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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

APRIL, 1958
FIFTY CENTS



THE SINGLE HOMOSEXUAL

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

magazine

Volume VI

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EDITORIAL

Standards of moral decency and social responsibility are being flouted so often and so flagrantly these days by various public figures that the very foundations of our American way of life are threatened. Like termites these insidious operations are carried on unseen, well hidden underneath great pretenses of virtue outraged. Unless infringements on Constitutional government are vigorously opposed by the better elements of society we may well find ourselves sinking down into the quicksands of those double standards of public behavior we so deplore in some other countries.

By way of illustration, under a Washington dateline Representative Patrick Hillings (Rep), California, is quoted as warning that the "Los Angeles metropolitan area is in danger of becoming the smut capital of the nation unless Federal and state postal laws are strengthened. Hillings based his warning on a statement by Los Angeles Postmaster Otto K. Oleson." The name Oleson will ring a bell for readers of ONE.

It was further urged that, "the Postmaster General should be given authority to impound material at the office of mailing until a hearing can be held under the Administrative Procedures Act on questionable matters submitted to the general council for ruling as to mailability." Are we to understand that they now wish to legalize what was done anyhow to ONE Magazine in August, 1953? That issue was impounded by the postoffice and for some time before we forced its release.

Incidentally, who would decide which are "questionable matters"? If there is any essential difference between this proposal and censorship on the Communist pattern Representative Hillings should make this clear. A further point needing clarification is how it comes about that American courts of law no longer are considered competent to protect the public and that we must have decisions handed down by some "general council." We should never forget that it is by subterfuge, by posing evil as being good, that anti-American forces seek to whittle away our rights and freedoms.

The bland insolence of a public employee like Oleson, his salary paid by taxpayers such as you and I, calling for pre-judgment of the mailability of printed material—something the courts have rejected over and over again as completely contrary to basic American legal principles—is almost beyond belief in its lack of moral responsibility. Even less defensible is the conduct of an elected representative of the people in dignifying such conduct by presenting it for Congressional consideration. Perhaps it is that being "against smut" is always popular and vote-worthy.

It can be agreed that being "against smut" is entirely praiseworthy, but first we must find out what smut is. Would it not seem that of all possible candidates for deciding such a question Postmaster Oleson must surely be judged one of the least fit or competent? For it must be remembered that the highest court of our land UNANIMOUSLY found (ONE vs Oleson) that Otto's judgements on pornography and obscenity were worthless, at least in that case.

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He is further quoted as saying to the House subcommittee, "As a result of unfavorable court decisions in Los Angeles, postmasters in this area are the laughingstock of the so-called smut fraternity." Apparently this thing of being a "laughingstock" is a pretty big issue with our busy bureaucrat.

How great is the need today for big men in public positions, men big enough to understand the principles on which this country was founded and big enough to be willing to work within such a framework! We need less tampering, less courting of the hysterical fears of various pressure groups, less expediency and more political honesty, greater social responsibility and public morality. These are the things we must have from our employees and representatives, those entrusted with the daily administration of this unique and democratic society we have. Else we shall be losing it, and let us never forget—any tampering with the right to read is dangerous and completely anti-American.

Wm. Lambert, Associate Editor

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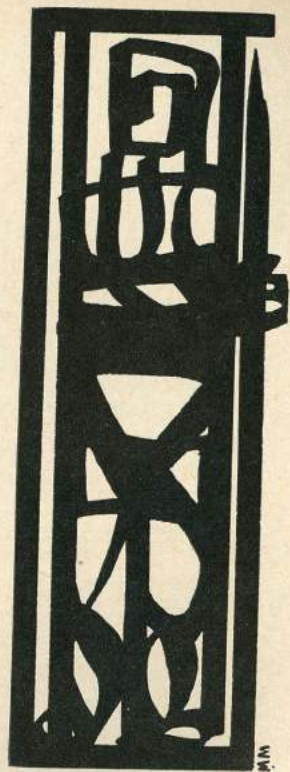
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THE SINGLE HOMOSEXUAL

by Frank Golovitz

"For narrow is the gate and hard the way, and few there be that find it . . ."



(All the names in this account are purely fictional.)

The first question about the life of a single homosexual is whether his living alone is a curse or a blessing. And that depends . . .

Examples of lonely, unhappy homosexuals, such as Blair Niles' sobering portrayal of the tormented and confused Mark Thornton in her novel, *Strange Brother*, are familiar. Less so are the live-alone-and-like-it type.

Harris Medwick was a bachelor by choice. He could have married had he chosen, and could have made it good. Someone tried to blackmail him once, and the supervisor of his research plant called him in and urged he marry for appearance sake. Harris said he'd considered it, but felt it was untrue to his own nature and unfair to any prospective wife.

A high-level physicist, he survived McCarthyism and still has security clearance, despite his homosexuality and his liberally expressed political ideas. I met him in Oakland eight years ago when he talked to some science-fiction fans about "The Morals of Tomorrow." Society, he said, was approaching the stage where birth control and scientific child-care would make the family obsolete and would release all but a few from reproduction, with sterilization allowing sex freedom to most of the population.

In later conversation he quoted Francis Bacon—"He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are an impediment to great enterprises," and applied the same to so-called homosexual "marriage." Personal, animal contentedness may be a natural and ultimate

goal for most people, but anyone aiming higher must allow neither sex nor entangling alliances to hold him back. Harris personally approached sex and friendship with casual openness and warmth, but like a man who eats with relish when hungry, and then gets up and goes about his business—his scientific work.

"But it's not good for man to be alone," I protested.

"Our society," he answered, "tries to enforce heterosexual monogamy with a little Bible-quoting, forgetting that Jesus chose to be alone, and St. Paul said all Christians, except the moral weaklings, ought to be single. People are put together with varying needs and capabilities. The Roman Church says serving the Church takes the whole man. Any man who is committed, to science, art, politics or what, can be tied to a marriage and do justice to that and his profession. 'No man can serve two masters,' the committed man lives among people, but can't allow any one to enslave him. Friendship and sex, for him, are peripheral needs."

I asked if he wasn't just rationalizing and sublimating his sexual frustration. "If I'm frustrated," he replied, "I don't see the evidence. I think that's nonsense, but it doesn't matter. The world needs scientists and it needs babymakers. But I haven't time for both jobs."

Few can live by his rule—but few have his commitment. I've known more homosexuals whose lives were less ideal.

Johnny Geffels was another sort. He supervised a tenement in Lower East Side New York, living alone in filthy basement quarters among stacks of papers and magazines. Geffels looked like an "auntie" though barely thirty, but was quick to express his hatred of "queers." With sordid monotony, he made a nightly search of

public "cans" for the most impersonal form of sex contact. I shouldn't judge him unduly. He may have been living according to his nature and within his limits, and he was harmless. Should we look for causes in rejection—loss of self-respect? Did he despise himself too much for affinity with another human being? Who knows? Such explanations are to facile even though they hit the mark now and then . . .

Dirk Hutzief's philosophy was a little like Harris Medwick's. Single by choice, he was hardly homosexual by choice—he could barely stand a woman in the room—he was too much the grand bitch himself. He was a dedicated artist but with little recognition for it. Ironically, two novels and his exquisite poetry, which he held in low regard, were quite successful. He had a large San Francisco apartment during the war and threw a party whenever he finished a painting—four or five times a year. Starting as prissily formal affairs, ending as brawls, they were often followed by his brief, garishly passionate romances, with the partner modeling for the next Blake-like painting. Dirk had elaborate, mystical "love force" theories. He was convinced that love, the fuel and inspiration for his art, must never stagnate into a permanent (smothering) relationship.

"The Eros-passion," he said, "is like a match's incandescence—it naturally consumes itself. Art seeks to crystalize, for all time, an image from the flaring passion which the artist must have glimpsed and then let go of before he can conceive and create. If he tries to wallow in the passion beyond his time, he is trapped and will never create. The artist deliberately has to snuff out passion at its zenith to get the most out of it artistically. Others have this problem too. The common herd *thinks* passion can be

preserved forever—the grand illusion. If you don't snuff out a match, it burns out soon enough. But *they* engage a priest to bless the cold ashes with which they live—pretending they still tend the flame."

Gerald Albritten was a promising young State Department official. Extremely brilliant, he had an ability to "pump" people without seeming to, striking facility for languages, a good, conservative appearance, and infinitely charming social manners. I met him through New York friends shortly after McCarthy's rise. Gerald was seen too often with 42nd Street hustlers. He fought his dismissal, but in vain. He had it rough till he got an overseas job with an export firm.

"If some homos are sensitive to blackmail," he said, "it's society that forces them into secrecy. The best men in foreign service are single, and usually homosexual. It's the man who puts his family first who's really a security problem."

The Church of England not long ago urged homosexuals, who couldn't be changed, to *abstain*. Armin Thompson had done this for years, he was a "Y" counsellor in my home town, and I was referred to him for advice about my own problem. His aggressive masculinity left me unprepared for his own confession: "You're not alone. Millions of us have to find ways to face this problem. It's up to you—what kind of moral fibre you've got. You can spend your life feeling sorry for yourself, if you want. You can live in slinking degradation, shock society and alienate those who respect you, live like a crazy bohemian, if you want. But *if* you want, if you have the moral fibre, the will power, the faith in God to carry you through, you can turn this terrible urge into a beautiful and useful thing. Man's love for man is the purest emotion of which we are humanly capable, but it must not be corrupted."

I argued. Why should physical expression of this love be more corrupting than with ordinary love? But to him overt sex was the first step to ruin.

"We don't find it easy to resist our impulses. Working in the 'Y,' temptation tears at me every minute. It's not just seeing men and boys and having desire toward them, it's knowing the things that go on here . . . I chose to work here so I would always keep my guard up. If I forget these evil desires for one solitary minute, and they suddenly sneaked up behind me, I'm afraid to think what would happen."

I soon grew tired of his preaching, and convinced his approach to homosexuality was dangerously unhealthy and unnatural. I had to begin my own quest for that perfect life-partner. I found that quest was a way of life in itself, and a deflector of my other ambitions. As Dorothy Parker said:

"Accursed from their birth they be
Who seek to find monogamy,
Pursuing it from bed to bed.
I think they would be better dead."

Yes, many homosexuals are single, not by choice, but because they haven't found the "one."

Some set impossible standards. Ray Pittrucci set his so high that thirty years hunting found him no nearer his goal. But his nightly hunt goes on, and each new friend is met with pledges of eternal love, and invited to share Ray's house and bank balance. Somewhere in this frantic engagement, the newcomer is inevitably tried in the balance and found wanting, and next morning, cast forth into utter darkness.

Some don't go easily, and Ray had paid dearly for his mistakes. He is an extreme type, but not rare.

Marcia Deal has been carrying on the same process longer, though her trial runs last long enough for her to

get to know her partners. She spends all of her slight accountant's income setting up housekeeping anew with the latest mate. The monotonous outcome: a few days of passion followed by weeks of disillusionment and a painful and sometimes expensive separation. But her faith remains unshakeable in the "next one." Altogether, the shortcomings seem seldom so much in her lovers as in her impractical idealization. I doubt if she has ever seen a lover as a human being.

But a few words on the *unsingle* homosexual. Countless homosexuals are heterosexually married, some being only partly gay, others for disguise.

There are also those who are *married* homosexually and consider this the goal of homosexuality. Many of these set-ups are mere pseudo-heterosexuality, with a "husband" and a "wife," rather than the desirable partnership of sexual equals, which is not my concern in this article. If a young man considers himself a girl, there's no harm in his trying to be a good wife to some big bruiser—but it isn't real homosexuality.

There are three main categories of single homosexuals: those who are single by choice and consider it an advantage; those who are single because their love instincts are dried up; and those who are still hunting. Some of the latter find their mate, and that's good, but I think socially-useful homosexuals are mostly in the first group: the men or women committed to something higher than their own physical desires, using homosexuality as fuel rather than as an end in itself. If they live with another person, it is likely for friendship or convenience, not mateship. One needn't reject his impulses by denying himself sex, love or affinity, but he always tries to check those impulses, never letting

them dominate him or defer his ambition.

Ken Miles is a difficult but common type. Raised in a rough, bordertown background, straining to conform to super-masculine standards, he tortured himself with the unfaced sex problem till he was almost unable to face any problem. Yet he doggedly lifted himself by his bootstraps, searching his soul, analyzing and correcting his mannerisms and habits, trying, almost successfully, to press himself into the "average man" mold. Personable, but too self-occupied to "mix" well, he has submitted to his homosexual urges, with an analyst's promptings—but only as a stopgap. He is sure his homosexuality merely dams the flow of his natural heterosexual impulse. By freeing this urge now, he hopes to ultimately free the other. He has written a lengthy autobiographical sketch which I hope can soon see publication. He lives in a small room, frequently drops in on gay friends nearby, and spends hours wishing his father had saved him from this frustration by being more chummy, and trying to figure a scheme whereby boys who face this lonely problem could get a sympathetic ear in time . . .

Certainly one of the roughest aspects of the single homosexual is the case of the youths who don't know the answers and are afraid to ask the questions. But any older man who tries to lend a hand is liable to the charge of "corrupting" them . . .

I don't know if Manvers Parmain is single by choice. There's a lot that's not easily known about him, though the outer details are known to half of Chicago. A fantastic person, he wears the word, "character," like a title of nobility. He lives in the grand manner on a modest income in a quaint house that is like an amazingly overstuffed Victorian museum. He rises late and

begins to receive with sparkling conversation the friends and acquaintances who troupe in and out of his house till the following daybreak. The "grand style" is implicit in his every gesture, yet it is elegance without pretense. He is single, but he is seldom alone . . .

Manvers seems a mature and unusually colorful version of something seen in certain young, unabashed "queens," that gayety from which this life takes its most common but least accurate name. With many, the gayety is too forced—a sham—but these are some, and they are often constitutionally single, for whom the life is a "camp," a very good, gay time. So unlike the pathetic ones who so predictably commit suicide in gay novels, and sometimes in real life . . .

The tragic types I haven't dwelt on. But the sorriest seem to me those for whom the hunt is deadly serious, but who've passed their prime as hunters without finding even themselves.

Tilly Andrews would fit none of these categories. I knew her back east in 1948—she was sixty and one of those amazing persons who has done everything, known everyone, been everywhere. She became a doctor in her youth, when that was a rare thing for a woman, was an active suffragette, and once member of a state Senate. She was in Frisco during the quake. She served overseas in the First War, lived in Hawaii, China and various parts of Europe and worked at all sorts of things. She published several novels, books, poems and articles over the years, all received with interest, but building up to no solid reputation. She was the best distance hiker I ever set out with.

I was taking private writing instructions from her—she took on a few students singly. I mentioned homosexuality in a story (she'd already spotted it in me) and we discussed it at length.

I asked her why she'd never found a permanent mate.

"A mate for me?" and she roared. "Could you imagine there being two like me? I'm a single old shoe and heaven and earth couldn't find a mate for me.

"A real mate is someone who matches you pretty close, and if I found someone like myself the two of us couldn't stay in the same room twenty minutes. No, I'm not really joking. Mateship means equality, really meshing with another person—maybe the odds were better when I was young, but I was a pretty rare bird even then. Love is something else, and I've loved more times than I could count. People think you can't really love but once in a lifetime, or at least, only one person at a time. Nonsense! The dimensions of love are limited only by the individuals' capacities. I loved two of my husbands—and I still love my son and his family. I loved the first teacher who ever kindled an intellectual spark in me, and the first girl I ever slept with. I used to find a good husband for each of my lovers, after a year or so, which was noble of me. You see, I could love a simple person, but not live with them long. Yet all those loves are warmly present with me, as memories. And I have current loves: my students, this town, and this whole foolish and wonderful country of ours—loves aplenty, but never a mate in my whole life, and I don't feel I've missed it.

"I don't think everyone's capable of true mate ship. It requires a certain naivete. I've had too complex a life, too many sharp edges of fluid opinion about the things that count with us intellectuals, for me to blend prettily with another personality. Our society has the silly and damaging notion, taken from an 11th Century Romantic heresy, that there's something

wrong with anyone who doesn't find a lifetime soulmate, or a reasonably compatible compromise. And yet we profess to value individualism. There's nothing wrong with an individualist finding a mate, but the odds are against it. Mostly its just sham. Men seldom really want soulmates—they want housekeepers. I've never hankered to be a servant, or to have one."

"But don't you get lonesome now," I asked. "with no one to share your memories?"

"How could I? I've an oversized collection of memories, and I could only share them with someone who had a very similar lot herself, which is asking a lot, or with an analyst or some other paid ear. No, I'm capable of containing my own load, and if I must overflow a bit, there's writing—or some student willing to listen a few minutes.

"No, real mateship wasn't for me. I've had a good life. I learned early to stand on my own feet, and that's something. Let those who can't manage that do the weeping and wailing. I've never been lonesome in my life."

This brings us back to our original question: What attitude should we take to the single homosexual's life? It depends on his own attitude toward life. If he is looking for a partner, then it *may* be good if he finds one, and can be very sad if he doesn't. But if he can find within himself, or in commitment to some cause or profession, the resources to sustain him, then the life of that single homosexual can be a life worth living, a thing to shout about.

Like Tilly Andrews, I no longer look to find a suitable mate, and am satisfied to live alone—yet if one should come along—the right one . . .

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A NIGHT OUT

by John Norris

It was like a golden waterfall over the side of a glass. Then the waterfall stopped and the whirlpool of foam settled at the top of the glass and flickered. Mitchell set the bottle down on the bar and held to it, thinking, it ought to be alive tonight. He looked around the room at the men mingled with their shadows and images. Everywhere glazed surfaces returned reflections—the bar, the mirror behind the bar, the shining tables, the glasses, Lights and shadows and men. Everywhere eyes were moving. The eyes in the mirror, the eyes in the glasses, the eyes on the bar, the eyes on the tables. Lights and eyes and shadows and men.

Mitchell looked at the youth in the mirror. Yes, said the lights and the shadows, the hair is blonde, but not as blonde as it really is. Yes, the lips are full. Yes, the eyes are laughing. Yes, the face. Yes, I am Mitchell. Mitchell looked down the mirror. There were eleven men at the bar. But it is still early. It should be alive tonight. Twenty-two eyes in the mirror. And all the eyes are moving. Some gazing at their beers. Some slowly swerving to the door. Some wandering across the room without stopping to focus. Some fixing on the ceiling. A swirl of living eyes. But always returning, as if caught by a magnet, to the mirror at the bar. A bartender in white passed down the bar and broke the contacts. Mitchell blinked and sipped his beer.

Everyone entered a circuit of communication. The dialogue of legs, the dialogue of eyes, the dialogue of gestures, the dialogue of voices. Mitchell listened to the music from the juke box, broken by patches of conversation from the tables behind him.

"Do you like tennis? Someday we'll . . ."

"Then this perfectly carnivorous woman flops down by me . . ."

"Jesus! That Brahms' Concerto sends you . . ."

"I thought I would simply die when . . ."

"And this guy was p-o'd about the whole thing . . ."

A perfectly carnivorous women. Christ, they've never had a woman, Mitchell thought. That's what MALE is, it's strength. It's like when I was on the track team at school or when I did the pole vault. I could feel the strength gushing into my muscles. That was power. I knew I was MAN. It's just like that to lay a woman. In bed with Sarah it's that way. There, on her soft breasts and thighs, I overcome her with MALENESS. Sarah is weak but she becomes strong—I give her strength. That's being a man. Mitchell rubbed his hand over the steel muscles of his chest. That's being a man, he thought.

Mitchell took a drink of beer and held it in his mouth. That was when it tasted worse, warm, mixed with saliva. He swallowed it and looked into the mirror. A tall man wearing horn-rimmed glasses was sitting down next to him.

"A gin cocktail," the man said to the bartender.

"I'll have another beer," Mitchell said.

In the mirror the man with the horn-rimmed glasses looked at Mitchell. Let him look, the Mitchell in the mirror blinked. Let him gape, but just let him say anything, the eyes smiled. Let him. Mitchell raised his glass to his mouth.

"You come here much?" the man asked.

"No," Mitchell said. "I used to hit the spots when I was in the army." For laughs. It's always for laughs, Mitchell thought. These people are like clowns imitating men. The lengths some of them go to seem manly. The almost military bearing. When underneath they're fakes, male impersonators. I always come to be entertained, Mitchell thought. To laugh out loud at the whole goddam bunch. But it's hard to laugh. It's too disgusting. Too horrible. Too unnatural. I come here, just like some people read horror stories, Mitchell decided.

"Say, haven't I seen you in some athletic contest?" the man asked.

"Could be," Mitchell said.

"You a professional?"

"Nope."

The man looked into the eyes of the Mitchell in the mirror. "This is a pretty lively spot isn't it?" he said.

"That's a matter of opinion," Mitchell said. "In my book no place is lively without women. No place, get it?" Mitchell said.

"Huh?"

"Skip it," Mitchell said, turning away. I wouldn't want to start something and get these fakes ganged up on me.

Through the mirror Mitchell saw that the bar was becoming crowded. A young man squeezed into the seat on his right. Mitchell looked into the eyes of the young man in the mirror. They were clear and bright. He's not one of them, Mitchell thought. Doesn't know this place very well. Or maybe he came to laugh, too.

"What'll you have, Pat?" the bartender asked the young man.

"Gimme a beer." His voice was gruff.

Pat. A tough kid, Mitchell thought. He couldn't be a goddam intermediate. Reminds me of Mike. Mitchell sipped his beer. I wish Mike were here tonight. We'd do to this place what we used to do to these joints during the war.

Mitchell turned to the man with the horn-rimmed glasses on his left. "Say buddy. I want to tell you something," Mitchell said.

"Can't hear you," the man said.

"I want to tell you something," Mitchell said in a low voice, grasping the man's arm. "About a buddy of mine in the army."

"O. K. Go ahead," the man said pleasantly.

"This buddy of mine, Mike was his name, and I used to drop in at some of these hangouts during the war," Mitchell said, talking low so that no one else could hear. "Just for laughs and drinks. Well, one night this old guy came up and tried to proposition my buddy. A real stray duck, he was. 'Now listen,' he says, 'how's about coming up to my place for some free drinks and a good time?' he says to Mike. Well, I overheard him. I got up and laid him out flat right there in the middle of the joint."

The man looked away.

"Listen," Mitchell said, wondering why he had to tell this man the story. "This old fairy was spread out there on the floor and right beside him laid his glasses." Mitchell was nearly whispering. "And I *smashed* them. He was in a heap on the floor and I *smashed* his glasses," Mitchell said. "He tried to proposition Mike."

The man did not look back at Mitchell, but started a conversation with a man down the bar. Mitchell poured his beer, watching the foam rise and thicken in his glass in the mirror. His eyes moved up and down the circuit of eyes in the mirror and finally rested on those of the youth named Pat. Damned if you aren't like Mike, he thought.

He recalled again the scene in the bar when he had knocked down the old man. He had stepped on the old man's glasses and then someone had grabbed Mitchell's arm behind his back. Mike had freed him but then more men had come at him. There had been one soldier who hit squarely in his adams apple, he remembered, and he had nearly choked. It had felt like a pool of beer had soured around the edges of his throat. He could taste it now. And then he had thrown a bottle and in spite of all the noise and skirmish, had heard it break somewhere in back of the bar. Then the M.P.s had come in fiercely swinging their blackjacks, and everywhere there were flashes of black and groans. It's funny, he thought, the odd places you are hit. One M.P. had raised his blackjack and brought it down on Mitchell's stomach. He had doubled in pain.

Mitchell felt again the blackjack hitting his stomach. Once more he felt in his stomach the nausea and pain of that old experience. But this time the nausea was more like a vacuum, drawing in at the pit of his stomach. And then it raced through his muscles and demanded release. The eyes of the Pat in the mirror looked intensely at him. He felt the boy's leg resting against his own. Then the gathered pressure in his body exploded and he could feel the muscles of his leg, against his will, working and pressing themselves against Pat's leg. It was like vomiting all at once and suddenly seeing before you what had caused your nausea. All the sickness he had felt turned into the strength and longing of this one pressure. My God, Mitchell thought.

"My place isn't far from here. How about coming up for a drink," the Pat in the mirror was saying.

Mitchell suddenly became aware of the eyes. The eyes that gleamed on all the bar's surfaces and lit on him. Mitchell, and laughed. The eyes that crowded and bounced and jeered in the air. They surrounded him in judgment. It wouldn't be so horrible except for the eyes, he thought. They found him out. They swarmed about his leg and shone accusingly on the tables. He would have to escape.

Maybe somewhere outside this place he could clear his head, he thought. He could find out what was happening to him. Nobody need ever know.

Mitchell rose and followed Pat to the door. The reflected eyes converged on him. But I am not one of you, Mitchell thought. He stepped onto the street and the swirl of eyes vanished. Everything was sharp and solid once more.

About Our Authors

JOHN NORRIS has been published before in both American and English magazines. Mr. Norris says of himself, "Though I try to conceal it from my friends, I am a born crusader who believes that homosexual love peculiarly reveals human freedom and transcendence of natural ends." He hopes to continue writing and move to England for a more congenial "intellectual and social climate."

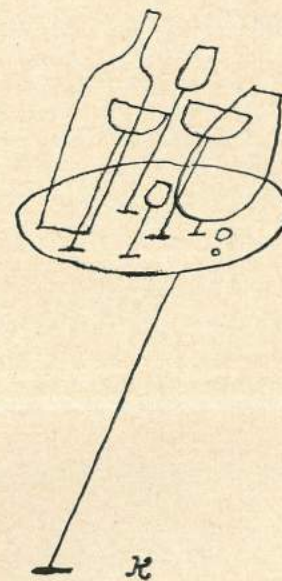
THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

ART ON SATURDAY NIGHT

by

Diana Sterling



Sue opened one eye like a scout in the lead, identified the surroundings, then let open her other eye. Her tongue moved in her mouth like an amphibious creature, independent of her, in a newly formed crater. "Ahhh," she said faintly, unsuccessfully attempting to cry out. "Woe is me. My mouth's plaster lined. Time is it?"

"Eight-thirty," said Fran, pulling blankets closer about her.

"Yah, my head's breaking." Sue made this observation at the same time her scouting eyes, on their hike to cross the room, rested on an oil painting. "What's it?" Sue said, not immediately able to identify it with anything.

"A painting," Fran said, the words were muffled underneath the covers. "What

do you think it is?" No need to ask Sue what it was she questioned. Fran knew Sue pretty well.

"Of course," said Sue, "but why? I mean, what's it doing here?"

"You said you liked it so much last night," Fran said. "I bought it for you."

"You *what* it for me?"

"Bought."

"Ow!" Sue put a palm to the top of her head. "But last night," Sue said, "last night it was *different*."

"What was different about it? You liked it didn't you? You said it was beautiful and you wanted it."

"But last night was last night. Today is . . ." Sue threw her hands out in front of her. "Oh, for petesake!" Sue groaned.

"What's different about it?"

"What'd you pay for it?"

"Two-fifty."

"Two-fifty what?" With one lunge Sue was sitting up and clasping her head.

"Two-hundred and fifty dollars. Silly."

"Our savings? But what about the down payment we were going to make on a car?"

"That wasn't important last night," Fran said. "You said you wanted that picture."

"But that was last night!" Sue cried. "Today's today. Oh." She swayed from side to side, "My head's like a barrel," and clutched her head.

"You meant it last night, didn't you?"

"Yes, but . . . *No!* I mean—oh, lord. *Look* at it. What a bunch of rot. Can't you see the thing's not worth it? I mean, Fran, *you* know art better than that. Two-hundred and fifty simoleons! Whatever possessed you?"

"Not me," Fran said. "You. Meg seemed to've liked it too. You weren't alone."

"Meg. Meg. Meg." Sue repeated the name slowly and tapped her temple with the palm of her hand at the same time as though to recall the owner of it. "You mean the tall gal with the short bob and the silver coated nails?"

"Identical."

"What if she *did* agree with me. She was just as looped as I was. Anyway, what's she know about art?"

"You liked her fine," said Fran.

"What's that to do with it?" Sue said. "Last night anybody might've been an art connoisseur, and anybody might not've."

"You liked her fine," said Fran.

"What the hell's that got to do with it?" Sue cradled her head in her hands. "For petesake, Fran, you've got more sense than to let somebody else sway your opinion of something."

"You wanted to stay there last night," Fran said.

"Stay where?" Sue turned her head slowly to face the long range of little hills Fran's body made underneath the covers.

"With that woman," said Fran. "You remember. You said you liked her hair and her choice of clothes. She wore a pair of somethings that looked like long-johns, and you said you liked her taste in art. You both hurled enough superlatives at it to make it important."

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"For petesake," Sue said, "when you got enough brandy in you things *look* different. Values change."

"You can ruin a marriage on that thesis."

"Besides," Sue's grimace was like an angler's, pulling frantically on a tugging line; the frown faded, remembering hooked something. "Besides," yanked and reeled in. "she was making all the passes if you recall." The words flopped like a dying fish on the platform of that thought; it was not savory, and in her customary manner Sue returned to the immediate. "But, why'd you buy that lousy painting?"

"You wanted it."

"You say I wanted that Meg too, why didn't you buy her?"

"Exactly."

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"Last night you said you wanted her. Did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Want her?"

"Meg? Of course not!"

"Level with me."

Sue struck an attitude of humor. "Last night everything was nectar and ambrosia and pink and moonlight. Last night . . ."

"Last night you wanted that painting!" Fran threw her covers off; tossed a pajamed leg off the side of the bed. "OK. Today you've regained a more sound perspective. But it can't take away what a fool you've been. You can't take that away. That painting there should be a good reminder."

"But two-hundred and fifty bucks worth!"

"Cheap, when you consider that a good marriage can't be bought."

"Oh." The word was a humble nod to Fran's ear. "I think I see what you're getting at." Sue spoke softly. "But, Fran, what about our plans for a car?"

"What about them?" said Fran. "They haven't been bought off. If you want, we can still have them. It'll just take a little longer, is all."

"Yes," said Sue. "I see." She slipped her finger through Fran's hair "You're so damned sensible." She ventured a glance at the painting. "Lord!" she said, "what a fool I've been."

Fran propped herself up; fluffed the pillow behind her. She pulled the shade cord at the window above them and released it so that the shade zipped up out of sight. The day stretched sunny arms onto the bed and a warm morning wind blew the white tulle curtains gently into the room.

Sue slipped out of bed and made her way to the window opposite. The world outside wavered through her tears. The apartment across the street collapsed slowly, liquidly into corrugated bulges; stood erect then collapsed again. She breathed deeply through a wet nose. "Remember what we used to say, Fran?" she said, "how Sunday was a private kind of day?" how it's not like a weekday, a public, commerce day? It has a certain calm about it—a certain personalness. Used to be our private day." She wiped at her eyes with her wrists.

"Still is," Fran said. She leaned over to plug the electric coffee percolator into the wall. "Now for some coffee," said she. "The best thing I know for removing plaster lining from the mouth."

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Phoenix, Ariz., cops recently raided party at a divorcee's home, arresting 11 (of 27 men and 4 women—including 2 juveniles), some admitted homosexuals. Police Lt. Hodges, who Mayor Jack Williams had asked to keep watch on "reported influx of homosexuals into Phoenix area," had watched 4 parties at house in 2 weeks—and Hodges' vicers, with state liquor officers and U. S. Customs gestapo, moved in at 5 A.M. Lt. Hodges said, "Something should be done about such orgies—laws should be enacted to deal with such homosexuals." A neighbor said such "twisted personalities . . . were a menace to children" and threatened to organize "vigilante group . . . to deal with these persons our own way." Walter Bassett of 4029 E. Catalina and 7 other neighbors appealed to city council for action against "deviates"—**but were turned down.** City Atty., Wm. Eliot said, "Trying to jail persons suspected of being deviates would be like imprisoning somebody suspected only of having tendencies toward burglary." Mayor Williams congratulated vigilante Bassett and his "delegation" anyhow for bringing matter to public attention, urged other citizens to keep alert for such activity, and said, weepfully, that meanwhile, cops were confined to harassing tactics.

Few weeks earlier, pretty, 21-yr-old specialist-third-class Bennie Luna, in a Yuma, Ariz., court, admitted kicking, beating and stabbing 38-yr-old Yuma teacher Frank Cowles, who died next day. Luna, after drinking heavily, accepted ride from teacher Cowles, who, he said, tried to kiss him. He first denied the stabbing, also denied he'd gone further than Cowles' car parked outside house. Cowles was found, almost dead, outside house, by officer and given first aid. Later, Luna admitted he'd not only entered house with Cowles, who'd had to help the drunken M.P. upstairs, but had slept awhile in Cowles' bed—with his clothes on, of course, he said. It was then Cowles allegedly made advances, which the youth resisted. He described beating Cowles unconscious in bathroom, changed testimony again to account for Cowles being found outside house. Phoenix Judge Yale McFate then ruled out possibility of 1st degree murder conviction **"for lack of evidence."** An airman testified he saw Cowles embrace Luna before they got in car. Two witnesses (one in jail for bad checks) said Cowles made advances to them, but they'd easily maintained their virginity, of course. Several witnesses testified to Cowles' good reputation. **OUTCOME:** Acquittal. Jurymen had tears in eyes while congratulating Luna,

who thanked God for His assistance. Army announced they would not act against Luna.

Cops and Park Dept. officials in Berkeley, Calif., scurry to outdo one another in announcing "big drive on deviates" after patrolman Robert Burks issued report that Aquatic Park was "gathering place for perverts," that there were lewd drawings on restroom walls, that restrooms were filthy and in state of disrepair. **OUTCOME:** after much official shouting, and promise of greater police vigilance, a decision to close down most of Park's public "cans."

SACRAMENTO: Cops in much publicized drive on alleged "sex perversion ring" in state capital after 17-yr-old boy told them he'd had sex with several men (his mother got suspicious about "gifts" and contacted juvenile authorities.) At least 11 other persons, ranging in age from 14-71, have been arrested in topcop Hicks' all-out investigation, including an instructor from Sacramento Jr. College, two college students, an interior decorator, a postal employee and a dentist who was the Jr. C. of C.'s "outstanding young man" of 1951 and a local Republican leader. Some allegedly have signed confessions. Two more "prominent" arrests at least are expected. Juvenile officers Francis Gregory and Phillip York said the "sex ring" may have 20-25 members.

LONDON: In 2 raids on a Pica-dilly coffee-bar, cops backed by Alsatian dogs, took names and addresses of 158 men, and arrested owners, who were found guilty of permitting disorderly conduct, and fined them. Police said all the customers were perverts or male prostitutes, waiters were homosexual (one waiter's fiancée, who also worked there, hotly denied that).

Undercovercops said they'd been propositioned, had heard effeminate conversation ("Oh, darling, what a beautiful big man! Shall I ask him if he's been kissed by the sun all over?"—"Billy, darling, don't worry, he won't find out about us," etc.) and saw men wearing tight jeans, moccasins and even make-up. Proprietors said many artists and showpeople came to bar, but denied they'd seen any indecencies, such as kissing and fondling officers described.

Last Halloween, Mr. Peter Fabiano was shot to death at his door answering a late "trick or treat" knock. In December, Goldyne Pizer, widow, admitted firing shot at investigation of Joan Rabel (to whom she was attracted), a former roommate of Mrs. Peter Fabiano. Divorcee Mrs. Rabel allegedly told her Fabiano was evil, destructive man, who'd frequently molested her and mistreated his wife, then she urged Goldyne to shoot him. They drove to house in borrowed car. Afterwards, "Joan thanked me and kissed me."

ODDMENTS

As protest against Paducah J.C. co-eds who showed up on campus in jeans and shorts—several boys came next day in blouses and skirts . . . Who chooses Jerry Lewis' film roles? Three of his latest (**SCARED STIFF**, **LIVING IT UP** and **YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG**) he played roles played in earlier film versions by Paulette Goddard, Carole Lombard and Ginger Rogers . . . In British journal, **NATURE**, 3 Swedish scientists report human race would improve markedly in few generations if all men wore something like Scot kilt or Roman toga. Sperm production in mammals needs to be well below body temperature, and

warm trousers lower fertility and radically increase danger of defective children—more so even than most dangerous radiations. So sexual taboos and modesty seriously harm the race . . .

Recent studies of Paris youth, reported in London SUNDAY TIMES, show vast majority conservative, conformist and dully moralistic. Few dissatisfied with their condition, very few felt they could have any influence on political events, or that it mattered whether they lived under democracy, communism or what. Only one in 50 or less said they would risk their lives for peace or freedom, faith or heroism, for science or in struggle against communism. Their tastes in arts were almost unanimously pedestrian, and though most rated love as very important, almost all frowned on ideas of greater sexual freedom and strongly resisted birth control, legal abortion, homosexuality and prostitution, and expressed indifference to sex education for children . . .

From John Rolls' column in London DAILY MIRROR: "Into London's Savoy Hotel yesterday trotted **M. ANDRE BARDOT**, the King of the French male fashion. He is a flaccid-faced fifty-year-old bachelor with pudgy hands and features. He was wearing a beaver fur-lined coat and carried a black, oblong handbag. He's in London on business. With him came France's No. 1 male model pin-up, tall, dashing **ROBERT CLAUSSE**, aged twenty-nine, also a bachelor. He was wearing a shiny marmot fur coat. In his suite M. Bardot smoothed out his beaver coat on the bed, then turned out his handbag for me. He explained: 'See, it has compartments for money, papers, toilette requisites, and even a pipe. I'm a tailor, and the wives of my clients demand

that I make suits without pockets which can't bulge — hence the handbag.' M. Bardot fingered a gold bracelet round his right wrist and added: 'Fur coats and handbags for men are so practical. For handbags I prefer crocodile skin.' Pretty sissy I thought. And said so. 'Oh, no,' declared M. Bardot. 'masculine men will always look masculine. Feminine-looking men will always look feminine.'

CONFIDENTIAL HALO

Confidential magazine, after getting roughed-up in courts, has had face-lifting. New format, for time being at least, isn't just tame. It's insipid. Much space devoted to pish-tushing those "nasty" people who hurt other people's reputations. One fair item in April issue: Miami topcop Walter Headley's warning about shakedown racket going on regularly in public men's restrooms, where men are "accused" by bogus cops of making sexual advances, then given chance to buy their way out of the "arrest." Good, tho Chief didn't mention that many "legit" cops also find this racket lucrative—such as entire Pittsburgh vice squad, convicted of this vicious practice in 1952. Former Lt. Morgan, head of that vice squad, convicted of perjury and forgery (\$20,000 "missing" from his Police Credit Union), fined and sentenced to 3½ years in County workhouse (he served 4 months, and fines recently were lifted.) Alan Tanser, one of his former boys, has been fighting in Courts to stay out of jail, on same perjury charge, also on assault and battery charge of a man he allegedly beat up in an off-duty traffic fracas. That charge was recently suddenly and mysteriously dropped.

In Cleveland last month, a man

was arrested in a downtown wash-room for making advances, then pretending to make an "arrest." Seems the man he tried to shake down was a real vicecop. PLAIN DEALER ran story, omitting black-mailer's name, but mentioning that an assortment of police badges were found in his room, as well as names of 6 Clevelanders, "who will be called in for questioning."

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, a family Catholic paper, not ordinarily given to mentioning "improper" subjects, carried and interesting and intelligent analysis of Catholic view of English Wolfenden recommendations (to remove legal bans on private homosexual acts of adults), pro-and-conning the argument that homosexual acts are grave sin but not the state's concern.

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Atten. Mr. Oberon

out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals.

The following observations appeared in the Canadian paper, *The Globe and Mail* for February 19, 1958, in reply to one of their correspondents. The author so accurately and nicely refutes the myth of the "moral decay" of Greece that we felt that his words had a definite application in these pages.

The Fall of Ancient Greece



Your correspondent, E. T. Barlen, tells us that "moral decay sealed the doom of Greece" and that "even the high-minded Socrates and Plato were guilty of outrageously moral misconduct" (sic).

Presumably he is not referring to the political activity of the latter or to the general fact that Greek civilization, like the Roman, was based upon slavery, which we regard as immoral. He refers, I assume, to the sort of thing we read about in Plato's Symposium.

Is there any real evidence for the often-repeated assumption that Greece and Rome "fell" because the personal or sexual morals of the Greeks and Romans did not come up to Christian standards, and in particular displeased St. Paul (vide Romans I) who thought celibacy a higher state than matrimony, and like all the early fathers, expected the end of the world at an early date and put a premium on virginity?

Beliefs of this nature are surely even more negative biologically speak-

ing than those of Socrates. Unlike St. Paul, the latter did go to the bother of doing his duty to the State by marrying and having sons. Yet the Christian world has survived in spite of its beliefs—which would wipe out any Great Power in a single generation if taken seriously. In modern times, they have had high explosives so that they have not been dependent upon mere numbers in order to defeat their enemies.

The fact of the matter is that the Greeks fell because they did not develop non-human sources of power (gunpowder, steam, electrical energy) for this purpose. Their philosophers and men of science reached a certain theoretical perfection, but came to a dead end because it did not turn to experimentation and the pursuit of power (cf Bacon). Thus it ended in skepticism and we cannot go on blaming the Greeks for failing to produce

an endless stream of Aristotles and Platos right down to the present day.

It would be consoling but inaccurate to believe that immoral nations perish and the virtuous ultimately prosper. History teaches otherwise. No nation has ever become a first-class Power without breaking all the moral rules which hold for the individual. To suppose that virtue automatically triumphs is to court disaster and is just as silly as to assume that the wicked automatically decline. The only case I know of where a city perished for "outrageously moral misconduct" is the case of the city of Sodom. But that was not due to the operation of natural causes (biological or otherwise) but to the special intervention of Jehovah.

Toronto, Dr. John G. L. Pearson
(Formerly Assistant Professor of
Philosophy, University of Manitoba.)

St. Paul on Sodomy

by Kenneth McIntosh

Recently I was referred to a quotation in the New revised Standard Version of the Bible, I Corinthians (Chapter 6, verses 9, 10) in which St. Paul writes,

"Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither the immoral, nor idolaters, nor adulterers nor homosexuals, nor thieves, nor the greedy, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers will inherit the kingdom of God."

I must confess that reading this passage in the King James Version, I had never quite taken account of the implications of St. Paul's thought, and if I were a member of the fundamentalist school of Biblical thought and found I had to take this passage literally then I would have no other choice than to abandon my whole life's work and join the ranks of the hopeless and unredeemed; to wander over the waste places of this earth and put in the time until consignment to everlasting hell. This does not

square with Our Lord's teaching in any way nor can I accept St. Paul's declarations as authoritative but feel it only serves to point up the confusion that is apparent in his thinking as he wrote the Epistles that bear his name. That he was sincere and thought-provoking is abundantly clear, but it too must be remembered that he was a product, socially and morally speaking of his times. The most I can say is that St. Paul is speaking TO the Christian Church, not FOR it and as such has the right to be heard but not necessarily to be accepted on a par with the highest authority, for whom he so completely gave of his life and vitality.

Let the homosexual reader take new courage that his lot is not one akin to that of thieves and cutthroats, that he can look to the source of all inspiration and encouragement, compassion and mercy and find there in company with all who seek Him, new goals for the very abilities and talents that have made homosexuals in every age, crucibles for understanding, compassionate self-giving and who have to

a very marked degree dedicated their lives to the very society that would condemn them, in the hope that some newer, greater understanding might develop among men and nations; little by little progress is being made, and we can only hope that we in our turn may leave this world the richer for our having been here. The ills that plague the homosexual torment the heterosexual too, to the same degrees. One's sexual inclinations do not predetermine one's acceptance or rejection by God, only the use we make of our sexual inclinations. One may be promiscuous in any human relationship and hence to classify homosexuality among the immoralities of mankind is to admit of positive ignorance. Simply allow me to close with a thought of Dr. Eric Fromm's, from his "The Art of Loving," a must for all the "gay" set.

"Love is the only sane and satisfactory answer to the problem of human existence."

"—a love that is the compound of maturity, self-knowledge, and courage."

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david with chocolate

I sip ciocolatte in the Piazza Signora
And gaze transfixed at the thing—
Gigantic, glorious, lordly, naked
David with a sling.

And I wish, the day you came into camp,
That I had been Jonathon.
You stood in my tent door, startling and stark,
Incredibly fair—and I was undone!

Trembling shook me—I tried to rise.
You offered your hand and drew me up.
We stood clasped in silence, eye in eye,
Prince and shepherd, falling in love.

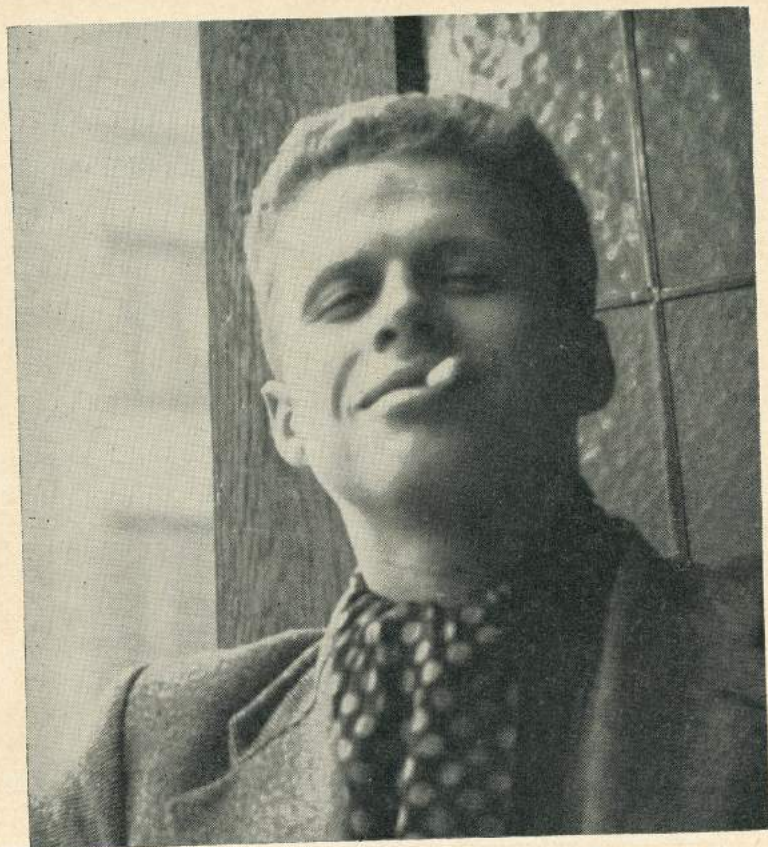
From that hour we were brothers, inseparable;
We fought and we slept side by side.
Each day brought new realms of discovery,
New fields of delight with each night.

You were strong, I was tender; you gay, I was grave.
I was timid, you fearless of foe.
But in loving we grew like each other, till you
Became gentle—I reckless and bold.

Oh, our love it was Perfect, surpassing all loves
For pleasure and for pain,
You married my sister—I never forgave.
And the grief that my father, the King—

Si, Signor. Fifty lire? Grazia. I pay
And return to my cold pensione
Where I live alone, and no one waits
Like David, for Jonathon.

A. Faurot



The Author

HARRY

by Konrad

I strolled down the street without any purpose, thinking about everything and nothing at the same time. The last bit of daylight was disappearing from the autumn sky and when the street lamps came on the coolness of the season made itself felt. I can't remember any reason for my walk on this day. Perhaps it was to watch the fog rise and curl itself around the trees and houses, or maybe it was just to watch my shadow appearing and disappearing, dancing, and hiding behind me, trying to be a separate person but having to take each step that I took.

I came to a corner and stood under the street lamp. In a nearby school yard there was a solitary maple tree. As I watched the tree we seemed to share our aloneness, to be weary together. I was not expecting a voice and for a minute I was startled.

"Excuse me sir, but do you have a light?" I turned, and beside me stood a young lad. He wore no hat or coat, but he carried himself erect and was healthy and husky. His black hair was curled and it tossed in the breeze. He did not smile yet his face reflected friendliness. I was sorry that I did not have a light to offer him, so I explained that I did not smoke.

No word was spoken, but when we started to walk again, it was together. He did not look directly at me and I did not look directly at him, yet before very many steps we each had examined the other carefully from head to toe. As we passed a bombed out building the lad let his glance wander into its darkness for a minute, a long minute.

We approached a small cafe, and I invited him to join me in a glass of beer. Instead he drank a cup of black coffee and then another. His name was Harry. I did not ask him direct questions, but I did encourage him to talk.

Harry was twenty-two years old; twenty-two dark years of war and its aftermath were all that he knew. A childhood without sunlight. An adolescence on the streets. The growing-up years that became fleeing-years; fleeing from the Russians, living in dirty barracks rooms, on farms, in hobo camps. Being part of a generation that shared everything they had, because there was nothing but the common burden.

I looked at this lad who sat before me. He had done some little thing of no consequence and been given two months in jail. He was unshaven, unkempt, and had been clinging to his clothing. Although he did not tell me, I knew he had recently been sleeping in a barn. I looked directly at Harry. His dark eyes held perhaps many secrets, but there was also a sensitiveness there that is rare, an understanding that escapes precise definition by word.

I ordered brandy, and this time Harry drank with me. I purchased some cigarettes for the lad, and he smoked. Suddenly he grasped my hand across the table, held it as though he did not want to leave go, and said softly, "Sometimes I have wanted to have a friend, a good friend, a lasting friend, so bad . . ." He did not continue, and I thought perhaps there was the suggestion of a tear in the corner of his eye.

Harry wished to leave the warm cafe, so we began to walk. We returned to the bombed out building that we had passed earlier. Four broken walls with the moonless dark autumn sky for a ceiling. It was cold and I shivered. We spoke quietly about unimportant things. Harry shivered too, and suddenly he clung to me and this time from the corners of his eyes I could plainly see the unashamed tears in the moonlight. We were there for what seemed only an instant, and then the silence was broken by a clock in the distance striking three o'clock. We were not cold, but it is not only from cold that one shivers.

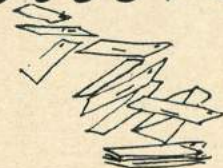
When we shook hands on parting we each felt something that was not a part of us before. We were to meet again in two days, on Sunday; and we promised each other we would be friends, warm friends, always.

I never saw Harry again. Over and over again I recalled each word he had said to me. His promises, his endearments, dwelling on them and seeking strength from them, hoping I could hear them from him again.

Time has passed. Even though our meeting was so brief, so small out of a lifetime, on cool autumn dawns the memory is so real I can almost touch him, feel his breath. I shut my eyes tightly sometimes, and say his name aloud. Harry. Still I find only the memory, and no one is there.

Translated from the German by Fred Frisbie

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:

Thanks for sending me the copy of HOMO-SEXUALS TODAY. I can't say how moving an experience it was to read it. I hope you will continue to advertise it, for the sake of new Friends of ONE.

Just because you are setting up this new scholarly publication (ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY) please don't let ONE Magazine be a receptacle for the pseudo-scientific. If Christopher Wicks (January issue) had given more details of his findings about the genetic origin of homosexuality, and less rhetoric, it might have been more convincing. If we are going to fight the unscientific claims of others, we must be more rigorous ourselves.

Miss J.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear ONE:

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed "It Is Natural After All," by Wicks. I have believed this after a great deal of research, and from some sort of intuition within my own personality. Keep up the good work. It is a long hard pull to enlighten people, but we do have a few scientists on our side. There is a solid wall of Puritan superstition under ages of make-believe that society seems to think is the truth. But by gradual and persistent enlightenment it will give way to the light of knowledge.

Mr. J., House of Representatives
A NEW ENGLAND STATE

Gentlemen:

I was so pleased with the "Victory" and really appreciated the story, "Down in the Canyon," by Don Rifle. Please send more of these stories our way in future issues.

Mr. E.
BARNSDALL, OKLA.

Dear Editor:

It seems to me that much of your fiction exudes an unnecessary despair. If I approach the mag mildly depressed, I usually leave it

more so. As for Dal McIntire, sometimes his writing sinks to the level of the exposé magazines. For that reason I never skip a word of it. I don't intend to miss a single issue from here on in. Incidentally, I'm one identical twin who has a bone to pick with Mr. Wicks.

Mr. C.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear ONE:

Three cheers—one each for ONE, the Supreme Court and Democracy. I am delighted to hear that my little jingle (The Ballad of Lord Samuel and Lord Montagu, October, 1954) did not merit the terrible words hurled at it by Judges Clarke, Barnes, Hamley and Ross. They had quite a ball with the Muse and she has not visited me since, being disgusted, I imagine, at their insulting language.

Although lawyers and poets both deal in concepts which are in a large degree mythical, the former tend to be rather heavy-handed when it comes to criticism. Perhaps they did not like me poking fun at their colleagues, Lord Samuel and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, now Lord Kilmuir, who has put the Wolfenden Report in deep freeze.

I have been doing some wood carving and the face of the kid (boy or girl?) on the last cover interests me. I should like to incorporate this fallen angel's countenance in an icon.

"Brother Grundy"
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Dear Sirs:

Only recently has your publication reached me and given me a stronger outlook on life. In a way I am new at this life, knew nothing of it until four years ago when I was serving in the army. There, in a desolate overseas base in the wilds of Northern Canada, I fell in love. It was a strange thing. However, Labrador was the land of strange and different things—the sun at midnight, the sky filled with dashing, flashing lights . . .

We both realized that we wanted a different type of future from that of a large

part of our fellow servicemen. Thus, we set out on a trail difficult, yet rewarding in happiness. You are well aware that life is difficult for the homosexual who lives at home with his family, but it is even more difficult for him who tries to live in union with the one he loves. This second choice was ours. We crossed the most difficult bridge of breaking with the family. However, after long and sound talks with the family the only break necessary was that of living in our own home. Now after less than two years we are as a family should be—one, and it has given me great happiness to know that they accept my home, way of life and, best of all, my friend.

Your Magazine, I am sure, will also bring joy to my parents. From just one issue I know ONE is intent not upon hate for those who condemn, but an understanding. Only by love and tolerance can we expect to achieve our position in society—an equal position with all our fellow men. I feel that your Magazine is a forerunner for this acceptance.

Even more important than what ONE does for society is what it does for us, The Homosexuals. It is a force which can bring a new outlook on life, perhaps save a young life from extinction by giving a feeling of belonging. I am most proud to be part of a group that dares to put its foot forward against so many. May you all be rewarded by an inner feeling of satisfaction for your work.

Mr. H.
JAMAICA, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I especially liked Alice Horvath's article, "The Problem of Meeting People." That is a problem I share with many others. Is there any way you can furnish the names of gay bars in Miami? Frankly, I'm not one to frequent bars, but I do enjoy passing an occasional evening in them, and it would be nice to know some place where I could meet some gay girls.

Miss R.
OPA LOCKA, FLA.

EDITOR'S REPLY:

The old, old problem is ever with us. Unfortunately, "Society" rules that we may not grant such requests; that they are, in fact, illegal. Also, did you ever ask a bar owner if he runs a gay bar? His pained expression will amuse you, I am sure.

Some day we may come to recognize that democracy requires that there shall be equal rights for ALL, and that the homosexual man or woman has the right to meet and consort with others of his kind under decent circumstances.

Dear Editor:

I approve of your advertising such books as THE GOD WITHIN. The homosexuals re-

quire a closer linkage to metaphysics. A better knowledge and control of the Astral world will solve many of their problems. The gifts of clairvoyance and healing are not restricted to the heterosexual. I know. I have seen this time and again—with awe.

Mr. H.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Dear Sirs:

At fifty cents your magazine is "too much," and I don't think the other faggots can afford it either.

Mr. T.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR NOSE to help leading perfumers find out which scents you prefer? Five fine test fragrances will be mailed to you if you send \$1 to cover cost of bottles, packing and postage to Creative Guild, P. O. Box 605, Springfield, Ill.

Dear Editor:

My pleasure at the inspiring Supreme Court decision was dampened by that ad page 28. I've often wondered whether I had a normal sense of values or not because so often when something was found generally "tasteless" I'd see nothing wrong in it. But there is no question in my mind about this at all, and I just hope that it does not suggest a trend. May I suggest the setting up of a small side fund by interested subscribers which would be used to foot the loss if other pieces of advertising of a particularly gamey, odorous sort turn up and are refused?

Mr. R.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Gentlemen:

I thought the cover on Feb. issue was too too much—strictly swish. Not ALL that cater to the "gay" bars look like that! Hope you won't be angry with me for giving my opinion. It is a shame tho that a man wasn't placed on the cover instead of a "lady." People who see ONE for the first time might get the impression all homos are like they see on the cover. I don't hate these fellas—they're just a little worse off.

Mr. T.
DETROIT, MICH.

Dear friends:

I am sure that revenue is revenue and all that but—that "stripper" ad—well really. I mean, **really**. THE COVER, FROM ALL POINTS OF VIEW, WAS GREAT. (Feb. Issue.)

Miss J.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

your february cover was a bit of a shock, but i found it between **time** and **life** magazines right on the newsstand. keep up the good work and high standards.

Mr. K.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

My sincerest congratulations on your winning the battle against the post office. By carrying the fight to the Supreme Court you have rendered a signal service to all of us, and forced the public to some recognition that homosexuals have rights too. The Magazine is too small but I know you are doing your best to remedy that.

Mr. B.
BETHEL PARK, PA.

Sirs:

Congratulations on winning our stand in this world. It gives us confidence that we have a friend for our goal in life.

Mr. C.
HARTFORD, CONN.

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To the Editors:

As I read the LETTERS column each month, I wonder if the writers who object so violently to some particular article or story stop to realize that ONE is really a very general publication . . . in the sense that it is meant to appeal to a group of readers whose personalities and backgrounds vary widely. There are some things I don't like, but when I find myself objecting I'm certain some of the things to which I object are wholeheartedly approved by other readers. I think that a little more tolerance of the other fellow's preferences is in order.

Mr. K.
OAK PARK, ILL.

Dear friends:

I wish to add my congratulations to the many you have probably received on the recent victory over Mr. Oleson and his ilk. This was the first news I'd had of it, since none of the local papers made mention of it. Keep going. Eventually, our voice will be so loud it cannot be ignored.

I am now and have for several years been ready "to be counted." I don't try to hide my preferences, quite the opposite. Yet, amazingly, few people believe me when I tell them I am homosexual. Pardon me for rambling on. I have been reading ONE for so long I feel I know you all and wanted you to know me as something beside a name.

Mr. W.
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations indeed on the sixth birthday of ONE and upon making the world realize how much beauty, kindness and truth there is in the homosexual life. I missed TANGENTS in the January issue as it is always written in the brighter style. I think, through your heroic efforts, we have passed the defensive and "sordid" stage of being objectionable "queers" and can "live it up" in our natural (though restrained) way just a little. Such a style also appeals greatly to new and young readers which is a very important consideration.

Mr. E.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I received your sample edition of July, 1954, on Whitman. I was quite astonished to learn that there were still people who did not accept the fact of Whitman's homosexuality. After having read your study on this subject one is not allowed to doubt any longer.

Mr. J.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

DER NEUE RING

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Contributing Members (\$30) receive the same, plus the Annual Corporation Report.

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