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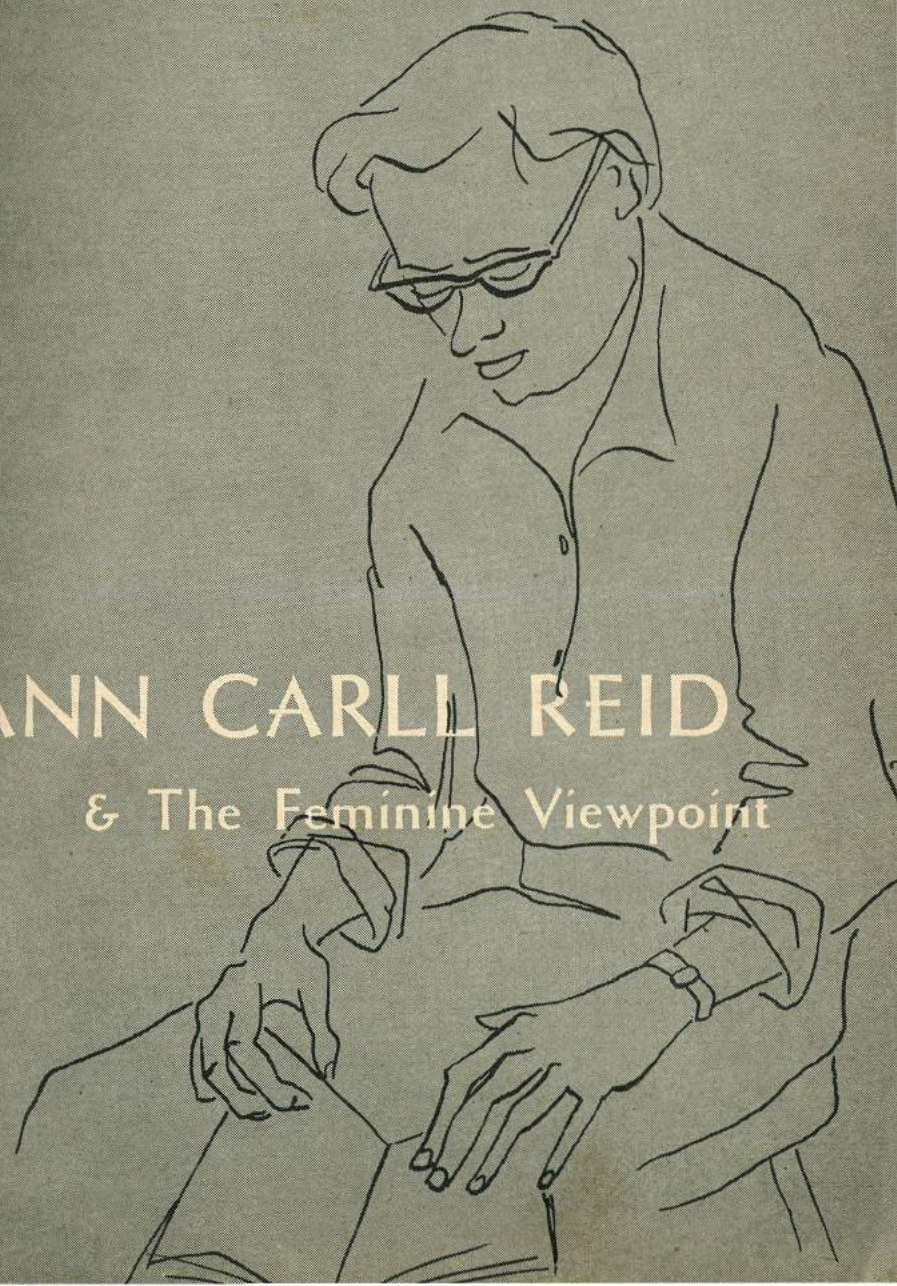
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FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

ANN CARLL REID
& The Feminine Viewpoint



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

Carlyle

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

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EDITORIAL

In the introduction to the British governmental "Report of the Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution," generally called "The Wolfenden Report," the committee, expressing its views concerning the moral or criminal status of homosexuality, says, "It is not, in our view, the function of the law to intervene in the private lives of citizens, or to seek to enforce any particular pattern of behaviour Certain forms of sexual behaviour are regarded by many as sinful,

morally wrong, or objectionable for reasons of conscience, or of religious or cultural tradition; and such actions may be reprobated on these grounds."

Further in the Report the Committee says, "There must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business . . . We accordingly recommend that homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence."

By thus so plainly distinguishing between the moral and the criminal aspects of certain types of human behavior this august body has cleared the air considerably. And by further offering the recommendation that homosexuality should no longer be considered a crime (any more than are adultery and fornication) they reflect a position which has often been expressed in the pages of ONE Magazine. We wholeheartedly endorse the Committee's opinion regarding homosexual offences.

However, we still take exception to their admission concerning the imputation of immorality to homosexual acts, and hope this superstitious notion may go the way of its companion. ONE has always said, as the Wolfenden Committee now agrees, that homosexuality is merely one of the many varieties of sexual expression available and currently practiced, to be judged just as we would all the others.

Practiced at the discretion of the persons who prefer it, and at that of their partners, as the consummation of a personal love between them, the homosexual act, as such, can have neither more nor less value than any other. The very first issue of ONE Magazine (January, 1953) carried these lines:

*"That we, too, might be proud and unashamed
To bring our love out into the sunshine
And proclaim to the world, 'We love! We love!'"*

Now that we see men beginning to realize that homosexuality must be considered legitimate, even though it may accord only with the preferences of certain individuals, we can wish that these more sensible views may begin to free it from the absurd charges of immorality still levelled against it.

In other cultures homosexuality has fully corresponded to the moral inclinations of the people and was an important institution among some peoples of antiquity at the highest points in their civilizations. Faithful observers of logical principles, the Greeks, the Romans and some Orientals never classed Sodomy or Lesbianism as other than perfectly normal and permissible ways of behaving.

Logic demands that we should adhere to those principles which do not demand any particular form of sexual behavior between two consenting adults and that we do not presume to dictate the gender of the participants. These principles do, however, dictate a set of subjective standards by which persons ought to measure the quality of their attachments; but such principles stem from standards of social conduct quite unrelated to sexual acts as such.

Don Slater, Managing Editor



JANUS TAKES A LOOK AT CHRISTMAS

As the year-end holidays approached the Editors found themselves arguing over the roles of the homosexual during such a season. Coming to no agreement among themselves, two writers known to express opposite views were invited to set down their ideas. The following articles, similar in general format, mirror attitudes as different as the two faces of Janus.

Val Richardson, a Southern Californian, claiming to dislike doing any kind of writing, except of a technical nature, for many years served as a lay religious counsellor for his church. During that time a large proportion of his calls were upon those having marital troubles.

He writes, "If you think homosexuals have adjustment problems you ought to spend a few years listening to the woes of the young-marrieds, with their in-laws their budget worries, their endless infidelities or near-infidelities. Or, even worse, the middle aged and older heterosexuals, with their pitiable fixations on their children and grandchildren, their nasty little sex frustrations, their pallid, hypochondriac emotional patterns. You would be glad to get back into the clean, healthy air of our own way of life."

He feels that it is high time a little writing should be done emphasizing the positive aspects of homosexual living.

Frank Golovitz is a former Texan who has job-hopped around a good share of United States and done considerable writing in a variety of fields. At one time a candidate for the ministry, he is currently working on a novel, some episodes from which are included in his following article.

He feels that it is indefensible slanting to attempt to shed much sweetness and light over a situation "we all know to be hedged about by every device human ingenuity and prejudice can be design for frustrating the homosexual, turning him neurotic or, if possible, eliminating him entirely. A writer who does not present this picture fairly and squarely is being less than honest. What possible gain is there to be had from assuming attitudes which would look suspiciously like 'special pleading'? Let's face it: most homosexuals are plenty miserable at Christmas. The whole social pattern makes it hard for them to be otherwise."

Writers Golovitz and Richardson evidently are individualists. Whether they speak for any considerable groups among readers of ONE Magazine, or for those who might become readers, is something the Editors would give a good deal to know.

a gay and merry Christmas to you ALL!

by Valentine Richardson



Christmas is a happy season. Most of the year people scurry around, absorbed in personal affairs and duties, but Yuletide seems to bring out of hibernation a special glow of fellowship and jollity.

At Christmas family and friends are knit closely together, for however brief a period, however wide the divergence of their paths at other seasons. By whatever peculiar alchemy, everyone suddenly remembers that no man is an island to himself. Old friends telephone cross-country, cards and letters jam the post-boxes, and quarrels are hopefully patched up, while cash-registers in department store and supermarket clang merrily, tocsins that should alarm, but don't. A golden haze whose gentle warmth few resist hangs round about.

The homosexual home, no exception to this influence, is especially happy at Christmas-time. Let us visit a few such homes to savor that unique and special flavor some call Gay, but better termed, perhaps, just—Life.

Chris, busy executive in a large New York exporting firm, had a shock of wavy hair, once iron-gray, now almost white. His handsome, mobile face flashed frequent smiles as he moved about to greet the guests. The apartment had a smartly modern décor, yet with an odd difference, which was only to be explained by the part Joe had taken in its planning. Joe, with the liquid, dark eyes and soft black hair, Chris' housemate for many years, was half Hawaiian.

Jack was an old friend of the two of them, so merited an affectionate buss from each of them as we came in. I, the newcomer, had to settle for handshakes. It was hard not to notice, as we sipped our Old-Fashioneds, that the simple gift we had brought looked indeed modest alongside the imaginatively decorated packages piled around the cleverly asymmetric little Christmas "tree," looking like a mobile come down to earth, which Joe had constructed on a table in the corner.

Most of the guests appeared to be men in managerial and professional positions, well-dressed, easy, relaxed. A few couples were dancing on a well-waxed square where the diningroom rug had been turned back. Most of the men were just chatting—here an arm thrown comfortably over someone's shoulder, there a pair quietly and unaffectedly holding hands.

Theresa and Gretchen, the only women I saw, came in just after we arrived. Old friends of Chris and Joe, they had lived for years in an apartment just across Central Park. Said they preferred visiting guys to gals. Less chance of stepping

on toes, or of bruising tender spots. Gretchen was great fun. Short, dumpy. Her suit did nothing at all for her, but a terrific sense of humor. Three Old-Fashioneds to every one I had.

When time came for opening the gifts I felt comfortably safe, not really being a member of that group, for their presents to one another were entirely beyond my range—costly sportshirts, cufflinks from the better jewelers, cocktail glasses with engraved monograms. In spite of all this, when we had to leave I too got bussed and thanked by both Chris—and Joe. Of course it could have been the Old-Fashioned . . .

Christmas Day is so different from Christmas Eve. Instead of darkness outside the snuggling intimacy of soft lights within, there is full day, even sunshine, depending somewhat on where you happen to be. Rich and odorous essences floating in the air, a clutter in the kitchen, the sound of the chopping of mysterious components, quick errands out and back again. A leisurely laziness, but underlaid with a quietly rising tide of purpose sweeping on and on toward Dinner.

I was the guest of Herman, whom I first met in New York, when he was becoming known as one of the better young Negro novelists. Now he was living very quietly in a modest little hillside home overlooking the Hollywood Freeway, content for a while to replace literature with domestic simplicities.

His companion, Charles, did no writing and needed no special talents, aside from his own sunny personality and slim, dark good-looks. With them lived Herman's step-mother, now ninety, who spent much of her time sitting with gracious dignity to watch the Freeway cars out the big view-window. Again and again she would ask if this indeed was NOT New York. At such times Herman was apt to be impatient with her, but Charles never wearied of telling her that New York was three thousand miles away and that this was California. "Of course, of course," she would say, and then pat Charles' hand. "My boys," she called the two of them and would fret when either one of them was not there.

The "in-laws" had been invited for dinner. That would be Charles' father and mother, his married sister, also slim, dark and beautiful, her fat, good-natured husband and their two-year-old baby, plus the three little brothers, just verging into their teens and already disturbingly handsome, brushed neat as pins in their new Christmas suits. That made twelve of us to sit down at the table, if you counted the baby also.

Charles' father was well past seventy, his mother much younger. They had come west from a share-cropper's farm life in Alabama. Didn't have a well themselves, so walked a quarter of a mile for water. They found their new surroundings a continual amazement. "The children all play together, dark and light, it makes no difference," they would say, time and again, as if not quite sure they could trust their eyes.

They had "known all about" Herman and Charles before they ever left Alabama, Charles' mother once told me. "I can't say I really do understand it," she said, in her soft, Southern drawl, "but the boys do seem to get along right well together, and they have such a pretty home."

Herman and Charles themselves made the dinner:—a huge, golden-brown turkey, with oyster dressing, a shallow casserole of candied yams, Irish potatoes, whipped with bits of chives, a giblet gravy that was "the most," hot biscuits, with home-made apple butter, two very good wines . . .

As we sat down before all this I could not help noticing Herman put his hand over Charles' slim fingers while heads bowed for asking grace, and Charles' father,

as eldest, said, "Lord, we ask Thy blessing on this home, and all within it, and on this food, which Thou has provided. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior, Amen." And the amens echoed around the table.

It is too bad I had not arrived in Florida until just a few days before Christmas, for I would have liked to have known Armando well enough to have been more of a member of the family circle.

My taxi cruised down narrow Ybor City side-streets and stopped before a little frame house, bright lemon-yellow, with gingerbread trim in white. Floppy, wind-beaten poinsettias hung over the picket fence.

Armando was at the door to meet me, dashing and suave as ever. He introduced me to Rafael, tiny, dainty, like some quick little brown-eyed bird, in a special Cuban way. The pine walls of the parlor smelled strongly from new and glistening varnish. There were signs that many guests had already come and gone. Who they were, or what had been the ceremonies I never learned, not feeling free to ask.

With quiet pride and a sense of some solemnity they led me to the crèche I had come to see. It filled one whole end of the room. The elaboration of tiny figures, all Rafael's handiwork, their placement—the Wisemen on their camels, overhead a pendant silver star that turned slightly in the air, the desert sandscape, a boxy little Bethlehem, centering on a Manger, thatched with shreds from the palmetto standing out by the floppy poinsettias, softly lighted by vigil candles which flickered in banks at the side—all of this, and the needle-point tapestry on the wall behind, with its Madonna and other religious symbolism, was somehow impressive, despite its naiveté and the impish little incongruities Rafael had been unable to refrain from inserting.

He was dressed that day in long tight trousers of vivid green satin, soft ballet shoes, and a white, gold-embroidered bolero jacket. He spoke no English at all, but flashed a shy smile as with a formal bow he offered me a tiny glass of white wine and a plate of austere little sugar cakes cut into odd designs.

The ritual now completed, I saw that it was time for me to go. As they stood arm-in-arm in the doorway Rafael flashed me another quick little smile, looking up at Armando and saying, with quaintly painstaking effort, "My hawsbond . . ."

It is too bad there is not time to tell more of the Christmas Eve party given by the widowed mother of a handsome young Midwesterner I knew.

The wind and snow whistled across the flat Illinois corn land around the tall Victorian windows, with their crimson damask draperies, all edged with little gold tassels, that swooped down to the floor. It was the town's principal mansion, built where once had stood the loghouse Hank's great-grandfather and mother had put up when they had pushed westward from York State.

Those sturdy pioneers could hardly have foreseen this florid parlor, in all its gilt flamboyance, nor a holiday celebration such as this. It is quite likely that neither did the little Illinois town realize how many of its crew-cut sons were toasting their everlasting love for each other in champagne that evening, or how many of its daughters were dancing with each other in silently dreaming abstractedness, two by two, uttering never a word.

The old Creighton house was quite a place, and Helen quite a hostess. No one had believed, after those years in New York and Paris, she would ever come back, but she did. As a matter of fact her exact role between the time Hank's father died abroad and her return home with their son, by then ten years old, was never quite explained. But by the time Hank was running around with the high school and college crowd people had forgotten all about Paris anyway.

It was a tribute to Helen's adroit skill and to the social loyalties of those small-town kids that not once did, they betray her, nor she them, even under the stresses of her own son's affair with his latest boy-friend. I guess things like that can be more easily managed in a crowd having pretty much the same backgrounds.

It was around two when dancing stopped and we were ordered to gather around the great glittering Christmas tree, whose topmost star just scraped the florid plaster rosettes of the high ceiling. Presents for everyone were opened, with much oh-ing and ah-ing, much squealing and thank-you kissing.

Then Helen sat down at the old rosewood square-piano Hank's grandfather bought from Pleyel's in Paris years before and played carols. Arms encircled, we all sang them. There was "The First Noel," and "Stille Nacht," in German, and, oddly enough, "My Buddy," a song from World War I which was always sung at Helen's.

At three she rose from the piano. When everyone was silent she said, "You kids must get out now, or my reputation will be ruined forever. And go *straight* home. I'll phone your mothers tomorrow to check up on you," and she smiled.

"This is Christmas," she continued. "You all gave each other presents just now, but remember,—there is only one gift that really matters." She hesitated for just a moment. I watched to see if her voice was going to betray some deep and hidden feelings of her own, but it didn't.

"That gift is love. REAL love. Never forget that." She smiled again, and said,

"Now I want each one of you to be the kind of a friend you ought to be, and if you ever have any troubles, come to Helen and we'll talk them over."

"Now scamper. All of you. And a gay and merry Christmas to you all."

Amidst cries of, "A gay and merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Creighton," and the starting of cars, with headlights flicking the dark night, quiet gradually settled down over the old house. The cold Illinois wind whistled through the great sugar-maples that lined the drive. The four of us—Helen, Hank and his friend, and I—stood watching the soft lights from the Christmas tree fall across the polished top of the old Pleyel piano for a moment before going to our rooms without saying another word.

About Our Authors

EDWARD DENISON is the pseudonym of the 35 year old Texan author of "On a Winter Morning." Mr. Denison is a bachelor cattle-rancher who enjoys work in the decorative arts as a side line. He was educated at the University of Texas and attended art school in N. Y. C.

J. LORNA STRAYER author of "Revocation" is a veteran of our pages having appeared as early as the December 1954 issue. She is 32 years old and married. She keeps busy at nursing and social work, and reading and writing.

ARENT VAN SANTHORST is one of the founders of Culture-en Ontspanning-sentrum, Dutch homophile organization, and lives in Amsterdam.

THE LONELY SEASON

by Frank Golovitz



Particularly at Christmas, the word "Gay" seems, to me, an ironic and cruel misnomer for homosexuals. For many, perhaps for most of them, Christmas is a lonely season, often a miserable one.

Our entire society goes "gay" for a while. The warm old songs and symbols are everywhere. Old friends are remembered, feuds forgotten, families reunited, and for a brief season, everyone loves everyone else.

But for the homosexual it is often a different story . . .

I'll never forget Maves Thomas—the Christmas she spent down the hall from me in a cheap Miami hotel. I didn't meet Maves actually til the morning of New Year's Eve. She had been shut up in the hotel room for eight days, going out on Flagler Ave. only a few times to get something for sandwiches to eat in her room. I'd seen her once and would hardly have noticed her but for that haunted, fey look.

We literally ran into one another—coming around the corner in the lobby—the collision almost crushed her. As I helped her up she was on the point of crying. "Brace up kid," I said, "let's be butch about it." She gave me the most godawful startled look, then asked, "Are you gay?" When I nodded, she began to sob, but in a few minutes, she was grinning. "Have you got time for a walk?" she asked. "I have to bend somebody's ear or I'll break."

We walked. All over Miami and over to the Beach. She talked all the while. Unbelievably charming and unbelievably naive, she'd left her folks in Wilmington three weeks before to find a woman she met at a skating rink. She found her, but it was no good. Maves was seventeen. The woman had a partner. She told Maves to come back in a few years, "Maybe I'll have some spare time then." And then the bleak Christmas—eight days of crying in a hotel room, nearly broke in a strange city, resolved never to see her parents again. I introduced her to some friends and she was settled down in a few weeks. I doubt if she ever did much more crying. I got letters for awhile—her next Christmas was a good one, but she wrote on the card she sent, "I don't think I can ever really have the Christmas spirit again after that awful lonely season."

Paul Praker would never admit being lonely. A thin, grayish man, still vaguely attractive. A few Martinis and he could be quite the camp. But the holiday season made him as brittle as Christmas candy. Paul was promiscuous—the sort that believes sex and friendship don't mix. He never seemed to lack either except

around Christmas when he became too cynical to be good company. He seemed to be wearing blinders, as if he couldn't see the everpresent decorations or the shoppers or hear the carols. A direct question would bring his predictable response, "That's kid stuff. Christmas is just another day to me." When I asked what he did for the day, he replied impatiently, "I get up and have breakfast, like any day. Read paper. See a movie. Hamburger. Another movie. Coffee and pie. Go to bed. Next day back to work. What's the fuss? Just another day."

Christmas was rough on Gerry Winborn and Lewis Widkin. They were at Rice Institute in Houston, handsome kids, devoted to one another. Lewis, the younger, seemed to need Gerry's mantle of protection. Lewis' widowed father, who had time only for his mistresses, always sent \$50 for Christmas, and that was that. The Winborns always had one of those big family affairs home in Henderson, Texas. Gerry's parents had met Lewis once and refused to invite him—his name was not to be mentioned even. So for Gerry, the joyous gathering was an ordeal of forced smiles and ever-near embarrassment. Back at school, Lewis had a good enough dinner at a restaurant and maybe saw a film. Their relationship was a bit strained for a few weeks after . . .

Andy Klassens led a quiet life. A skilled lab technician, he lived alone in a midtown Manhattan apartment tastefully decorated in a style bordering on the better Victorian. His books and records, both on the heavy side, occupied his time. Neither attractive nor aggressive, Andy's rare trips to a quiet gay bar on 54th seldom brought home much more than a hangover. Yet, no one would have described him as one of those who "live lives of quiet desperation." There had been a few warm friendships, which eased off amicably, and he seemed satisfied—for most of the year.

But when the Santas and toys appeared in the store windows, and OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM was heard everywhere, Andy grew visibly upset—more and more irritable as the papers counted off the shopping-days-til-Xmas. A fat small tree, with no decorations at all, would find a place in his rooms. Greeting cards he got by the score, but few if any packages. He dutifully sent cards to friends and acquaintances—and to members of his family, though nothing ever came back from any of them. He told me once about the sudden and final break when his father, a bank official in Bridgeport, found out he was homosexual. He was told to leave the house that evening—and to get his name changed. He had neither seen nor heard from them since.

As Christmas approached, Andy's bitter mood deepened, his trips to bars more frequent, his companions less reputable, climaxed by a long, sloppy, lost weekend, and a two day hangover. By December 28th (except when he once spent a week in jail on drunk-and-disorderly) he was usually back to work, back to "normal." Friends seldom asked him about his holidays.

I saw him once during the hangover phase. His despondency was worse than the hangover. "This whole gay life," he complained, "is like a lost weekend. No future. You see people all around you—loving, contented homes. But what is this? Dregs. All these damn books of mine, what good? What am I looking for in them? What am I looking for in the bars? Sham. Sickness. It isn't the real thing. Mother—father—child in the manger—that's what we're all really hunting, even if we don't know it. Gay, we call ourselves. Fake. Counterfeit. And we know it. We keep on. Why? Tell me that. You and all these books. Tell me that."

Did he always feel that way, beneath his composure? He had gay friends who were happy, and he knew he got counterfeit because he couldn't face a legitimate

homosexual relationship. In separating sex and friendship he rejected the real thing, and admitted it. He told me about the wonderful Christmases he'd known at home. His family life seemed to have been near ideal before the break. I think he still felt maybe he should have surrendered to his father's demand to get cured. "How can I go on like this? How long can this go on?"

Lester Timmins, from Mifflin, Pa., was of subnormal intelligence. I picked him up hitchhiking on the Hollywood Freeway last Christmas. Vain, but not good looking, fantastically childlike, unable to care for himself, but charming except when in a group, where he grew loud and unbearable, he started telling me right away about Christmas at home and his mother's cooking (when there was food enough for the large family), how he loved and admired brother Joe who died in the Navy in Korea, how his mother prayed and cried for him to come to Lord Jesus at a Prayer Meeting the year before, how his drunken father had beaten his mother that Christmas and left with no support, how he's stayed six months with an elderly plumber in Denver and how a man bought his pie and coffee in Van Nuys that morning. All this and more he told in about ten minutes. I was on the way to Christmas dinner with some jam friends—I couldn't conceivably have taken him along. So I dropped Lester off, along with ten dollars I couldn't afford, and my address, which I shouldn't really have given him. He got a cheeseburger, three bottles of soda pop and four slices of different kinds of pie for his Christmas dinner, went to an expensive movie and blew the rest in a penny arcade. Broke by ten in the evening and lost his fancy leather studded motorcycle jacket along the way. Spent a cool night trying for another ride and was at my house the next morning

Lora Barla and Anne Gentry were perky, boyishly cute gals who'd lived together in a blissful uproar of Greenwich Village life for over twelve years when I knew them. That godawful, halfpainted apartment (paint cans still sitting around) with makeshift furniture. They kept aloof from other Lesbians, except Tandy Torrasin, a slinky little mouse on the make for Anne. They entertained frequently, almost continuously, mostly gay boys and the broke artists. Every Christmas, Lora and Anne went all out. Presents galore. An overlarge, over-decorated tree. Greeting cards thumbtacked from floor to ceiling on at least two walls, and a round of warm parties. Always a crowd for Christmas eve—friends and relatives, for Carol-Rounds, which went on for hours til Lora exploded, which she did every year the same way.

"I want a baby," she would suddenly howl. And the party hushed. "Why can't I have a baby like anyone else?" A long, loud outpouring of crying and abuse, first at the injustice that denied children to a Lesbian marriage, then at Anne for cheating her of her rights to be a mother. The party faded away. Maybe a couple boys stayed to help patch things up. Lora usually quieted down a half hour after the crowd left. Christmas day, if there were visitors, she would be distant, maybe snappish. A few spats with Anne—but never serious. Once when Joe and I stayed for dinner, Lora exploded, "Why are we sitting here? Why in God's name? Why are we trying to act so happy and normal? Christmas isn't for queers. It's for normal, married people, respectable, wholesome people."

Anne generally just sat thru Lora's holiday outbursts—she knew it never happened any other time of the year. The next day it was over. Lora apologized and tried hard to analyze her outbursts: "I suppose no other season gets so insidiously under your skin with the image of ideal family life. Everything you've

ever heard along that line, even when you know it's all impossibly wrong for you, just bursts out like a nasty boil sometimes—a poison in the soul that has to come out."

Anne humphed, "Glad only one of us suffers from boils."

I suppose the ones hardest hit are those for whom the religious question isn't emotionally solved. For many homosexuals, a rejection of religion seemed to be a necessary condition of self-acceptance. But the religion is still festering inside them. They want to believe what they believed when they were young, but they can't seem to manage it without rejecting their homosexuality. So, faced with a national orgy of religious sentiment at Christmas, they tear themselves apart.

It has never been very bad for me. I can take the sentimentality or leave it. I can watch the pageantry, react to the fine old story just as I would to a movie, and feel no more torn up afterward. Sometimes I wish I were more deeply involved. But I'm not.

Very few, I suppose, really throw a drunk, a bitch or a fit of Christmas, but I would guess that for at least half of the homosexuals in our society, Christmas is the loneliest time of the year. For the homosexual who is still too rigidly straightjacketed by the encrustations of a morality which doesn't fit his own condition, and for the homosexual who has lost a lover, or who hasn't found one, the seasonal gaiety all around can be a ruthless torment.

I do envy those homosexuals—and there are many of them—who can enter wholeheartedly into the Christmas spirit, with no qualms, no recriminations, no self doubts.

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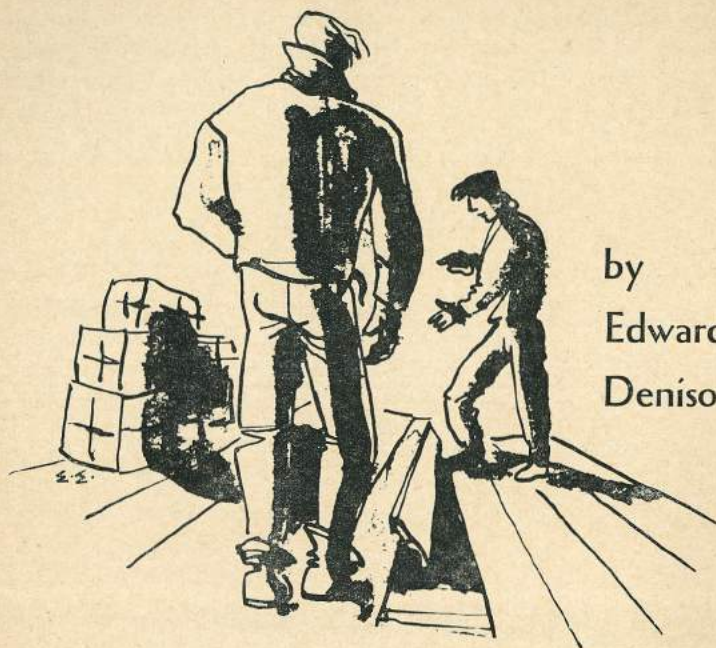
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ON A WINTER MORNING



by
Edward
Denison

Gerald drove the pickup truck carefully over the frozen sleet-covered fields toward the old house on the knoll. Beside him sat Mac, his fine tanned complexion reddened by the cold and his bold handsome features made more distinct in so much white light. Mac was not a regular employee on the ranch, but on this occasion he had volunteered to help Gerald remove some lumber from the house toward which they were driving. Gerald was pleased to have Mac with him. They had done some work together before and enjoyed working together. To the casual observer it would seem they had little in common: Mac, competent in practical matters and at ease in his own rather simple world, a devoted young husband and a doting father; Gerald, a young bachelor, aristocratic in his tastes, reserved in human relationships, and inclined to theory and to dreaming. Of course they were in some degree complementary personalities but they were not close friends. A certain distance always separated them.

Gerald stopped the pickup in front of the house and ushered Mac into an empty room. They looked over the planks of the walls and ceiling. Mac suggested that they take planks only from the ceiling. Gerald agreed and led Mac into the next room. Here they found bales of hay and above the hay a hatch leading into the attic. They climbed up the bales of hay, through the hatch, and into the empty and dimly lighted attic. A large crack in the south gable admitted a shaft of white light. Both were rather surprised to find themselves in such privacy.

Mac settled into a comfortable squatting position; his eyes, gleaming very blue in his handsome dark face, surveyed the planks, then came to rest frankly on Gerald. Momentarily he squinted, cat-like. He was in no hurry to begin work. For a few moments Gerald stood motionless and uncomfortable—for him it was the kind of situation he had vaguely dreamed of being in with Mac—he recognized what the situation might offer. He was very fond of Mac; but, as he had never allowed himself more than a conventional expression of this feeling, he didn't really know how to bridge the gap between what was established and what was not. And so to cover his uneasiness he turned away and began measuring planks. He told Mac how many planks were needed. Mac took off his jacket and set to work with gusto, while Gerald watched. With quick strong jabs with one foot he sent plank after plank falling into the room below. He felt good this morning and he enjoyed the feeling of his own strength as the nails in the planks came loose under the blows of his foot. As he worked he wondered why Gerald was always a little reserved—they could be much better friends, he thought, if Gerald weren't so standoffish. On the other hand he was pleased to know that Gerald watched him with admiration. With this pleasing thought in mind he continued to work with almost dream-like ease. Gerald did enjoy watching. He observed the full flowing curves plainly revealed in the chiaroscuro light and shadow. How often before he had observed these curves but it wasn't all pleasure: he felt that beauty seen is beauty half-known. After a few minutes he made an excuse to climb down from the attic. Below he busied himself by further examining the house. Then he sat upon a bale of hay below the hatch and waited. "What a nice romantic setting," he thought. "The fresh-smelling hay, the soft light. It's the kind of place where something really nice and rustic should happen." Soon Mac was finished in the attic. He leaped down through the hatch. Standing close beside Gerald he smiled and said jauntily, "I've worked a sweat up!" His smile got lost and he added matter-of-factly, "I'd better put my jacket on before I go out into the cold." It was a long and uncomfortable moment for Gerald. He thought, "The only damned thing I can do, gracefully, is to observe the moment's passing." Which was what he did. They loaded the planks on the pickup and drove back toward civilization. The morning was past. Gerald argued silently with himself and Mac's face composed itself between the faint shadow of a frown and a slight pout.

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ANN CARLL REID

& The Feminine Viewpoint

In the spring of 1953 about a half year after ONE's founding a tiny brown-haired girl shyly approached the staff member who was speaking to a group of sixty or so people about ONE and said she would be glad to help in some way. Thus Ann Carll Reid and ONE first met each other.

There were tedious boxes of envelopes to be addressed, order blanks to be folded, stuffing, stamping, sealing and mailing to be done. There were messy handwritten manuscripts to be deciphered and typed. There were three-line letters to be written. The Corporation's files did not exist, except as shapeless bundles of unsorted items: correspondence, minutes of meetings, financial records, letters from would-be authors, letters from those in jail asking ONE to "take my case."

These were things she worked at. In June of that year the minutes record her appointment to the Circulation Department. That meant going to the postbox each day for the mail, sorting it, answering routine letters and then, when the Magazine came out, working at mailing copies to the subscribers.

The August issue carried on its masthead for the first time the name of Ann Carll Reid, as a member of the Editorial Staff. At a Corporation meeting that same month, the Chairman's report called this "a most important landmark in the history of ONE. We now have officially for the first time, feminine representation We have wanted this from the

first day . . . but it has not been easy to find girls who knew how to do the work, and would do it."

In July, 1954, she became Managing Editor, her years of experience in the field of printing and advertising having become increasingly valuable for the smooth operation of the Magazine. The countless details of how to thread together the various necessary editorial and production operations were tremendously developed and improved under her energetic regime, until March, 1956, she became Editor, the second the Magazine has ever had.

Every reader has seen how the Magazine has grown in stature and importance, the new departments that have been added, the way in which it has matured from a bouncy little pamphlet into a smoothly professional monthly, pressing ahead continuously to broaden knowledge and understanding in its chosen field. Ann Carll Reid's part in this development would be hard to overestimate.

Meanwhile, as a Corporation Member and Director (Chairman of the Corporation in 1955) her shrewd business knowledge and sound good sense helped carry the expansion and development of the Corporation through many a difficult, touchy situation. When it came to questions posing timidity against courage, Ann was always found on the right side, bolstering the faint-hearted and supporting each and every move for going ahead.

Her most important contribution,

however, may have been in her work with other women, encouraging them to submit articles, fiction, poetry; rounding up helpers for various volunteer committees; corresponding with women in all parts of the world regarding ONE. The section of the Magazine called "The Feminine Viewpoint," has brought many women subscribers, has introduced new writers, and above all has shown both the

men and the women that their problems are not so different after all and that as all learn to work together for each other's good, progress is going to be sounder and faster.

Four and a half years of hard work, much of it of a pretty dull and routine sort, done without pay should certainly deserve the accolade, "well done, good and faithful servant," wouldn't you say?

October 21, 1957

Board of Directors and Members
ONE, Incorporated
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Friends:

Difficult as this letter is for me, it must be written. As you know, my recent surgery curtailed all activities for the past six weeks. I have now been advised by my physician that I must exert a "minimum of effort" for some time to come.

I have for some years given a "minimum" of effort" to my employment and the "maximum of effort" to ONE. The situation would remain this way had I any say in the matter. I have not.

In the interest of health, and the hope that in the future I may work actively with ONE again, I must at this time resign.

It would be impossible to state in mere words what my association with ONE has meant. I have worked with exceptional people and have made many wonderful friends. And I love them all.

Please accept my resignation with the knowledge that I am with you, all the way and always.

Thanks for all that ONE, its staff and subscribers, has given me.

Sincerely,

Ann Carll Reid
Ann Carll Reid

November 4, 1957

Dear Ann:

It is indeed a blow to us all to lose you as a member of the Corporation, which you have been since July, 1953; as a Director, which you have been since January, 1954; as Editor of ONE Magazine, which you have been since March, 1956.

Your faithful, untiring work in each of these positions, and the many others you have also held from time to time, have meant much to each of us personally as inspiration and encouragement. Even more important, Homophiles in this country and elsewhere will always be indebted to you for your work, though they may not know your name or ever have seen ONE Magazine.

We shall miss your friendly presence from our meetings and your invaluable experience and know-how in the conduct of the various Divisions of the Corporation. We trust that your full recovery and regaining of strength will not be too long delayed.

Will you not accept from us the post of Honorary Member, without special duties or obligations, as the first person to hold such a position? We would be especially pleased if you would do so and are happy that we will in any case frequently be seeing you as a friend.

With affectionate best wishes,
ONE, Incorporated,
in Meeting assembled.

LATEST BOOK NEWS FROM ENGLAND: "Three Lives" by Lettice Cooper, a highly sympathetic novel of the relations between a young coal-miner and the "lord of the manor" (\$3.50). "Judge Not" by Aymer Roberts, an autobiographical examination of the problem of the homosexual (\$3.95). "Remember Me" an historical novel of the life of Ludwig II of Bavaria (\$3.50). Corrected price on "A. E. Housman, A Divided Life": (\$4.95). **SPECIAL:** paper-bound re-print of Andre Gide's frank autobiography "If It Die" (95c). Add 15c postage per book.

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THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

REVOCATION

by J. Lorna Strayer

Working in the Safety Division made things somewhat easier. With only the two typists and Madison, there was little to distract Roger from his work. The typists, Joan and Vera, after two years still grinned at him and wiggled their hips in unyielding, straight skirts.

When he gave them no special notice, they began calling him "Bach." Roger kidded along with them because there was no reason not to and because he knew it was expected of him. Madison was too near retirement and too interested in his grandchildren to participate. Roger sometimes envied his boss for Madison appeared to be the ideal family man and happily married.

"You'd better settle down while you're still young. Find a girl and have a few youngsters," Madison counseled. "You'll remember the early years as the best of your life. I know."

"You've been one of the lucky ones," Roger said for lack of a better answer.

His attention was caught by someone on the stairs coming down from Personnel. It was Vera. Madison saw him glance at her.

"Why, young fellow, we have some mighty nice girls right here in this building. Mighty nice," he repeated.

"I'll remember that," Roger said and moved to his desk.

He was drawn to movement on the stairs, and this time it was Charles. The slightly stooped figure with the face of a gentle fighter moved through the office. Roger was careful to pretend he was working. His hands suddenly felt hot and there was a deep freeze in his guts. The soft sound of footsteps was nearly even with his desk before he took control of his face and looked up. Soft grey eyes met his.

"Good morning."

"Good morning." The answer was quick but soft.

It had been going on like this for weeks. Roger wondered if Charles would even speak if he didn't take the initiative. He made a desperate effort to detain him. "Do you think the Dodgers will make it today?"

Charles hesitated. "I don't know," he said. "To tell you the truth," he grinned, "I'm not much of a fan."

"You're not?" Roger meant to say it to himself, but it came out loud.

"Does everyone have to like spaghetti?" Charles said, looking annoyed.

"I'm with you there. I don't care a damn for baseball or—spaghetti."

"That makes two of us," Charles said as he started to move on. "I have to get today's schedule. See you."

"Sure," Roger answered quietly and heard Charles' footsteps turn left and go down the corridor.

Roger could no longer deny truth. After two years, it was happening or had happened again.

He had been hypothetically engaged to Karen when he met Bill. It was Bill who quietly insisted that they go places together. Roger was a little shocked to find he enjoyed being with Bill more than with Karen. His dates with her were almost like fulfilling an obligation. One night in Bill's apartment, they were in a playful mood and began to wrestle. With his body next to Bill's, Roger was suddenly aware of his true feelings. He was afraid to look at Bill until the arms around him tightened. He later viewed himself with a sense of exaltation and contemptuousness.

Karen sensed the change in him and hinted for an explanation. His mind told him it was not Karen that he held in his arms but Bill. His parents began voicing their opinions.

"Stop acting like some high school kid. You're old enough to settle down," his father said.

His mother said, "You've kept Karen waiting long enough. She'll make you a good wife."

Roger decided to tell Bill that he had definite plans to marry Karen. He tried to tell him, but couldn't. Instead, he wrote a letter. Bill died the day he received it. The police called it an accident. "Driving while intoxicated," they said. Roger knew Bill seldom took more than one beer.

After the funeral, Roger stayed in the cemetery and as the workmen began filling in the grave, he knew that now he could never marry Karen.

Since then he had told himself it couldn't happen again. He wouldn't allow it. Now it was Charles. Every morning Charles descended the open steps from Personnel and passed through Safety Division. Charles was aloof, withdrawn and noncommittal. Roger made a mental evaluation of himself as a fool to even have hopes.

A hand was on his shoulder. Roger turned his face and found Charles bent over, near to him. He noticed the furrowed brow and the skin around the eyes as it crinkled like crepe paper.

"Say Roger," Charles said. "I want to tell you. There's an opening in Personnel. I think you'd like the job and it means more money. Why don't you ask for it?"

Roger felt the deep freeze within him begin to defrost. "Thanks for the tip. I'll think about it," he answered. Then impulsively, "Are you meeting anyone for lunch?"

"No I usually lunch alone."

"So do I. What do you say that we have lunch together?"

"Fine."

"I'll meet you downstairs at twelve."



GO AND CATCH A FALLING STAR

Out of a world of dreariness
The sudden radiance of you
Burst meteor-like
And taught my heart to sing once more
Gay melodies of happy youth
Too soon lost to clod-like conformity.

Still like that meteor,
That portion of my sky
So quickly lit
As soon grew dark again.
But ever there remains
The memory of your golden warmth.

by Rick

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

The late Dr. Kinsey's INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH has just won their 7-yr fight over Customs' Dept. seizure of a shipment of sexual symbols and literature from abroad. A federal judge ruled that work of serious scholars need not be impeded by customs barriers

VIM's snide feuding with other muscle mags gets downright bitchy at times. Recently when PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL editorially saluted "its sister magazine, Strength and Health, on Her Twenty-Fifth Anniversary," pintsize VIM sniffed, ". . . the 'sister' relationship might be disputed as PP is much younger. Perhaps the editorial might better have been labelled 'Tribute to an Old Aunt.' PP lauded S&H as 'one of the first books to carry beautiful pictures of male semi-nudes' and also for its publication for many years of the 'Strength and Health Leaguers' column," which "allowed 'lonely bodybuilders and others' to form 'fruitful friendships.' During the war years, the Leaguers column carried 'blanket invitations' from Leaguers who 'would open their homes to servicemen.'" . . . Several of these beefcake mags touch frequently on sexual themes. PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL is one of the few that avoid the prissy, near-Victorian approach. Some, including

S&H, try to give the impression their publishers would drop dead if they thought any homosexuals bought their mags to look at the pictures

Columnist in British weekly SPEC-TATOR was wondering what to call male nurses. "Sister" seems to be catchall word for male and female nurses. Since both nuns and monks worked in early hospitals—why not "brothers?" —What male nurse likes being called "sister?" Indeed Among the current "Bloody Mary" jokes: "Mommy, can I have a new dress for Easter?" —"Certainly not, George . . ." . . . WAC Lieutenant Jeanne Wolcott, displeased with the form of some WACs at Camp Kishine, Yokahama, issued drastic orders: "Some young ladies who are not too gifted in some ways were told to make improvements. For a few I suggested girdles. For others, padding for the shoulders—and elsewhere. When a WAC isn't well endowed, the uniform has a tendency to dip in front of the shoulders. Padding at the shoulders will take the dip out. So will falsies Give me a man who is a man and woman should be a woman." After some downtown shopping the unit's morale was quickly "uplifted."

SALT LAKE CITY: Assault by 19-

yr-old youth on 4-yr-old girl shortly after his discharge from school for mental defectives, led, with usual illogic, to a drive on homosexuals. —Half dozen vicesquad entrapments in a theatre. City Judge Marcellus K. Snow complained of "alarming increase" in homosexual cases, planned "more use of jail sentence to curb such offenders." He said certain places in city are famous as "meccas for sexually mal-adjusted persons." Threatening to bear down on offenders "to prevent them from proselyting our youth," he promised to suspend sentences on condition offenders left the city. SALT LAKE TRIBUNE approved of decision to jail homosexuals, but deplored the almost universal practice of "floating these abominal" (sic) "deviates" from one city to the next. Admitting that tho the majority of "homosexual cases may not be classified legally or medically as mentally defective . . . some surely are," THE TRIBUNE called for some means to "protect society" from "all kinds of sex offenders." (How about some means to protect the peaceable homosexual segment of society from officious bigots?) Meanwhile, Governor Clyde appointed a committee, headed by D. A. Skeen (long experienced with the mentally handicapped) to study means of controlling aggressive defectives and sex offenders, and recommend possible changes in law.

We would suggest they study the English Wolfenden Committee Report—which clearly distinguishes between homosexuality and such unrelated problems as sex violence and child molesting.

WOLFENDEN REACTIONS

The entire British press gave heavy play to the historic Wolfenden recommendations. When after extensive study, the government

committee urged repeal of the English law punishing homosexual acts in private between consenting adults, even TIME, NEWSWEEK and many American dailies took note. "British Propose Easing Curb on Homosexuals," said the AP. UP quoted the Rev. Donald Soper, former president of Methodist Conference: "I'm glad this report will bring some sense, comfort and the expectation of justice to thousands of homosexuals who are living straight and decent lives under almost impossible conditions."

The LONDON TIMES editorially approved the report (reprinting much of it) while noting that the Committee against its own good logic, had urged 21 rather than 18 as the homosexual "age of consent." They mentioned the recommendations raising to 5 years imprisonment the seduction of a youth over 16 (seduction of a girl same age not punishable) and the general inequity of the proposals relating to soliciting, public indecency and particularly to minors—"But chiefly they reflect the committee's necessary and proper determination to make it clear beyond doubt that the proposed exemption of adult inverters from legal penalty is in no sense a sign of tolerance for paederasts or corrupters of youth. The broad strategy is sound."

In a similar treatment the DAILY TELEGRAPH noted that many previous fine committee reports on controversial matters are still gathering dust—at best Parliament won't act soon. They commended the clear defining of boundary "between public and private morality . . . Unless a deliberate attempt is made by society to equate the sphere of crime with that of sin, there must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief, not the

law's business." But, they added, these distinctions are far from easy to apply "where the social consequences of private acts are debatable."

"Why did the Government ever sponsor this cumbersome nonsense?" asked the DAILY EXPRESS, and predicted a storm. DAILY MAIL seconded the storm warnings, called the recommendations "full of danger." But like most London papers, their full news coverage was a bit more liberal than their editorial comment. "If the law were to tolerate homosexual acts a great barrier against depravity would be swept aside." They repeated the argument the committee rejected, that "Great nations have fallen and empires decayed because corruption became socially acceptable." The EVENING STANDARD called the report "Bad Advice," but seemed to commend it in their reporting and in an interview with the Rev. C. O. Rhodes, Editor of the Church of England Newspaper, who wondered "if all legislation relating to marriage and sexual morality were abolished and human nature left to find its own way" if society would not "after a brief period of confusion . . . settle down into an ordered way of life which would be an improvement in many respects on our present system."

Labour's DAILY HERALD called on the Government to act immediately to clean up the streets of prostitutes, without waiting for the inevitable homosexuality debate—"so abhorrent to normal minds that public opinion will be slow to accept such a change." "Tolerance is one thing and the blatant parade of vice is entirely another," said the EVENING NEWS. "We welcome this report," said THE STAR, "We approve the proposals on homosexuality. The present laws are out of date

and often cruel in their application." NEWS CHRONICLE: "Some of the recommendations will be badly received. That in itself is no good reason why Parliament should be chary of enacting them. The Report urges the maintenance of the absolute ban on homosexual practices for profit and with those under 21. It suggests various ways of strengthening the precautions to keep homosexuals out of occupations where they will be specifically tempted . . . The argument that perversion causes great social harm has some force. But adultery is more serious and yet comes under no legal ban."

"No Whitewash. No Prudery. And No Hypocrisy," said the DAILY MIRROR, "What they say may shock the sort of people who shut their eyes to the unpleasant facts of life. But it is the truth." They predicted that "Churches and welfare organizations that submitted evidence will be shocked," however, the report followed the promptings of most of those groups, as attested by the comment from Anglican, Catholic and other church representatives heartily approving the recommendations on homosexuality, but generally criticizing those on prostitution, which do seem a bit opportunistic.

"A fine piece of work," the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN said, "interleaving sympathy and sternness. There are hesitations, but no equivocation. What the committee propose is in fact the law today in France, Italy," etc. THE BULLETIN & SCOTS PICTORIAL: "When the law is not working well because a good many people are doubtful whether it is wise, should we change the law or try to change public opinion, or both? This is the sort of problem the Wolfenden committee has had to face. We should be glad if the

things discussed could be wiped out altogether, but that is something the law cannot expect to do . . . The main need is that homosexuality should not spread farther. One committee member, Mr. James Adair, is afraid that to abolish the crime would foster the vice. And MP's, when they come to study the report, should not forget that point of view either."

The report became a rapid best-seller. The MIRROR took a poll, found a slight majority of 10,000 of its readers opposed easing the law on homosexuality. The Cabinet had a quiet preliminary discussion. One Tory demanded the party expell the Tory MP member of the Wolfenden Committee. Even TV took a look at the problem . . .

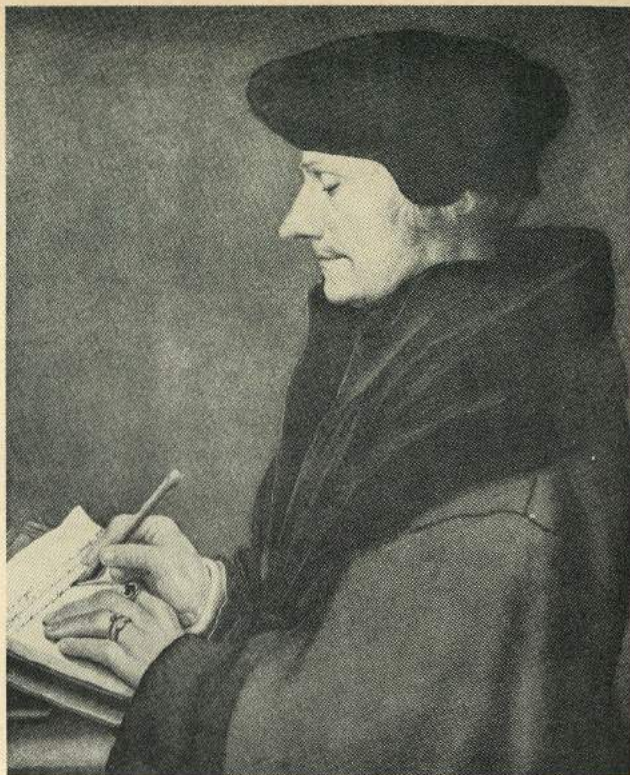
The SPECTATOR: "There will of course be considerable opposition to this long overdue reform. Many people still believe with Albert the Great that homosexuality is as contagious as any disease, though why they should overestimate its attractiveness in this way is far from clear." The STATESMAN supported the recommendations, added, "the welcome recommendation that there should be more research into the deeper causes of homosexuality is a natural result of listening for a couple years to a stream of contradictory surmise." THE ECONOMIST: "Private homosexual behavior between adults does no medical harm to themselves and no harm of any sort to others. There is therefore an issue of human freedom here . . . There is no evidence that the change would expose the young to more frequent dangers of corruption . . . If the Government cannot pluck up courage to bring in legislation of its own (and it ought to), then Parlia-

ment should at least be given every facility for a free vote on a private member's bill."

A WORD FOR IT

Thought I knew this gay lingo, till a study of THE HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY by Leznoff and Westley published in the Brooklyn College journal, SOCIAL PROBLEMS, Apr 56, defined the term, "queen" as the leader of a homosexual group, "always somebody pretty old and pretty much out of the running as far as getting anything for herself is concerned," a sort of mother hen so to speak. I had always understood the term to refer to any effeminate, elegant one, generally young unless otherwise specified and given to putting on airs, and often a group of swishes would be referred to collectively as "queens." I have heard some define the term as referring only to certain sexual preferences, but this other definition of "THE queen" I had only come across in the Miami Story (ONE, Oct 54) when the police tried to find out if a murdered man had been THE queen of Miami's gay set, and if perhaps a pretender to the throne had done him in.

Actually all gay terms vary from time to place to class. We have problems with other words too. Most girls I've known consider "dyke" offensive, but some prefer that and are startled or insulted if called "Lesbians." How about you readers? How would you define "faggot," "trade," "camp," etc.? What terms do you consider offensive? And just for comparison, what are your social backgrounds? What parts of the country have you lived in? Have you observed different usages from one area to another?



ERASMUS

by Arent van Santhorst

The Netherlands has always been famed as a classic country of liberty. The people of Holland were the first in Europe who dared to say "Yes" to God but "No" to Rome and to the House of Hapsburg.

But a hundred years before, on October 24th of the year 1466, an illustrious son of Holland was born who dared to make ridiculous all that was venerable in the eyes of the clergy and honorable in the eyes of the worldly authorities and who whipped their narrow stupidity mercilessly. His name was Geert Geertsen (Gerard, son of Gerard) and he was the illegal son of a Roman Catholic priest and of Margaret, the daughter of a physician. "Geert" being a part of the Dutch word "begeerte" (desire), he translated his name as Desiderius Erasmus, the Latin word for the Dutch verb "begeeren" (desire) being "desiderare" and the Greek translation being "erazein."

Erasmus first attended school at Gouda where his father was priest, but while still a mere child he was sent to Utrecht to fill a place in the choir of the Cathedral. He was next removed to a famous school, that of the "Brothers of the Common Life" at Deventer at the age of nine years.

The study of Greek had made but slight progress out of Italy but Erasmus was fortunate in receiving some little instruction in that language from Alexander Hegius, the headmaster of this school. An outbreak of the plague of which his mother died led to his quitting this school in 1484 and retiring to Gouda, the residence of his father, who died soon after. Erasmus and his only brother, Peter, were left to the care of three trustees who grossly neglected their charges. They placed them at another school of the "Brothers of the Common Life" at Bois-le-Duc. Again the plague drove Erasmus back to Gouda where his guardians tried every means to persuade him and his brother to become monks. After prolonged reluctance Erasmus became, as a compromise, an Augustinian canon in St. Gregory's at Steyn near Gouda. Here, accordingly, for the next six years (1484-1493), he lived the life of a monk. It was undoubtedly this personal experience of the ways of living and thinking of the monks that made Erasmus their relentless and lifelong enemy. In this monastery he met his friend Servatius Rogerus and fell in love with him. The Dutch psychiatrist Dr. V. W. D. Schenk has written a book (From Devil-believing to Luther's Purge, Amsterdam, 1946) about the life of Erasmus and translated his nine love letters to his beloved friend from the Latin originals written in the years 1487 and 1488.

Some excerpts from these follow:

"But what do you do at present, oh part of my soul? Is all well with you? Do you sometimes think about the figure of him who does adore you? For you know, suspicious as all lovers are, I ask myself sometimes if you do think about me, if you do not forget me. I should like, if this might be possible, for you to care for me as much as I care for you and that you were plagued by love for me as much as I am continually bothered by my longing for you. . . ."

"I should like to console you, although I want myself rather to be consoled. Not only is there each day no distress spared me but, above all, your misfortune has for long been the cause of my sadness. However, my most loved friend Servatius, my stormy love for you does merely induce me to forget my own trouble and only to think how I can help you in your sorrow. . . ."

"You know that you are more dear to me than my soul, you know that nothing is so difficult, so hard, that I should not do nor suffer for you with pleasure, you know, however, that nobody is more faithful than I am, you know how I am suffering because of your trouble. . . ."

"Your name is always on my tongue, I bear you in my heart, you are my only hope, you are the half of my soul, the consolation of my life. I enjoy nothing when you are away; nothing is disagreeable if you are present; when I see that you are cheerful I forget all my sorrows; when something disagreeable overcomes you, by all the gods, I suffer more by that than do you. . . ."

Unfortunately, Rogerus did not respond to this homophile love. Notwithstanding his misfortunes Erasmus passed through the various steps which culminated in his ordination as priest on April 25, 1492. Release from monastery life came to him in 1494 from the Bishop of Cambrai, Henri van Bergen, who engaged him as his private secretary.

P. S. Allen wrote in *THE AGE OF ERASMUS* (Oxford, 1914): "Erasmus was not fitted for the monastic life. This is not to say that he was a bad man. Few men outside the ranks of the holy have worked harder or made greater sacrifices to do God's service. But his was a free spirit. His work could only be done in his own way." And Albert Hyma wrote in *THE YOUTH OF ERASMUS* (1930): "It is

not known when Erasmus left the monastery of Steyn, nor is it clear why he left it . . . But the real cause of his departure must be sought in his own mind. The causes listed by himself were contributing factors, they influenced his mind. He was expected to mortify and crucify his own will and personality; that he refused to do . . ."

A few months later and after having taken priestly orders, Erasmus went to Paris, supplied with funds by the Bishop. He lived in Paris until 1498 and pursued his studies at the College Montaigu. The new studies of the Renaissance had as yet made but little way in Paris, but Montaigu, above every other college, was still fast in the bonds of scholasticism. To Erasmus, therefore, whose constitution was delicate to fragility and who from the very outset seems to have been awake to the intellectual revolution that had come upon Europe, all his surroundings in Paris at this time were in the highest degree distasteful. To the end of his life he never forgot his experience at Montaigu.

After this Erasmus gained a livelihood by instructing private pupils. Amongst these pupils were several English young men living together in a home under the guard of an old mentor, who later refused Erasmus entrance to the house. But why? Probably because Erasmus, now being at the age of 31 years fell in love again with a young Englishman named Thomas Grey. An extraordinarily long and excited letter written by Erasmus to Thomas Grey in 1497 mentions a moving event. What actually happened is not clear but it is certain that this refusal brought Erasmus to a bursting point of rage and indignation so wild, so malicious that he must have been sorely hurt. He did not refer further to the nature of the incident and said nothing about its causes. Very likely this event was something delicate about which Erasmus felt shame, preferring to remain silent. Noting the accent of exaggerated and very sentimental friendship in this letter we may suppose that the relationship between Erasmus and Grey was a homosexual connection.

A second of those pupils, Lord Mountjoy, deserves special mention as he always remained one of Erasmus' best friends and most generous patrons. It was on the invitation of Lord Mountjoy that Erasmus, probably in 1498, paid his first visit to England. Through the influence of Colet his contempt for the schoolmen was intensified and his thoughts set on the consecration of his studies to a more rational conception of religious truth. During this visit he also began his famous friendship with Sir Thomas More, through whom on the present occasion he was introduced to Prince Henry (afterwards King Henry VIII), then only a boy of nine. In Thomas More's house in Bucklersbury, Erasmus wrote in the course of a week the witty satire and most widely read of his works entitled ENCOMIUM MORIAE, or "Praise of Folly." In this satire, biting in its sarcasm at the expense of kings and churchmen, written in the full maturity of his powers, we have Erasmus in his happiest and most distinctive vein as the man of letters and the general critic of men and things. Seven editions of this work were issued within a few months.

Erasmus has generally been considered as a forerunner of the Reformation. He was as well acquainted with the Pope (Adrianus VI being a Dutchman) as with Dr. Martin Luther. But Erasmus used to say that he would be willing to be a martyr for Christ's sake, if God would give him the strength, but not for Luther's sake. In the eyes of Erasmus, Luther was not civilized enough, and, besides, Erasmus did not have the mind of a martyr. On July 12, 1536, after nearly a month's attack of dysentery, he died, retaining to the last his gay and genial humor.

BOOKS



Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE

by Ihara Saikaku, Tuttle, 2.75

Three hundred years ago Japan was as earthy, bawdy and creative as had been the England of Elizabeth a hundred years earlier. One of the best-sellers of 1686 was a lusty, moving, sometimes tongue-in-cheek collection of short stories by Ihara Saikaku, now elegantly available in a delightful translation by Theodore de Bary, called FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE.

While readers of ONE may have a special feeling for the fifth story, *Gengobei, The Mountain of Love*, these modern (they are fresher in style than most writing now appearing in our 'better' periodicals, and far more sophisticated in approach and touch) stories of illicit amour and the grand passions cannot help but bring forth reactions of kinship and sympathy.

At the age of twenty-five Gengobei had devoted himself exclusively to the arts of love though he had never once amused himself with the long-haired

sex. Alas, in quick succession two idyllic romances with young men ended in tragedy. Having seen two lovers die he was led to quit the way of the flesh. But the Mountain of Love had been seen and admired by Oman, a charming young girl. Determined, as Mr. Saikaku explains, in a way only young women can be determined, Oman seeks him out in his monastic retreat, having taken the precaution to disguise herself as a young boy. What happens thereafter is guaranteed to disappoint no reader of either sex or any inclination.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE is certainly one of the more handsome books of the year, illustrated with exquisite prints of the period. In addition to Mr. de Bary's introduction the publishers have provided an illuminating essay on the background of the work with some special emphasis on the Japanese homosexual in the seventeenth century.

For me it is a prime acquisition; I cannot recommend it heavily enough.

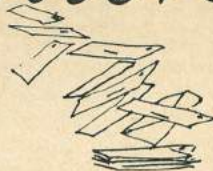
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Letters



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 Friends:

I feel quite strongly concerning homosexuality, its members, their dealings with each other and with society as a whole. Life is tedious at times, and experiences cause all sorts of psychological reactions, but I must confess that once the memory of a bad experience is eradicated life is beautiful and worthwhile living.

I firmly believe that all men can live together in harmony, and this goal depends upon the individual and his concept of himself, his environment and his relationship to his fellow man.

My life has been rich (not financial) and full of many pleasant experiences mainly because I learned at an early age correct behavior. I strive not to change my life and way of living, but to mold myself into an asset of happiness, peace and love.

Mr. M.
MILFORD, DELAWARE

Dear Sir:

In reading "Rodger" believe it or not I could see myself as Ted. This was a wonderfully written story of, as I see it, everyday life throughout the world. Friends of mine enjoyed the story as much as I, which prompted this note to say, "carry on with your wonderful work and stories for all of us."

Mr. B.
BELL, CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

As I have said before, the answer to the riddle of homosexuality is in parapsychology and occultism. Love must be expressed in all its several levels. We are on one of those levels. There will be a time when all is perfected and harmonized. I do believe though that we are emerging from the darkness now.

Mr. O.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

An opinion expressed by Mr. A. C. of Galveston, Texas did, and I quote, "make me so damn mad" that I would like to answer him. Women for the most part who are lesbians try to be as inconspicuous as possible, not because we are ashamed but merely because it is easier to get along in this world when considered "normal." When a man is pointed out as being gay he receives one glance, a woman receives a second, and a third. Is it any wonder then that we prefer to keep quiet? Be that as it may, I'm sure that our women will come forward and present to the public their ideas, dreams and problems.

Another opinion expressed by Mr. L. of Baltimore, Md., gave me real food for thought. Agreed, homosexual love can and often is beautiful, and our society does provide the world with a great number of its better artists, authors, musicians. But I think it's a darn crime for any active homosexual to seek out and force attentions on any innocent youngster. If a person is destined to become homosexual they will on their own without any help from us oldsters.

Miss L.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Miss Ann Carll Reid:

I would like to renew my subscription for ONE. I have enjoyed reading each issue very much. I am glad to see that there are a few brave people trying to help others to understand the real meaning of homosexuality.

Mr. H.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Dear Editor:

It would be a good idea for you to support a certain type of case in its legal struggles and carry it all the way up to the Supreme Court. With the help of appeals in the Magazine it would not be difficult to back this celebrated cause financially.

The benefits of this action would be in-

estimable. For the first time in U. S. history the American citizen would know just where he stands on the subject of individual sexual rights. With a clearcut concept of his legal rights, he would no longer be at the mercy of hysterical state legislatures and the whims of the local constabulary.

Mr. W.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It has been our observation that many persons are interested in the rights of homosexuals but fall short on the follow-up. Such cases would have to wait until homosexual Americans evidence a more positive state of group-consciousness and social awareness than at present. We have not seen enough of their checks coming in with Community Chest—Red Cross regularity as yet.

Dear Sirs:

I just got new copy of ONE and what a surprise that the price went up. However, I am glad to pay the extra as I feel it may help the Post-office Case. A case of judgment good.

Mr. P.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen:

From time to time I have sent in clippings to you and in one issue you acknowledged them and added that they would have much more value if your readers sent in "follow-up" items showing the conclusion of the incidents. This, alas, is most difficult to do, for many of these "off-beat" items appear but once and are never heard of again. I have pretty sharp eyes and read several good New York papers daily, but my conclusion is that the most "newsy" items for "tangents" are promptly squelched and consigned to eternal limbo.

I read each issue and think you are doing a magnificent job in general. Some of the stories are pretty weird—like many TV dramas they have "artistic" endings, which to me means that they have no endings at all. I'd enjoy them much more if they came to some logical conclusions.

Your comments about your mailing list are most interesting, and semi-tragic too, when we realize you have to resort to such means to protect your readers. I do urge you though to resort to whatever means are necessary to afford some measure of safety and peace of mind to all who trust you. Don't ever let us down, please.

Wish I had a lot of money to send to you to help in your courageous fight, but alas that cannot be done. I do buy several copies of each issue at the newsstands and distribute them to those who need your courageous example to help them adjust toward life.

Mr. P.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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