

**ONE PICTURE IS WORTH
A THOUSAND WORDS?**

Dear Friends:

The DER KREIS book of photos is beautiful. I'm sure there is nothing more beautiful than the male human form. I know that it would cost more, perhaps, to have the cover of the Magazine consist of a good photo instead of so many drawings, but I would like to see one more often.

I've been mad as a hatter ever since I read the letter from "A Straight Guy" (March, 1960). He is sick, and I do mean sick! Anyone who has no tolerance for the rights and beliefs of others is sick. I'd hate like the devil to trust him out with a sister of mine. I'll bet he would think it alright to rape every female he met, but a sin to be approached by a fellow who wanted the same thing in a decent way.

He has quite a task on his hands to "expose you all." Too bad he should live so long. We who he would expose have no intent to kill and cripple such as he has. Was it not Shakespeare who had one of his characters say, "Methinks he doth protest o'er much"?

Mr. W.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Do you know where one can get nude pictures, or real spicy pornography? Also, a great many of my friends have hinted quite often that certain actors, actresses, TV performers, singers, etc., are Gay and in the limp-wrist set.

Being you are located on the Coast and I suppose you have representatives in New York near the entertainment industry, just how many of the rumors are false and how many of them proven conclusive?

Mr. R.

Indiana

Dear Sirs:

It is my recollection that in one of Have-lock Ellis's books he remarked, "A reasonable amount of pornography is good for the people." Personally, having had much experience with both men and women, I never knew anything so silly as the idea that either can be seduced by pictures. The desire must be there first, though a liberal dose of alcohol may bring it out!

All the boys and a lot of the girls I know have seen all the pictures on the latrine walls and have at least pretty well understood them ever since they were six years old. Good photographs are only refined versions of the same thing, (The Kama-Sutra; works of Aretinol and have been cherished by the best people from time immemorial, as in Pompeii).

So I say "So, what?" to the Post Office Department "witch hunters," and, with Bunthorne, "Pooh, pooh to you."

Mr. B.

Washington, D. C.

HOW DULL YOU ARE

Dear Sir:

Very few of your issues excite my imagination, which is I believe the only object of such magazines. You can't go into complete details in any magazine article or any books advertised in your magazine. I could write more exciting stories than half the books you advertise, and in more detail, however, they would be too hot to be published.

Books are so watered down by censors that there's no kick in them. My past experiences would make anything in your magazine or books anticlimactic. They don't tell me anything I don't know. I must confess I find most of your reading matter dull and afraid to say outright what it really means. Your reading is just the same old stuff wrapped up in new window-dressing to look different each month. I bet even you get bored reading your own stories.

Reading is no substitute for living anyway, regardless of the direction—if you understand my point. Please send no more advertisements.

Mr. N.

_____, New Hampshire

Dear Sirs and Mesdames:

I am glad to be receiving your unique magazine again. Sorry, though, that it now has a less sturdy cover and has shrunk somewhat. These economies have presumably been brought about by the shortage of advertisers. I am pleased, however, that my favorite feature "Tangents" still remains and my least favorite, that so-often-ghastly fiction is much less in evidence.

One news item from this side: the announcement that Peter Finch is playing Oscar Wilde in a forthcoming film has set many tongues wagging, for he is widely considered to be the straightest-looking guy in British films.

Mr. W.

Dundee, Scotland

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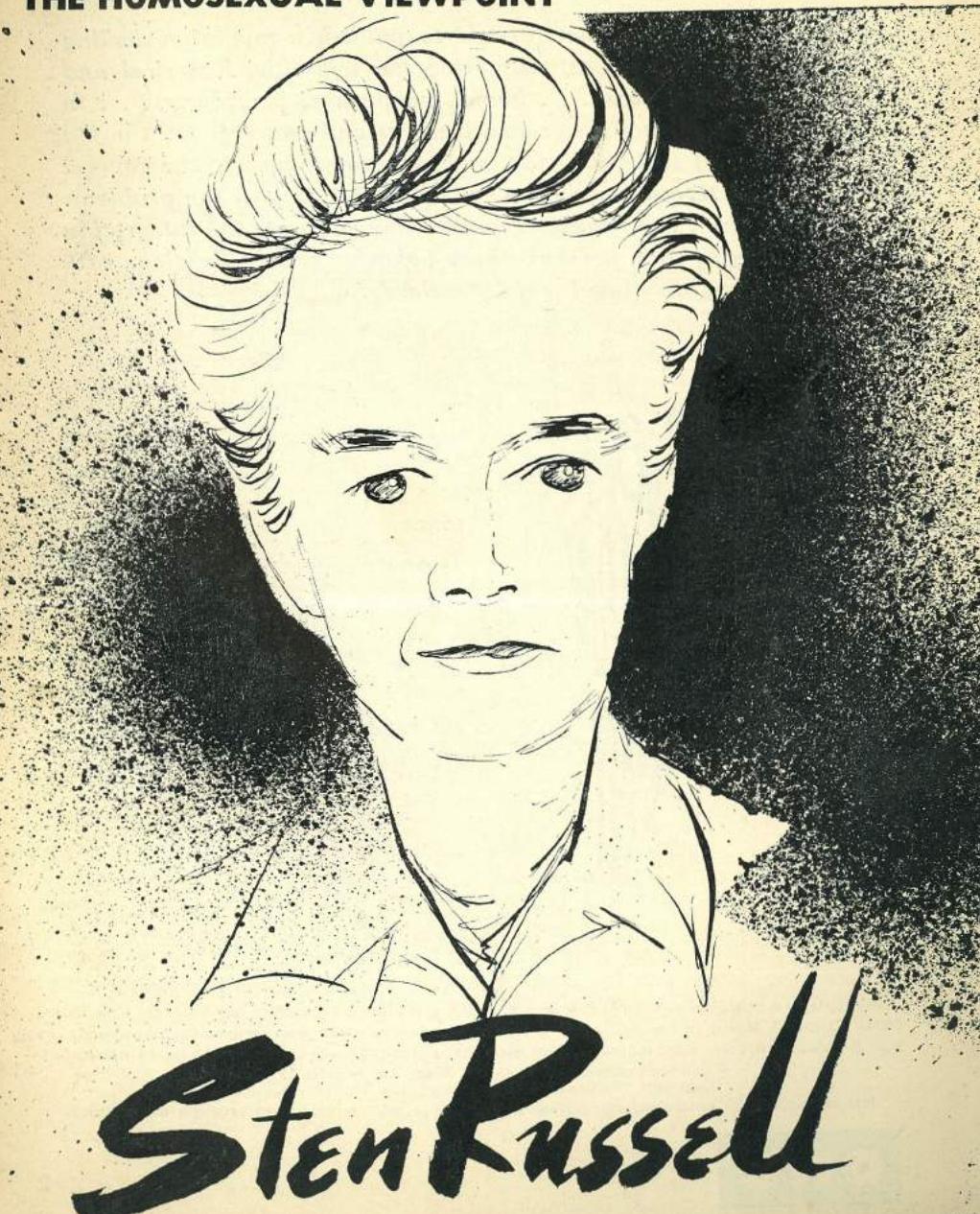
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

JUNE 1960

FIFTY CENTS



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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magazine

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EDITORIAL

Of the vast amount of material published each month in the United States, ONE Magazine with its modest thirty-two pages stands practically alone in its attempt to talk about the homosexual: his life, his loves—his future. ONE can hardly afford to make a mistake. Yet ONE's editors are not superhuman.

In trying to bring together the very best and most persuasive thinking of the moment consistent with some literary standard, we naturally have found it necessary to mix many souls with many methods. We have not found them all equally congenial, although there have been surprisingly few that could be described as antipathetic. And in every case it has been our first purpose to set forth the homosexual as the homosexual sees himself, and to explain him on his own terms.

In such a magazine as ONE it is not always possible to please every reader. Following each issue, letters upon letters come in observing our lack of originality or deplored our choice of poetry—"ghastly fiction"—along with an equal amount of praise for the same pieces. We try to give the work of each of our writers and our material generally as comprehensive a treatment as possible within our space limitations. Recently cases have appeared where some of our readers felt that the editors allowed too much latitude.

The loudest and most vigorous protest received in a long time came with the presentation of the story "Joel Beck" (November, 1959). The editors saw in "Joel Beck" a very dramatic representation of the lives of a segment of our homosexual population, which many of our readers would not care to acknowledge, we admit, but is nonetheless very real. "The Junk Dealer" (March, 1960) was offensive to others who felt it to be in questionable taste, but the majority of our readers saw the truth through the clever humor. Cristina Valentine's "Homosexuality as Compared with Child Molestation and Other Compulsions" (April, 1960) has made everyone mad (see "Readers on Writers" section this issue). Not very pleasant reading maybe, but it has stirred many people from their lethargy. With the need to cover so much territory in every issue ONE Magazine has to present varied, often conflicting, viewpoints of the homosexual. It is not the intention of the editors to show only the bad side; but it is necessary to show the good and the bad in proper perspective.

Beyond a question, with the subject of homosexuality and the homosexual the problems to be discussed are endless; the issues to be clarified are without number. It is the duty of the editors of ONE Magazine to tell the whole story and tell it well so that our readers may see their place in modern society. This is a large assignment.

Don Slater, Editor

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READERS on Writers

The article "Homosexuality as Compared with Child Molestation and Other Compulsions," by Cristina Midence Valentine (April, 1960) provoked such a rash of replies from readers that once again a "Readers on Writers" feature becomes a necessity. Miss Valentine's ability to "draw blood" by her writing is amply attested by the following vigorous excerpts from the many letters the Editors received. The final judgment is left for each individual to make, in accordance with ONE's long-standing custom of opening its columns to Variant Views without expressing either editorial agreement or disagreement.

Miss F. Conrad of California writes: Cristina Midence Valentine, in her article in the April issue of ONE, accuses her critics of setting logic aside. Yet her article, despite the intensive background research to which she refers, in the fields of anthropology, biology, metaphysics, psychology, sociology, and allied fields, is itself a model neither of logic nor of clear presentation.

1. She says "there is no justification for the belief that the homosexual, as a member of a minority group, enjoys any privilege that must be denied other minority groups and for which he must fight." Why, exactly, must all 'minority groups' be placed on the same footing? Does this include murderers? The fact is that if moral or ethical codes can exist, then they can and must discriminate. I would not wish to propose a moral code that would justify any and all homosexual behavior, while condemning child seduction. But it would not seem unreasonable—and not at all foreign to the traditions of western culture—to propose a code placing homosexual behavior **between consenting adults** on a higher plane than child molestation —on the grounds that (1) the use of force or violence is repugnant, and does not conform with the dignity of the individual, that (2) there is at least a possibility that children may be harmed by sudden premature exposure to unusual kinds of experience, particularly in the area of sex, and that (3) the latter kind of behavior is not likely to be accompanied by profound or mutual love, whereas this is possible in the former case. While this ethical position need not be approved by everyone (Vladimir Nabokov might take exception to the third point), it is nevertheless an entirely legitimate position.

2. One's ethical view of homosexuals vs. child molesters has nothing whatever to do with one's comprehension that the second group may suffer as keenly as the first, or that both "need love and understanding." Of course they may and do. So do murderers.

3. Miss Valentine's discussion of the "normal" vs. the "abnormal" raises more questions than it answers. The "normal" person, we are told, retains

control and balance while the "abnormal" goes "overboard;" thus while we are all attracted to shiny objects, only the kleptomaniac steals them. So far, so good. Then we are told that the compulsive homosexual, the "exaggerated" heterosexual, and the child seducer, are all in the same boat. Quite plausible, indeed—but who is this "compulsive homosexual," who has not hitherto been introduced to the scene? Does Miss Valentine mean that **no** homosexual can control the time, place, or degree of expression of his or her sexual drive—or is she referring only to those who can't? The first statement is patently not true but if it is the second version that she has in mind, this considerably narrows the scope of the "abnormal." There is some precedent for this confusion (the word "compulsive" has been used notably by Dr. Albert Ellis to refer to **all** exclusive homosexuals)—but confusion it remains.

4. It becomes increasingly difficult as one pursues Miss Valentine's article to know just what she is condemning. Is it sexual gratification as such? Is it an undefined "excess" of such gratification? Or is it "complete license?" Surely her own argument for lumping together the homosexual with the child molester might easily be interpreted as being one step closer to complete license than the position of the rest of us.

5. It is Miss Valentine's privilege to believe in a Cosmic Scheme as the goal of evolution. It is **not** her privilege to set up this Scheme as "actual fact" in contrast to the "arbitrary facts" set up by (other) men. In so doing, she becomes as arbitrary as they—and to all appearances, more so.

In conclusion, it would have greatly clarified the meaning of Miss Valentine's article if she had spelled out for us just **what kinds** of action, specifically in the sexual sphere, she feels will lead to the "maximum benefit of the greatest number of people." In what way and to what degree would she have us "bring out instincts under control?" Surely the vast majority of thinking persons, homosexual and heterosexual alike, can not but agree with her generalization—but it is a generalization. Those of us who believe in a moral code that distinguishes between mutual love, on the one hand, and forceful seduction, whether of the young or the old, on the other, are giving substance to her generalization. In all logic, she should welcome us into her camp!

Mr. Jim Egan of Canada writes: While I have no doubt that the mature and thinking homosexual will dismiss Miss Cristina Midence Valentine's recent article with an amused smile and complete rejection of its basic premise, I am appalled at the effect it may have upon the thinking of any younger and less experienced homosexual who may be already in the throes of conflict regarding his nature.

Such a mixture of ignorance of basic facts, fantastic assumptions, and distorted reasoning would be hard to equal this side of Edmund Bergler. To begin with, there is absolutely no justification at all for the comparison of homosexuality and child molestation, prostitution, dope addiction, alcoholism and "other misfits."

The statement that the homosexual has no right to sexual expression unless such right is equally given to the child molester is utterly bereft of all reason and since several readers have already fully covered the various points involved there seems little use in repeating them here and scant chance of convincing Miss V. of their validity.

I haven't the faintest idea as to how many homosexuals Miss V. has

interviewed in order to arrive at the conclusion "The most common factor in both homosexuality and prostitution or promiscuity is lack of love in childhood and adolescence," but I strongly advise her to re-check her data. Even if every homosexual with whom she came into contact had a loveless childhood it could not be established that this lack was the cause of his homosexuality. And if Miss V. is labouring under the delusion that prostitution and promiscuity are the same thing, I suggest she go back to her crystal ball for another look. I have known a goodly few prostitutes in many countries of the world and every one was a prostitute for the same reason: MONEY. The promiscuous woman, I suggest, is promiscuous for the sexual pleasure derived from this activity.

I also take immediate exception to her statement: "How can he ask for understanding or sympathy from society while denying it to others (child molesters, alcoholics, dope addicts, etc.) who suffer as he does or more?" end quote. As a homosexual I expect understanding from Society for the simple reason that to deny understanding of any minority is an indication of abdication of reason, prejudice, discrimination and plain bull-headed stupidity based on an unreasoning fear—and I don't like to think Society is completely hopeless. As for sympathy, I certainly have never asked for and would scorn sympathy from Society. I don't need it and have damn little sympathy for those homosexuals who snivel after it. On the other hand, I have sympathy with, say, the child molester; I realize that he is in need of psychiatric help; I try to understand him but I certainly do not condone his actions. There is no faintest similarity between two adult males mutually engaging in a sexual act in the privacy of their rooms and the child molester who is busily engaged raping a 10 year old girl in an abandoned house. Any exercises in dialectics attempting to equate the two totally different actions are utterly unworthy of a second thought.

The statement "the homosexual . . . has been so conditioned as to prefer the love of his own sex . . . etc." is certainly not supported by any valid scientific facts; nor I suggest, are any of Miss V's flights of fancy. For example: "For the third (the homosexual) the remedy would be psychological reconditioning," end quote. Entirely apart from the fact that again no valid-scientific evidence is available to indicate the value of psychotherapy for all homosexuals; no facts are available that indicate the need of psychotherapy for all homosexuals (even if available and of proven value) by what right does Miss V. take it upon herself to recommend "reconditioning" (whatever that may be) for all homosexuals?

If Miss V. is serious in suggesting that homophile love is the "brotherly love" taught by Jesus, it becomes very clear that her ignorance of homosexuality is astronomic. If she seriously believes that some members of homosexual organizations are fighting "for complete license per se"—she comes mighty close to the gibbering stage.

To suggest to the homosexual that his condemnation of the child molester should enable him to understand his rejection by the heterosexual is grotesque and ridiculous. Condemnation of the child-molester is based upon respect of the rights of another human being; condemnation of the homosexual (as such) is based upon ignorance and fear. There is not the slightest similarity between the two.

Miss V's little venture into the field of Biology produces conclusions about as far-fetched, invalid and inapplicable to humanity as did similar investigations by Andre Gide.

Her historical and anthropological references, while of academic interest, are of scant concern to the modern man faced with his own personal problems. The young homosexual whose mind is racked with doubt and fears needs some practical advice—not an explanation of why or how prejudice developed from the Jewish laws. The conflicts that develop between man and morality are easily explained by the fact that to be "moral" in Western society, an act must have the sanction of religion. Thus, man is required to re-shape his nature and cram it into the artificial shape dictated by the parasitic mystics who have managed to prey upon his superstitions and gain a strangle-hold over his every thought and action. The man who would be free and his own master, on the other hand, rejects utterly the psalm-singing, Bible-thumping hypocrites and re-shapes morality to fit his individual nature and needs. He sees that any act is a moral and right act if it brings pleasure and gratification to the actor and does no hurt or harm of any kind to any other human being. It is only necessary to realize this truth and act upon it in order to be freed of all the fears and doubts, the self-loathing and guilt whether engendered by homosexuality or any other manifestation of human nature.

Miss V. concludes her little diatribe with what I assume is an invitation to celibacy—the road to Cosmic Consciousness. This, of course, is nothing new at all. Nirvana, samadi, heaven and all the rest of the mythical prizes that have been offered to man in exchange for his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness will no doubt be temptingly held out just as long as man is stupid enough to barter away his very self to gratify the desire for power of the ecclesiastical parasites. It is remarkable, I think, that in most of the world's great religions the main requisites to paradise (of one sort or another) are complete abdication of reason and logic, blind acceptance of whatever drivel is dished out and self-denial, sacrifice, flagellations and celibacy. If I thought for a moment that it was necessary to go through such a catalogue of suffering and misery in order to find God, I would at once conclude that a God who would make such demands on a human being was not worth looking for.

I don't want to be accused of splitting hairs, but I often wonder if these advocates of celibacy (for whatever reason) stop to wonder where the world would be in 100 years if the present population were so uniformly idiotic as to all turn celibate.

I truly believe that the sooner Miss V. attains permanent Cosmic Consciousness and gives up writing articles on homosexuality the better off we will all be. She may very well have succeeded in unveiling the mysteries of the New Testament but the mysteries of homosexuality remain a closed book as far as she is concerned. In the light of her recent article, I suggest, **very tentatively**, (as Dr. Hooker might say) that she spend more time contemplating her navel and let the homosexual contemplate his own.

Miss J. N. of Los Angeles writes: Are we as homosexuals going to allow ourselves to be classed with child molesters and labeled the "misfits?" If the unthinking can only be happy when every person is lumped into a group and labeled, we can only hope to make these people think, or failing this, insist that we be removed from the group of misfits and labeled simply, homosexuals. Perversely, humans make it difficult to classify behavior. There are homosexuals who molest children and there are child molesters who are occasionally homosexual, but the majority of homosexuals are

not child molesters and they have no sympathy for the act of molesting children. Therefore, as a group, we censure child molesting.

This is not denying to them, and to Miss Valentine's other misfits, the right of understanding and therapeutic aid. It is exercising our right to judge any act that involves another individual by the results to the persons involved and not by allegedly similar causes for our own sexual orientation. (It would be interesting to know how Miss V. supports her statement that the percentage of children adversely affected by an attack is small.)

According to Sociologist, W. I. Thomas, one of the four basic desires of all humans is to love and be loved. This need cannot be construed as a common bond between homosexuals and child molesters, it is merely an attribute of the species.

It is easy to find examples of all kinds of sexual mores and laws in history or anthropology. We may look to other eras for thoughts on government and civil codes but we would not seriously consider adopting the municipal ordinances of ancient Egypt. Why should we consider their sex laws superior enough to be our goal? We must not retreat but rather go forward to as yet undreamed-of heights.

The body and emotions may know no distinction of age, sex or relationship but man's "new brain" must set up these distinctions for the protection of the majority of society. Child marriages were common, but our culture rejects them because they do not fit into our concept of romantic love and partnership in marriage. Are these concepts distortions or an advance over the old standards of male supremacy and illiterate females?

Mr. L. I. P. of Indianapolis writes: After Bill Lambert's lyric outburst over Michelangelo—a trenchant tribute, richly deserved—I was astounded to see the magazine debased by five and a half pages of moronic twaddle from Cristina of Pasadena. Must we account for this nonsense by going back to the ancient adage that the person who knows the least about a subject is always the first to offer his opinion?

With one opinion of Miss Cristina's we can all agree, that psychology is as yet a very incomplete and imperfect science. Let me remind her that what is incomplete and imperfect is not at all scientific.

Mr. Hemp Lanyard of New Orleans writes: Greetings once again from Old New Orleans! This time I am writing to correct an obvious error in the report of Miss Valentine in her recent article.

I was quoted as saying that I discovered ONE only in June, 1959. That was correct but according to Miss Valentine she submitted a letter in February, 1959, to which she received replies. Too bad I wasn't acquainted with ONE then. I have never tried to set logic aside for any reason, even to reply to a child or a genius. When logic fails, then there is little left.

I am definitely not given to fits of madness, nor illogical, nor unscientific reasoning. Feelings run high in me but I do not use them for an excuse to circumvent factual findings and scientific truths. Then I must ask wisdom in the use of logic.

Miss Valentine states that she has done quite a bit of research in the fields of anthropology and biology. So have I. I failed to come to the same conclusions she reached in that the reason all lower animals copulate, is to procreate. Further, I deny the truth of her statement ending "... unquestioning obedience of the command of Nature to propagate the species."

Miss Valentine has direly contradicted her own theme. She offers in one mouth the above statement, then later turns around and announces that the lower animals commit and accept homosexuality without question. Nature never gave any such statement as she suggests to any animal. Had nature done so, then, by nature itself, homosexuality would be forbidden, or never even created. How does Miss Valentine explain the fact that animals copulate male to male, and female with female in the face of nature's decree, when there is no possible hope of homosexuality fulfilling the command.

Further, let me inform Miss Valentine that the laws of God, or Nature, or any other omnipotent force are congruous with homosexuality, and that any animals, including man, who are bent to homosexuality are following such laws and decrees. I am afraid of the damage that Miss Valentine has done to susceptible minds.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Coupla' muscle mags recently had articles 'explaining' what homosexuality and bisexuality were all about. Articles showed some sense, despite nonsense about homosexuality being on increase. People who've just 'come out' often find it hard to believe that this has been going on all along, and that the gay life was just as gay, just as widespread and just as obvious, ten, or twenty, or seventy-five years ago. The author of this article names a city in which there are now ten gay bars (he underestimates them) and says such a thing couldn't have been ten years ago. He also blandly assumes that homosexuality is the exclusive province of the educated, cultivated classes—"There is almost a total absence of this type of male among laborers, craftsmen, and those, in general, who earn their livelihood by brawn rather than brain." Nonsense! Though a lot of homosexuals encourage this notion by insisting

that the brawny types they seek as sexual partners are not themselves homosexual . . . And finally, the article suggests that homosexuality is a result of an over-jaded feeling on the part of males today who see too much of feminine charms displayed . . .

DISSONANT VOICES . . .

In a hot-headed expose of the brave bull-stickers, titled "Hemingway and the World's Phoniest Sport," in Feb. 60 **Argosy**, Milt Machlin, who sounds real mad over being insulted by the famed novelist and connoisseur of "moments of truth," put a real unusual emphasis on the way "Papa" mothers handsome torero Ordonez, complete with photo of Hemingway nursing Ordonez' gouged leg...

When the Russian dancers toured here, several butcho press hacks emphasized that these male dancers, unlike our own, were real males. The newsmen merely looked at the angular, husky builds and

liked what they saw. Just because limp wrists weren't visible from the press seats . . . Syd Harris' syndicated column was better than most: ". . . many spectators were surprised at the virility of the male dancers . . . ruggedly masculine, and no nonsense about it. American and English dancers, on the contrary, are notoriously lacking in the masculine virtues; with very few exceptions, they are frustrated ballerinas."

(Is that something you can see from the audience, Mr. Harris, or smutty gossip? Or are some of your best friends frustrated ballerinas, perhaps?)

"I bring this up," he continues, "not to indict them or to jeer at anyone's problems, but simply to point out that the cultural patterns of a nation determine which activities are taken up by what sort of people. In Russia, for long before the Revolution, dancing was regarded as a vigorous art form, with nothing at all 'sissyfied' about it . . . did not attract merely the 'sensitive' and willowy young men, as it has in America. Because the Russian public did not consider dancing to be effeminate—as the Anglo-Saxons still uneasily feel it to be—the Russian dance-scene was filled with full-fledged members of both sexes . . .

"We get the kind of arts we invite. In America, the fields of music and the stage and (to some degree) literature are crowded with men of dubious gender, because as a nation we make a false separation between every-day living and the arts.

"If, in a society, virile young men are shamed out of their early interest in dancing or music or acting, then the vacuum left by their absence will inevitably be filled by the deviates—some of them with talent, but more of them merely

seeking to create a closed and comfy society of their own.

"My objections to this are not moral, but esthetic. It is not healthful when the arts are dominated by a particular group, no matter what that group may be. A monopoly—whether financial, political, or sexual — always ends by suffocating the thing it embraces."

By that reasoning, most fields of art should have fairly well been suffocated several centuries ago. Aside from the ridiculous implications that homosexuality is absent among Russian dancers, and that homosevuals are necessarily effeminate, there are strong grounds for challenging this contention that deviates enter the arts in exceptional numbers merely because they are shunted out of other pursuits. With this logic, we would end up with the argument that there is an initial friendliness for the arts associated with homosexuality, and an antagonism for it in the real heterosexual. We would also arrive at the conclusion that Russians as a whole are more virile than Americans—since Americans are always afraid someone will think them effeminate. And if Mr. Harris thinks virility can be judged from a distance, he should investigate the sexual proclivities of some of the wrestlers, actors, marines, marlboro men and football players who set the pace for this masculinity jazz. It would be no exaggeration to say that the whole cult of masculinity is a defensive homosexual invention . . .

According to Herb Caen of **SF Chronicle**: (immediately following a campy-snide mention of the Daughters of Bilitis convention) "On the other hand, John Hamilton has finally decided on a name for his newish Sausalito bar: 'The Satyr's Head.' To underscore, he says in deep, manly tones, that it's

'for the sturdy-wristed, thinking men only.' Sounds interesting . . .

And as for the distaff side: The Most Rev. James Duhig, R. C. Archbishop of Brisbane, said in a Lenten pastoral letter that today's girls, so "bent on breaking down the barriers behind which her sex had found honor and protection in the past," are responsible for the death of chivalry and true romance. "Mannish attire and the manners of a cigarette and cocktail addict give no good promise for the future, for no discerning man can see in such a type the mothers of future great Australians . . ."

Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, chief medical adviser to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, recently told 85 attorneys in a pioneering U. of Maryland course on Basic Psychiatry for Lawyers, that castration should be used "on very carefully selected" sexual offenders who had repeated records of rape or child molestation. He felt that castration had been highly successful in Denmark which he visited recently, where it is widely used to relieve the compulsive sexual drives of persons whose impulses endanger society . . .

Dr. Henry Davidson, editor of Medical Society Journal of New Jersey, recently said neurotics are among world's best workers. Their "exquisitely sensitive conscience," which makes them neurotic, also makes them conscientious. Doctors should begin to treat neurotic complaints with more seriousness—the neurotic needs to be told "what the score is in such a way that he isn't frightened, he isn't insulted, he believes the doctor and is hopeful about the outcome."

SURVEY . . .

Increasingly widespread reports (New York, New Jersey, San Francisco, etc.) about high incidence of

venereal disease among homosexuals, who long thought they were immune. Dr. Bernard Rosenblum says more than half of Los Angeles syphilis cases are among homosexuals. Health Dept. officials understandably require those seeking treatment to name everyone they've contacted — but for homosexuals, without reliable guarantees of secrecy, this is quite touchy. They risk involving selves and friends in felony charges. Just the same, checkups are adviseable, whether or not you 'think' you have it, because VD can be extremely serious unless caught soon . . .

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO: During an obscenity trial involving the book "Sex Life of a Cop," star prosecution witnesses (a minister, a priest and a psychologist) were certain the novel was obscene, but were forced to admit they didn't read enough to compare the book with other current books. Psychologist Ward H. Mowry admitted he'd hardly read one book a year in last 10 years. It could probably be taken as a general rule that few Citizens for Decent Literature have any real affinity for literature, decent or not. The trial (not yet settled) was followed by a community panel with several of same participants, judge included, and strongly anti-censorship editorials in Youngstown U. student paper — which was burned on campus by students inflamed by pro-censorship messages from Father Paul Petric . . .

NEW ORLEANS: The Deleny crowd had just announced a mass meeting for mid-March and Rep. Edw. LeBreton of the Joint Committee on sex crimes and indecent literature had announced a plan to introduce a new bill in the legislature tightening censorship (he didn't like to call it that) — tho he admitted that writing such a bill

was not easy — when the Louisiana Supreme Court de-constitutionalized the state obscenity statute by knocking out the conviction of a Bourbon St. stripper known as the 'cat girl.' Dist. Atty. Richard Dowling, who initiated the 1958 French Quarter raids, averred that "as a man" he had nothing against the strippers on Bourbon St., but made several proposals for patching up the 'gap' in the law. Why is it that when a court rules a law unconstitutional that legislators and police immediately assume that they have been 'accidentally' deprived of a legal weapon, and they must immediately restore what the Court has ruled out? Times-Picayune editorialized that legislators had misunderstood the court's earlier demand that such laws be clarified, and had merely added lists of synonyms to the word 'indecent,' as if that constituted legally satisfactory definition. Various civic organizations hysterically set up decency committees. City Council planned a new obscenity statute. Police Supt. Provosty Dayries raided news agencies and seized 5000 allegedly obscene magazines. Big CDL rally laid the whole subject to filth. Speakers piously denied, as usual, they were advocating censorship, quoted long passages from 'objectionable' publications, and charged that publishers who were hiding behind freedom of the press were blackjacking public officials. (Let's see them prove a single example of that.) There was the usual nonsense about obscenity corrupting juveniles and causing sex crimes — points well answered by the Drs. Kronhausen in their book, PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW (available in hard cover from ONE Bookservice at \$5, or in cheaper paper-back on many newsstands) and in a talk to the Los Angeles V.D. Council. They flatly denied there was any evidence por-

nography has the alleged corrupting effect, and argued that erotic realism is actually necessary to sound mental health, in children particularly . . .

In letter to Times-Picayune, reader Fred Sackett said that the very people who howl the loudest about government interference in private affairs are usually the ones who call for restrictive laws on the rights of adults to choose their own reading . . .

WASH., D.C.: Dr. Benjamin Karpman, author of the monumental study, THE SEXUAL OFFENDER AND HIS OFFENSES, and longtime chief psychotherapist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, recently upset several Congressmen with his statement to a Nat'l. Civil Liberties Clearing House that highly vocal opponents of obscenity have an actual affinity for it. Stung to the quick, Rep. Roman C. Pucinski (D., Ill.) said Karpman had insulted all House members who've backed anti-obscenity legislation. He and Rep. Carl Elliott (D. Ala.) threatened to investigate St. Elizabeth's (Federal Mental Hospital) and to "look further into the philosophy of this individual," to see if he "has the qualifications to serve in this very important position." Karpman replied by reaffirming his original statement, and adding that Congress could hardly fire him since he'd retired 2 years ago, and had since served as unpaid volunteer consultant — to make up for fact that Congress didn't give hospital enough money to hire a full staff. Pucinski said Congressmen were trying to pass anti-obscenity legislation, and expressed fear that Karpman's statement may jeopardize it by "exposing the sponsor to a great deal of ridicule." If congressmen are going to make themselves ridiculous, they can hardly blame Dr. Karpman for it . . .

BOOKS

I WILL NOT SERVE, by Eveline Mahyére, translated by Antonia White, E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1960.

(Originally published by Editions Buchet-Chastel, Paris, under the title:
Je Jure de M'Eblouir)

If one can survive the first portion of the book which serves only to bring the ennui of one's tormented youth back in nauseating waves, then the reader who is a homosexual should find this delicately and tenderly written little novel well worth the trouble. Others who seek to explore all aspects of the homosexual problem and its meaning should be well rewarded also.

The ill-fated heroine of the story is Sylvie, an intense 17-year-old intellectual, whose misfortune it is to be in love with her teacher, Julianne, a 25-year-old novitiate in a convent. One could hardly conceive of a more unenviable position for a potential Lesbian to find herself in!

Sylvie was not built for surviving the conflict between her ennobling love for her teacher and the Church's damnation of her nature. This book may have many meanings for many people. For me, the heart and core of its message is contained in these lines:

"But, after all, what do you call love? I love you, Julianne, and you mean to destroy that love... At least, the nuns mean to. We're told we've got to love our neighbour as ourselves, and when, for once, we think we've at last managed to do it, we're demanded to renounce this much-vaunted love and put an end to it!"

"Our neighbour can't be just one

single person."

"And suppose only one single person could reveal to you what was up to then only a dead letter?"

"You mix everything up."

But Sylvie did not mix everything up. Unfortunately for her she saw the problem all too clearly and the love which could have been her door to Life becomes her Tomb.

Church people who care should ponder the implications of this book, if they are able. It has never ceased to amaze me that many churches founded supposedly upon Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, the Prophet of Love, could so far miss the mark as to cause Man's mind to war against itself by damning the body which God created and by implying that Man's Ego, God's crowning achievement, is a work of the Devil.

Sten Russell

NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY, by Lennox Cook, Hammish Hamilton, London, \$3.95, 240 pp.

Gay people vary in their literary tastes, like everyone else, and there are probably SOME champions for every book about us that was ever written. However, most will readily admit that some terrible rubbish has appeared in print at times. Because these books are mostly subjective, their authors are more prone to fall victim to certain of the pitfalls that await the unwary writer—sentimentality, character distortion (particularly in protagonists), "message" writing and, of course, the fruity (sorry! S. African slang is different) and passionate.

I admit to revelling in the disturbing detail one sometimes discovers, but as far as I am concerned the palm for literary merit is reserved for books which have credible characters, tell a good story, tell it in at least good and preferably outstanding English and are backed by (in MY

opinion, of course) a sound, acceptable moral viewpoint.

Judged by these standards, I consider that NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY is well worth reading and thinking about. It deals with the struggles of an inexperienced homosexual who, trying to escape from the effects of a prison sentence, accepts a job with a firm of timber merchants in the Far East. With telling realism and economy of phrase it describes his attempts to grapple with his problem and to untangle the complications of his relationships, with a beautiful girl for whom he can feel only fondness and with his boss, a masterful character who dominates him—and the book.

The background—the tense business competition, the shallow snobbery of the social club—is at once interesting in itself and an admirable foil to the main story. This book is quite a change and I recommend it, despite the far from cheerful ending.

B. E. J. G.

LE VIEILLARD ET L'ENFANT
by Abdallah Chaamba. Les Editions de Minuit. 270 pp. Fr. 250.

Here is a book that could be written only in French and can never be translated into English.

It is a book that could be written only in French, because only the French language lends itself to the magic transformation of the dullest prose to exciting poetry. Not that *Le Vieillard et l'Enfant* could be subject matter of dull prose. Far from it. As a matter of fact it is exactly this quality of its extreme frankness in calling a spade a spade, which renders it untranslatable in the English language if it is to be published in any English-speaking country.

Le Vieillard et l'Enfant is the account of a three year long sexual slavery of a young boy written by the boy himself. The boy, presumably the author of the book, because the book is written in the form of autobiography, had kept random notes of his experience, and it was sheer luck that sent André Gide across his path. For André Gide immediately recognized the tremendous human value of those notes and sent them to Paris where, eventually collected and revised, they were published about two years ago.

Recently the author, Abdallah Chaamba, who in the meanwhile had emigrated from Algeria to Paris, evolving from a precocious boy prostitute to a literary minded young man, has had a second book published, which, the Paris review *Juventus* claims to be a much better book than his first. But, returning to *Le Vieillard et l'Enfant*, it seems to this reviewer to be grossly unfair to compare it with any other literary work, because it was never meant to be an exercise in literature.

Le Vieillard et l'Enfant is a confession made by a budding human soul to the One who created him and yet has forsaken him.

Le Vieillard et l'Enfant is the cry in the night of a human creature abused beyond all limits of physical and spiritual endurance.

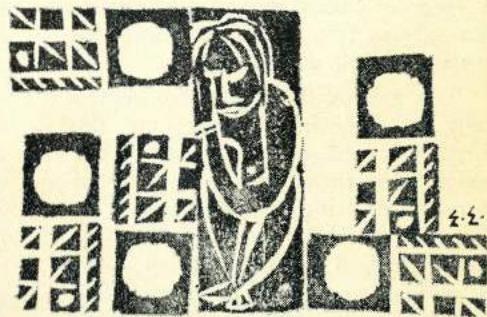
Le Vieillard et l'Enfant is also a threnody of immense despair, a threnody made of the all-pervading loneliness excruciating to the soul, and the all-devouring hunger racking the body.

Le Vieillard et l'Enfant is finally a document of man's inhumanity to man, when the one who suffers so much is a thirteen year old boy, not yet ripe for love, but fed and

CONTINUED PAGE 29

I'll Still Love You

.... when all the Iloveyou's
have been trampled over
spit upon . . . abused beyond recall
I'll still love you
..... be seeking
new-words
to tell you how I feel
like all lovers do . . .
when they're in love
and it's so real they
could bite themselves for joy
go mad and roll in dust
... and foam . . .
for words to tell their
beloveds how they feel
that this is different . . . somehow . . .
thattheyareone
with earth . . . with sun.



Sten Russell

Strange Fire

As I enter that holy room
Blue flame licks the very walls
And crawls along the floor.

Love is everywhere . . . in every form.
It glows . . . is hot
Then cold . . . then warm.

Bewitched cats dance . . . mad with joy.
They pirouette in space
And chase their tails.

Strange fire they cannot touch;
This love is overmuch
For them . . . for us.



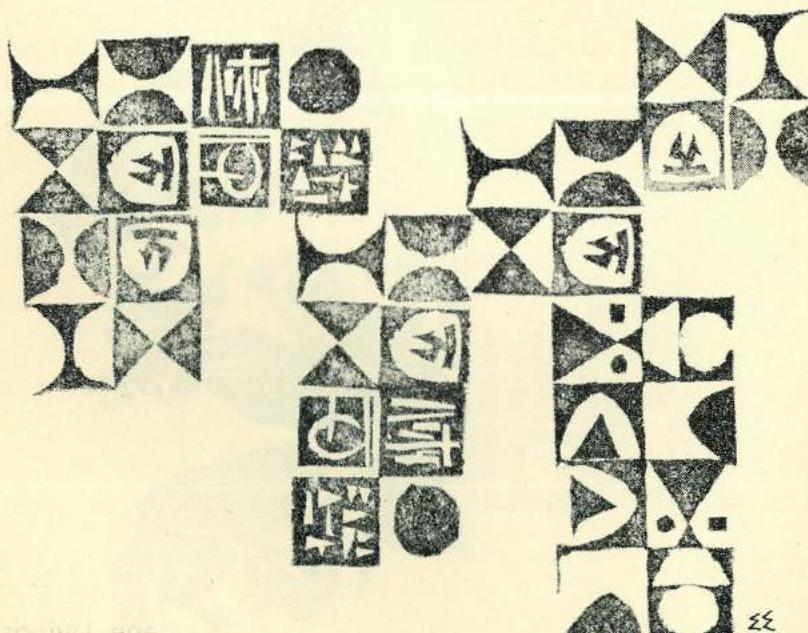
Sten Russell

TRILOGY

1 We three in Summer ambled
In yellow parks and strove
With new green youth, and scrambled
Up hills of young green love;

We three in Autumn numbered
Our heartstrings all as one,
We three in Winter slumbered
In white, warm ways of fun

Came Spring, the world seemed younger,
Our laughter came more free:
But we were three no longer,
But you and him, and me.



2 We three in garden rapture
Broke Summer's reverie
And hushed ourselves to capture
The quietude of three;

We pressed the Autumn moment
Against our hearts as one,
We trailed the Winter's comment
In lazy days of fun —

Came Springtime and the hunger
Of sweetness on the brim:
But we were three no longer,
But you and I, and him.

3 We three in Summer hurried
Through days of young delight
And stayed awake and worried
The stars out of the night;

In Autumn we kept lonely
In pleasures' simple quest,
We loved each other only
Through Winter's passing quest —

Came Spring again and stronger
Impulsive things to start:
But we are three no longer,
We two, and there my heart.

Doyle Eugene Livingston

CELESTIAL MECHANICS

When man loves stranger
as more than neighbor in his bed,
when twisted heaven falls
and circles of the universe wait
over this changling of an earth,
the sun revolves within my room
and my eyes hold
a galaxy in place.
Your light reflects
the course from which it came
as our systems prove
affection is stronger
than our loving is strange.

Alden Kirby



MIRRORED TRUTH

Bonded by the mirrored truth I see
Your furtive eyes seek shadows in the light
In vain; for we are molded of a clay
Amenable to light.
When through ebon space you choose to stare,
My love, a constant albatross, fears death,
Until soft voice companions softer touch,
Alleviating fear.

J. Lorna Strayer

one

Hands of Han

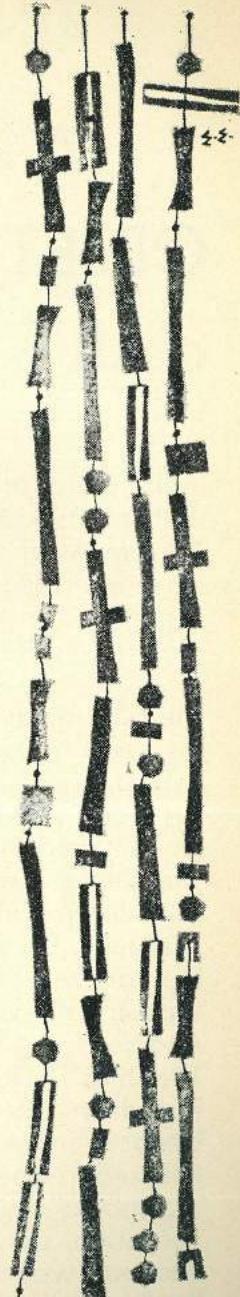
Oh, I am haunted by the hands of Han.
Behind the bamboo curtain, now,
What is there for them?
You came that day, and laid them into mine.
Frail and fine,
Firm on slender wrists.
I turned them over, and the pallid palm
Told me their history —
But not this.

Decades, centuries — no milleniums
Of scholars bore those hands before you.
With that curling, glossy forenail
(Which I pared away)
Traced Confucius' Analects in columns,
Poems of Tu-Fu and Wang-Wei.
In silken sleeves, they poised with brush,
Painting orchids and bamboo,
Poetry in pictures, scenes in verse;
Transcribing essays in fine hiroglyph,
Hovering over ivory chessmen,
Ivory chopsticks plucking morsels

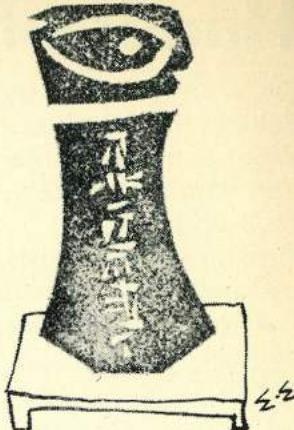
From a Teh-hwa dish.
Yours were quick to grasp the tonic,
Firm with major, minor mood.
Ivory keyboard seemed your chosen tool.
Mozart Rondos sparkled, elegant and fine;
Debussy was decadent, Chopin languishing,
And Bach was pure brush line.

Then they came with drums and scarlet slogan,
And we fled —
You from your piano, I from Golden China,
Turned red.
Did I wrong to teach you music?
Was piano but another gadget
From the West, to add to Chaos?
Did Beethoven write for all the world—but you?
O frail, lovely, haunting hands of Han,
Behind the bamboo curtain, now,
Is there aught for you?

Pierre Foreau



OBJET d'ART



In the peace and quiet of the reference room,
With all its locked cases of books on art—
The names of the masters and their followers
Traced on their backs in letters of gold—
There, free to the beholder, open, unlocked,
Was art itself—

The boy sat at the long study table in the library,
His head on his blue-sweatered left arm,
Asleep.
The hand which held the idle gold pencil
Lay relaxed:
The slim fingers of the oriental—
With long oval nails like delicate shells,
The veins faint under gold brown skin.
His ear, with its thin straight edge,
Was smooth and regular and close against his head,
And soft as chamoix skin, or doe;
The thick sleek black hair
Ran down into the neck
Under a frayed shirt collar.
Relaxed in sleep.
Notebooks and study texts lay waiting,
Forgotten, unneeded;
The boy was far away,
And yet — I could have touched him.

Peter Kane

some of my best
friends are
jews...

by
jay
wallace

"But I mean it, Michael; I'm not prejudiced toward anyone."

He said: "Uh huh," politely, with the proper tone of respect, and continued looking down at his drawing board. They were having one of the daily discussions they sometimes had, when the after-lunch hours dragged on. In an art department, sometimes, the hours move at a crawl, and so, to fill in the gap, they usually talked... about anything, everything. She was black-eyed, shrewd, and Italian; he was just an ordinary guy, sort of nondescript, with nothing special to set him apart from the thousands of other designers that labored over drawing boards, in the big center, known as Manhattan.

"I mean it, Michael..." she repeated.

"Yes, Marie. I know you mean what you say."

"But you seem so...so quiet about it. Don't you believe me, Michael?"

"I just said that I believe you, didn't I? Of course I believe you."

"Then what's on your mind, Mike?"

"It's just that I can't accept your statement...That's different from not believing it."

"What?"

He put down his drawing pencil, and half-turned toward her. "I think that everyone is prejudiced, Marie. Me, and you, and ten billion other people who are walking around on this big, spinning globe. We're all prejudiced, in one way or another."

"Everyone is prejudiced? Are you kidding, Michael?"

"Not at all. I sincerely believe that prejudice is something we, as humans, cannot avoid. Civilization hasn't taught us how, yet. I admit that there are a few pioneers, and you, Marie, are undoubtedly one of them; but, so far, everyone has just the slightest bit of prejudice somewhere...for something..."

"Oh Michael! That's ridiculous!"

"Okay, Marie...I'll explain; but first I want to ascertain just what the word 'prejudice' means to you. Does it mean throwing stones...? Or just turning up your nose...?"

She stared at him with huge, bewildered eyes.

"I know what you're thinking, Marie...Of course you wouldn't throw stones; civilization has taught us that much; but we do turn up our noses, I think."

"How, Mike?"

"By disagreeing with things we do not understand."

"Such as...?"

"Let me go back to the beginning. Prejudice has a long history. Civilization has taught us a lot about how we should act, and what we should think, but there is still a long way to go. For example, we are now at the point in our progress where we are willing to accept a person who is different, providing we understand his difference, why he is different, and that he, himself, had no control over his destiny; in other words, we are willing to accept the different race, the different religion, the different nationality, providing we know just how all this difference came about; we understand it. We, in turn, realize that we seem different to others, also."

"Of course, Mike..."

"You're Italian, aren't you, Marie? And your religion is Roman Catholic." That's right..."

"But you understand and accept the difference of, say, the Jews..."

"Certainly. Some of my best friends are Jews."

"How about the Moslems...Do you accept them, also?"

"Moslems...?"

"You have no Moslem friends, I take it."

"Why, no..."

"Do you like the Moslems as well as you like the Jews?"

"But I don't know any Moslems, Mike."

"That's exactly what I'm trying to bring out, Marie."

"I don't get it."

"Do you like the Armenians, Marie?"

"I suppose I would, if I knew any, but..."

"How about the Lamas in Tibet; do you think their religion is as good

as yours?"

"I don't know, Mike... Any religion is good, up to a point, I suppose..."

"How about the Chinese?"

"Oh, I love the Chinese. I know a waiter; he's so cute! He works in that restaurant on Fourteenth Street."

"Do you think the Siamese are just as 'cute'?"

"I don't know any Siamese, Mike."

"That settles race and religion. The ones you know, you like, the others you're not so sure of; Marie...how about the way a person feels inside; how about a minority group that feels differently inside, from the way you feel; and thinks differently from the way you think...about certain everyday things...?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, like people who can't live the exact same kind of life that you, and the majority of others, are living. These people want to express their inner feelings differently...Would you have as much respect for their deep inner feelings as you have for your own...?"

"Deep inner feelings...?"

"Emotional differences, Marie. People who express themselves, or their emotions, differently from the way you express yours, say like, the minority group known as Homosexuals..."

She glanced up at him sharply. "Homosexuals aren't a minority group."

"They sure are, Marie!"

"But they're...different..."

"So are Siamese and Moslems..."

"But these people, the Siamese and the Moslems, are decent. Homosexuals are...immoral..."

"Not all of them, Marie. Some Moslems are immoral too, but not all of them."

"But Homosexuals practise...perversion..."

"Do they? Who told you that?"

"Why, everybody knows that, Mike."

"Really? I never heard about it. I thought that doing what comes naturally to an individual was nature; I always thought that perversion was something else; something unnatural, low, evil, debased..."

"But that description fits Homosexuals, Mike."

"Does it? How do you know so much about them, Marie?"

"Why, everybody knows about them..."

"Everybody does? On the contrary, Marie; I think the average person, the Heterosexual, knows very little about the Homosexual, his life and his feelings. In fact, I believe that the average Heterosexual needs a lot of educating along these lines. One knows very little about the other. The Homosexual is forced to live in a Heterosexual world; therefore, perhaps, he knows a little more about his brother Heterosexual, than his brother knows about him. The average Heterosexual knows very, very little about his brother Homosexual..."

"Please, Mike...Don't refer to them as...brothers."

"Okay, Marie; I'm sorry. We'll drop the subject. I didn't mean to upset you. I really am sorry."

"You didn't upset me, Mike; it's just that I hate to hear you defending those 'queers' so much."

He glanced up at her; then he said softly: "Believe me, Marie...They need no 'defending'..."

It was late in the afternoon before she spoke to him again. She had been brooding, and fidgeting; finally she blurted out: "Mike...this is Friday; I won't see you tomorrow, so why don't you come home and have dinner with me and Danny...? You know Danny; he loves to fuss in the kitchen..."

"Well, I...I'd like to, but...Maybe Danny has a date for tonight, Marie."

She flushed, laughing; then she said: "So what? I like to fuss in the kitchen too. We could both fuss in the kitchen, Mike..."

He hesitated, then he said gently: "I'm sorry Marie, I can't...I'm really sorry, but I promised somebody..."

She brightened with a false gaiety to hide her extreme disappointment.

"My old rival," she said. "My same old rival! I knew it! Someday, I'd like to meet her to see what's she's got I haven't got!"

Michael laughed to hide his embarrassment.

Their workday was almost over, when the phone rang. Michael grabbed it, knowing whose voice he would hear when he said: "Hello..."

"Hello Darling...I'm leaving the house now. I should be in New York, and at your place no later than six. I'm stopping for the bottle of gin, but that shouldn't take too long. I made pastry, Sweetheart, the kind you like..."

"Oh yes, hello Mr. Brown...that's fine."

"Is Marie listening, Honey?"

"...Uh...yes, Mr. Brown..."

"Well, I want to tell her that I bought the meat for Sunday. Did Marie invite you for dinner yet, Baby?"

"No, Mr. Brown...but it will be...inevitable..."

"Well, I'd like to tell her about the meat..."

"Call again, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, perhaps that would be best. Okay, I'll call back. Miss me all week, Darling?"

"Of course, Mr. Brown..."

"I missed you too, Sweetheart. I thought Friday would never come..."

"I thought so too, Mr. Brown."

"See you later, Darling..."

"I hope so, Mr. Brown."

When he put down the receiver, she was still watching him. "That was no 'Mr. Brown,'" she said; "That was my old rival, wasn't it?"

He glanced up at her and grinned sheepishly.

"It was. I can always tell when you speak to her, you turn so red."

"I do?"

"You sure do."

He busied himself at his desk, putting everything away.

"Okay," she said; "you can go out with her tonight; but Sunday will you come over and have dinner with Danny and me, as usual?"

"I'd love to, Marie."

"You know how Danny is about fussing in the kitchen; sometimes I think he likes to have you come over every Sunday almost as much as I do."

"Oh yes? That's nice. I appreciate it, Marie."

The phone rang sharply.

"It's me again, Darling...put her on..."

"Oh, hello Danny," he said cheerfully. "Glad to hear from you." Then he held out the receiver. "It's for you, Marie," he said. "Your brother..."

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

The purpose of this column is to create a better understanding of homosexual problems through the psychiatric viewpoint.

**BLANCHE M. BAKER
M.D., PH.D.**



The two letters selected for this month's column seem to be in marked contrast with each other. The story of frustration and fear in the first letter is so evidently typical of a boy's early life spent in a home or environment such as the writer of the second letter portrays; where human warmth and understanding are crowded out by prejudice, ignorance, and the hostility growing out of personal unconscious guilt. The writer of the first letter, however, came from Texas while the second letter is postmarked from a town here in California.

Dear Dr. Baker:

I am from Mexico. I came here five years ago, and I do not speak English very well. I hope you will understand my letter.

I am glad to have the opportunity to tell someone my problems. Since I was a child my feelings have been

very feminine and for this reason the boys in school used to laugh at me and often made me the victim of cruel jokes. At home my brothers and sisters and my mother too were always after me—"Do not do this." "Do not talk or act like that"—laughing and ridiculing the way I behaved. All this created a complex of inferiority within me because I did not understand why everyone laughed at me, and I cried alone in disgrace while my brothers and sisters attended parties and feasts. My youth was spent in being afraid of meeting people, afraid to talk, afraid of everything—alone in tears and more tears. But when I was fifteen years old I started to work in a store where the owner's son two years older than I, treated me in a way I liked very much; he did not laugh or make me a victim of jokes and looked at me in a pleasant way. I had him on my mind all the time. One day this

boy put his hand on mine and said "I love you." When I heard this I felt very wonderful inside, but even though I was in love too I was still very timid and afraid, so saying nothing I ran away. That night I did not sleep; I was very happy just thinking about him. I wanted to tell the whole world about our love, but I knew that it was impossible, completely impossible. For that reason that same night I decided to change my work and the next morning I did not go back to the store. I found another job, but it was not easy to forget him. My love was strong and I thought of him all day remembering his words "I love you." I started to write poems based on our love. If I occasionally happened to see him I refused to speak, still afraid of my family, although the sight of him made me happy. This feeling of love lasted about two years when my family decided to come to the United States. Little by little I forgot him.

My second love was similar to the first and with the same end. The third man in my life came to me when I was twenty years old; he was twenty also, and we worked at the same place. I was still timid and serious, but this boy made me talk and laugh. He had a nice character and a good sense of humor and because of these things I loved him. One day he told me, "I love you very much." I thought I was in heaven at that moment and I do not know where I found the courage to tell him, "I love you too." We were so happy. For the first time I accepted a relationship with a man I loved and for the first time I was really happy. He used to take me home, but of course he never entered my house because I was still afraid of my family. One night he kissed me but I was frozen with fear and considered that I was committing a crime. He understood my feelings, so we did not have any sexual relations. I have never had any such experience in my whole life. We

kept our love for one year until one day he told me he had to leave with his father to another city. He asked me to go with him. But I said "No, you go alone. You will find happiness somewhere with someone but not with me. I will pray for you." I will never forget the afternoon he left; we both cried. Now I am twenty-three and I still remember him. I do not cry anymore but I think I still love him.

About a month ago I saw the magazine ONE on the newsstand. I had not known the existence of a magazine of this kind. I found it very interesting—especially for me where a terrible complex of inferiority has ruined my life. I am still very shy, my family does not mention my manners anymore, but I feel so lonely without a friend and with this guilty feeling. Please tell me, does a homosexual have the right to love and be loved as any other human? Is it a crime to love a man with all my heart? Is it wrong to have relations with a man? Please tell me something about these things. I am all confused. Will I have to live my life crying and suffering forever?

I am very grateful to you,
P. H. S.

Dear P.H.S.:

It was a heart moving experience to read the story of your frustrated loves. Despite the oppositions you have encountered you have known some tragically beautiful experiences. Certainly, every human being has the right to experience a full, rich love life and I hope you have the courage to overcome the inhibitions and oppositions thrust upon you by your family in order to know the fullness of life with another person. The answer to your first question is, "Yes," to the other two questions, "No," and as you continue to read the articles in ONE you will learn more than I have space here to tell you. Always re-

member that homosexuals are human beings, too. May you know many years of rich and happy fulfillment in love and understanding.

Many good wishes,
Blanche M. Baker

Dear Dr. Baker:

I'm a true female and proud of it. I can imagine I should have only compassion for you. I would, if I thought you kept your homosexual practices private—surely you don't; you're bold enough to almost shout about them! Perhaps your name in the papers will draw in more companions for you—on your experience couch? Well, more power to you. Only I hope the likes of you never gets her claws into my son—or brothers.

I can see you now—a voice like a man, a moustache, and perhaps a cigar? (Or are you the pale, sick, confused—appearing, emaciated receiver in this game of "Disgrace Against God's Plan"?) Let me tell you, Doctor (terrible they've seen fit to give you the title) those of us who have to contend with these homos are not in favor of its promotion, as *you* advertise. True, they need help—but who are you to proclaim that it's alright when an imbecile knows they are sick, sick. It wasn't God's plan of life. Law repulses your teaching. Incidentally, your stinking, lousy low-moralled California is full of them—those rats that molest our children in school here daily, etc. I'll bet \$100.00 you have no children. You are low enough to be an animal, with your idiotic views, and not fit to be a parent. I hope you don't have any children.

[Mrs. Ashamed to Sign,
Fairfield, California]

Dear "Ashamed to Sign":

I am happy to find that you could find the words to express yourself as frankly as you did about this controversial subject. It must have relieved

a lot of guilty and hostile feelings to blow off steam as you did. I wish we might get together sometime to discuss your views; surely there must be reasons for you to feel as you do. I am not trying to say that my views are the only views, but I do feel that it is more worthwhile and productive of better understanding to take a more positive viewpoint and to try to help homosexuals to find outlets for their exceedingly human and natural tendencies.

Whenever anyone attacks me as you have, I always try to look into the matter carefully to see if there is really anything constructive in what they have to say. In the case of your letter, I'm afraid you missed the boat on most of your points. I am not and never have been a practicing homosexual, although I have deep sympathy for the cause, and am quite bisexual in my clinical interests.

With best wishes for increased depth of understanding as the years go on,

Blanche M. Baker

BOOKS, Continued from Page 15

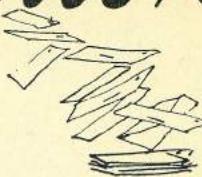
taken care of until he is ready, and willing, and desirable, to be discarded as a rotten thing the moment that he is not willing any more or not desirable any longer.

Yes, Abdallah Chaamba was only thirteen when hunger drove him to offer himself to the old French Army colonel; he was barely sixteen when the man threw him out in the sun drenched Sahara to die of hunger, cold, and thirst. During those three years everything that a morbid human mind conceives that can possibly be done with a human body just ripe for love, was attempted and brutally carried out by the colonel, so that tears, not bread, was the daily ration of that boy born to write of the starry skies above his head, of

the magic of the desert, and of all the humble but peaceful things of the earth, and degraded, instead, to a passive instrument of lust unredeemed by love. Truly this is a terrible book, and, yet, it is a must book for all those who enjoy boys without giving them in return affection, companionship, instruction, or inspiration; without, in a word, making of lust an instrument of love, that love alone which could possibly justify a boy's abandon in the arms of a man.

Mario Palmieri

Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

I HAD NO IDEA DEPARTMENT

Dear ONE:

Thanks very much for the Annual Report of the Corporation. It gave me a better understanding of the many activities you are engaged in besides ONE Magazine. It was shocked at the small number of your supporters. I guess too many of us are so imbued with the prevailing mores (except in our actions) that we don't want to be identified in any way with what we really are.

Mr. C.
Springfield, Virginia

Dear Mr. Slater:

My first introduction of ONE was when I was working in a hospital. A fellow who had lived in Los Angeles showed me some copies and explained to me the idea back of the publication of such a magazine.

In Letters (December, 1959) several subscribers mentioned having enclosed money. I took this to mean that you operate at a deficit. My roommate and I are short on funds right now, but perhaps when business picks up we will be able to send something to help you out of the red.

Mr. D.
Rock Island, Illinois

Dear Friends:

I was glad to have met you when I was in Los Angeles recently. I liked what I saw in your operations and your friendly greeting, and I very much like the current issue of ONE Confidential. Now I have some questions... [and from a later letter] ... five weeks ago I asked you several question. Up to now I have not heard from you. I have always felt that an organization that does not answer letters cannot be sincere in their aims, especially to the ones that contribute financially. To me that is the height of insolence.

YOUR RIGHTS

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one

The information I desired was important. Then I got to thinking maybe the letter was mislaid and the lack of answer was unintentional. Glancing through the Magazine again I thought—how can they be insincere? I am still on the fence on just what to think . . .

Editor's Reply:

I am somewhat at a loss to know how to answer your letter. Its tone, from one who has visited us here, quite mystifies me. Do I understand that you feel we should answer your letter before we are able to answer letters received much earlier? Evidently it is entirely inconceivable to you that we have thirty-day periods in which NO letters are answered, except those of desperate emergency character involving critical legal or similar needs.

How many hours a day, how many days a week do you as a supporter of ONE's work expect to exact from four meagerly-paid workers, and the handful of those who give up their free hours to work as volunteer helpers? But these limitations seem to you to smack of insincerity and insolence . . .

Dear Friends:

After reading your letter I find it almost unbelievable that you are so far behind on your correspondence. Perhaps it stems from an ignorance of just what you really have to do, and that is where ONE Confidential is helping to fill the gap. Quite often a person passes judgment before securing all the facts, which can be chalked up as a weakness of human nature.

I regret that more Friends of ONE do not help and only wish that I did not live so far away myself so that I could do more.

Mr. S.
San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Slater:

Is it your policy not to reply to letters sent you . . .

Mr. B.
Highland, Indiana

CHRIST AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

Gentlemen:

Re the lively and interesting discussion you presented (Special Lecture Series, May 8, Los Angeles) on Reverend Wood's book, and with so many admittedly Gay people attending of church and religious background, I think it proper to question whether or not you are greatly missing the boat by not setting aside a regular space or column for religion or religious views — particularly if any such percentage holds true throughout Gay society in general.

Mr. S.
Huntington Park, California

Sir:

Congratulations to H. S. for "Christian Faith and Sexual Relationships," (April, 1960). I have never run across an article that has impressed me more. It deals with pure common sense. H. S. left nothing out that would deal with any question. It only troubles me that people will not use the statements made in the article, relating them to their own faith and code of morals, whatever they may be.

Mr. W.
Turlock, California

To ONE:

For a year now I have enjoyed ONE greatly, but to say the least I was disgusted with the Alison Hunter so-called Editorial (February, 1960) and I hardly know what to think about "Augmented Families" in the same issue. I am a Catholic and you might say "in the inner circle." I wish I could write more.

Mr. S.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

There appears to be a ready-made and almost inexhaustible market for anything that can manage to label itself religious. This market is shamelessly exploited with an endless production of books and films that are almost incredibly tasteless, trivial and tawdry. Hollywood to the contrary, a book or play is not a "religious" work simply because it happens to include a handful of Biblical characters or have a clergyman as its chief figure.

It seems to me there is a certain parallel with ONE's fiction and religious literature. I am aware that the size of the Magazine prohibits practically everything but so-called vignettes and "short-short" stories, but surely they need not be so wanting in characterization and motivation as they usually are.

And if ONE seriously intends to appeal to the open-minded non-homosexual the fiction should not be of a sort which will repel him and undo the goodwill created by the honest and rational approach of the rest of the Magazine. If you must use fiction why don't you reprint "Jingle You Belles; You" (December, 1953)? With a bit of rewriting it would be worthy of the New Yorker.

Rev. G.
San Antonio, Texas