are offered.

In preparation several persons able to supply information have been consulted. Also examined, primarily in the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library, have been bound volumes of *Mattachine Review*, *The Ladder*, *ONE Magazine* and *ONE Institute Quarterly*. Particularly helpful has been the book *Homosexuals Today*, 1956, published by ONE, Incorporated.

Other information sources have been *Mattachine Newsletters* (from numer-

ous areas and years), *Daughters of Bilitis Newsletters*, *ONE Confidential*, *Interim*, *Vector*, *League for Social Understanding Newsletters*, *Demophil Newsletters*, *Janus Society Newsletters*, *Drum*, *Dionysus Newsletters*, and a number of miscellaneous publications.

The earliest homophile organization reported as being documented lasted only briefly during 1925 in Chicago. The fully documented story of the Homophile Movement begins in Los Angeles in 1947-48 with the little lesbian magazine, *Vice Versa*, which was privately circulated. It contained very much the same assortment of articles, stories, poetry, news items, book reviews and letters found in most of the homophile press today. In that sense *Vice Versa* was the "Vineland Map" of the American Homophile Movement.

Even more original perhaps was the unique organization, The Knights of the Clock, a non-profit California corporation founded in Los Angeles about the time that *Vice Versa* ceased publication. Its originality lay in its avowed intention to enroll men and women alike and their parents and other relatives on an interracial basis.

Its meetings and large social gatherings appear not to have been matched in attendance until this present year by a few social events staged in San Francisco as the joint effort of several homophile organizations in that city. The Knights continued for three or four years but eventually found themselves overshadowed by another Los Angeles development.

IT STARTED IN L. A.

This was the *Mattachine Society* which, with its *Curia*, The *Mattachine Foundation*, came into being in Los Angeles late in 1949 with a membership of five. Between then and 1953 its growth was so meteoric that to date no other homophile organization has

even begun to match it. Records show that there were a total of twenty-seven regional *Mattachine* centers in California. Within four short years, or slightly less, these had conducted more than five hundred public Discussion Group meetings with a cumulative attendance in excess of ten thousand men and women. In addition there had been conferences, seminars, picnics, hikes, dances, benefit sales and officially sponsored committee meetings in the hundreds for which attendance records apparently were not kept.

By the spring of 1953 this "homophile explosion" appears to have gotten out of hand. Contention reached such a pitch that the original *Mattachine Society* (and *Foundation*) dissolved. The name and assets were then handed over to the present *Mattachine Society, Incorporated*. In 1957 this body moved its headquarters from Los Angeles to San Francisco, where it is still located. Within a few years *Society* expansion had extended to Chicago, Boston, Denver, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

A COUP ATTEMPTED

Not long after the troubles which forced the dissolution of the early *Mattachine Society*, internal struggles plagued another part of the Homophile Movement in this country, breaking forth within the ranks of *ONE, Incorporated*. This organization had been formed, also in Los Angeles, in 1952. By midsummer of 1954 its Members felt emboldened to "invade" New York and sent one of the Editors of *ONE Magazine* there to conduct a meeting of persons who wished to hear about *ONE's* accomplishments and plans.

Nearly two hundred people were at the meeting called together by *ONE*. It was later discovered that a number of well-to-do New Yorkers had invited the young Los Angelean to move to New York and edit *ONE Magazine*

there with financial backing which they would provide. Apparently when the people at ONE learned of this their action was swift, even brutal. In so doing they showed themselves to be considerably tougher and rougher than the Mattachine people had been in their own crisis. The attempted coup was foiled and so New York was still without any organized homophile activities.

ONE "MAKES LAW"

The coup experience may have helped the people at ONE to cope with the next challenge which soon confronted them, and this time it was the U. S. Government. The Los Angeles Postmaster had seized and held an issue of ONE Magazine late in 1954, alleging it to be obscene. ONE's suit against him, and so against the entire U. S. Postal Service, took four years to move on up to the U. S. Supreme Court. There they won a unanimous decision in their favor that is now a legal classic. For the first time in this country homosexuality could be freely discussed in print. It was a Homophile Organization which had forced the issue and established a precedent.

Today the Homophile Press is talking quite a bit about picketing by homophiles in front of the White House, the United Nations and Independence Hall. The reports seem to imply that this struck some great blow for homophile freedom, and there is much mention of how the pickets dressed themselves. We are told less about their specific accomplishments than about those white shirts and ties. It might be wondered if these enthusiasts are aware that a U. S. Supreme Court decision creates "case law" which is binding upon the Courts of all the States. It is as if all of the legislatures had in that particular matter acted favorably. ONE had *therefore* made law which now gave the Homophile Movement legal stature in the courts.

WHO IS LEGITIMATE?

Back to Mattachine problems again, these seem to have continued without much letup. If we put aside all effort to cover up the difficulty, one is hard put to interpret it as other than a continuing tussle between the head office in San Francisco and the growing New York Area Council as to who was boss. The situation in 1961 became so intolerable that the Society's officers voted to end their effort to maintain their far-flung Area Councils. These were told of the decision and invited to choose new names for themselves, if they should wish to continue their activities further.

All except New York were prompt in complying. The Boston Demophils are still active and the Philadelphia Janus Society now issues the fledgling magazine *Drum*. Although an honorable minority of the New York membership protested the action, a bold declaration was issued that "We shall continue to be called the Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York." Afterward similar groups were formed in Washington and Philadelphia.

Depending on who is telling it: (1) The East Coast groups had a perfect right to keep the name Mattachine and San Francisco had no right to order otherwise; (2) these "separated brethren" may in time recognize their mistake and return to the fold, a view sometimes heard from those who try to pour oil on troubled waters; (3) there is but one legitimate Mattachine Society (having authorized affiliates in Chicago and Miami) and its offices are in San Francisco. No other "exists."

This latter is the quixotic position officially taken by the ONE people. While it seems to be a morally defensible attitude it unavoidably results in the same sort of problems the United Nations confronts with Red China or other *de facto* situations.

No immediate solution of the Mat-

tachine legitimacy seems likely. Meanwhile, however, little respect can be had from observant people for careless references to supposedly remarkable ECHO accomplishments. We do well to remember that there is no clear evidence that the recent ECHO New York meeting was any better attended or had any better program than certain of the Mattachine Conventions in San Francisco or Denver or the ONE Midwinter Institutes held in Los Angeles. Further, they both began doing these things and doing them well ten years ago.

FACING SOME FACTS

Still more awkward truths face us in reporting the publishing story, for again, unquestionably the oldest American homophile publication is ONE Magazine, published continuously in Los Angeles since 1953. Next oldest is the *Mattachine Review* issued in San Francisco since 1955. With the addition of *The Ladder*, also from San Francisco and *ONE Institute Quarterly* from Los Angeles we complete the roster of homophile publications, old enough to have proven their mettle, which could by any courtesy be termed magazines. Many of these are copyrighted and available in the Library of Congress for the whole world to examine and evaluate. Many of them have for years been found in university and public libraries across the U.S.

Would anyone seriously contend that *Drum*, the several weak little newsletters, the various leaflets, the bar-counter scandal sheets, the semi-literate *Citizen News*, stand for a press by which the Homophile Movement would care to be judged?

The embarrassments deepen as one visits Homophile Movement "headquarters" around the country. What of the dingy little "Mattachine offices" on Broadway in New York, not regularly staffed, often not open even at the announced evening hours? What of the

residential basement boasted in San Francisco by SIR, currently clamoring for center stage in that city? Have you ever tried to visit a Daughters of Bilitis "headquarters," anywhere at just about any hour?

Where, then, may we look for the Homophile Movement and actually find it? In San Francisco, for instance, the Mattachine Society has maintained for more than a decade attractive downtown offices there, open to the public during regular business hours like any other reputable outfit, and staffed by fulltime personnel. Or in Los Angeles, where ONE occupies the entire second floor in a building close to the downtown area. With more than three thousand square feet of space they have ample offices, a library, reception room and generous assembly hall for their meetings. Since 1954 their fulltime, trained staff has varied from two to four persons, they report.

Can we successfully argue in the face of the publishing evidence, the regular staffs and the public offices—to say nothing of the many other things they do—that there are more than two homophile organizations in this country which take their work seriously enough to at least strive to place themselves in the main stream of American life and to act the part?

In all honesty how many other organizations than the above two can hope to claim that they attempt to think and act on a nation-wide basis? ECHO (how unfortunate a choice of name!) appears to take pride in its insularity and limited scope — East Coast Homophile Organizations, they call themselves. Is this the route to an American Homophile Movement?

EVENTS DURING 1965

To bring our observations up-to-date some 1965 developments need brief coverage. Despite gossip to the contrary the Mattachine Society offices in

San Francisco are busy, fulltime. One cannot fail to observe, however, their recent tendency to focus attention within their own Bay Area, letting national interests take second place. Whether by intention or otherwise there is the distinct danger that national status may slip through their fingers if such an emphasis continues.

At ONE during 1965 there has been rather noisily what has variously been termed a power struggle, a bitch fight, or a bold stroke for freedom. Reports are that some of those who engineered the so-called "move of ONE's offices" call it a mutiny. In any case, ONE has chosen to fight it out in the courts. Some think this shows courageous determination to prove publicly that homophiles, like anyone else, must obey the laws. Others find this public disturbance offensive, evidence of bad judgment in how such matters should be handled.

Whether ONE's stance in this matter gains for the Homophile Movement another legal landmark, as did their U. S. Supreme Court case, or whether it merely antagonizes many homophiles and confirms the public in its prejudices about homosexuals remains to be seen. Still another possibility is that a Pyrrhic victory for ONE's Members might give them a moral victory but leave the victors simply exhausted.

If reports coming to us from the "loyalists" on Venice Boulevard are true they have so far been winning the points in Court, and the mutineers have been losing. One thing we all can verify is that the rebels no longer use the name of ONE and that might seem to pretty well hint at "the shape of things to come."

UNPLEASANT TRUTHS

In conclusion, what has this article tried to do? Merely to be unpleasant?

To upgrade some organizations and downgrade others? Hardly! Its purpose has been to present a realistic appraisal based upon such evidence as it has been possible to acquire, hoping that all of us may give this American Homophile Movement some serious second-thoughts.

Are we afraid of facts? If so, could it have been we were previously believing in fables? Have we on the East Coast enough social maturity to digest the unpleasant truth that the Western organizations are years ahead of us in their accomplishments? If we take such a discovery rightly, we just might settle down to doing some better work and waste less time on big talk.

The only thing that will really impress anyone, homophile or other, is what we do and how well we do it. The Homophile Movement still is a very awkward, clumsy social effort, struggling to find its way, but the time those in Los Angeles had back in 1947 to search out answers has by now been used up. Radio, TV and the public press now take note of some phase of the Homophile Movement nearly every week. It falls upon us to have some answers these days and they better be good. To find these answers is the task lying before the Homophile Movement today—or else!

It is my considered judgment that we shall get on with the job in the best way by cutting out petty bickerings, by giving honor where honor rightly is due and, if necessary, by working each in our own ways should working together be found overly wasteful of time and emotion. The Homophile Movement is here to stay; that is for sure. But how fast it moves and how well it does is something which the eye of history will coldly record without fear or favor, and then set down in the pages of books we none of us will write or be here to read. The verdict depends upon us.

Secret Places

We meet in secret places.
By a look, a glance, I know you;
Yet, caution born of fear
Provokes probing simple sentences
Of trivialities, until I know.
Within your secrecy, you, as I in mine,
Question, wonder, wait
Until the brazen secret blazes.
Behind closed doors,
We touch and yield in fear.
Body bared to body,
Soul to soul in secret darkness,
Trembling in terror
At the surprise of squeaking boards.
Whispering farewell, we depart singly,
Each to familiar emptiness.
I will watch for you in secret places.
By chance we may meet,
Perhaps sharing again in secrecy,
And parting to deepened emptiness.
In time, in candidness,
There could be love.
But they say no.

by Pablo

Someone Seen and Known

One alone
In a dull-filled scene—then
Warm kenning eyes meet mine
Through the refracted chaos
Of a street-filled noon—there
Mid that stranger's emptywheres
I am a someone seen
And known
By another one as me

by Anela



ALONG THE WAY

by Roger Summers

The barracks were dark and their inhabitants were asleep by now. Moonbeams glistened off the wire fence before him as the moon danced from cloud to cloud. Ronnie grasped the fence with both hands and leaned his head against its cold metal, the only barrier between the outside and this sadistic world in which he found himself trapped.

How long had he stood there? Five minutes? Ten? He was cold as the cool night air nipped through his T-shirt.

A plane flew overhead somewhere in the darkness and Ronnie began to climb the fence.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" A voice shot through the stillness.

Startled, Ronnie jumped to the ground and whirled around.

It was one of the other recruits, assigned to guard duty around the barracks. How he managed to get so close behind him, Ronnie's numb brain was unable to answer.

"Going over the hill, huh?" His voice boomed; yet, actually uttered only slightly above a whisper. "What's-a-matter? Can't take it?"

"Ya wanna run home and cry to your mommy?" He continued sarcastically. "Are they asking you too much, to have you stand on your own two feet?"

Was this the boy in front of him talking or was this still the voice within him that Ronnie kept hearing as he stood before the fence. These were the words he had been trying to keep trapped, unacknowledged, within his mind, trying desperately to understand them and trying just as desperately not to face them.

"You have to take that step sometime." The sentry reasoned, each word slapping Ronnie in the face. "You have to cross the threshold into manhood alone."

Were these the words he had been so afraid to hear? These were things Ronnie knew.

"Thousands like you have passed through here. They could take it. How different were they from you?" This was not the sentry talking now. This

was that voice within him, prompted on by the words of this man who stood before him.

"Courage!" The sentry said, as though he too could hear the voice Ronnie was hearing and nudge him along. "The will to do it, not for anyone's satisfaction but your own. To do it because you know you can, to prove it to yourself, not to others."

He looked at Ronnie, his words firm and final.

Ronnie stood before his hut; he didn't remember walking there, but there he was. The sentry stood watching him; then he turned and walked away, the rifle on his shoulder.

Ronnie entered the hut.

The next morning, Ronnie remembered why he had tried to run away. This was the day of the TEST. The DI's words were still crystal clear in his mind, burned in like a brand upon a calf's hide.

". . . Anyone not passing this fitness test will wish he'd never been born." These were no idle words.

The tests weren't as difficult as Ronnie had expected, but the anxiety and fear seemed to drain him of that extra strength he needed. The last exercise would decide. Sit-ups. He had to do twenty-five to pass. That panic feeling began to return to him.

One—two—three—four—five. He wasn't going to make it, he just knew it. Eleven—twelve—thirteen. His stomach muscles pulled tighter, unconditioned and straining. Fifteen—sixteen . . . He scanned the faces around him. Searching for what? Help? Sympathy? He was alone. Never had he felt so alone before. No one to rely on. No one to help him.

Ronnie saw the sentry. He was standing outside the ropes of the testing area, watching Ronnie as he had the night before. Ronnie had imagined him as being several years older than himself. But, now, in the sunlight, he could see that he was young. It was his self-confidence which gave him his air of age and maturity.

"I can do it!" Ronnie said to himself, looking at the smug face watching him. "I'll show him I can do it."

Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two. He caught a second wind, it was easier now. Twenty-six—twenty-seven—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty. His body collapsed in exhaustion and Ronnie lay looking up at the blue sky overhead.

He passed the test.

The following days and nights were full ones, they helped the time to pass swiftly and unnoticed. Ronnie hadn't seen the boy again until the day he was to begin Rifle Training.

He was leaving the head when someone in a tropical uniform stepped before him. Ronnie froze. He noticed the stripe and mechanically snapped: "By your leave, sir." Then he glanced up at his face and recognized him.

"Congratulations! You're growing up," he said, a slight smile in his eyes. "I've been watching you. You're doing O. K.!" They looked at each other in silence for a moment. "I graduated today and I'll be leaving tomorrow. Good luck!" He offered his hand.

Ronnie took it. It was a strong, firm grasp. In it, he could feel the throbbing energy which flowed within the trim figure before him.

He was the man on the recruiting poster. The image everyone formed when they thought of a Marine.

He turned to go.

"Wait!" Ronnie caught himself saying, then stammered. "I . . . What's your name?"

He smiled. "Falk . . . PFC Howard Falk."

"I'm Ronnie Edwards."

The weeks moved swiftly. Ronnie thought often of that feeling he experienced when he shook Howard's hand; the feeling of strength and confidence.

Several weeks later Ronnie arrived at Camp Pendleton. And a few days later he tracked down Howard Falk.

Ronnie found him one afternoon in the mess hall and sat down across from him.

"Hello!" He said, folding his arms before him on the table.

Howard looked up. Without a flicker of surprise, he allowed his lips to form a smile and he replied: "Hello, Marine."

They met often after that. Howard loved to go climbing around the hills on the base every chance they had, and Ronnie enjoyed being with him, sometimes like a younger brother and other times as an equal. He felt good whenever he could beat Howard in any feat. But, it was difficult, because Howard did everything so well.

Howard finished training and was assigned to the 3rd Marine division based on the camp and they continued spending their weekends together.

Ronnie taught him tennis and Howard soon bested him at every game, as he did at pool, bowling, shooting and even climbing mountains.

After Ronnie finished training, he was assigned to Hawaii. He and Ronnie then took their two week leave.

Howard rented a small place on the beach in Laguna. By the second day Ronnie noticed that something was disturbing Howard, and that evening when they returned home from dinner in town, he asked what it was that was troubling him.

"It looks as though you're not the only one who's going to travel," he said lightly, walking into the living-room and turning on the lamp. "I'm being transferred to Viet Nam."

Ronnie stood dumbfounded. His mouth dropped open. He felt helpless, and that dreaded loneliness began to creep into his consciousness.

Howard saw this in Ronnie's eyes. He reached out and grabbed Ronnie's chin, drew Ronnie's face to his and covered his mouth with his own.

Ronnie swept his arms around him and pressed his body against Howard's. Locked in each other's embrace they could feel the beating of each other's heart. Ronnie's pulse raced as he pressed his lips tighter and tighter against Howard's, sliding his tongue across Howard's teeth and lashing into his mouth.

An hour later, they lay on the couch, still locked in each others arms. Ronnie knew every detail of Howard's mouth, his tongue feeling as if it belonged there.

Grasping Ronnie's head between his hands, Howard raised his face just above his own.

"Let's go to bed!" He whispered softly.

The rhythm of the surf paced the beating of his heart, as the morning's

first rays of light crept across his body. Howard lay with Ronnie's head upon his chest, running his fingers through Ronnie's blond hair. He lay this way for almost an hour, then Ronnie rolled from his chest.

Howard got up and lit a cigarette. Standing by the window, he watched the relentless surf pound upon the shore. He looked back at Ronnie. He was sprawled across the bed, sleeping with a countenance of complete peace. His bronzed body glistened as the early morning light skimmed across his fine network of blond hair. His lips pouting every now and then gave testimony to some dream.

Howard was on his second cigarette when Ronnie's blue eyes sleepily focused upon him.

Remembering the evening before, the corners of his lips curled into a smile. He watched Howard standing at the window with the ecstatic feeling of a King looking over his most prized possession. Howard was his possession. He felt he owned every corpuscle flowing through his slender figure, every wavy hair on his head.

Howard looked around. He read in Ronnie's glance what he was thinking. His eyes smiled in agreement.

"Yes, this body is yours!" He confirmed. "Every inch?" Turning, he put out his cigarette. Howard sat beside him on the bed, and lightly caressed Ronnie's chest and shoulders. Then, bending over, he kissed the two lips glistening above the soft blond stubble of his beard.

The room was still dark. Small flames danced across a few logs in the fireplace, casting exotic shadows along the walls. They sat together on the couch; each enjoying the sanctuary of his own thoughts in each other's arms.

Ronnie lay with his head in Howard's lap looking into the fire, watching the dark wood turn red, then grow white as it rendered itself into ash and energy. A fierce, vibrating energy like that which he felt captive in the body beneath his head.

The surf played to them a vibrant love theme and they both lived for each moment together, relishing each second, storing it away in their memories like a cherished toy of their childhood, then eagerly moving on into their next moment together.

No words were needed to be spoken between them. Each knew what the other felt as soon as he himself was feeling each sensation, whether joy or sadness.

The next morning Howard said good-bye, knowing that once they reached the base he would not see Ronnie again until he returned, however long that would be.

They rode back in silence, holding on to their last moments together.

Ronnie took his bag out of the car and closed the door. He grasped Howard's hand and held it, wishing never to let it go. Their eyes shared one last intimacy.

Three times a week, Ronnie received a letter. Howard wrote as though he were merely away on a vacation or away at college. He would always ask Ronnie what he was doing, and suggest ways to enjoy himself, places to go and things to see.

Ronnie hadn't realized how difficult it was to volunteer for combat duty. But, after many months, he was on board ship and on his way to Viet Nam.

Not until the night before he was to set sail, did he mention to Howard

what he was planning. Then in a long, detailed letter he explained the steps he had taken to be with him again.

Howard's reply reached him in the Philippines. It was his briefest letter.
I LOVE YOU — HOWARD.

That was the first time he had ever put it into words. Ronnie read it many times and kept it in his wallet.

It was warm and peaceful, the day he reported in. He went across the field to Howard's platoon and found his platoon sergeant. Ronnie recognized him immediately. Howard would often write of the patrols they went out on together, describing them as if they were no more than games played with the Viet Cong.

The sergeant was outside his barracks, cleaning his rifle.

"Hello!" Ronnie called, walking up to him. "I'm Ronnie Edwards. Howard's written to me all about you two Eagle Scouts."

He looked up, his face vacant. His eyes searching Ronnie's. He said nothing.

"Is Falk around?" Ronnie contined, destroying the heavy silence.

Without interrupting his work, but looking into Ronnie's eyes, he slowly recited: "Lance Corporal Falk was killed in an ambush, night before last." A slight choke ending his narration.

Ronnie's mouth and throat went dry, as if packed with cotton. He stood an eternity, looking into the sergeant's eyes, then turning, he blindly walked back to his barracks.

He was on his belly in a ditch. They had run into a Communist patrol and he had lost contact with the squad leader, but didn't really care.

Scanning aimlessly, Ronnie saw one of his men crouching behind a tree several yards before him; and like an Olympian God watching a battle in the Trojan War, Ronnie lay and watched the drama before him, unattached to it.

The other Marine was cut off from visual contact with any of the other members of his unit, and was beginning to panic. He glanced around like a cornered rabbit and suddenly began running blindly, back the way they had come. He was running past Ronnie without seeing him.

Without realizing he was doing it, Ronnie jumped up and grabbed the boy, pulling him down on his knees beside him.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Ronnie's voice shouted above the sporadic gunfire. "Going over the hill, huh? What's-a-matter? Can't take it?" Ronnie stopped. A sob choked in his throat.

The boy, shocked out of his panic, looked into Ronnie's reassuring face for support.

"It's O.K.!" He found himself saying. "Come-on. We've got a job to do, boy," he added arrogantly.

"Yes, sir." The boy stammered, absorbing confidence from the Marine before him.

"You have to take that step sometime," a voice was saying within him, as he led the boy back into the brush.

"Edwards!" The squad leader shouted, finding him. "Take that man and circle in from the left about fifty yards; Viet Cong at 11 o'clock.

"Come-on!" Ronnie barked, and led the way into the thicket.

A Light

So Clear



The sun appears
when you arise
and raise the shades
 You stand in the
light Your pale skin
naked Your dark eyes
open
You cast your retairy smile
at me And incline your
 silvered-eyes to catch
From my heart
 A light
so clear The dark
 voices in my heart are
 pinched out

Douglas R. Empringham



TANGENTS

news & views

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

READING BREEDS CRIME, FBI MAN ALLEGES

It is a pity people learn to read, then read that reading, itself, ranks probably top in the category of public dangers (according to an FBI spokesman, that is). It may be merely inept reporting, but if not, FBI Training Coordinator Walter V. McLaughlin has gone on record with what amounts to a blanket denunciation of literacy and education, in what seems the most appalling piece of arrogance and stupidity to see print in the 20th or any other century. In the process, big cities are likened to "cess-pools" with a "double share of sex deviates and degenerates" who are, of course, lumped indiscriminately with sado-masochists and "hooded prowlers."

As reported in the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION for 11/9 or there-

abouts, Mr. McLaughlin (described as "one of the nation's top police authorities in sex criminology") is quoted in connection with a police training course on sex crimes being conducted by the FBI and Metropol in Atlanta.

"It's the people living in the communities themselves that do these things," he is said to have told a reporter, "not some mysterious stranger who drifts into town. Don't look for the mysterious stranger. Most of these fancy type (sex) crimes is done by the well-to-do, your well-educated people. Reading does it. When you read, you begin to think. You want to try new things."

So now, dear reader, since of course you want to help reduce the crime rate, forget you know how to read, throw all your books away, and, above all . . . DON'T THINK!

ONE hardly knows what to make of the McLaughlin dictum. If nothing else, it might serve to explain something about the underlying philosophy of law enforcement.

CALIFORNIA BOOKMEN STRIKE BACK AT CENSORSHIP LAWS

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY for 8/16 features an article by Wm. S. Chleboun of the San Francisco Emporium's Book Dept., describing how booksellers throughout the state recently defended our right to read by forestalling the passage of a number of 1965 bills aimed at greatly increasing all forms of censorship. The booksellers were "convinced that certain legislators were promoting these bills in the full knowledge that their efforts would bear no fruit, but would please the electorate back home," and they based their programme on the understanding that "there is one ingredient absolutely necessary for a successful anti-censorship drive, and that is intelligent information." In a many-pronged operation in which the ACLU figured significantly, the booksellers brought together and disseminated the pertinent legal and historical information with which to combat the allegations of the need for stronger legislation in this area. They noted, among other things, that "no sound reason or need for changing, weakening, or loosening the present obscenity laws had been shown," and that "the language in the present statute requiring that allegedly obscene material must be proved totally devoid of social importance is the sole protection for artistic, literary, scientific, moral and religious works. The California and U.S. Supreme Courts have so ruled." Having fought and won its own battles in this area, ONE con-

gratulates California's booksellers for their successful counterattack against oppressive legislation.

RELAPSE IN ILLINOIS

An Illinois lawyer and correspondent has just sent on a copy of the Illinois Legislature House Bill #1905, recently passed, which provides that in the event of a conviction for a "crime against nature" the driver's license shall be suspended for a period of one year, and for the second such offense, for fifteen years. The same penalties apply to convictions for rape, sex offenses involving minors, and soliciting in the streets. It must, ONE thinks, involve extreme legislative skill to achieve such irrelevance between punishment and offense; and our correspondent remarks that "It is rather odd that Illinois, which had such progressive legislation in this area, should now pass this Bill. As far as I know, this is the only state that has this penalty."

SMUT "GOING GREAT"

Information from N. Y. TIMES reaching ONE via PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY for 9/20 is that paperback smut is "booming." "Lesbianism has succeeded nymphomania as the most popular subject for smutty novels," dead-pans the TIMES, "but male homosexuality is coming up fast. Books about sado-masochism and fetishism, generally involving secluded castles, bullwhips, tight leather suits and spike-heel boots have also become popular." One New York bookseller reportedly told the TIMES, "If these creeps want to buy those books, I can't stop them. I don't even think about it. I just sell." In ONE's opinion, censors need no longer be overly concerned about literary pornography. Every extreme has already been exploited,

every depth plumbed; and people will soon become so bored with it all that writers will have to coin some new four-letter words, invent some new perversions, or else begin recultivating the literary modesties of Fanny Hill.

THE "LAVENDER LEXICON"

Michael Grieg, writing for the 10/4 S. F. CHRONICLE, reports on the life-work of San Franciscan Peter Tamony, who has devoted many decades to tracking down the origins and use of odd-ball American words. "The Lavender Lexicon," a book in Tamony's 5000-item library, is described as "a San Francisco-originated dictionary of homosexual words." Sample: — "Hairy Fairy — An effeminate homosexual who overemphasizes his hair. Uses hair-spray, has extremely long hair, or is constantly combing his hair." Tamony is "tickled," reports Grieg, "that all the forbidden words are finally coming out in the open. It wipes out taboos," says Tamony, "so that people can face the reality instead of merely getting hung upon the words. That way, we can do something about the problem."

THE DONN CALDWELL CASE

This tragic affair, involving a heterosexual "crime against nature," stems from the same laws under which many homosexuals have also been persecuted. PLAYBOY, which has published much significant material in the area of sexual morality and behavior, in its Sept., '65 issue reprints numerous letters received from its readers relative to the Caldwell matter. A man from Brooklyn writes:— "My wife and I were amazed by the letter from Donn Caldwell in the June FORUM. I certainly feel that the crime for which he was

imprisoned is no more serious than ordinary sexual intercourse . . . Oral-genital intimacy is a legitimate part of love play and is accepted as such by many happily married couples." And from a young California woman, "I am a 20 year-old college girl . . . but I was truly shocked to learn that 49 of the 50 states have sodomy laws forbidding oral-genital intimacy. The existence of these laws is horrifying. I was under the impression that such activity was a natural and delightful part of sexual foreplay. Am I breaking the law on this count?" PLAYBOY's reply: — "Yes. Oral-genital sex play is illegal in every state except Illinois, even between husband and wife. (Editor) Hefner will offer a concluding statement on these irrational and suppressive U.S. sex statutes in the next issue." ONE was also very much interested in PLAYBOY's editorial reply to another letter questioning the constitutionality of most of our sex statutes: — "Sexual freedom," comments PLAYBOY, "like the right of marital privacy, is not mentioned specifically in the Constitution . . . or later amendments. Hopefully, however, the Supreme Court's recent decision invalidating Connecticut's antiquated birth-control law will establish a healthy precedent. Justice Douglas, in his majority opinion, cited the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Amendments, all relating to 'zones of privacy', with which the high court held the Connecticut anti-contraception law interfered; so, it would seem, do most state sodomy statutes, and for much the same reason." ONE is in complete accord with these observations without, of course, implying that PLAYBOY would necessarily approve of ONE's special interpretations of permissiveness under the legal principle.

The same issue of PLAYBOY is also distinguished by an article by Ernest Havemann on the Institute for Sex Research, founded in 1938 by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. ONE was honored by a visit from Dr. Kinsey not many months before his untimely passing, and has always acknowledged an immeasurable debt to his publications for their part in breaking the ice for ONE's special field of publishing and research. Showing very much the same sentiments, Havemann writes, "I do believe that the reports put out by the (Kinsey) Institute . . . are the most important books that have been published in my lifetime. I believe that the Institute has done more to change the pattern of modern life — and for the better — than any other institution that ever flourished on American soil with the one possible exception of the Constitutional Convention."

YOUTHFUL SEX OFFENDERS "REJECTS OF SOCIETY"

In a sweeping denunciation (and with the lack of penetration) typical of the police mentality, John P. Finnerty, Deputy Police Commissioner of New York's Suffolk County thus expressed his views in an interview with the N. Y. TIMES' R. F. Shepard. In the TIMES for 5/4, Finnerty is reported as saying: — "Most young people involved in sex offenses are not successful academically, and are not wanted by business. They are the excess baggage of society. They are a class of half-grown rejects of our society." In ONE's experience (and in that of many modern investigators into juvenile problems) young sex offenders were ignored or rejected by society first, and became sex offenders second. But certain classes of public officials always

seem to get the cart before the horse when dealing with social problems. The same TIMES also quoted Police Lieut. John J. Mulhern, also of Suffolk County, and apparently an expert in the mystique of tattooing: — "Homosexuals are often likely to be tattooed," avers Mulhern. "Sometimes a tattoo is meant to conceal a lack of masculinity." For some graphic details, the reader is once more referred to "Shel's Camp" (PLAYBOY, Aug., '65) and his devastating caricature of rough trade.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND V.D. AGAIN LINKED

Several recent news items from many points about the country have cited statistics on the continued rise of venereal infections. The AMA NEWS for 8/30/65, for example, reports that cases of infectious syphilis have "almost tripled during the past five years," and as for gonorrhea, "the incidence has risen at a rate similar to syphilis." Male homosexual promiscuities have for many years been circumstantially linked with the rising incidence of venereal diseases. This connection is still being asserted, as, for example, in the N.Y. TIMES for 9/2/65, in which reporter Walter Sullivan states that "studies by public health agencies have shown that homosexual males in urban areas are, in some cases, so promiscuous, that they serve as rapid disseminators of venereal disease." He should also have noted, of course, that no male could possibly keep up with an energetic call-girl in the per-diem number of sexual contacts, but this is scarcely the matter at issue. ONE has been concerned with this problem for many years, and in its Magazine for November, 1962, published an

article emphasizing the vital importance of the homosexual's seeking prompt private medical attention in any case of suspected venereal infection. This article also stressed the homosexual's moral responsibility in this area by citing Sec. 3198 of California's Health and Safety Code, which makes it a misdemeanor for any person knowingly carrying any venereal disease in an infectious state to have sexual intercourse. As any reasonably well-informed person knows, venereal diseases can cripple and kill, and moral turpitude hits bottom both in kind and degree in the person who thinks more of his sexual satisfaction (or of a dollar) than of the health or life of another.

MORE ON POSTAL PRACTICES

In theory, the privacy of first-class mail is inviolate, BUT . . . your "pen-pal" may be a postal inspector—and this is not the only occupational hazard for anyone exercising his or her right to read, or to conduct a private life unannoyed by governmental Peeping Toms. In an article on 'Mail Snooping, the NEW REPUBLIC for 8/21/65 reports: — "The Post Office, alert to violations of obscenity laws, now routinely visits employers of persons suspected of receiving 'obscene' mail. Recently, an official of the Pennsylvania State Dept. of Highways was forced to 'resign' after postal inspectors had called on his superior. The material was published by the Janus Society, and other groups interested in homosexuality. The postal inspectors never talked to the man himself; nor did they bring criminal action against him. But the supervisor thought it imprudent to keep the man around any longer. It was never shown that the mail

in question was obscene. . . . In another case, on June 23, postal inspectors got in touch with a Maryland college professor and asked him to identify three 'obscene' letters which they said he had sent to a male 'pen pal' who was being investigated by the department. He admitted writing the letters to a man who had run a personals ad in a magazine for homosexuals. Several days later, the inspectors approached the president of the college and showed him the letters. The professor was asked to resign 'for the protection of the college.' Postal authorities say that in general they do not contact an employer unless it is necessary to flesh out an investigation. They would not, in other words, call on him for the sole purpose of informing on someone suspected of dealing in obscene mail. But there are numerous exceptions to this. A spokesman for the department admitted that a superior may be contacted in cases involving government employees and persons working for private government contractors, where a 'security risk' may be involved. Also, should an inspector find a 'scoutmaster or teacher' receiving what he thinks is obscene mail, he will go to the employer as a matter of course."

However, not all postal inspection is devoted to such sordid, Gestapo-like, and unconstitutional practices. Postal surveillance covers many areas where real, not mythical, sectors of public welfare are involved. Frederic Sondern, Jr., writing for the October, 1965 READER'S DIGEST, describes briefly but comprehensively how postal inspectors stand guard over many billions of dollars of public and private funds yearly transmitted through the mails, and how

they bring to conviction every year thousands of looters who attempt to filch money and valuables from the mails, as well as swindlers who aim to use the mails to defraud the public. But such positive policing service and protection can scarcely be regarded as mitigating the injuries inflicted upon the public under invasions of privacy of the type permitted by postal obscenity regulations. Yet, however aggravating and socially detrimental these may be, the post office itself is not basically to blame for them. To blame is our own Congress and its failure to abolish the archaic and absurd postal obscenity statutes derived from title 18, Sec. 1461 of the U.S. Code. (See ONE Magazine for August, 1961) Until this is done, and the individual American citizen allowed to act upon his own personal standards of taste and judgment, the postal abuses referred to in earlier paragraphs will certainly continue, and even be extended into other areas.

Meanwhile, beware of what you send or accept through the mails!! 1984 is arriving ahead of schedule, and Big Brother is already watching.

AUSTIN'S HOMOSEXUAL "DENS"

According to the Baton Rouge MORNING ADVOCATE for 9/30, the Travis County Grand Jury recently reported evidence that from 100 to 300 Austin teenage youths have been enticed into homosexual activities by means of "dens" offering "free liquor, free food, free obscene movies, and money." Indicted on morals charges has been at least one male adult of the Austin area. "There has been no proper prosecution for this horrible

crime," the grand jury is reported as saying, although it is not clear whether adults are largely being blamed for the present state of affairs, or whether there is also a spontaneous explosion of such behavior among Austin youths themselves. Among the recommendations, "a metropolitan vice squad" of officers from various policing agencies with "broad powers to crack down on vice."

ADAM AND EVE HOMOS?

In a letter to CONFIDENTIAL, published in their Nov. '65 issue, a correspondent writes: — "Thank you for your article on Cuba's plans of a concentration camp for homos. Although I don't approve of Castro's or the Communists' political regime, I think we should give the ole boy credit for this plan. Here in our country, we need some type of control to conquer this increasing number of third sex. It's disgusting to us normal folks. In all appearances, our social life of sex is returning to the past heydays of queer Roman life. Therefore, childbirth will become extinct. Who needs war to destroy the earth? Food for thought, what if Adam and Eve had been homos?" (ANS: They must have had a pretty big streak, considering the billions of 'homos' among their decendants.)

THE NEO-NAZI INTELLECT

Going to town on the same theme is G. L. Rockwell, leader of the American Nazi Party. His letter to FACT magazine, published in the September-October '65 issue, was among a number of others forming a series of comments from well-known figures on the viability of American society. Rockwell, it seems, takes a dim view, citing "Jews, homosexuality, pornography, immorality, and modern art"

(in that order) as being "prematurely degenerating" influences in this country. In his misanthropic diatribe, Rockwell seems rather confused, at first, about which to denigrate more, Jews or homosexuals. America has already been "perverted and rotted from within by the Jews," we are informed, but "homosexuality is the great sickness of our times . . . the ultimate degradation. In every civilization the imminent sign of collapse is when the generals start holding hands. If I catch any homosexuals around my outfit, I turn them in to the cops." But then, Rockwell offers the clarification that "the Jewish people are largely responsible for homosexuality. They go around saying it ought to be made legal and it's great. The mother of crappy poetry was Gertrude Stein, a queer Jewess. The father of crazy statuary was . . ." etc. etc., but we won't bore you. If Mr. Rockwell already suspects some of our current General Officers of holding hands, he doesn't mention who. Also unmentioned are those fiends Loxfinger and Bagelfinger, and that devilish agent Oy-Oy-7, who are of course at the bottom of the whole conspiracy.

WOETZEL ON HOMOSEXUALITY LAWS

The article on "Do Our Homosexuality Laws Make Sense," by Robert K. Woetzel, in SATURDAY REVIEW for 10/9 is something of an editorial landmark, among other reasons, for its appearance in so prominent and influential a publication. Mr. Woetzel is a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and a former professor at New York University and Fordham University, and he expresses, as might be expected, some comprehensive and

balanced views on the theoretical questions involved. He supports, for example, the views of the late Judge Learned Hand, and the general recommendations of the American Law Institute and the new Kinsey Report, that sexual relations between consenting adults in private should not be subject to legal penalties.

Unfortunately, however, the article is misleading on certain factual matters. Serious exception must be taken, for example, to the statement that "most of the gay bars, bathhouses, and restaurants . . . are run by organized crime." This is, or at least has been, demonstrably true for New York City, and perhaps other densely populated East Coast centers, but there is no evidence whatever that it is true on a nation-wide and general scale. Also, the statement that "the influence of women in American society is the main cause for anti-homosexual prejudices" is extremely debatable. The recent Harris survey of public opinion on non-conformist groups, reported in the WASHINGTON POST for 9/27, definitely indicates the contrary—that while 82% of American males think homosexuals are harmful to the nation, only 58% of the women think likewise. In addition, and not accounted for by Mr. Woetzel in this connection, is the fact that the anti-homosexual sanctions historically wielded by Church groups and by secular law in the West are almost entirely male-inspired; they stem from a violently-patrist period of European history when women had very little influence in the shaping of moral and other social doctrines. Actually, both historically and currently, the preponderant weight of anti-homosexual prejudice is directed by males against males. On the other hand, heterosexual women seldom

inveigh against homosexuality as a theoretical condition, but only when it directly affects their lives through lovers, husbands or children. These circumstances seem almost sufficient to confirm largely-male origins for anti-homosexual feeling, so that in ONE's opinion, the influence of women alluded to by Mr. Woetzel—far from contributing to such attitudes—may in reality be a mitigating factor. Outside of such areas of disagreement, including the tendency, unhappily shared by many other writers, of depicting the disturbed homosexual as the norm, ONE considers the article a very fair presentation, which will have a significant and beneficial effect on present social viewpoints. It takes this opportunity of congratulating SATURDAY REVIEW on its editorial courage.

NO ROOM AT THE INN --

For unclear reasons, East Coast hostelrys seem to be singularly inhospitable to the local homophile organizations, according to recent newsletters from Janus Society, publisher of DRUM. Both the Janus Society and ECHO (East Coast Homophile Organizations) have apparently had this problem to contend with. Named, among others, is Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel, which, so Janus reports, "commended us on our fine lecture of last Spring, thanked us for our prompt payment, and invited us never to come back," and NYC's Biltmore and Barbizon Plaza, who recently caused considerable embarrassment to the ECHO group. Perhaps sociological studies will some day reveal why the social climate is so much more different and liberal for homophile organizations in the West, who, so far as ONE is aware, have never been denied public accommodations.

TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION

ONE, who has always cautioned homosexuals of either sex about the pitfalls of heterosexual marriage as a "cure" for homosexual tendencies, has found an ally of sorts in Ann Landers, who earlier this year wrote some similar advice in her syndicated column. In that case, a young woman married a confessed homosexual (male) against the "violent protests" of her own parents. A few years later, after the birth of a daughter, hubby leaves wife to go and live with a boy-friend. Now the daughter—grown to womanhood—is herself about to marry a confessed homosexual (male), and with the vicious circle already repeating itself, the mother asks Miss Landers if she, the mother, should not interfere. After recommending that all three take advantage of joint professional counselling, Miss Landers opines:—"Don't be surprised if your daughter marries this young man anyway. People who feel strongly about romantic involvements seldom listen to reason (you are Exhibit A). They may know, intellectually, that fire burns, but they insist on getting their own blisters nonetheless." But evidently the Landers wisdom does not extend far into sociosexual matters, since in one of her columns last September she tells a working woman whose husband prefers the role of homemaker that "Any husband who would rather keep house than go to work is a pretty queer duck to begin with; and you, Madame (I mean, Sir) selected this weirdie because you are a little kooked up yourself."

JOBS FOR NEUTERS

Not everyone shares Miss Landers' tradition-ridden views on the

social roles of the sexes—in which housekeeping is evidently not considered real work, and male domestics are obviously all suspect of aberrant tendencies. A Congressional committee on equal opportunity employment has been working hard on the question of whether classification of job opportunities by sex is not a violation of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act dealing with job discrimination, according to Andrew Tully of the *ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL* and other sources. If findings warrant, "news-papers may be pressured to lump both sexes under one label, 'NEUTER' ". Also, a Dr. Nancy Roman, described as a woman scientist, is reported as saying that "little girls should be encouraged to play with erector sets, and little boys with dolls, to break down 'segregation by occupation' in their childhood." Wonder how long it's been since advice-column writing was an all-male job category?

ONE, INCORPORATED BOOK SERVICE

2256 Venice Boulevard

Los Angeles, California 90006

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

INCUBUS OR SUCCUBUS?

"Evil spirits possess me at times," has actually appeared on "true or false" questionnaires dreamed up as "research projects" by the U. S. Office of Education, reports the N. Y. *POST*, for 9/24. Other tidbits: — "My sex life is satisfactory," and "I believe in a life hereafter." Denounced as "infringements of individual privacy," by Congressman C. E. Gallagher (D-N.J.), such questions will be eliminated from subsequent tests, or so the Office of Education promises. And the Richmond *TIMES DISPATCH* for 9/24 and 9/30 describes how the U.S. Office of Education has quizzed grade-school toddlers on their "mother's and dad's income, and social life — and their own sex life." As for kindergarteners, 5-year-old boys have been given tests to "test their masculinity." A little premature maybe? Some fellas in their teens, even, aren't too well settled in that direction.

ELANTHEROS, THE MAN WHO IS FREE

by Herbert Hartrum

He sat on the step behind the black iron fence next to the gate. He wore old shoes, trousers, concealed from the hips up by his shirt, its sleeves rolled up over fat, hairy arms, its fabric straining over his protruding belly.

He sat there in the tiny courtyard of grey concrete in New York and thought of himself. He would look at the drain situated about the middle of his hard, cracked courtyard. He would look down at the little dog next to him. He would touch the animal and say "Ginger," to which the animal would respond with a look up at him, a thrust of a tongue, a succession of gasps, and a flutter of a tail.

He would look from the animal toward Lexington Avenue, its traffic, its pedestrians, and half see the church squatting like a secure fortress on the corner across the avenue, and the even more permanent appearing building on another corner, consisting of columns and the inscription "New York School of Design." He was no part of these buildings nor of the institutions they housed.

He sat there comfortably on his substantial haunches, there on the hard concrete, not needing to think, not now, in New York, where he had a job, a place to live, \$72 saved in the bank since he had arrived, and people were nice to him . . . his boss, the landlady, the bus drivers, the good grey newsdealer at the corner.

So he sat there alone, but not lonesome, and leaned against the hard iron spokes of the fence, not feeling them against his fleshy back. All New York was his friend and he could sit there as long as he wished . . . free from cross-examinations, looks, silences, criticisms, scorn . . . free from the ridicule of backwoods small-town barbed wire. He felt a glow, an exhilaration as he remembered that he was rid of the hate and bitterness he had so long endured at the hands of those who "loved" him.

As he patted his pet Ginger's head, three boys came around the corner and strutted down his street. He looked at them out of the corners of his eyes. They did a saunter dance as they moved along. It was a New York walk, he thought. Their gleaming shoes were six points, carried forward by six thighs, tightly panted and as heavy as their waists. Their hair was carefully disheveled across their foreheads. Their young, slovenly lips emitted grunts, mono-syllabic noises as they communicated their rapport, comradeship, their bravado, their safety in numbers.

He fingered Ginger's head and looked at them, but he did not turn his head. When they were out of sight, his right foot, suspended in air near the knee of his left leg, jumped of its own accord. He looked at the foot. He sighed. He breathed inward and licked his lips. Ginger at his side panted vigorously and wagged its tail.

He got up and walked between the buildings which delimited the courtyard of his new kingdom, turned to his dog and motioned him to come, waited for him to come along, opened the black door to his castle back between the

two ancient buildings, and stepped into the darkened interior. Ginger emitted several splendid yelps and bounded across the concrete.

Holding the door open, he stood inside and with rolling eyes took another look beyond the courtyard to the sidewalk, the parked cars, and an old lady making her way slowly down the street on two canes.

The 6 x 12 foot slab of concrete formed a dismal alley between two buildings in Manhattan, was lifeless and forlorn, surrounded by candidates for the wrecker's ball. Not a weed had sprouted in that place. Not a glimmer of the day's weak sunshine could penetrate that crevice which had become a haven, a realm, a home.

Shortly, the door opened and he came out, his stomach leading the way, pressing forward against the crumpled shirt. Ginger trundled between and around his careful, heavy steps. Their progress across their courtyard was synopated by his eyes which again were drinking the scene, making sure his dream had come true, was still a reality.

And between his fingers dangled a book, his index finger inserted between the pages. As he and his dog reached their place by the fence, he slowly lowered his mammoth form to the step and Ginger settled down on top of his feet. He positioned his book for reading, inclined his head toward the book, but never turned a page. His posture was for reading, but he couldn't lose himself. How could he close out where he was, the new, the exciting New York, and all the life around him which he felt so fervently, as if it were being transmitted to his body by unseen currents.

His eyes kept rolling toward Lexington Avenue.

His right hand kept reaching down to tickle the brown animal.

He watched boys alone as they passed by, boys with boys, and boys with girls. His eyes followed them all, from his motionless reading position.

He stared at the drain in the middle of his courtyard and it occurred to him that almost 37 days had passed since he had escaped to New York. It would be 37 days at quarter of twelve midnight tonight since he had gotten off the bus. No rain had gone down that drain, perhaps some dirt, some dust. And this day had been a dreary one. The sun had bleakly, intermittently come through the New York clouds which now rolled westward toward the Hudson River. They reminded him of the cotton candy they always had at amusement parks back home.

Home. This was his home now. In his New York courtyard, he closed his book. He was on the brink of something, something real for himself at last. What, he couldn't fathom. His life had been the imprisonment of his soul back ... home ... the thumbscrews on his spirit, on him ... back ... home. He had finally left them. They didn't know where he was. They would never know. He was ready to live, now, free, his every breath for life to happen to him.

Dusk came early as the sun sank behind the 15 and 20 story buildings to the west of Lexington Avenue. Ginger whimpered and goosepimples stood prominently on his forearms. A cold day, he thought. But his heart was warm and glad.

He rose and buttoned the top of his shirt. He walked, briskly for a heavy man, toward the door. The little brown animal, its feathery tail standing high, got there first.

"Are you cold, Ginger? Are you hungry? Do you want some supper?" he asked. He bent down very carefully, bending his knees a little, and scooped up the dog, kissed it noisily and closed the black door after them.

BOOKS



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

HOMOSEXUALITY: ITS CAUSES AND CURE, by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, 1965, 288 pp., \$7.95.

That this book is a polemic designed to prove the thesis of the author is indicated from the very outset by the title *Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure*. Cure refers only to disease and thus homosexuality is assumed to be a disease before the discussion begins. The author, Dr. Albert Ellis, has had such a terrific amount of training and experience, both individually in practice and in connection with organizations, that he may well be termed the foremost sexologist in the country at this time, the list of his writings in the field alone being formidable.

The thesis of the book and the core of Dr. Ellis's position is clearly stated by Donald Webster Cory in an introduction as follows: "homosexuals, in this society, if they are exclusive or near-exclusive in their erotic interests in their own sex, are disturbed individuals, and the state of being a confirmed homosexual is hence a disturbance. These people, Dr. Ellis insists, are not sinful, they are not immoral, they are not antisocial; but they are compulsive, neurotic, have poor sex-role identification, have rigid fixations, tend to be goofers, to be self-destructive, to make poor relationships with fellow human beings, and, in fact, they are frequently borderline psychotics...

Fear of and flight from heterosexuality, which characterizes these deviant persons, can be diminished and entirely removed. This would, in the word of Dr. Ellis, constitute a 'cure.'" (9-10) It but remains to see how well Dr. Ellis has sustained his thesis. It must be said that many other writers and students in the field do not accept his interpretations which have required much courage on his part to express especially against the bitter opposition of those whose prejudices he has offended.

The first chapters of the book cover the discussion of the causal factors of homosexuality, constitutional or environmental, normal, neurotic, or psychotic. Then the possibilities of treatment or change are considered. The latter half of the book is taken up with verbatim transcripts of actual psychotherapeutic sessions and interviews between the psychiatrist and certain patients. It is presumed that there is here given certain exemplary or model procedures with some notion of success in the "cure" of the so-called neurosis. The discussion closes with an essay entitled *Homosexuality and the Mystique of the Gigantic Penis* by Donald Webster Cory. The reason for the inclusion of this essay in the book remains somewhat obscure.

One can only refer to some of the points that Dr. Ellis makes. One of his first contentions is that fixed or exclusive sex relations, either heterosex-

ual or homosexual, are wrong. "Man is essentially a plurisexual creature." (78) Thus he can be conditioned or fixated on a particular form of expression. While there is some evidence that homosexuality may not be neurotic or psychotic, in our society of today, Dr. Ellis says that he has never found a fixed homosexual who was not disturbed, even "borderline psychotic or outrightly psychotic." (82) He also affirms that the great majority of exclusive homosexuals have other symptoms of emotional illness. (84) Many of them are severely disturbed. Still "there is no reason to believe that, in itself, homosexuality is immoral or antisocial." (88) The trouble is that the homosexual may be only harming himself and defeating his own ends. All persons, heterosexual or homosexual, are fallible, "weak, more or less undisciplined, irrational, and disturbed... for all the long years of our lives." (89) Thus the aim of psychotherapy is never to make the person into an infallible person who never has problems or makes mistakes, but to help him minimize "his overweening anxiety and his destructive hostility.... But we must never, under any circumstances blame him—that is, denigrate his intrinsic value as a human being—for being what he now is." (89) Society is wrong in discriminating against and persecuting the homosexual. Even if he is sick, wrong-headed, and self-defeating, as Dr. Ellis thinks, he has the right to be as he is and should be restrained only when he

harms others. Nevertheless the homosexual is disturbed and his acceptance of his deviation is a symptom of his disturbance. When he gets rid of his sexual fetishism and inflexibility, he will be a happier and more effective person. While Dr. Ellis feels that fixed homosexuality can be "cured" he still is quite certain that therapy can be useful to those who reject that possibility in lessening their anxiety, worry, over-concern, fear, and even guilt about their non-conforming behavior. One wonders, however, about the helpfulness of a therapist who unequivocally considers the "patient" hopelessly disturbed.

An interesting parallel to this discussion occurs in *Arcadie* of Juillet-Aout, 1965, where Jacques Valli has an article: "Peut-On 'Guerir' L'Homosexualite?" (Can homosexuality be cured?) Here the author takes the position that the neurosis occurs precisely in these secondary effects and not in the homosexuality itself which is merely a psychological fact.

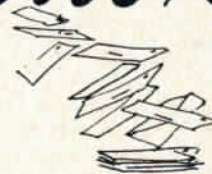
In conclusion, when a person has had a long and honorable career, has solved his financial problems, has a smooth and satisfying love life, reasonably good health, and friends on all sides, and still has a finger pointed at him and is told: "You are a neurotic, a border-line psychotic," what is he to think? I fear, Dr. Ellis, with all your vast learning and psychiatric practice, there are reaches of human experience which still escape you.

T. M. Merritt, Ph.D.

ONE IN CHICAGO

Is now permanently established. The "Outreach Program" of ONE's Social Service Division has since its February 23, 1963 meeting of the Council of Friends of ONE in Chicago been developing plans for regular ONE activities there. Such meetings have been held in November & December with some extremely interesting work projects already under way. Anyone in the Chicago area who would like to join with the Friends of ONE under the mature and responsible leadership which ONE represents may secure further information by writing: Secretary, Social Service Division, ONE, Incorporated 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

Letters



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

Dear Editor:

So we have DRUM and GAY and various new "societies" to keep the insanely suspicious homos in a semblance of camaraderie. It will fail. You, at least, are trying to give a "metaphysique" to this form of living. A credo — a poetry — a philosophy — a life-long "raison d'être." Sex is not everything, regardless of what the glutton says. Comradeship — personal verbal interplay — or just merely the presence of one or a group. A look — a smile or tear — the silences — the meditative moods, like when listening to symphonies. The silken delicacy of divinity is ever so much more a prize than the coarse roar of insensate lust. Lust comes in waves; love is the ocean. Alas, some cannot swim; I can. Good going, sir.

Mr. O.
Santa Monica, California

Dear Mr. Conger:

Is it possible to obtain reprints of "A Brief of Injustices" (ONE, Oct. '65)? If the cost is not too high, I would like to distribute copies here in New York, where the police department's entrapment policy has reached an all-time high. We have always had occasional entrapment cases here, but now it's like a great purge, which started at the first of this year. This was precisely the time the Temporary Commission for the Revision of the Penal Code recommended, by a vote of 10 to 2, that laws against sex acts by consenting adults in private, be dropped. So it seems to me that the police department decided to prove that homosexuals were a terrible menace, by making as many arrests as possible.

I would like to send copies of the "Brief" to our Mayor-elect, who reportedly is sympathetic, and to other city officials, including the Justices of the Criminal Courts, editors of our newspapers, certain free lance writers, state and federal legislators, and to the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Best wishes for your continued success!

Mr. B.
New York City

Dear Sir:

First, thanks for the issues of ONE treating the subject of "Religion and the Homophile." Now comes the October, 1965, issue, with the excellent "Brief of Injustices" and the fine editorial, briefing readers concerning the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, Inc. I am glad that responsible officials of ONE, Inc., are participants in the educational endeavour.

I read with interest the Catalog for 1965-66 of the Institute of Homophile Studies, published in ONE, Confidential for August-September, 1965. It only made me unhappy that I do not live in the Los Angeles area so that I could enroll in the Institute. I hope some day class materials can be reduced to printing, so that one could take a reading course, along with those able to attend classes in person.

It is my desire to congratulate the Editors and Staff of ONE Magazine for the improvements made to this Magazine in the past months. I have been receiving copies of the other publication (though I have specifically requested, in writing, that my name be dropped from their mailing list), so I have means of making comparisons.

Enclosed is a modest contribution in honor of your 14th Anniversary. Need I tell you wherein my interest and loyalty lies?

Mr. S.
Utica, New York

Dear ONE:

May I express my pleasant astonishment at the document issued by the council on Religion and the Homosexual, San Francisco, and reprinted in the October ONE.

As some of you know, I have been an inveterate critic of churches and clerics for some time (cf. "As for Me," ONE, May '65). This amazing document gives me reason to ponder the harshness of my previous feelings. The bitterness which I have felt toward the churches' hypocrisy in the matter of homosexuality has been somewhat neutralized. Would that such a Christian atti-