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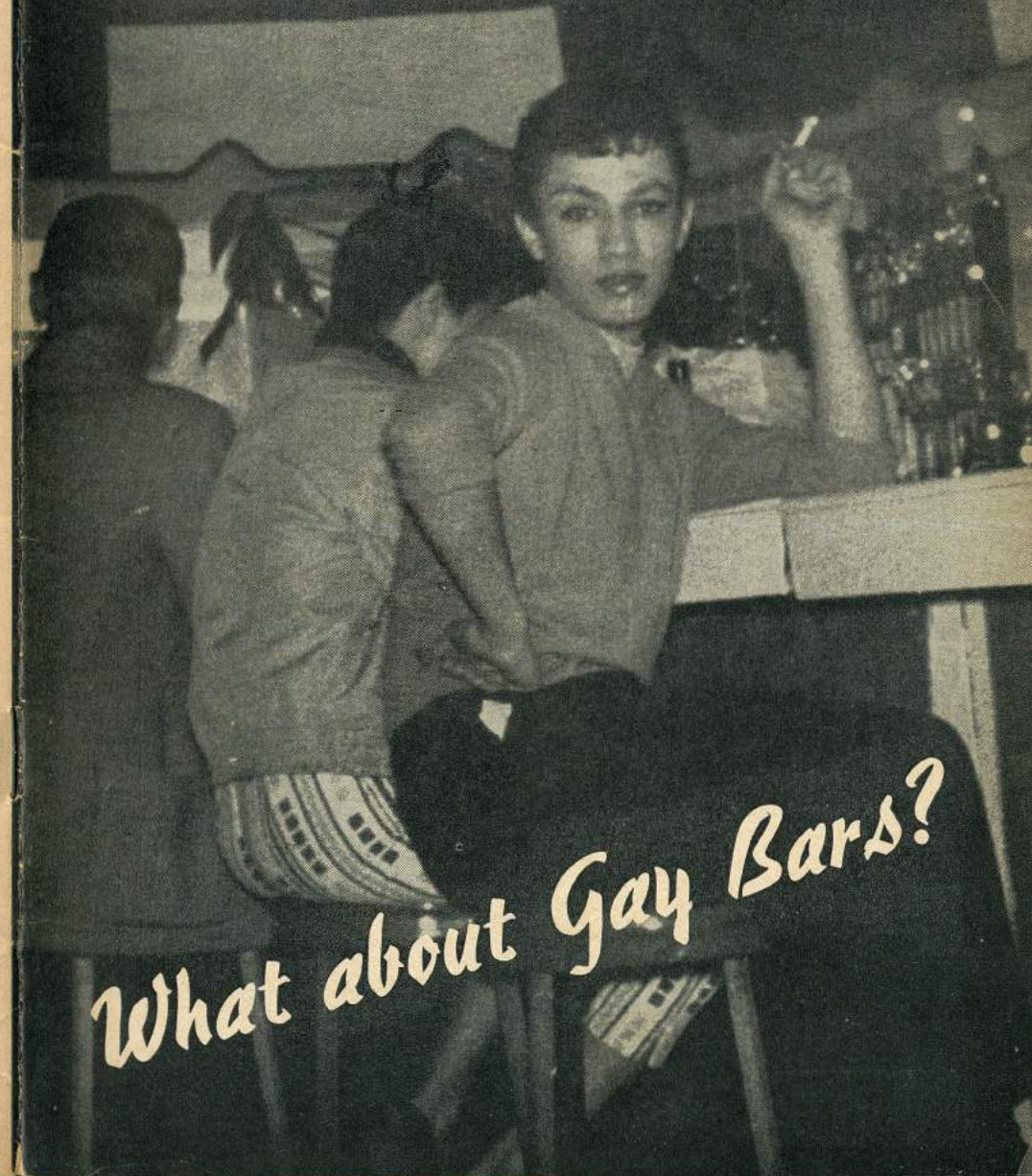
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FEBRUARY, 1958
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



What about Gay Bars?

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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

magazine

Volume VI

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February 1958

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COVER PHOTO: Frederic Frisbie

EDITORIAL

Progress can seldom be expected to come in sudden leaps. For the homophile, Kinsey was a landmark. And Cory. The birth of the Mat-tachine and ONE. The American Law Institute recommendations, and most recently, the Wolfenden Report. But in the long run, it is unlikely that freedom will be handed the homophile on a silver platter. Freedom is seldom given, but must be earned.

England's Tory government, which has met most issues with timidity, will *not* follow the Wolfenden Committee's bold lead and introduce a bill to relax the anti-homosexual laws. In a December 4th debate in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury, supported by peers of all parties, pleaded for a change in the law, but Lord Chancellor Vis-count Kilmuir, speaking for the government, said, "There can be no prospect for early legislation on this subject." He pleaded adverse public opinion (which according to the press reports has actually leaned *toward* the Wolfenden recommendations) and suggested "further study," a favorite dodge of cowards.

Yet this is not the end of the matter. Never in the modern history of Western society has this subject been discussed so widely, sanely and openly. We hoped the law would change now and for the better. We can still hope the change will come in time. A "Private Member's Bill" without government sponsorship, might be introduced in Parliament and *may* have some chance of passage. Or hopes may be pinned on the Socialists who look to gain power at the next election.

But even if the law does not change in the near future, the impact made by the trials and debates of 1953-54, by the moral force of England's Churches, by the boldness of much of the press, and by the forthright voices of many community leaders and a few avowed homophiles such as Peter Wildeblood will not be forgotten. Several British papers said, and rightly, that even if the Report is buried, even if the law remains on the books, the condition of homosexuals in England can never again be what it once was. Lord Kilmuir notwithstanding, the majority of the British public has displayed its sympathy with the social and legal predicament of homosexuals. The law, even though it remains for now, is less likely to be enforced, and wherever it is enforced, there will be renewed pressure for its amendment. This is a notable victory, though it is not all we could have hoped for. (Even the Report had its shortcomings).

Echoes of Wolfenden will continue and spread. On December 27th speaking to the American Association for Advancement of Science, Dr. Canio Zarilli of the New York Institute for Criminology urged a uniform sex code for the several states, following Wolfenden recommendations. Others will make similar proposals. In the long run, we will find Wolfenden's work to have as much significance for this country as for England.

Our task lies ahead. The homophile must stand up fearlessly and demand his place in society. We are asking society to end the oppression. We must demand of ourselves an end to fear and groveling.

Lyn Pedersen, *Associate Editor*

THE GAY BAR

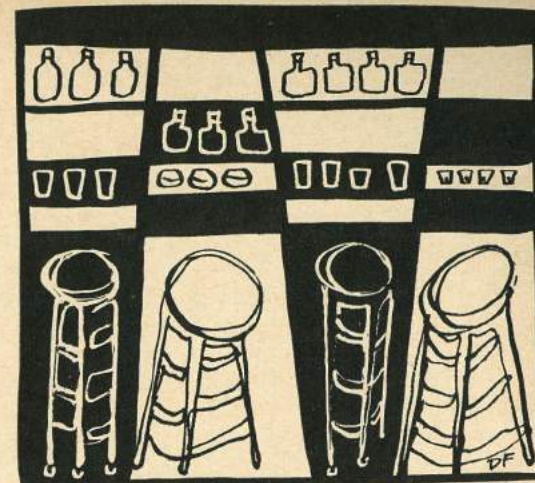
by
**Robert
Gregory**

When I was requested a few days ago by my fellow editors to write an article on the Gay Bar for this issue, it was presumably on grounds that experience qualified me to do so. This presumption was not entirely without basis. Up to about five years ago my experience with bars, gay or otherwise, had been sporadic and without interest. But at that time I reached a decision to face the issues of homosexuality with as much intellectual and moral honesty as I could muster. This led me, at first, to ally myself with the pioneering social efforts of ONE, Inc., and, later to visit as many as possible of those places and people that are involved with the same problem.

The Gay Bar, while it by no means offers a total cross-section of the homosexual population of a city or country, nevertheless goes farther, at present, than any other single social institution in collecting together a wide variety of types and temperaments. Anyone who has "made the rounds," as they say, is readily acquainted with the milieu—the hustlers, the screaming faggots, the queens, the nice ivy-leaguers—sometimes all in easy exchange with one

another, while at other times each isolated into groups maintaining their own classification within the bars that reflect their specific personalities. For the Gay Bars, from the melting-pot to the exclusive club are as varied as their patrons. We all know the unlimited patterns.

However, this article is not the place for detailed descriptions of the Gay Bar. Moreover any efforts on my part to evoke the atmosphere and personalities of the Gay Bar would be presumptuous, as the job has already been done excellently by others. Most recently by Helen Branson in her book *Gay Bar*, (Pan-Graphic Press, \$3.00). Or for anyone desiring to read, in a delightful and revealing literary capsule, about the temperament and inner workings of the Gay Bar, I unhesitatingly recommend the chapter from *The Gallery* called "MOMMA," by author John Horne Burns, or else the book entitled *21 Variations on a Theme*, by Donald W. Cory, in which "MOMMA" was lovingly excerpted. "MOMMA" is chiefly concerned with a typical evening in a gay bar in Naples during World War II, and all the personalities of the Gay Bar are there, in prototype. There are the



simpering, young Neapolitan belles out for a night of adventure, sex-hungry soldiers willing to settle for any port in a storm, cynical oldsters who have seen it all and are busily evolving their philosophy of frustration; there is blustering masculinity, wilting femininity, all of the moods and the frantic chatter which often characterize such places, and last but not least the rare and seldom-seen lovers who carry between them a manly and invulnerable dignity, whose homosexuality is only the minor evidence of a fearless and blazing spiritual comradeship.

Gay bars, whether in Naples during wartime, or in the City of Angels during peacetime, wear much the same face, whose aspects stem from the homosexual temperament itself. Here, frequently, in addition to Caucasian patrons of types referred to above, there are groups of Orientals and Negroes. If these latter feel a little uncertain of their welcome, they will usually monopolize one corner of the bar, and emerge only if invited. However, for those who have managed to crash through the invisible and illusory barriers of race, there is a free exchange of sociability and, one tends to think, a noticeably higher degree of dignity, understanding, and sophistication.

One can scarcely make any cogent observations on the Gay Bar without first making some observations on the anterior questions of bars generally, and finally the relationship of drinking to the single individual. So far as I have been able to observe, people, including myself, use artificial means to change their state of consciousness for one basic reason—to escape from some form of dissatisfaction. Note that it is an “escape from,” not a “solution for.” The dissatisfaction may be momentary, vague and general; or it may be lasting, intense and specific. The point is that escape is

what is desired, and for some the various degrees of numbness and irresponsibility produced by alcohol provide the escape. But bars, it would seem, have a more specialized function; that is, they provide escape from a specific kind of dissatisfaction. I used to think, long ago, that the function of bars was solely to dispense liquor, but after comparing the price one pays for a pint of whiskey by the shot in a bar with that which one would pay for the same pint in a grocery store, I concluded that the commodity dispensed by bars was not an alcoholic beverage, but something much more significant and less tangible.

To illustrate, let us take the modern phenomenon of the cocktail party. Here a dozen or so people are gathered, who presumably are incompatible in everyday life, otherwise the cocktail party would not be necessary to bring them together in the first place. They arrive at eight, and sit around in embarrassed and sometimes horrified silence until after the third martini. Then the hors d'oeuvres appear, there are more drinks, tongues loosen, and everyone begins talking excitedly on inconsequential subjects which will be quite forgotten by the following morning. What has happened is that these people have used alcohol to escape the dissatisfaction of loneliness, to create a momentary empathy between themselves and others, an empathy which for one reason or another is lacking in their sober, everyday lives. Bars are only cocktail parties on the commercial level. They may be crowded and hectic, or they may be reduced to one customer and a genial bartender. Nevertheless, the essential commodity is the same—a temporary release from isolation, from bare walls, from dry routine, from dull family or business associations. Different people are there,

or at least their aura is there; there are cheery lights, service, the changing scene, and the ever-present array of pretty bottles.

Among homosexuals the feeling of isolation is exceptionally prevalent and often cruel. Empathy, the feeling of spontaneous rapport and understanding with other fellow human beings, is often smothered under personal doubts and misgivings, under mistrust of others, and under insecurity in most personal relations. “What would they think if they knew?” Thus the Gay Bar is exceptionally important to many homosexuals, as the one institution where they can be sure of finding some measure of kinship with others. That this could be true at all seems to me a sad reflection on the state of the social conscience.

By the antihomosexual, the Gay Bar is often represented as the epitome of evil, a place given over to wantonness and unending assignations. It has not been my experience that sex is any more or less sought after, any more or less available in the gay bar than in the straight bar. If unalloyed sex is all one is after, then brothels, street-corners and other public facilities offer much more certain rewards. The unattached homosexual, like the unattached heterosexual visits a bar because he or she hopes, after some drinks, to break down a barrier of personal isolation, to establish with someone else the kind of warm, personal intimacy that seems to be denied him under usual circumstances. Romance and sex may be involved, but I maintain that this is not the principal issue at a bar, any more than is the procurement of an alcoholic beverage.

What is the prognosis of friendship or romance begun at a bar? This is a question of considerable importance to many homosexuals. In general, the prognosis seems extremely poor. Since the basic motive for being there is un-

stable, a motive of escape, of drifting, this impairs both one's judgment of others and the solidity of one's own intentions, and what one escapes to in this manner is almost invariably something that one will want to escape from later on.

From the foregoing the reader can assume that I, for one, take a dim view of both the personal and social phenomena of drinking. I cannot say I have found that time and money spent in this direction have ever brought me pure and unalloyed blessings. Yet the Gay Bar has brought me some blessings, which, though far from unmixed, suggests a certain positive moral value for the Gay Bar in our present society. I do not now refer to the covert and furtive fraternization among homosexuals that one sometimes finds in small communities, where perhaps one bar out of the three available accommodates the “village fruit” surrounded by a small and restless coterie who would not dare to verbalize, even to themselves, their precise reasons for seeking out such company. I refer to the bona-fide Gay Bar, decades old and well-established, such as one finds many of in the larger, cosmopolitan cities.

This Gay Bar is a licensed business institution, known exactly for what it is both by bar-hoppers and by the authorities. One is not surprised or dismayed when police swagger in, usually in pairs, glower menacingly at everybody, hurry back to the men's room to see if anything is going on, glower once more at everybody on their return trip, and swagger out again. “Vice,” quite likely, in a sharp turtle-neck sweater, is ogling you from your very elbow. This Gay Bar can have a strengthening effect on the confused or uncertain. They can sit there and think, “Well, I'm here, and I am what I am, and I'm here because I want to be. I'm no worse, and prob-

ably a lot better than some of my critics or enemies." Such experiences have the effect of a salutary medicine, whose work on the personality is permanent and sound, even though one might not wish such medicine as a steady diet.

There are many homosexuals who, although they like to drink and fraternize among their clique, studiously avoid the Gay Bar. The obvious motive is one of fear, mixed with a lack of social honesty. "It might be raided." "I might get 'picked up'." "That one from the office might see me and I'd die with embarrassment." It is a pity that modern society can afford the homosexual no better counteractive to timidity and dishonesty than the Gay Bar, but since this is the case I cannot help but believe that this counteractive is better than none at all. Used judiciously, it has helped many homosexuals out of certain of their mental and emotional difficulties.

In closing I would like to theorize about the merits and/or demerits of the Gay Bar as a publicity medium for helping society generally to a better awareness and understanding of

homosexuality. The demerits tend to be more conspicuous than the merits, mainly because it is only the most disreputable bars, gay or straight, that get newspaper publicity. They are raided, certain persons get arrested, of a sort with whom most bar-patrons find no sense of identification or affinity, and such events do nothing but cast the worst possible light upon gay bars specifically and homosexuals generally.

However, I have on several occasions used the Gay Bar as a means of introducing supposedly sympathetic non-homosexuals, as well as extremely introverted homosexuals, into a more liberal view of homosexual life. For such purposes one naturally uses Gay Bars with a reputation for discretion and well-regulated conduct. In a number of instances the introduction has deepened already long-standing friendships between myself and heterosexual acquaintances; sometimes the introduction has encouraged someone whom I did not suppose to be homosexual at all to confide to me some homosexual problems that he or she has had.

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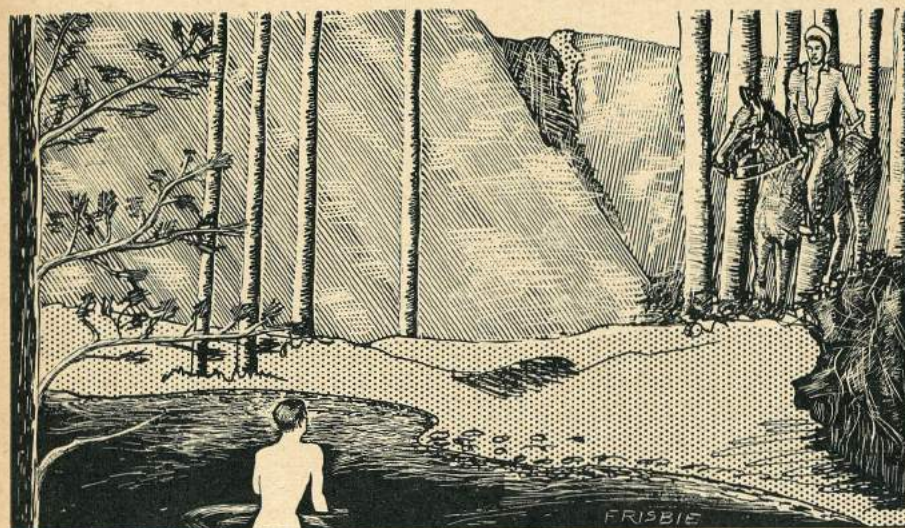
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DOWN IN THE CANYON, THE CANYON SO LOW by Don Rifle



My boots kicked up pebbles every step I took on the uneven path. Hot sunshine cascaded off the giant cliffs, funneling down and smothering me. The straps of my pack had turned dark with sweat, trickling down by bare back to make a damp triangle in the seat of my levis—over the rest of me it evaporated into a tracery of salt. I had lost track of the miles behind me, but I knew there were many more to go if I hoped to reach Phantom Ranch by six o'clock. Right, left, right, left right left rightlefttrightlefttright—down an awesome side canyon of the mighty Grand Canyon itself. I brushed against outcroppings that had formed before there was an animal, or a plant, or even so much as an amoeba on the face of the earth. I wondered idly as my legs pumped along whether these same rocks would once again know an earth without a living thing on it. Long thoughts for a long trail.

Most people who visit Phantom Ranch from the North Rim pack in by horse, but being a penniless student with only good lungs, stout legs and a yearning for adventure on the credit side of the ledger, I had no problem in deciding to hoof it. The desk clerk at Bright Angel Lodge had phoned down and secured a bunk and meal reservation for me. Now I didn't have anything to do but go claim it.

The bright Arizona sunrise shone dappled through aspens as I swung through the forest, beating my arms together to keep warm. The ranger had warned me that temperatures are much higher down below, (there was a familiar ring to that comment, come to think of it), so I was wearing only a light Marine Jacket. The sign at the spot where the trail begins its descent says simply: PHANTOM RANCH—EIGHTEEN MILES OVER—6,000 FEET DOWN. For the first several miles I switched back and forth, working past the vertical faces of Kaibab and Coconino limestone. I dropped below the petrified remains of ancient ocean beds,

burning deserts of drifting sand, great mucky swamps, lava flows hundreds of feet high—now only parts of the multi-colored majesty of the Grand Canyon. Trail signs described each succeeding age as I went backward through geologic history. I said the names over and over, trying to remember them all: Devonian, Silurian, Ordovician, Cambrian—the list got longer and longer.

About ten o'clock, I saw the gash in the cliffwall opposite from which Roaring Springs leaps forth. My parents and I had hiked this far years before, stopped to eat our lunch, and then hiked back up to the top. The water gushing from an apparently dry, barren cliff face reminded me of the rock Moses must have faced when he had to produce water for the Israelites in the Wilderness. This outpouring of blue-green water would have done him proud, enough for a hundred bands of Hebrews. Without dropping down the side trail to the park below the springs, I took a long pull on my canteen, stripped off my jacket, and went on around the corner where the trail seemed to hang in empty space as it hugged the cliff and began a new plunge down, down, down.

The sun wasn't really hot until I had reached the base of those black cliffs. The trail signs said I was down among the remains of the Archeozoic Age now. Except for two or three tiny figures at the base of Roaring Springs, I had seen no other human being all morning. It was high noon and the blistering trail wound leisurely among boulders and over sanddunes in the flat canyon floor. Once in a while, it followed Bright Angel Creek and I could enjoy the cool shade of cottonwoods. Twice, when the trail forded the creek, I took off my boots and waded across. My rebellious feet, unaccustomed to such a workout, had unkinked and relaxed. Shortly beyond the second fording, the trail came to a large grove of trees, protecting both a small clapboard cabin and beyond, a cluster of picnic tables. A big chestnut horse, tied to the hitching bar, was stamping his hooves and flicking his tail to keep some bluebottle flies from bothering him. Noting the National Park Service sign out front, I wondered why anyone had to be stationed in such a lonely spot. Walking over to the picnic tables, I gratefully dropped my pack and began to dig out lunch. It was a pretty good trail lunch, if I do say so: tomatoes, cucumbers, cheese and pickle sandwiches, cookies, a chocolate bar—everything but the orange juice. Dammit! I remembered now. It was probably still leaning against the tent where I had set it last night—on top. Though my canteen was dry, there wasn't any real danger since Phantom was only seven or eight level miles beyond and I was sure the water of Bright Angel Creek would not hurt me if I got really thirsty. But, thinking that the ranger might have some good water to spare, I walked back, canteen in hand, and rapped on the screen porch door. There was a saddle hanging on the wall and two or three old saddle blankets were flung about on the adobe. Though the trees dispelled some of the sun's power, it was still oppressively hot. I took off the batwing stetson I wore for protection from the sun and fanned my face with it. No answer. Finding the screen door open, I walked across the porch and rapped harder on the main door. "Anybody home?" I hollered. I was sure I heard a noise this time and what sounded like a muffled curse. Probably napping, I thought to myself. Thinks there's a fool tourist out here with the usual sort of question: "Ranger, is there any danger from mountain lions?" Feeling sympathetic, I slung the empty canteen over my shoulder and took off, back through the trees. And yet—I was sure another board cracked inside the cabin and the prickly feeling at the nape of my neck told me someone was watching my departure. Fighting the impulse to turn around, I put on the knapsack and told my legs to get busy, right, left, right left.

The trail was dropping down into the Lower Sonoran zone now, a botanical

region similar to the one near the mouth of the Colorado, complete with cholla, lizards and spiny ocatillo. The more I thought about my empty canteen, the thirstier I became. The trail left the creek for a time, but now it dropped rapidly and crossed it just beyond a giant boulder. Directly below the crossing the flat rock surface spread out and there, to my unbelieving eyes, appeared a clear pool of water, set like the Shah's prize emerald, in a red sandstone setting. It was clear and deep and about thirty feet across. I scarcely knew what I was doing before the knapsack was wedged between a couple of rocks, boots and levis were spread in the sun, and I was letting my body slide, a few inches at a time so as to enjoy every bit of the cool wetness, into the green depths. For perhaps ten minutes I dived and surfaced, swam back and forth, and finally floated luxuriously, laughing at the cruel heat of the sun. By chance, my eye caught a slight movement on the cliffs above me. I narrowed my gaze and saw a rider on horseback. He had been motionless up there, several hundred feet higher, for I didn't know how long. A trifle embarrassed, I turned over and surface dived. When I looked again, I figured that he knew I had seen him, for he was halfway down the slope. His levis were bleached by the Arizona sun, his rather soiled NPS shirt was open to the belt, and his widebrim regulation hat rode far back on his head. I could see at a glance that the dark, rather heavily sculptured face was hostile.

I was still standing in water up to my waist as the rider reined up sharply not ten feet away. "Get the hell out of the water," he shouted angrily. "Don't you know that's the water supply for the people downstream?" He kept his seat while I hastily climbed out on the bank, dried myself a bit with my shirt and jumped into my levis.

"I'm sorry," I began, covertly admiring the picture he made there, angry and proud, even though the anger was directed at me. "I didn't think it would hurt anything, and I sure was hot." I smiled feebly, but his look killed it. I have my reasons for not wanting to get into trouble with any police, even NPS rangers, so I didn't argue, but flicked a comb through my damp hair, stepped into my boots, and picked up my knapsack. The big chestnut snorted and bit into a clump of grass.

I turned around and saw that the ranger had jumped to the ground and stood there, watching every move I made with an intent gaze. "Hike down all the way from the top?" he suddenly asked, in a conversational tone.

"Yup, and I had to wade through your water supply just the same way your horse does." I was smarting from his first command though, as a matter of honest truth, it had been time for me to be on my way anyhow. This comment didn't seem to make any impression—he still leaned against his horse in a long, lithe line, his hand resting on the pommel of his saddle. I tried again: "You know, I didn't have any water left in my canteen when I knocked at your door. Now I guess I'll have to drink my own bathwater—hope I survive." The weak humor brought a small smile to his handsome features—and then he was all officious park ranger again.

"Just see to it you keep the water as clean as you can, and no swimming," he said.

OK, OK, I thought to myself, have it your way. I turned without a word and headed down the trail, all sorts of smart remarks crowding into my head over the injustice of it all. Twice, I looked back, and each time he was there, once more astride his mount, looking down at me. I hiked on, troubled by that nameless feeling which always comes over me when I feel I have missed an opportunity to

get to know someone whose friendship I think I would come to value. Through his curtain of hostility, there were signs of a shy reaching for friendship, coupled with an inability to go about gaining such a friendship successfully. How many people of that sort there have always been! Frequently they are the strong, silent self-subsistent sort outwardly—tragically unable to contribute to the web of human understanding and friendship on which the fabric of humanity is spun.

The rest of the trip to the ranch was uneventful except for my trick knee, inherited from high school football days, which began to rebel against so much use. Shadows from the mile-high cliffs had already swept across the canyon as I reached the foot bridge spanning the Colorado and hiked over, just to touch the other side. The buffet supper was excellent. I drank seven glasses of iced tea and met a beautiful, outdoorsy type girl from Pittsburgh. She and I and a number of others who had ridden down from El Tovar on horseback swam in the ranch pool. It didn't appeal to me nearly as much as the natural pool back on the trail, and I could not help but think of the strange cowboy, back there in his lonely cabin on the trail. What was he running away from, working down there, or was he simply one of those eternal strangers who must have isolation in which to breathe? Still puzzling, I fell asleep under a narrow cleft of sky over which the stars wheeled in cold symmetry.

At four-thirty next morning I was called by the kitchen mess. Half an hour later I had showered, dressed, worked through a stack of flapjacks, picked up my lunchbox the boys in the kitchen had packed for me, and set off through the ranch grounds. The sandy soil was damply cool and smelled of growing plants. Off in the distance I saw the creek under a patch of morning mist, running to meet its roistering mother, down below. The tip of Shinumo Altar, a mile above me, caught the morning sun; down here it was still night. Just as well too—I needed an early start if I was going to get to the top, for my knee was giving me trouble already. At the first place where the trail begins to climb I had to find myself a walking stick. I cursed myself for forgetting to bring by basketball kneeguard, which would have made the stick unnecessary. About nine-thirty, I saw the rock ridge ahead which held back the water of my swimming pool. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for there stood the big chestnut mare, at almost the same spot she had been yesterday. Was that character still guarding his precious pool I asked myself angrily for, to tell the truth, I had counted on sneaking in another swim and working some of the stiffness out of my knee. As I hobbled painfully up over the rise, I saw my ranger friend stretched out flat on a rock beside the pool, his black swimming trunks still damp from water which was dripping back toward his swimming hole! He heard me approaching, raised himself on his right elbow, cupped his hand over his eyes and grinned sheepishly.

I was too angry to appreciate the change of mood—now I could use some of those cracks I'd thought up on the trail yesterday too late. "Glad," I said, "rangers don't pollute water the way ordinary citizens do."

"Come off it," he smiled disarmingly, "I'm really sorry about yesterday." He paused and looked solemnly at me for a moment; it was that same direct gaze that seemed to belie what he had said yesterday. "You know the real reason why I told you to get out of the water?" he went on, finally. "I did see you when you came up to my place yesterday and I—well, I was afraid to answer the door. Instead, when you took off, I followed you down the trail on old Cleo there," he nodded to the mare, "—don't ask me why—and I watched you get into the pool. All that time, I'd decided I wanted to talk to you but couldn't figure anything to say that

would make sense. All of a sudden, I figured I could tell you not to swim but, well, it went all wrong—" he let his words trail off, as if they had cost him much effort to get out.

"That was a helluva way to get acquainted," I said, with feeling. "You mean I can go swimming today, without poisoning anybody?"

"Sure, go ahead. The water's great this morning."

"By the way, my name's Don—Don Feiler," I said, squatting beside him and extending my hand. My God, he's got a big hand, I thought to myself. He shook hands firmly but not with a bone-crusher grip; no need for this guy to prove his strength to anybody.

"Bill Johnson," he said. "Glad to meet you."

I stripped and dived in, gliding below the surface to let the coolness soak into all the pores of my skin. When I surfaced, the ranger was sitting crosslegged by the pool, staring down at me. "What's wrong with your leg?" he asked. "I noticed you were sort of dragging it."

When I had told him, he sat and thought for a moment. "You'd better rest up awhile," he began, "that's a stiff climb above the Springs. Cleo can get you back to my place and maybe we can tape it up for you. I've got some wide tape for making splints."

I climbed out of the water and sat there, watching the bright drops roll off my body. "A little swimming sure helps get the kinks out," I said, rubbing the kneecap and swinging my leg experimentally.

Bill was struggling with some emotion so painfully that his face reflected it. "You know why I followed you yesterday—" I could tell he was trying very hard to choose the right words—He lapsed into silence, staring solemnly at me as if he hoped I had grasped some meaning in what he said.

To me, the saddest thing in the world is when two people try to get to know each other and, for fear, or simple ignorance, they can't bridge the gap and go their separate ways, each feeling a private, painful loss. Some time ago, I decided such a thing would never happen for me simply because I failed to say what I had on my mind. I would rather stick my neck out too far, or shock somebody, rather than say nothing at all. So here goes nothing, I thought to myself.

"Don't struggle for words," I began. "Frankly, if it had been me, instead of you, I would have followed you, and probably done the same things you did. Only in my case it would be because I'm homosexual." There, it was out, and the worst that could happen would be that he would beat me over the head.

Instead, he grinned and held out his hand. "Shake," he said. "It's good to meet somebody who's honest about it. I guess it takes one to know one, doesn't it?" He pointed at himself and smiled.

About Our Authors

DON RIFLE is an anthropologist who has spent several years working among the Indians of the American Southwest. His most recent story in ONE was published in June, 1955.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Recent 5-4 Supreme Court ruling overturning a woman's conviction for "failure to register as ex-convict" may upset the unconstitutional ordinances by which several cities and states require persons once convicted of a "sex crime" to register and keep cops notified of job or address changes. LA topcop Parker howled that courts were "tipping the scales of justice in favor of the criminal." The high court side-stepped Constitutional issues in this case (half dozen reasons on which registration laws could be declared unconstitutional) and said that before an ex-convict could be convicted for failure to register, city must prove he knew of duty to register. This in itself could be far-reaching principle if Court applied it widely. The mass of laws today in which any citizen could suddenly find himself ensnared are so extensive, complex and contradictory that even good lawyers can't tell what the law says on many matters without extensive research. Its hard to see how the ordinary citizen could be expected to know and hew to the **line** of such a morass—further reason (in addition to liberalized recommendations regarding homosexual acts) for general adoption of proposed Model Penal Code of American Law Institute.

NEW ORGANIZATION

Society for the Scientific Study of

Sex (SSSS) professional-membership group aiming "to foster interdisciplinary exchange in the field of sexual knowledge . . . to bring together scientists working in the biological, medical, anthropological, sociological and allied fields who are conducting significant sexual research or whose profession confronts them with sexual problems . . . to hold periodic scientific meetings for the presentation of research papers . . . organize symposia, seminars, workshops, conferences, etc. to consider theoretical and practical problems in the sexual area. It will also publish a scientific journal devoted to relevant original studies and reports." Contact man: Robert Veit Sherwin, member of New York Bar, who did couple pamphlets on **SEX AND STATUTORY LAW** in 1949. Worth watching . . .

INTERNATIONAL

At Intl. Police Commission shindig in Rome, sex crimes were on agenda. After delegates from each Western country read off their gruesome statistics, Burmese delegate took floor and apologized, "We have no such statistics. We are a backward country where sexual crime does not exist. However, since our culture is striving at emulating that of the esteemed delegates who took the floor before me, I am confident that things

will take a turn for the better. I shall endeavour to submit to you more satisfactory statistical material next year." **What price progress?**

BERLIN: A decision by Berlin region Court of Appeal barred issuance of driving licences to persons convicted of sexual offenses, unless they behave blamelessly for prolonged period following release from prison and thus prove change of heart. The decision referred to case of man sentenced several times for offenses against boys. President of Police had declared him "unfit" to drive and declined to issue licence. (ICSE PRESS).

40-year-old head of a Scottish naval electronics research team says he's changing sex, but will keep job and continue to live with wife, "as a sister." Wearing women's clothes, he told news conference, he'll continue to dress as man at work but will spend rest of his life as woman. His wife, 2 teenage sons and young daughter and the superintendent of admiralty research establishment were with him at news conference, and approved his action. Wearing green coat, red hi-heels, nylons, makeup, etc., Little said, "My biological and psychological systems began to change and about ten months ago I began to go out with my wife dressed as a woman. At the present time I am still physically a man, and it will be two years before I know which course nature will take. I have every desire to be a woman, I even object to being called Mr. Little." His wife said she'd undergone great strain "watching my husband, despite himself, become more and more a woman every week. But my husband and I think there will be more benefits for the children if the home is not broken."

Speaking to international fashion

experts, Pope Pius recently said clothes should be fashioned modestly so as not to lead to sin, whether by excess of immodesty or luxury. Church does not condemn fashion when it "is intended for the correct and decorous adornment of the body." . . . Paris meanwhile was busy decking out male form as gayly as female . . .

Complete with jewelled earrings, rose-decked black hat, flowered dress and fur, "Lady Margaret" was introduced in local Vicar's **absence** and opened Church bazaar with speech "like a caricature of all the gushing women who ever opened Church bazaars." But Lady Margaret, who at one point lifted her skirt to get a hankie, was no lady. "She" was the vicar, 40-year-old bachelor, Rev. Pat Magee of Kingston, Surrey, and a governor of Tiffin Boys' Grammar School. A week later, one schoolmaster's wife protested: "In this unworthy role he has contradicted the Bible truth and lowered his dignity." The bishop of Kingston seemed less upset: "It sounds like a typical Cambridge rag stunt and Mr. Magee is a Cambridge man. I certainly don't disapprove of it" Mr. Magee was not available for comment when the newsmen arrived . . .

ROUND AND ABOUT

What cops won't do to make a pinch! To trap 4 warehouse heisters in Brooklyn, officer Paul Reiley donned babushka and woman's coat and "flung himself into officer Pat Kelly's arms." While Reiley was "patiently enduring the advances of his partner," as the DAILY NEWS put it, 2 other cops disguised as bleary bums lounged nearby while burglars carried on. At opportune moment, the drag was dropped

continued page 18

Victory!



SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

by Don Slater

There have been those homosexuals during ONE Magazine's struggling existence who have been sceptical of the results of our efforts. Without the aid and often with the ill-will of these and other individuals, we have continued to propagandize in favor of the homosexual—attempting to bring about understanding, acceptance, and status for the group, to chart its history, to report through news and fiction and science etc. the growth of the movement, the position and place and lives of homosexuals everywhere.

one

There have been others, of course—thousands of loyal friends and supporters who have stood up fearlessly and allowed themselves to be counted, who believed in themselves as homosexuals and in the not always tangible works of ONE. To these "proud and unashamed" homosexual men and women go the glory of the January 13th decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in favor of ONE Inc. vs. the U. S. Post Office on the matter of homosexual obscenity.

By winning this decision ONE Magazine has made not only history but law as well and has changed the future for all U. S. homosexuals. Never before have homosexuals claimed their right as citizens. Not even the Berdache, nor the Greeks, nor the Napoleonic Code, nor Wolfenden "recommendations," nor The American Law Institute "recommendations" have managed to mean so much to so many. ONE Magazine no longer asks for the right to be heard; it now exercises that right. It further requires that homosexuals be treated as a proper part of society free to discuss and educate and propagandize their beliefs with no greater limitations than for any other group.

By simply not finding ONE Magazine obscene, the Supreme Court has completely and unanimously reversed the Post Office ban on the mailing of our October 1954 issue which is immediately once again available both on news stands and on order directly from us. The Supreme Court has also reversed the evil and immoral wording of the ruling of Judge Thurmond Clarke and later that of Appellate Judges, Barnes, Hamley, and Ross. The decision has further dealt a blow to the censorship activities of Los Angeles Postmaster Otto K. Olesen. The New York Times has this to say about the decision: "The court today reversed a post office ban on a magazine, One, which deals with homosexuality. The petition for review filed by the lawyer, Eric Julber of Los Angeles, had apparently raised only one question: was the magazine 'obscene' within the statute banning importation of obscene matter? The court's order appeared to answer: No.

"The decision, so interpreted, means that the Supreme Court is insisting on a rigorous, narrow definition of 'obscenity.' It means, as one lawyer put it, that 'the court is going to keep a real weather eye out itself to prevent censorship of anything but what might be called hard-core pornography'."

We wish to express our sincere thanks to each and every person who helped through contributions, through encouragement and in other ways to make possible this great victory.

tangents continued

and the pinch was made. Hope **lovers** hadn't done any thing technically indecent while they were waiting . . .

OKLAHOMA CITY: 10 men arrested in "morals investigation" at Lincoln Park zoo restroom. 4 charged in state court with "committing crime against nature"—trial pending, and also charged in municipal court with disorderly conduct. Duard Graves found guilty of disorderly conduct tho he denied accusation. 2 patrolmen testified to witnessing acts thru hole in wall, and 2 scoutcar officers said Graves, who was at first indignant at arrest, afterwards confessed "he was a pervert." Graves, denying this was true, admitted making the confession, but only because officers told him **if he confessed he would get off with a \$20 fine.** "I made the admission only to keep slander off my family and to preserve my reputation..." 2 of others arrested denied committing the acts charged or making the confessions reported by the cops. 3 defendants forfeited bail for failure to appear.

After year as L. A.'s D. A., Wm. McKesson bragged that organized crime and vice "just don't exist here." Generally McKesson soothed friction with Wm. Parker's police force which was bitter over former D. A. Roll's defense of citizens' rights. Regarding old payoff rumors, McKesson gave his department a clean bill-of-health.—"We investigated all the rumors and stories and found they weren't true—aside from one man we fired. Also we've gotten rid of our vice squad, which I understand is where the problem of pay-offs come from." . . . Few days later, Bureau of Criminal Statistics said L. A.

county led State in crime rate.

Oct. 11: L. A. cops seized prints of 4 experimental films being shown at CORONET THEATRE an art-film house operated by Society of Cinema Arts. Police claimed films, **CLOSED VISION**, **PLAGUE SUMMER**, **FIREWORKS** and **THE VOICES** were obscene. (**FIREWORKS**, beautifully filmed in surrealist style, deals frankly with homosexual cruising in naval regions, with added sadistic and scatological elements this reporter didn't personally appreciate.) Police admitted they didn't know anything about experimental films—those in question show around country in universities, film museums, etc. CORONET management took to Courts and won ruling from Judge Younger that city ordinance prohibiting film exhibition which-would-tend-to-corrupt-youth was unconstitutional. One count remains to be tried shortly . . . Local vice squad later closed French import **FIRE UNDER HER SKIN** at Vagabond theatre, but say they weren't acting as censors, just following up citizens' complaint . . . Recent Supreme Court ruling clearing **GAME OF LOVE** may end such nonsense. They pointed out that there was nothing obscene about the portrayal of sex as such.

STATIC

Psychologist Daniel G. Brown (Air Force Academy) notes it's fun for little boys to rouge up and dress in girls' clothes on Halloween, but when little boy shows too much pleasure in doing this—watch out. A little boy's desire to be a girl, he says has much more serious implications than girl's desire to be a boy, since stress in our culture is on

masculine role. In study of about 600 children, only 4% of boys show marked feminine preferences. Girls in grades 1-4 show strong preference for masculine role—afterwards shifting strongly to feminine. (It's important, with figures like this, to know how determination of "feminine" and "masculine" preferences were arrived at.)

On lecture tour, Meyer Levin, author of **COMPULSION**, recent Leopold-Loebish novel, has been saying such a murder probably would not happen today—or if it should, would be treated differently. Today, he feels, psychotherapy would quickly fix up Loeb before a Bobby Franks could be murdered. Mr. Levin's sanguine faith in psychotherapy is hardly justified by reading the papers. Maybe Mr. Levin doesn't do that any more.

Dr. Alvarez' newspaper column recently noted growing evidence that schizophrenia, and perhaps other psychological deviations may be correlated with chemical factors (possibly causative) in blood, and predicted end of "weird sexual theories of causation of psychosis and neurosis . . . What is happening is that real scientists, studying with technical methods the physiology of the brain, in health and disease, are now leaving the analysts to amuse themselves with their theories . . . As a sample of the theorizing of these men, I was just reading the weird and most improbable statements of one of them . . . that of late there has been a tremendous increase in homosexuality owing to the fact that when Kinsey wrote his book, in which he showed how common homosexuality is, thousands of homosexuals rushed to see Dr. Kinsey, and in some yet unexplained way, became more homosexual than they had

been before!" . . . A few weeks earlier, in a column headed "WHY CODDLE SEX OFFENDER?", Dr. Alvarez suggested since some men are **born** for lives of sex (or other) crime, they ought, for society's protection, all be segregated for life on some big island—"pick-pockets, petty thieves, burglars, alcoholics, dope peddlers and weak people who haven't the strength of character to live in a world full of designing persons," and of course, rapists and sex murderers, where they could be given simple manufacturing jobs and where there would be no temptations of any sort. Those who persisted in being nuisances would be sent on to smaller, stricter island. He noted that some sex offenders were really harmless, and ended with plea to abandon medieval ways of thinking about these problems. Dr. Alvarez should follow his own recommendations. The presumption that such a segregation colony could be without any sort of temptation is fantastic nonsense. Dr. Alvarez still does not distinguish clearly between sex offenses which really harm society or individuals and those which are only technically "offenses" to outmoded laws. His theory that crimes are caused by chemical conditions (yet somehow apparently incurable) is far short of proven. His logic leads easily to the conclusion of an eminent French biologist who predicted that within a very few years, every infant could be chemically tested for "likeliness to conform" and could be chemically treated or mercifully disposed of if it didn't seem the type that would spontaneously adjust to society's demands. The benefits of the "perfectly adjusted society" are, I think, open to considerable question.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

The problem of meeting people

by Alice F. Horvath

Janet stopped in the doorway of the bar and glanced at the clientele. At the bar stood a few slender women with extremely short haircuts and wearing levis. Laughing boisterously, one of the women punched another playfully. Several buxom girls in tight nylon sweaters, their hair long frizzy-ended mops, shrieked at a pantomime presented by a stocky girl in a man's suit. There were solitary people staring moodily into their drinks and a few couples who were absorbed in one another. Janet turned her back on the bar and walked to the drugstore. She purchased several magazines.

"Guess these will help me pass the night," she remarked to the clerk.

Janet is typical of many homosexual women. Living in a large city, she has knowledge of a few night clubs and bars that are hang-outs for lesbians; from loneliness for companions with whom she can be herself, occasionally Janet patronizes these places. But perhaps Janet does not enjoy drinking, or her interests are not the same as those of the bar habitués. Then how does Janet meet congenial people?

This problem exists even if Janet is living with a friend. They would

like to mix socially with other pairs of women. Many couples who would be very congenial would not be caught dead in bar which is a lesbian hang-out—or maybe they just haven't heard of such places.

So whether Janet is looking for a possible mate or just for a congenial group of friends, the bars seem to be inadequate for the simple reason that Janet won't, for the most part, meet friends of her own kind with personalities, interests, and yes, even "safe" appearances there.

Among the people with whom Janet works, there are two girls who appear as if they just might be the sort Janet is looking for. What can she do? Ask them point-blank? Hardly. The most she can do is to invite them to her home and become better acquainted with them. If her first impression of them remains the same, Janet can make a few comments to test them. Perhaps this might grow into a friendship on a truthful basis, perhaps not. At any rate, if Janet isn't indiscreet, she hasn't lost anything.

Too frequently Janet is afraid to broach the subject with people of whom she is not sure. They must wear a sign around their necks reading "I

am Homosexual" before Janet can feel enough at ease to drop even a few oblique hints. There are several ways it can be done with ease, however. A discussion of a few novels in which a homosexual plays some part is one way.

If Janet has a few male homosexual friends, they might help her to meet people. Homosexual women Janet already knows may have a few friends they could introduce to Janet; she in turn could introduce her own friends, thus helping the circle to widen.

Through fear of being discovered, timidity, guilt feelings, and a host of other reasons, Janet may make no such attempts either to meet people or to get to know them better. Instead, Janet sits at home, night after night, reading, knitting—just killing time.

Or Janet may and frequently does have a number of heterosexual friends with whom she mixes socially. This group usually doesn't know of Janet's homosexuality, although there may be a select few in whom she has confided. If Janet is satisfied with purely heterosexual friends, then there is no problem.

Too often, however, there is a feeling of having to pretend. Janet must avoid mentioning certain topics and put up with her friends' joking (and serious) attempts to find a suitable man for her. It isn't that Janet doesn't like these friends, only that she can't be quite herself.

This is not to say that if Janet's social circle was homosexual, homosexuality would be the main con-

versational topic. The group would probably have the same interests as her heterosexual friends, with perhaps a little more discussion of "gay" life, novels, etc. Mainly, it's the feeling of having her position understood and not condemned. This is especially important if Janet is living with another girl and wishes to avoid unintentional embarrassment by well-meaning friends who don't know the situation.

What is the answer? The suggestion offered earlier—making a more concentrated effort to get to know people—might be one step. Or Janet may busy herself with other things to forget her craving for congenial people. She may associate almost exclusively with heterosexuals. An often-mentioned idea is that of a social club—something like community centers, or the Army canteens during the War. There Janet could meet people in a casual, homey atmosphere. A wider variety of women would come than would patronize bars; there would be no aura of something vaguely undesirable or sordid.

Some people say this is impractical—that by the nature of our laws and social mores, such a place couldn't succeed. Perhaps it is hopeless, but Janet and others like her have probably never investigated the possibilities of such an idea. I hope for the sake of Janet—and all the Janets—that they try, for without some effort on their part, Janet and other homosexual women will never have the opportunity to meet the kind of people with whom they want to associate.

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris XIII, France.

To Bassa

by Sir George Sedley, 1722

That I ne'er saw thee in a coach with man,

Nor thy chaste name in wanton satire met

That from thy sex thy liking never ran

So as to suffer a male-servant yet,

I thought thee the Lucretia of our time:

But, Bassa, thou the while a Tribas wert,

And clashing——, with a prodigious crime,

Didst act of man the inimitable part,

What OEdipus this riddle can untie?

Without a male, there was adultery.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM

T. M. MERRITT

It was stated previously that a second aspect of the theme embodied in the social evolution which marks the history of Western Europe was the gradual acceptance of the principle of rationality as the most effective technique for the solution of man's problems arising out of his efforts to obtain the satisfactions of life. It is the purpose here to examine the concept and trace its development somewhat.

It was among the Greeks that the nature of thought was first looked into in our Western World. It was also the Greeks who taught man to seek the solutions of his problems by his own efforts, rather than to depend upon a mystical other world existing behind a veil. Heraclitus taught that thought is the most excellent of things and wisdom consists in telling the truth and acting as Nature bids. Protagoras taught that man the individual is the measure of all things. Rationality among the Greeks, some times called "the Greek spirit of free inquiry," consisted of first the desire to know, then the determination to find an explanation for phenomena in harmony with reason, and finally the qualities of open-mindedness, sincerity, industry, and power of observation. This humanistic view of rationality caused largely the break-up of the older religious sanctions and brought on the Age of Pericles (445-431 B. C.) which was the high

point of Greek history. Greece fell as a nation about the beginning of the Christian Era and Rome followed with the rise of the Roman Catholic Church. For centuries after the fall of Greece and Rome, rationality or the Greek spirit of free inquiry was lost and authoritarianism became the dominant mode of thought. All wisdom came from God and gradually seeped down through the Pope and clergy to the common man, disbelief or heresy being the chief sin to be stamped out by fire and sword if possible.

Although rationality was in abeyance during the Middle Ages, it was not entirely lost and there were individuals and centers where real scholarship was cultivated. There were also certain historic events: the Crusades, the growth of towns, trade, commerce and industry, Scholasticism, and Chivalry, which tended to stir men's minds. Then, too, the ancient manuscripts from Greece and Rome had been preserved by the monks in the monasteries, although this fact was not generally known and had no effect until the fourteenth century when an Italian scholar named Petrarch discovered them and brought them to public notice. Immediately a great furor arose and everyone wished to learn Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. With the finding of this material the Greek spirit of free inquiry was re-

captured and the brilliant period of history known as the Renaissance was ushered in and the modern man characterized by questioning and thought came on the scene.

The first century after the Renaissance was the sixteenth and as religion was the major interest of the Middle Ages, it was the first area of culture to feel the force of the new thinking and the outcome was the Reformation which broke forever the hold of the authoritarianism of the Catholic Church. The seventeenth century was marked by the application of rational thinking to the natural world and science and discovery resulted; the eighteenth to the political world and absolutism in government went by the board; the nineteenth to the industrial world and the democracy of trade unionism resulted; the twentieth to all human relationships and the fixity of tradition has been broken in many fields. It is here that for the first time sex relations can be examined in the light of scientific and rational thinking and homosexuals have the hope that emotional prejudice and bias may give way to a truer and more just evaluation.

While the humanistic principle of free inquiry is far from complete application to the concerns of man's search for welfare and happiness, it has made a magnificent start and has influenced all types of philosophy. More specifically and explicitly the term scientific humanism is coming to represent the thinking of intelligent people especially in the rejection of most of the supernaturalism so long taught by the authoritarian religions. It is a man-centered belief, he having emerged from nature as a result of a continuous process and become a free agent in the seeking of his own destiny. To be sure he is a product of his inheritance acted upon

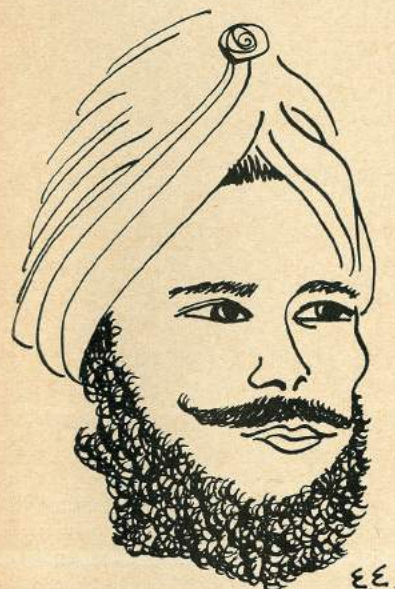
by the natural and social environment, but as an active participant in it he has the ability and the duty to help remold it, that is, take an increasing part in solving its problems. He is at this stage an active and conscious agent in his own evolution. The test of all action, purpose, and experience as well as of all social institutions is their human significance. Humanism is concerned with art, science, labor, friendship, love—all that is expressive of satisfying human living. The realization and fulfillment of human personality are the aim of all of man's living and the fact that it takes place in a social setting makes it incumbent upon him to work constantly for social betterment. Rational attitudes and processes of free inquiry are to be central to all education. Emotional satisfactions grow out of the enjoyment of art, literature, music, drama, nature, and participation in the cooperative effort to promote social well-being. In sum (quoting from the Humanist Manifesto): Man alone is responsible for the realization of the world of his dreams and has within himself the power to work for its achievement. He must set intelligence and will to the task of realizing the good life for all men everywhere.

Thus, according to this philosophy, the homosexual has within himself the power to make and determine his own life through the agency of his own intelligence. He is not dependent upon some mystical and supernatural agency working within the shadow, whom he may never know and whose negative blows he must accept with equanimity. But he is still not alone. The brotherhood "which makes all men one" is with him and in association with kindred spirits working for the same goals and ideals he may find a deeper satisfaction than he had hitherto known. One has here the deeper meaning of One Institute.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homophile magazines abroad.

I met a Sikh



by

Harry
Otis

Seek an ye shall find! In Calcutta, however, an American need not seek, and certainly not in front of The Grand Hotel. The uninhibited Sikh taxi drivers parked there can be a problem and even more so after dark. Shyness is as foreign to the Sikh character as a deodorant would be to his skin.

How does one recognize a Sikh? By his very long, coarse black hair, a steel bangle on his wrist, and his clothes.

A man once asked a guru—a religious teacher—why Sikhs never shave. The guru's reply was, "When man hath shaved his mind, he hath shaved his head. Without shaving his mind, he findeth not the way. To become the dust of the feet of all is to shave the head."

To wash off many accumulations of grime Sikhs bathe in Calcutta's numerous water tanks. Although they are forbidden for public use, he uses them nevertheless and pays a fine of two rupees when the police catch him, which is seldom. His combined laundering and bathing routine seldom varies. First he washes his pugri, a turban five or six yards long, then spreads it on the earth to dry. Next comes his kesh, his hair which is tied in a hard knot on the top of his head. Whether at home or in public he must sit in the sun an hour or so until his crown

of glory dries, otherwise if he puts his pugri on it while it is still wet it will stink. Since most Sikhs bathe once a week and some not that often, in the merciless Indian heat they become odoriferous, and their insatiable appetite for great quantities of onions and garlic at each meal seldom lessens their fragrance. After a Sikh has washed his body he then washes his katcha—underpants that come to his knees and a long tailed shirt that drops a few inches below.

While he may bathe whenever he wishes or is forced to under threats of social ostracism, a Pathan cannot. To get water in his country, which borders along the northwestern frontier of India, now Pakistan, he must climb hills and walk two or three miles.

Strong and powerfully built from centuries of hard work a Pathan is fair, often handsome by our western standards and invariably decorated with dust and sweat, his clothing stiff from both. No Pathan, whether he is a father or a bachelor, is content without his boy. Few venture from their homes but those who do, go to India's large cities and become Kabulees, money lenders. There is a saying that a man who borrowed from a Pathan is ruined because he will have to pay several times more than the capital in interest. Whether the family at home profits from father's financial acumen is problematical; that the boy does may be seen in his clothes, jewelry and spending money.

Sikhs and Pathans avoid each other as we of the western world shun skunks. Pathans are born Pathans but a Sikh is made. A male child after the age of 8 is subjected to a religious ritual and from that day onward he must have five things on his person, namely (1) his kesh, (2) the katcha, (3) a kirpan, the emblem of a sword embossed in steel on a wooden comb which he carries in his hair, (4) the kanga—comb, of two inches in length it is used to put the hair in place then is tucked under the turban, (5) kara, a steel bracelet which may be worn on either wrist.

Sikh history shows they were ferocious warriors and expert horsemen and lived mostly in caves and hills with no room for women and children, attractive boys an exception. Gurmukhi, their language, as most Indian languages, is derived from the Sanscrit. The word seik sikh and seishal signifies discipline. Forbidden the use of tobacco Sikhs get a terrific charge from bang, an intoxicating drug; and after sunset they hit the bottle; to do so before then is against their religious principles. Also taboo is the eating of beef. Their favorite delicacy is the strong flavored flesh of the jungle hog after it has been exposed a day in the sun.

Guru Nanak, founder of Sikhism, was born in the village of Tilwundy, in the district of Chatti, province of Lahore, 1469 A. D. With Mardana his beloved and devoted friend he retired from the world and like a wandering minstrel spent his time meditating, composing and singing hymns to the accompaniment of the rabash, a musical instrument of Arab origin which Mardana played for him. Their twelve year companionship ended with Mardana's death.

This thought provoking passage from Nanak's longest poem, the Japji, is repeated daily by every Sikh: "Kings and Emperors who possess oceans and mountains of property are not equal to the worm which forgetteth not God in his heart."

Monhan Singh, the lanky Sikh I met not only looked very clean but was orderless. To my amazement he asked me if I came from our western states. I told him I did and asked him how he had arrived at his deduction. He said it was my accent, that he had learned our regional accents through our movies—the westerns his favorites and the bloodier the better. At the time we were standing on Darmahatta Street in front of a lumber company where he worked as a carpenter.

Several Sikhs passed us and he greeted them with "Sardarjee" which I discovered was our "How goes it?" in Malaynese. And I noticed when he mentioned their names each ended in Singh. He explained the similarity was a customary form of salutation among them; Singh being a derivation of the Sanscrit word Simba meaning lion and came into use in the early days of Sikhism.

A Sikh driven taxi rushed past us. I told him what a nuisance I had found the drivers. He laughed and said each had a number such as WED-116, MBD-308 and the one with the prefix WBD had the reputation of being the most aggressive and dissolute.

Monhan wanted me to meet Vasenden, a young Hindu with whom he shared a flat. Another western movie fan, Vasenden, came from Calicut a small town in southwest India where a group of Arabs settled some years back. They were merchants. Without women, a few married Muslim girls, but the others remained more or less aloof from society. One of these bachelors, Vasenden—he was 19 then—met in a theatre lobby and they left together. Outside a gang of local toughs yelled insults at them. The Arab ran to where he lived and brought back friends. A fight ensued and the police came. The outcome was that whenever an Arab was seen with a Hindu youth under 20 he was taken to the police station and warned but with youths slightly older he was ignored. Vasenden, embittered by the experience, left Calicut and took with him his pet, Nedja—a handsome white cockatoo.

On entering the flat with Monhan I saw the bird perched on a stand but Nedja spotted me first and screeched at me, "You bloody bitch." Vasenden, very embarrassed, apologized. He explained that he once worked for a cane carrying Englishman with a skinny, parrot-voiced wife, a very talkative one. At times when her incessant chattering upset his British aplomb he yelled at her, "Shut up, you bloody bitch." Nedja for a reason known only to cockatoos, learned the three words quickly and easily and thereafter greeted everyone who entered the flat with them.

An interesting occasion happened when a missionary with his Bible came to convert Monhan and Vasenden. Although a bachelor himself, and graceful, their marital status worried him and he feared for their souls unless they separated and married women, at least he gave that as his reason for calling on them. But no sooner had he come through the door than Nedja screeched "You bloody bitch" at him. Suddenly paralyzed the man of God dropped his Bible. He stared at Nedja in horror for a moment then turned and tore out of the flat. Later Vasenden sold the Bible to a used book dealer and bought Nedja an aluminum drinking cup. He had dropped several glass ones to the floor and screeched when they crashed.

Monhan served us arreak, and odd tasting cookies. Both he and Vasenden asked me endless questions about the west. Time passed too quickly and it became dark before I realized it. I didn't relish the idea of taking a Sikh driven taxi back to the hotel and was glad when Monhan offered to walk with me.

After darkness dulls the heat on Calcutta's sun baked side walks they become bedrooms. The barber who sits cross legged on the ground in front of his customer, also cross legged, and shaves him without soap and water, lies inert on the cement with his precious razor clutched in his bony hands. Beside a youngish woman, weariness in her thin face, her eyes closed, is a rattan basket. All day she carries it on her head and watches for fresh piles of bull dung which she scoops up with her bare hands, drops into the basket and takes to Paddy Cake Hill—a curing bank on the river where other women neatly arrange cakes of dung they have patted and shaped to pancake thinness. Dried they are sold for fuel.

Before we reached The Grand we passed through a corner of the park bordering Chowringhee Road. In the vast black sky two stars glistened brighter than all the others. Monhan pointed to them and said that every time he saw them he was reminded of a close friend, Moindeen and his wife Amina. They were reasonably happy until one night Moindeen brought home a youth and introduced him as a business associate. During the dinner he was so solicitous of the youth's comfort and tastes Amina became suspicious. After dinner he took him home in his car and stayed too long for Amina's peace of mind. Unable to sleep she went to the window and looked at the sky. She saw only two stars and they winked at her. Soon afterward Moindeen became ill from a strange poison then Amina vanished. Finally she was found wandering along a deserted road and whenever anyone spoke to her she shook her head dumbly and pointed to the sky.

At the hotel door after I bade Monhan good night and watched his slender figure fade into the darkness I thought of the comment he made after he finished telling me the story. It was, "In sikhism, associations such as Moindeen's with the youth are considered just a passing phase in life that must be experienced."

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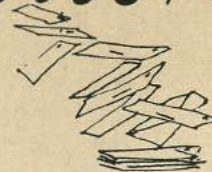
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Letters



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 Editors:

You're always printing letters by readers telling how much they enjoy issues. Do you also print letters about how lousy a reader finds an issue? If so, please accept Bronx cheers for your October-November issue. I hope Internal Revenue will allow the four bits to be considered pure charity. The so-called poetry was, with very few exceptions, a pathetic waste of time and paper. And God! Of all miserable claptrap: "Some Historical Incidents." The two "incidents" each concerned characters of no great fame or interest, and, more important, were in all ways pointless and witless. And there are so many you could choose from in this area: Julius Caesar's yielding his young body to the King of Bythnia to get a Roman naval base (see Suetonius); the birth of democracy at Athens as a result of intrigues arising from the tyrant taking a youth from his lover (see almost any Greek classical history); The Sacred Band of Thebes, with Philip's beautiful epitaph (see Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas) over their mass death in battle; the tragic execution of the Boy-Emperor Conradino with his lover Frederick of Baden voluntarily joining him in death on the block (1268 A.D.).

Mr. G.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Just a short letter to acknowledge my October-November issue of ONE and let you know that I thought it especially fine. I'm quite fond of poetry and appreciated seeing more of it on "other love." I was especially enamoured of the UNSUNG LOVER by Jody Shotwell and of course always enjoy articles by Sten Russell. The little biographies of the people that contribute to your publication are enlightening and tend to make one feel more "at home" than just names—hope that you plan to make it a feature more or less permanently.

Miss B.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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Write DIRECTOR for information

Gentlemen:

I recently purchased a copy of ONE on a newsstand and found it informative and enlightening. Should I choose to subscribe would I be violating any Federal law or statute?

Mr. E.
HARTSVILLE, S. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Please read the First Amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

Dear Guys and Gals:

I am enclosing what at first glance may seem to be a very long account of a killing. As you read it, particularly the portions I have lined with blue pencil, you will realize the significance of the article.

A man, bachelor or married, can become involved with women—even minors—and eventually he can live down his indiscretion. But for those men in our world there is no such solution. The more reckless ones are constant prey for the chisellers who roam the bars, the parks, the cheap movies. Apparently the dead man was physically attractive—he would have to be, naturally—who used this attractiveness to prowl the bars, looking for the lonely and the "hungry" to victimize. Apparently he found "good hunting," until a cop's bullet sent him to the everlasting hell which should be reserved for all such vultures. I am neither unkind nor inhuman in my attitudes toward society, but the reading of this article gave me exquisite pleasure and lasting satisfaction. The policeman who fired the shot should be awarded a medal.

It's all pretty sordid, I know. But like many other situations in our society, our way of life need only become sordid when and if we choose to make it so. Wish I had half a million dollars to give to you to carry on your wonderful work, but, lacking this, I can give you loyalty and my support, and my everlasting gratitude for your guts and courage in founding ONE.

Mr. D.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dr. Mr. Crowther:

For some time I have wanted to write a note to you and mention my thanks for your article on ETHICS. As you were enough aware of value to write this article, I imagine you will understand how much uplift it means for those who care about such things. I sincerely hope you will write more of the same type of articles, and I hope my appreciation of this very clearly and well-written article of yours will prove of encouragement to you.

Mr. P.
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Dear Sirs:

Have you noticed what has happened in Little Rock? The city passed an ordinance requiring the NAACP to make public its confidential files. Now that the NAACP has refused, the police are arresting its officers.

Just where do we members stand with ONE? What assurance do we have that our names won't be seized and made public in the future? If Los Angeles wanted to put the screws on you, they could pass such a Little Rock ordinance, too.

The many people I've tried to coax into subscribing to ONE all had that as an excuse—"Our names on a list like that, are you crazy?" Give us absolute foolproof assurance our names can never be confiscated and I'll bet membership would go up a hundred percent. Why don't you publicize your guarantee, if you have any.

Mr. R.
TAMPA, FLORIDA

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Your inquiry and comparison of Little Rock, the NAACP, and those who are members and subscribers to ONE is natural. Although we quite regularly print the facts governing our status you apparently are not aware of them. In an important case (Rumeley, 1953) the U. S. Supreme Court unanimously held that NO AGENCY WHATEVER, for any purpose whatever, may have access to the lists of readers of a publication, or purchasers of books. So you see that the comparison between what happened in Little Rock is not apt, the NAACP being an organization, not primarily a publisher.

Unfortunately our circulation has never in the past increased "a hundred percent," when we have published the above facts. Might it be that those who really wish to read ONE Magazine are not so generally fearful as might be supposed?

Gentlemen:

A friend told me of your organization and from what little I know of the same I am heartily in favor of what you are trying to do by means of publication, education and other media. I should like to ask if you have any clergymen or chaplains connected with your organization in a counselling capacity? Have you seen the pamphlet, LETTER TO A HOMOSEXUAL by Father Kenneth Ross, published by Forward Movement Publications, 421 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio?

Mr. S.
SARASOTA, FLORIDA

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Yes, we do have three clergymen working with us. We first saw LETTER TO A HOMOSEXUAL when it was sent to us from England where it was first published.

Gentlemen:

I have begun to rely heavily on the candor and honesty of ONE'S book reviews and feel greatly disturbed by your sponsorship of GAY BAR. I cannot recall reading a duller, more stupid or unnecessary book. The author does not even comprehend the actual subject matter of her pamphlet, for a far more suitable title for her very small effort would be, "Ain't I Cute?" I am certain that ONE's promotion of such a low grade manual of self-appreciation has done your book department irreparable harm. So far as I can discern, the book begins and ends with Dr. Baker's intelligent and enlightened introduction.

Mr. P.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Dear ONE:

One of these days I'm going to break a long silence over the head of Miss L. of San Francisco, who thinks it a crime for a homosexual to fix upon some young and innocent (innocent the woman says, as if the rest of us were guilty) and tell him they ain't no Santa Claus and rabbits don't lay Easter eggs. Miss L.'s other thoughts are so cogent that it's a pity she gets a little mixed up at just this point.

Teachers are in a business that is replete with paradoxes. A teacher is constantly striving to give away his capital, his stock in trade, the knowledge that is at once so precious and so generally scorned by those to whom it is offered. Perhaps then we should not be surprised at the paradox that we who have no children are diligent in giving youngsters the wisdom that they need and sometimes yearn for while the natural protectors, their parents, exert every power or influence at their command to hobble and blind the kids.

Mr. M.
EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA

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