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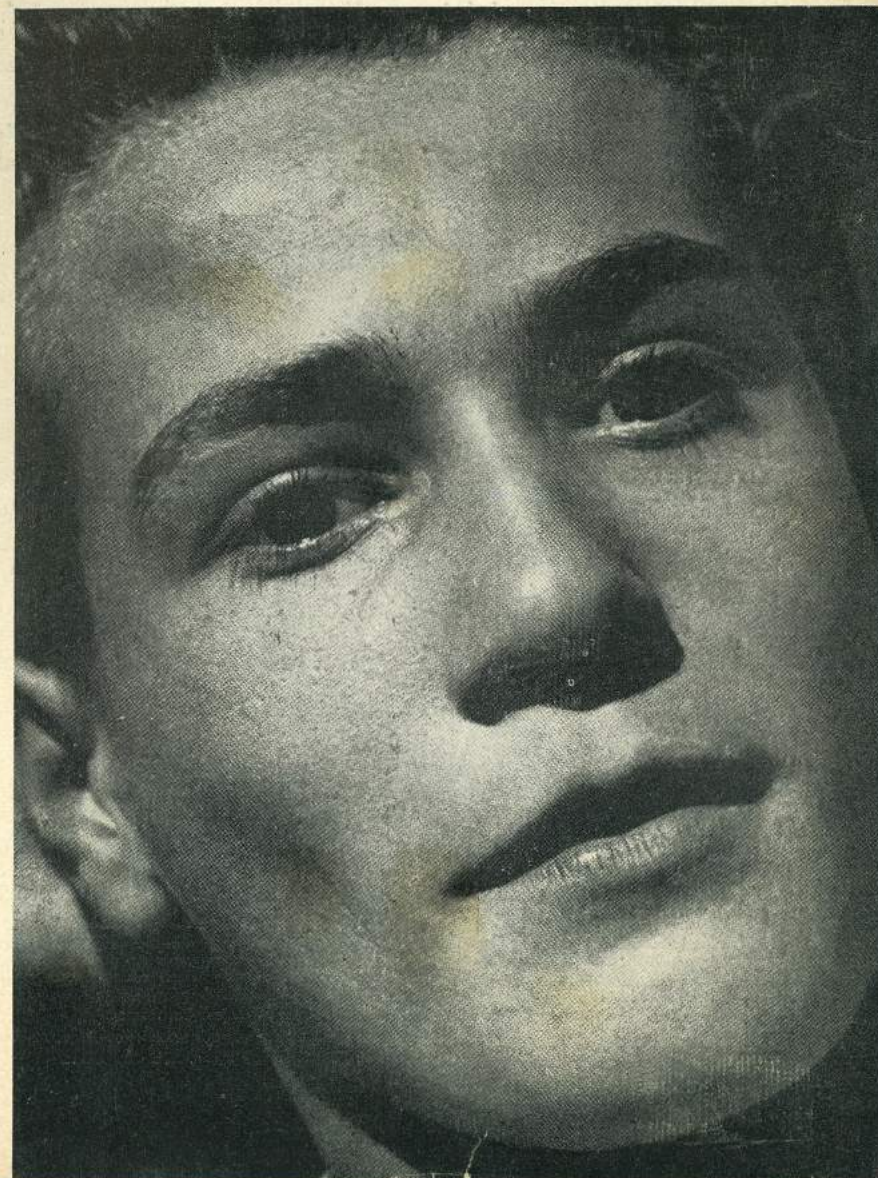
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one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

NOVEMBER 1958
FIFTY CENTS

HOMOSEXUALS WITHOUT MASKS



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

Number 11

November 1958

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COVER PHOTO: Vriendschap, Amsterdam

EDITORIAL

Another of the great Homosexual Festivals of the year has again just been joyously celebrated by the American public—Hallowe'en, All Hallows' Eve. It is more than likely that the majority of those who decked themselves out in the ceremonial robes and grotesque masks peculiar to this ancient rite were quite unaware of exactly what it was they were celebrating. Nevertheless, they DID celebrate.

From that, homosexuals may well derive some wry amusement and a philosophical conclusion or two, along such lines as, "What you don't know can't hurt you," or perhaps, even more appropriately, the words of that earthy though unlettered soul who exclaimed, "Is THAT what you call it? Why I've been doing it for years but never did exactly know what it was called!" With Hallowe'en it is the children who, innocently enough, have not yet learned how important it is to know what anything is called, but enter most happily and without reservation into the playful sportiveness of the Festival.

Its roots do indeed reach back into the more remote mists of history to a time even earlier than the Greek Festival of Dionysos, held in late October each year, an observance they had taken over from the earlier Mesopotamian Adonis-Festival, held in adoration and idealization of Adonis, that beautiful youth, idolized for centuries by countless millions as Istar's reluctant, and homosexual, lover and later celebrated in lushly homoerotic verse by Shakespeare. As the Festival was adopted by the Romans from the Greeks its name was changed in honor of Bacchus, the priapic and homophilic god of wine.

Anyone who is interested can easily trace the entire development of the Festival down through the centuries, as the rites of the Bacchanalia became interwoven in the popular mind with the "feast of asses," the pranks of the legendary and homosexual Robin Goodfellow of Old England, or those of Til Eulenspiegel, and the German *scrats*, or hermaphroditic wood-goblins. Then, there was also the famous Witches' Sabbath, that ultimate celebration of all the hobgoblins. It must not be forgotten that to the mediaeval mind witchcraft and sodomy were virtually synonymous. The Witches' Sabbath and Walpurgisnacht were celebrations of costumed revelry, dearly beloved of the common folk, while frowned upon officially by the Church.

Later, by one of those ingenious twists not infrequent in ecclesiastical annals, this infamous Festival somehow found itself in the Church calendar as All Saints', or All Hallows' Eve. It may well have been argued that it would require no assemblage less than that of all the saints to disperse the hordes of witches and hobgoblins let loose on that occasion.

In any case, we still celebrate this ancient Festival today, so keeping alive the sprightly traditions of those homosexual men and women who, down through the centuries, have contributed so richly to our culture their touches of lightness and color and added much to the merriment of the nations. Long may we celebrate the prankish Festival of Adonis—Dionysos—Bacchus—and Robin Goodfellow! Perhaps one day there may come some general understanding of its deeper meanings and of its proper place in our society.

William Lambert, Associate Editor

HOMOSEXUALS



WITHOUT MASKS

By Alice Horvath

A slim young man minced past us, smoothing his curls carefully with a graceful hand. I smelled a strong, sweet scent.

"Umm, I like his perfume, don't you, Tom?"

Tom gave me a disgusted look. "Really, Alice, people like that just turn my stomach. He's utterly ridiculous. I couldn't like *anything* about him." Tom pouted for a moment. Then he continued confidentially, "You just couldn't know how I feel because you're not a gay man, but the sight of a thing like that gives me nausea."

"Why?"

"Why the very thought of having an affair with a man who play-acts at being a woman is revolting. If I want a woman, I'll get the real thing. What I want is someone who's *really* a man."

"Well, I can see how you wouldn't be attracted to a queen if you like a very masculine type of guy, but why're you revolted by their very presence? You're not attracted to women, yet you have women friends, and they don't turn your stomach."

"That's different. Women aren't pretending to be something they're not. They're natural."

"How about me, Tom? I'm a woman, but I'm not *natural*—by your definition."

Tom raised an eyebrow. "Yes, but you're far from masculine. I can't abide those short-haired dykes any more than I can stomach those fairies. They aren't the least bit attractive and they give us a disgusting reputation. Why the whole thing is too much!"

I shrugged my shoulders and let the topic drop. Tom's attitude is typical of most of the gay fellows whom I know.

They are repelled by the queens and tell me that they couldn't possibly stand to be around them. A great many men will not even have a queen for a social friend. "No," Tom told me on one occasion, "I don't know any personally, and I don't care to. I find their way of dressing and talking disgusting and loathsome. I just couldn't stomach being around one of those flaming faggots, no matter how nice he might be." Tom continued, "I don't like the way a lot of those queens let themselves be kept instead of earning decent livings, either."

"Oh, Tom, some of the world's highest paid ballet dancers are men. And I'd like to make the money that a lot of fashion designers do, wouldn't you?"

Not all gay fellows have Tom's attitudes. Some of them genuinely like the more effeminate boys as friends but just don't want to be seen with them in public. "Look at it this way," argued Drew, a slightly effeminate friend of mine who has many acquaintances among the queens. "I like Jerry and the rest of them, and they used to be among my closest friends, but I have a responsible job now. I would be suspected anyway because of some of my mannerisms and the fact that I'm not married. If I associated with a bunch of dizzy queens, people would know for a fact. And I can't afford that with the job I have now."

People like Drew may keep their friendships with their earlier associates in the privacy of their own homes, or they may completely drop the queen as a friend—not out of disgust as in Tom's case, but out of fear.

Just as Tom and Drew are typical of most of the men I know, Dorothy, a successful accountant, expresses a common attitude among my female acquaintances. "Most of the gals I know who play like 'heavy men' just do nothing for me. I'm not attracted

to them because they're too masculine—all they do is gripe hell out of me. And I've never met one that had much of anything on the ball—to say nothing of a higher education."

"Now wait a minute, Dorothy," I said. "Look at women like Gertrude Stein, Radclyffe Hall and Rosa Bonheur. They're very masculine, and you can't say they don't have brains. You can't say you've never met a dyke with a good education, either—look at Ricky and Nick." Ricky and Nick are two mutual acquaintances of ours, both extremely masculine and both with PhDs.

"Take a look. How many stomping dykes do we know who have the responsible positions that the less obvious of us have? Most of the obvious ones I know work in electronics factories or drive busses. I'm convinced of the ability of the conservative type of lesbian. The career girl who's slightly masculine—you know, wears tailored jackets and all that—is very attractive to me both sexually and as a person. She's the kind you find in top business jobs and laboratories. Now a gal like that is some one we can all be proud of. But one of those diesel dykes does nothing for us."

"Then you don't think a good bus driver's worth while?" I asked.

"Oh for chrissakes, I'm not talking about a bus driver who's trying to get you where you're going. I'm talking about a female who's trying to show how much of a man she is. Besides, most of them can't get too many jobs where they can dress in drag, so they're mostly out of work and being supported by their femmes."

"That's another thing I can't stand," said Dorothy, pounding her fist into her hand. "If these dykes want to play like men, let them behave like men and support their women instead of letting their femmes do all the work." She took a deep breath. "And another thing—they bring the

cheap chorus girl element into the gay bars."

"What do you mean by that?" I myself had never noticed anything like that.

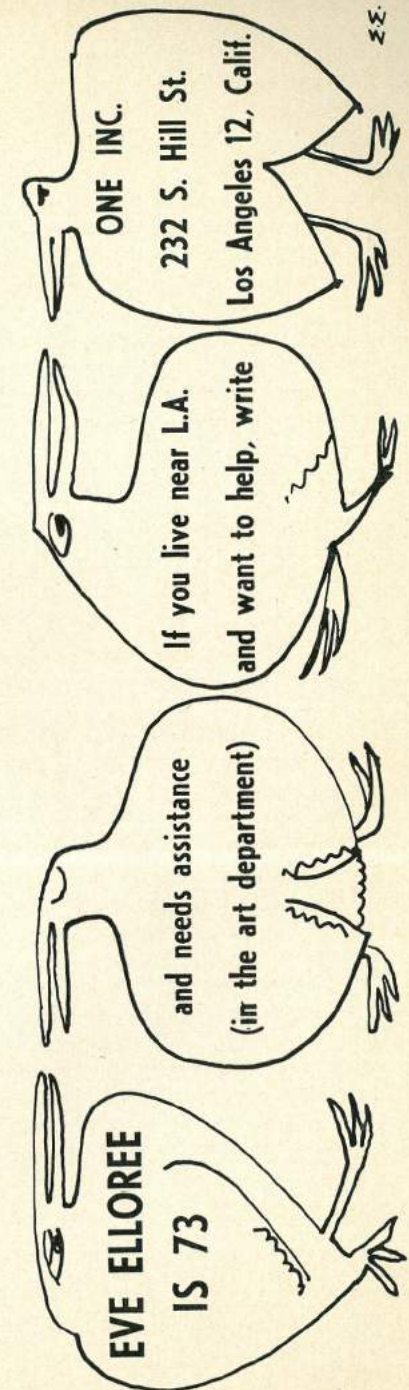
"Take a look around you the next time you're in one of the bars. Most of the people look as if they belong. But you'll see some gum-chewing, frizzy-haired bleached blond who looks like she belongs more in a burlesque show—the kind of female who'll go with anyone who can foot the bill. And, that kind is almost always with some crew-cut dyke."

"I'll have to admit that's a new idea to me," I told Dorothy, making a mental note to do some closer observing on my next night out.

Another attitude I hear frequently voiced is that of dislike on "general principles." Tom said, "I don't think homosexuality should be equated with femininity in men or masculinity in women for the most part. But what most people see are the obvious men and women, so that's what people think gay life is composed of, period. The consequences, it ruins the chance of being accepted for all of us."

Most of the gay fellows and gals I know have a complete lack of respect for the dyke or queen as a person, and in the majority of cases, the feeling is one of complete disgust.

For my friends like Tom who are actually sickened by the queen, I have one thing to say. "Methinks thou dost protest too much." Looking objectively at the queens, just as people, I personally can't see where they are disgusting. Most of them wear very clean, well pressed clothes and usually make a most presentable appearance. I've seen some queens I've thought were actually aesthetic in appearance and, for the most part, they certainly have poise. If Tom's stomach is turned, I'm suspicious of his inner feelings. I can see how a man would



not be attracted to a queen if he wants some one masculine, but to say that the queens are "disgusting"—this would seem to indicate a secret envy of their lack of inhibitions.

I've noticed, too, actual disgust of some lesbians toward dykes. This isn't quite as prevalent as the men's feeling toward the queens, however. Perhaps this is because women can be outwardly more masculine without entering the category of dyke—they can wear pants, have short hair and still be feminine. Thus their inhibitions are not as strong as the fellows' and therefore their dislike doesn't fall in that direction. In fact many lesbians of my acquaintance admit that they find boyish dykes quite attractive. But like Dorothy, they have no respect for the dyke as a person. Frequently they just don't want to be seen in public (or private) with someone so obvious.

For people like Drew who just can't afford to be seen with the obvious ones . . . well, as I see it, Drew can't afford to be homosexual, either. His job is not in jeopardy over his associating with effeminate men, but it is every time he performs a homosexual act. Yet I never hear of anyone like Drew ever giving up his sex life for the sake of his job. To me, Drew appears to be afraid—not for his financial security—but, rather, he seems to be fearful of what people will think of him as an individual. This is an understandable attitude, I suppose, but to me one that is deserving of much less respect than I would give to an honest queen.

I agree that it is unfortunate that most people equate the queen and dyke with homosexuality since the majority of homosexuals don't fit into those categories. But have people like Tom and Dorothy realized that it is precisely because people do have a stereotype in mind that Tom and Dorothy are able to "pass"? It is sad

that the situation exists where people feel they must pass, and that those who don't share this feeling must be persecuted. But rather than condemning the people who are taking the brunt of the jeers and contempt which belong to all of us, people like Tom and Dorothy should at least be tolerant if not grateful, instead of looking down from their throne of pseudo-normality which I call plain hypocrisy.

I think the queen and dyke are, in a sense, emancipated. They are doing that which many of us would like to do—proclaiming their feelings and desires to the world. They are not bound to the facade of normality which most of us erect to make it easier to live and get along in this world. They have virtually said, "Here I am. Take me for what I am or not at all."

I'm not naive about the queen and dyke as individuals. Some dykes are pimps or just plain lazy childish people who don't want to work. Too, I think the queens can be very annoying with their often shrill speech and their constant obvious search for sex, and of course I realize there is plenty of prostitution among the queens.

I'm not saying that the queens and dykes are the elite of the homosexuals. But I do think that their particular quality of honesty about their sexuality and their lack of inhibitions should be understood. Certainly it is more respect-worthy than the hypocrisy displayed by us "more acceptable" homosexuals. I can see the reasons for Tom's and Dorothy's facade to the world, and these fronts of heterosexuality serve many purposes. But for the Dorothys and Toms to claim their attitude is better, and to look down upon the queen and dyke? NO! This is prejudice—the wailing complaint of all homosexuals—and the Dorothys and Toms of this world have no right to acceptance if they themselves cannot accept.

a story by Alden Kirby



in the barracks

In the barracks, Private Bob Silk said to his bunk mate, "You don't want people to think you're a queer, do you? Throw it away."

Jasper took the letter back. "I guess I'd better. But do you think that's what Bill really means?"

"It's not what I think. You go on that furlough with that Bill guy, with his cabin in the woods, 'sleeping man to man,' and see who thinks what!"

Jasper took this in. "I'll tell him no, then. I'll tell him not to write anymore."

"Best thing," Silk said. "Keep away from 'em. And those guys you been hanging around with. Watch out for them too."

"George and Ed? And Jack Marsh?"

"Well, Sgt. Marsh is okay. Everybody seems to like him. I always see him in the USO dancing with a girl I know. He holds her too tight; you can see he's not."

Jasper watched Silk's face. Sharing the double bunk for six months, they had become friends but to Jasper, Silk's wider experience made him wise and impenetrable.

"But what if they are—what you say. Then what?" Jasper asked.

Silk winced. "You want a girl, don't you? Ever hear of sex?" Then Silk smiled. "I know. You got to have the lights low, soft music on the phonograph, and the shutters closed. Then you'll do it. Right?"

Jasper nodded in quick agreement. Yes, that's the way it would be, he thought.

He wrote the letter to Bill several times until the language was deliberate and unemotional but polite because Bill had been writing him two and three times a week for about a year. Jasper let his mind touch the idea, before withdrawing from it, that he enjoyed, just a little, this power of rejection he had over Bill, but he kept his letter factual and distant, and ended it with the careful statement, "I can only conclude that you have ulterior motives and that our relationship is not a healthy one, and should not be continued." That sounded literary and after he had mailed it, the ring of the words echoed in his ears. He was glad to have chopped off the correspondence as cleanly as he had. It made him feel that, at last, he was beginning to act as a straightforward adult—like Bob Silk.

But when he told Silk what he had written, Silk laughed, and made it all seem trivial. He was going to town and that was all that seemed important. But anyway, Silk approved. Still, Jasper was disappointed when Silk made no further mention of the hurdle he had crossed. After all, Bill had been a friend. But Silk only got out a clean shirt from his foot locker. Jasper watched him put on his civilian shorts that Silk liked. They were cut up the side like running shorts. These he always wore for one of his girls.

Then, "So long, kid," Silk said and left.

Jasper wished he had not said, "Kid."

Jasper watched the mails for a week or two for the usual letters from Bill, and had already rehearsed the disgust he would feel at Bill's futile amends, but no letter came. After the Friday mail call, he went over to the USO and watched Jack Marsh dance. He had already run into George and Ed a couple of times and passed them by. He had dreaded meeting them but he found it was easy to censor them when he did. He was relieved to have avoided becoming, as he saw them among the others, now, strange and even proud of being strange.

To keep on the right path, Jasper tried to be more friendly with Jack Marsh but Jack gave him a look that went through him like two bayonets. That hurt because everybody liked Jack Marsh and wanted to be in his platoon. Even George and Ed who were usually pretty critical accepted Jack Marsh, or Jack Marsh accepted them.

It's not easy getting a new group of friends, Jasper thought, but anyway, he was rid of the doubt he felt in himself. He did have *some* "homosexual tendencies" but then all his own family were slow in growing up, somehow, and that phase of hero-worship he saw in himself was only a phase. Silk was right. The lights and everything had to be right. But first, he had to find a girl.

Across the dance floor he saw Jack Marsh and his date jitterbugging. Jasper couldn't dance that well. He looked at the girls who had come in from town and sat on the sidelines, waiting, demanding, but pretending to ignore what they had come for. He wouldn't break into the clusters that were talking to each other. But Jasper caught the eye of one brunette, standing alone. Her face was cold. How could she understand? Another girl chewed gum. And her companion looked too eager. The rest were fat. Or dumb. He turned to a girl in a pink angora sweater, standing next to him.

"May I have this one?" he rehearsed casually to himself and then stated it out loud to the side of the girl's face. But she had already started walking away, not having heard his small voice. Jasper felt angry and humiliated, and finally disgruntled and bored.

Suddenly Jack Marsh stood before him. "Where's your friend, Silk," he said with a half smile. Jasper stuttered, but said, "He went to town." The smile remained on Jack's mouth. "Why aren't you with George and Ed?"

Jasper was startled at the association, but he collected his wits and said, "Should I be?"

The smile left Jack's face. The bayonets struck. "Nobody's telling you what you should be," Jack said. "Even Silk."

"Silk?" Jasper said with much surprise, and played dumb.

"Yes, Silk," Jack answered. "He shoots his mouth off. And you swallow it."

"Swallow what?" Jasper said cautiously.

"Look!" Jack said withdrawing the bayonets now. "You go find George and Ed and stop being such a smug bastard. Remember something. Not from Sergeant to Private, but from me to you. You can't hurt anybody in the long run except yourself. You're not George. Or Ed. And you're not me. And most of all, you're not Silk. You are yourself," and Jack bore one finger into Jasper's chest. "Understand?"

Jasper opened his mouth to reply but Jack had turned back to the dance floor. "Why can't everything be simple?" Jasper thought.

When he looked up he saw George and Ed. Recognition was held back behind their eyes. They were deliberately waiting Jasper's attack, or his explanation, or a show of indifference.

"Where are your girls?" Jasper asked, jokingly, trying to smile.

George said calmly, "I don't dance."

"Don't you want to? Everybody else does. Don't you?" Jasper asked.

"No," Ed replied.

"Neither do I!" Jasper said and felt relieved at saying so. George and Ed smiled faintly and stood there motionless until Jasper said, "You want to go see what's at the movies?"

"I don't care what's at the movies," George said, "But I'll walk down with you, if Ed wants to."

"Sure," Ed said and smiled frankly. The tensions were gone.

Jasper looked at George's and Ed's faces which were still cool, but relaxed. He wondered if he would tell them about the letter. Would they understand?

Everything?

He knew he would have to tell them. He hoped they would understand. He wanted them to understand and they would. They, of all the men in the barracks, would, if he insisted on it. And he would insist because to accept him they would allow him the mistakes he had made and he wanted to tell them. About Silk. About Bill.

Jack Marsh watched the three of them leave together.

"Having fun?" he said coyly to his partner, as the music began.

"Who were you talking to?" she asked.

"Kids. Men in my platoon. Having fun?"

She nodded her head vigorously.

"Me too," Jack said, laughing, and held her more tightly than ever.

dark glasses

Dark glasses on a parallelogram
A boulevard of searching faces
And all turned to the bent shadows of a dream.

By candle light the gaunt and gaping
Eat their cornucopias of eggs on the half shell,
While the street oscillates under the weight of the chamber of commerce.

Featured: "Mother's own kitchen style gold tooth picks"
"You haven't lived until you've tried our sesame seeds under glass"
"We heartily recommend the twenty dollar tip."

"Learn to play parchesi in bed sox"
"You are cordially invited to attend
Our mink spit ball shooting contests every Monday night."

Girls: "We specialize in hand painted levis with plunging sequins"
Boys: "The latest thing, alfalfa turtle necks with mauve shoe laces"
"Just everyone is wearing jeweled hat pins in their belt buckles."

If wishes were horses

You too could own a pogo stick with a supercharged grip,
And lose your teeth in a chew-chew bon bon.

The sky moves in platinum and black velvet stripes,
Carnival street is alive with the pandemonium
of Lake Ville and Deep Well's leading citizens.

And the Arkansas traveler waits patiently behind the ropes
While "In The Flesh" is led through the portals by his horn rims—
Who else can own a French poodle with ermine ear muffs?

When the buildings have crumbled
And the boulevard disintegrates into the melting pot of neon bars,
You may still see the man walking the telephone wire on his head.

Success in pasteboard boxes,
And too many angles on the moon.
Just try and see through the bottom side of a drinking glass.

Hi-ho to the palm tree, and the "For Sale" sign,
The drifter, and the mad man with the key chain—
On to the cigar bands and the hop scotch patterns at high noon.

anele

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Announcement rec'd. from a group with Hdq. in Georgia calling itself HOMOSEXUALS ANONYMOUS or H.A., somewhat like Alcoholics Anonymous. "We in H.A. are men and women who have discovered, and admitted, that we cannot **control** homosexuality in our lives. We are not reformers, seeking to obliterate the practice from the earth, but some of us have learned that **we** must live without it if we are to avoid disaster for ourselves and those close to us."

This reporter has never been convinced that a rational approach to homosexual problems must lead the individual to disaster, yet this sort of program of homosexuals banding together for mutual moral support to resist their sex impulses, could be a priceless test of whether such an approach is workable at all. Maybe it's a poor bet. But I'd like to see H.A. play it to the hilt, and keep accurate records while they're at it, so that a few years from now we can say one way or another, whether homosexuals can successfully resist their homosexuality by will power and moral suasion. Meanwhile, it would really be sporting if a group of heterosexuals would try the same experiment.

The announcement mentions plans for an Annual Conference in 1960

and says the group has autonomous local groups in many communities, with "no formal organization and no governing officers . . . no dues nor fees of any kind." They offer reprints of two articles: "What We Have Learned About Homosexuality" and "Ten Suggested Steps of H.A. for Each 24 Hour Period." They are, they state, in no way affiliated with A.A., tho the experiences of that organization "have been invaluable to us in formulating our policies."

While it wasn't publicized, there was an A.A. chapter that dealt exclusively with homosexual alcoholics. We'll watch the progress of H.A. with interest—meanwhile, we'd like to know more about them.

5th ANNUAL MATTACHINE MEET

For first time since ONE's founding, we didn't have an observer at the Mattachine Society's Annual Convention, held this time in New York. Featured speakers included Atty. Kenneth Zwerin of SF, Miss Fannie Hurst, Dr. Theodore S. Weiss, the Rev. C. Edw. Egan, Sr., and Judge Morris Ploscowe, author of "Sex and the Law," whose talk seems to have been the high point. Representatives of the Lesbian group, Daughters of Bilitis, were

also present to arrange for possible DOB chapters in east

According to highly conflicting reports, business centered on another attempt to write a new constitution.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

Apologies (and thanks) to our faithful English correspondents for great mass of interesting clippings that have got left in the rush lately.

Mentioned previously the formation of the star-studded Homosexual Law Reform Society, which according to Honorary Secretary A. E. Dyson, aims to publicize reasons for reforming anti-homosexual laws, and also to "explore the problem of legal aid available to adults accused of consenting offenses in private" and to "lay the foundation for a wide programme of research into the problem of homosexuality as a whole." Group is, not surprisingly, short of funds, welcomes gifts made payable to "Homosexual Law Reform Society," or "H.L.R.S." or "The Rev. A. Hallidie Smith."

Despite troubles with censors, plays and films dealing with homosexuality are enjoying considerable vogue. Such strong plays as THE CATALYST and QUIANT HONOR ("makes TEA AND SYMPATHY like Milk and Water"—say reviewers) and A LONESOME ROAD have done well in private theatres. Latter, by Philip King and Robin Maugham about man trying to live down a prison sentence (homosexual charge) who is befriended by local vicar's son and daughter. He can't return girl's love, and fearing consequences of the guilt-riddled boy's homosexuality, rejects him also.

Even CHARLIE'S AUNT is back on the boards.

Which should be timely, what with all the sex changes getting publicity recently. Roberta Cowell,

former flyer and racing driver who started the flurry in England, recently went into bankruptcy, after announcing forthcoming sequel to her book, "Roberta Cowell's Story" . . . And a woman ferry pilot announced she'd become a man. Police told an unbelieving Mrs. Lilian Purcell that her husband of 15 years was a woman . . . Another wife was informed her husband had been raised as a girl. . . .

Most surprising of all was news in London's DAILY EXPRESS some time back that any physically normal man (or woman) who strongly desires to live as a person of opposite sex, can on any registered doctor's recommendation, have his (or her) birth records altered. Such a man would become legally a woman, with right to marry a man. Many doctors, frowning on halfway surgical sex changes used on some transvestites dissatisfied with their sex, feel that some of these persons suffer from such a great mental anguish because of their sex mixup that they are in danger of derangement if they are not permitted to live as members of other sex. So long as doctor feels necessity of such action, without having to give his reasons, his opinion is binding on General Registrar's Office and new certificate must be issued!

COPS AND COURTS

The ugly little scandals and personal tragedies go on endlessly, snatched up wholesale in widely-read London scandal sheets.

Assistant master of Ringwood Secondary Modern School faced 10 charges of offenses against boys . . . Professional boxer accused of attempting blackmail against a company director (name withheld by court) who'd taken him to his apartment. The director, under

threats, had signed cheques and I.O.U.s, one of which read, "In consequence of injuries by love-making I give you £100 damages." Boxer complained of having been bitten by police doctor who examined him and failed to find injuries described . . . Rector of Church in Stepney, who'd helped in preparing 14,000-word report on vice in region, arrested and charged with "importuning" detective . . . After 3 weeks of observation, police arrested 22-yr-old professional dancer (who'd danced in festival ballet and Kismet) for impersonating woman and propositioning number of men . . . Army Major "put on charge" by his subordinate Corporal after officer allegedly made advances in presence of Major's wife . . . A wife listened in court as witnesses told how husband dressed in her clothes, while she was on holiday, and made a display insulting to women looking into his window . . . Big squawk about dirty photo "correspondence club" when photos of nude men (and of nude women) some in sex acts, were found in some apartments police broke into . . . 43-yr-old kitchen porter arrested for offering ice cream to 19-yr-old police officer in movie house . . . Brigadier A. C. C. Willway, Chairman of Quarter Sessions at Kingston, passed sentence on 15 men, including a clergyman, for having allegedly passed notes or otherwise propositioned one another at public convenience. Paying lip-service to liberal winds of thought current on subject, he reiterated opinion that prison was deterrent for such activities . . . A bachelor who'd advertised for male help in court charging blackmail against young man who answered ad . . . A ship's chief petty officer, stung by charges he was effeminate or homosexual, advertised for a date, corresponded with a girl, but lost his head and

tried to strangle her. Chief Justice Lord Goddard, recently retired, was lenient put man on probation. . . .

TALKTALK

Delegates at Conservative Women's Conference call for return of "cat" for sex crimes. Actually corporal punishment was not used for sex crimes, and one delegate, Miss Hornsby-Smith tried amid interruptions, to suggest Conference was being misled by hysterical newspaper headlines about increase of sex crimes. . . .

Mr. W. C. Landman of Watford told Assoc. of Hospital and Welfare Administrators that child care seemed to have great attraction for homosexuals. Admitting most facilities were understaffed, he still called for more thorough screening of applicants—"We would still prefer to be short rather than have these dirty people."

Arguments continue regarding Wolfenden Report. Proposals to liberalize law were given cold-shoulder by Thomas More Society and Guild of St. Luke, as well as by the General of Salvation Army, and General Assembly of Church of Scotland (Presbyterian). Following Church and Nation Committee majority, the General Assembly voted heavily against "blurring the distinction between right and wrong behavior."

Brief but warm discussion took place in THE TABLET, a Catholic paper, when Mr. Richard O'Sullivan attacked Wolfenden proposals as contrary to Church traditions and English Common Law. Other writers, while agreeing homosexual acts are sinful, insisted Church did not expect to blur distinction between sin and crime, nor is it proper in Christian view for state to punish all acts Church views as sinful. . . .

Preparing a report for Life and

Work Committee of the Congregational Union, Rev. Glynmor John generally followed Wolfenden recommendations, with some reservations on question of moral influence of men living openly homosexual lives in a neighborhood. "I should wish to see it made explicit that such known behavior be regarded as a public nuisance within the scope of the law."

Newcastle Methodist Conference warmly approved a recommendation favoring the Wolfenden Proposals. "It is not the proper function of law to interfere with private conduct unless it is clearly detrimental to the public good in an extraordinary degree."

In letter to the TELEGRAPH, Mr. Peter Wildeblood argued present law even made the relation between doctors and homosexual patients difficult since a doctor is bound by law to report to police any homosexual offenses he learns of from his patients.

BACK STATESIDE

Police intimidation reportedly run-

ning heavy in gay and half-gay bars in Seattle. Customers being asked nightly for identification and warned about nature of place. . . .

Dr. Karl Bowman, former medical superintendent of Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute and one-time president of American Psychiatric Society, last week attacked most sex laws as improper—and advocated enactment of something like Code Napoleon under which "Any sexual act carried out between two consenting adults which does not result in physical harm and does not offend public decency is not considered a crime."

Just out: First issue of SEX & CENSORSHIP, a magazine whose title is fairly descriptive of its contents. Contains an account of ONE's Post Office case, written by editor of HOMOPHILE STUDIES. Also articles by Henry Miller, beat-poet Lawrence Lipton, Albert Ellis and Carol Hales (author of lesbian novel, WIND WOMAN, in paper back. SUCH IS MY BELOVED) and long, illustrated bit on San Francisco's Beat Generation. . . .

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR STERLING AREA COUNTRIES

ONE now has an agent in London who will receive money for subscriptions in English pounds, (at the rate \$6 for a 1 year subscription); also for all other items, such as ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY, (\$4 for a 1 year subscription); Memberships, (including ONE Confidential); books published and sold through ONE's Book Department. Address: BCM/LALO, London W-1., England. Checks should be made payable to ONE. (Not ONE Inc.)

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

THE LEAST OF THESE

by Frankie Almitra

"Of course," Mrs. Dusney's birdlike voice went on, "It's really none of my business, Emily." She paused, letting the sentence hang delicately in mid-air. Obviously, Milly was expected to make some sort of reply, but she could think of nothing, so she remained silent, a polite, attentive expression fixed rigidly on her features.

Mrs. Dusney waited a moment.

"More tea?" she said. "No? Well, I think I'll have just a tiny bit more, myself." She tilted the pot over her cup. The pot trembled in her hand, and some of the liquid splashed over onto the table.

"Old," Milly thought, "she's getting so old." The movement of Mrs. Dusney's ample bosom under its pale grey covering fascinated her. Grey dress, grey room, grey manner . . . suddenly she felt nauseated.

Outside was sunshine and brightness, the sound of girls' laughter, the chatter of girls' voices.

"Anyway," the old, dry voice like rasping of leaves against a sidewalk went on, "as I said, the way in which you raise your daughter is no concern of mine. Except, of course, except in relation to the SCHOOL." Her voice went on rising and falling regularly, senselessly, just so much sheep's bleating.

The school. Always it had been the school. Milly could shut her eyes and see Mrs. Dusney as she had been twenty years before; younger, slimmer, straighter, but no difference, really. Still the same tight lips, the same berry-black eyes, the cane that could fall across fingers with snake-like swiftness.

"Emily Cochran, WILL you stop whispering!" And then the cane.

Only now, it was Emily Creighton, and it was twenty years later, and they were discussing Mike, lovely, laughing Mike, her daughter.

She jerked her mind back, back across the years into *now*, back to what Mrs. Dusney was saying.

"... you, my dear, were always a good student, beyond the usual childish pranks. A good student and a good girl."

"Thank you," Milly murmured.

"Quite welcome. Quite welcome. Anyway, it all simmers down to one basic fact. I must think first and foremost of the school's welfare, beyond that of the individual's. Therefore, I think it would be far wiser and far better for all concerned, if Michele would enroll in some other, less rigid institution."

Milly's head jerked up.

"You mean, you're . . . expelling her?"

Mrs. Dusney folded her hands and looked through the window at the spring sky. There were motes of dust dancing in the sunlight.

"Let's just say we're asking you to find a more suitable school."

"But why?" Milly, said, her voice harsh and throaty with disbelief. "Why. Mrs. Dusney? Poor marks? That's no reason for expulsion! Has she ever stolen? No! Has she ever been tardy or truant? No! Then why, Mrs. Dusney?"

Mrs. Dusney remained unmoving, her eyes still on the sky. Her voice was quite calm. "It's everything, Emily. Her marks, her stubborn, sullen, uncooperative nature. Above all, her obviously unhealthy devotion to Andrea Keane. Really, you must understand I have the other girls to think of."

"Mrs. Dusney! Are you implying—are you even thinking that MY daughter is a—a—"

Mrs. Dusney's hands trembled, like leaves in a wind.

"Really, Emily, it's not at all necessary to become so upset! I'm implying nothing of the sort! Why, if I had ever even thought . . . ! It's just that Michele would probably be far happier and less prone to . . . unhealthy associations if she were in some other school. A co-educational one, perhaps."

Milly rose. She could feel herself shaking, her nails digging into her palms. She fought to keep her voice down.

"How dare you! How could you! You evil, filthy, sadistic old woman! To imply that . . . Mike won't be here in the fall, Mrs. Dusney. I wouldn't allow her to be!"

Outside, she leaned against the dusty, rose-colored brick, fighting nausea.

"The witch! The witch!"

She drove home recklessly, wildly, the sweat on the steering wheel burning the raw spots on her palms that her nails had made.

The key wouldn't fit in the lock, and she cursed at its stubbornness, using words she thought she had forgotten. She flung the door open, crossed the foyer, and went up the stairs.

Mike lay across the bed, asleep. Her body was sprawled in the awkward yet somehow throat-catchingly graceful way of a fifteen-year old. She breathed heavily, and her hair was plastered to her forehead in damp little curls.

Milly felt an almost over-whelming rush of tenderness. She reached out a hand, carefully smoothed back the wet ringlets.

That was when she saw the paper.

It was half under the girl's body, and covered with her large, uneven scrawl. Milly bent, pulled it loose, started to lay it on the dresser top.

The words leaped up at her, stinging her eyes with their clarity.

"My darling Andrea,

"How can I possibly stand a whole summer without you? You in New York. Me stuck in this hole, doing nothing but thinking of you. I love you, I love you . . ."

Low in her throat, Milly moaned.

The sound was like that of hurt animal.

DR. MARY WALKER WALKED ALONE

by Juanita Brown

An "Adamless Eden" was the incentive that drove Dr. Mary Walker, Civil War heroine, down her lonely road. She wore men's clothing and humorist, Bill Nye, called her "America's perfect example of the self-made man."

In 1961, when we celebrate the Civil War Centennial, the homosexual desires of Dr. Walker—first woman to have a rating in any army (Assistant Surgeon, rank of Lieutenant); to win a medal of valor; to be taken prisoner and exchanged even-steven for a man of equal rank—can neither be ignored nor denied. She will have to be exalted along with the other heroes of that great war.

When this immortal lady's basic desires become public property, homosexual women will take another giant step forward.

Dr. Walker was born November 26, 1832, of freedom-loving parents on a farm near Oswego, N. Y.

Her father, Dr. Alvah Walker, physician, farmer and educator, and her mother, Vesta Walker, teacher, maintained the first free school in that part of the state. Many of the master minds of that era visited the farm. Freedom was the talk of the day and The Constitution of the United States almost equal to the Bible.

Such was the environment in which Mary spent her childhood. In later life it was an advantage for Dr. Walker to be able to recite the Constitution from memory. It was hardly possible to outwit Dr. Walker on points of law.

While she was teaching school in New York City at the age of sixteen, she designed, made, and wore her first modified, masculine garment. It was a union suit from wrists to ankles, trousers buttoned to the waist, a loose tunic and full skirt with comfortable

brogues completed her apparel. Her tiny body with its doll-like beauty, round face, blue eyes and golden curls hanging half-way to her waist, hurt rather than helped her cause. However, from then on she gradually changed more toward the masculine. During the war she wore a regulation Union army uniform. After she was discharged from the army, she never again wore women's clothing. During middle life, her hair was sometimes cut mannish, and at other times, shoulder length, but in later life, she wore the mannish cut.

Besides her practice of medicine (she received her degree from Syracuse Medical College in 1855); career in the army; she lectured, and also wrote two books, *Hit and Un-masked*, or *the Science of Immorality* and wrote and passed out pamphlets on Woman Suffrage.

Dr. Walker is given credit for the card that is signed for parcel post packages and the return address in the upper, left hand corner of a letter. She said, "It is only right that if a person writes a letter or sends a package, they should know what happened to it."

In 1877 she founded a colony of women called "Adamless Eden."

Dr. Walker lived until February 21, 1919 and saw many women wearing trousers during the First World War.

She was a devout spiritualist and if she comes back from the other side of life, she will see many homosexual women reading and working for the cause she advocated.

After she is publicized in 1961, other illustrious homosexual American women who walked a lonely path will also be brought to the attention of the American public. Another advantage will be gained and another giant-step taken forward.

BOOKS

JUDGE NOT

by Aymer Roberts, Linden Press, London, 1957, \$4.00, 195 pp.

Here at last, in this book, we are far away from gay people and gay bars, and find ourselves, instead, immersed in a genuine atmosphere of natural relationships, when for natural we intend what is not artificial. Because it is only too true that many people whose minds are museums of fossilized relics of outmoded thought, would still be inclined to say those relationships are not natural which are not heterosexual.

The opprobrium with which are regarded all books treating the all too human problem of homosexual relationships by people who are sectarian in their beliefs, narrow in their views, ignorant of facts, does not cast any shadow on *Judge Not* by A. Roberts. For, in this book, that true catharsis of all base feelings which we may have harbored at times within our breast, that catharsis through which we become better men and better women, that catharsis, I say takes place without we even becoming aware of it, when, after having completed the reading of a book which is a true work of art, we, suddenly, at the end of our reading, exclaim: "O Lord, we thank Thee for having created such human beings who, out of such great love as theirs, can bring such soul-inspiring contribution to the daily burden of living."

Yes, living is a burden; but when it glows in the glow of supremely poetic homosexual relationships—such as those depicted by the author of

Judge Not, then, and only then, it ceases to be a burden and becomes the earthly manifestation of something which exists in its perfection somewhere, somehow, but of which we human beings can catch only a glimpse here on this earth, in such relationships as those.

Aymer Roberts shows that it is possible to be unselfish, all-forgiving, all-understanding, a true fountain of ever-flowing love, because love makes of sex the handmaiden of the spirit of man: the unconquerable, indomitable spirit of man, that cannot, and will not, restrict the sphere of its activity, by the categories of the flesh.

We live not by bread alone, and the strength of living not by bread alone, is derived, among other things, by books like *Judge Not* by Aymer Roberts.

AUBADE

by Kenneth Martin, Chapman & Hall, London, 1957, \$3.00, 158 pp.

How pleasant would the task of the book critic be, if he could but praise all books he is called to review...

Alas! but life being what it is, this can be only a fanciful dream.

Never as this morning, when having finished the review of *Judge Not*, I had to take up the review of *Aubade* by Kenneth Martin, was I so conscious of this truth.

Of course allowance is to be made for the subject matter of the two books: they both treat the theme of homosexual relationships, but in *Judge Not* we find a sublime peace pervading every page, and, with every page, pervading every year they describe; in the case of *Aubade* instead, we find the harrowing fever of those who seek and have not found, and the sense of illness, of maladjustment, of dissatisfaction and incompleteness; the sense, in short, that homosexuality

is not harbinger of joy, but of pain, of never satisfied longings, and of never integrated life...

But we all, deep down at the bottom of our beings—there where we commune with the eternal source of all knowledge, all power, all understanding—we know that it is not so; yes, we know better. We know that if the Garys and the Pauls of *Aubade* have not learned that homosexuality is joy and creation and integration of one's whole being, that does not mean at all that their failure must be erected, through the power of art, in archetype of all failures befalling such relationships.

Kenneth Martin, the author of *Aubade*, has chosen to depict two immature individuals, and it is in the light of this immaturity, that their actions

must be judged. Thus if they fail to achieve, happiness, peace, and integration, the lesson that it is to be derived from the reading of *Aubade* is not that homosexuality will give neither peace, nor happiness, and will always fail to lead to the integration of one's own personality, but that all the good of homosexuality—a good which outweighs by far the good of heterosexuality—will accrue to him who is ready for it.

This is why I began the review of *Aubade* on that sad note: we don't need such books at the present stage of homosexuality's affirmation in the world: we need positive, inspiring books. The others can come later, when homosexuality, having gained the light of the sun, can be dissected in all its tortuous by-paths.

B. R. Vitale

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A competent, swiftly moving, shock-value packed, well-spiced first novel about the disturbed adventures with "bedfellows of both sexes" of Johnny Preston whose personality one has little trouble connecting with the late screen star, James Dean.

THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY, by Chas. Berg and C. Allen, Citadel.....\$4.50
Despite good start and fair presentation of psychiatrists' viewpoint on subject, this gets a bit Berglerish. Discusses and includes full text of Wolfenden Report.

SEX WITHOUT GUILT, by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., Lyle Stuart.....\$4.95
While arguing for more sex freedom, Dr. Ellis still says homosexuals are neurotic unless they vary their sex-outlets.

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the beginning

a story by Bob Normand

In coming at last to the crisis in his life, Michel felt his heart brimming with courage, although his knees trembled as the crowds of New York's Broadway milled past him. What were those faces thinking as they looked in upon him in his small booth in the cheap, brilliantly-lit orange-drink stand? The juke-box in the corner was alive with music that Michel disliked intensely, blazing and sending its unwonted passion into a facade of theatres and bars scribbled through and through with neon signs. Michel's head was warm with thoughts that seemed as endless as the dazzling lights.

His orange-drink was utterly tasteless. Half a pack of cigarettes were in his shirt pocket and Michel, alarmed at the sudden quiver in his lips, lit a cigarette. As he did so he noticed the eyes of a not too handsome middle-aged man upon him, a man dressed in a fashionable tweed summer suit. Michel sensed the man's intentions and noticed the hints in the man's delicate, persuasive hands. Michel was surprised to see the man's lips form the one word that had become so significant to him, the word "gay."

"Do you suppose he'll be kind to me, and understanding?" Michel's mind turned with ideas and questions. "I'm afraid, of course I'm afraid, what will he do? Does he really know who I am and that this is my first time? The first time, I can't believe it, the first time!"

A counter-man wiped Michel's table and took away the empty glass. Michel was embarrassed by the impromptu procedure, and the look on the counter-man's face was a bitter accusation that made Michel gasp in amazement.

"I've got to leave! They know me, they know who I am!" he thought.

Getting to his feet Michel re-noticed the man in the tweed suit. The man's eyelids were lowered and he appeared sad as Michel walked along the counter towards the door leading to the pavement.

"Don't leave yet. Wouldn't you care for another soda, or permit me to take you to a bar for a drink?"

The man's voice slipped like velvet into Michel's ear and caught the flame of courage in Michel's chest. The flame somehow refused to ignite.

"I—I'm new—here." Michel listened to his voice as a thing apart and was startled at its clarity and resonance.

Before the man was able to say anything further, one of the orange-drink attendants came over.

"Look it's not that we don't mind ya comin' here for a soda or somethin' ta eat, but ya can't start turnin' this place into—"

Michel suddenly turned and moved into the passing crowd. Again Broadway hovered over and around him. A bus stopped at Michel's elbow and the doors swung open. Digging into his pocket for change, Michel leaped into the bus.

Finding an empty seat by a window, Michel sighed deeply as Broadway disappeared behind him.

"I don't care where I go. I don't care what happens to me, but I won't do it that way. That's not right. Oh, if only Bernard was different!"

To Michel's memory came the sharp image of his one-time best friend, a boy named Bernard. All the years of friendship that had so severely come to an end, all the happy moments in Bernard's large home and in the school where they went together, all the promises to remain friends no matter what—these thoughts again returned, and Michel knew that it would be impossible to become a friend to an older man. An older man would be so different, wouldn't understand or be kind—those two words consumed Michel as the bus sped along darkened streets—kindness and understanding.

But still there remained the fresh, unfulfilled longing. Michel's body ached with a darkness that had to release itself—he thought of a flower coming into bloom and of the sap of the earth that nurtured and brought it to its highest perfection. Michel longed for the contact of a friend.

Washington Square was reached and the driver called out, "Last stop!" Michel go off the bus and walked in melancholy towards the moonlit park and the trees. He saw occasional people sitting on the benches while other people walked their dogs and the students from New York University played guitars and sang in the unused fountain a short distance from the Arch.

"Why can't I be as happy as they are?" Michel silently passed the singing students.

"I hope there's an empty bench somewhere in the dark, where I won't be seen. I don't want anyone to know."

Finding a solitary bench that stood apart from the people, Michel sat down and clumsily lit a cigarette. The air was a bit cool, as it was early Spring. Michel zipped his jacket.

A comely, dark-haired boy approached Michel's bench and, instead of passing by, slowed his pace and, for a moment, looked at Michel with a congenial, warm smile. Michel again felt his heart surge with courage. The dark-haired youth came to Michel's bench in a perfectly easy, natural manner, and sat down.

"Mind if I ask you for cigarette?" The stranger's voice was deep and soft. Michel was impressed on the instant.

"Sure, I've got a lot. Here, help yourself."

"Thanks. One will be fine."

Michel smiled as he lit the stranger's cigarette and watched the orange flame from the match glow for a second on a finely contoured, youthful face.

"My name's Jerry. Pleased to meet you."

"I'm Michel. Nice to meet you, too."

There was an awkward moment of silence as they shook hands. Jerry continued to hold Michel's hand as he went on to talk.

"I don't think we have to identify each other, do we?" Jerry's eyes looked directly into Michel's.

Michel understood immediately. "No, it's very easy to see, isn't it? That we're both the same. I mean—"

Michel pulled his hand away and looked at a dog on a leash that passed by. He was afraid of having said too much. After all, how could he be sure? And, anyway, if Jerry was just like the man in the orange-stand, well, then it was all impossible. Michel tossed his cigarette away and pulled another from the pack.

"What are you worrying about? Look, Mike—I'd rather call you Mike—I can see that you're having a hard time somewhere, or maybe with someone? Am I right?"

Jerry's voice was filled with warmth. Michel was ashamed of his distrust.

"It's just that it's my first time."

Michel went on to tell Jerry all that he had been wanting to tell someone for so long. About Bernard and the argument, about leaving home because his parents didn't know and it hurt Michel to be in their company, about the stranger in the orange-stand, about the longing that made Michel warm inside his chest. As Michel finished his words, Jerry reached again for Michel's hand.

"Maybe I'm just like you, Mike. Maybe we're lucky in finding each other. At least I'm willing to try."

Michel wanted very much to accept Jerry as he had once accepted Bernard. He wondered if such a thing could ever be possible. Jerry was different from Bernard—but somehow a whole lot nicer, more mature, something like himself, like Michel.

"I'd like to try, too, Jerry!"

They both got up. Jerry put his hand on Michel's shoulder in a gesture of friendship. They walked out of the park to the sound of guitars.

THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR

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One More Phoney Exposé

I don't know who Martin Haver is. I don't know if he tells lies habitually to his wife, if he has one. But Martin Haver, or someone writing under that name, has lied, viciously and foolishly, to thousands of generally gullible readers of a periodical called *Man's Magazine*. The article, "Nightmare World of the Gay Men," which appeared in the August, 1958, issue of that magazine is built on several lies about homosexuals in general and about ONE, Inc., and the MATTACHINE SOCIETY in particular.

It is conceivable that the author of this article (or the editors who might have rewritten it to suit more lurid tastes) was actually ignorant of facts which are public and which could easily have been ascertained. But a damaging libel cannot be excused by ignorance. Those who do not know the facts of a matter should be quite cautious as to what they write. There are many kinds of lies, ranging from silly and innocent untruths, to broad and vaguely damaging generaliza-

tions, which though patently false, are difficult to disprove in a field where "authorities" differ widely, to specific and serious libels about particular persons or organizations. This article contains all three sorts.

Against a background of perverted case histories of the Berglerian sort which give a distorted and frightening view of the general psychology of homosexuals, the author presents a foolish survey of the underground gay life filled with ludicrous inaccuracies: he portrays a vast underground of "hidden gays" who are unwilling to admit their homosexuality, even to themselves, and disguise it with euphemisms like the word, "gay" (the "other world" of open homosexuals use terms like "homo," "fairy," "fag," "fruit," "nance," "pansy"), while they furtively pursue their subterranean desires.

All this, some of which is unintentionally funny, is background for unsavory charges about the "secret societies" homosexuals are setting up.

His first case history tells of an advertising executive named Arthur B—, who suddenly became sexually stimulated while reading his newspaper, and who, realizing that he doesn't dare go to any of the gay spots he knows about, for fear of being recognized, phones a number given to him recently:

"He listened breathlessly to the quiet voice on the opposite end of the line. 'Yes, Jackie told us about you. We will help. Go to room 2261 at the Hotel N—, at 8:30 tonight. Your host will be an assistant professor of English. To aid us in this work, you will kindly send to me, in a plain, sealed envelope by registered mail, the amount of \$250. It is to aid us in our work . . .'"

The next morning, Arthur B—, having "found the discreet, safe and 'respectable' way to cater" to his sexual needs, was back at his office and apparently willing to pay the fee . . .

"He must turn to a secret society. A defense organization. They are springing up in big cities all over the nation. Through his first contact with the television writer, Arthur B— was 'lucky' enough, if that's the correct word, to make contact with an intelligently-run, secret group that made it possible for him to meet another hidden deviate, a professional man like himself, who would share his sexual company and his secret with him."

The above paragraph is supposedly a quote from the files of the "New York Neurological Institute"—a name we can find no record of.

Immediately following: "In the U.S. today, according to the distinguished sociologist and sexual expert, Dr. Donald Webster Cory, 'untold numbers' of hidden homosexuals have joined a semi-secret order called the Mattachine Society. The society has a monthly magazine called ONE which

may be purchased, openly, on hundreds of newsstands in New York, Chicago, Hollywood, St. Louis and other major cities.

"Anti-obscenity laws and various police departments have not cracked down on the magazine, nor on the Mattachines. Too many distinguished doctors, writers and intellectuals are writing for ONE.

"Its pages are not filled with gay, or even pornographic material, but with clinical information. In many states no enforcement agency is able to move against the magazine because it actually deals with homosexuality as a medical and psychiatric fact. As for the Mattachine Society, little is known as to how it precisely operates. But it is known that it serves countless numbers of hidden homosexuals."

There is more, but those four paragraphs are quite enough.

The obvious implication that the Mattachine Society collects high-price stud fees, or any stud fees at all is a deliberate libel. Neither the Mattachine Society nor ONE engages in any activities of that sort. Such activities would be contrary to the aims and principles of either organization, which are openly announced, and which the author of this scurrilous article could easily have ascertained.

The statement attributed to "the distinguished sociologist . . . Dr. Donald Webster Cory" that "the society has a monthly magazine called ONE" contains quite a collection of inaccuracies. First, we have not been aware that the very fine writer in this field who uses the name Donald Webster Cory has ever claimed to be either a sociologist or a doctor. More important, and this has been publicly reiterated by both the Mattachine Society and ONE, Inc., time and again, there is not and never has been any connection between the Society and

ONE Magazine. ONE Magazine has been published by ONE, Inc., of Los Angeles for six years. The Mattachine Society is a separate organization, which formerly also had headquarters in Los Angeles. The Mattachine Society publishes a monthly magazine of its own, which is also freely available on newsstands or by mail. The Mattachine Review has been regularly advertised in ONE Magazine, and there is no excuse for anyone repeating the groundless statement that ONE is put out by the Mattachine Society.

I should also like to point out to Martin Haver and to *Man's Magazine* that although ONE Magazine has been available for some years on the newsstands of many cities we have never had it on any newsstand in St. Louis.

Mr. Haver's statement that "the society has a monthly magazine called

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P. O. Box 605, Springfield, Ill.

ONE" takes on a sinister implication in light of his direct and utterly false implication that "the society" is engaged in a gigantic call-house type of operation, and his further allegation that "little is known as to how it precisely operates."

Perhaps little is known to Martin Haver. Perhaps not. But both the Mattachine Society and ONE, Inc., are public organizations. Their operations are public. Both organizations are publicly chartered by the Secretary of State of California. We do not hide our aims, nor attempt to make any secret of our method of operations. We are only too happy to publicize our activities. But the truth, which Mr. Haver could easily have discovered by spending fifty cents on the newsstand, may not have been flamboyant enough for the publishers of *Man's Magazine*.

We might be grateful to Mr. Haver for saying that ONE's "pages are not filled with gay, or even pornographic material," but we are a bit nonplussed when he goes on to say, "but with clinical information." I don't think we have ever felt the least bit clinical. It is true we have had some articles by doctors and psychiatrists, and even some by writers and intellectuals, but on the whole his description does not seem to indicate that he has ever seen a copy of ONE Magazine, much less read it very carefully.

The implication that anti-obscenity laws and police have not cracked down on ONE Magazine because too many distinguished doctors, etc., are writing for the magazine, is foolish. There have been attempts by various authorities to "crack down" on ONE, and all these attempts have fallen against one simple fact, and that is, that as the United States Supreme Court unanimously ruled, "ONE is not obscene."

—John Arnold

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 Miss Hunter:

In your Editorial (July, 1958) you mention the fact that DER KREIS, the oldest and one of the largest of all the homophile organizations does not admit women either as members or as participants.

May I first of all mention that I was agreeably surprised when our English Editor told me on his return from his visit to your country how excellently homophile women and men worked together at the office of ONE. This news came really as an agreeable surprise. The slight accusation unspokenly present in your above-mentioned editorial is not exactly new to DER KREIS. We have been "accused" of the "crime" of not admitting women to DER KREIS repeatedly within the last twenty-five years. However, I would like to point out that the beginnings of DER KREIS have much in common with the beginnings of ONE. As you are doubtlessly aware DER KREIS was founded by a woman, Mammina, who carried all of the burden for several years on her shoulders alone, until I had the honour of becoming her co-worker.

We worked closely together for several years until finally we both came to the conclusion that though the interests of homophile women and men are identical their ways of living socially together are—at least in Switzerland—incompatible. The real reason for this incompatibility neither Mammina nor myself have ever been able to define clearly. All I can say is that since the day DER KREIS was only admissible for male subscribers we have had several "mixed" clubs at Zurich, all of them very short-lived ones, I'm afraid.

From nearly a quarter of a century of observation I am inclined to say personally—and, mind you, I'm speaking only for myself and for conditions in Switzerland—that generally women of our kind tend to be not only critical but super-critical of their brothers in kind, whereas the male homophile is far more tolerant toward his sisters.

So, it all may come down in the end to the simple fact that our KREIS-boys did not want to be "governed" by petticoats and decided

on a split at a general meeting of all subscribers. But despite the "official" parting of ways we are all on very friendly terms with each other even though DER KREIS is—unfortunately, from your point of view—a purely male affair.

Women and men of DER KREIS parted ways in the tenth year of its existence. ONE is now in its sixth year. Maybe in another four years there will be a TWO, a women's exclusive monthly for the success of which I send you in advance my very best wishes,

Rolf, Editor DER KREIS
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

Dear Sir:

I have read the article by Allen Windsor, "If One Needs Religion," (July, 1958). From the title one is lead to think that there is some question in the author's mind as to whether one needs religion. As one reads the article it becomes clear that there is this question in his mind, yet he has the nerve to go on and try to tell others what kind of a religion they should choose. He says that if one seeks order, absolutes and the truth there is every chance that he will be a Catholic. I am sure that if Mr. Windsor will take the time to look into the Protestant Churches he will find there the same qualities he has set forth for the Catholic Church, and the same applies to the Jewish Faith as well.

Through the years men have sought some form of religion and all of them are for his betterment. They have taken on many forms. Some have lasted but a short while, others through the years are stronger. Few men have turned to 100% atheism. When we talk of the Church we are all too prone to talk in terms of those who go to church and what they say and do.

Holy Writ points out that there is only one judge of our deeds and further goes on to point out that those who confessed were forgiven. None can be worse for their sharing at some time in a religious service. If all of

us would just give our religion a chance to work for us, how much better off we would all be.

For those of us who are Christian know that Christ is always present and all we have to do is to reach out and He will be there to help us, for regardless of what we are, we are His children.

**Mr. H.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND**

Dear Sirs:

For mass-production of contradictions it would be difficult to surpass the letter from Mr. A., of Daytona Beach, Florida (August, 1958). Two shining examples: (1) "single by choice and by nature, yet with an intense longing to find someone who, if the right person, would share my home with me." Is he looking for a companion, or a servant, . . . or both? (2) "I have considerable leisure, yet am extremely absorbed in my work." Well, now . . . perhaps the two are inter-related. It would seem to me that if he is plagued with such thoughts he has entirely too much leisure! I think all his requirements could be satisfactorily filled at the nearest dog-pound. My already-high opinion of ONE was considerably boosted by that one letter. Think what a really imaginative fiction-writer could make out of it.

**Mr. J.
CALPELLA, CALIFORNIA**

Dear Editor:

Being a polysexual with latent homosexual tendencies I find myself able to get along with and am attracted to homosexual women, but I am lonely. In short, I can't get along with men or "square" women, for lasting companionship that is. Perhaps when I know some more about it I can find the type of wife I need.

**Mr. H.
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Dear Sir:

Like most homosexuals I must always wear the mask of the heterosexual. I live with three heterosexual men who have no inkling of my true nature. Many times they have disgusted me with their attitudes, yet the mere revealing of my sex inversion would alienate their friendship. I am not only forced by the vast heterosexual population to conform, but am further deprived of the relief of social contacts with other inverts. I, like many others of my type, am forced into risking illegal approaches.

I saw your Magazine on a downtown newsstand and stealthily bought it with an "I don't care" attitude toward persons eyeing my purchase, brought it home and read until 2 A.M. For the first time, my guilt has begun

to decrease. Your Magazine makes the case for the homosexual extremely clear. Perhaps society will some day provide for non-conformists and be the richer for it. I only hope that the vicious cycle has for me been broken.

**Mr. K.
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA**

Sir:

While passing a newsstand in Times Square I noticed your Magazine, but was too self-conscious to buy it. After passing the stand two more times and looking to left and to right to make sure there wasn't anyone watching me I quickly walked over to the stand, grabbed ONE, handed the man fifty cents and quickly walked away. This was my informal introduction to your Magazine.

I am a young man thirty-six years of age and I believe I have homosexual tendencies. My feelings are not those of a female, but of a male who would like the affection of a male with female tendencies. As a youth, between thirteen and eighteen, I lived on the west coast and had frequent dates. Between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-six I was in the Navy and had about fifteen dates with civilians. During the past ten years I have been unable to make the acquaintance of any homosexual, although I have spent hundreds of nights seeking their companionship. I have made several trips to Greenwich Village, but due to my shyness was unable to make any acquaintance with the fast crowd that frequents the Village. Thus, over the years I have become very lonely and disheartened. I would appreciate any advice you can give me.

**M. D.
UNION, NEW JERSEY**

ONE:

The Magazine has made many advancements in the past few years of its humble establishment. It has been a friend and comfort to many others as well as myself. The letter from Mrs. R., of Kansas City (August, 1958) was very interesting. I wish that all parents had the understanding of homosexuals she shows. I hope that Mrs. R. will be able to publish the book someday that will help explain gay life to our parents. My parents condemn homosexuals and think they should be sent to an institution for a cure. I wish that my parents had accepted me for what I am.

**Mr. C.
HARTFORD, CONN.**

Dear ONES:

My friend is 11 years older than I. He is trying so hard to better his and my way of life that sometimes I could cry—silly, I guess, but not to me, after realizing I may not be able to do much hard work again. Where

my own family has failed he has taken care of me.

I am twenty-eight years old and was in a car accident two years ago and am still in a body cast after several operations. After reading the copies of ONE you sent us he said with a sigh, "Now I know I'm not alone," and when I read the letter that said fifty cents was too much for faggots to spend on ONE, well, it made me mad. Is there anything I could do for you, like addressing cards, envelopes or any thing that I can do at home?

**Mr. M.
ARIZONA**

Dear Friends:

I read your pleas all the time, and feel real bad, but I never have five dollars at one time, so decided to start a "one for ONE" program each payday, and have enclosed a dollar.

**Anon.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

Dear Bill:

Here is my monthly contribution to ONE (twenty dollars enclosed) which I will try to make every month. I want to buy some books but will have to wait till later. Enjoyed your latest editorial very much. I didn't have to read the byline to know who wrote it. It was like sitting in front of your desk and listening to you.

From my own experience and from talking with others I think the big reason why more people don't take ONE is that they are afraid of having their families or others opening their mail or finding them reading it. It sounds foolish but I have found it to be true. And in most cases they are fooling no one but themselves. Your idea of sending someone to the big cities and doing promotional work is very good. If you come here I will be glad to help. As for the finances of ONE, the regular subscribers will just have to continue to send in what they can. And you will just have to keep on begging for more.

Every time someone sends in a letter complaining about your ads you should send him one asking for the same amount you got for the ad. And I think you should have more ads no matter who cries.

**Mr. B.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

Dear ONE:

Just finished the July issue of your terrific mag. I loved it! The editorial by Alison Hunter was interesting and sensible. The article "Gay Beach" was really enjoyable. Mr. Golovitz has a clever way of weaving philosophy, politics and Ronnie Chaise into a convincing and interesting narrative. Let's have more of his writing.

Brother Grundy certainly paints a clear portrait of one of our most common problems in "Rough Trade." "Words That Hurt" was nostalgically and painfully clear, while the new series by Chuck Taylor is one of the best ever. Hope to see more of them. I always follow the book reviews faithfully and was particularly struck by the bit of humor inserted by Arnell Larsen. Why not have some more examples of his pleasing style in more lengthy form? The article on the California Registration Law was timely, important but a bit dry, while the "Report from Brussels" was timely and interesting. The covers have really been getting good.

**Mr. S.
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Gentlemen:

ONE gets more and more robust, and better and better with each issue. But please, once in a while a slip is OK, I guess, but how could you be so narrow as to use that Brown University report to scoff Billy Graham and censorship committees? Perhaps reading smutty books does not cause lust, but the step from them to illustrated smutty books is so short: who will stand up and say pornography does not help increase sex crimes (with the word crime open to debate in some cases, though)?

**Mr. F.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**

To the Staff of ONE:

Enclosed is a small contribution for the cause. Wish I could make it more but unfortunately there seem to be just too many demands on the old bank account. Since renewing my subscription I have been most pleasantly impressed by the degree of improvement that has been wrought by you loyal, hard-working folks. ONE is a far cry from the Magazine it was two years ago. I like the quality of the fiction, poetry, art, and the general tone which has been developed. It's a friendly tone, full of warmth and character, directly reflecting the love of those who are responsible for it.

I was particularly pleased and impressed by the letter of Miss Valentine (June, 1958). I loved the logical and beautiful way in which she described Christ's ministry and her admonition. to those who are interested, that there is truly a higher calling than the purely physical.

Keep up the wonderful work folks. Don't let the carpers, the dissenters, those with an axe to grind discourage you. Some day, God be with me, I hope I can share a greater portion of your burdens and perhaps have the pleasure of knowing you all.

**Mr. A.
BELLINGHAM, WASH.**