

one

FOUNDED 1952

A National Organization

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

Carlyle

SOCIAL SERVICE: Counseling for men & women, their families or others; legal, employment & other assistance

PUBLICATIONS: ONE Magazine; ONEletter for Members; ONE Institute Quarterly of Homophile Studies; books; other publications

LIBRARIES: Research collections in Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles. Periodicals, books, manuscripts & tapes regarding homosexuality

RESEARCH: To conduct and to assist scientific studies of homosexuality

EDUCATION: Classes, lectures and publications to promote understanding of homosexuality

ONE Institute: Regular adult evening classes in Los Angeles, Correspondence classes have been offered, extension classes given in Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and New York may further be arranged. A Lecture Series and Lecture Bureau are also provided

Home Office: 2256 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles CA 90006. Tel. (213) 735-5252

ONE of Chicago, established 1963
A Council of ONE Members (Friends of ONE) in or near Chicago

Regular meetings; frequent social events; lectures; branch library

P. O. Box 62, Chicago IL 60690
Tel (312) 373-8616

ONE in Detroit, established 1965
A Council of ONE Members (Friends of ONE) in or near Detroit

Monthly meetings; social events; branch library; newsletter

P. O. Box 7926, Kercheval Sta.,
Detroit, (313) MI 58215

ONE in LOS ANGELES

local activities for ONE Members [Friends of ONE] & for the public

ONE Institute Classes: Monday & Wednesday evenings, 8-10. Semester or single-session attendance

Lecture Series: First Sunday of most months, 3 P.M.

Lecture Bureau: ONE speakers provided for your club, class or church

Counseling Center: Open from 9 - 5, Monday through Friday

Baker Memorial Library: Open same hours, for ONE Members & students

Projects Group Meetings: Fridays 8-10 P.M.

Occasional Art Shows, Drama Group performances, social events, outings

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ONE in NEW YORK

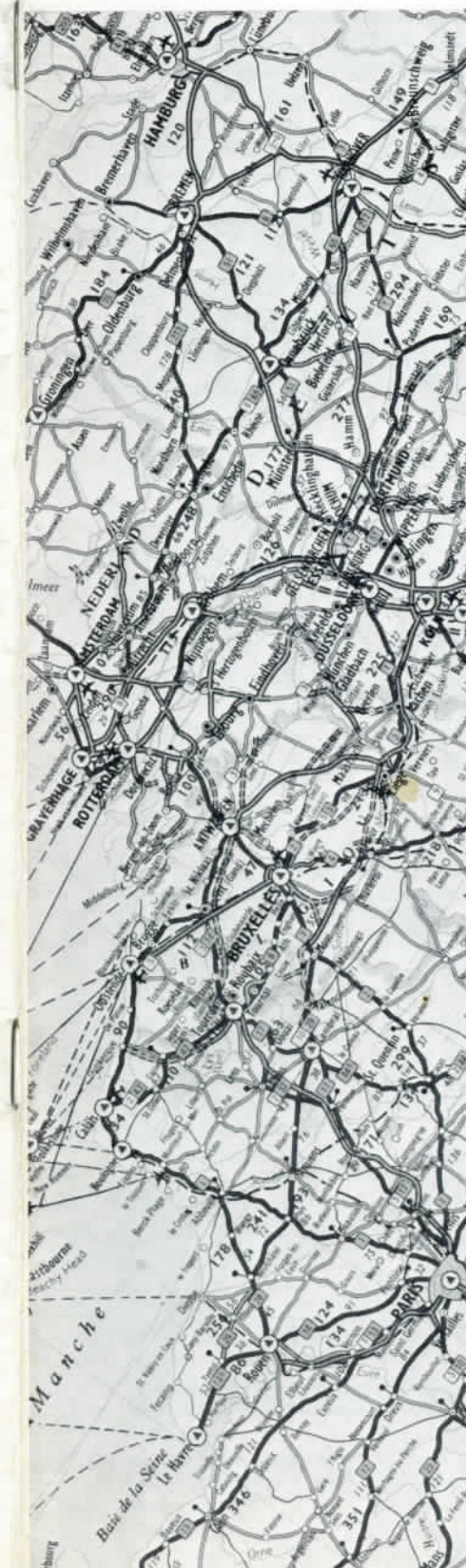
Founded June, 1954, ONE's earliest branch; reactivated Oct. 1964. Occasional meetings, by notice. P. O. Box 473, Madison Sq. Stn. NY 10010.

Where several ONE Members wish, arrangements may be made for single meetings, or Members' Councils, as in Mexico City, 1955; Kansas City during 1956 & in 1966; St Louis, 1966; Seattle, 1968; & Phoenix, 1969-1971. Some of these have resulted in independent homophile organizations. Interested members are invited to write L.A. for details.

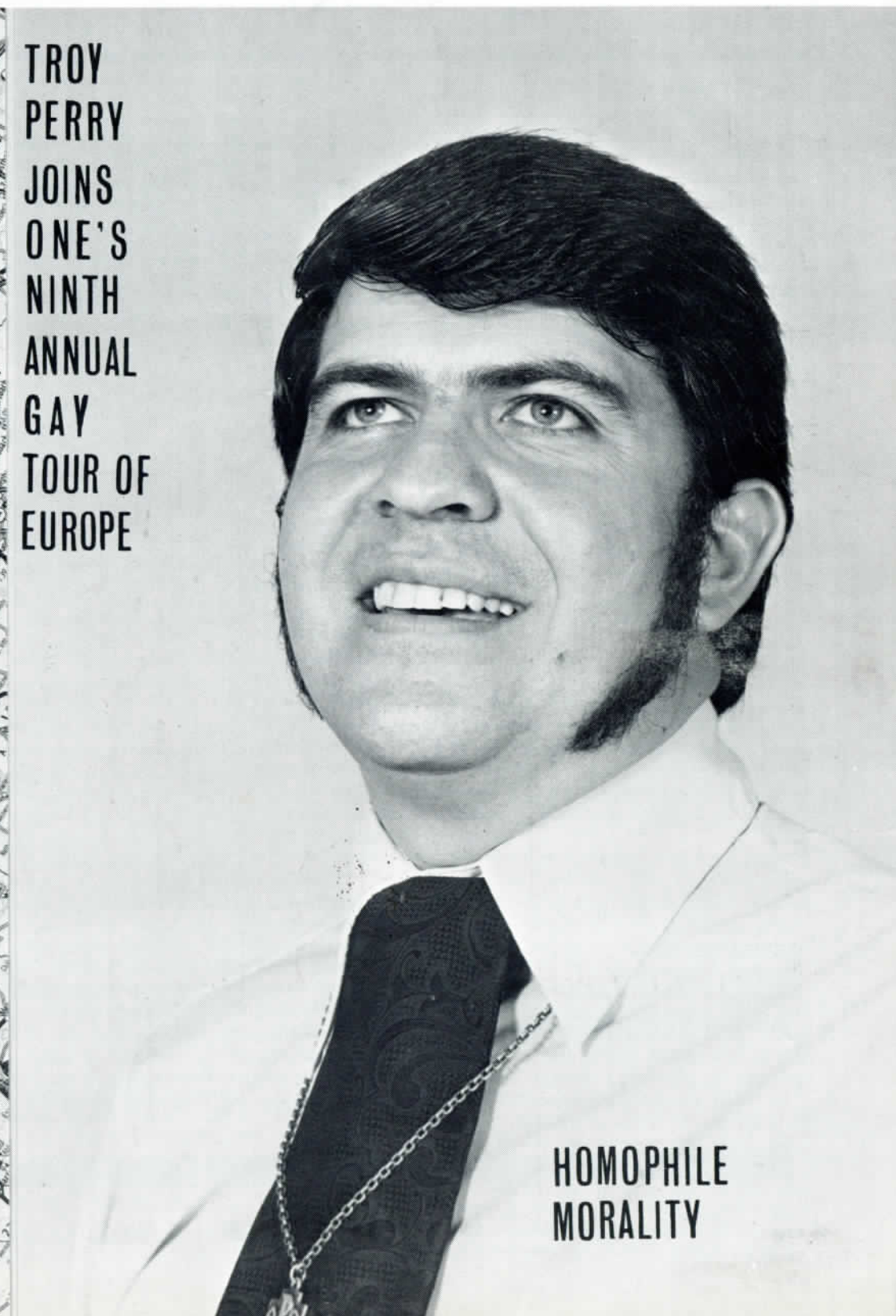
ONE

Mar/Apr 1972

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Magazine



TROY
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ONE'S
NINTH
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TOUR OF
EUROPE



HOMOPHILE
MORALITY

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COVER PHOTO:

The Rev. Troy Perry
Founder,
Metropolitan Community Churches

A viewpoint is a way of looking at things. It is the spot where one plants his feet and sees what may be seen. A viewpoint is limiting in one way but then it can also be expansive. It all depends on the height of one's eye level. Stand in a ditch and the horizon doesn't extend very far. Stand on higher ground and the range is greater.

What of the homophile viewpoint? An anomalous term, some would say. Repugnant, others would call it. Many homophiles are themselves rather vague. Do I really have a viewpoint, they ask? Frankly, say they, I try not to think about such things any more than I can help.

It is not strange that "thinking about things" should be something to avoid. Thinking things through undeniably is hard work. Why do it at all when it is pleasanter to gaze on that pretty thing coming down the street or to anticipate that even prettier thing that may be walking along just past the next corner?

Yet some of us get more than a little fed up with a steady diet of visual stimulations. Besides, after a time the stimulation sort of wears off. If you hadn't already noticed this you soon will. When this happens you just about have to say to yourself, what's it all about? What do I want—really? What am I doing about what I really want? How should I go about doing what I really want? And the first thing you know you are getting yourself a viewpoint.

A homophile viewpoint is the way a homophile looks at the world with his own special eyes. There's no use trying to deny that your eyes are special. They are. You can't possibly view marriage and children, for instance, as does the non-homophile. That you happen to be married or to have children doesn't alter the situation at all. For, inevitably, you are compelled to think about that marriage and those children from the viewpoint that you are homophile; that you believe homophiles should marry and have children, or that they should not; that you are going to try hard not to allow your tendencies to harm them, or that you don't care at all if they do.

Politics, religion and the ways you spend money all fall within the range of the homophile viewpoint, your viewpoint toward being homophile and about other homophiles—what they should and should not do, their threats to or attractions for you. Or you may feel that you aren't "really" homophile at all but that you just play around now and then. Well, that too is part of your viewpoint.

A generic, or collective, homophile viewpoint is something still more elusive and complicated. It is to the task of exploring and defining such things that ONE long has addressed itself. The exploration necessarily must be multi-faceted. It calls for research, for intuitive as well as for scientific explorations. History must give us its clues and records. Most important of all is life as homophiles themselves live it from day to day.

The pages of ONE Magazine have for the past twenty years been gaining here and there flashes of unexpected insight concerning such matters. It truly has been an exploration of the outer spaces of the inner man. We don't see this work being done in very many other places and so it is to the discovery and the exposition of the homophile viewpoint that we dedicate our pages each month.

We aim to range widely and far, to explore horizons as distant as those of the astronomers and the astronauts. Perhaps those physically measurable distances are only a small part of the story. The promise of more is incalculably exciting. Let's really cruise, or would you rather stay safely down in that ditch? Yours is the choice.

Richard Conger, Editor

Charles

Guzzetta

Ed. D.

Morality: Public, Legal, Homophile

Law always represents a compromise between the ideal and the practical. In a sense, this is a reflection of the compromise by which daily life becomes tolerable even while human progress becomes possible. For the vast majority of mankind, immediate gratification of vital needs is most important; satisfaction of desires is only slightly less important; and the meeting of goals of idealism runs a poor third. No one really likes to put off satisfaction. When we do postpone our desires, we do only because we are forced to do so by some external power, usually coercive, or by some equally coercive internal power. The force of the external power usually has the sanction of law or custom and the internal power has the sanction of conscience or fear. Each represents a moral code: the internal power represents our personal sense of morality while the external power represents the general public sense of morality. Thus, laws are properly seen as the embodiment of publically accepted morality or, more properly, as the public view of accepted morality. The internal forces of conscience represent the sum total of personal experience and reason, just as law represents the sum total of public experience.

However, it is not so simple as that. Each of these well-known senses of morality in turn is split into at least two parts: what is considered desirable and what is considered tolerable. Each moral code is enforced on both of these levels and is complicated further by the fact that our sense of the tolerable and desirable themselves are changing. Not only do reasonable people differ with each other about morality — they differ with themselves in their applications. These various levels of morality — internal, public and legal — constantly interact with each other and constantly change each other. What offends the public morality may be made illegal today. Tomorrow, it may no longer offend the public morality, but still may offend the legal morality. Even worse, it may no longer offend the public morality, but may remain illegal as a matter of agreed public policy for any number of reasons. Needless to say, a vast number of these areas of moral conflict have something or other to do with sex.

Public morality and nudity provides a good example. Very seldom in history has the naked body itself been considered offensive. What public morality has found objectionable was nudity under certain circumstances. Some few people have objected to nudity at almost any time, but legal morality has reflected the changing will of the majority which has been highly selective in its reservations. Swimmers in Santa Monica and Jones Beach have been arrested right up to recent times for offending the legal morality pertaining to public nudity. Equally exposed sculpture nearby has been acceptable. Naked statues were all right, but not naked live people. The charge of "indecent exposure" or "offending the public decency," is used to deal with miscreants. Circumstances in which nakedness is legal have expanded rapidly in recent years. Naked living bodies in photographs became acceptable.

In person, naked bodies became acceptable so long as they did not move. Within the last four or five years, totally naked, moving bodies in the theater have ceased to offend the legal morality. Although they continue to be immoral to a very large portion of the public, legal prevention is uninspired. No one even tried to arrest naked swimmers at Woodstock.

Individuals undergo the same sort of dynamic between wish and expression, between acceptable action and accepted policy. On a lonely country road, in the middle of the night with no visible traffic anywhere, the average driver stops at a stop sign not because he wants to, ought to, or is observing rules of safety, but because he has accepted such behavior as a matter of policy. In areas involving two people, this remains apparent. One explanation of the high divorce rate in California is that people coming from other parts of the country have not been able to stand each other for years, but they have remained married, not as a matter of desire or even morality, but as a matter of policy. Oscar Levant helped explain this when he said that "a long-term marriage is the triumph of habit over reason." The new setting, cleared of powerful restraints, permits the resolution of the ambiguous practice of marriage, no matter what. The driver on the lonely road resolves the ambiguity at the stop sign by failing to stop completely, but by breaking the law "slowly."

Examples of this dual nature of morality are endless. The morality which has become policy is the most difficult to change.

One who follows the letter of legal morality almost always will be safe, while the person who tries to stretch the limits of legal morality will have trouble — even if he ultimately succeeds. Many fines were paid; many prison sentences were served; many public disgraces were endured in this century before the unclothed human body was accepted as natural, healthy and even beautiful.

American homophile morality has been in trouble for two reasons, at least. First, it has been out of its time and place. Throughout the long stretch of history, the attraction of man to man has been honored, at times elevated above the attraction of opposite sexes. But during the Christian era, public morality has been badly split on this question and especially during the last 100 years in the United States and England, the anti-sexual attitudes of Victorian thinking have been particularly strong in their application to homosexuality. Only in the last two or three years has society broken out of the Victorian mold and moved toward acceptance of different opinions, orientations, and personal preference in sex.

The second reason that homophile morality has been in trouble is that its position is at the cutting edge of the general view of morality. It represents the voice which tells the man to go through the remote country stop sign because obviously no possible harm can result and the only justification for the sign is to control traffic. This voice may be morally right, in a rational sense, but the act is wrong if the man later

feels guilty about it. It is also wrong in terms of legal morality. A state trooper could be considered trivial for issuing a citation to the driver, but it would be legally justified. Homophile morality is the voice that tells a person that walking around naked on a deserted beach cannot possibly bring injury to anyone. But if the harmless act is observed, a charge legally may be brought against the presumed exhibitionist.

Homophile morality suggests that behavior between consenting adults, so long as force and fraud are not used, and where no one is injured, cannot reasonably be considered wrong, which is to say, immoral. Philosophically, this is right. Legally, it is wrong. In time, the philosophical, reasonable argument is almost certain to win out. But that will not be tomorrow, and the trail to reason may well be littered with shattered careers, jail sentences, and examples of public ridicule.

There are many reasons for this, of which three are:

1. Public homosexual behavior has been disapproved in the Judeo-Christian world for thousands of years. It is one of the oldest public policies known to man and is likely to continue to be enforced for a long time simply because of its long tradition.

2. Individual, personal morality in our society increasingly is torn by adherence to legal morality on the one hand and the appeal of the perspective of homophile morality on the other. This is bound to produce guilt feelings. Most of the people who pursue homophile preferences live in cities partly because they are able to secure an anonymity away from the old restraints back home. More important is the likelihood that cities and rural areas have many, many more people who would like to pursue homophile preferences but cannot or will not because of inner conflict and outer fear. As the pressure builds up, they may be likely more rigidly to accept legal morality.

3. Too many people have too much of a vested interest in holding homophile morality to be objectionable, at the least, and in certain circumstances, to be dangerous and subversive. Among those people are some police who enjoy playing at homosexuality, in order to trap honest homophiles and by arresting them to gain reputations as effective law enforcers. Some athletes who engage in many varieties of homosexual behavior and then react to their own feelings. Others are the thousands of ordinary citizens who like to peek and tour and giggle through homosexual tourist attractions in every major American city because they get vicarious satisfaction while still feeling self-righteously moral.

This combination of reasons, with others, will make it difficult for homophile morality to become totally acceptable to the general population for some time to come. Adult homophiles remain susceptible to some of the most punitive and irrational laws ever enacted.

The conflict between public morality and homophile morality is clear in the acceptance of the definition of homophile practices as "a problem" or an "illness" and in the crazy quilt pattern of laws enacted in the various states to repress those practices.

There is no state which does not have laws controlling sexual relations. In fact, virtually the only form of sexual union which is not illegal in some state or states is private, face-to-face copulation by a man and a woman who are married to each other. In 1966, an exhaustive study whose results were published in the *UCLA Law Review* showed that while forty-nine states specifically outlawed homosexual activity, there was no agreement at all on what constituted such activity or what specific acts were objectionable. Thirteen states referred to sodomy; nineteen to a crime against nature; one to buggery; and the rest used a combination of terms. Judges have variously referred to a "crime against nature," "the unspeakable crime"; "abominable acts"; and so on, depending upon the level of sophistication of each judge's creative jour-



nalism. This vagueness follows the pattern set by early Christian writers, who refused even to name homosexuality, referring to homophile behavior as "peccatum illud horribile, inter Christianos non nomenandum": "That abominable sin not fit to be named among Christians."

The confusion about the nature of homosexuality for the purpose of making it a crime is crystal clarity compared with the confusion about proper punishments after conviction. The UCLA study revealed that punishments included life imprisonment in five states; thirteen other states gave less than life but at least 20 years or more; twenty states authorized fifteen-to-twenty year sentences. Seven states had no jail sentence at all, preferring to fine the offender.

This striking variety makes obvious the disagreement about the degree to which homophile morality offends public morality.

Even greater confusion is apparent in the area of law enforcement and sentencing. Police practices range from the illegal to the merely absurd and include the use of decoys, entrapment, clandestine observation or Peeping Tom, and so on. Women are hardly ever arrested or convicted and when they are, they receive lighter sentences than men do. Professional men are arrested far less often than others. In one study, 493 felony convictions included only eighteen professional men and only 45 professional men were found among 475 misdemeanor convictions. Undeniably, the legal view of morality fails in its own prime test — that of impartiality. If legal morality means anything, it is that the same rules should apply equally to all. However true or untrue in some areas of law, it is grossly untrue where applied to homophile morality.

A striking example of the hypocrisy of legal morality is found by examining the efficacy of the law. There are at least three major reasons given for enforcing anti-homophile laws and using courts and jails as instruments for enforcing anti-homophile laws and using courts and jails as instruments for enforcing public ideas of morality. These reasons involve: deference of forbidden acts; protection of society from the forcing of the forbidden behavior on others; and rehabilitation of the perpetrator of the offense. There is scarcely a shred of credible evidence that any of these reasons has the desired effect! Scarcely anyone claims that homophile behavior is deterred by law. Neither is it encouraged. It seems to go on about as much as it would in the absence of any law. In fact, most nations in the "free world" have no anti-homophile laws and do not seem concerned about what is seen in the United States as a "problem." Sweden, Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, France, Greece, Italy and Spain do not make homophile activity illegal and there has been no reportable increase in homophile activity over recent years.

The argument that society must protect itself from the homosexual is, according to Stanley Mosk, rejected by virtually every medical and legal authority who has written on the subject.

Finally, the rehabilitation argument, when it includes a jail sentence, fails for the obvious reason, but for others, too. As

an approach, it is unfeasible and psychiatrically unsupportable. Psychiatrists have about as much success in "treating" homophile preferences as they might expect in "treating" a preference for Picasso rather than Van Gogh.

Despite the abundance of information available concerning the efficacy of treating homophile activity as a sickness, psychiatrists continue to treat. Despite legal opinions that the homophile personal morality "is a question for his own conscience," district attorneys continue to prosecute, juries continue to convict, and judges continue to sentence. The resistance of lawyers to legalizing homosexuality may best be shown through the words of Judge Samuel H. Hofstadter, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State:

"Legitimizing what for centuries has been regarded as an abomination is wholly outside the proper objectives of criminal law to reaffirm societal norms. . . . To legalize homosexual conduct, however practiced, is an injustice to society's future."

In the last few years, the clash over homophile morality has involved diverse groups, and produced curious confrontations. For example, in 1965 a group of clergymen in San Francisco protested police abuses in enforcing sex laws. The police reaction was unique: they accused the group of ministers of violating God's law. This group of clergymen is still the exception. Commenting on the Wolfenden Report, a writer in *America*, a Roman Catholic publication, stated that homosexuals were trying to have public opinion accept homosexuality and to have the public see homosexuals as "just another minority that is being deprived of civil rights." The writer asked if the public should be encouraged to this view. He replied to his own question with the words: "The answer, of course, is: No."

Understanding the variations within and between public morality and legal morality, those who accept homophile morality still are faced with the question of what to do. Should they continue to suppress their feelings and preferences? Should they go or stay underground, where, incidentally, the nation's gangsters especially prefer to have them (rather like prohibition)? Should they defy the law, much as the civil rights advocates, especially Blacks, have done to gain their rights?

The answer is related to the price homophiles are willing to pay.

At present homophiles lack any real unity across the country and there are few citizens' groups working in their behalf. To a great extent, everyone has to decide for himself, despite the increase in numbers of homophile organizations.

The price of personal suppression is to increase internally the tensions, neuroses, and psychological hangups that everyone faces. It is to face the fear of the slip; the terror of being found out; the self-reproach of living a lie. To some, such a life is unliveable. To others, it is safety. No one does everything he wants to do and the temptation to do many things which offend public morality is repressed. This may be the

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best course of action for some. It may be the cheapest price.

The internal tensions arising from practicing in secret are similar to repression, but much more intense. A person following this path is fair game for every extortionist, bunco artist, and strong-arm thief. Such a person lives his life on the edge of catastrophe, trying to inhabit two worlds which reject each other. A few years ago, the New York police broke up one extortion ring that was blackmailing at least 700 homophiles, including deans of universities, professors, business executives, physicians, a general, an admiral, a Congressman and others of equal importance. The Walter Jenkins case of the Johnson administration and the resignations from Governor Reagan's staff showed the risks of trying to have it both ways. It's possible, but the dues are high.

The price of open advocacy and civil disobedience is clear from the civil rights movement. The Gay Liberation movement is a courageous, honest, open move in a positive direction, but it is a long way from establishing the sort of legitimacy which the civil rights and women's lib groups have won. The public imagination might be caught by the direction of groups like the Gay Activist Alliance but the path to social justice is never smooth. Police harassment will increase, public reaction generally will become more intense and/or disdainful, and violence — committed on the homophile, not by him — may go far beyond any present practice. The hope of such direct action advocacy will rest with the young, who are producing a revolution in public morality — a revolution aimed at letting people alone, rather than saving, counseling or rehabilitating them.

In making a personal decision, the homophile has to decide how much pressure he can stand and what values are most important to him. In any case, the path is likely to be lonely and dangerous for several years to come. If maximum security is his chief value, he will have to go underground, leave his organizations and take his lumps whenever he is found out. If his values lie in being an authentic person, free, independent and sure that his cause is right, he should recognize at least that the strength comes from unity and consolidated action.

The times are changing. The courts may be ready to acknowledge individual rights long abused. Such courts will not be trial courts. They will be state appellate courts or the U.S. Supreme Court. Civil Liberties groups have looked for a good test case for some time. Whoever agrees to test our immoral morality laws may lose and be for years disgraced; if he wins, he will be one of the heroes of the century. Whoever he is, he will need all the help he can get. He will learn that public exposure means public abuse and public censure and public ridicule. The only way to avoid it is not to get seen. He will learn that the path to social justice for the homophile is not a road of glory, but a rough, rocky and thorny one. But in the struggle for the acceptance of homophile morality within public morality and legal morality, there is no other route.

Diego Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. His active connection with the ACLU began when he was 17 years of age. He says, "I have a deep and abiding suspicion of all who would force their views on others, even for their own good. In the area of personal freedom, my homage is paid to Mill and to Jefferson."

"Good morning," she said. "You must be Thomas. Come in." Her hands held back the screen door as the figure made its way into the small back foyer and waited. "You don't know how thrilled I am to have you. So glad my friend told me about you." The voice continued. "Just perfectly thrilled."

That was how it began. On that morning, a clear spring day, Thomas started working for the Graham family. Five years ago he thought as he watched the huge van backing into the driveway. This was his last day of employment with them. He had refused to go with them south. He wanted no part of the South. Had enough of it during his time in the army. The van stopped at the back entrance. Heavy footsteps and voices filled the hallway as the moving men went about their task of emptying the house.

He dreaded this moving day. Not because it meant that he would be in search of another job or that the jumble and rushing had come about, but because it meant there would be no more. No more Bobby.

Bobby was the son. He was fifteen when Thomas started working for the family. Bobby had dashed in from school, his blond hair tussled, the youthful body strained from running, ran through the kitchen with a hurried "Hi" and at the demand of his mother returned and was introduced to Thomas.

Thomas sat in the alcove facing the neatly cut lawn. There wasn't anything for him to do but wait until the movers had finished and then close up the house. The Negro houseman wasn't looking at the spacious lawn or the neatly trimmed hedge, but was deeply engrossed in memories that went with the house. The years that melted into one another and the changes they brought about, especially in Bobby. He wondered if his servitude far beyond the limits of his household duties were fully understood and knew that Bobby appreciated the extra things that were done for him, but did he understand why? The parents were away many months out of the years, allowing an uninterrupted trust in each other. He had become Bobby's confidant, advisor and self-appointed guardian.

A chuckle came from the bronze figure curled in the alcove as he amusingly called himself a mammy and thought of his lil white chile whom he had protected as a mother hen her chicks.

He remembered the day Bobby came in. He was eighteen then.

"Thomas," he asked, "why do men



THOMAS by Richard F. Hall

like to dress in women's clothes?" It startled Thomas. He lied and said he didn't know, but asked why?

"Well, Jock, myself and a couple o' others faked our age and got a few drinks in a joint and Jock said the waitress that waited on us was a guy."

"How did he know?"

"Jock had been in there b'fore," answered Bobby, "and saw the guy showing some of his pals the falsies he was wearing." Thomas knew of the joint—the bar; he had slipped in there many times on his nights off and also knew the waitress or the guy.

He walked down the hall and saw the movers were only half through and thought of the coffee that was left. The pot boiled softly as he sat on the stool, lost again in the memories of the echoing house.

He thought of the time he was in Bobby's room. Bobby came in, towel around his waist, the youthful flesh brightly glistening from a shower. He pushed Thomas gently on the bed, his laugh filling the room as the springs gave way to the weight upon it. Thomas didn't sit up but drank in the beauty of the form before him. He wanted to touch the well-developed shoulders, clasp the youthful exuberant body to him and tell of the strong impulse that was surging through him.

"Going out with the girls?" he asked.

"Naw," Bobby answered, "the boys." A laugh came from him as he sat in the chair and began putting on his socks. "The boys." He laughed again.

"Big joke," Thomas said, wondering if it was true.

"No joke, Thomas, really . . ." One sock on, he busied himself with the other.

"Don't think you know what you're saying," Thomas said, trying not to show jealousy in his voice.

"Oh, but I do . . ." cooed Bobby, putting on one shoe, "and since you're my private confidant, Thomas, my man, I will tell you." A chuckle came from the bended form. "Jock 'n' I met a couple o' queers and made a date w' them."

A bolt of lightning shot through Thomas. He sat upright on the bed.

"And, what are your intentions?" he blurted out.

"Don't know," answered Bobby, slipping into a cool summer shirt. A pair of gabardine trousers covered the muscled legs as he tightened the belt. "Anything for the first time. A night's fun 'n' a lil extra dough."

"The lil virgin goes out," cracked Thomas, sarcasm in his voice, lighting a cigarette, leaned on the dresser, watched smoke rings form.

"What the hell," laughed Bobby, "half of 'em are nuts . . . all screwed up."

"What a way to talk," Thomas said. He wasn't startled by the opinion he had just heard. It would have been wishful thinking to expect anything different. Bobby, the same as so many others had been caught in the web of thought. He dared not look at the blond figure for fear his eyes would give him away.

"Hell, Thomas. Don't tell me you're a queer sympathizer."

"I try to think the best of everyone," Thomas said calmly. His hand shook with the cigarette and he gently put it on the edge of the tray.

"But, why them?" asked Bobby, stretching on the bed, his long legs dangling and looking at the colored man leaning against the dresser in his spotless white coat and dark trousers.

"It's quite a story," began Thomas, "but I'll try to make it brief." He puffed on his cigarette and continued. "Maybe it's because I am colored. What one would call one of the minority. Suppose I just feel

sorry for anyone that is kicked around." His voice was solemn.

"Oh, come now grandma," laughed Bobby, bending his arms under his head. "You're the same t' me as anyone else. I think if you hadn't worked for us and we'd met, I'd still think the same of you. You're a great guy and I really mean it."

"Thanks," said Thomas, a faint smile on his face. He had thought of himself as an aunty, but never a grandma. "And, I think that you have showed it, but there are so many others that don't see eye to eye as you do. And, I doubt with me in my forties if I could keep up with you and the going out with the girls." Paused and added slyly, "And, the boys."

"You don't want me to go, do you?" the youth asked, looking straight at Thomas.

"Not with the ideas you have in mind." Thomas could feel the eyes hard upon him.

"What 'n' the hell kind o' ideas should I have?" questioned Bobby, getting up from the bed and walking to the dresser. Thomas knew that in minutes they would be face to face. He didn't want that. It must be avoided. He turned. It was too late. Bobby had never seen the look upon the houseman's face before. The eyes glazed. The mouth twitching nervously and the hands though they were rubbing one another were trembling.

Thomas dared not say anything . . . not just then. He could see the tall blond figure through the dazed eyes clearly and could feel his heart beating wildly against his shirt. The flames from his private hell were lashing hard against the walls inside of him. He wanted to cry out to be released from torment. To be

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free. Freed by his tormentor so close by. The battle was almost at the breaking point as he became oblivious of everything until Bobby spoke.

"What should I do Thomas? What kind of ideas should I have?" The voice was serious as he leaned on the dresser, drawing closer to Thomas, the smoke casting a faint screen.

Years of composure Thomas tried to build as he toyed with the designs, running his fingers over the lacey patterns, afraid to look into the face again for fear his world would crash.

The time was ripe, yet Thomas knew the allotted time would not allow him to gap the chasm that stood between them. He wanted to reveal his true self and tell how it felt to be one of the nuts. The screwed-up type of guys.

"The idea of prostituting yourself f' one thing and disrespect the other. Find out what a person is like or leave them alone," he replied quietly.

"Okay, Grandma," Bobby laughed, taking his hat from the closet and walked to the door. He looked back. Their eyes met again. The clear blue eyes looked into the glazed pair as the trembling hands rubbed each other. "S' long, Thomas."

Thomas heard the car back out of the driveway and wondered if the seeds he had sown would become fertile.

Thomas watched the moving van disappear. He latched the door.

"It's a funny thing," he said half aloud, as he walked down the driveway to await the coming bus, "I'll never know."

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1972 MIDWINTER SESSIONS & 20th Annual Meeting of ONE, Incorporated



Pictured at the right is the handsome Golden State Room, of the Los Angeles Hilton, scene of the 1972 Midwinter Banquet and one of the events held in celebration of ONE's 20th Annual Meeting. Although social events do not play a major role in ONE's endeavors the Midwinter Banquet has traditionally been looked forward to as a time of coming together for a pleasant cocktail hour, good food, entertainment and a featured speaker.

Among the distinguished Banquet speakers have been: psychiatrist Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D. (1955); friend of Edward Carpenter, author Gavin Arthur (1957); attorney Eric Julber, who in the U.S. Supreme Court successfully won ONE's suit against the U.S. Postoffice (1958); author & engineer Bruno Roger Vitale, of Rome, Italy (1959); Director of Southern California Chapter (largest in the U.S.) American Civil Liberties Union Dr. Eason Monroe (1960); New York author & sociologist Donald Webster Cory (1962); attorney in famous San Francisco "Black Cat" case, Morris Lowenthal (1963); "ONE of Chicago" attorney Paul Goldman (1966); Harold Call, President Mattachine Society (1969); San Francisco author & political activist Paul Jacobs (1970).



Featured at the 1972 Midwinter Banquet was Los Angeles City Councilman Robert Stevenson who is pictured here with, from left to right, retiring ONE President Robert Earl, Geraldine Jackson, long-time *Friend of ONE* and Mrs. Stevenson. Councilman Stevenson paid graceful tribute to ONE's pioneer role in the battle for homophile civil rights but warned that the Gay Community must learn to stand united if it hopes to become stronger and more politically effective in the future.

At the left, Gay Cinematographer Pat Rocco singing his own composition, and "They Called the Wind Mariah," during the entertainment program which preceded Councilman Stevenson's talk. His ringing baritone and professional delivery brought him back with thunderous applause for two encores.



At the left is a shot taken in ONE's Auditorium of one of the many panels presented during the three days of programs. From right to left are shown clinical social worker Myra Riddell; psychiatrist Ricard Parlour; Dr. Robert Deisher, Director of the highly successful Seattle Counseling Center for Homosexuals; panel moderator W. Dorr Legg; psychiatrist Martha Kirkpatrick; psychologist Michael McLane.

At the left, W. Dorr Legg is shown giving a capsule review of highlights of ONE's great growth from its founding on October 15, 1951, at his home in Los Angeles. Mentioned were: the first issue of ONE Magazine (January, 1953); the earliest attempt to establish ONE in another city, New York (June, 1954); ONE Magazine's first big-name writer, Norman Mailer (January, 1955); the opening of ONE Institute for classes (1956); the start of ONE Institute Quarterly (1958); the first Gay Bill of Rights Convention (January, 1961); the first of ONE's Annual European Tours (1964); founding of the first tax exempt foundation affiliate for any homophile organization, the Institute for the Study of Human Resources (1964); establishment by the Erickson Educational Foundation of Training Fellowships for students at Long Beach State College to be enrolled in ONE Institute classes (1971).



Seated at his left is Lisa Ben who edited and published the gay Magazine *VICE VERSA* in Los Angeles during 1947-48. She gave a charming account of her struggles and efforts during this unique pioneer enterprise.



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COMING OUT

as recalled
by jim kepner

An old friend the other night made one of those perfectly banal remarks that nonetheless conjured up for us some enjoyable reminiscences. Wouldn't it be wonderful if one could "come out" all over again, without being so dreadfully naive about it?

Well, mother, this one wouldn't even mind repeating the naive. We—using, by your leave, a gay editorial "we" from here on—have grown more blase in the years since our timid outcoming into the "gay world," shortly after the start of world war the tworth, and life's little adventures have since been more routine, a drag so to speak, but for the preferred usage of that term, we recall our summer of '42 . . .

The war and family dislocations had snatched us green from a small Southern town, where we'd been idealistic, puritanic and most square. All of which had begun to come unstuck before we moved to Bigtown. Our religion was replaced by our personal version of libertinism, which was all in our mind, and we had occasion to look up the word, "homosexual," in a dictionary. That was the extent of our sexual education for some months.

At nineteen, and in the confessional stage of life, we unburdened our unorthodox longings on a charming older woman, a fellow file clerk in the large railroad office where we worked. She was warmly sympathetic, and gave us some utterly useless instructions on how to make our entry into the homosexual world.

Following her hints, we purchased and put on a red corduroy shirt, a gauche lavender scarf and a gabardine raincoat, worn cape-wise. We tucked under our arm the copy of *Well of Loneliness* she'd bought us, and spent three weeks of nights walking, in an ecstasy of trepidation, up and down the several streets she'd named, waiting for our homosexual brethren to recognize us and take us to their bosoms, this last being purely a figure of speech, for we lacked any earthy notion of the nature of homosexual conjunctions, but envisioned something like an eternal, ethereal embrace.

That we were not instantly discovered and so embraced by our kind may have been due to our fearfully hiding the novel, supposedly our badge and

passport, well under the raincoat. Or perhaps we simply appeared ludicrous. We hate to think that, even now.

But one night, our hungry eyes locked for just a second with another pair, and we knew we'd found what we were seeking. Still, doubt immediately swamped us. The stranger, only moderately attractive, and not young, who'd first caught our attention by his resemblance to a friend back home, saw us instantly for a novice, no difficult feat, and decided to give us a minimum of encouragement, and make us do all the work. Despite commendable patience, he nearly gave up several times. Besides, we were obviously jailbait, though no one had advised us of this important legal fact.

As for ourself, the more we became hooked, the more our doubt and frustrations mounted. At times, we feared he might rob us. Slight and nondescript, in jeans, black sweater and cap, we saw him at times as almost sinister. The two of us walked for over an hour, up and down the dreary warehouse-lined street, we certain it all was hopeless, but unable to let go, and he stopping to look in each window we had just abandoned. About the fifth time we came abreast at a crosswalk, we, on impulse, and wild with excitement, asked for a match. Or not quite impulse, for we'd been told this was a password. But when the stranger simply offered us a match, instead of suddenly inducting us into the mysteries, we, in desperation, having no idea what else to do, and being certain now we'd made a mistake, turned silly and admitted we didn't smoke. He insisted we try a cigarette, which we did, taking all the smoke the wrong way. So together, we walked out another half hour, with little conversation. We, hope rising and falling, began to drop every kind of hint we could think of, but the stranger said nothing to indicate he had any notion

what we were aiming at. Our conversation in those days dwelt much on the hometown we'd just left, and since he provided no conversational gambits, the bastard, enjoying all our green bumbling, we soon were giving him most of the home town's vital statistics. And in a manner calculated to inform him subtly of our new libertin-

ism, we told him how religious we had been but no longer were. He told us only that he was a seaman, and had been to our home town.

All this managed to pass the night, and with the first shades of dawn, he, relenting, suggested that since we both were tired, we should go to his room—we'd passed it many times—and get some sleep. We were naive enough, and disappointed enough, to be quite certain that sleep was all he meant.

His sudden secretiveness at entering the smelly old rooming house puzzled us. He whispered that the room belonged to a friend, who wouldn't under any circumstances be there, and who didn't mind. It was a cramped, musty and untidy room: three-quarter bed, washstand, face basin and wicker chair. Since the bed seemed narrow for comfortable sharing, we glumly offered to sleep in the chair. We rather insisted, though we began to be deeply stirred by the thought of cuddling up to him before sleeping. In our mind, we'd long since undressed him, and had found his body small, wiry, exciting. Now he undressed casually, meeting our general expectation, though he kept on his long underwear. This embarrassed us, since we'd stopped wearing underwear after reading they were debilitating. So we figeted, half-dressed, till he snapped off the light, and in one fast, clumsy motion, we dropped our pants and slid under the covers, bumping him sharply. Both of us were on the bony side. Ungentle as the contact was, it excited us, but he still intended us to take the initiative, and aside from being both cowardly and uninstructed, and never forward, before or since, we'd quite given up hope. It now seems hard to believe we could have gotten so far and still doubted his motives, but that was the way we were.

So, wanting to roll up in his arms and cry, we instead turned our back, and, in a fury of mixed emotions, pretended to go to sleep, even counterfeiting a bit of snoring. We kept wanting to touch him, and let it seem accidental, but we were tied by our fears. After his third cigarette, we tried conversation again, which dragged on past daylight.

Then with a tired chuckle, he finally said, "The hell with this!" and reached out a warm, silkhaird, hard-muscled arm over our chest, rolled us over and drew himself hard against us, his underwear open. His nose touched ours and he chuckled again.

"You've really never done this before, have you?"

"Done what?" we asked, still afraid to believe our excited senses.

He kissed us then, wetter than we ever imagined a kiss would be, and longer, first inserting his tongue, then drawing ours deeply into his mouth, till we were desperate for breath. His fingers gently explored, and his other hand, warm, soft, moist, found our hand and guided it south. We'd never felt one, besides our own, before, and this was more impressive than our own. And with fondling and kissing, a little turning and sweaty sheets in the way, and repeated confessions of our innocence, and a wild outflowing of gratitude, we passed another hour or more with him.

Then he disentangled himself and removed his underwear. "You don't have the least idea what to do, do you?" he asked, that soft chuckle still in his voice.

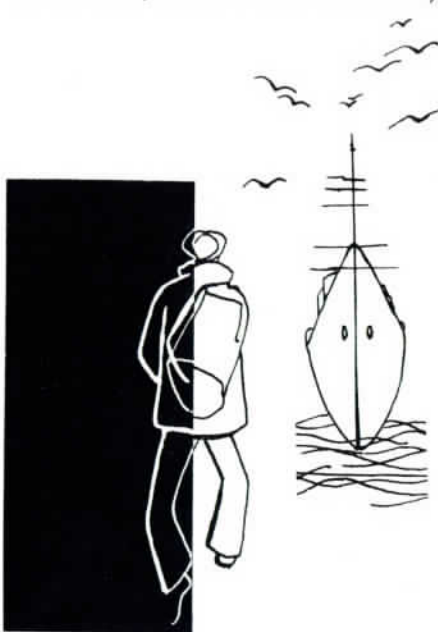
We didn't. Our fantasies had never been very specific, and our female informant had vaguer notions on this aspect of things than we ourself. But from the time we were seven or eight, we had revelled in visions of walking off into the sunset, arm in arm with another male.

Our lesson lasted past midday, with an adjournment for afternoon breakfast. He was tireless, versatile, astonishingly flexible. We were silly about it all, sentimental and unbelievably clumsy—we haven't changed too much in those particulars. We were decidedly incompetent in some matters, but all of it was excitingly romantic, the fulfilment of undared dreams, though some of it also was shocking or painful. To put it in the most banal way, and we were then oozing banalities, we enjoyed every minute. And idealized every minute.

We slept awhile, then got up and washed at the face basin, embracing standing, till we both were almost asleep again on our feet, and suddenly, without expecting to do it, we began to tickle his ribs, and fell together again to the bed, with protests and giggling. He was lighter than we, and it was our first taste of dominance. We suddenly became more virile than we'd been earlier, and the devilish tickling gave way to warmer forms of wrestling.

But briefly. It was quickly finished. His ship was to sail within the hour.

We walked together, longing for closer embrace, down to the waterfront,



which never before had seemed to us so tragically romantic. We were blabbering about how we would love him forever, when he kissed our cheek and was gone.

We didn't have nerve to contact the friend whose address he gave us, and so we continued another six weeks with little further education, till the night we met him again on the same street.

After all our lugubrious longing, the second session turned out to be mainly tickling, much to his annoyance—and without helping our virility much. As he had only two days in port, he introduced us to his friend, Danny, a husky, masculine sort, with whom we instantly fell in love, though feeling guilty over our fickleness.

We soon got a job in the war plant where Danny worked. Our reading having progressed a bit, such as *the literature* was in those days, we were now prepared for total immersion in the gay life, which we viewed as something like joining a new religion. But Danny, a cynic, who despised the "faggotty crowd," dashed our ideals with rages about "all those silly, irresponsible and vicious bitches." This was a sore disappointment to us, till the day we found a gay cafe near the plant. This was a discovery as exciting as our first night, and we couldn't wait to get back to Danny with the news that we'd found a whole group who weren't at all the unpleasant sorts he had met.

Alas, they not only were the sorts he knew, but the two who'd most impressed us were former lovers of his. So our romance began to go on the rocks. Danny had carried us through a rough period, and given us needed

lessons in non-sexual matters as well. He introduced us to French and Italian restaurants, to French and Russian movies. We'll never forget sitting snuggled together on the bearskin rug by his fireplace, sipping sherry (wines also were new to us) and humming, "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," "As Time Goes By," "Can It Be Wrong To Love?" and "The Man I Love." They don't make songs like that anymore.

It was a five-week sentimental jag, the like of which we've not had since. But we were lusting for the gay life. Not at all tired of Danny, we rebelled against his insistence that we avoid the gay crowd. We'd dreamed of this gay life long before we found it, and the dream, unspecific as it was, yet prescribed a romantic love, such as he gave us, plus a freemasonry of kindred spirits, which he forbade. His only regular homosexual friends were all alcoholic: one very garrulous old fool, and two tiny, weatherbeaten bulldykes, who fought one another, and anyone who tried to separate them, bloodily at the slightest provocation. So our first love affair was doomed the day we stumbled into that gay restaurant, and we began leading a double-double life, concealing some from Danny, and all from our family.

We idealized everyone who was "our kind." He despised them. Though we still loved one another, there was no compromise. We were explosive with plans for a great protective league, or for a crusading magazine. He laughed at such goals: "Who the hell wants to listen to a bunch of screaming faggots?"

So one night we traded his bed for that of one of his ex-lovers. This was our first contact with a queen, and we were wide-eyed with amazement and admiration. It was largely another tickling match, but both of us enjoyed it.

Ted, or Theodora, was slender, blond and radiantly beautiful — and fully twice as old as he looked. He was known around town as "The Countess" and claimed to be legally married to a real Count with a castle somewhere in the Carpathian Alps. He designed women's costumes—he showed us several drawing books full of simple female figures, slinky and heavily ornamented, and he had a closetful of gowns and furs and a large collection of jewelry. His father was a leading local banker.

And would we be willing to escort him, tomorrow night, to a wedding at the best hotel in town?

Willing, delighted and excited, we were, and quite unaware of the inadequacies of our wardrobe or our public demeanor.

We met Ted at five the next evening, and were astonished to find him gloriously in drag, we inappropriately wearing a sweater and sports jacket. Gately, though badly unnerved, we escorted him from his apartment to the fancy hotel. We'd not had much experience with fine hotels, and had no idea how to behave, but Ted swept us along as if we simply were part of his train. His timing was precise: we made our entry immediately ahead of the Bride and the Maids of Honor and their respective escorts, who were formally attired. Ted, as Bridesmaid, was easily the most stunning of the drags, and without resort to a wig.

The best mezzanine suite had been reserved, and a crowd of two hundred soon gathered, we glorious in the midst of it. Tray after tray of drinks were rolled in, compliments of the Groom. Ted was telling us that the Bride was the wildest nympho in town (we knew that meant something awful—we weren't sure what) just as we were introduced to the formidable "mother of the Bride," who'd come happily to give her son in marriage. (She moved in with the couple, as did the two Maids of Honor, for a marriage that lasted all of four months.) We talked awhile with the Groom, a personable, rather quiet sort who was a prominent young attorney, and with many other beautiful people.

A mild disturbance invaded our euphoria, as it was buzzed about that the minister "Evil Annie," a real legitimately defrocked clergyman, had not shown up, and it was time for the ceremony. And suddenly, we, who'd admitted to having been a candidate for the ministry, were being asked to officiate. Our reactions were confused. Though we were being offered a high honor, the impending ceremony, which had seemed to us a rightful symbolic act, now suddenly appeared a cheap travesty. The nobly serious secret ritual had become a vulgar joke, and we were asked to conduct a mere mock-wedding. We'd assumed that a real clergyman, acting in sincerity, even if formally unorthodox, would have made everything proper, but the gossip about Evil Annie shocked us deeply. We were already clouded with more drinks than we'd ever had before. And having attended but one wedding in our life, we simply had no idea how to carry it off.

But Evil Annie soon arrived, screeching a string of frightful jokes, one of the most excessive examples of nasty camp we have ever seen. A loathesomely vulgar little bitch, he took four quick drinks and knocked off the precious ritual words without bothering to face the bride and groom. He was as quickly gone, along with Ted's

purse and fur wrap.

Our impression of the rest of the party was hazy. Ted was off, looking for Evil Annie. We were passed from lap to lap, and were apparently not our usual quiet self. The sister of the Bride, less attractive than her brother, danced the Bolero, and the music, unfamiliar to us, excited us tremendously. She revealed finally, to general astonishment, that she was actually, physically female, and no mere drab drag as we'd mostly supposed. The Bride's mother became very upset about something and tried to expel everyone, but was generally ignored. With a new friend, an intense and handsome gentleman some years our senior, who gave us our first lecture on famous homosexuals in history, we wandered up to the hotel's famed rooftop bar, which was then the liveliest gay bar in town, and became very thrilled about how



many hundreds of *our kind* were in this hotel on this wonderful night. We met several Naval Officers coming and going, and learned that they were having a top-brass party, about five dozen strong, in another suite. Their party, which got more torrid than ours, was said to have been raided later by Naval Intelligence.

We left, with our new friend, aglow with the excitement of it all and the drinks, and the first prospective partner we'd found who physically, personally and intellectually approximated our dream view of the ideal male.

Off in a taxi, another romantic touch we'd not been accustomed to, he reciting long passages from Kahlil Gibran, Laurence Hope and Walter Benton, to a grand Victorian house in the suburbs, which turned out to be not his home, but that of his boyfriend, a cherubic blond, whose sex life was the absorbing interest of his entire large family, which received us with a mix-

ture of flair and formality. Our head was not very clear, we being in euphoria still, but this family seemed the greatest marvel we'd yet encountered. Of this large household, only Bobby, our new friend's lover, was gay, but the others all lived vicariously on his adventures. Grandparents, parents, two maiden aunts, his twin brother, his sister and her husband and small children, all were regaled with, and demanded, every detail. Bobby was required to pass every prospective partner through the frankest sort of family scrutiny. We were not aware that we ourselves were being so scrutinized, or that we had been somewhat procured, until the family, with best wishes and many embarrassing suggestions, sent the three of us upstairs to bed.

It was fun, and there is considerable versatility in a threesome (further increased later by the brief addition of Bobby's twin brother), but we felt somewhat used, not wholly equitable about the relationship. This was not quite what we'd expected while hunting up the dark streets for this "life" of ours. But the incident was not unpleasant.

Evil Annie and the theft of Ted's fur and purse were in the papers next day, with an elegant picture of Ted in drag and veiled references to the wedding, though there was no mention of the raided officers' party.

Our gay life settled into more routine ways after that, though what followed was generally saner. That crazy night, escorting the Bridesmaid to a drag wedding at the town's best hotel, the outrageous performance of Evil Annie and the Bride's mother and sister, and our odd experience with one peculiarly doting household, capped our coming out, for after all, coming out is a process that more often than not, occupies not one night, but a season. And if any good fairy ever offered us the chance to relive that season, naive and all, we'd jump at the chance.

In early societies, the equivalent of our "coming out"—the rites of passage—is a highly charged ceremony of great significance to the entire tribe. For each individual homosexual in our own society, it is an experience whose particulars are more accidental than ceremonial. But an unforgettable experience, nonetheless, and we urge readers to set down their own, the first few days, or weeks, in a straightforward manner. We would like to make "Coming Out Revisited" a regular feature. But change the names a bit, and change the locations to such names as Cornfield Crossing, Bigtown, or Harbor City. We don't want your Queen Mother to sue us.

BOOKS

WHAT EVERY HOMOSEXUAL KNOWS, by R. O. D. Benson, Ace paperback, 441 pp., \$1.25

Behind a garishly seductive cover photo, and a fresh title that misses the book's message (Benson in his original, *IN DEFENSE OF HOMOSEXUALITY. A Rational Evaluation of Social Prejudice*, put forward a line of argument which he felt every homosexual *ought to know*), hides a paperback reissue of one of the best logical defenses to date of the homosexual position.

Our society tells the homosexual: "Your behavior, your entire orientation, is repugnant, diseased and contagious, self-defeating and damnable!" And each homosexual, whether or not he seeks self-respect and self-knowledge, must have some sort of answer, either a rendering out of guilt in the confessional or on the analyst's couch, or the flippant "Get You!" of the swish, or some conscious effort at justification.

Because most heterosexuals get their justification pre-masticated, homosexuals are often squeamish about such efforts which seem so like special pleading. But the accusing challenge must be met, either accepting the adverse judgment, or answering it. This book is a sound, careful and convincing defense. It is not always easy reading, but good argument rarely is.

Dorr Legg, in *ONE Magazine*, Nov. 65, pg 11, insists that everything Benson says is old hat in the homophile movement. Not really. In at least 1000 discussion groups, classes, conventions, business meetings, etc., I've attended in the movement, most of the possible range of general statements about homosexuality have been heard. But Benson presents not a random collection of statements, but a well-reasoned argument, the shape of which is fresh and vital. His unawareness of work preceding his own, however unfortunate, does not often weaken his fine solo performance. His aim, "to provide the homosexual with a philosophy that will enable him to come to grips with his life and not feel guilty over his life-choice of homosexuality" was broadly our aim

in launching *ONE* Institute more than a decade ago—yet few of Benson's readers will have had the advantage of those classes.

The book's virtues outweigh these faults, for Benson presents complex and logically technical propositions with unusual clarity, precision and interest. In combining a sophisticated philosophical presentation (in line with modern analytical schools, rather than the sentimentality and metaphysical ooze that often passes for philosophy in this area) with a form of argument useful to readers unschooled in analytic disciplines, Benson has unavoidably alternated between explaining and repeating too much for some, and moving too fast or getting in too deep for others.

His first two sections almost justify Legg's attack, the first part closely resembling *ONE* Institute presentations, and the second being a sound but cursory treatment of arguments more extensively and forcefully developed by the Institute as well as by Dr. Sherwin Bailey, the Rev. Robert Wood, the Church of England, the Quaker Report, etc.

Tackling the view that homosexuality is unnatural, Benson notes such "laws of nature" as that man cannot fly, or that childbirth "should be" painful, and concludes that it is man's nature to amend nature's laws. Man, he says, modifies his conditions by thinking over his problems. Man essentially creates his own world, imposing *his* values on nature. Man values pleasure for its own sake. We can find no universal standard to tell us which values, or pleasures, ought to have precedence, and nature provides no moral guide to human actions. Even where we can deduce from nature our initial or primitive reason for some activity, such as sex, nature cannot tell us what we ought to do now, or how to do it. The charge that homosexuality is unnatural is simply specious.

Turning to religion, Benson cleanly disposes of the common (and morally damaging) argument that homosexuality is especially and unalterably condemned by the Bible. It is assumed, he says, that the Bible is God's word, and that its meaning is unmistakably clear. Yet interpretations vary on the clearest passages, and Christians easily ignore those not suiting their predis-

positions. They get worked up about obscure passages condemning homosexuality, but regard Mosaic dietary law and commands to put adulterers to death as obsolete.

Benson fails to notice recent advances many Churchmen have made, or to properly assess the mental turmoil of guilt-ridden homosexual Christians.

He demonstrates a fuller mastery of the psychological literature, and an incisive manner of criticism. The purest of the sciences, he notes, are not so accurate, absolute or neatly agreed on as laymen suppose, and personality theory is far from being solidly established, no matter how glibly some of its practitioners may pontificate. He quotes psychological studies which demonstrate that therapists can rarely agree on the factual description of the "data" they observe, much less in their interpretations of the "causes" (thoroughly obvious to each one, but not to the others) of those facts. Actually, people rarely if ever see the same "facts."

Nor do psychotherapists often exercise the cautions and controls generally considered prerequisite to scientific research or reporting. They widely ignore the principle, for which there is considerable inter-disciplinary evidence, that "the same stress does not produce the same reactions in all individuals"—he cites human tears as an effect which might have any of several causes.

He also notes that there is a normal reaction to stress, which might, under other conditions, or where the causes are not apparent, seem to indicate neurotic behavior. For example, it is considered symptomatic of paranoia for a person to feel persecuted or discriminated against. But how else ought people feel who are in fact being persecuted or discriminated against? Therefore, Benson argues, we cannot reasonably attribute a certain type of behavior to mental disorder unless we know the individual and his background rather fully.

If sexual behavior were limited strictly to the reproductive function, it could be (as Gide long ago argued) considerably more economical. In the higher mammals, it is learned behavior, not instinctive, and it is indeterminate in its object. For the individual, pleasure is a valid and sufficient end of such behavior. Therefore, that which pleasures one or two individuals, without harming others, is valid for them. Since most men, at least, show a potential for homosexual or heterosexual behavior interchangeably, he argues that psychological labelling of homosexuality as a sickness is mere value

judgment, meaning only that the analyst personally dislikes homosexuality, and attributes to the homosexual nature certain unhappy personality features which appear in *some* homosexuals as a result of discrimination.

Many readers may feel that Benson's final argument, which takes half the volume, is irrelevant, since he generally is not directly discussing homosexuality. But he lays a sound base for a positive defense of homosexuality. In order really to evaluate the position the homosexual is in, it is necessary to know rather more than the average reader does about scientific and logical method and limitations. Scientists since the 1880's (thanks partly to Freud, partly to the positivists and semanticists) have generally realized that it takes more than an assemblage of facts and logic alone to pry open a closed mind. New ideas are rarely accepted on the basis of argument alone, but must utilize the same sort of non-rational convincers that cement the old prejudices. Often as not, new ideas simply have to wait until a new generation grows up already accepting them.

Our arguments may be ever so sound, but some intelligent and quite decent people will be quite incapable of recognizing homosexuality as anything other than abominable behavior.

Benson argues that we must strategically circumvent their blindness. We can do this in part by finding allies on the basis of broader common interests. For example, many heterosexual partisans of contraception can be made to see some parallel between the restrictiveness they have to put up with, and those suffered by homosexuals. The same sort of arguments are used to attack homosexuality, so by emphasizing the opposition we share, we can generate a sort of empathy. There are many other issues as well, though Benson does not explore them, where homosexuals can make common cause with other groups.

Though he insists that we have no universal standard by which to determine superior or antecedent values, Benson denies that this leaves each man fully his own judge, with no standards at all. We have certain pragmatic guides: that is, our freedom depends on extending the same guarantee to all other men. Thus, the golden rule, the pragmatic yardstick, the categorical imperative (all essentially the same thing) requires that each man guard every other man's freedom and self-worth in order to insure his own freedom and worth. We must each resist all attempts to force others to do what some one person supposes to be "good for them."

Rather than trying to pressure society to accept homosexuality, as such, Benson insists that we ought to work for the general acceptance of every man's right to determine his own life.

Benson is excellent when dealing specifically with questions of logic. When dealing with questions of human behavior, even homosexual behavior, he goes afield, for example in perpetuating the foolish old nonsense that swishes behave that way simply because they resent the unfair laws, and want to throw their resentment in society's face. Whatever varied causes may go into the molding of particular swish individuals, the character is usually fairly well established long before they know anything about the law, and in most cases, even before they have experienced any unusual form of social disapproval. This is not to say that when they are given immediate cause for resentment, they may not lay it on a bit thicker than usual. Besides, it is clear that extremes of effeminacy in males are *not* limited to societies that discountenance homosexuality.

All that aside, this is a lively and forceful presentation of the sort of sound argument that all homosexuals ought to have on the tip of their tongues.

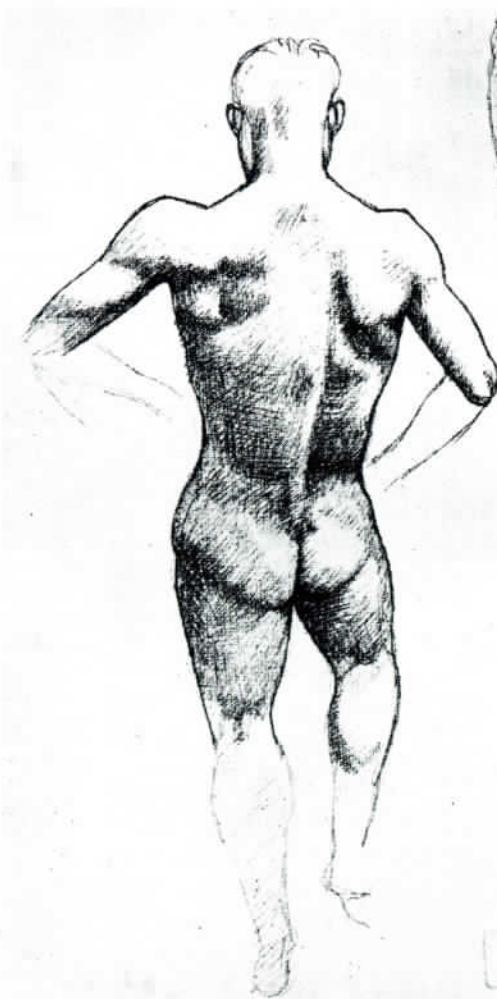
—JAMES KEPNER

STONES

towns have a burial place
where stones are gathered. there
white limestone angels pace
immobile with cut hair

arms raised above the coil
of vine and serpent. blessed
the long flesh sweetened soil
cool rooted and fine grassed.

the boy alone unlooked on wears his head
a precious vessel, a gold helmeted
burden borne ritually on a staff of silver;
breast nipples shining, navel hung aquiver
on the belly's stair, the arched ribs fluted
in two wings of air, one numbered odd
above the swinging members somehow muted
of the song the towers induce them. boys
gravely offer their nipples, bare their arms
in alleys, under river trees, among
pine bushes. and lost in the blown tree noise
like golden bucks outside the quiet farms
they gather where streams are most darkly hung.



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POETRY

by the late Sidney Bronstein

I took your hand
your eyes opened
birds fell
finding no air
into the meadow, there
we lay
I over you
under your hair
all noon
my arms twined
where burning birds fell.

in the days of sailors, in the war days,
when they walked here, then I wooed warriors,
and the heroes heard, filled the four years
with night's news, my deaths with love's delays.
such sweet streets, love lodes of my praise,
are now none, all irenic of gold soldiers,
bare of blue boys, followed by oldsters;
only the plain people follow their ways.