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15TH YEAR

JUNE 1967

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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



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

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Arab Revolt



by
Bruno
Roger
Vitale

Beginning with Nasser's abrupt seizure of the Suez Canal the rest of the world has become more painfully aware each day of Arab nationalism and its fiery demands. From Gibraltar to the Indus, and beyond, the Moslem world pulsates with a vigor it has not known in a thousand years.

What is back of this modern phenomenon? How did it all get started? What have been the forces that lit the fuse we all watch these days in fear and trepidation?

News commentators and the pundits tell us much, but few

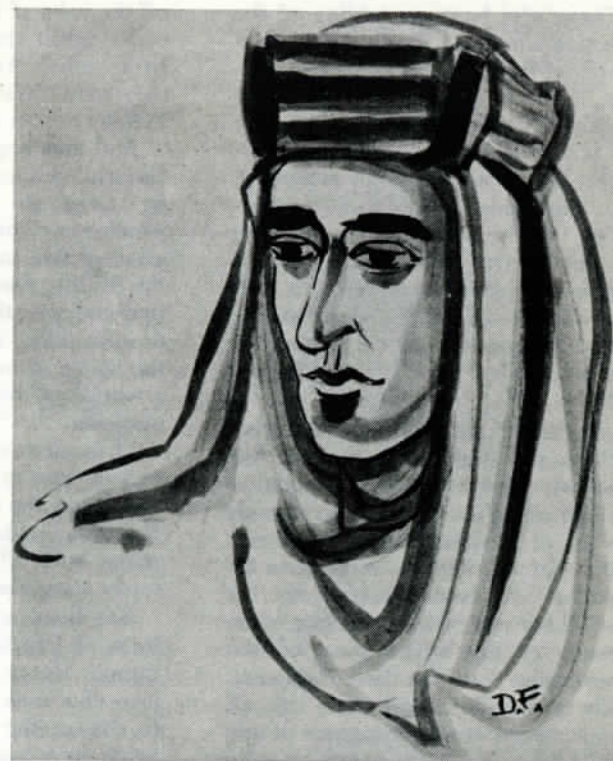
have explored the part that homosexual love has played in the drama. In the following article, Signor Vitale, an Italian scholar who has traveled widely in the Near East and done considerable study of the enigmatic career of Lawrence of Arabia, gives what he feels is the key to it all.

If he is right, and it appears quite likely that he is, every reader will have acquired a new perspective on the place and influence of homosexuality in current affairs and the history of the world.

*I loved you, so I
drew these tides
of men into my
hands and wrote
my will across the
sky in stars*

*To earn you Free-
dom, the seven
pillared worthy
house, that your
eyes might be
shining for me
When we came.*

T. E. Lawrence



These words were written as the preface to a book and dedicated to the memory of a boy. Were it not that death visited the boy at the culmination of his adolescence, we would never have been able to read these words, for the book would have never been written. But, then, if the book had never been written, the most moving tale of modern times would have remained unknown and the lesson it teaches would have been ignored.

Wise, therefore, beyond all human comprehension are the ways of Providence; for God, in His infinite Wisdom, is now opening the eyes of men to the plight of those brethren of theirs whom He has singled out to do heroic deeds as a sublimation of their homosexual love.

T. E. Lawrence, the pen name of

the author of the famous book, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, was born to love boys and not women; but he himself did not know it until he went to the Middle East to pursue his life career of archaeology. It was there, in the exploration of the mound of Carchemish that he had the revelation of his true nature.

Always, in everything which is human, the hidden spring of action is the yearning of the heart.

T. E. Lawrence might have been a fairly competent archaeologist and lived to a ripe old age the life of a distinguished scholar, had not his soul been set afire at the meeting of an Arab boy, known as Sheik Ahmed. The boy was also called Dahoum, which in Arabic means: The Dark One, in humorous reference to his unusually fair skin.

Those who have no inkling of the "elective affinities" binding the secret chords of the hearts of two human beings, have found utterly difficult to explain the magic of the spell cast by the boy Dahoum upon the man Lawrence. Here was a boy not exceptionally handsome, and, to all appearances, utterly uneducated, possessing no other charm but the charm of his adolescent years, and, yet, this boy was capable of inspiring such deeds as would change the whole history of mankind. Why? And how did it happen?

Alas! but I am afraid this question will remain forever unanswered for those who seek a rational explanation for that which is supremely irrational: the life of the heart. For, if the body feeds on food, and the mind lives on thoughts, the heart yearns only for love. "Love and be loved, to love is the essence of life." The song of the sirens, sung since the time of Ulysses, finds a reverberating echo in all human hearts at the springtime of any man's life. And thus, found an echo in Lawrence's heart, there in Asia Minor, sacred to the memory of the love of Achilles and Patroclus.

Be that as it may, Lawrence did fall in love with the boy Dahoum.

He fell in love and his true life began.

It began the moment he decided to raise a monument to this love that should remain unequalled in the annals of history.

The boy Dahoum was a member of a downtrodden, oppressed race. But that race had had a glorious history in the past. Spain had never known any greater moment of her history than under the Arab's domination. All that was needed was to give back to the men of this race the consciousness of their great dignity, a sense of their valor, a taste of new accomplishments, and new triumphs, to see them throw

off the yoke of their servitude and become again the proud, fierce, arrogant, superb Arabs of that past when they rode astride the highways of the Mediterranean world.

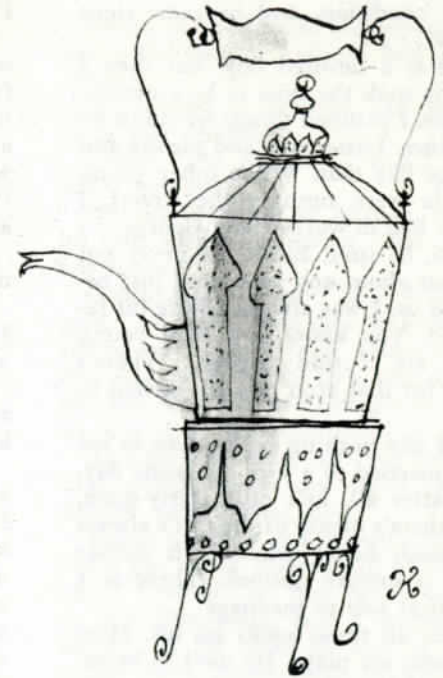
And thus began "The Revolt in the Desert," so magnificently described by Lawrence himself, that revolt which was to bring about the inauguration of five or six new kingdoms in the Middle East, the rebirth of Arab nationalism, the upward swing of downtrodden masses, and possibly, the whole of mankind to the verge of a world war to be fought with atomic weapons . . .

"I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands and wrote my will across the sky in stars to earn you Freedom." Thus wrote T. E. Lawrence, and what he wrote is absolutely true, alas! only too true!

But then, who is to question the ways of Providence? If God, in His infinite Mercy, served Himself by the love of a man for an adolescent boy to change the course of history and bring new hope to millions of men, was that love to remain hidden forever? As a matter of fact I maintain that its secret would have made a mockery of Divine justice. It would have made a mockery of it, because men must know that it is not heterosexual love alone which can be capable of noble thoughts and heroic deeds, but homosexual love as well. And that if heterosexual love has had a monument raised with "The Divine Comedy," by Dante to his Beatrice, homosexual love has also its monument raised in the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare to his boy, W. H.; and that, if countless men have done heroic deeds inspired by the love of a woman, no man did greater heroic deeds than T. E. Lawrence, or, which is even more important, deeds which in the end have so altered the face of the world and the history of mankind as the Arab revolt has done.

Four o'Clock Tea

by John Paul Tegner



Well, Lillie! Lillie Murphy, of all people! . . . Let me look at you, dear . . . Yes, you *have* changed. But gray hair is so much more becoming when you get to be our age. It softens the face . . . Unless I miss my guess, I've changed a little myself. After all, thirty years . . .

Why didn't you phone me? George could have picked you up at your hotel. . . . He'd have been glad to . . .

Oh, he's fine, Lillie. George is just fine. I don't think he'd remember you. He was such a little boy the last time— No, I'm not working. George keeps us both very nicely now. It's such a satisfaction to him. I always feel he's trying to make up for the years when everything was such a struggle. It's not easy, being a widow with a boy to bring up.

Let me make you a cup of tea . . . No, really I'd love one, myself. It's just time. I usually have a cup of

tea about four, while I'm sitting here waiting for George. He works for an insurance company just down the street . . . It is convenient. I can run in any time.

It's a good steady position. I said to him, "George, you can make up your mind to like it," and after a while he did. He never mentions teaching any more

Yes, he did. He talked about teaching in a different place every year so he could see the country. Can you imagine! I used to laugh and say, "George, how would you expect your poor old mother to keep up while you went flying around?"

He never would have made a teacher. He was always too high-strung. Of course, I didn't say a word when he started to college, but I knew it was a waste of time

No, he went only a couple of months. That was the year I had the

heart condition, and he came right home

He *is* a devoted boy, but then I always took the time to be a mother to him. I planned things we could do *together*. Little trips and picnics and things like that. While other young people were running the streets, I never had to worry about George . . .

No, he isn't, Lillie. He never got serious about any girls, and just between us, I was always a little bit relieved. You know how most young girls are. I told George, "There's time for that after you get settled in life."

I'd like nothing better than to see him married to a nice girl some day, but after all, he's only thirty-three, and there's plenty of time. It's always so much better when both parties have a mature outlook. There *is* a practical side to marriage

Yes, all these books are his. Most of them are plays. He used to be interested in a theater group

It wasn't the Little Theater. They never put on any plays. George said it was a discussion group, but it always seemed to me more like a secret society. They wouldn't allow any outside visitors. I used to worry when he went out to the meetings, and I was awfully relieved when he gave it all up

Oh, no, that isn't what I meant at all! I never felt the meetings were subversive . . . Yes, I know. But what I meant was—Well, he met that Walter there, and if any of the other members were like *him*—! . . .

It's a long story, dear, and not a very pleasant one. You see, I was cleaning George's dresser-drawer one day and I found this man's picture. I asked George who it was, and he said it was Walter. So I said if he wanted to, he could bring Walter home to dinner—because he looked all right in the picture. George said he didn't suppose he could get him to come, and he never did, and now

I'm certainly glad of it.

Every now and then this Walter would phone for George. His other friends always talked to me a while first, when I answered, and we had a friendly little chat. But Walter would say, "I want to speak to George, please," as if he didn't even know who I was.

Anyway—Excuse me. The water is boiling

It *is* a lovely teapot, isn't it? I wish I had the cups to match it was a gift . . .

If you must know, it *was* from a gentleman friend. Someone you know, too . . . Edgar Neff

Oh, you *must* remember him. He visited around home the summer before I was married. Then we sort of kept in touch, through his sister Ada, until his wife passed on. After that, we wrote back and forth, and he sent me this teapot There's nothing very personal about a teapot. I didn't think anything about it until he asked me if I'd come East and meet his family That was three years ago I talked it over with George, and he thought I should go. He said I'd earned a vacation if anybody had.

So I went East and saw Edgar. His children were grown up and married, and they were lovely to me, and Edgar had the loveliest little home on a lake

Yes, he did, Lillie. Yes, he did. The second day I was there. I got George on long distance and asked him what to do, and George said he'd never stand in the way.

So—I said yes

Wait till I tell you, dear . . . All the time I'd supposed George would be living with us, but Edgar said no. He said there wasn't room enough, and besides, he thought George was old enough to have a home of his own

Sometimes I wish I could take back some of the things I said. He was a

kind man in so many ways, and we could still have been friends. Now I know I'll never hear from him again.

But don't misunderstand me. If ever again I'm called on to choose between my son and someone else, I won't hesitate any more than I did then.

I took the next train home. I was so upset, I'd forgotten to let George know. You could have knocked him down with a feather

He just sat there looking stunned, when I told him what had happened. He was so sure it was all settled that he'd made arrangements to move out and live with Walter

Yes, the Walter he'd met in the theater group. They'd planned to go out that evening and look at an apartment. I'd come home just in time

Well, he called Walter right away. I heard him say over and over, "No, I can't! I can't!"

I never knew what all the fuss was about, but I have my own ideas. That Walter probably wanted to move into some fine place, but he couldn't manage it without George. Whatever it was, I could see he'd hurt George's feelings.

So when the phone rang a little later, I surmised it was that Walter, and sure enough it was, and I told him George was upset and didn't want to speak to him.

George *was* upset. He acted so strange—I realize now he was all broken up, feeling that *he* was the reason I hadn't married Edgar Neff.

I tried to tell him everything would go on just the way it had before, but somehow I couldn't seem to get *through* to him.

In the midst of it all, the bell rang, and who should walk in but this Walter.

He looked at George and said, "Are you coming?"

I said, "No, he's not," and I ordered him out.

He kept looking at George, and he said something about "For the last time—"

George said, "I can't," and Walter said, "All right," and then he looked at me for the first time. Mind you, that was the first time he'd ever seen me, and he looked me straight in the eye and said, "You old bitch!"

And then he went out. We heard him going down the stairs, and George started after him.

Thank heaven I had my wits about me. I got to the door ahead of him, and I wouldn't let him out. I held to that door-knob, and I wouldn't let go. In the state he was in, he might have killed that Walter. I really think it might have ended in tragedy—

After a while George broke down and shut himself up in his room, and I heard him crying half the night. It was terrible at the time, but he was soon over it.

That Walter never called or came around again. I almost wish he had. I could have said a lot of things to that gentleman

More tea? . . . Are you sure? . . . Oh, you must stay till George gets home . . . I think I hear him now.

George? . . . You're a little late this evening. Throw back your shoulders, dear. You're getting so stooped Come on in. This is Lillie Murphy, an old friend of your mother's

TO OURSELVES

To ourselves

we have the rub

of witch hazel

And the watermark

of eros

:

To ourselves

we are gentle

Inflamed as

coupled butterflies

And true

as tuning forks

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Sodom

A Homosexual Viewpoint



R. H. Crowther

It is, of course, no news that homosexuals belong to a class usually relegated by legal and other judgments to the depths of opprobrium. What could become news, however, is a diligent exposure and examination of the long series of moral estimates by which the homosexual, and homosexuality, have been forced into their modern social category. To be complete, such an examination would need to be as many-sided as the evolutionary and cultural aspects of human history, and this would require a very extensive commentary. For the present, let us look at only one aspect, that suggested by the title of this article, and that also which is the most dominant in 20th Century Judaeo-Christian civilization.

Books of both the Old and New Testaments allude a number of times to the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Quite a number of other pre-Christian cities and tribes of the Middle East are also on record for licentiousness but, perhaps because of their startling contrast in character to the profound religious theme which surrounds them, and also perhaps because of their dramatic destruction, the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah have become synonyms of sexual abandon and irregularity throughout the Christian world—so much so that the "crime against nature" is commonly referred to as "sodomy", and the character of the ancient sodomites has become considered by many as typical of homosexuals as a general class.

Sodom appears to have been situated, at a time about 2500 B.C., in the general area between the Salt Sea and the Mediterranean, in the land of Canaan, and its evil repute is first mentioned in the 13th Chapter of the Book of Genesis. The Hebrew people of that era considered the Canaanites generally,

and the sodomites particularly, as so pagan and dissolute that, on one occasion, when the King of Sodom proffered his material wealth to Abraham (then Abram) after the latter had rescued Lot and Sodom's goods from certain enemy kings, Abram proudly rejected all of Sodom's riches, saying:—". . . I will not take from a thread even to a shoelatchet . . . that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, 'I have made Abram rich'."

The moral decay of Sodom is perhaps most explicitly suggested in the 19th Chapter of Genesis, as is also the apparent addiction of the people of Sodom to homosexual practices. According to this story Lot, the nephew of Abram, having dwelt for a period of time in Sodom, was visited one evening by two messengers from the Lord, who had come to ascertain the moral condition of that city, and to warn Lot and his family of its imminent destruction. Lot, knowing the predilections of Sodomites, prevailed upon his two visitors to spend the night within the safety of his home. But even before they had retired, the men of Sodom swarmed about Lot's dwelling, shouting "Where are the men which came in to thee this night? Bring them out unto us, that we may know them!" With considerable daring, Lot went outside and, after fastening his door, tried to distract their attention by an offer of his two virgin daughters. However, the men of Sodom were not interested in Lot's daughters, and pressed their first demands to the point of violence, so that only by the miraculous intervention of Lot's two guests was a debacle prevented. Shortly thereafter Sodom, in which the Lord had found not even ten righteous men, was reduced to ashes by fire and brimstone from the heavens. To describe Sodom less indirectly, it could be stated that its male inhabitants were so debauched sexually (in this case homosexually), and so bored with each other's company, that they could not see a strange male without at once seeking carnal knowledge of him. It is to such an abysmal condition of moral turpitude and intellectual degeneracy that the homosexual of modern times is usually equated.



For most readers of ONE magazine, and probably for quite a number of intelligent heterosexuals, it is surely not necessary to dwell at length either on the injustice or the outright fallacy of this equation. It is well known that there is a type of mind which falls an easy slave to sexual appetites, and readily abandons all principles and scruples in favor of these appetites, thus deserving descriptions of "dissolute", etc., regardless of the nature of sexual inclinations in the particular instance. It is also well known that there are other types of minds which approach the problems of sexuality from an entirely different direction, seeking to regulate sexuality according to ethical and moral principles, and to place it subject to other human requirements of an altogether higher and more social nature—and this again regardless of the nature of sexual inclinations in the individual instance. It is very true that the homosexual cannot claim any natural logic for his or her sexual inclinations, and in this respect cannot possibly invalidate heterosexual arguments based on natural logic. But natural logic is not necessarily the only logic, and the intricacies and dimensions of the human personality are such that most persons are compelled to accommodate within themselves a certain amount of illogic, if not on a sexual level, then on other and perhaps even more far-reaching levels of human experience.

Recently a European correspondent, who wished to remain anonymous, wrote to ONE, in part, as follows:—

« In one copy of a predecessor of WEG . . . was printed something which was of infinite help to me and which I have used over and over again in writing to my friends. I quote it, translating from the German, from memory, as I have not the source by me. I cannot, of course, vouch for its truth—but true or not, it enshrines Truth as I have always seen it.

"In some remote monastery in Asia Minor was discovered part of a lost Codex of the Gospels which throws a vivid light on Jesus' attitude towards homosexuals. Here is the relevant extract:

As Jesus and His disciples walked through Galilee there came to Him a man weeping and crying—"Master, have mercy upon me, for men curse and revile me because of my love for a young man, my servant, with whom I live." and Jesus answering, said unto him, "Why doest thou this?" And he said, "Because my heart burns with love for this young man, my servant."

And Jesus said unto him, "If your love be with sin, it shall be cursed; but if your love be without sin, it shall be blessed. Go in peace."

Does this Codex really exist? Where is it now? Here are questions I have long desired to find out, but do not know how to set about it. But, after all, does it matter? It is just what one would expect of the Christ—complete comprehension, the realization that the love of one man for another can be both with and without sin (and the best definition I know of 'sin' is 'anything that comes between God and myself').»

Prior to the teachings of the Christ, the judgment of individuals was by law, that is, according to the overt acts of the individual. By doing certain things, he was counted righteous; and by doing certain other things, he was counted unrighteous, or a "sinner". Thus, the matter of righteousness was determined by entirely objective standards. But, since righteousness is now understood as a status whose ACTUAL basis lies in the motives and intentions behind the act, this ancient (and also modern) tendency to judge a subjective status by objective criticisms could result in nothing other than a great many injustices and absurdities. With the teachings of the Christ came the most profound revolution in historical record of the methods and standards of human judgment. Now, humanity was invited to judge questions of righteousness according to inner, subjective, and rigidly scientific criticisms, from which not even the slightest thought or impulse was exempt. For example adultery, in pre-Christian thought, was an act. But the Christ said:—"Whoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

What is the essential, the general message of this statement? Does it imply a denunciation of adulterous acts? Doubtless, but this could scarcely be its main purport, as acts of adultery had already been condemned under the law for centuries. Does it imply a denunciation of the adulterous intention behind the act? Doubtless, also—but again, this could not be its major implication, as the Speaker was thoroughly aware that unworthy intentions could not be uprooted merely by denouncing them, either within oneself or to others. This leaves only one other possible interpretation, which is that the statement was

directed primarily at the hypocritical practice of pretending righteousness, or virtue, solely on grounds that one had abstained, or restrained oneself, from certain forbidden actions. This interpretation calls attention to a subjective standard of judgment, not only for sensual experience, but also for any other areas of human activity where conduct is related to volition, to decision, and to knowable principles of individual and social behavior.

According to one public statement of the Master, there were cities which, in the Day of Judgment, would find it even less tolerable than Sodom or Gomorrah. It would be profitable to note what kinds of persons made up such cities. According to the record, they were persons who failed to respond to the proclamation of the Christ and His disciples concerning the spiritual origin and catholicity of human experience, and concerning the substantial reality of spiritual qualities and values—persons who were indifferent to the spiritual need of every human being for integrity of thought, sincerity of motive, depth of principle, an honest, open approach to life, and an interest in the subjective, spiritual qualities of personality and character which combine to form the actuality of individual experience. The Christ was quite capable of such scorn as withered those at whom it was directed. But this scorn was never turned upon the sensualist as such, much as He must have lamented the condition of those whose lives were submerged in sensual appetites. The sole objects of His scorn were those who lived a lie, who pretended to be what they were not, who turned human virtues into a legalistic farce, who cheated, who deceived, who made careers out of hypocrisy and dissimulation. He likened them to whited sepulchres, outwardly immaculate, but containing nothing within but deadness and the stench of decay. If a lie is that which has no real, but only an illusory existence, and if a person's mind and soul become addicted to lies, then it certainly follows that the character, the inner person of the liar is either at an early or an advanced stage of dissolution, decomposition, disappearance into nothingness. The Master preached, among other things, the necessity of facing all experience squarely, and of conforming one's mind, one's understanding, to the real content and truth of this experience, unafraid to accept all the qualities of human life as they are and then, progressively, molding one's own life upon those qualities which possess an immutable spiritual value for the individual.



Because of the fact that the sensual aspects of homosexuality have no social outcome, no stabilizing consequences which involve responsibility and an expanding devotion to others, the homosexual often finds himself in a precarious moral situation. He, or she, must be constantly and deliberately reaching into a greater and greater consciousness of spiritual realities and into higher and higher manifestations of social good, or find himself or herself slipping towards that void of aimless sensuality which turns its victims into something much less than human. Both homosexuals and heterosexuals can be divided into those who are travelling the one road or the other. As concerns the spiritual and moral purposes of the individual, and the relation of his thought and accomplishment to the cultural needs of society, the particular nature of the sexual inclination seems immaterial and irrelevant. That a great

many homosexuals sense the need for a deepening of their spiritual lives and a vitalization of their intellectual and moral forces has already been widely evidenced by the consistent response of large numbers in our group to any and all appeals for the strengthening and heightening of our spiritual resources, and this necessarily includes a full display of our cultural possibilities in the context of human society.

Do such ideals and aspirations bear any correspondence to "Sodom", with its implications of moral depravity and decay? Quite the contrary, they indicate very strongly a complete divergence, and an emphatic disavowal, on the part of most homosexuals, of any sympathy or even tolerance for what Sodom and Gomorrah actually signify in the moral history of humanity. In terms of intellectual honesty, in terms of potential moral strength, and in terms of a willingness to search fearlessly into all of the amazing and rich nuances of human nature, there obviously exists today a group of homosexually-inclined persons which compares very favorably with those peoples of two-thousand years ago who actually responded to the supremely powerful character and message of the Christ, and to His demonstration of spiritual strength and incorruptibility.

Because of certain social attitudes and misunderstandings, the modern homosexual often finds his or her life confined, almost inexorably, to its lowest capacities and its worst tendencies. Self-doubt, self-condemnation, and a false sense of shame—these frequently make wreckage out of otherwise-promising lives; and homosexuals who have reached some understanding of the problems and the misgivings which so often distress their kind are now in a position to take a critical and objective view of this situation. Only those of exceptional talent, or of exceptional courage, or of exceptional discretion, or of exceptional indifference to traditional judgments, or of exceptional social or economic circumstances can avoid the damning consequences of ignorance and bigotry. The traditional judgment of homosexuality is a lie—and worse, it is a lie which begets myriads of other lies from the sheer necessity of self-defense, arising from the first lie. Homosexuals indeed face a condition which is soul-destroying, which corrodes the mind, confuses the conscience, and weakens principle—but this condition is NOT that of homosexuality. It is a condition brought about by social ignorance and smugness, and consists of a continual atmosphere of apprehensions, dishonesties, evasions, and pretenses—and few indeed, so far, are the homosexuals who can manage to remain unscathed by its corrosive effects. Those who have been almost destroyed, but who have retained sufficient determination to rise, at the eleventh hour, from their bed of ashes, will perhaps be the ones best fitted to help remove the scales of blindness from the social conscience. The mask and the lie are our real destroyers. They not only enormously aggravate and increase the manifestations of homosexuality, but they are also the chief obstacles preventing the existing homosexual from reaching an understanding of himself and attaining his own possibilities for individual worth and social usefulness. When all those concerned (and this circle reaches out and out from its immediate center to include all responsible and humanitarian persons) are willing to face each of the major and minor issues of sexuality in a scientific and unprejudiced manner, then adverse social attitudes will be removed. From this all will ultimately benefit, as sexuality itself and its relationship to individual character and personality constitutes the basic problem—and a problem which is shared in common by all of mankind.