

# one

AUGUST 1958

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

I am  
glad  
I am  
homo-  
sexual



D.F.



# 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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**one**

# one

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

Carlyle

**magazine**

**Volume VI**

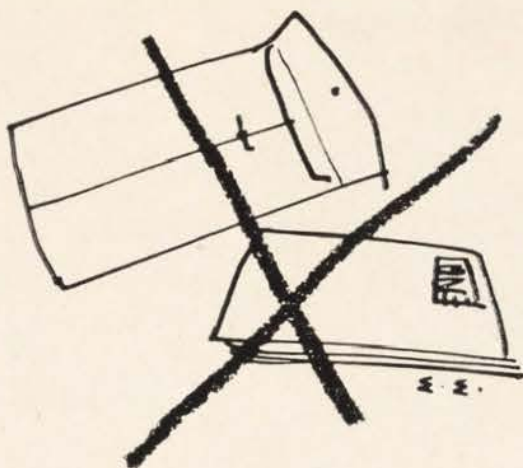
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## EDITORIAL

Censorship is a plague that has been in the world ever since the invention of writing, and probably even before that. Long ago public authorities punished those said to have written in such a way as to offend the gods. As a matter of fact, Socrates was condemned to death in what essentially was a censorship action. Legal and literary history are sadly splotted with records of a similar nature. Later, the Christian churches claimed the right to control what men might read and know, and decreed burnings without number of those whose writings were judged heretical, this charge often being conveniently linked with that of obscenity.

Although church and state are today supposed to be separated in enlightened countries, the heavy hand of religious censorship is still discernible in many directions. The Index Expurgatorius, listing books classed as heretical or obscene by the Roman Catholic Church, and its Legion of Decency, performing the same office for movies and plays, are but two examples of this form of censorship. Of state censorships, Marxist thought-control is equally notorious, throttling artistic, literary and scientific freedom wherever it can gain the upper hand, just as Japanese thought-control programs prior to World War II attempted to mold the public mind of that country.

The basic issue is quite a simple one—does the individual have the right to read, to think, to evaluate for himself, or is this to be done for him by others, whether of church or of state? One of the most useful weapons at the disposal of the thought-control advocate is that of obscenity. By raising this supposedly moral issue, he can more easily becloud the points in question, and so mislead the public.

Even in United States, which is freer of censorship than perhaps any other country today—a point half-informed intellectuals may hotly dispute—the charge of obscenity still serves the censors all too frequently. ONE Magazine, as its readers well know, met this charge of obscenity,



raised against it by the U. S. Postoffice, winning a resounding victory in the U. S. Supreme Court—a victory all the sweeter in that the Court rendered one of its infrequent unanimous decisions.

Aside from the Postoffice, another prolific source of illegalities is the U. S. Customs department. Dr. Kinsey discovered this to be true, when he attempted to import from abroad materials for use in his studies, and had to wage a bitter court battle to protect his property against what in effect would have been seizure and theft. These small-scale civil service employees were presuming to live comfortably at public expense, while grandiosely decreeing what American scientists might not be permitted to study. Fortunately, this arrogant impudence was slapped down in court, establishing that it was in fact an improper and therefore illegal action on the part of the Customs officials. However, it took five years to win, cost a good deal of money, and came after Dr. Kinsey's death. Furthermore, it was won in a lower court, thus somewhat lessening its importance as a legal precedent.

Similar arrogant impudence is now coming from the customs officials of our neighbor to the north, Canada. There, minor functionaries have for some time been refusing to deliver copies of *Game of Fools*, and *Homosexuals Today*, 1956, to Canadians. Occasional copies of ONE Magazine addressed to Canadian subscribers have also been confiscated, or returned undelivered, but today they are attempting to refuse all copies of the Magazine to Canadians. Their intolerable behavior in opening even first-class mail, quite without any compunctions of decency is of course inexcusable among civilized peoples.

The unfortunate fact is that Canada appears still to be ridden by a residue of Victorian pruderies in its English-speaking sectors, and an equally reactionary clericalism in the French-speaking areas. Such an embarrassing cultural lag ill befits a great and growing nation, emerging so rapidly as Canada is into the "big-time" among the peoples of the world.

One has no intention of sitting idly by while petty little Canadian Customs officials sprout goose-pimples of horror at the alleged obscenity of *Game of Fools*, or of ONE Magazine. Every possible pressure on legal, diplomatic and other levels will be used to put a stop to this nonsense. ONE believes that civil servants have two primary duties: to be civil, and to be servants, but that it is not their prerogative to determine what Canadian citizens shall be allowed to read and think.

The tradition of freedom is something Canada and the United States proudly share with each other, one they do not lightly yield up. Let it never be forgotten that the step from moral censorship to political and other censorship is but a short one. The dangers are too great for the free peoples of progressive and enlightened countries to tolerate. We join with our Canadian friends in working to stamp out such mean and shameful behavior.

Oh, incidentally, Canadian subscribers ARE RECEIVING their copies of ONE Magazine regularly, anyway. It just takes a little more doing.

William Lambert, Associate Editor



# "I AM GLAD

# I AM HOMOSEXUAL"

by Hollister Barnes

During the past several years Hollister Barnes has interviewed many homosexuals, both in America and Europe. It is his contention that two main currents characterize homosexual thinking. These, he claims, find their expression in the various homophile movements in several countries, each of which attracts to itself adherents to its particular philosophy. He has bluntly described these two main currents in uncompromising, almost moralistic terms. They are the "asexual" attitude and the "homosexual" attitude.

Says Mr. Barnes in his accompanying letter, "The first view is so generally familiar and has so often been presented that in the interests of counterbalancing it I have emphasized the opposite.

"How can anyone claim to be glad for being a homosexual, or proud of it? The question would seem less surprising to a people less infected by centuries of counter-propaganda. Viewing the whole matter quite objectively, what sound and intrinsic reasons are there for being otherwise? Of what is the homosexual deprived that others enjoy, in realms domestic or public, moral or ethical?"

"I am proud of being a homosexual." This powerfully affirmative statement, made by a speaker at the Constitutional Convention of the Mattachine Society, in April, 1953, acted as an electrifying catalyst. Some few applauded its forthrightness. Others, whether consciously or not, rallied together defensively as a bloc. As the Convention proceeded the views of this bloc gradually took the lead and a Constitution generally expressive of their thinking was adopted. Thus, two radically opposite attitudes towards homosexuality were thrown into bold relief. During the years since then this divergence has become even more clearly marked. Time has not exerted the softening and mellowing influence so often ascribed to it. On the contrary, each year finds views a little more stoutly maintained, the focus less fuzzy than before. What are these opposing views?

The term *asexual* might be used a bit sardonically as characterizing the attitude, if not the behavior, of the majority of homophiles. They tend to agree with popular opinion—that homosexuality is wrong; that it is sinful; that it is shameful; to be vigorously curbed by self-denial, sublimation, or other methods (even masturbation). They seem to feel that homosexuals should at all costs present a public appearance of conformity and "normalcy," of asexuality, if necessary. The homosexual, and his organizations, should cooperate to the fullest extent with "public authorities," according to this view. Above all things, the individual is held to be obligated to be an all-around "good guy." "Act square," is the motto. "It's only sensible," they say.

Is it fair to term this group *asexuals*? It is fair in that this is the public impression they strive to con-



vey, save for the pitiful cases which, at the behest of family, minister or psychiatrist, strive desperately to contort themselves into simulacra of heterosexuality, by marrying. Strangely enough, as their public behavior by no means accords with their private conduct, in the majority of cases their behavior might more justly be termed amoral than asexual.

Sociologists and those dealing in mental health problems never tire of telling us of the dangers both to the individual and to his society whenever preaching and the practice are found to be at too great variance.

The admitted homosexuals are a smaller group, comprised mainly of those claiming to be more intellectually sophisticated, and of the flaming queens. This group, in whatever terms, express pride in its homosexuality, finding nothing either sinful or shameful in it. They feel that homosexual men and women should be in every way as free to practice their sexual preferences as are other segments of the population; that they should enjoy the same legal and social privileges as others, no more, but also, no less. They feel themselves under no obligations whatever to conform to the particular social standards of any particular community; that instead of their adjusting to popular mores, the mores should be adjusted to their own wishes. The demands of rationalism and basic human freedoms admit of no other interpretation, they state.

This group feels that habitually to think one thing and act another breeds nothing but hypocrisy in a society and schizophrenia in the individual. They say, "I am homosexual. I am proud of it. I shall live my life according to the dictates of its nature, and neither social pressures nor legal prohibitions (which are probably without any moral 'legality' anyway) will turn me from this

resolve. If society does not wish to accept me, or to understand me, that is not my problem, for, to paraphrase Louis, The Sun King's, "L'etat, c'est moi," "I am Society."

This rugged individualism has an almost anarchistic quality that is yet as American as the "hot dog." It is in the spirit of that old Colonial flag, emblazoned with a rattlesnake and the motto, "Don't tread on me." This is the individualism of the queen, flaunting make-up and a bracelet or two in the face of an amused or embarrassed public, and of the intellectual, saying, "I am proud of being a homosexual," then throwing this declaration into the very teeth of public opinion.

Are such persons really serious in their views? Do they mean what they say, or are their words but a form of compensation for hurts and insults they may have endured? That we should ask such questions shows the very depth of the infection we have suffered through centuries of religious and other propaganda. If we can somehow manage to render ourselves quite objective, lifting ourselves, as it were, out of the epoch in which we live, we begin to wonder if it is not we who have been guilty of absurdities, we who are not to be taken seriously.

In this objective vein we would be forced to inquire of what the homosexual is deprived, by virtue of his homosexuality, in either realms domestic or public, moral or ethical. Is he, for instance, debarred from expressing any of the classic Seven Virtues? Is he more prone than his brothers to succumbing to the Seven Deadly Sins? Is he subject to particular bodily deformities? Is his IQ inherently deficient? Or, is he barred from "normal" sexual pleasures?

Ask any homosexual about this point. Try to offer him "normal" sexual pleasures, so-called, as a substitute



and see how many takers there will be. But, says the moralist, you quite mistake the true purpose of sex, for sexual pleasures are but the means to an end, a noble end—the perpetuation of the race. This poor, shopworn argument has been around for countless centuries, despite its lack of support from philosophical, biological or other evidence! Who, for instance, can be so sure that the race should be perpetuated at all? Or in its present form? Is it not entirely likely that by arranging race-perpetuation a bit better than the “sexual pleasure” principle has done it that we might make some headway with the problem of juvenile delinquency? We just might happen also to end up with far fewer monsters, dwarfs, cretins, morons and all the picturesque horde who may delight a Hogarth but are pretty much a social luxury. Or are we being too Utopian?

But surely, continues our moralist, you must grant that in domestic and in public life the homosexual is at a hopeless disadvantage. Is this so certain? I, for one, am glad I am homosexual, glad to be spared the deadly monotones of marital wranglings or, worse, still, the marshmallow puffiness of marital bliss. I consider myself fortunate in having seen through the deadly deceptions of the procreative cycle—devouring energies, talents, ambition and individual achievement, all in the name of that great communal juggernaut, The Family, before which church and state so abjectly debase themselves.

How darkly vicious this may all seem to us one day, this myth which sanctions the most incredible interweaving of clashing and disparate personalities by means of the semen and the blood-stream. How cleanly healthy we all may feel when at least some of us shall have purged our thinking of such ritualistic tribal ves-

tiges. How much nearer may we find ourselves to the moral freedom which is the right of each of us. The prospect gives one the courage to pull through life's duller stretches.

That there are some domestic and public disadvantages the homosexual must endure is not denied, but these are the unhealthy manifestations of a society so sick, a culture so unsure of itself that it shrinks in horror from some of the greatest and basically elemental forces of man and nature, while striving feverishly at an impossible repression. Is it proposed that the honest man, the upright women, shall lend themselves to the furtherance of such sickness, such unhealthiness, such weakness? Should they not rather strive to lead their blind fellows out of this nasty-minded neuroticism?

If it is claimed that the root of the whole matter can be found in the realm of ethics or morality, I would ask in what respects this is so. Because homosexual relations are vile and unnatural, answers the moralist. I would meet the moralist on his own ground by quoting Scripture, “If God be for us, who can be against us?” Or, if God be so much in favor of heterosexuality as you claim, is He not to be trusted to rid the universe of things “vile and unnatural”? Further, If God is so against homosexuality as you claim, how comes it that century after century homosexuals are born, and that some of the most shining stars in the human firmament have been homosexual? Without these great men and women the world in which we live today would indeed be a sad, drab place—less moral. Who doubts this knows neither religion, history, nor art.

Like other homosexuals who have self-respect and a natural pride, I am proud of being a human being, quite as capable as any of my fellows of doing good work, to the extent of my



individual abilities. In addition, I feel sure that my particular way of life has given me certain insights into human problems and character that most heterosexuals apparently lack.

Under the present social and cultural system the homosexual automatically finds himself a member of a world-wide freemasonry which cuts across educational and financial levels with utter impartiality. If Marxists were not so sociologically naive as they are they would have to admit that here exists the only truly classless society. From this vantage point the homosexual discovers in himself a sympathy for the poor and oppressed of all kinds denied to all but the saints. Being utterly untouched by their interests and concerns he has an unerring eye for the follies and foibles of his heterosexual brothers and sisters, so unerring in fact that he often finds himself cast in the role of sympathetic adviser and confidant of husband, wife, child and parent. Indeed, it well may be that the only valid and objective consideration of marital problems must come from the homosexual, heterosexuals being too strongly biased to evaluate themselves wisely.

The male homosexual is both relieved and glad to discover that, unlike the heterosexual who is forever seeking "completion" and fulfillment in his supposed opposite—a woman, he seeks his fulfillment in the very

highest development of his own maleness, in love for another male. The lesbian also is relieved and glad not to have to attempt two readjustments of her selfhood, 1st, to some male; 2nd, to her children, "fruit of her womb," which, in most cases lead her with fatal accuracy to the Curse of Eve, "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." She learns, and what a happy release it is, that it is possible for her to find fulfillment otherwise, to heighten her womanliness through love and sexual union with another woman.

Do these concepts seem shocking, or startling? If so, the reader should prepare himself to continue being shocked, for ideas such as these are present today in the minds of many homosexuals. They will be expressing them more and more vigorously as time goes on. Their day is on the march. They are actively, resiliently proud of their homosexuality, glad for it. Society is going to have to accustom itself to many new pressures, new demands from the homosexual. A large and vigorous group of citizens, millions of them, are refusing to put up any longer with outworn shibboleths, contumely and social degradation.

Like the rest of my brothers and sisters I am glad to be a homosexual, proud of it. Let no one think we don't mean business, or intend to enforce our rights.





## *The Young Bather*

Down by the water a boy stood there,  
Stripped to bathe, on a rock shelf narrow,  
    Sweet curved, spare,  
    With clustering hair,  
Pure as a lily-bud, slim as an arrow.

Over his back in the freezing warm  
Shine and shadow danced free and fickle,  
    Then, palm to palm,  
    Of each lifted arm.  
Sweet and slight as the young moon's sickle,

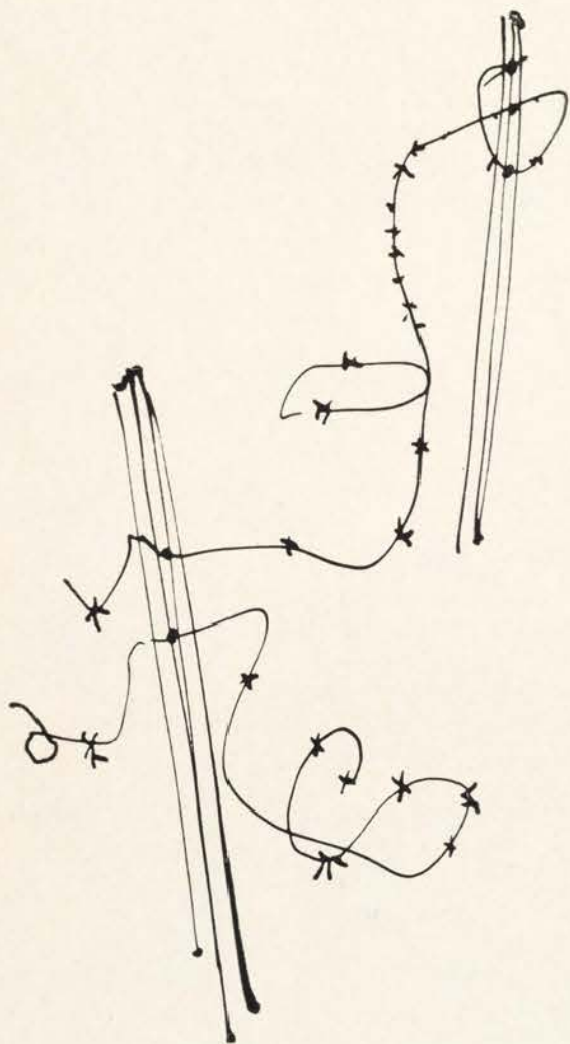
He dived. And seeing that child of May,  
A whim of beauty, a wonder of slimness.  
    I nigh could pray  
    That the gods would slay  
And keep him there in the weedy dimness.

But lank and dripping his brown head rose;  
He crawls ashore and the leafage severs,  
    And the branches close  
    On a form that goes  
With all things else down the years great rivers.

To think that the glory must leave his head,  
And his young, white beauty must all forsake him;  
    I had almost said  
    That the gods were dead,  
Did it not need the hand of a god to make him.

Martin Armstrong





# the brothers

by  
Gordon  
Hamilton

Unfortunately the war still continued, beyond the control, as far as the beginning and end are concerned, of two young men.

Karl had been captured during the later days of the war. Although not yet nineteen, he was a veteran of almost two years service. As most young lads he was not politically inclined, but still patriotically dedicated and possessed of that essential degree of esprit de corps that goes to make for a good soldier. He was loyal to his comrades to an extent, particularly among prisoners, who at best can be expected to be a slight bit demoralized, that is rare even in the most seasoned veteran.

The prisoner of war camp was a dirty sullen hole, miserable to the limit of the imagination as a place to live day after day. Needless to say the food was poor, sanitation facilities were limited and primitive and recreation facilities, they didn't exist. But perhaps it is safe to say that this camp was no better nor any worse than any combat zone P.O.W. camp of either belligerent. No soldier or no person in a combat zone lives good when they are in constant fear of life or freedom, any kind of freedom.



Arthur, or "Art", as he was known by his buddies, also was a resident of this P.O.W. camp. But whereas Karl was a prisoner, Art was a guard, Art too was not quiet nineteen years old, and a person in a position to see would have at once noted the similiarity in the backgrounds of the two men.

Had it not been for a world war these two boys could easily have been good friends. There would have been much they could have given and shared with each other.

Neither Karl nor Art had ever had time to do much deep thinking.

Each was aware that the other was in this camp, both of them considered, in a way, by their comrades, as babies. Each had been careful to observe the actions of the other, and each of them had been careful to give no outward sign of this activity.

Much could be said about what each man thought to himself, but there are secrets that men do not share with each other. Suffice it that both of these men for the first time in their lives realized that wearing a uniform of a certain colour and design, or being born in a certain place does not make much difference. One guy is pretty much the same as the next. Some people you like, some people you don't like, but not because of what someone else tells you.

Sergeant Gordon was Art's squad leader. The Sergeant hated all Germans. He had lost a son and brother in this war. The Sergeant was well filled with hate all the way to the top of his head. Perhaps most of all he hated to be on guard duty in a P.O.W. camp, for there he was forbidden to kill; had the commanding officer of the camp been aware of the Sergeant's feelings, for more than one reason he would have arranged a transfer.

The prisoners were lined up waiting to be fed. Art stood by the single file of men lined up in front of the mess building, a wooden club in his hand and no other weapon near. Regulations forbade that guards carry guns inside the enclosure since there was always the chance of prisoners gaining possession.

Sergeant Gordon came along checking the line, looking at each prisoner as he passed, his insinuated hate obvious to all who could see his face. He stopped beside Art and asked "No one givin' you any trouble are they kid?" and he needlessly added, "I can take care of the swine." Art shuddered as he felt the cruelty of the Sergeant's voice. Art too had been at the "front", had killed, and had seen those at his elbow killed, people that he knew well. But, these were things that Art knew and sometimes thought about, and never spoke about to anyone.

It was a very hot day. The humidity was uncommonly heavy and the temperature was well over a hundred.

Karl was in the chow line as it passed Sergeant Gordon and Art at this instant. Because of the heat, and youth of himself, even though it was against regulations Karl had removed his shirt.

As soon as he saw this, Sergeant Gordon began screaming at Karl. He ranted and he raved and he became unreasonable, spitting out a mouthful of vile words and senseless questions, all the time forgetting that his prisoner could not understand English.

Karl was at a complete loss to understand what was going on. The only thing he knew for certain was that it was himself that the American screamed at.

Every muscle in his young body tensed.

Picture him there in the sun, tensed, proud, covered with a thin film of sweat to his waist, scared half to death by the rampaging American Sergeant, the bright rays of the hot sun bouncing off his flesh, the fear sneaking out from him; not



the kind of fear that a man looks back on and becomes ashamed of, but the kind of fear that enters into a man when any other man would be afraid too.

Art stood looking from his Sergeant to the prisoner. Suddenly the Sergeant spat in Karl's face. Karl reacted to this. His arms came up and his strong hands made fists as if to swing on the Sergeant. For a single instant he forgot his identity as a prisoner, that state requiring ever-vigilance, and he became the insulted young man. Perhaps Prussian, but still most human being.

Art was about to speak, to remind the Sergeant that the prisoner could not understand English, when with a sudden horror he noted the Sergeant wore at his side a forty-five automatic. In an almost unfollowably fast movement the Sergeant ripped the gun from its holster and pointed it at the prisoner. Art could see the muscles of the Sergeant's face tightening, and he knew this was in anticipation of the recoil from the gun that would go off in a moment, as soon as the finger upon the trigger was finished with the cycle of squeezing. Without thinking and quicker than the eye could follow the movement, Art jumped in front of Karl and at the same time struck the Sergeant's arm with his own, thus deflecting the shot that was not to be fired to the ground.

Sergeant Gordon looked at Art. He was enraged. Then he realized what the consequences could have been if he had shot and killed the German. He looked at Art and said, "Thanks kid."

The Sergeant of course did not understand the real reason for Art's action. He only knew that he almost had been in a lot of trouble. Gordon looked at the prisoner again and remembered the cause of the incident. He turned to Art and said, "Take this man to the barracks and see that he gets a shirt on. Two other prisoners in the line spoke rapidly in German to Karl, explaining what was required to be done. They understood English. As Art made move to go, one of these prisoners explained that Karl knew and would go quietly and that he was sorry to cause this trouble.

The two young men started off toward the barracks, Karl in front, Art behind.

Sergeant Gordon called loudly to Art, "Hurry him up; if he isn't back here at once he won't eat."

Karl bunked in the third barracks down from the mess hall. He led the way without hesitation and in a few moments was beside his bunk slipping his shirt over his head.

Art stood at the foot of the bed and watched. The prisoner came toward the aisle and Art moved to the side to let the prisoner resume his place, several yards in front.

By this time Karl had made up his mind about what to do. Instead of pivoting to his left and marching down the barracks to the door he turned to his right and quickly came to one knee in front of Art. Grasping Art's hand he pressed it to his face, and then kissed it; very quickly but very definitely. Five minutes ago the idea of kneeling before another man in this manner, even to a comrade in his own army who had saved his life, would have been unthinkable let alone accomplished! The impossible Prussian pride.

At first Art was confused, but automatically he drew the prisoner to his feet, all the time tolerating the grip on his hand. The unashamed grip. When Karl stood erect the two men looked into each other's face. Then they both smiled broadly. Art put his right arm over Karl's left shoulder and their two bodies pressed closely in a manly embrace for ever so short a time; but long enough that neither would



ever forget the instant.

No word was spoken.

They both knew their place, and began the brief march back to the mess hall. Just before they came around the corner of the barracks and into view Art called "Halt!" He took an almost fresh pack of cigarettes from his pocket and pressed it to Karl's hand.

A moment later they were each in their appointed place, neither one outwardly aware of the other, each warmer inside in a way they could never explain.

There were occasions in the future when they had a chance to exchange a quick unobserved smile; and they did. Art saw to it that Karl had cigarettes when it was possible, even when he had none himself.

Each of them lives today—in far separated parts of the world. It is very doubtful if they will ever meet again.

Often in moods of reflection or when times of contentment are upon them, each remembers the other.

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# tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Salt Lake topcop W. Cleon Skousen recently said that an alarming increase of sex deviates threatens "national catastrophe." "These offenses are growing in leaps and bounds," he said. "Our present procedures for the protection of society are inadequate." He attacked "the loose and irresponsible attitudes of a number of important professional people, who have advocated that homosexuality and other deviate practices should be tolerated as an acceptable pattern of conduct." He complained of legislators and judges who seem to expect that sex deviation can be cured by psychiatric treatment, and "noted" that many leading psychiatrists admit this is a false hope—they can help a person "suffering from a mental or psychotic disturbance" but this is not the case with most sex deviates—"they know what their problem is and they like it."

He painted the deviate as a highly contagious degenerate who derives "supreme satisfaction through the conquest and indoctrination of some other person in deviate practices—frequently a child." Scientific studies such as that by England's Portman Clinic flatly contradict this view, which could hardly be based on anything more than bias and rumor, and constitutes a dangerous state of misinformation

for someone in such a position to swing his authority.

We understand Cleon came to Salt Lake City about 2 years ago, after some years with the F.B.I. He stiffened police methods, raided homes and business places to arrest persons guilty of playing bingo, and last summer began a sharp drive against "perverts," with cops reportedly regularly harrassing customers at the local "gay" bar, asking if they were "queer," threatening to run them out of town (this drew an editorial protest from one paper). The vice squad has been super active nosing around toilets and baths, making propositions and arresting those who accept.

## CLEON'S CURE

Skousen felt sex offenders can be cured, not by psychiatry, but by "embarrassment resulting from publicity when an offense is detected; and dislike for prison life... We are learning that the sex deviate is usually a normal person who has been conditioned by some other deviate..."

Astonishing logic! His unexpected assertion that sex deviates are normal is too much to ask (we agree that the "homosexuals-are-sick" argument is unproven, and is rejected by the best medical authorities), though poor Cleon probably



didn't mean it quite the way he said it. His derogatory label for those "loose and irresponsible" scientists, jurists, clergymen and others who seek to reform or curb vicious and degenerate police practices such as his, leaves us to wonder by what divine afflatus he arrives at his own smug standards? Does this man really suppose that after hundreds of years of puritanic repression, homophiles are suddenly going to stop being homosexual, for fear of exposure or imprisonment? History has proven him wrong. Biology, anthropology and psychology have proven him wrong. They have shown conclusively that homosexuality is a natural instinct, as widespread among men as in all animals. And all the gestapos, all the taboos, all the therapists and all the prisons in the world have not been able to wipe it out.

#### LAW REFORM SOCIETY

A "HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM SOCIETY" has been formed in England to promote those legal reforms suggested by the Wolfenden Committee, by keeping the recommendations, and the reasons behind them, in the public eye until Parliament acts to kill the law against consenting private acts between adults. The Society is led by many of those who signed the recent open letter to the *TIMES* of London (June TANGENTS) and many additional noted British statesmen, churchmen, doctors, scientists and cultural leaders. The galaxy of names on the Honorary Committee form one of the most imposing lists ever assembled in behalf of any hotly debated social reform since Magnus Hirshfeld presented a similar star-studded petition in Germany before the Nazis smashed the hopes for homosexual freedom in

that country.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, rejecting the liberal lead of churches in England, recently attacked the Wolfenden Report and spurned its proposals for "legalizing homosexual sin." The still-Calvinist majority felt that such a law change would encourage the spread of homosexuality. Mr. James Adair, a Glasgow elder who was the lone disgruntled member of the Wolfenden Committee, regaled the Assembly with stories about an "international organization" of homosexual clubs with a membership of 14,000, whose British affiliates have grown spectacularly since the Report appeared. These clubs (a term generally denoting semi-private bars), he said, were actively propagating the practice, and the "international" published a directory of places such as hotels and restaurants in principal cities, where homosexuals could meet their own kind.

ONE, Inc. is affiliated with the FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEXUAL EQUALITY of Amsterdam, the only international organization we know about which might sound like what Mr. Adair is so ineptly trying to describe. We should be in a position to know if any other such group existed. The I.C.S.E., which held its Congress in Brussels this Spring, has, to the best of our knowledge, **no** English affiliates, and publishes no such directory as Mr. Adair describes. Advertisements for one or two bars published in some homophile magazines would hardly constitute such a directory. In fairness to his own reputation, Mr. Adair should either substantiate his inflammatory charges or retract them. Nor will his credibility be much bolstered by merely saying that the Archbishop of Canterbury made



some more or less similar statements. . . .

In the House of Commons on May 28th, Mr. Desmond Donnelly (associated with the HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM SOCIETY) and 2 other M.P.s asked Home Secretary R. A. Butler when and if the government intended to permit discussion by the House of the Wolfenden proposals. RAB dodged adroitly (the Tory and Labour leadership outdo one another in skill at dodging this issue) and passed the buck to the opposition.

### ROUNDELAY

That eminent contemporary theologian, Billy Graham, told a Cow Palace audience, during his recent slam-bang crusade to save San Francisco from sin, that sensual love is lust. A few nights earlier he'd praised "the sack" dress for sexlessness. God gave sex for four reasons, Billy explained, extrapolating quite rashly, for a Fundamentalist, from Bible doctrine: "to love properly, to set up a home, bring children and supply creative energy." He went on to condemn the salesmen of "immoral literature," who he said, do more harm to the nation than Communism. When asked a few days later by a Calif. Assembly subcommittee to appear as an expert witness to testify on immoral literature and its influence on youth, Billy was reported by some papers as saying he was too busy to appear, by other papers as saying he'd be glad to . . . At any rate, papers agreed on his bland admission that he'd never laid eyes on any "immoral literature." Which makes him a real expert witness. The subcommittee had earlier called for a formal protest with the Mexican government about alleged quantities of pornography being

carried across the border into California.

The committee didn't bother to call as experts the team of Brown Univ. psychologists who that same day reported their findings that reading smutty books **does not** make the reader more likely to commit sex crimes. In fact, they said, "There is some evidence that delinquent behavior is actually lessened by 'bad reading.'" Drs. Levy, Lipsitt and Rosenblith said blaming lewd literature is a form of scapegoatism and could lead to very severe consequences.

Dr. Lydia Sicher, billed as successor to Vienna's Dr. Alfred Adler, says all males are afraid of women—even their own wives. "Men have always feared women, but in our Western culture, the problem is more acute. Here the male feels he must constantly prove himself adequate as a man . . . It is a tragedy for men as well as women that our culture stresses the positive, masculine aspects of living."

Robert Schoonmaker, Jr., in INSPECTION NEWS, house organ of Retail Credit Company, discussing "Underwriting Moral Aspects": "An applicant with a good business reputation and normal family and social relationships will usually be a desirable accident and sickness risk. Any mark of deviation will usually indicate a questionable or uninsurable individual. We are not censors of morals, we are appraisers of longevity and mortality . . . There are really two aspects of the sex problem—extramarital entanglements of the 'normal' individual, and sex deviates . . . With respect to sex deviation, this subject comes in for very little mention because of its nature. While today we are more realistic than we used to be and are ready and willing to discuss conditions as they are and not as we



wish they were, nevertheless it is unusual for an underwriter to learn from any source that his applicant has this frailty; hence it would stand to reason that such people are being insured every day, and to the best of my knowledge this cannot be too great a problem as otherwise it would show up more distinctly in the claim departments . . ." Which doesn't seem to say much, clearly. But all prejudice aside, why should being unmarried make anyone a bad sickness-and-accident risk?

From the Letter Column of the Santa Monica INDEPENDENT (slightly condensed): "Dear Sir: I have been disturbed by references in your paper concerning 'queers' and 'fairies.' I assume that you have some idea as to how unpleasant the terms Kike, Nigger, Mick, Chink, Wop and Greaser are to Jews, Negroes, Irishmen, Chinese, Italians or Mexicans. Such terms have disappeared from most publications except for a few race hate sheets. I am surprised if you have not received letters on this matter from others who concern themselves with rights and feelings of other persons.

"Presumably it would be as difficult to convince you of the truth of what I say in the following sentences as it would be to convince a white man from Mississippi that Negroes do not smell. Where there is an emotional reaction, it is impossible to convince by mere facts. Nevertheless it is true that most homosexuals, such as I am, have no urge to be a sex criminal, have never put on a woman's dress, have no particularly feminine mannerisms and have not the slightest interest in luring young people—or heterosexuals, for that matter. Unlike some of my fellows, I consider it pretty damn important that homo-

sexuals have as much opportunity to feel self-respect as anyone else.

"The derogatory references in your paper help increase the guilt feelings of homosexuals who have not been able to face up to the general condemnation. This does not 'cure' such a person, but only exaggerates the problem. Secondly, your tacit support is given to any young thugs who may think it clever to beat up some effeminate chap. They may even think they are being patriotic or civic-minded. And they may imagine they can be destructive or cruel and still get a pat on the back from the police. Sincerely, Santa Monica Citizen."

## COPS AND COURTS

Sometimes it doesn't pay to report attempted blackmail to the cops. A Bartow hi-school teacher, near Tampa, went to police when 3 Plant City youths tried to shake him down for \$300. Result: youths put on probation; teacher lost job and now facing criminal charges—crime against nature . . .

In Williamstown, Mass., a school teacher was brought to trial on counts of being a lewd and dissolute person and committing an unnatural act. Judge Samuel Levine withheld the defendant's name, and ordered the hearing held behind closed doors, with press and public barred. The teacher pleaded guilty and received a one-year's suspended sentence on the first charge . . .

Are West Hollywood cops using fey hitchhikers as decoys for entrapment and adding a bit of rough stuff in case the victim doesn't come thru with the expected advances?

## ODDMENTS

An odd discrepancy in the chief



guidebooks to British blueblood—BURKE'S PEERAGE listing Sir Robert Dillon as having a sister and DE BRETT'S listing a brother—led brother Michael Dillon, a bearded medical officer on an ocean liner, to admit that he'd been born and raised a girl, began to show changes in his teens and underwent surgery in 1945, after which he officially registered a change of sex. He added that most of his old friends had deserted him . . .

A British judge last month ruled that a wife is not entitled to divorce on cruelty grounds because her husband who left her wants to be a woman. Married 8 years ago, things seemed ok til their child was born a year later. Then Victor began to show "female characteristics." Noting the court medical report that "it is perfectly plain that this man is suffering from a mental illness" the judge said it was a sad case and advised wife to wait 2 years—then sue on grounds of desertion . . .

When intellectual Gaulist Jacques Soustelle, who helped tumble France's Parliamentary government, gave the cops the slip to get to rebel Algeria, some said he escaped in the trunk of his car, but others said he left his house dressed as a maid, with long black skirt, woolen stockings, a kerchief on his head and carrying a wicker basket . . .

Some rummaging in old State Dept. archives came across this one: a Frenchman named Fourcarde was trying in 1878 to import oil into Madrid without paying tax. He hired "all the lean and least mammalian women that could be found" and by the use of oilcans, gave them, temporarily at least, "the pectoral proportions of Juno." Fourcarde was prospering at this smuggling til one guard at the city

gate made a pass at the swelling breastworks, and where it should have been soft, warm and mushy, it wasn't. After which, "M. Fourcarde's perambulating oil wells suddenly went dry . . ."

One signer of a petition protesting closing of Beatty, Nevada's redlight district, said, "This means more to us than it would to most places. After all, we don't have television . . ."

Hollywood cops embarrassed when a motorist got parking tab quashed by proving the parking meter was running fast—and went on to prove most meters in town were fast. Somebody pinned a warning note on his door to lay off or else . . . About the same time, one of the Flying Finn twins (who've been warring with the government for several years over possession of surplus plane they bought) tried to citizens'-arrest a cop who ticketed him for improper taillights and plates—when it turned out the patrol car had same defects. The coppies wouldn't play ball with this reverse twist. What's good for the goose isn't good for Mr. Parker's ganders . . .

So much talk these days in the papers about the sweet cooperation of religion and psychiatry—such pretty descriptions of religion as a soothing syrup—that it gets overlooked that religious conflicts, religious masochism and fears and hatreds are at the root of much mental disorder . . . Certainly the religious difficulty is the chief factor that ties many homosexuals in knots, whether or not either their religion or their sexuality is overt. When religion is used as a sort of psychic anti-biotic (and it frequently works) those administering it had better be well aware of the possible toxic side-effects . . .

Hedda Hopper was gloating re-



cently because a word of **admonition** from her led actor Bob Arthur to turn down the part of a one-armed homosexual bandit in the film, "Machine-Gun Kelly . . ." And what did Dorothy Kilgallen mean when she wrote, "A Saudi Arabian prince dropped \$300,000 at the gaming tables of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, but nevertheless was so delighted with the service he received that one of the Las Vegas boys is now part of his entourage?"

THE LADDER (to our knowledge, the world's only Lesbian magazine) now carrying detailed sociological questionnaire for research being conducted by the Daughters of

Bilitis . . .

The London OBSERVER is an intelligent and reliable newspaper and novelist Angus Wilson (ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES) one of its most competent reviewers, but Mr. Wilson's statement in his May 25th review of Roger Peyrefitte's book SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS (Secker and Warburg) that it is "now at last translated into English" is a little foolish. This novel was published **in English** in 1950 by Vanguard. Wilson has nothing but praise for the book (concerning the romantic, near-platonic love between school-boys) which he calls one of "the few really good recent novels."

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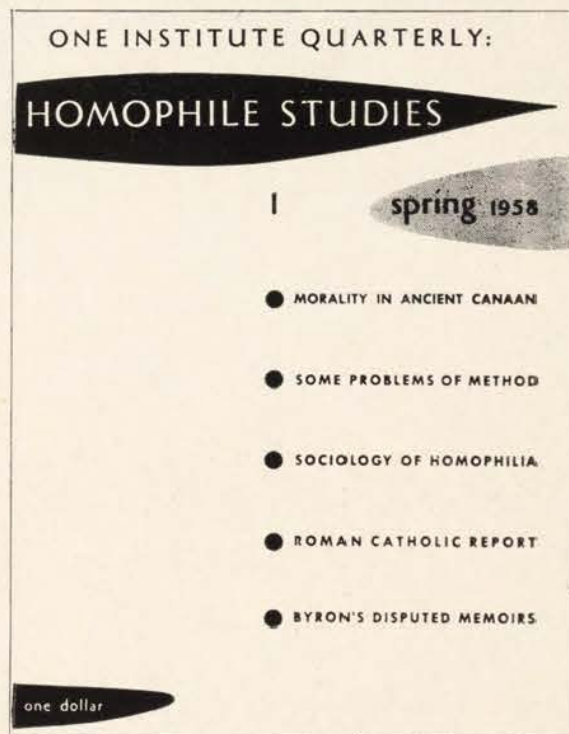
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# THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

*by and about women*

## the daystar

by Toni Dabney

The bus was crowded as usual with the same eight o'clock in the morning faces. Bleary, swollen-eyed and bad tempered—reading newspapers with half-closed lids or staring glumly out of the bus windows at near bare streets. The same anemic faces I'd seen all my life, I thought. The faces might change, but their outlook on life never varied an inch. They carried their sorry dispositions with them everywhere, every day. No wonder my days always start off so miserably, I consoled myself . . . This is enough to dampen anyone's spirits. TO HELL WITH IT!

"Everyone to the back of the coach, please. Move to the rear," the bus driver called out. Since I was still standing, I crept sideways as far as possible, shifting my purse to my left hand and grasping the hand rail tightly.



Suddenly the bus swerved, narrowly missing an automobile that had cut across the intersection. I lost my precarious balance, and almost fell into the lap of the person sitting in front of me.

I felt my cheeks redden as I searched for appropriate words with which to apologize; I forgot them the instant my eyes met hers. A spark of interest seemed to fill her eyes as she stared back at me.

"I'm terribly sorry, I really wasn't trying to take your seat away from you," I laughed nervously at my weak attempt at humor.

She smiled then, a sweet dimpled smile. "That's alright. These buses are hard to cope with at times, I know."

I racked my numbed brain trying desperately to come up with something intelligent enough, but not too obvious, to continue the conversation. I felt compelled to talk to her. There was something about her that fascinated me. Her's wasn't one of those lethargic faces. She seemed glad to be alive.

"Ahhh . . . I don't believe I've seen you on this bus before. Have I?" I blurted, peering into large, innocent looking, green eyes, my heartbeat quickening.

"Well, probably not. I usually take a later bus, but I have to go to the office early this week." She answered, with a hint of surprise at my question.

For the first time in my life I would have given anything to have been one of those gifted individuals, out of whose mouth words flow like honey. Unfortunately I'm not. Conversation has always been hard for me, particularly with strangers.

A smile frozen on my face, I stood there wordlessly watching her—seeing the bright, young face so full of life and living. She removed her scarf, running slender fingers through the soft blonde curls, patting them gently into place. Then, as if feeling my intent gaze, she turned and smiled briefly, her eyes sparkling.

She moved to get up. "Excuse me. This is where I get off. Would you like to sit down here?" She motioned towards the seat.

"Yes I would. Thank you." I lowered myself into the seat and stole one last look at her. Too bad that she had to get off here, I thought disappointedly. She's one person I felt that I would like to know better. I dismissed it on a pleasant note—perhaps I'd see her again.

I gazed out the window dreamily . . . then jerked immediately to my feet. I'd almost missed my stop.

The day passed swiftly. We were frantically busy in the office and I hadn't had even a minute to myself. Not even time to think.

I climbed wearily into bed that night. It seemed there was something that I should remember, but it escaped me. Then like a flash it came back. Of course, the girl on the bus. The only bright spot in the day . . . or year for that matter. Well, maybe I'd see her tomorrow. It was something to look forward to, but not worth losing any sleep over, I decided. I had an odd feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning as I pushed aboard the crowded bus, I found myself eagerly looking forward to seeing the girl again. That is, if she was on the bus. I'd soon know. Then I saw her, sitting in the same seat. I walked back to where she was sitting and spoke to her.

"Hi, how are you today?"



She glanced up and spoke. "Fine, thanks. How are you?"

"Alright." And I added silently to myself, "Except for the butterflies flopping around in my stomach."

The woman sitting next to her got up and I immediately sat down. That was luck, probably wouldn't happen again in a lifetime. Anyway, here I was sitting next to her, feeling like a tongue-tied sixteen-year-old. The weather seemed a safe enough subject. I tried.

"Isn't this a beautiful day," I ventured.

"Umm . . . glorious." She looked at me for a few seconds as if confused. Abruptly, she turned her head. But not in time to hide the patches of red that covered her cheeks.

I couldn't imagine what I'd said to embarrass her, so I decided I'd better let it ride for a while.

In a few minutes we neared her stop. I thought a moment and had an idea. If only it would work. "Say—do you have a few minutes? I could stop off here and have a quick cup of coffee with you." I held my breath.

She glanced down at her watch. "Well . . ." she hesitated ". . . alright. I hate to drink coffee by myself." She smiled again showing even, white teeth.

I followed her off the bus and she led the way to a small coffee shop.

"Black coffee, please." She told the counter man.

"The same for me." I reached into my purse and grabbed my cigarettes. "Would you like one?" I asked her, extending the package.

"No thanks, I don't smoke." She answered in her soft, willowy voice.

"Maybe we should introduce ourselves. I'm Terry Advena." My throat felt parched and I could hardly swallow.

"Hi Terry. I'm Karol Stack."

"I'm glad to know you Karol. I suppose you're teased a lot about your name . . . Stack . . . stacked. I won't mention it." I laughed weakly. I had a special talent it seemed, for saying stupid things. I couldn't even think coherently.

"Oh yes. People seem to delight in the possibility." Then she blushed a deep pink, as if realizing what she had said.

The fifteen minutes or so that we sat there ended all too soon. But I had found out her name and address, and had left her with the promise of seeing her on the bus again tomorrow. She was very easy to talk to. I knew I liked her very much, and wanted to see her again . . . SOON. More important, I was certain that she liked me too.

The day went slowly. My thoughts were whirling and I had trouble keeping my mind on my work. People talked to me all day, but I scarcely heard them. I simply could not wait for tomorrow morning. It seemed years away. Her name kept running through my mind . . . KAROL . . . KAROL. There was a wonderful sound to it.

After work I went right home, ate, took a quick shower and went to bed . . . I couldn't sleep.

My thoughts were dominated by Karol. Could she be like me, I wondered? Could she have the same feelings for me that I have for her? I asked myself a thousand torturing questions, none of which I could answer.

All these years I had been so alone; always hunting for something that had eluded me. I hadn't known what it actually was until two years ago when one of my closest friends had given me a copy of *The Well of Loneliness* to read. After that, I had understood myself fully for the first time. But until I had met



Karol, there had been no one who had attracted me. But now—Karol. Could she possibly . . . ?

The night was a torture of dreams and wakefulness. The hours crept slowly by until morning. IT WAS TIME!

I boarded the bus with my heart in my mouth, searching for Karol. For a few minutes I couldn't see her. Then, I saw her, almost as if she had been waiting for me too.

"Hi Karol. I was afraid for a minute that I had missed you this morning." I said.

"I'm glad you made it. I was just thinking about you." She said, smiling that wonderful smile.

"Really? My, I hope they weren't bad thoughts."

"Silly, of course they weren't. I was just hoping that you wouldn't miss the bus."

I felt the blood surging to my head. She had wanted to see me again. I felt like singing.

I looked around me at the other people on the bus. Funny, I thought, today everyone was smiling, happy and full of good spirits. Even the bus was riding smoother. Yesterday I was condemning buses, but today I had nothing but praise for them. Yes, wonderful things, these buses.

We were silent. I glanced across the aisle at the two girls sitting there. One had short, dark hair, combed back boyishly. The other had short hair also, but combed in a more feminine way. I looked at their hands. They wore matching wedding bands.

I saw Karol studying them too. Scrutinizing as I was, probing into their secret. Was there scorn on her face . . . or pity? I watched her with worried eyes, afraid. But there was neither. More of a serenity, a contented half-smile . . . A restfulness. COULD IT BE?

She met my questioning glance and nodded, a smile on her face still. A private, secret smile. The kind that doesn't need words. It was all written there.

"Coffee this morning?" I asked confidently.

"Certainly, I wouldn't miss it for the world." She looked at me with a new glint in her eyes.

"I was also wondering . . ." I hesitated a moment and finding new courage continued ". . . if you would like to come up to my apartment this evening? We could watch television and play a few records."

I didn't have to wait for her answer. I knew she would!

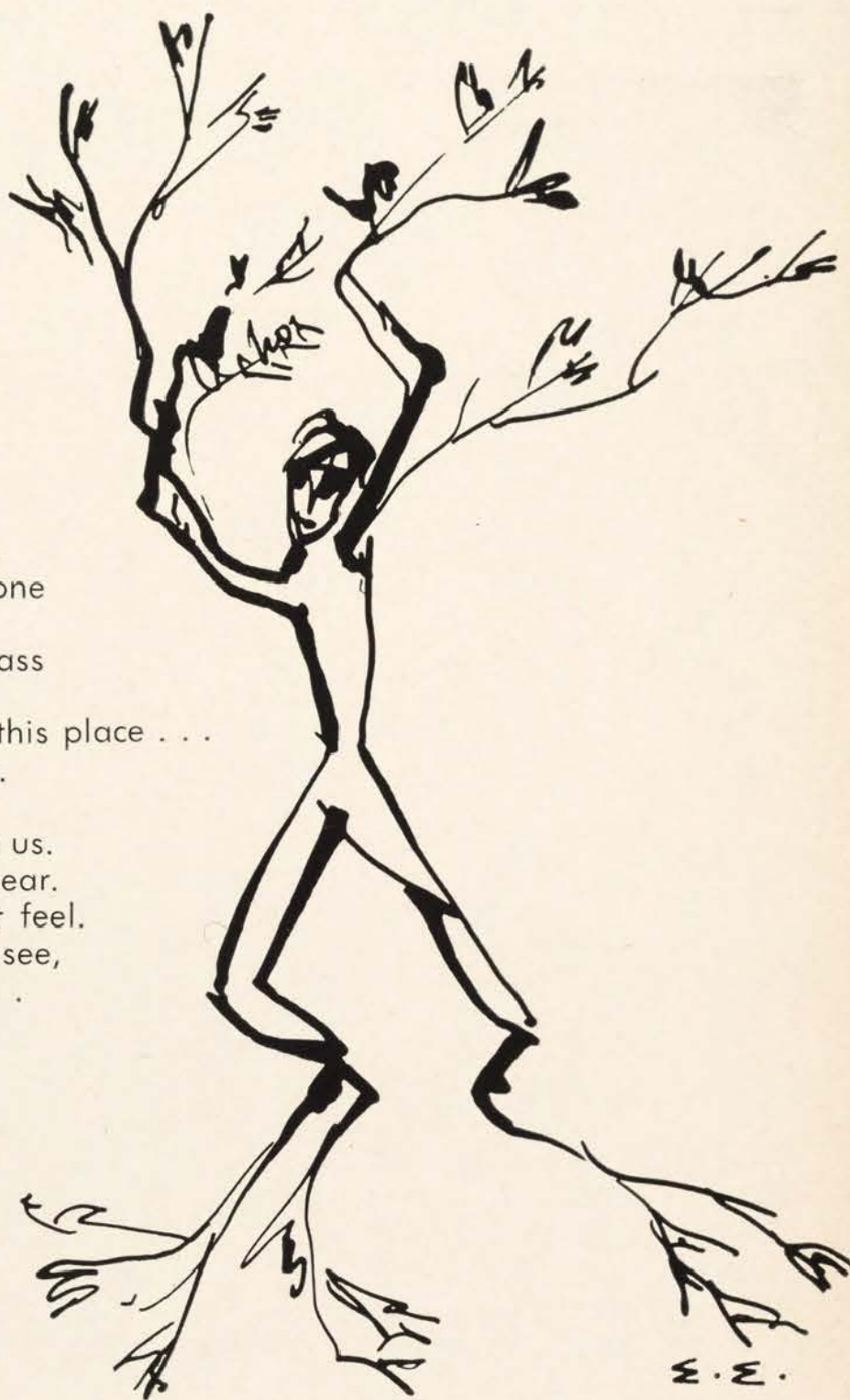


# lost

Lost in the wilds . . . alone  
We cling to trees . . . to stone  
To reeds . . . to bone  
Or . . . lie face down in grass  
Seeking forgetfulness  
Of how we stumbled into this place . . .  
Of why we have no home.

There is no one here . . . to us.  
They call, but we cannot hear.  
They touch, but we cannot feel.  
They come, but we do not see,  
(Locked within ourselves . . .  
our own high prisons . . .  
Blot out light,  
Hoard the night,  
Count dark treasures.)

Will we find the key  
In the grass?  
In the wood?  
In the stone?  
Is something hidden  
In the bone . . .  
To bring us out,  
To make us one?



—Sten Russell

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# BOOKS

## THE KING MUST DIE

by Mary Renault, Pantheon,  
1958, \$4.50, 380 pp.

To give a plot resumé or attempt discussion of the general theme of this book would be a great mistake. The story is one that is convincing and exciting with a movement to it that carries the reader along in another time and place with complete transition.

The most important thing is that the element of homosexuality is handled in a manner befitting the setting of the book. The references are made in a matter-of-fact fashion, undisguised interpreted in no way. It exists . . . it is a part of the culture.

The pattern of homophile literature is so bound to the "case history" technique that in a book of this sort it is almost possible to overlook the references. Indeed, we are so accustomed to the drawn out plot with sexual theme inherent that we may not easily see the significance of such a work as this, where the reader is led into a world where there are no problems or taboos and where the references are incidental and part of the "scenery."

Our "king" is involved in "bull-dancing" in the court of the Minotaur after overthrowing a lot of Amazons and finding his birthright; suffering, achieving, etc. The author's grasp of the civilization of this period is excellent. The hero is not impossible. His deeds are thumping and his reasoning is entertaining.

For the student of ancient history or for the casual reader in search of a good novel, the book is recommended.

The reader who is looking for the "gay" element will find it, but he will find it presented very calmly and this attitude may be pleasing to some and not sensational enough for others.

For a good evening in ancient Greece, Minos and near-around, curl up with this book and you will come away from it with a few ideas and maybe an interest for research. In any case, you will be entertained.

H. S.

## THE IMMORTAL

by Walter Ross

Simon & Schuster, N. Y., 1958  
\$3.50

This book tempts one, rather than to review it, to write instead an essay on man's inhumanity to man. It is not that *The Immortal* is unreadable; far from it. Author Ross' competent, swiftly-journalistic style, and the shock value he manages to pack into many of the book's pages, make one glad one has read it. Yet one puts away the book with a sense of nausea, as if one had just been confronted with the disjointed skeleton of a human being, but none of the living, coherent substance.

Mr. Ross has created a fictitious character, one John Preston, kills him before the outset of the story, and then brings him back to a kind of ghostly life through a series of posthumous sketches from the memories of persons who knew him. Johnny's bushy hair was black and his violent death was in a plane crash while flying his private craft; but except for these and a few other altered circumstances, one has no difficulty in associating Johnny Preston with the career, the personality, and the legend connected with the late James Dean.

From its opening note of advice that "This story is not about any real people, alive or dead," to the closing



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quip, "Is a man's grave his castle?" *The Immortal* seems less an oblique biography than a piece of calculated cynicism and distortion. Is it because he is alleged to have had a variety of

bedfellows of both sexes that the author can find no one with a clear, good word for "Johnny"? Infallibly, and with the solid stroke of a meat-ax, each chapter hews a fresh slice from the hero's reputation, until at last it is implied that not only was "Johnny" a whore, a sponger, a schemer, a heartless philanderer, and an incipient criminal, but that he was not even an actor. The traits about him that seemed good in the eyes of others are obliterated; every intention is made to seem dishonorable, and his attractions for others placed on the level of a modern Svengali.

One cannot help wonder how devotees of the James Dean Legend, (if there are any left) will react to this book (if they read it at all). Dr. Bergler would, of course, crow with delight.

Robert Gregory

### BOOK SERVICE

COUP DE GRACE, by Marguerite Yourcenar, F.S.&C.....\$3.00

*Coup de Grace* is the second of Madam Yourcenar's novels to be translated from the French by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author, *Hadrian's Memoirs* being the first. *Coupe de Grace* has the same high quality prose as the earlier work but much greater swiftness of narrative.

THE SERGEANT, by Dennis Murphy, Viking.....\$3.50

Well-paced, skillful story of the seduction of a handsome young G.I. by his sergeant—up to the drinking buddy stage. Poor ending.

THE MOON VOW, by Dr. Hazel Lin, Pageant.....\$4.00

Why won't Mei Li go to bed with her husband? Dr. Wu finally gets a clue when she takes several gold balls out of another patient . . . Lesbians, that's it! Tedious, sometimes realistic, often ghastly.

THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY, by Chas. Berg and C. Allen, Citadel.....\$4.50

Despite good start and fair presentation of psychiatrists' viewpoint on subject, this gets a bit Berglerish. Discusses and includes full text of Wolfenden Report.

SEX WITHOUT GUILT, by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., Lyle Stuart.....\$4.95

While arguing for more sex freedom, Dr. Ellis still says homosexuals are neurotic unless they vary their sex-outlets.

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# beach roundup

With summer pleasures once again at full-tilt, the harrassment activities of the various police departments in our coastal cities in illegally suppressing the American citizen is apparent. Reports from many parts of the country indicate that the "heat is on" in more ways than one. We can only hope that more people will begin to see the dangers of the situation as described by columnist Jack Kofoed in *The Miami Herald* for Tuesday, June 3rd.

Miami Beach police surged out on a series of raids Sunday, and arrested 47 persons on beaches and in bars. Those seized were engaged in no felonious activities. The John Laws accused them of vagrancy—a blanket charge like the 96th Article of War, which is a catch-all, and covers everything not included in other Articles.

The police made the raids in an apparent effort to curb homosexual activity, although the reason they advanced was that they wanted to know who the 47 were and what they were doing.

For a long time I've revised an idea that America is a free country. If cops can arrest anybody to satisfy their curiosity it isn't so darned free as we think. There are bums here, as anywhere else in the land, but unless they do something wrong, they have as much right to go their way as anybody else.

Not so long ago we had an illegal system known as "the Hobo Express." If a man was shabby and lacking in money, he could be arrested, though doing nothing more evil than strolling the streets in the sunshine.

Then, unless the person who had been pinched could prove he had a

job, or a sufficient sum of money, the "express" went into action. All who had been picked up were taken to the county line, pointed north, and told to get going. Anyone foolish enough to protest that he was an American citizen, and had come to Miami, as any American has a right to do, looking for work, was given a club across the rear end.

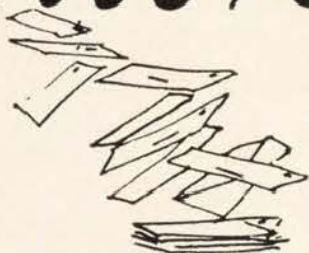
Some thieves and no-goods were chased out, but so were honest people, whose only sin was that they were down on their luck. While the unlucky were given that kind of treatment, nationally known hoodlums were unmolested.

Are we returning to that sort of system? Can anyone be arrested, because he does not fit a cop's concept of what a visitor to Miami Beach should be? City fathers ought to take a searching look into that sort of "raid." Theoretically, those who do no wrong are protected against police action. If what happened Sunday is any indication, this theory doesn't seem to be accepted on the Beach.

The cops may have rounded up some undesirables they were looking for. This is no excuse for shame and inconvenience visited on others.



# Letters



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

Dear Don Slater:

If we stop taking ourselves so damned seriously and learn to laugh at ourselves, perhaps other segments of society would join in the laughter, and the laugh would be **with us**, not directed **at us**.

If humor would not work, perhaps you should try to be clever. I know ONE is supposed to be artistic and perhaps it is, though I'd not call it that. It's more esoteric to me than anything, and if I have any gripe at all, it is the Greenwich Village format you use. I might grant you've all tried to be original, but perhaps you've been stalemated. For instance, your "Letters" column, look at it Slater! Why not try the head, To One and All, (something to tie the publication in with reader identification). Even if you don't use the head, I hope this will at least catapult some ideas on the subject. I know you can't come up with these things by osmosis, that's why the suggestions.

Love I have for ONE, but sometimes it reads like an anaemic and prissy dissertation on the love life of the butterfly in Outer Mongolia. Keep trying!

**Mr. R.  
GARRISON, N. Y.**

Dear Sir:

I read with interest the comments in a recent issue regarding the faithful who have contacted ONE regarding unemployment. Would suggest they go into practical nursing. During the depression in the '30s I decided to start work as a practical nurse. I went to a second-hand bookstore and bought a book on nursing, then registered as a practical nurse at different registries. Another suggestion would be to take an orderly job in an institution temporarily and then gradually take on something better. In the olden times graduate nurses had to scrub floors first.

**Mr. W.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

Dear Sir:

I can be catalogued as "The Single Homosexual" by choice, entirely absorbed in what I am doing and also by nature. Yet I do have an intense longing to find someone who, if the right person, would share my home with me. I am beautifully situated in beautiful Daytona Beach. I have considerable leisure, yet am extremely absorbed in my work. I have an ever-intense longing to find the right one who would share what I have and contribute to my happiness, as I should to his.

**Mr. A.  
DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.**

Gentlemen:

I am not of the Gay World, but "straight." I have one child, a 22 year old boy, who has been Gay since he was 14 years old. I have known about this since last April. Since then I have made his life my life.

My husband and I have a large three-story house and are filling our house with Gay boys. So far we have six who are rooming and boarding with us. The people I have known so far of the Gay World are wonderful, talented, fascinating people. I love them all. Since they have come to our home they are much more settled down, much happier and more secure. In our home they know they can be themselves and are protected. What a pity there cannot be more "straight" people who understand and accept Gay people. My son says I know more about Gay Life and homosexuality than a lot of Gay people do.

I am trying to write a book, in order to bring better relationships between parents and children of the Gay World. We have had parties in our home accommodating 25 to 30 at a time that were talked about for months afterward. They were nice, decent parties, where they can have drinks and be themselves.

**Mrs. R.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.**



Dear Friends:

This is to tell you that I am safely back at Zurich, glued once more to the famous desk and sweating away at the heaps of work found on my return. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed meeting you all. I had a very good stay in San Francisco. Chicago was short and hectic, though very pleasant indeed, and the trip to Miami at the close of my travels very much worthwhile.

It is all like a kaleidoscope now—the hills as seen from your homes, that lovely drive at night on top of the hill, the party, the talks with you all—very many things to cherish in the future. I do hope to see you people over here one day too—it would be lovely having you.

**Rudolph Burckhardt**  
English Editor, **THE KREIS**  
**ZURICH, SWITZERLAND**

Gentlemen:

Under separate cover I am sending you for your Library, the following books: Peter Wildeblood—**Against the Law, A Way of Life**; Christopher Teale—**Behind These Walls**; Baron Frederick von Gagern, M.D.—**The Problem of Onanism**. I hope they will be of use to you.

**Mr. H.**  
**ELYRIA, OHIO**

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Indeed these, and all of the books given to ONE's Library, are welcomed. So far there have been no funds available for book purchases, so that the growth of the Library has been entirely dependent upon the generosity of such friends as Mr. H. It should be added that he has been a consistent donor to the Library for a number of years, having contributed over 100 titles to the collection during that time.

Dear Sirs:

I would appreciate having the names and addresses of sympathetic attorneys in the Washington area. Also, I would like to know what the citizen's rights are in case of an arrest being made.

**Mr. K.**  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Requests such as this one are received at ONE's office quite regularly. Some time ago an attempt was made to compile a list of available attorneys in various cities. Such a listing was published in ONE Confidential. However, Friends of ONE have not kept this office up-to-date regarding attorneys. Will readers please forward to us such names as they can assure us are both reliable and willing to undertake the defense of those accused of sex offenses, and other highly confidential matters?

In regard to Mr. K.'s second request we here reprint (as we do every so often):

#### A CITIZEN'S RIGHTS IN CASE OF ARREST

1. An officer cannot arrest you without a warrant unless you have committed a crime in his presence or he has reasonable grounds to believe you have committed a felony. (Calif. PC 836.)

2. If he has a warrant, ask to see it and read it carefully. If you are arrested without a warrant ask what the charge is.

3. You are not required to answer any questions. You may but do not have to give your name and address. If you are accused of a crime of which you are innocent, deny the charge. Go along but under protest. Do not resist physically.

4. Do not sign anything. Take the badge numbers of arresting officers.

5. If you are taken to jail, ask when you are booked what the charges are and whether they are misdemeanor or felony charges.

6. Insist on using a telephone to contact your lawyer or family. Leave your name and where you are held.

7. You have the right to be released on bail for most offenses. Have your attorney make the arrangements or ask for a bail bondsman.

8. After an arrest without a warrant, a person must, without unnecessary delay, be taken before the most accessible magistrate in the area where the arrest is made. The magistrate must hear the complaint and set bail. (Calif. PC 849.)

9. Report any instances of police brutality which you observe to your attorney.

10. If you do not have an attorney by the time you are brought before a judge to plead, ask for additional time to obtain an attorney; or if this is not possible, plead not guilty and ask for a trial by jury.

11. You are entitled to a written statement of the charges against you before you are required to enter a plea.

12. You are not required to testify against yourself in any trial or hearing. (Fifth Amendment, U. S. Constitution.)

13. If you are questioned by any law enforcement officer including the FBI, remember that you are not required to answer any questions concerning yourself or others.

(Fifth Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

Dear Editors:

I want to quote from **Life Magazine**, 6/16/58, on the U. S. Supreme Court:

"Unless the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments are repealed or superseded, which



seems unlikely, 'the rule of Law,' is going to be more and more the rule of reason as judges see it in the light of due process. Critics of the Court must realize that in most cases what they are objecting to is this rule of reason. Justice Holmes who did as much as anybody to foster the use of due process, could not say today with the old finality, 'This is a court of law!' For better or for worse the U. S. Supreme Court has become a tribunal of law and individual justice, with law in the traditional sense running a poor second."

I feel that this situation will bring about more decisions in favor of ONE Magazine and the Gay people, and will eventually put a stop to all the persecutions, both in the social and business world and in public service.

**Mr. W.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

Dear Sirs:

I must hasten to tell you how much I think the Magazine has improved. It's almost like a new magazine. TANGENTS, as always, keeps us informed as to what's going on around the country in an interesting, chatty style. The quality of the fiction is much higher, and the articles are right up-to-date. I like the "Letters" section, too, for a real exchange of ideas.

I know it's late, but you do deserve credit and congratulations on the Supreme Court decision. I wish I had funds to make a genuine contribution to the excellent, probably tiresome and mostly unrewarding work you are doing.

**Mr. T.  
BOSTON, MASS.**

Dear ONE:

Especially enjoyed your June issue. I think the new series beginning with the Highway Patrolman quite a good one. Keep up the good work.

**Mr. J.  
PORTLAND, ORE.**

To the staff of ONE:

The June '58 Magazine is good throughout. Thirty pages are space enough when you have solid material to put on them. Although opportunities don't often come to me, I have tried to find subscribers, and in a few cases succeeded, but my failures have outnumbered the successes. Particularly irritating is the "better-than-ONE" attitude taken by some Easterners (and others). I picture them as sitting wisely on their behinds, doing nothing of any value for the cause. They'll read ONE, and read it greedily, if it is presented to them on a silver platter, but won't condescend to subscribe.

I am sure it's no news to you that your main support does come, and will come, from the minority within the minority. However, there are many people who would read the Magazine if they knew about it. I would suggest advertising, but you know your actual limitations in this regard, at which I can only guess. You might remind the faithful to keep working through personal contacts and to find new subscribers.

If you could afford to add pages to every issue I'd suggest that on one page of every issue you publish a manifesto—a much boiled-down summary of facts, crucial points, aims—this for the benefit of those who had never read the Magazine before, and particularly for the benefit of those who know little about homosexuality. Such a manifesto should have careful consideration. You might ask various people to submit their versions or outlines. Perhaps a study of past issues of ONE would bring out most of the material needed.

Such a manifesto should make a brief, hard case for justice, both in the laws and in attitudes. It should not ask for more than justice, or for less. It should appeal to reason, but it should rest on a sense of humanity.

**Mr. W.  
DENISON, TEXAS**

Dear Editor:

Some of the criticisms of ONE are unjustified. There are those who like to be extreme in their feelings and opinions. There are articles that I do not enjoy, but I think of those who would. For example, the Feminine Viewpoint does not interest me, but I am sure it interests the women. I am also a clergyman and was glad to read how Reverend K. feels toward his vocation.

It seems to me that many homosexuals avoid the practice of their religion. Could it be that they suffer from a guilt complex regarding their way of life? I feel that a man's sex instinct, like any of his human instincts, is a part of his creation. In his development into manhood his sex life does not always take a line acceptable to social standards. If he has not done anything to cause this then he should not feel guilty in the presence of the Divine. Neither should he feel that he is bad and take a "I don't care" attitude toward himself. It is only through the development of religious faith that a man is able to maintain self-respect. Homophiles should come to grips with this matter. I am wondering if this isn't why so many letters to the editor are tales of loneliness and anxiety.

I feel that ONE is doing just what it should do. Keep up the good work.

**Rev. A.  
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.**



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