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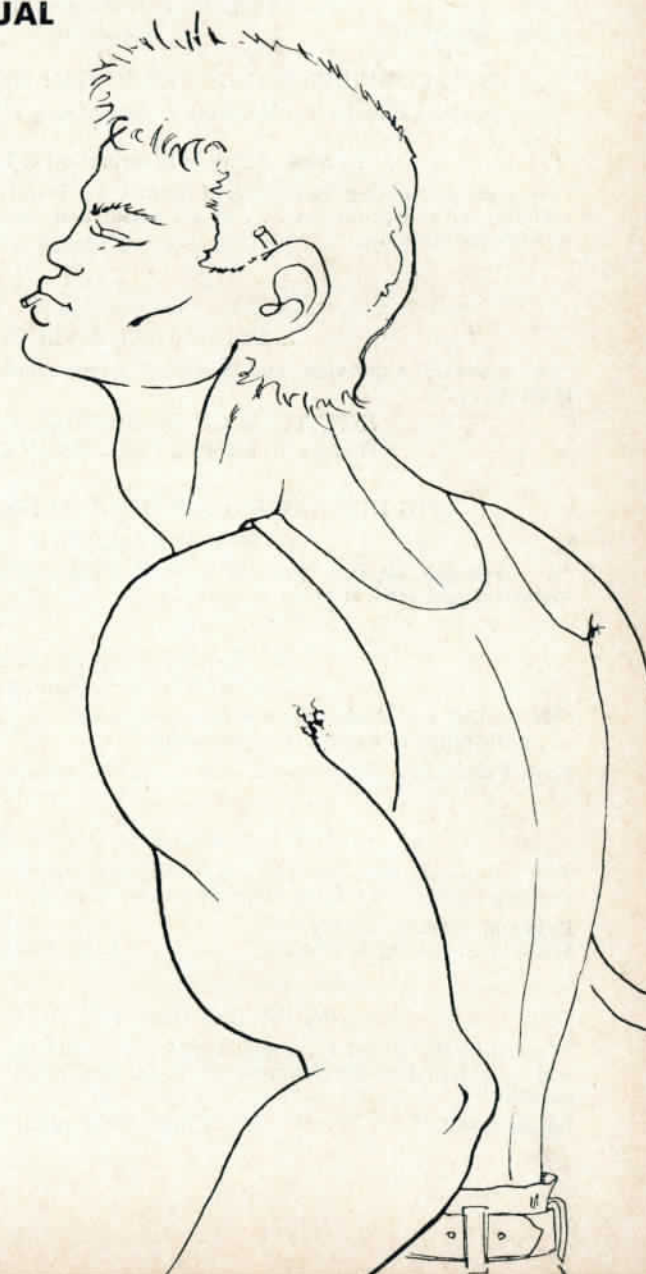


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**THE HOMOSEXUAL
VIEWPOINT**

*You,
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Youth*



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 to direct the affairs of the Corporation. Elected to serve until the 1969 Annual Meeting are:

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Book Publishing Department • ONE Magazine, Richard Conger Editor

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Chuck Thompson, Director of Social Services

one

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

Carlyle

magazine

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February 1966

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EDITORIAL

The tendency to put blame on others is one of the less pleasant attributes of many homophiles. Not that heterophiles don't also offend this way at times. Finding scapegoats and wriggling out from under blame would seem to be practices as old as man. But homophiles do add a little special twist or two, also, more than a little unpleasant.

There is, for instance, the "pin it all on the Police Chief" complaint. Freely translated this usually means, "Why shouldn't I cruise the tearooms if I want to? Who do the cops think they are, anyway?" Or, in another version, "I like to grope in bars and it's downright criminal for them to hire such cute policemen and put tight pants on them the way they do."

Another blame-it-all-on-them approach is not as easily detected. The tone is less outspoken, the phrasing more persuasive. Everything is couched in rationality, with knowing references to the plight of minorities under the caste system in India, or resulting from the plantation mentality down South. In this vein it is, so we are assured, the wicked Civil Service Commissions, the fat-headed military, the slick deceptions of the State Department which cause all the trouble.

No one could possibly be aware of the injustices which homophiles often do experience without recognizing the real problems to which such attitudes make reference. But are the accusations wholly accurate? Who really is to blame? Could homophiles themselves by any remote chance themselves share some of it? Can any minority group be deemed entirely free of responsibility for its plight if oppression is its lot?

It would be well if homophiles thought about such matters now and then. They might benefit by asking themselves if their conduct is always such as to warrant public acceptance. Less mouthing of phrases about rights and a bit of inquiry as to how social rights come into being for any group in any society might be a healthy exercise to try out sometime.

To be sure, homophiles are citizens. To be sure, the laws are archaic and must be changed, but they are being changed. More of them are about to be changed, for change is in the air. The question is, are homophiles themselves abreast of such change? Are they even willing to change, or do they just keep on belaboring the same old complaints and nursing their same old hurts and ego-bruises?

A good many homophiles are downright boring, aren't they—the gay bar chatter, the cruise news, the everything for kicks kooks, the let's drink it up crowd, the I'm neurotic neuters. Close your eyes one of these days and just listen to it all. Test out what you can make of the sound effects. It sometimes is easier to get down to cases that way, for our eyes have quite a trick of deceiving us with external glitter and gloss.

Let homophiles take stock of themselves now and then. Put themselves in perspective alongside the rest of society. No one who is informed could possibly grant old Bergler standing in scientific terms, still his

charge that homosexuals are injustice collectors has just enough ring of truth to give one pause.

Have homophiles no sense of their own dignity? Have they so little respect for themselves that they must toady up to every random "authority" who deigns to speak to them? How really sad it is to see how many blame the whole world for their own short-comings, then fawn supinely when some therapist tells them they are not really bad, just sick. One taste of such an opiate and off they rush to seek more justifications, more attention from news media and television, more "recognition" from Important People.

How refreshing it is to run across a homophile now and then who could not care less about what Society thinks of him, or of homosexuality, who blames no one for his condition and who has the maturity of standpoint to go about life according to his own lights. These are the homophiles who have something to offer the world that the world can value. Above all, they stand as examples for their homophile brothers and sisters who haven't yet got around to coming to terms with themselves and the universe.

To look within for wrongs to right is the biggest step we can take toward peace of mind. Growing up can come to us by no other route. Try it sometime. It can be a most stimulating experience. You just might happen to like it.

Robert Gregory, Managing Editor

FLASH: Word just came in over the wire that the British House of Commons has at last enacted into law a bill embodying many of the recommendations concerning homosexual acts between consenting adults from the famed Wolfenden Committee's Report. This news means a victory has indeed been won for the rights of homosexuals, and the way made easier for legal changes to come about elsewhere.

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(For comment from 1965 tour members see letters page 30, also January, page 29)

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

..... WHERE THE
MAINSTREAM FLOWS

an account of the exciting, high-quality

1966 Midwinter Sessions, of ONE

traditional top event in the

Homophile Movement since 1955

by Richard Conger, Editor ONE Magazine

A year ago (ONE Confidential, January, 1965) there appeared an extended discussion of ONE's long tradition of Midwinter Sessions and the reasons why they had been omitted in 1964 and 1965. It had been felt that "There no longer exists any necessity for proving that a Homophile Organization can successfully stage such affairs" and that from thenceforth ONE would "reserve such comings together for special occasions, anniversaries and the like."

January, 1966, was just such a special occasion. The Midwinter Sessions, January 28-30 concluded were perhaps the finest ONE has ever held, possibly the highest in quality of any such occasion within the Homophile Movement so far. At least this was the view being heard on all sides from

those who had attended a good many such affairs in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver and New York during the past dozen years or so.

1966 ANNUAL MEETING

The weekend began on Friday evening as has usually been the custom, the opening event being the 1966 Annual Meeting of ONE, Incorporated. At these Annual Meetings the officers present to the Voting and Non-voting Members and invited guests, an accounting of progress and accomplishments for the twelve months just ended. This accounting comes in the form of reports from each of ONE's four main Divisions and from all the various committees assigned to special duties.

This year's reports and the discus-

sions of them which followed were tremendously impressive as confirmation of the strength and solid substance of ONE's many departments. Notable also was the complete frankness and vigor with which the problems of 1965 were placed before the body, giving each one there a chance to say what was on his mind.

No one attending could fail to have noted that, as always, an air of dignity, tempered with easy informality, attested to the democratic maturity of the organization. Nor could anyone have failed to observe that despite a year of completely unprecedented difficulties ONE not only had come through without serious handicaps but had managed to stake out new frontiers in many directions.

Its second European Tour, even more successful than the 1964 Tour, had now shown that ONE Overseas was a going concern. ONE's participation in the new and official civil liberties action taken by the Southern California American Civil Liberties Union assuredly was an activity of major significance. So too was ONE's role in the formation and rapid expansion of the Committee on Religion and the Homophile, that remarkable body composed of clergymen and representatives of homophile organizations which came formally into being in Southern California during 1965. A number of ONE's Members have actively taken part in this unique development; of the three officials of this prestigious organization, two are clergymen, the third a Member of ONE.

In quite a different direction but of no less importance were the reports given of ONE's inaugurating established activities in other cities across the country: "ONE of Chicago" and "ONE in Detroit." Many years of preparation and careful study led up to this development and several "dry runs" took place before the Corpora-

tion felt itself ready to take such a step.

Put briefly, these (and such centers expected to follow in other cities) are neither chapters, branches nor separate organizations. They are instead Councils of The Friends of ONE, or Members of ONE. In any city where a sufficient number of these Members wish to do so, Councils of Friends are now empowered to meet together and to set up activities such as have been spelled out in the very comprehensive "Manual for the Outreach Program of ONE, Incorporated" which has been prepared for the use of such Councils and now guides the affairs of the new Councils in Chicago and Detroit.

Those interested in fuller reports on the 1966 Annual Meeting of the Corporation and there was much more, will find them in forthcoming issues of ONE Confidential, the Corporation Newsletter and in the 1966 Annual Report of the Corporation. Both of these are available to ONE's Members only.

THE MAINSTREAM'S SOURCES

Saturday morning the public Midwinter Sessions opened with a brief and provocative welcome by ONE's Secretary-Treasurer, Monwell Boyfrank, whose originality of thought and concise turn of phrase have for many years delighted many and baffled some.

This was followed by a panel, chaired by ONE Member Harold Sarle, who had travelled from Utica, New York to participate. The panel's topic was, "The Homophile Movement: Goals We Seek." In rapid succession twelve organizations both past and present were described by their members, with reports additionally being made concerning two organizations no longer active and one, a very large Southern California social group, very much active for the past several years. An organization in British Columbia was invited but did not respond.

Those speaking represented:

The Council on Religion and the Homosexual, San Francisco
National League for Social Understanding, Los Angeles and San Francisco
Mattachine Society, San Francisco, Chicago and Miami
Dionysus, formerly of Laguna Beach, California
Focus, formerly of Los Angeles
Daughters of Bilitis, San Francisco, Chicago and New York
ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit
Yetta Society, formerly of Beverly Hills, California
Knights of the Clock, formerly of Los Angeles
Committee on Religion and the Homophile, Los Angeles
Society for Individual Rights, San Francisco
"Pursuit & Symposium," a homophile magazine published in Los Angeles
The Mattachine Foundation, formerly of Los Angeles
The Society of Good Companions, newly forming in Los Angeles by members of the Mattachine Foundation, was represented by two observers.

This quite unprecedented assemblage and gathering together of homophile goals, ideals and methodology was a repetition and expansion of similar presentations of the American Homophile Movement made ten years ago at ONE's Midwinter Sessions in 1956 and then again at ONE's 10th Anniversary Midwinter Institute in 1962 as evaluations of the Movement.

Listeners could hardly fail to note the vigorous diversity of ways of handling their affairs by all these many organizations. Nor could they likewise miss the spotlight thrown with embarrassing clarity upon the darker portions of the picture as well as those for which everyone could feel pride. That there could be found a line of distinction between the groups who have goals of service to others within a framework of social responsibility and genuine concern for ethical standards and those whose main interest was themselves and "fun games" was plainly to be seen. As has happened in social movements of all sorts trends and the defining of allegiance to varying standards already taking place within the American Homophile Movement indicate its growing maturity and development.

It was the hope of all that the Move-

ment shall expand into all parts of this country, also to other countries which do not yet have Homophile Organizations.

HOMOPHILE RESPONSIBILITIES

Adult responsibilities were the challenge thrown to the audience by the Rev. Alex Smith, Director of the Downtown Service Bureau of the Methodist Churches of Los Angeles, and Chairman of the Committee on Religion and the Homophile of Southern California. When we are reminded that such an area includes nearly ten million population, exceeded only by a few entire states, the scope of these opportunities can better be grasped, their importance understood.

The Rev. Smith gave intimate glimpses of his counselling work with homosexuals in skid row areas and in jails and of his own deep interest in the new-found spirit of cooperation which has come into being through the work of the Committee on Religion and the Homophile in Southern California during the past year.

Continuing the main theme of the 1966 Midwinter Sessions Don Lucas, Secretary of the Mattachine Society and a Trustee of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual of San Fran-

cisco, gave a fine paper "Ethics for the Homophile." His views have been formulated during his more than a decade of service with the Mattachine Society, having included the counselling of many hundreds of homosexuals. He also has been very active in cooperating with various social service groups in the Bay Area of California which concern themselves with employment assistance for those who have been in jail, those having undesirable military discharge papers and in the counselling of disadvantaged persons.

Following a short rest break during which a Friend of ONE served punch from his beautiful silver service, along with his own homemade cakes, a panel took up "The Total Human Being." Chairman was youthful Institute of Homophile Studies Instructor, Bob Earl. Another participant was the Rev. Ron Ohlson, personable young Presbyterian clergyman who has, since his work with the Committee on Religion and the Homophile, taken a leave from parish duties to complete his doctorate in psychology with a view to special service to homophiles.

Also taking part was Los Angeles attorney Herbert Selwyn, long known to West Coast audiences from his one-time position as legal counsel to the Mattachine Society. For many years Mr. Selwyn has been a valued member of the list of California attorneys known to ONE's Social Service Division to be experienced in the handling of the cases of those who have legal problems in connection with homosexuality. It was such a case, referred to him by ONE, which has become the first (see Magazine, January, 1966) to be supported by the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California under its new civil rights Policy Concerning Sexual Behavior.

Mr. Selwyn spoke not as an attorney, however, but as being deeply committed to the philosophical (and psycho-

logical) position that man is a *gestalt*; that it is a mistake to try to divide him into bits of this and that. He has, said Mr. Selwyn, a moral, a political, an economic, a psychological, a biological as well as many other sides to his totality. To flake off such aspects as homosexuality as representing "The Total Human Being" is a mistake, he held.

Fourth panel participant was famed author, playwright and human being Ray Bradbury. In opening he said that of his three hundred published pieces, six or eight were predominantly focussed upon homosexuality and then proceeded to tell in inimitable style, with Irish brogue and all, one of them which had appeared in Harper's Magazine a few years ago.

From then on his audience was captivated with his witty cosmopolitanism and broad tolerance for deviants of all sorts. Having worked in the arts and mingled much of his life with the oddballs, the way-outs and all the others, he found nothing especially astonishing in homosexuality. Rather, he seemed to be saying, it all comes down to a question of taste and of how people manage their homosexuality, if that is what they find within themselves.

After a breath-taking whirlwind tour through the uttermost fringes of intellectual society, with names dropping all over the place, and a slap at op art here and a slam at fashionable existentialist pseudo-intellectualism there, questions flew thick and fast from the floor. A delightful salon-in-extenso atmosphere pervaded ONE's handsome Assembly Hall, all beautifully remodelled and redecorated and topped off on stage with a monstrous Mexican paper flower (gift of two Friends of ONE) which everyone agreed was Utter Camp.

Immediately at the close of the programmed Session, certainly high entertainment in itself, came the "Mad, Mad, Mad Puppets," fifteen minutes of

delightful puppetry presented by a Friend of ONE famed for his stage and nightclub work from Coast to Coast. These theater events, whether short or long, have been integral to ONE's public presentations for many years and add just the right note of sparkling accent and relief.

A FIRST FOR ONE AGAIN

If there was anywhere in the 1966 Sessions a high point it was the Annual Banquet, held Saturday evening. Presented in the attractively appointed Redwood Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel it was preceded by a cocktail hour, the bar being reserved for ONE's guests. And what is all this about problems with hotels anyway? ONE has never experienced anything of this kind.

The after-dinner program opened with an account of the work and the hopes of the Committee on Religion and the Homophile, by the Rev. Kenneth Wahrenbrock, Secretary of the Committee and minister of First Methodist Church, Glendale, California, a very large congregation.

Following the Rev. Wahrenbrock came a hard-hitting, concise account by Beverly Hills attorney, Hillel Chodos, ONE's legal counsel in its proceedings against "Don Slater et al" in the Superior Courts of Los Angeles County, which in satisfyingly unvarnished terms told the Banquet audience just how things stood today. Attorney Chodos told of having obtained under oath Slater's admission that he had April 17th, 18th or thereabouts entered the Corporation's premises and made off with Corporation property which has been valued in excess of \$10,000.

He also told of his confidence that the Corporation not only will recover all of the property but also substantial damages for the misrepresentations and harm done to ONE by reason of the acts of "Don Slater et al." He urged all who respect the work which

ONE has done and who value the ethical standards which it has for so long upheld to rally to ONE's support, pointing out that although ultimate victory is sure, the moves of the Courts may be slow; that in the meantime ONE's regular work must continue unabated; that it is up to ONE's supporters to ensure that it may.

Chicago attorney, Paul Goldman, legal counsel for "ONE of Chicago" had flown in to attend the Midwinter Sessions and to address the Annual Banquet. To say that he held and deeply touched his hearers would be an understatement. In quiet voice and simple terms he told of his practice in Chicago, where for more than thirty-five years, he has known and defended hundreds of persons accused of homosexual offenses, and of getting to know them.

He told of his many years of work with Father James Jones (Episcopal) now Urban Vicar of Chicago and of their laboring together along with many others to bring about the changes in the laws of Illinois and of their interest, through various British connections, in the work of the Wolfenden Committee and its reform attempts.

This is why, he said, that after seeing so many great losses and such great heartbreak from the disastrous sex laws now found on the books of all states save Illinois, he has resolved to do everything he can to help bring about similar changes in all the other states; to spend as much time and money as he can to achieve this result.

His spaciouly beautiful suite of offices in Chicago's Loop including all their elaborate facilities, are also now the offices of "ONE of Chicago," with letterhead and sign on the door to prove it. The meetings of "ONE of Chicago" are held there and vigorous, active meetings they have been, quite without cost to ONE, thanks to the generosity of Paul Goldman.

The Council of Friends which is

"ONE of Chicago" has taken upon itself to gather, under Paul Goldman's guidance, all data and reports which can be found concerning the effects of the new Illinois laws. These will ultimately be drawn up into a series of information bulletins and pamphlets and made available to those in other states in legislatures and out, who are interested in improving the legal situation for homophiles.

As Mr. Goldman continued, both his fervor and his manifest practical grasp of the steps and means to be used in this crusade swept his audience ahead to glimpse things which only a few years ago would have been quite unbelievable. As one of the reports given at Friday night's Annual Corporation Meeting predicted, "When the curtain finally falls at the close of this 1966 event in ONE's long series of such memorable occasions, each of us will say to himself, 'I am glad I was there. I was a part of something very big.'" The speech of Paul Goldman had already fulfilled this prediction.

The Annual Banquet closed with the announcement by Corporation President, W. Dorr Legg, that Attorney Chodos had himself presented the Corporation with a proposal for legal actions on behalf of homophile Americans, one also of far-reaching implications and in no way duplicating Paul Goldman's plans. He said that fuller details of this very comprehensive proposal would be forthcoming at an early date. At the end of so profound an experience as this Banquet there were few who still had the energy or the desire for taking the scheduled Nightclub Tour of Gay Los Angeles.

AFTER BRUNCH, IDENTITY

Sunday morning shortly past eleven cars began to converge upon the suburban hillside home of "The Heavenly Twins," as two long-time Friends of ONE are known. By noon there wasn't a spot up and down the hill not taken. Their patio, their gardens

and their beautiful home were filled with guests. There is no space here to recount either their hospitality, the delicious brunch they served nor the richly complex collections of Wedgewood, Meissen, antique music boxes and choice furniture, mainly from the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries—Spanish, French, Italian, English and German — by some legerdemain all brought together into a harmonious whole.

In a moment, or so it seemed, it was time to be off and back to ONE's Assembly Hall for a panel chaired by Greg Carr, attractive young Institute of Homophile Studies Instructor, who was joined by Mary-Faith Albert, a writer, Jim Kepner, Editor "Pursuit & Symposium" and the Rev. Lynn Jondahl, of the United Church of Christ, a campus pastor at California State College at Los Angeles.

The panel tussled with the problem of alienation, homosexual or otherwise, and the search for valid identity which seems so characteristically a syndrome of modern youth. Taking as his text, the monologue from Albee's "Zoo Story" and looking much like a college student himself, the Rev. Jondahl coolly and provocatively pricked, chided and encouraged the audience in alternating doses. To conventional Christians he seemed in effect to be saying, "Get with it," to those who fancy themselves to be very hep and ever so fashionably "alienated" he said, "Don't take yourselves so seriously, also don't pride yourselves so smugly on having 'outgrown' the Christian approach to life."

Editor Kepner then, in soberly reasoned fashion, catalogued some of the deviant attitudes, homosexual and otherwise, which plague those who find themselves reaching out for more meaning for their lives, for fuller and satisfying goals to which they may address themselves with understanding and sincerity.

Quite short by the clock, but very broad in effect was the beautiful paper, a prose poem actually, by young Mrs. Albert. In mounting cadences of being and becoming and flowing toward and into life she carried the whole meaning of who and what we are or want to be through musically subjective phrases which mounted almost beyond words.

When Chairman Greg tried to bring the afternoon to a close not a single person would leave. They wanted more, and more they had. For a full hour afterward men and women rose to tell of what these things meant to them, of how they were working out their own solutions of some of the big questions in life. While never solemn or stuffy and never without humor, still it was a day of coming together and of sharing, of exploring outwards which some there spoke of as being almost religious, truly a deep experience.

As was said, it is one thing for homosexuals to sit in a hall and listen to a fine succession of talks by eminent "authorities;" it is quite another for them to experience many hours during three days together as a foretaste of "that mystic bond of brotherhood which makes all men one." For such is the spirit which underlies all that ONE does. Taking part in the 1966 Midwinter Sessions was the fine Negro intellectual, Guy Rousseah, who back in 1952 came up with the above quotation from Carlyle that so well expresses ONE's motivation.

When the Sunday afternoon finally did end small groups went off to private dinner parties, leaving themselves just time to get to the Sunday evening performance of INSTANT THEATER. ONE had taken the entire small theater for the performance by Rachel Rosenthal, King Moody and cast of their improvisations which have run for the past three years at the same theater with great success.

Oddly enough, for the cast were not aware of the broad theme of the whole three days of Midwinter Sessions in which the Friends of ONE had been participating, the opening part of the performance was an abstractly danced and mimed telling of the story of the struggle of the Earth Mother, and Father God for Adam, with Eve and miscellaneous Furies and others wandering drolly about with blasphemous irreverence. As might have been expected nobody really won.

The cast then called upon the audience for themes, two of which—Dali and Gertrude Stein they then proceeded to develop most skillfully. Their Dali, entirely unrehearsed of course and thrown at them by a reckless Friend of ONE, was quite a *tour de force*. The Master himself might easily have composed several of the tableaux. Stein came out in rhythmic incantations of unrelated (but does that matter?) excerpts from her poems with dance steps polarized around a rose and an ice cream cone.

The "Zen Combo" was charmingly produced with occasional solemn burps, tweaks upon a taut string and an occasional rattle all to the absurdly frivolous tinklings of a little Swiss music box. The closing "Scene de Ballet" might best be described as having been choreographed by Petipa and performed by the cast of "Waiting for Godot."

After-theater coffee was served by a Friend of ONE while the audience and cast chatted with each other. So closed the 1966 Midwinter Sessions. "I am glad I was there," quoted the Friend of ONE who had travelled farthest to attend, "for I really have the picture now." It was the mainstream which he saw, as it flowed broadly and serenely forward. No one there could have failed to feel himself "a part of something very big," in fact, of the Homophile Movement growing, creating.

A SUDDEN REALIZATION

by James Edwin

Jay turned the collar of his overcoat up to keep the chill from hitting the back of his neck. He leisurely sauntered up Third Avenue which was changing rapidly from the shoddy street that it had been before the "L" had been removed. On both sides of the streets the old and delapidated buildings gave way for more buildings like the new glass and steel ones that were already going up all over the city.

He stepped along the way, browsing first in one window and then in another. He was feeling depressed and some of the furniture in the show windows mirrored the impression that he felt of himself... cast offs, unwanted, badly in need of repair. But, there was also an abundance of charm in some of the collections. Some were priceless treasures of art that had seen empires topple, revolutions fought, and ages pass. There were chandeliers, beaded Victorian lamps, and crystal candelabras that had, perhaps, hung on the walls or stood in the rooms of famous, as well as infamous, families of generations gone by.

As he stood gaping at an old Louis IV chest he became aware, even before the voice spoke, that someone had stopped in back of him.

"Can I buy you a cup of coffee?"

"Cheryl?" he cried, revealing a genuine pleasure at the sight of her.

"Hi," she greeted. "Where you going?"

"No place in particular. You?"

"I'm on my way home. I just left Jack."

"You left Jack?" Jay asked puzzled.

"Oh, you didn't know?" Cheryl replied, a look of surprise showing on her face. "Jack is in Bellevue. They've removed his arm all the way up to the shoulder. It was malignant."

"My God!" Jay gasped, feeling utterly helpless. "The pain he always complained about?"

"He always thought it was just a case of a cold. One never knows. It's everything I can do to keep from falling apart. But," she paused, observing Jay, "you look as though you need a boost yourself. Shall we go someplace and cry on each other's shoulder?"

Jay feigned a smile. "Gad! Do I look that bad?"

"Worse," Cheryl laughed.

"Where can we go? What about a beer?"

"Fine. I could do with a pick-me-up."

They walked around the corner to a small bar and grill that Cheryl suggested. They entered and sat in a booth. It was one of those places where they could just sit and talk, relax and drink... candlelight and soft music.

"You know," Cheryl said, "I haven't seen you since you got married."

"I haven't been around much."

"Jack and I wondered why you hadn't contacted us."

"I'm sorry," Jay apologized.

"Not happy?" Cheryl asked knowingly.

"We separated," Jay informed her. "No regrets."

"Messy?"

"No. No, nothing like that. Clara is understanding."

"How does Clara feel?"

"Oh, no love lost. There was really never anything between us. We were not like you and Jack."

"Jack and I had our differences," Cheryl confessed.

"I know that," Jay replied. "I've seen you two at each other's throats, but you loved each other. In spite of everything you had love. That you can't toss about lightly."

"You know something?" Cheryl smiled a smile that was meant to hold back the tears. "You're right," she said. "I know that now. I don't know what I'll do when he is gone."

"You haven't given up?"

"I've resigned myself to it. It is only a matter of time. I don't think he will last a week."

"It's that bad?"

"Maybe it's better. I would hate to see him suffer. Sometimes God is merciful."

"I'm terribly sorry, Cheryl," Jay said, reaching across the table and taking her hand into his. "If there is anything I can do?"

"Nothing to do," she assured him. "Only wait." After a pause she asked, "What about you and Clara?"

"She was dynamic. She has everything. She was a woman with vitality plus. She impressed me. I was selfish enough to think that she would be good for me."

"Then, why?"

"I wasn't the man for her. She needs someone who is aggressive. I wasn't forceful enough for her. She needs a guy that can boss her around. The average man, according to her views, is weak. We were doomed from the start."

"Jack and I always thought it was awful of you to leave Gerard. You two got along so well. We thought . . ."

"Yes, we hit it off great. He was a wonderful roommate."

"Is that all?" Cheryl asked, adding, "Jay, I wasn't born yesterday."

"What do you mean by that remark?"

Cheryl observed the expression on Jay's face and she was aware of an almost childlike naivete of which she had never been conscious before.

"I'm sorry, Jay," she said. "Please, don't be offended."

"Is that what you and Jack thought?"

"Well, we never really discussed it; we just took it for granted."

"That Gerard and I . . ."

"Are you certain that you don't have a deeper feeling for him than you think?" Cheryl interrupted.

"Sure! I miss him. We were close."

"Have you been in touch?"

"No."

"Then why don't you look him up?"

"I don't know where he is."

"Got a piece of paper?" Cheryl opened her purse and withdrew a pencil.

Jay fumbled through his pockets.

"Never mind," she said. She took a beer coaster and wrote on it. She handed the coaster to Jay, saying, "Not far from here. The least you could do would be to look him up."

"Thanks," Jay read the address and placed it in his breast pocket.

They ordered another round of beers and sat talking about old times; each avoided the thoughts that were uppermost in their minds.

"I had better get home," Cheryl said. "I have been late to work every day this week."

They left the bar and Jay walked Cheryl to the subway. When he left her he walked for hours. Three times he walked past the address that she had given him before he gathered enough courage to enter.

He rang the bell. After a moment he heard someone stirring from within. There was a click from the peephole and the door opened.

"What the hell . . ."

"I know," Jay said apologetically, "it's three o'clock in the morning. Can I come in?"

"Why not?" Gerard replied as he opened the door wide. "Not every night I get awakened this time of the morning."

"I'm sorry. Can I stay here tonight?"

"Sure," Gerard said. "I'll get some blankets. You can sleep on the couch."

He went into the bedroom and returned carrying several blankets and a couple of sheets. He began to spread them on the couch.

"Here, let me," Jay said as he took the sheets out of Gerard's hands.

When the bed was prepared Gerard asked, "O.K.?"

"Yeah," Jay assured him. "Fine."

"The john's there," Gerard pointed to a doorway that lead into the bathroom. "Tomorrow's Sunday and I'm sleeping late. If you get up before me just help yourself. There's eggs, juice and coffee. Make yourself at home."

"Thanks," Jay sounded more than grateful.

"See you tomorrow."

"Goodnight."

Gerard went back to bed and was about to go to sleep when he heard footsteps. Jay entered the room and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Mind if I talk?"

"No, I don't mind. You want to tell me about it?"

"Gerard, I . . ." his voice faltered.

"You left Clara?" Gerard inquired.

"Yes."

"I guessed as much," Gerard replied sympathetically.

"Oh," Jay said, relieved that Gerard knew.

"Are you sorry?"

"For leaving?"

"For anything," Gerard suggested.

"No," Jay hesitated, "I suppose not."

"Then why the tears?"

There was a long silence. Jay placed his hand on Gerard's shoulder. His fingers tensed.

"You want to tell me what's bothering you?"

"Dammit, Gerard! Do I have to draw you a picture? Don't you know?"

"Yes," Gerard replied soberly, "I know."

Jay leaned over Gerard. Gerard took Jay's face between his hands. He felt the wet streaks that rolled down the side of his cheeks. Jay trembled as he bent forward to meet the lips that awaited his. Their bodies pressed together.

"I love you, Gerard."

"I know," Gerard whispered as he kissed away the tears. "I know," he repeated.

Find me Someone

Find me
someone
and
though strange
talk to me,
see in me
youth forgotten
and dreams dreamed,
make of me
tomorrows of joy
and then
forsake me not
in morning's
truthfulness.

Donald C. Mitchell

You, fair youth

Consider how Manhattan keeps the guard:
Stoop-shouldered buildings group in dying light
And mumble off across the river yard
Like old men drunk and cursing in the night,
Then in profoundest dark their eyes squint closed;
Maintain the silent watching black and blind,
In slabs of gray upon the pitch-edge posed,
The river hole in which zero's defined.
But you, fair youth, all in the light of day
Stand to eye the glassy river's race,
And keep the morning watch, when beam and ray
Evaporate the stale night's cobwebbed face.
So you and day watch must contend with life,
While night watch wrestles in a different strife.

Stephen Foy

READERS on Writers



Reader Franklin E. Kameny, of Washington, D.C., takes up the cudgels in defense of homophile picketing, knocking over straw men right and left as he does so. The question remains: is picketing not already pretty "old hat" Pros in the civil rights struggle tell us this is so; that the modern trend is to use fresher techniques.

I write in response to the editorial by Richard Conger, in the November, 1965, Magazine. Although, as Chairman of the Mattachine Society of Washington's Committee on Picketing and Other Lawful Demonstrations, I have been one of the prime movers and planners in the picketing demonstrations which have occurred in the East in the past eight months, I make it plain that I write here as a private individual, for myself only, expressing my own views. I sincerely believe, however, that very many members of the eastern homophile organizations—and western ones, too—agree with what I am saying. I find Mr. Conger's editorial interesting both for what it does say and for what it does not say.

We find Mr. Conger criticizing frequent radio and TV appearances. Does he object to our presenting our case to the public? If so, I think his position needs some careful justification. If not, how better would he do it than through radio and TV—and other public appearances? Or is it Mr. Conger's position that if we hide ourselves sufficiently well, everyone will think that we have gone away, forget about us, and that this, somehow, will get for

us our rights and our equality? I will grant that some radio and TV appearances, including some very recent ones, have been deplorably poor. But this is not the issue raised by Mr. Conger. He is under a not uncommon misapprehension, if he believes that the *primary* purpose of our picketing demonstrations has been to call attention to ourselves.

To call very much needed public attention to *our cause*, and to the abuses meted out to our minority, is a very valid *Secondary* purpose of these demonstrations, and they have succeeded admirably in this, with no "disaster," "damage" or "setback"—in fact, very much to the contrary.

We are not seeking attention, *per se*, but the right kind of attention. Our demonstrations and our public appearances have gotten it for us! We are seeking shock, in a way, but in order to take fully proper and carefully calculated advantage of the novelty created by a firm public request for rights, by a group which has hitherto consistently been disregarded because no one expected them to put their protests in a form worth listening to, or noting—or, in fact, in an "audible"

form at all. This disposes, I think, of the rather fatuous comments on drag, leather, camp, smut, and sophistication and, more subtly, of the comments on lack of leadership.

Our demonstrations have been sober, serious, dignified, orderly, highly-disciplined, fully lawful ones, by conservatively-dressed (suits, white shirts, ties for men; dresses for women), well-groomed men and women. When we picketed to protest Federal employment policies, for example, we saw to it that we looked employable—by employers' standards, which is what is relevant here. The signs carried, the press releases and leaflets distributed, etc., have presented our case, our philosophy, our position in carefully-worded, non-sensational terms.

However, our primary purpose, in picketing, apparently totally missed by Mr. Conger, was to attempt to correct the abuses against which we picketed. Our purposes in picketing at the Civil Service Commission building, was to bring an end to the Federal Government's disqualification of homosexuals; at the Pentagon, to change the policies of the Armed Services toward the homosexual citizen and the homosexual serviceman; etc. We have very good reason to believe that we were not totally without success in this.

It should be pointed out that almost every demonstration was preceded by at least two months of correspondence (up to three years, in several cases) in which our grievances were pointed out, conferences and meetings were requested, advance notice of the demonstration was given, with the clearly-made statement that "we prefer negotiations and discussion to demonstration; but it takes two to negotiate and discuss; *we* are always ready."

Surely Mr. Conger does not expect us, having tried *every* door, and having traversed every other avenue of recourse, to accept the second-class status, the total dismissal of us as citizens,

and as worthwhile human beings, and the implied contempt—to accept these with no response other than to crawl away, silently. Homosexuals have been doing far too much of this for far too many years. We feel that, all other possible avenues for redress of grievance being exhausted, we have the same right, in propriety, as have all other citizens and human beings, to make public protest in this fashion—and that such protest is fully in order and tactfully advisable.

We feel that our demonstrations have shown careful and responsible leadership, by responsible leaders, of responsible people and responsible organizations. We feel that our demonstrations do, indeed, show the utmost of social responsibility. We know what leadership truly is, what the goals of the homophile movement are, and how responsible persons should best go about attaining those goals. We are doing so. We know what sensible and considered action is; we are taking it. We know, also, what mature reflection and trained observation are. Our demonstrations are the result of them. We have not undertaken picketing lightly or casually, either in consideration of the principles and possible consequences involved, or in formulation of the details of the actual performance. Reactions have been good, whether from the public, from the news media, from the police, from members of other non-homophile organizations (such as the ACLU), or elsewhere.

For too long, too much of the efforts of the homophile movement have been devoted to homosexuals talking with and to homosexuals about homosexuality — or heterosexuals talking with and to homosexuals about homosexuality. It is about time that homosexuals talked to heterosexuals about homosexuality—and "talking" included radio and TV appearances and picketing.

Now, for what Mr. Conger does *not*

say—nowhere does he offer us as much as one constructive suggestion at all, as to what form alternative "responsible," "creative" action might take. How would he responsibly and creatively go about trying to change U. S. Civil Service Commission policy, for example? Does he believe in trying to educate the public to our case and our cause? How will he do it without radio and TV appearances—and why not use them? Does Mr. Conger still believe, as some yet do, that homosexuals themselves should never work openly for their cause, but should always find heterosexuals — preferably "influential" or "prestigious" ones, or so-called "authorities"—to "front" for them? I believe that while assistance from such sources certainly should not be refused, we have advanced beyond

reliance upon it, and are now at the point of presenting our own case for ourselves.

Let us have some positive and constructive alternatives to replace the destructive negativism of Mr. Conger's editorial—but let those positive alternatives consist of more than just continuing to talk to ourselves. I, for one, am more than merely open and receptive to such alternatives and suggestions. In conclusion, I point to Mr. Conger's comment on the 15-year age of the modern homophile movement, and his statement that "today different standards must be used." Different methods must also be used. We are using them. Mr. Conger would have us remain with the methods and standards of a decade-and-a-half ago.

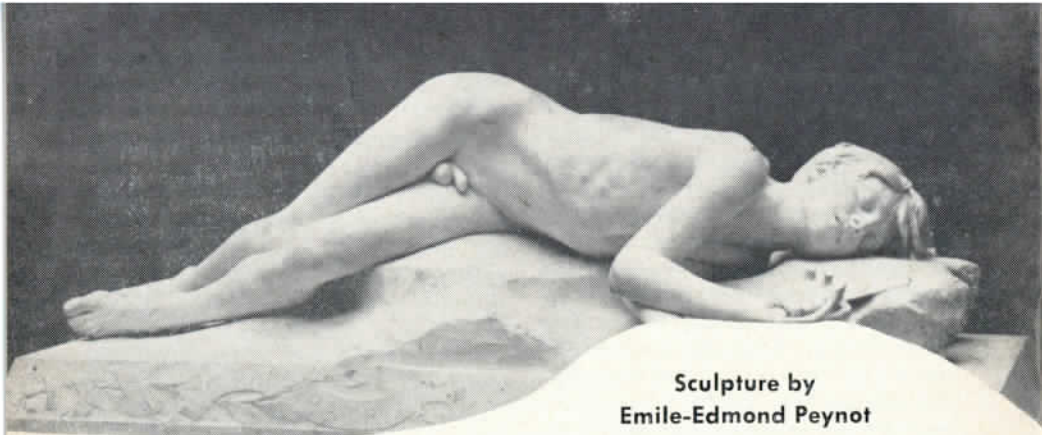
PARADOX

That descendants of Pilgrim Fathers,
who braved nature's dire threatenings
in search of Liberty,
should, with determined force,
seek to deny freedom
to men of varied race, creed or condition
within these shores of refuge.

Beth P. Wilson

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 are now being regularly held. 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: Director, Social Service Division, ONE, Incorporated 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006



Sculpture by
Emile-Edmond Peynot

How had it happened exactly?

by Friedrich Hager

He hadn't turned his thought or his gaze from the small form sleeping beside him, all night. It wasn't until morning that he glanced at his own sheet-buried body and shuddered. It was as if he were staring at flesh that had never before existed for him, that existed apart from whatever remained of his tired comprehension and, yet, it smothered him completely. In fact, the word "flesh" didn't suggest itself at all—what obtruded and penetrated and suffocated him was nameless, was terrifying and was, above all, accusing. He shuddered and felt hopelessly abased.

There had been so many opportunities he had refused to seize—so many years of Virtuous Restraint—that it seemed impossible he'd finally allowed his sex to seduce him. However, the already-troubled breathing so close to his own riveted him into belief. He could no longer, belief told him, boast of an untouched position in a world that submitted about him. His writings could no longer advocate the barest morality and, indeed, it should now be impossible to let others read his words at all, unless he let his words also confess his guilt.

Not to write—as inconceivable as the proposition seemed, he knew precisely what it entailed. No more the gossamer-thin meaning which was all he had. No more the bridge his writing made from World to Self. There would no longer be the knowing esteem of other artists, nor even the empty adulation that always pleased but embarrassed him. No, all these anodynes would die, leaving the persistence of a pain which would demand relief in *some* way—and it would be *this* way, against his very self.

How had it happened exactly?

He recalled having worked unceasingly for days on the novel and that it was the most difficult to draw out pieces of writing he had ever attempted. Then, last night, he finally reached the block that had been thrashing to the

surface since he'd begun. He needed, quite desperately, to walk for awhile. Deliberately thinking of little, ambling along empty, midnight sidewalks, he was suddenly accosted by a boy of fifteen. The boy was trembling and mumbling something about his father waiting upstairs to kill him. It was impossible, however, to listen very closely because even under the dim visibility that the streetlight cast, he knew that the face looking up and past him was the most beautiful he'd ever seen. Soft, black boy-mopped hair hung slightly curled over a smooth, unmarked oval that suggested drawing-book perfection. His mouth, his nose and his neck all seemed so delicately small, but his eyes—they were huge and dark and glistened under long lashes. Despite himself, he felt violently drawn to this quailing, black-dungareed boy so beautiful and so close to him. He knew he should move quickly, run from the need as he'd always done, but he couldn't. His mind, tense upon disappearing, was eased back into a body feeding its sucking, abstinence-kicked desires. His body demanded and his mind acceded. He listened closely now to what the boy was saying and promised him that he'd talk to his father tomorrow or to the police if he wished and that tonight he could stay at his place.

The boy stirred, about to waken. What would he do now? Have the boy sit up in bed while he hurled himself through the window? Give the boy matches to burn all his books and manuscripts, or take him to the police and confess in his presence? No, the melodramatic possibilities were lost to him as of last night. No more dreams and no more illusions. When the boy awakened, he would love him.

ARCADIE

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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.

A NEW OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

Popular young actor, Martin Sheen, recently cited homosexuality as one of the "perils" of young male aspirants to the stage, when trying to make the grade in NYC. (S.F. CHRONICLE, 10/28) Said he: "I could have been on Broadway my first year if I had 'cooperated'. Parts are often cast on this basis. I remember one director taking a regular harem with him on a national tour." Hardly news as such, but rather newsy for a prominent young actor (The Subject Was Roses), married with three children, to discuss the facts so candidly.

THE SM INFLUENCE?

According to Inez Robb, writing for the 12/4 ROCKY MOUNTAIN POST, sounds as if SM may be invading the N.Y. fashion world. Commenting on the "masculine mystique" and championing equal rights for men in fashion, Miss

Robb first deplors the fact that a man often cannot wear a touch of "women's finery" without risking arrest, while "a woman in a Brooks Brothers suit with findings to match goes scot-free as an exemplar of present and future chic." She later notes that "only last week, at a N.Y. fashion showing, not only were the models panted, but also booted, and—God forbid—equipped with whips."

BROWNELL ON N.Y. SEX LAWS

In a 10/30/65 radio broadcast from NYC (WCBS), former (Eisenhower) Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell was asked to comment on N.Y. State's recent failure to repeal its antihomosexual laws, as recommended by the Bar Association. Said he: "Well, I think that undoubtedly the Legislature will consider (such steps) again at the next session. They're important changes in our penal code . . . I definitely

think they ought to be considered further, because the Committee in the Bar Assn. that studied the matter had the benefit of expert opinion, and their recommendation should not be lightly cast aside." Mr. Brownell now serves as co-chairman of a committee in favor of a revision of the N.Y. State Constitution.

CAMP LEXICON

Although appearing several months ago, A. F. Niemoeller's "Glossary of Homosexual Slang" will be new to many. It is found in the first 1965 issue of FACT, a controversial magazine edited and published by Ralph Ginzburg, former publisher of EROS. It defines an extensive but by no means exhaustive list of slang terms in this category, beginning with "Auntie" and on down the line. Some might complain that the gastronomic department was slighted. Meat and shore dinner were adequately dealt with, but the reader looks in vain for seafood.

BLACK VS. WHITEY

It is sad when one minority grinds its own ax at the expense of another. Leroi (The Toilet) Jones, "black" (he dislikes the term "negro") playwright, a rabid racist, and said to be an admirer of the late Malcolm X (ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL, 11/30), has been doing more or less that in his "hate Whitey" campaign, which he is waging in Harlem in his capacity as founder and theatrical director of the "Black Arts Repertory Theater-School," whose nightmarish antics have been partly subsidized by the long-suffering American taxpayer via the current Administration's anti-poverty program.

In his paranoid stage productions, Jones must, of course, have "Whitey" for villain. But to avoid

white actors, he reverses the old minstrel-show technique and has "black" actors in chalkface play the roles of whites, who "usually are portrayed as homosexuals," and who, in at least one of his plays, "Jello," are all murdered in a bloodletting, Congo-style revenge by the end of the performance.

Jones' **apartheid** formula for "solving" our racial problems is obviously copied from South Africa's and Rhodesia's white supremacists, and for this reason would seem rather quaint, if the issues were not so grave, and the proposed methods so appallingly brutal and self-defeating. Apparently unaware of anything beyond the confines of Harlem, or of the fact that U.S. "blacks" are very close indeed to achieving their constitutional rights by democratic processes, Jones says: "I don't see anything wrong with hating white people. Harlem must be taken from the beast and gain its sovereignty as a black nation." Jones' homosexual representations are plainly ridiculous, since there are "black" homosexuals in much the same proportion for this ethnic group as for any other, with interracial relations (with whites) certainly in no greater proportion than among heterosexuals. Fortunately, his "educational" program for Harlem's "blacks" is said to be having little impact beyond the walls of his theater.

S.F. VICTIMS DEMAND REDRESS

San Francisco's Council on Religion and the Homosexual, and other injured parties, are bringing a \$1,050,000 damage suit against Police Chief Thomas Cahill, 20 of his police force, and the City of San Francisco, for the police raid on 1/1/65 of a "homosexual ball." (See ONE Magazine, Oct., '65) The

police had agreed not to interfere with this function, but on the actual occasion of the ball, turned out in droves, making several arrests. "The police have engaged in a systematic policy of discrimination against San Francisco's homosexual community, and those interested in their rights and welfare," the suit charges.

HOMO-EXPLOSION IN BERKELEY

Not quite so spectacular as Mt. Pelee's 1902 eruption, which destroyed several towns and took the lives of 35,000 persons, the eruption of publicity last November in the DAILY CALIFORNIAN on male homosexual activity on the U. of C. Campus merely buried So. Cal. and other parts of the country with tons of newsprint on the subject, a bale or so of which eventually wound up at ONE's headquarters. The 5-part "expose," conducted by Feature Editor Konstantin Berlandt, was so flamboyant and the public comment so emphatic and widespread, that further remarks will necessarily be anti-climatic.

In the course of events, ONE's Bureau of Public Information (doubtless other sources also) was obliged to advise the D.C. editor that England had most definitely NOT yet altered its laws against homosexual behavior (D.C. for 12/8 said it had). Also, homosexuals at Berkeley and elsewhere registered shock at the lurid and unrealistic way in which the "expose" was begun—making the local men's restrooms appear as the major, if not the sole, focus of homophile interests.

In sending us the final two installments, one of our Berkeley correspondents wrote: "These last articles are an improvement . . . for good reason. The first article, relying on the restroom incidents, was

recognized by the entire campus community as being both misleading and irresponsible. A flood of letters has been sent to the newspaper, questioning the purpose of presenting the most sensational and least desirable aspects of homosexuality." Both student and faculty groups "condemned the articles for not giving an objective treatment of a social controversy in the context of University life. Added to this, 48 fraternities and the Athletics Dept., which were slurred by a statement from a homosexual, have sent letters of protest (as a result of which) several apology notices have been issued. These articles have generated a lot more interest than anyone originally anticipated."

In all of this, neither the D.C. itself, editorially, nor the articles (however unbalanced) actually adopted a condemnatory view. During the furore, the paper printed a number of indignant letters either from homosexuals or from those supporting their cause, criticizing the nature of the reporting. Anent the initial report that campus police had removed the door of every other cubicle in a men's restroom on campus, with which information the CALIFORNIAN led off (printing a photo as proof), one sociology grad wrote in to question the effectiveness of this Administrative measure as a means of curbing or stopping homosexual activity. After remarking that homosexuals could always remove to the privacy of dorm or frat, and, if this were invaded, to the sanctuary of private apartments, he reached the inevitable conclusion—that U. of C. must campaign for the removal of all doors (windowshades too, maybe?) in the entire community. "Surely THAT will solve the problem," said he.

PSYCHIATRISTS AN CAMPUS SEX

Possibly stimulated by the uproar at Berkeley, psychiatrists are now "urging colleges not to worry about student 'sexual activity practiced with appropriate attention to the sensitivities of other people,'" according to 12/12 reports appearing in the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, N.Y. TIMES, and elsewhere. This recommendation, from 260 members of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, was part of a 129-page study entitled, "Sex and the College Student." The study specifically included homosexual activity on the campus, and concluded that "private homosexual, like heterosexual, behavior need not become the direct concern of the (college) administration." It is stated that copies of this study are available at the G.A.P. office at 104 E. 25th St., N.Y.C. Berkeley, take note!

ELLIS-POLAK DEBATE

Dr. Albert Ellis' October "debate" with Mr. Polak, under the auspices of Philadelphia's Janus (DRUM) Society, was reported as a triumph (timewise, that is) for Dr. Ellis. Apparently from a misdirected sense of courtesy, later lamented by Janus, Dr. Ellis was allowed to precede his opponent for the first half of a programmed 40-minute debate-and-rebuttal period. According to Janus, Dr. Ellis ran true to form, so that at the end of 45 minutes he was still talking, despite numerous "frantic (written) entreaties to cease and desist" so that Mr. Polak could have the floor. He finally did, allowing Mr. Polak "approximately 37 seconds to comment on a list of charges similar in quantity and nature to those drawn up against Germany after World War II."

For those unfamiliar with Dr.

Ellis' views, this means that the homosexual is consistently a borderline psychotic, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, a job-hopper, enjoying himself only when drunk or doped, helplessly dependent, depressed, lonesome, incapable of human relations, loose thinker, goofer, indiscriminate . . . and this only a beginning. Janus understandably has expressed regret that its audience for the occasion was thus deprived both of a balanced view of the general issues, and a clear idea of Janus' own organizational position.

MIDWEST MATTACHINE HEARS DR. ALVAREZ

Mattachine Chicago was lately treated to a lecture by the distinguished Dr. Walter Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic, who summarized for his audience his reasons for believing that homosexuality has a strong genetic basis. As a newspaper medical columnist, Dr. Alvarez is often appealed to for advice on homosexual problems, and in his lecture he emphasized the need for many more sources of intelligent and understanding help in this area.

US TOO? (But Don't Kid Yourself)

Persons discriminated against in employment are said to be benefited by contacting the Equal Opportunity Employment Commission, G.A.O. Bldg., 444 "G" St., N.W., Washington D.C.

NEW HOME FOR CHICAGO'S DOB'S

Congratulations to Daughters of Bilitis in Chicago, who have recently established permanent and spacious quarters at a convenient location in the city. For further information, they may be contacted at P.O. Box 4497, Chicago. Good going gals, and lots of luck!

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.



THE THIEF'S JOURNAL by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman, Grove Press, New York, 1964. Bantam N3046 paperback July 1965. Originally published in France by Librairie Gallimard 1949. Foreword by Jean-Paul Sartre.

(For review of hardback edition see *ONE Magazine*, April, 1961).

"There is a close relationship between flowers and convicts." from the opening page to the close of the book he proves well his knowledge of convicts. His knowledge of flowers is not limited to seduction (deflowering), but also to flowering words, bursting private philosophy, blooming prose, and budding poetry—all intraposed on the printed page for absorption. If you cannot take strong writing, blunt instruments, and base poetry—if you cannot take queens stealing from queens, beautiful male phallics, broad daylight of the homosexual underworld of Europa, then this book is not for you.

"Fairies are a pale and motley race that flowers in the minds of decent folk. Never will they be entitled to broad daylight, to real sun." Because of such a statement, he is alloting more mental sun to shine on us daily. His books have opened up the collegiate and literary circles of the globe to homosexuality, per se. Will it be for the

next generation to activate freedom completely? Or is it in the "instant" future?

He speaks with fresh-worn words of experience at "putting down" a lover:

"What would become of him without me?"

Being proud, he will refuse to return to his family. In my company he will acquire habits of laziness and luxury. Will he hang around bars? He will become mean and cruel out of revenge, out of defiance, out of hatred of all men. One misfortune in the world, among so many others, is a matter of indifference to me, but I suffer at the thought of this child's taking the path of shame. . . I see Lucien: his numb, purple, sluggish, sensitive fingers, frozen to the bone, painfully open to enter the stiff filthy pockets of his trousers; I see him standing and tapping his toes on the sidewalk, in the dry cold, in front of cafes he dares not enter; perhaps a new dance may be born from his aching feet, a parody. He turns up the collar of his jacket. Despite the wind that chaps his lips, he will smile at the old queens. Grief unfurls over me, but what happiness in my body and heart spreads its fragrance when, by the same thought which makes me abandon him, I save him from all the evil to which I doom him. He will not hate me . . .

He knows the immediate grief of degrading his sisters: "You dirty

louse, I muttered between my teeth, while within me my conscience grieved at having wounded and insulted those who were the wretched expression of my dearest treasure: Homosexuality."

Genet's poetry has yet to be translated, which, alas, should be a black mark on the publishing world. With sentences like: The word balls is a roundness in my mouth. /My pride has been colored with the crimson of my shame/The absence of the hand was as real and effective as a royal attribute, as the hand of justice. We will sadly have to wait to see his real poetry.

"Only the German police in Hitler's time, succeeded in being both Police and Crime." This audit of modern times is distinctly his by having been in prisons from Czechoslovakia to Italy, Spain to Germany with "habitual criminal" on his head in France. He has been in and out of crime: thief, robber, prostitute, opium smuggler, counterfeiter, etc. His brotherhood of beggars, pimps, prostitutes, queens, thieves are friends. And his friends are his lovers. This book is not full of sexual, oral or anal symbols: per se it is one gigantic phallic symbol being waved by Genet at modern society: I am a Homosexual: I am a thief.

His underworld is his own. You will have to live it with him, should you read Genet's *Journal*.

paul mariah

STEUERUNGSELEMENTE DER TRIEBWELT (Controlling or directive elements in the realm of motivation). Studies and investigations into the interrelation between hormone, constitution, psyche, and sexuality by Professor, Medical Doctor, Doctor R. Cernea, Mailand. 1965, pp. 288, 8vo, linen.

In order to anticipate directly: The book is distinguished for its kindly humanity and sympathetic understand-

ing. The author emphasizes the necessity of a complete medical view in the treatment of neuro-vegetative illnesses and this principle is observable as a leitmotiv in the different chapters of the highly interesting book, whether reporting on neuroses, homosexuality, impotence, frigidity, transvestism, or other disturbances. It will give an overview of the intermeshing of the internal secretion and vegetative aspects of the nervous system. In the case of vegetative disturbances it is quite important to have a real contact (a "mental liking or preference") between physician and patient.

Between the vegetative-neural and the hormonal system there exist many combinations with differing possibilities of control or direction. Thus the treatment beside hormone-therapy also includes mental care. In the hormonal treatment of disturbed neurotics the changing of emotional attitude and life orientation is essential. Between the vegetative system (vegetative nerves plus internal secretions) and the vascular system there exists a narrow relationship, which under certain circulatory conditions become observable and may be called Anguish. (Angst) Thus the condition is described in the case of some neuroses and sexual anomalies and the corresponding therapy is indicated in so far as such is possible. The hormone component of the treatment, which the author deems very important, is mostly made up from the combined dosage of hormones from both sexes (since normally every person produces gonad hormones of the other sex.)

The author emphasizes essentially his experience of many years that the natural combined internal secretion hormone is always the one to choose. The synthetic hormone has only a transitory effect while the full extract, it is true, is somewhat slower in its action, but comes closer to having a permanent effect, being the result of

natural processes, which again must be carried on. It is wrong to dispense large amounts of hormones as the effect is bad. Hormones are effective in smallest doses. While high dosage can have an erotic effect, the correct dosage increases vitality. The method of their working is not yet known. Inner secretion-vegetative-hormonal disturbances have a very good prognostication with hormonal treatment. It has no bad effect on an endocrine gland. Many hormone syndromes are closely interrelated always with the involvement of the autonomic nervous system and accompanied by the action of the mid-brain which itself is under hormonal influences.

The task of sexual hormones is not only the directing of the generative function and the stamping of secondary sex characteristics upon the personality, but also to exert an influence on the whole mental conduct owing to the unity of body and soul. The author warns against an undifferentiated application of sexual hormones without sufficient analysis and diagnosis, that is, without clarifying whether the morbid symptoms arise from an excess or a deficiency of hormones and which hormones are in question. Universal directions for the prescription of sex hormones cannot be given as each patient must be dealt with as a special case which requires individual treatment.

The above paragraphs are in comment upon Dr. Cernea's book and made by Dr. Sigg, Director of the Polyclinic for Venereal Diseases of the Women's Hospital, Basle.

Seldom has an author presented so clear a picture of a neurotic as Cernea. That the author can penetrate so deeply into the need of a patient is demonstrated also by his description of "congelation urticaria" which is downright brilliant. The overall presentation in the field of sexuality is so excellent that one wishes with deepest conviction

that every physician become familiar with it.

Dr. G. Hesse, Neurologist, Berlin. (Translation by T. M. Merritt.)

PRIMATE BEHAVIOR: FIELD STUDIES OF MONKEYS AND APES, edited by Irvén DeVore (of Harvard); Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1965, 654 pages, illustrated, \$10.

Before the world got this mine of science the place thereof was only an ant hill. The mine comes of many hardy workers' watching wild animals in their native homes and natural conditions; the ant hill had been fabricated out of observations of captives in cages.

You may be shocked to learn how ignorant you are on this important subject—our distant cousins. Console yourself by reflecting that the rest of the world shares your shortcomings.

By the time we were graduated from college we had been exposed to much learning, including geography, biology, comparative anatomy and sociology. Some of that learning rubbed off upon us; but since then much of it has rubbed off—off. Now these two dozen scientists have ganged up on us to show us how little of that which we learned has stuck with us.

Written in language that is formidably scientific, *Primate Behavior* is toilsome reading for the generality of us. But stepping the scientific shorthand down into the vernacular would require more wordage; and the volume is of two or three pounds' weight now.

Homosexuality among primates is reported *en passant*; and the animals are as casual about their engaging in it.

Mainmostly the account is pedestrian, facts are set down as noted and some of the questions that might occur to a reader are left unanswered. The book doesn't prove any point, is not intended to. What does observation of

our surviving cousins tell us about their and our distant and extinct ancestors? How far back in time stands their and our common ancestor? From seeing monkeys, what can you learn about men?

I hope the authors will carry out their intention of reporting further field studies. I wish they would add comment, speculation. Somebody should summarize and guess about facts now unknown; and the guessing

is better done by these, the most realistic guessers we can get.

Primate Behavior is an excellent example of the way the scientific world wins its wisdom. The authors do not say, but I know they did a lot of hard work and endured discomfort and danger so that other primates such as I can sit on our ischial callousities and grumble because the book does not have more pictures and conversations.

Manuel boyFrank

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.

VOLUNTEER SOCIAL SERVICE

Dear ONE:

After having been an avid peruser of our ONE Magazine for approximately a year and a half, I have been greatly enthused, amused, informed, somewhat reformed, and interested in the goals and purposes of the homophile movement.

Because of the intent of ONE, I have been immensely enlightened concerning the scientific, historical, and critical point of view of the homophile. I have still been taken aback somewhat, though, by the naivete of many of us—especially here in New York—who are unaware of any type of social movement in this field. Whenever I find myself in those places here in New York where particular people congregate, I usually, somehow, manage to have a Magazine with me. Whenever produced, it seems to be the cause of much attention, conversation, and controversy. All in all, I have gathered that many of us are indifferent or ill-informed as to what our present plight and condition actually are, and I feel that I have, to some extent, caused others to become interested in this omnipresent movement.

Nolens volens, I am also a member of the other large minority here in our country: I am of African descent. To be thus a member of both of our two greatest minorities

imposes upon me, and I assume others, a type of life in which discretion has to be observed. At present, I am in college as a student of nursing, and within a short time after I have entered my profession, I shall be capable of doing more than in the past to enlighten others, and to participate more fully in this movement for our civil liberties.

My sincerest good wishes to all of you at ONE.

Mr. B.
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Let me thank you for the manner in which my recent telephone call was answered; it was nearly like calling the local grocer for a delivery. When I called, I was terrified, but my apprehension vanished when I heard a reassuring voice. My homosexuality has been the only real secret in my life, of which, until recently, I never told even my family.

Except for one contact at school, I have always kept to myself. I still do not understand how even that one contact recognized me, as apparently I have almost no external distinguishing characteristics. I tend to avoid bars, because I dislike smoke, and seldom drink much. I sometimes think it would be helpful to have friends of the same persuasion to discuss the problem with. There

would be a line of understanding between us. Then, I think even that would be dangerous; it might become an involvement.

I have found it a great relief to end the deception, at least with my family, who have now begun to accept my problem with some understanding. Now I will be able openly to find a solution, if one exists. Twenty years is a long time to carry a secret of this sort, but it is far less burdensome now than it was even a week ago. Thanks for your help.

Mr. C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TIME IS, TIME WAS . . .

Dear ONE:-

Time is past, apparently, when an essay was something more than a rehash of already-hackneyed comments, copied directly or indirectly from others. Besides being just that, TIME's "Homosexual In America." (1-21-66) tried so hard to avoid a commitment (without seeming to), and yet to commit itself (also without seeming to), that you could take it as a classic example of the sophistry of which it accuses the homosexual.

Trickiest piece of sophistry TIME had, of course, to borrow from someone else—its own writers not yet being trained to such refined gobbledegook. This priceless bit was, in my opinion, the one attributed to N.Y. State Supreme Court Justice Hofstadter. In it, he contrasted the "wrongful" with the "lawful" act, as if "law" was synonymous with right, and "illegality" with wrong. From such a view, the qualifications of this Justice for the bench seem to be confined to a diploma from some police academy.

The correct distinctions, as any Justice should know, are between right and wrong, and between lawful and illegal. Solomon understood this perfectly three thousand years ago (I Kings, 3:16-28). All rights are not necessarily prescribed by law, nor does law proscribe all wrongs. The fallacious thinking that regards the "wrongful" as being opposed to the "lawful" is precisely the erroneous thinking that underlies antihomosexuality, and TIME has fallen for Justice Hofstadter's bait hook, line, & sinker.

Mr. G.
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE HOMOPHILE IN FLORIDA

Dear Mr. Conger:

Things here at long last are looking up. I never thought I'd live to see the day that a section of the Mattachine would be established in the Sunshine State. The people behind it seem both intelligent and aggressive. We've been plagued in this State for years by the "do-nothing" attitude of the "sick sisters" and "nervous nellies." Perhaps, now, some progress will be made. You good folks have certainly spearheaded much of the changes that have come about. Homosexuals

everywhere owe you a debt that can never adequately be paid.

In TIME Magazine of Jan. 21, 1966 there is an essay on "The Homosexual In America." I found it full of the usual fatuous generalizations. Most of what it said could be challenged and definitely should be. Your "old friend," Dr. Edmund Bergler, was quoted and his statements accepted as gospel. I need say nothing more about Bergler.

May 1966 be a year that sees some real breakthroughs. I know you folks will be working hard toward those aims.

If you print my letter, by all means please use my name instead of the usual initials. It's a great boost for the ego.

Thurman A. Sontag
North Port Charlotte, Florida

BOUQUETS & BRICKBATS

TO THE EDITOR:-

In a recent letter sent to your friends you mentioned the fact that ONE, ever since 1952, stood for high standards of every sort.

I wonder if this is especially true in regard to such stories as "Interview With a Hustler," published in your November, 1965 issue. A filthier story than that one I have not read in a long, long time. And I wondered where the connection between your high standards and such filth is.

Mr. B.
Stuttgart, Germany

Dear Chuck Thompson:

Season's Greetings! I will always remember the most interesting European Tour under your excellent leadership which I took in 1965.

I just visited some of your Eastern cities, and so missed calling upon you. There is one group now operating in Philadelphia which is considered to be much more interesting than the one in Amsterdam. People here in Taiwan are now also gathering in a particular club, rather than in the Park.

Dr. M.
Taipei, Taiwan

Dear ONE:-

"Tolerance", by Paul Menken, in your November 1965 issue must stand as one of the most inappropriately named, irritatingly intolerant pieces of garbage to appear in a modern liberal publication.

As for your editorial on the need for leadership in the "homophile" movement—that dandy, silly euphemism—potential leaders will hesitate before committing themselves to a course which may severely damage or destroy their leadership possibilities on behalf of greater causes. The fact is that we can survive, albeit not as happily as we might, without the approval of an intolerant heterosexual—or pseudo-heterosexual—society. As for camp, even if homosexuals constitute a group unacceptable to society, most of us

are not known to that society and constitute a special "in" group unto ourselves. There are certain real consolations to being part of such a society within, though out of, society, and camp is the special language of our in-group.

It may well be that there are many homosexuals suffocating on farms or in suburbia or small towns. I once did myself. My advice is simple:— move. Let us flock together in one or several key areas. Let us come to constitute a majority in these key areas and effectively "take them over," revise the laws, elect our own to government posts, local, state, and national, and by our example of self-help, self-respect, creativity, and genuine tolerance compel recognition and tolerance from others. I recommend New York—as the largest, most important self-governing city in the nation, internationally prominent. New York, or whatever other place we choose could become for us what Quebec is for French Canadians:— stronghold, spokesman, champion. The voiceless would have a voice, a powerful voice backed by an example of a successful, harmonious and tolerant society, to press our case and give homosexuals everywhere more self-respect and confidence.

I advocate also that we end the senseless splits in our ranks through merging the various homosexual organizations—ONE, the various Mattachine Societies, etc.—into one (with separate male and female branches—after all, this is what homosexuality is all about). I am a political activist and believe that if we are to gain the freedom to be ourselves, we must take practical actions in the political field.

Mr. S.
New York, N.Y.

Dear ONE:

The enclosed \$500 is the best I can do at the present. It will help, I know, but I wish it could be the whole thing.

Would like very much to visit you all and see the ONE "operation." As for the lawsuit, I'm sure that you'll win it—no doubt in my mind about that.

Mr. W.
Sandusky, Ohio

Dear Mr. Rothman:

Your very emotional article on the Homophile Movement appearing in the December issue of ONE Magazine made many interesting points, and evaluation is often helpful. However, as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National League for Social Understanding, I can see no reason for you to get so carried away with tearing apart organizations other than ONE that you need change their name as you did with the League.

It has always been difficult for two or

ganizations to work peacefully together in the same city. I was one of the leaders who pushed the concept that working with ONE built the confidence of the majority of homosexuals for both organizations. Your article, and ONE's willingness to print it, with its mistake, have led several of the staff to question the Board's decision. I hope the future will vindicate my personal position.

Dr. Harold Fielder
National League for Social Understanding
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

It is pleasing to note that you are making progress despite the great difficulties you experienced last year. If the other group wished to separate, let them. Apparently they are going ahead with their "Tangents." In my opinion they and the new magazine published, I think, in San Francisco can't hurt you if you continue to put out a good ONE. The market is flooded with competing magazines. There is such a great number of homophiles that you have a tremendous field to work on, even though other organizations compete.

I make one small suggestion. Since the other outfit has seen fit to call their magazine "Tangents," drop the title, Tangents, in that section of ONE. It was a good title for the section, but now I would have nothing which corresponds with anything they have.

Re: the 1-21-66 TIME Magazine Essay (also material on the same subject published earlier in LIFE)—I don't know why, but I just have the feeling that there are homosexuals in the TIME-LIFE organization. It seems to me that references are sometimes made in various issues, and in various contexts, which did not necessarily have to be made. I gain the impression that someone is trying to give the homosexual a "fair shake," although when there is an outright discussion of the subject, as in the recent TIME, they take a miserably weak stand.

As you face a new year, I sincerely hope and wish for ONE much success. You are doing a fine job for people who desperately need such help. My best regards to my friends at ONE.

Mr. P.
Riverside, Calif.

Dear ONE:

Regarding the Rothman diatribe in your December, 1965 issue of ONE Magazine, the very fact that you would print such denigrations of East Coast homophile activities proves that ONE has slipped far out of the mainstream of the homophile movement in recent years. I feel that this is to be regretted. A continued attitude of aloofness will only reinforce this.

Mr. K.
Washington, D.C.