

of action the abstract drama of forces of destruction and decadence acting upon—and in turn, acted upon—a force of primitive animal energy; and the consequent destruction of both. The exact nature of this drama is neatly underscored by the author's selection of present day Greece as the main setting for this action. Further symbolic meaning might be derived from the choice of London as the sub-scene, as well as the choice of nationalities of its principle participants: Greek, American, and English.

The story briefly concerns a young Greek peasant—a beautiful, natural animal who is first shaped in the cruelty and bestiality of war and starvation and poverty, then by three forces

of decadence: an American pseudo-intellectual, a bored upper monied-class Englishwoman, and the over-protected daughter of a Greek family of immense wealth—who brings only tragedy to everything he touches, and more profoundly, only tragedy to himself—in spite of good intentions or his better self. This is the tragedy of a simple mortal become nemesis—but an unconscious, unavenging nemesis that is blind.

Homosexuality is not a major theme here, but rather all of sexuality in its basic carnal sense is used here as the counterpoint of this composition—neither one nor the other exalted—and both handled with superb objectivity. P.B.

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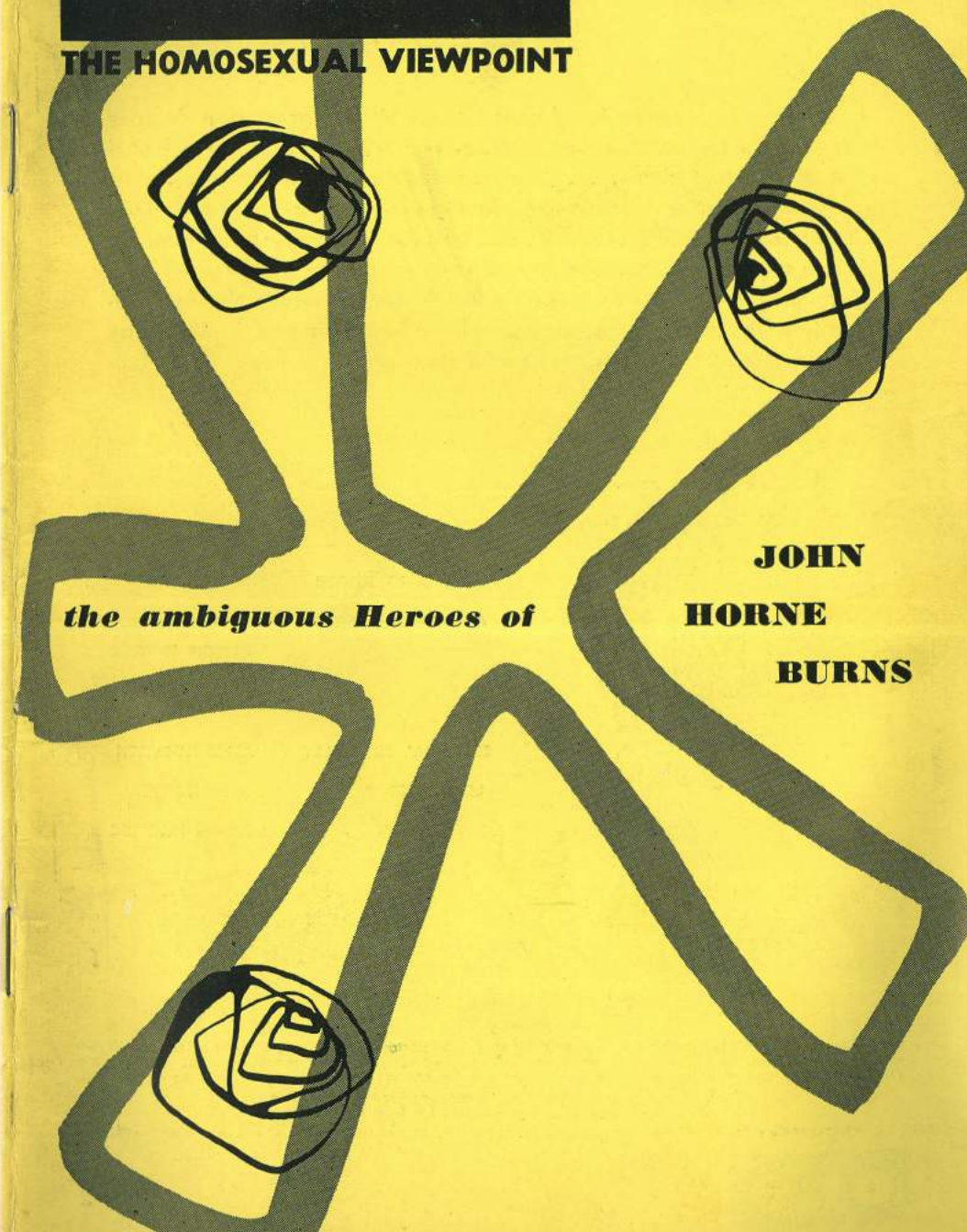
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OCTOBER 1958
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

the ambiguous Heroes of

**JOHN
HORNE
BURNS**



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VI

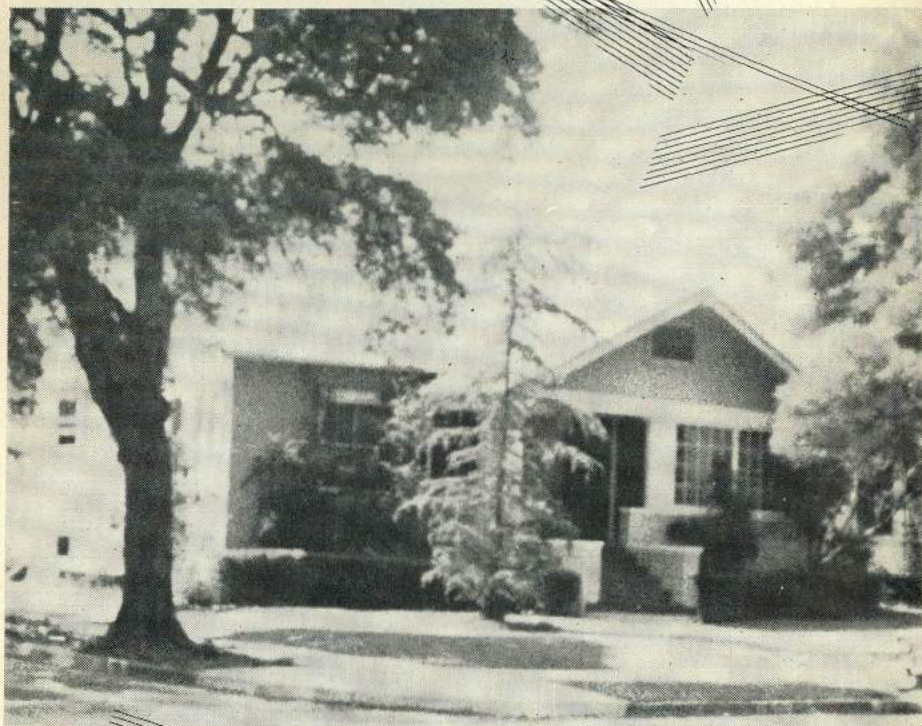
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COVER: Eve Elloree

OCTOBER 15, 1952



OCTOBER 15, 1958

one

The house in the picture opposite is located at the corner of Dalton and 27th Street in one of Los Angeles' older Westside residential areas as the general looks of the place probably shows. At the suggestion of our business manager William Lambert, one-time owner of that Northwest-corner cottage, we repaired there on a sunny afternoon last week to witness the destruction of this obsolete dwelling.

What bygone memories this photograph evokes. Why are we carrying on this way? Well, the Dalton St. house was the home of ONE Magazine. And it never had occurred to any of us founders that ONE's birthplace would not always be there whenever we wanted to pay it a visit. But like most other things of nostalgic value in Los Angeles, this unpretentious house fell in the way of progress.

Not so always, however. For exactly six years ago on a cool night in the middle of October, a handful of men sat sheltered in the warmth of the kitchen of the house and argued excitedly, though quietly, the formation of the magazine you are now reading: the name would be ONE it was decided; it would be typeset, not mimeographed; it would have high literary standards and contain articles, fiction, poetry, etc.; it would be "The Voice of U. S. Homosexuals."

But would a homosexual magazine be considered mailable matter? Could we guarantee anonymity to the subscribers? Could the magazine be sold on newsstands? Would enough people be interested and courageous enough to buy it in order to make it a success? Could the editors and publishers of ONE expect to be free from arrest for their trouble? The answer to all these questions gradually proved to be a decided, yes! The U. S. Supreme Court unanimously ruled that ONE is not obscene, that it can be sent through the mails, that readers need have no fear of intimidation or invasion of their privacy on the Magazine's account. The mailing lists cannot be confiscated.

One of the first subscribers to ONE was the late Dr. Kinsey. Hundreds of other doctors, many lawyers, clergymen, teachers, students and persons of all talents and inclinations now read ONE every month. And six years later, the influence of this little magazine is still spreading throughout the world.

So the old house on Dalton has probably done more than its neighbors to serve an unusual purpose, and not just provide a shelter for its leisurely California occupants.

Anyway, with feelings of tenderness we went down there the other afternoon to take a final look at the place. And as we trudged toward the corner, covered with gooseflesh, we could see the rafters bare against the sky. The roof was already gone. As we approached, a few disgruntled-looking men were milling around watching the wrecking process. In front of the house we encountered a young man holding a large boxer on leash. "I'm a designer," he volunteered. "I live around the corner. Too bad these old places have to go." We took a few steps backward and stood there on the curb watching the progress on the roof.

The Editors

the ambiguous Heroes of JOHN HORNE BURNS



by

Daniel H. Edgerton

John Horne Burns died in Italy in 1953 while at work on his fourth novel. His career in fiction had been spectacular then disappointing — a brilliant first novel, *The Gallery* (1947), acclaimed by some critics as the best to come out of World War II, followed by two works either purposeless or wandering among purposes, and thus tentative, superficial, and unsatisfying. These two novels, *Lucifer with a Book* (1949) and *A Cry of Children* (1952), are similar to one another and to some episodes of *The Gallery* in having protagonists whose sexual orientation seems purposely left ambiguous. John W. Aldridge has diagnosed this characteristic in *Lucifer with a Book* as a preoccupation which narrows the range of the author's treatment of human experience and destroys the verisimilitude of the hero's heterosexual romance. In accordance with his general theory about the novelists of the 1940's, Aldridge concludes that the author is suffering from the absence of any firm values. Burns' literary salvation, it would appear, lay either in discovering values or in acknowledging their absence and building from there. I should like to suggest, on the contrary, that the sexual ambiguity of Burns' heroes lies at the core of his creative problem rather than being the symptom of an absence of values. It seems to me that an ample range of human experience would have been available to him if he had chosen to deal with this matter frankly.

The two novels are permeated with homosexual situations and innuendoes, most of which seem intended either to establish the normality of the hero (by his negative role) or to cast doubt upon it. Their total effect is to do both, creating a cloudiness of purpose and necessarily preventing any very deep character analysis.

Guy Hudson, the hero of *Lucifer with a Book*, is a battle-scarred veteran of World War II who has taken a position as history instructor in a prep school for boys. The plot develops upon two levels, related, yet each supporting a different atmosphere, almost a different set of conventions of reality. On one level Guy reacts against the pettiness and hypocrisy of most of the school administration, faculty, and students, finally provoking his own dismissal. Here the story is satirical, the characters are almost caricatures of the evils they represents, and the incidents are stagey and unreal. On the second level a physical and mental attraction grows between Guy and his most intelligent student, Ralph Du Bouchet. The instructor fights successfully against this inclination and eventually falls in love with Betty Blanchard, a teacher in an affiliated school for girls. Upon this personal, sexual level the novel achieves noticeably greater subtlety and sense of reality. It seems as though the writer, ostensibly concerned with society's evils, is really more deeply interested in the sexual drives of his hero. And it is in this area that the strange dubiousness of purpose occurs to which Aldridge refers.

At the outset, Guy is given a deliberately ambiguous sexual history, with the strong implication that it is homosexual. Nowhere in this exposition does the author take the simple clarifying course of saying that Guy has once slept with a woman. Rather, the

hero wishes for a "lover" and reminisces upon "companions of . . . pleasures." He remembers "how in Europe he used to watch the sunrise with his companion for the night." Departing for New York for the Christmas vacation, he anticipates a carousal with old army friends, when he will once more be "the satyr." And when he returns we are told, "For three weeks he hadn't slept alone." Later he thinks about the vacation and his "bed companions for the night." If the writer had wanted to convey the idea that these were heterosexual or even bisexual adventures, it would have been simple to do so.

Despite these indications, Burns carefully lays the groundwork for an interpretation of Guy's feelings towards Ralph as those of a normally heterosexual man too long separated from women. "He had to have it," we are told inelegantly on his first morning at the school, "and it didn't matter much with what or with whom." Later, as he becomes aware of his developing feeling toward Ralph, he is made to analyze the motivation of both of them: "Each of you is sensual, with no true outlet for your desires." Consequently, when Betty Blanchard finally consents to provide the true outlet, Guy appears to have completely freed himself from his attachment to Ralph.

Ralph, as the ambivalent eighteen-year-old, makes his own decisive break with homosexuality during spring vacation by the simple expedient of having sex relations with a girl. "That night . . . Ralph passed forever out of his boyhood. She shattered the ties that bound him to his mother, to the ambivalence of his feeling for Guy Hudson." Later he is able to think of his earlier feelings as an adolescent "crush."

It is significant that, for both men, the conversion to heterosexuality comes late in the story, for virtually

the entire erotic preoccupation of the novel is homosexual, not merely in the relationship between Guy and Ralph but also in their relationships with the rest of the school. Both are given opportunity to reject baser or less "virile" forms of homosexuality. Guy recoils at the thought of holding "salons" for students in the manner of the effeminate Dr. Sour, considering them "more than a little incestuous." Ralph ventures out of sheer loneliness into the circle of student effeminates but apparently finds them not to his taste. Nevertheless, we are not allowed to forget that the physical attraction is there, no matter how base. Both Guy and Ralph are linked in an obscure way with Ralph's crude roommate, Buddy Brown. Guy frequently pores over a pornographic etching, never completely described but apparently showing three nude male figures locked in some kind of sexual embrace. One night when Buddy visits him with the evident aim of trading his physical favors for a look at the history examination, Guy orders him out of the room, but then, taking out the etching, is "afraid to understand" the similarity between Buddy and one of the etched figures. He is interrupted in this reverie by Ralph, who gets a full view of the picture. The implied similarity between the triple relationship of these three characters and the etching is completed a few pages later when we are told that Buddy, pajama-clad (as in his visit to Guy) and with his toothbrush in his mouth, often wrestles with his weaker roommate and then sits on his chest "longer than his triumph warranted him," a maneuver that Ralph does not resist. All these incidents seem intended to show that the attraction which exists between Guy and Ralph is of a higher and purer sort than the homosexual situations all around them, but that they reach this higher sort by a positive effort.

Further, it seems to be implied that when they are given the opportunity for heterosexual outlet, they have reached an even higher and purer sexual state. They are now what they should be. Yet Guy's consummation with Betty Blanchard is in a condition of semi-drunkenness as he abuses her with obscene epithets, and Ralph's consummation is with a girl to whom he is "indifferent." The conversions themselves lack conviction, and the tacit assumption at the end that homosexual feelings have been forever left behind seems utterly inconsistent with the previous history of both characters, just as it violates clinical experience.

In *A Cry of Children*, David Murray, the young concert pianist, seems at first glance to be a fairly conventional, heterosexual hero. He takes as mistress the parasitic but spirited Isobel Joy, and he eventually marries Mary Desmond, whose musical understanding and Catholicism provide a refuge from the Bohemian world that has hitherto dragged him down. He steadfastly rejects the continual advances of Isobel's kindly brother Fred, the proffered car-rides of the effeminate dancer Harry Korchinski, the implied overtures of a hospital intern, and the blunt proposition of an Irish laborer in a homosexual bar. Yet many incidents and circumstances call all in doubt.

Even the most explicit of these incidents is clouded in circumlocution. After his first estrangement from Isobel, David goes on a concert tour which is also "a callously planned career of infidelities." "In the three months I was away from the West End," he declares, "I had anyone I wanted from Portland to Atlanta." At first this seems crudely clear. But when he comes to enumerating these conquests, he speaks of them rather deviously as "circles" in which he

"moved." Then he inches closer to the identification, at the same time creating some doubt as to what kind of relationship he is identifying:

Thus I tormented Jewish poetesses with their fashionable psychoses, and their devotion to little magazines. I doted on bright young men, sub-secretaries and vice-directors at the Museum of Modern Arts. My special target was artists who insisted on poverty in the Village because they weren't organized enough to hold down a clerk's job. And I got into a few fist-fights with painters male and female, because I held that the visual and plastic arts were defunct.

The last sentence is disarming. It seems to confirm the idea that these persons are not at all the sexual conquests referred to earlier but indeed the verbal circles he moved in. However, the summarizing comment which follows immediately upon this cataloguing re-invites the sexual interpretation: "Well, there was a kind of relief in surgical sex (with good-bye in the morning)."

This technique of advance and withdrawal in the homosexual treatment of the hero is strongly characteristic of Burns. David's previous relationship with Fred is left in great doubt. We are told by Fred, on the one hand, that David had never fully responded to him, yet David's past, including his navy life with Fred, is something he cannot reveal to Isobel. An air of sexuality hangs over the scene as David helps the drunken Fred back to the apartment, appropriately located in "Fruit Street Alley." As he stands aside to let Fred enter the room, he is reminded of his "first instances of sex." Fred's head strikes David's shoulder in passing—intentionally or not, we are asked to surmise. Inside, Fred reminds David of the "ole times" on Okinawa, when "we had somethin,"

and hints that this former rapport could be reached again. David ignores the suggestion and helps Fred into the bedroom—again Fred's head on David's shoulder—where Fred asks if David sleeps in pajamas now ("Ya didn't usedta"), begs him to sit on the bed and talk, and plaintively calls his pet name as David retires to the living room couch. David seems to be repudiating a past which may or may not have been overtly homosexual, but Burns has a way of making him seem always on the verge of not repudiating it.

The impression of his ambiguous past is re-enforced by frequent allusions to earlier affairs in which the sex of the partner is never clearly established. As the novel opens David has just gone back to Mickey's, a bar with three main rooms—one for male homosexuals, one for Lesbians, and one for mixed couples. "I'd long been tired of the baits that Mickey's offered," he says, "but I stopped in all the same, perhaps to recapture the craziness that was in me when I got out of the navy." The nature of this former craziness is hinted at by Arturo, the bartender, who tells David, "O, it's really sexy here tonight! Lotsa the kids been askin forya." "Like whom?" asks David. "Ah," says Arturo, nudging him, "you know good and well enough . . . Ya always played it straight and I likedya for it." The implication seems to be that though David never let himself go ("I had a grip on myself even with liquor"), his former companions in the bar were homosexuals. It would be hard to account for Arturo's slyness otherwise. The word *straight* is of course the homosexual's term for the heterosexual, yet even this remark is capable of different interpretations: "Ya always played it straight."

David speaks, again ambiguously, of his first sexual experiences:

In those searching and experimental days I was as passive as the leaf a bird fouls upon. I frequented places where advances would be made to me, I sitting on a bench by the river and seeming just to have happened there. And I was never alone very long.

—What's a goodlookin kid like you doin alone of a Sattiday night? Aintcha got a date?

—Wanna fool around? Twon't mean nothin' and if we see each other again, don't speak to me, understand?

—My hubby's dead drunk, but you'll do just as well. Even better.

The sex of the third speaker is clear, but that of the first two is not. Nor is Burns willing to be any more explicit, later referring to these persons as "the companions of my pleasure."

This passivity in sexual approach is another clue to David's nature, and it extends even to his relationship with Isobel. "I'd lie on the sofa with coffee, and she would come to me, aggressive as a man, and begin to play with me demanding, until I warmed to her." When he recoils from the vulgarity of the house-warming party, he does so by what he calls "a species of feminine withdrawal."

For a young man who scorns body-builders ("the Messrs. America") as "monstrous homosexual symbols of the age," David inconsistently places himself in positions to be approached homosexually. He enters two bars in the course of the story, both catering to homosexuals (though, characteristically, neither bar is identified in so many words). Homosexuals flutter around him like moths around a flame, altogether too many of them to make their primary role the provision of local color. In every instance, it is carefully noted that David rejects the advances, but the strange thing is that the author has seen fit to include these

incidents in the first place. It is interesting, too, that apart from his mother, two priests, and Mary Desmond, the homosexuals are about the only decent persons David associates with.

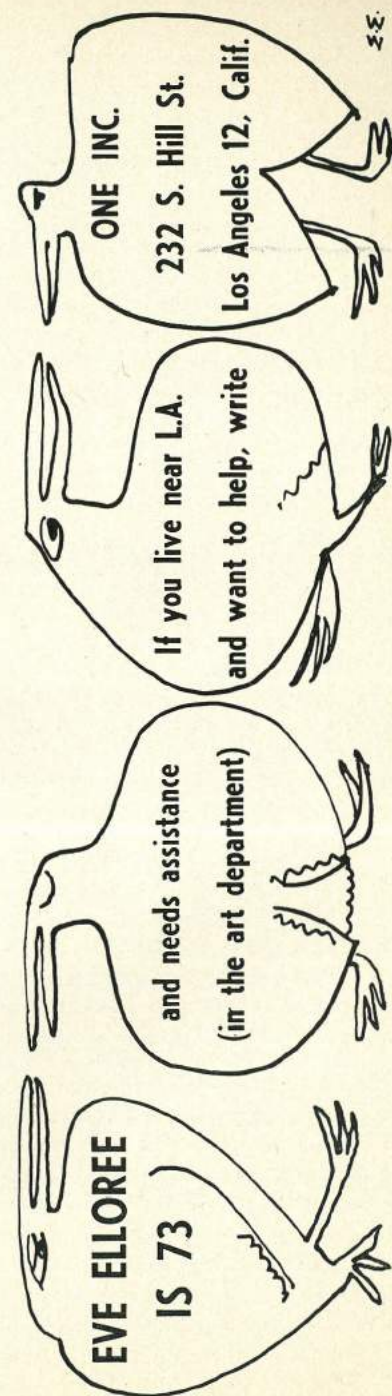
Thus, Burns gives the reader every reason to believe that David's problems are homosexual in origin, though he seems also to deny that David is a homosexual or that his stormy relationship with Isobel is in any way affected by his sexual orientation. At the very least, this concealment of motive limits the depth to which the novelist can analyze his characters. At worst it may result in a distortion of reality.

This summary of both novels should make it evident that the problem of homosexuality was strongly, if not primarily, on the author's mind, but that he was unwilling to deal with it openly. This circumstance had a vitiating effect upon his work. In the first place it caused him to expand themes in which he was not especially interested, in order to cover up the forbidden theme. His first novel, *The Gallery*, with its powerfully felt picture of Naples under the American occupation, had supported the burden of frequent homosexual innuendo because its unifying theme was the need of everyone, including homosexuals, for love and understanding, a message which Burns could expound wholeheartedly. In *Lucifer with a Book*, on the other hand, the dominant idea—the reaction of a worldly-wise veteran to a viciously provincial school for boys—only very awkwardly makes connection with the underlying theme of Guy Hudson's sexual ambivalence. The result is that neither theme is treated successfully. The satire upon the school never comes to life, and Guy's last-act stand against the introduction of a military program on the campus becomes merely a device to ring down the curtain. In turn, the sexual theme dies of malnutrition, not

to say poisoning. Instead of any profound examination of the problem, we are given numerous little suggestive surface incidents, perhaps what Aldridge has in mind when he speaks of Burns' "coy posturing and giggleness." Similarly, the aimlessness of *A Cry of Children* seems caused by the superimposition of an "acceptable" theme upon what was really on the author's mind.

Secondly, this tissue of homosexually accented incidents, uncontrolled by a serious and forthright treatment of the subject, runs the danger of becoming mere erotic sensationalism, or, what is worse, pruriency in scenes described with prim disapproval. The hero and the author creep close to lascivious revelations and then dance away in arch distate or with the implication that they did not at all mean what we first thought they did. For example, in a scene coming on the heels of much other evidence of homoerotic preoccupation, Ralph is asked cryptically by his Negro friend Tad McKinley, "Do you feel the urge?" He replies, "Why, yes," and the two boys sneak off to a secluded shed and—smoke cigarettes. If the author were frankly lewd, it would be a step forward in honesty. But it is high seriousness of aim that distinguishes a great novel on a sexual theme (such as Kuprin's *Yama*) from newsstand trash. In being unwilling to deal openly with homosexuality, Burns came close, as the quotations above must show, to producing trash.

The third consequence of this unwillingness to deal openly with his subject is that the author is led to distort reality. After providing abundant evidence that his heroes are inverted, he seems to feel obliged to leave the reader with the notion that they are heterosexual. Thus, Guy, whose whole prior sexual history is sketched in without the mention of one woman,



suddenly finds his "true outlet" through Betty; and David, whose sexual drive has at the very least been ambivalent, is made to show his normality by turning down numerous male offers, many of which are made during his periods of estrangement from Isobel, times when the bi-sexual would be most likely to yield. In a sense, then, Guy and David are "cured homosexuals." Now, psychiatrists are not agreed as to whether homosexuality can be cured—that is, changed to heterosexuality—but even the most optimistic believe that the cure can be achieved only after extensive psychiatric treatment and only with the positive desire of the patient. Neither David nor Guy expresses any such desire or undergoes any such period of adjustment; and of course, how could he under the conditions of disguise which the writer has imposed upon himself? It is quite possible that a homosexual with a long record of overt experience might persuade himself that he had made the change to heterosexuality, but it would seem to be the novelist's obligation to show that this is merely self-deception. The temptations which David experiences after his "change" should have been enough to convince the character himself that his change was only illusory.

I think we may assume that Burns was fully aware of the ambiguity he had created in these two novels and probably of the effect which this had upon the quality of his writing. Why did he do it? Something like the same question could be asked about many modern novelists dealing with homosexual themes, for often even the most sympathetic and explicit treatments distort the general picture of homosexual life as it has gradually been established by surveys and psychological studies. An obvious explanation is that they consider the lot of the invert to be an essentially unhappy one

and they can therefore see no other conclusion to a story than violence and defeat. Among such sympathetic novels may be mentioned Gore Vidal's *The City and the Pillar* (1948), Nial Kent's *The Divided Path* (1949), Loren Wahl's *The Invisible Glass* (1950), James Barr's *Quatrefoil* (1950), and Fritz Peters' *Finistere* (1951). Of the protagonists in these five works, two end their lives by suicide, two by tragic accidents, and one by being murdered. Another explanation may be that the novelist seeks to placate the prejudices of his general reader by treating deviation as a crime against nature, which must be expiated by some tragic consequence. Seldom does he (like Rodney Garland in *The Heart in Exile*, 1954) have the audacity to imply that the lovers will lead a moderately satisfying life after the novel ends. And of course there is the third possibility that, being a product of the same culture as his public, he may share its feeling of disapproval, consciously or unconsciously. Thus, Burns' treatment of the theme may have resulted at least partly from a conviction that inversion is reprehensible. Therefore he carefully distinguishes his heroes' kind of involvement from those elements of homosexuality which mankind considers most objectionable—effeminacy, exhibitionism, and even overt activity (on stage)—and finally leads them out of homosexuality altogether.

Whatever his motives, Burns, by his curious disinclination to deal openly with a theme that preoccupied him, followed an excellent first novel with two works far beneath his unquestioned talents. He was quoted in 1948 as saying that his aim as a novelist was to present American life, adding, "It may be a very noble reality if people will look it straight in the face." It seems that he himself failed to do quite that.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

My name is Hauviette. Rightly, I should be called "The Accursed." For in truth, I am unsightly upon the face of the earth. If my remaining days are as molten drops of lead upon a naked wound, then justice is done.



Hauviette

by
Jody
Shotwell

Once I drove a woman to her death. Nay . . . a girl who never lived to become a woman. For this may my soul burn eternally in Hell.

Once I was beautiful. I did not lack for courtiers. Had I not held myself aloof and thought myself finer than they . . . although Lord knows I was naught but a peasant's daughter and a waitress in the tavern . . . I might have been wed long before I ever saw Jeanne.

But I had a restless spirit. Life in the village of Domremy was slow and dull. Girls were born, childhood was short. We helped in the house for a few years, then we were put out to work, or we were married. Thus it went. Thus my life should have gone. If it had, perhaps this day my soul would be at peace . . .

But one day M. D'arc drank too much ale in the tavern, and his daughter came to fetch him home. She was tall and handsome, and when our hands joined to lift her father to his feet, I felt a spasm of excitement trace its way down my spine. She smiled at me shyly, and I smiled back.

"Shall I help you home?" I asked.

"No, thank you kindly. It is not necessary." And she turned toward the door with her burden. As she stepped through the threshold she called back "I am Jeanne."

I saw her next in the fields. My landlord's sheep were grazing and I was sent there to attend them. Behind a hillock I heard a spirited whistling and when I peeped around to see the musician, there was Jeanne, lying flat on her back, looking at the sky. I called to her and she jumped up and greeted me. Better had it been for both of us had I not stumbled upon her that day.

From that time on we were inseparable. Jeanne was strange. She intrigued me, so unlike she was to the other girls in the village. And she seemed to like to be with me, although what I had to offer her I did not know.

One evening, months later, I went to her and told her that I was going away. My parents were sending me to a city fifty miles distant, to work in the home of my uncle. To my dismay, Jeanne was aghast.

"Hauviette, you are leaving me!" she said, incredulously. I was feeling sadly about it, too, but the thought of the new adventure before me was upmost in my mind, and I did not appear so grieved as I might have.

"You will find another friend, Jeanne," I comforted. She looked dreadfully hurt.

"Another friend, Hauviette? But could I find another you? One that I should love as much as you?" Her voice was rising shrilly.

"What am I to do?" I complained. "My work in the Inn is taken over. My father and mother cannot afford to keep me idle in the house . . ." I was beginning to resent her possessive manner.

"Nevertheless you cannot leave me," said Jeanne firmly.

So it was settled that I go to live with her and her family. I was keenly disappointed that my trip was so ruthlessly cancelled, but the fascination that was Jeanne's was still strong within me. I did not let her know that I felt imposed upon.

Time went by and Jeanne loved me more and more, until she could barely let me out of her sight. At first I was flattered and entertained, but little by little I became annoyed and evaded her as much as I could.

There was a young fisherman in the village, too, who had cast his net for me, and I was feeling strongly the yoke I wore. If only I had those days to live again, how tenderly, how sweetly, would I use my Jeanne. Alas, the evil is done!

One night the squall broke. I had slipped unnoticed out of the cottage door and went walking on the quay with young Gabriel. To my horror, Jeanne came angrily after me, and with a burst of recrimination upon the heads of both my unfortunate swain and myself, she fled, weeping, into the night.

It was with a great deal of trepidation that I made my way home that night. Jeanne was waiting for me in the room we shared. At first she was sarcastic, then bitter, finally, her fury mounting, she struck me in the face. For a petrified moment we stared at one another. Then I burst into tears and Jeanne gathered me in her arms. Her anger was done . . . but mine was beginning. When she struck me, she loosed within my body some demon. Upon her I turned that demon. Today Jeanne is dead . . . God help me!

While the tears of wrath streamed down my cheeks, and the fire mounted in me, Jeanne was caressing me, imploring my forgiveness. Suddenly I broke loose.

"No, let me go!" I screamed. "I despise you. I never want to look at you again. You think you are a man and as good as a man. But you are not. You can love like a man, but can you fight like a man? Let me go, Jeanne D'arc. You are only a woman after all and can do nothing but knit and pray. I want a man that will fight for his King and for me . . ." All this I said in my rage. I wish my tongue had been carried away by the vultures before I had spoken those words.

For Jeanne put me gently from her, and firmly. Her head was high.

"I *can* fight like a man, Hauviette Massenet, and I will do it. You shall see that I will do it!"

The next morning when I awoke, her place beside me was empty. I never saw her again. From then on she became a legend, a myth. From afar I heard of her, and I had to comfort her weeping mother. But we never saw Jeanne again. We heard how she had gone boldly to the famous De Metz and through him gained her way to the Dauphin of all France. How, with some outrageous story, about which I smiled inwardly, she had persuaded them to give her an army, and how she led that army to victory.

And then, one 30th of May, Madame and Monsieur D'arc made a pilgrimage. They went to see their daughter Jeanne, their famous daughter whom the world called The Maid of Orleans, tied to a stake and burned until her ashes were lifted with the wind.

I sat in my room at home . . . but I was not generously treated . . . I could not die.

I MISSED YOU

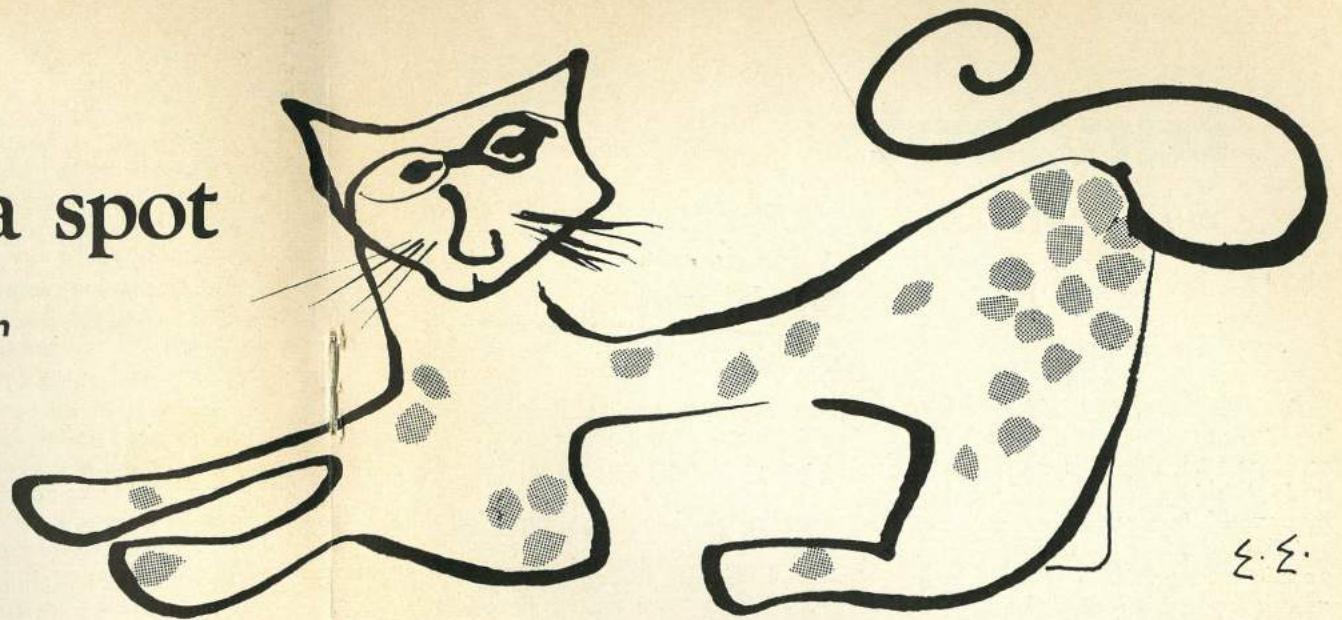
I missed you once a thousand years ago.
And through the ages—
Along an underground pipeline,
A corrugated tunnel
I miss you still.

Miss you, want you, yearn for that cool damp warmth—
The thoughts, the words of minor chording,
The black and white of gray today.
And yet, I'll miss you still
A thousand years from now.

JOYCE FELD

leopard on a spot

by Dan Martin



Once upon a time, there was a family of black leopards. There was the Mother leopard, the Father leopard, the Little Girl leopard and the Baby Boy leopard. The Father and Mother black leopard were very proud of their two offspring—especially the Mother of her Son. And Father leopard, who was busy being a good provider, was content to let Mother leopard raise both their children as she saw fit.

However, as the years passed, the Little Girl leopard became a Big Girl leopard. She met a handsome Young Man black leopard, they fell in love and were married, and she went to make a home for him and have his children, as any good girl leopard should do.

Now, as the years passed and the Big Girl leopard married and moved away, Mother leopard began to show her partiality for her young Son. "It isn't right for boy black leopards not to like girl black leopards," she said, "or for girl black leopards not to like boy black leopards." It was her excuse for loving her Son.

With the passing of time, the Baby Boy black leopard grew into a Young Man black leopard—and here it was the trouble began. As everyone knows, leopards are leopards; they are all born with spots, but the black leopards develop fur to hide these spots (which are, nonetheless, still there) when they become fully grown. But this Young Man black leopard had reached his maturity without losing his spots or growing black fur to hide them; he was the scandal of the family.

"Surely, if our friends see him," reasoned Father black leopard, "they will think he is the result of some unnatural taint within our family." And so, the Young Man black leopard was kept indoors (which was quite to his mother's liking) and denied the intercourse of his fellows.

Everything went smoothly, until one day Aunt and Uncle black leopard (Father's sister and her husband) came to call. "Where is your son?" they asked. "And who is his strange playfellow out in the garden?"

Much to his chagrin, Father black leopard said "That 'strange playfel-

low' in the garden is my son and your nephew; he has grown up but he still has his spots."

Aunt and Uncle black leopard were appalled. "I'll not have it!" Aunt protested. "I'll not, I'll not, I'll not!" But Uncle was a bit more reasonable. "I've been around, you know," he said to Father confidentially, "and I've run into a few cases like this. It's all a case of delayed maturity—he's still just a child, at heart. Take him to a psychiatrist, who will help him to adjust to reality and accept his mature responsibility of being a *black* leopard, with everything that that implies!"

So Father leopard decided to take his son to a psychiatrist. "You are a leopard," the psychiatrist said, "and all leopards are born with spots. But, black leopards grow black fur to hide their spots. Now, you are a black leopard, and you must fulfill your duties to your family and decide to grow black fur like them."

"But," the Young Man protested, "aren't the spots still there—even if they *are* covered up?"

"That is not the point," the psychiatrist (who was himself a black

leopard) replied. "The point is, you were born into a family of black leopards and you must be like all the rest of your family."

"And just suppose," the Young Man protested, "I *like* being different and having spots and showing them off?"

When the Young Man said this the psychiatrist became very agitated. He gave himself a tranquilizer and suggested that Father leopard take his son to another psychiatrist—a distant relative who was born into a family of spotted leopards and was spotted himself.

("By showing him that spotted leopards have duties to fulfill also, perhaps we can convince him it would be just as easy to become black," the psychiatrist argued sagely).

So, Father took his son to the psychiatrist and they became friends at once, and—although it deeply shocked his distant relative—he helped the Son to adjust into a happy life as a spotted leopard.

For, this psychiatrist was wise enough to know that it is impossible to make a leopard change his spots.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

A reader recently got the following "chain letter," anonymously sent, as such things generally are, and claiming to be the fifteen-thousandth in a series:

"The time has come for all gay people to organize. For years gay people have attempted the feat of being accepted by society. For years they have made us believe we are a minority and treated us as an oddity of nature. There is enough of us to create our own society. Groups of 50 and 100 are forming here and there across the country. They are creating brotherhoods whose common goal is making the gay people a world influence. They help each other to become financially able by pooling their resources. They have started their own religion in many cases. When there are enough of them they hire a lawyer by the year. All communication between the groups is done by chain letters that are numbered. This way they pass laws, elect people, etc. For their benefit. Also. They are a secret society and silence is a must. Whenever someone does anything against another member a chain letter is sent mentioning what he done. They patronize only gay places of business whenever possible. In short by organizing in small groups and working together within these groups and across the nation as a whole we find the security in a society that we

have tried to long to find. Please send a copy of this letter to all your personal friends. A member."

Such muddle-headed idiocy might, a few years ago, have been good for a laugh and a passing wistful "if only something like that could be . . ." But today, American homosexuals actually have a number of responsible, and quite public, organizations. Such cloak-and-dagger stuff constitutes a threat to the gains that have been painfully accumulated in the last decade. The general tactics still have to be evolved for organizationally meeting the problems facing homosexuals in this country, but while we no longer wait for our difficulties to be solved by charitable handouts from a few liberally inclined heterosexuals, we have learned that all this conspiratorial business is a costly diversion, and the flatulent dreams of world power are frankly dangerous.

I can't understand the mentality behind "chain letters," or how they are supposed to accomplish any purpose. The authorities generally regard them as "rackets." Don't know if this one is, but I would advise readers to steer clear . . .

GAY INFLUENCE

The foregoing aimed at making "the gay people a world influence."

Amy Vanderbilt seems to think they already are. Amy is reigning queen of "other-directed" etiquette, and dispenses daily communiques on how to behave as "the best people are behaving." She notes that "most male fashions begin with the homosexuals," and grow to general acceptance. I should think that this applies to a great deal more than fashions in clothing and etiquette. In the arts, even in religion, philosophy and the sciences it seems most often to be the homophile who bursts the fetter of outmoded forms, who brushes away conservative blindness, who takes the risk of trying something new. To the degree that there is any sort of secret fraternity of homosexuals exerting a decisive influence on the world, it is in the arts, the world of fashion and in the intellectual world, rather than in the State Dept., as McCarthy suspected. But this is no conspiracy. Even Amy Vanderbilt, who makes her living out of recording changing manners, feels that "the most conformity on this score, the better." Only homophiles and a few of the other social mavericks Amy decries dare to institute the innovations that will become tomorrow's fads. Homosexuals (not all of them, of course, since many foolishly hope that their one basic non-conforming taste can be hidden by the most slavish conformity in all other matters) are among those few who, disregarding Pope's advice, are brave enough to be either the first by whom the new is tried, or at least the last to lay the old aside.

Is this claiming too much? Maybe. But notice the sort of suspicions that are aroused about any man, even married and with a litter of kids, who wears Bermudas before they have become accepted in his neighborhood.

THE ROUGH SIDE

Two NYC sneak-police arrested on charge of lawyer steering. The two plainclothesmen, staked out in Central Park, had nabbed five "morals suspects" and then, in violation of Penal Code, solicited their victims as clients for a woman lawyer. That could be a pretty profitable business all round . . .

B'way chorus boy, who'd danced once in NY show, Lil Abner, found dead in apartment. Elevator man, who'd seen him enter with slim young man, who ran out later after a loud argument, found body, and a knife . . . As a result, NY cops reverting to their indiscriminate "cleanup-roundups of undesirables" in Times Square, Greenwich Village, etc. I suppose the chief question in this matter is whether the cops go for the obvious hustlers and troublemakers, or whether they go after anyone on the streets who looks "different."

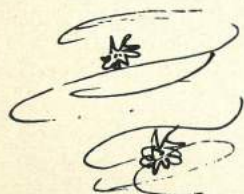
Frank Ahern, San Francisco's top-cop, who'd campaigned to clean up the city's night life, and wrote lurid magazine articles protesting the Bay City's "gay" reputation, died recently of a heart attack while watching a Dodger-Giants game . . .

John ("Bunny") Breckenridge, millionaire San Franciscan grandson of an early American Vice-President, made news sometime ago by announcing he was going to undergo surgery for sex-change. Recently he was arrested with three young Los Angeles men for "conspiring to commit sex crimes" against two brothers, aged 11 and 13. The boys had been put in Breckenridge's care by their mother, and the cops seemed to have a pretty flimsy case . . .

Charleston, W. Va., cops nabbed 25 hi-school boys running nude on grounds of statehouse—part of an illicit fraternity initiation . . .

MASSACHUSETTS: Williamstown judge refused to allow name of a schoolteacher convicted of morals offenses to be released 25-yr.-old Anthony Bruno of Dorchester, dressed as a woman, visited a Walpole state prisoner, and routinely told authorities s(he)'d never been in a state institution, whereas he had once been convicted of larceny of a sum of money from his step-father. He was therefore convicted —of perjury— and sent to the House of Correction for 2 years. He told officials he didn't own any male clothing 57-yr.-old doctor at Worcester State Hospital was found stabbed to death in bathtub of an apartment on Millbury St. The occupant of the apt., 27-yr.-old George Stanton, first claimed he'd found the body in his tub, but later said he had met Barnes at a cafe, and "being down on my luck," had accepted a drink and meal from the doctor, whom he brought to his apartment, and stabbed (nine times) "because of an act perpetrated on me that I didn't like, that I didn't go for." Bloody bed clothing had been dumped on floor

PERFUMES FOR PERFECTIONISTS



Sophistication in the Latin manner;

Oriental splendors, softened by time;

Carnations bowing to the wind . . .

Five fine test fragrances will be mailed to you if you send \$1 to cover cost of bottles, packing and postage.

CREATIVE GUILD

P. O. Box 605, Springfield, Illinois

THE PRYING EYE

Mrs. Paul Ashton's campaign to get public censorship of books and Magazines in Santa Barbara, Calif., recently paid off. The city council, with one dissenting vote, railroaded through a local obscenity ordinance, over protests of 56 faculty members of Santa Barbara College. Councilman Wilson protested that parents, not the city, should guide or police their own children's reading habits —"If these people want state control of raising their children, they will get it."

Opponents of the measure said that though the bill is aimed at protecting juveniles, it actually will censor adult reading habits as well, since dealers won't be able to run the risk of displaying books or magazines that might lead to prosecution.

More recently, Santa Barbara was really rocked by the disclosure that many of the city's prominent socialites had been photographed in the nude, without their knowledge, by a doctor who was X-raying them for TB checkups

READERS on Writers

The article "I am Glad I am Homosexual" by Hollister Barnes (August, 1958) brought several lengthy and outspoken replies. Excerpts from some of the more interesting ones follow, to form another of our series under the above heading.

Miss R. of Los Angeles writes: I wish to compliment you on the stimulating August issue of ONE.

The lead article "I am Glad I am Homosexual," by Mr. Hollister Barnes leaves me with a sense of tired repulsion and a feeling that the man does not quite know what he is talking about.

It is one thing to defend the homosexual's right to live, to be himself, to champion his heroes . . . his great ones who have made all humanity richer for their courage and nobility of thought and action, to seek a rightful and useful place in society for us. It is quite another to attempt to do all this at the expense of the **heterosexual's right to be himself**; to heap calumny, insult and scorn upon those institutions which though they may not have understood us to date are nevertheless essential to the survival and future of mankind.

Does Mr. Barnes want a place for us in society or does he desire to blast us further from the understanding and acceptance of society than we have been heretofore? Mr. Barnes seems to revel in his irresponsibility to society. If we are irresponsible to society (as society has long charged) what right have we to expect society to be responsible to us?

It is not hard to imagine, nor pleasant to consider the reaction of the average Joe Doaks, struggling to maintain his family, should he accidentally stumble on Mr. Barnes' article. Where are these millions on the march he speaks of? I'm glad it's not true in the sense he speaks it, though I hope someday it may be true in a quiet, unassuming way. However, I hate to see such a falsehood printed to scare good heterosexual folk to death, not to mention our own good homosexual folk who were just beginning to take heart in the constructive work the homophile publications have been doing toward understanding, acceptance, integration.

Mr. Barnes appears to want more than just the right to be himself, to live his own life peacefully and well. He has to consider himself and his kind superior to the whole human race, else he cannot stand his condition. This is a dangerous attitude.

A truly superior being is about the last person to say so. While others extol his virtues, he can only see where he has fallen short of his ideal and how much further he has to go. He is tolerant of and kind to others' shortcomings and seeks understanding always.

Regarding Mr. Barnes' strange and unqualified statement about the lesbian being relieved and glad not to have to attempt two readjustments to her self-hood, 1st, to some male; 2nd, to her children and that she finds it possible to heighten her womanliness through love and sexual union with another woman, I have a number of reactions. One is that Mr. Barnes seems to know nothing of the true nature of love, if in his years of loving he has found no need for re-adjustments in his self-hood because of it. Two—regarding sexual attraction—Mr. Barnes may live in some realm of human experience I have never known, but if I have never known it I'm certainly in the majority for once in my life. I have never seen a homosexual union wherein there was masculine attraction for masculine traits or feminine attraction for feminine traits. Where 'like' may attract 'like' in the thought realm, opposites still attract opposites in the sexual realm. Masculinity seeks its feminine counterpart and vice-versa in the heterosexuals and homosexuals alike. My womanliness could never be heightened by the femininity in another woman, but only by her masculinity. Conversely, my masculinity is heightened by the womanliness of the woman I love, not by her masculinity. My love and I appear to the gay world to be both predominately masculine. Many who perpetuate the stereotype of heterosexual marriage in their homosexual marriage, frequently to the death of part of themselves, cannot understand us as they know opposites attract. We know this too . . . but we are not deceived by appearances. I have known of similar cases in the homosexual male marriage. Both partners looked exceedingly masculine to an outsider. The lovers knew themselves to be a fantastic mixture of masculinity and femininity and had no intention of allowing the richness of their potential to be warped by either heterosexual or homosexual stereotypes.

"Flaming queens" or "stomping dikes" alike **are** interesting. While I would not assign them to the pits of Hell, I would not exactly knight them for nobility either. I have never known any who weren't walking time-bombs of hatred. They certainly don't feel any responsibility to anybody or anything . . . except their own warped vision of themselves. Far from being some crowning achievement as Mr. Barnes sees it, I would consider this condition a living prison of mind for one to flee as fast as one found understanding to do so.

I am glad I am homosexual, probably as glad as Mr. Barnes, but not because I think that makes me superior to anybody. I'm glad, because that's the best way of life for me. I'm glad I found out fairly young instead of spending my life repressing my homosexuality as many unfortunate people feel they must. Outside of that, I think it's more apropos for anybody to say, "I'm glad I'm alive," or "I'm glad I'm me."

Mr. A. of New York writes: Although I've never gone around shouting that I am glad I am homosexual, I feel much the same as Hollister Barnes does. And if it became possible for me to change to a heterosexual I wouldn't do it.

In a way I am proud too. Because it is almost as if I have a secret. Not just a secret within myself, but a secret that I share with many others. Amongst us it becomes a bigger and better secret. It isn't the fact that I am gay and that nobody knows it because I am not one of those

homosexuals that other people can't recognize. But I just feel so much wiser than straight people. I honestly feel that I can do the things that I do better **because** I am homosexual.

Perhaps what I feel is a personal superiority complex, but I prefer to think that it is because I am homosexual. And if this is true, then I am glad I am homosexual and wouldn't be straight for anything in the world.

Mr. J. E. K. of Chicago writes: The article "I am Glad I am Homosexual," though stating many truths, also contains demagoguery to a degree that demands rebuttal.

First, it seems pertinent to point out that, unthinking as it well is, a group (minority, religious, or racial) is too often judged by the behavior of only a handful of its members. To be specific, homosexuals, as a group, are usually judged by the behavior of the most obvious—the queen. The average non-homosexual knows so little about homosexuality that it is not usually recognized in the less flamboyant individual. Therefore, what other standard may the heterosexual observer use in determining his own feelings for (or against) the homosexual? True, he should investigate with more depth than a casual observation, but in the present state of development of human personality and mentality this might be bothersome, distasteful, and it might even be considered prying. So, right or wrong, judgment is passed by literally millions of otherwise good people who (1) don't have the facts, (2) probably don't want the facts, and (3) have no moral, legal, or ethical right to judge their fellow man!

Does not this predicament suggest caution?

I think it does, and, furthermore, so does ONE! (See the last three lines of the statement of purpose printed in each issue.) The "cause" which, after all, is understanding if not acceptance of **all** homophiles, cannot be aided by emotional outbursts, antisocial behavior, or **demands** for acceptance.

Like it or not, we all exist in a society. And society is no great and beneficent club of inherited privilege into which all men are born with free membership and entire equality. Social association is a form of survival insurance which human beings have learned is profitable; therefore are most individuals willing to pay those premiums of self-sacrifice and personal liberty curtailment which society exacts from its members in return for this enhanced group protection. In short, the present-day social mechanism is a trial-and-error insurance plan designed to afford some degree of assurance and protection against a return to the terrible and antisocial conditions which characterized the early experiences of the human race.

The prime mission of society is the definition of the right, the just and fair regulation of class differences, and the enforcement of equality of opportunity under the law. Every right is associated with a social duty. Liberty, subject to group regulation, is the goal of social evolution. Liberty without restrictions is the vain and fanciful dream of unstable and flighty minds.

A self-centered homosexual may be glad to have been spared the trials and tribulations of marital existence. If he becomes convinced that his own personal existence is complete unto itself, then, to him, there is no need for the family or the home. But if we believe, as I most certainly

do, that each generation passes something of value to the succeeding generations, then the reason for existence assumes purpose. Let's face it: without the family, whence the next generation? And if there arose a next generation, what would it be like? Many of the problems in our society today (and mentioned by Mr. Barnes) have been brought about by the failure of a man, a woman, and their offspring to maintain family status. History already bears me out (Sparta, Greece, Rome, and, most recently, the USSR), but perhaps biology might be called upon to illustrate: Insects are born fully educated and equipped for life—indeed, a very narrow and purely instinctive existence. The human baby is born without an education. The basic institution for instilling his cultural inheritance in a child will always be the home. Proof of this statement may be found, unfortunately, in the fact that racial prejudice and intolerance exists. This is an unfortunate example of the power that the family and the home is able to exert over the minds of children.

Mr. Barnes' blast at the family and the home is only too reminiscent of the late Bernarr McFadden's recurring diatribes against homosexuality. In the final analysis, no problems will be solved by these means. To me, the argumentative defense of any proposition is inversely proportional to the truth contained. Many others are probably just as glad to be homosexuals as it Mr. Barnes, but, I hope, not for many of the reasons stated by him.

Mr. R. of New York writes: I have seldom read more well-intentioned inanities than in Mr. Hollister Barnes' "I Am Glad I Am a Homosexual."

It is certainly well-intentioned, and there can be no argument that homosexuals have rights and that they are beginning, quite rightly, to demand them. It is insane if it assumes that there is no middle ground between being "proud" to be a homosexual and being ashamed.

I am certainly not ashamed, but I see no particular point of pride or shame in being left-handed or right-handed, in being black-haired or blond, in preferring coffee to tea or a man to a woman. The converse, of course, also holds true.

Before reaching his ultimate point, Mr. Barnes treats us to a farrago of familiar exaggerations tending to show that we are, in some way, superior to the poor home-making, bread-winning and rather stupid heterosexual slob. At least, such is the impression his piece conveys.

Now, I don't envy the heterosexual anything. To argue his merits as against my own is to indulge in a meaningless pastime. I do demand that he accord me my absolute right to conduct my private life as I see fit without infringing upon his. I very gladly accord his way of life, **for him**, the same right and merit as my own.

Freedom consists of the right to stretch your hands out as far as possible without slapping your neighbor in the face. Aside from being stupid, declarations of our superiority (hal) can be just such a slap.

Educating people to accept as natural something they have been trained to see as disgusting, dangerous and immoral is far more difficult than either throwing a limp wrist in their faces or telling them how much better than they we are.

Our ultimate victory will consist of nothing more than an acceptance by **all** concerned that "de gustibus non est disputandum."

Helen Sanders of The Daughters of Bilitis writes: I am compelled to take considerable exception to the article in general and some areas in particular as presented by Mr. Hollister Barnes in your August issue.

Most of all, I resent the blanket statements about "the Lesbian." In my work with the Daughters of Bilitis, I am pretty well acquainted with a lot of girls who might be so classified. I believe that the two "reasons" stated lie far toward the bottom of the list of possible causes for sexual inversion in women. Most Lesbians adore children. Many of them are mothers and have given up a great deal to retain their children. Most of them do not hate men and in their relationships with other women seek a dominance or a passivism that makes the home life comparable to that of the heterosexual couple. Mr. Barnes is not aware, apparently, of the "butch-femme" controversy which has been rampant in our circles for some time. While I do not adhere to this practice or belief, I have found that a goodly number of both men and women do and this is part and parcel of their social existence. They do not become more "heightened in their womanliness" or their manhood by consorting sexually with their own sex. They perhaps become more expressive of themselves . . . whatever it may be that needs expressing. The search for "selfhood" is an individual and varying quest that for all people, regardless of their sexual preference, has a lonely reward.

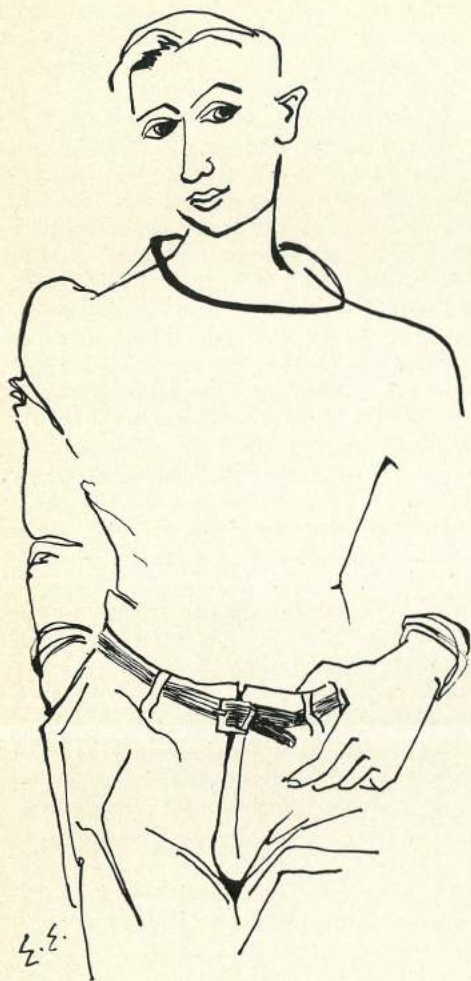
I do not consider it "amoral," "asexual" or "immoral" to keep one's sex-life from being the dominating factor in social behavior. If one must flaunt one's conquests, virility, etc., then there must be some fear or doubt about their existence. The police will arrest any man for indecent exposure, making improper advances to women, molesting children, etc. I see no reason to condone the homosexual in his screaming declamations about the sordid details of his romances or his overt tours into the areas of bad taste. To be discreet is not a disavowal of one's sexual preference.

Most important of the criticisms I wish to make is, to my mind, against Mr. Barnes' diatribe against heterosexual marriage and procreation. We must not seek understanding from others while condemning their way of life. If we do this, we will surely destroy what is good within ourselves and do away with the right to equality, understanding and acceptance.

Speaking for the Daughters of Bilitis, I can say most positively that we do not expect to gain our own ground by putting our heels upon others. If there be militancy among us, it is aimed at social injustices and inequalities . . . not in disagreement about how people should live, believe or conduct themselves in society. We do not care to put an end to the human race. We have no bone to pick with heterosexuals and their way of life. We only ask that we be given an equal opportunity to pursue that which is more fitting to us.

Obviously Mr. Barnes does not know that homosexuals living together do not escape the responsibilities and problems of marriage. He surely has found no "moral freedom," for this possession would not be conducive to such free-flowing spleen. Life must, indeed, have its "dull stretches" if one finds no place in society and can only spit at the majority in impotent rage—asking much; giving nothing.

I am glad I am a homosexual, but I'm not sure I'm glad Mr. Barnes is one.



IF I HAVE OFFENDED YOU,
By touching you
Closer than you will allow;
If I have somehow
Spoken too
Intimately past my due,
Taking my first liberty
Toward the
Object of my heart's desire;
If I have been more than the
Fool of free
Reaching at forbidden fire—

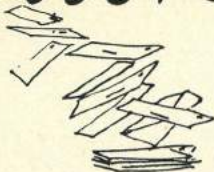
If I have been anything
You might bring
Innocence in shame to say
Over the way
I have of using
Friendship to stage love's display:
If I have been something too
Absurdly near offending you;
If I have, boy, then try to see
How much you have offended me?

If to awaken passion's flame
And the shame
Of desire's ungraceful touch,
Simply loving love too much
For less than game
Dare-do by another name;
If to challenge modesty
With modesty,
Making the silly heart take hope
Over the
Unlikely outcome of what we
May call, giving love its rope—

If to bring
Love down on wing:
No,
If to be always young and good;
If to stay boyish
And too coyish,
Like a babe lost in the wood,
If this is to offend,
Let's not pretend
That you're so young you cannot see
How much you have offended me.

Doyle Eugene Livingston

Letters



Dear Mr. Barr:

For some time since reading and re-reading your play *Game of Fools* I have wanted to write you for your opinion, if you would be so kind, on several points that puzzle me.

First, in several places, you refer to the "well-adjusted" homosexual. What do you mean by well-adjusted in relation to the homosexual? In what does this adjustment consist? Can it ever be achieved? I personally doubt that a homosexual can ever be well-adjusted, knowing as he must that he will rarely find a sympathetic acceptance of his condition, knowing that there is little that can be done to make him "normal," whatever that means. One must bury his strange "affliction" and hope that no one ever discovers his horrid secret! Whence, then, comes the adjustment?

Mr. D.
HYATTSVILLE, MD.

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Your letter addressed to James Barr is of such general interest that we believe it and our answer belong properly in this column. Your questions about the well-adjusted homosexual makes us wonder if you have seen *ONE* Magazine? A current series has been on "Successful Homosexuals." A few month's reading of the Magazine should clarify the matter for you. Also, *ONE INSTITUTE* QUARTERLY, and the classes at the INSTITUTE, have made it entirely clear that there is no difference in the adjustment of homosexuals and heterosexuals whatever, except to the degree that certain individuals may indulge in self-pity, or suffer unwarranted guilt feelings.

You speak of burying one's "strange affliction . . . and . . . horrid secret." *ONE*'s offices have been open every working day for the past five and a half years. People are coming and going continually, with no thought of any horrid secrets. Classes at the INSTITUTE are regularly attended by those enrolled, and visitors. Public meetings are held from time to time, so that over the years we have undoubtedly contacted thousands of persons. Where, then, is the secret?

Does it not all come right down to the point that homosexuals can either face themselves, frankly and honestly, or go right on having "secrets" and "strange afflictions" so long as they wish? It is entirely a matter of free choice.

Dear *ONE* Mag.:

The June issue was the first one to come through for a few months now. The pictures of individual gay people are very fine, and especially to start off with a cop. They're the characters that gum things up more than somewhat.

The letter from Miss W., of Brooklyn, raises a subject of vital interest. The lonely ones must in some way be helped, by being able to meet other gay people and finding a sex outlet. It is no use saying why don't they avail themselves of the gay haunts. For years shyness kept me from going to them. A fellow has to become hard as nails to protect himself from all the crazy mixed-up characters that hang out in such places.

As far as I can tell it is ten times as hard for the gay dames, especially if they have an ordinary small-town background. I've seen more nice stuff go to the dogs in a year or two from being lonely and impressionable, thereby overdoing it when they did break into the gay crowd. There are some very brutal, callous citizens setting the pace in gay circles in larger cities, and usually they are that way more as a victim of circumstances than from fundamental weakness of character.

Some way, somehow a little order has to be brought out of the chaos, and the young launched into the swim with a fair chance of not drowning. I've known of more than one that hit the sex and liquor so hard in their teens that they are soon burned out.

If these gay people will talk to each other through your *Letters* feature they can enlighten each other via that medium . . . I figured out Beethoven for a repressed gay character and I believe Romain Rolland had him doped out the same way—and he knows his way around the human personality. His *Michelangelo* shows that.

Mr. S.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Dear *ONE*:

I particularly enjoyed "Gay Beach," also, the article on "Registration Law Dealt Blow" is a very fine one. Although this does not apply to me I know of one person who, I am certain, will be greatly helped by this action. Attorney Zwerin is to be highly praised for his work to which you refer in your article. I am enjoying the "Successful Homosexual" articles and hope you will continue them in every future issue.

Mr. P.
MENLO PARK, CALIF.

Dear sirs:

ONE certainly has come far since its humble beginning a few years back. The Magazine has become a friend for many of us who find life lonesome. Keep up the great work and wonderful improvements. There is a possibility in the future we will be accepted by society. We may never see this day but the future generations will. Work such as yours will have its reward.

Mr. C.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Dear Editor:

I came across your magazine recently and enjoyed it very much from cover to cover. I didn't know such a publication existed, and was thrilled to see it. I have been a homosexual for about five years, and this magazine shows that there are others who feel as I do. I was especially interested in your letters-to-the-editors column.

Mr. G.
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

Dear sir:

I have read your magazine for many months with the greatest interest, but there is one topic you never write about—transvestism. I am a man sixty-one years old who has worn feminine attire whenever possible since birth. I am not ashamed of it, in fact I enjoy being seen in one of my many pretty dresses. As I write this I am fully clothed as a lady, from the skin out—nylon stockings and white high-heeled shoes. I also am wearing ear-rings, necklace and bracelets.

My friends all admire me and prefer to have me dress as a lady. Perhaps there are many of your readers who dress as I do. Why not let's hear from them? You may publish this letter if you wish.

Mr. B.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear sirs:

Your readers might like to hear about one or two of us over here. A small group of us living in various parts of the country keep in touch by mail and by tape-recorded letters. We sometimes meet socially, although not often enough, as distance is the barrier. A solitary copy of *ONE* is circulated about and we all enjoy it. I have just read the June issue. Congratulations to Miss W., of Brooklyn, for her forthrightness about the chin-up stuff.

We are a happy band over here, enjoying our friendships, and indeed many of us have overseas friends whom we often hear from. Once a homosexual has found a friend or friends he can and should relax and enjoy himself in sympathetic company. I am not at all worried about my "condition" and am at peace with the world. We should not sit down

and feel sorry for ourselves, but keep a lookout for that friend who will bring us happiness.

Mr. P.
WATFORD, ENGLAND

Dear sir:

I have tried twenty times over to write you a note of thanks for publishing my "Words That Hurt." And I thought writing fiction was hard. It's impossible to tell you how I felt when I bought the July issue and saw my story there.

I don't understand Mr. C. of New Zealand at all. Why should we be encouraged to learn that desire does not diminish at 74? Great God, how many suicides has this man precipitated?

Matt Kent
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Dear sirs:

Not getting the Magazine is like waiting for a friend who fails to arrive. I have no contact with people with whom I can feel as if I belong, except through your Magazine.

I don't claim to have a great deal of courage. I don't make a point of informing everybody of my true feelings. Some people know how I am. Many don't. Neither do I pretend to belong to the over-manly, spit every five seconds, kill the dirty queers group, who are not too good to sneak into back alleys or public rest rooms, or a car on a dark side street.

Any contacts I have will be "right" by my own philosophy, or not at all. It's a lonely, not too comforting philosophy, but I have self-respect. I wonder how many of the aforementioned group has.

Mr. N.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Bill:

It is a very exhilarating experience to be traveling with what amounts to a key to the city, every place you go. The "fraternity" is truly international—our particular community is far ahead of the political one in terms of world understanding. Missed contact with the groups in Belgium, Sweden and Denmark, where the club is open only two nights a week.

Amsterdam is the freest and liveliest spot. Had a pleasant, illuminating chat with Bob Angelo. Proceeds of the COC Club (very pleasant, popular and free from police annoyance of any kind) are sufficient to pay salaries to four full-time workers. May such a day soon arrive for *ONE*! There is a hunger for *ONE* in many areas over here, but it is apparently hard to obtain, especially in England.

Don Rifle
ROME, ITALY (enroute)

Dear ONE:

The June ONE held two great thrills for me—"The Successful Homosexual," and the advertisement for Ace's Towne House. Thrilled to know that ONE is being used as a commercial advertising medium. This alone denotes acceptance and will create in the minds of readers the idea that there are those who are unafraid.

But why must some insist on being "swishy." It's not only revolting, but nauseating to those who try to live like MEN, working and living with people. Why should we wear a badge? Why do we insist on using and coining a lot of phraseological jargon which serves to advertise? Why when we attend a cocktail party must be dress in the God-awfullest ostentatious attire that only a Queer could assemble? Why do we get so much bang out of John's new "wife," or a broken relationship? Is it because we are so shallow and ephemeral that we are only looking for a new thrill?

Isn't it much more fun having someone with whom one can talk sensibly, enjoy a dinner out, a concert, or the theater? And whether it goes right or all wrong isn't the logical, practical thing to do not to talk too much? But maybe it is asking too much for a homo to be logical and practical.

Mine is a responsible position, employing both male and female help and reference to or about sexual relationships is cause for discharge. Living in two worlds has many compensations, for everything has its place. Consequently we learn that tabasco sauce is not good on icecream. We also learn that ours will be a better world when we as human beings and homos clean up our own doorstep.

Personally, I read ONE riding Chicago's "L." People see the title, but I've never been insulted, sneered at, propositioned, nor humiliated. I never "came out" but was born with my characteristics and tendencies and NOBODY has had a harder time than have I, but Brothers, we just can't afford to "swish."

Mr. D.
EVANSTON, ILL.

Dear Editor:

Reference is made to August Editorial. A good subject—Censorship—however, do believe you went a bit too far in calling the Catholic Church's advice on movies and plays (Legion of Decency) to her followers as "notorious" and implying this advice as an evil. Actually, this is not censorship at all, any more than a critic's review of a book is censorship. It is but a guide for those concerned to use in their evaluation of the item concerned.

Nevertheless, this criticism concerning reference to the Legion of Decency in no way should suggest total condemnation of the Editorial.

Viewed as a whole it carries a sound and pertinent opinion for us. Personally, I can attest this Cross-the-Border (Canadian) Censorship. Having sent gay books twice to friends in Quebec, I was surprised to learn neither had been received, nor were they returned. Here we have true censorship being enacted.

Mr. E.
JAMAICA, N. Y.

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Whatever the publicly professed purpose of the Legion of Decency the fact remains that newsdealers are often "guided" not to handle items on its list. If they refuse to accept this guidance they find themselves harassed by a series of quite unofficial but bothersome intimidations. The dealer, interested primarily in making a profit rather than establishing his public rights, simply gives in. In several large American cities NO dealer has the courage to offer ONE for sale because of Legion of Decency pressures. This situation was first explained to ONE by Father X, a conscientious and high-minded priest.

ONE's Editorial was in no sense directed at any church, but simply a factual report on conditions that experience has disclosed.

Dear Sir:

While I am not ordinarily a writer of "letters to the Editor," I would like to express my wholehearted agreement with the observations of Mr. R. of Garrison, N. Y. (August, 1958) who deplores the lack of humor and whimsy and cleverness in ONE.

That your motives and editorial policies are serious and dedicated is highly commendable; but in the process of taking yourselves so seriously, ONE frequently reads like a newsletter from a leper colony. Certainly social and legal changes are needed in our country, but consistently taking the "angry young man" approach tends to blunt your effectiveness.

Most gay people are blessed with a well-developed and rare sense of humor, more so, in fact, than many so-called normal people. A little lighter editorial approach would give your magazine a whole of a goose, and probably be a lot more effective. After all, it's easier to read and remember one of Oscar Wilde's or Noel Coward's barbed witticisms than some legislator's political tirades.

If ONE were spiced with a little fun and wit, I believe your readers would enjoy it a lot more and they probably would pay attention to your more scholarly and discursive articles. I cast my vote with Mr. R. for a little laughter—it's one of the greatest tonics mankind has.

Mr. S.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

BOOKS

LOLITA

by Vladimir Nabokov, Putnam's Sons, New York, 1958, \$5.00, 319 pp.

Such elements of the bi-polarity of the universe, as the creative artist and the art critic, while fulfilling a specific dual function, contribute in equal measure to circumscribe and define the role of art in the life of man.

Never, as today, has it been more necessary to emphasize the part that the critic must play in this role; today when the creative artist believes himself free of all outward fetters upon his activity. Especially, as in the case of literary activity, when his own psychic make-up makes him mistake the voice of his deep-rooted urges for actual Truth, with a capital T.

All this preamble has been made necessary by the need of appraising a novel which is slowly but surely climbing toward the top spot in the best-sellers list: *Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov.

The novel describes the sexual slavery of a girl by her stepfather between her tenth and fourteenth year. Now, make no mistake, this is no cheap, pornographic description. Never was the majesty of the English language bent so ingeniously to the task of portraying sexual depravity in a more anodic, elegant, subtle, way; a way of feeding just enough of an outline to the imagination, to allow it to fill in all the details that one's own experience may suggest. Were it not for the unpleasant task of getting adequate permission, we would gladly quote passages of the book to prove our point; as it is, we must ask the reader to consider pages 60 and 61 in the light of our criticism.

If, then, the book is well written, what is the indictment to which it is subject by our criticism? The indictment is plain: this book is a supremely immoral book. And it is supremely immoral not because it is an obscene book, because it is not an obscene or pornographic book, but on account of its inhumanity.

Animals copulate like the protagonist of the novel and his stepdaughter; men also, but when they do, they knowingly or unknowingly renounce their rights as human beings, reverting, to the ranks of animals.

It is the function of the artist to come to the rescue of whatever shred of humanity they have originally evinced, by portraying the struggle which must have gone on between their wounded consciences and their instincts during the fulfillment of these instincts.

This portrayal is what makes Dostojewski an artist. Nobody has depicted more terribly than he the very dregs of human behaviour; but nobody has shown better than he the inner war waged by voice of conscience.

It is, therefore, the lack of even the faintest shred of remorse assailing the protagonist at the superimposition of the sexual needs of middle aged man upon a child; it is the insinuation that anybody can "get away with it," that makes this book supremely immoral, nay, dangerous to the heterosexual contingent of our youth. Which, again, brings to the fore the cogent question: "What would the world have said if the protagonist had been a man, and the girl a boy?" B. R. Vitale

THE MAN ON THE ROCK

by Francis King, Pantheon, 1957, \$3.50, 248 pp.

This is a well conceived, well written novel that, in this reviewer's opinion, can be highly recommended.

Thematically, it casts upon the stage