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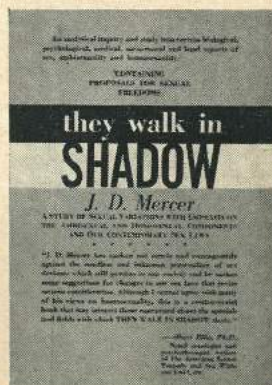
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

APRIL 1959

FIFTY CENTS



one incorporated

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



EDITOR	DON SLATER
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	ROBERT GREGORY WILLIAM LAMBERT LYN PEDERSEN
WOMEN'S EDITOR	ALISON HUNTER
EDITORIAL SECRETARY	ARNELL LARSEN
ART DIRECTOR	EVE ELLOREE
STAFF ARTIST	DAWN FREDERIC

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one

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

Carlyle

magazine

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Number 4

April 1959

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EDITORIAL

After all the investigation and discussion of the matter in recent years, no thinking homosexual can any longer maintain that he need not take seriously, nor concern himself in the progress of the one subject most important to his very life. The responsibility of economic obligations belongs to all of us. Yet fear ridden homosexuals, especially those in prominent positions, who will think nothing of spending their money freely in gay bars and at parties or for a new sex outlet, still feel that they have no obligation. These irresponsible homosexuals merely pay lip service to the idea of an open attitude on sex, while they actually foster prudery and old-fashioned superstitious abhorrence concerning themselves. Strange, that at the same time these individuals fear their Jekyll-and-Hyde existence—part of the time posing as normal and part of the time moving among their homosexual friends—they will not put up one penny to lighten the veil of secrecy with which they shroud themselves and because of which society looks upon us all as degenerate personalities, moral pariahs, pansies, seducers of the young, and little better than criminals or worse.

Thus it is that each and every reader of this magazine should frequently ask himself, what am I doing to help the homosexual cause? Everyone needs to be inquiring into the ways of continued and increased support.

Unfortunately, the task of collecting support for any purpose, even the worthwhile ones, is a frustrating and discouraging undertaking. Invariably only a fraction of any group's membership can be aroused to willing cooperation. Also, invariably, the burden of perpetuation falls on the shoulders of a few, a fraction, of the total numbers while the rest "free-load" as it were, enjoying the fruits of others' efforts.

However, not everyone has to become a full-time professional fighter in the battle. It is understandable that not many of our number are willing to risk the perils of being considered professionals in the homosexual movement, when we know that in fact the majority are involved in elaborate measures to escape detection. Yet there are many things that this legion number can do to strengthen the position of all plus assure continued progress and provide a financial "cushion" to allow for many other things that need to be done. All of the things that need to be done cost money. Yet the safest and most passive contribution any homosexual can make is in giving money. Money means that new research can be made, reports written, newer arguments set forth for everyone to sharpen his wits on, ministers interviewed, lawyers consulted, encouragement made to the faint-hearted, answers to the disturbed, angered and distressed. Through these works the homosexual will gain true freedom.

By this process every reader of ONE can put his lofty ideals into practice even though he may not be ready or willing to endure long hours of drudgery. It can be done by literally putting your two cents in with the rest of us who are already working and carrying the load.

Don Slater. *Editor*

THE DECLINE & FALL OF MARRIAGE



That homosexuals have been pioneers for society has been recognized in a least a few fields—the arts, entertainment and styles of the times being among those the most readily admitted. Society, without wanting to be conscious of the fact, has enjoyed a considerable dependence on the invert down through the ages. Caught in a pinch, she has often followed his lead out of it; or needing re-creation, she has danced to his tune. Today, facing a crisis in which her whole sense of order seems to be going to pieces, society may have to count on the homosexual as never before. She may be literally listing in his direction.

There is much that homosexuals might do for an ailing society by virtue of their particular capacities. In many ages and in many social orders the intergrade has served as seer, has inspired with his arts and philosophies, has set the example of dedication and loyalty, or has been the master teacher. He has been the social servant, combining ability with the willingness and the freedom to be responsible to his community rather than to a family.

But these capacities and services are not the subject to be considered here. They, because of their number and importance, would require a greater effort. Moreover, not all homosexuals are inclined toward them. Here the field will be narrowed to one aspect that does apply, perhaps, to the whole broad range of

by HERMANN STOESSEL

us, and especially to those who express their homosexuality in overt erotic associations and who are, therefore, aware of certain consequent problems.

Social upheaval and the chaotic condition of modern society are topics of general discussion and concern these days. In the opinion of many sociologists, the collapse of the family as the basic unit of loyalty has triggered much of this chaos. That we are witnessing such a collapse of the family can hardly be doubted. Significantly, in areas where the modern way of life is making its most rapid advances, that collapse is going on at the most accelerated pace. Mores regarding marriage and sexual fidelity have been uprooted. Sexual practices are undergoing a revolution. But as in most revolutions, though everyone is in the fray somehow most don't know just what they want out of it when it's all over.

What we see, then, is the collapse of the family and accompanying it the demand by more and more individuals for freedom and variety in their erotic experience. This may be good—better than narrow, divisive, jealous one-to-one relationships. But at the same time, with the family weakened, we are having trouble finding some way to generate loyalty and cohesion in our communities. Heretofore we had been able to depend on the family to provide these basic requisites for group living. Now we can't ignore the spread of cheating and other quite "respectable" forms of dishonesty, capped quite naturally by record crime rates. The chaos that begins in the dissolution of the family spreads. The delinquent and mentally ill secede, each in his own way. Within nations wide splits are growing (witness our racial crisis, with Faubus thumbing his nose at the

President and the courts). Internationally, the world is split right down the middle. As cohesion and loyalty seem less certain, compulsions are resorted to—e.g., loyalty oaths are instituted, penalties on income tax forms become more obvious, the police want to double their forces and resent criticism of their burgeoning powers, and masses of people are getting nowhere at a great rate in little eddies that busy themselves with one or another of the current scapegoats—the "commies," the Supreme Court, or "homos."

Our present chaos arising out of the healthy dissolution of old rigidities does, of course, serve as a fluid interim in which many good things can get a start. But it is only an interim. It can only be temporary. The present freedom will either produce a superior order to supplant the old; or, if it is just indulged while it lasts and becomes too chaotic, someone or some outraged group will step in and give us an order that is very final, a real setback. The police are already leading in that direction and can be expected to have the blessings of the great majority of people who don't like anarchy, and rightly so.

There is plenty of evidence to indicate that a full and satisfying erotic life (meaning that it satisfies the ethical sense as well as the physical senses) is a major factor in an individual's ability to function normally, cooperatively and creatively. Community life is obviously the result of a number of individual lives and their interaction. It is for this reason that it would seem likely that there is a direct and important relationship between the shifts we see in private lives and in public conditions. Men are looking for a new order. They are through with the old ways and they want to shift. There is no reason why we should

not assume that that shift *can* be forward and progressive. As it occurs, politics may make most of the thunder, but a more basic force and one to be more concerned about may be private and erotic.

What has this to do with the homosexual? In this crisis he may be cast again in his accustomed role. Circumstances have put him in a position where he not only is compelled by necessity to experiment, to try and to test, but he also has the requisite freedom. The homosexual has never been allowed formal marriage, despite the fond hopes and dreams of many, and this may turn out to be a blessing to himself and a boon to his community. For that inability to settle down in a legalized marriage has compelled him to seek some other workable basis for association, and has kept him free to experiment.

Probably the part of marriage that has appealed to the homosexual is its stability, the taking of vows which are to insure that two persons will be loyal—the "til death do us part" clause. But would marriage for homosexuals be the answer? The twentieth century heterosexual can reply to that question. He's abandoning marriage, at least of the "til death do us part" variety. Should we pick up the remnants of a system he is casting off? His reasons for cracking and shedding it may be quite sound. Often marriage has served as a legal sanction for possessing another human being, or for being possessed. At times its rights have resembled property rights. It has enforced a one-to-one association, meaning not infrequently a thoroughly in-grown life. It has done anything but restrain our human tendency toward jealousy. It has divided the community into separate and often contending family units. It has held rights and powers over its members

that have too frequently run counter to the best interests of the community or of the individuals within the family itself. It has made itself the enemy of variety and experience, two prime requisites for growth.

So the heterosexual is breaking free of a system so old we had quite taken it for granted, and so interwoven with our mores as to seem holy and beyond criticism. He is demanding freedom, variety and experience. If one believes in growth and the continuing evolution of man, this may be to the good. It can be a step in the right direction, toward a higher ethic—that is, if the heterosexual can find (or has provided for him) something to put in the place of the family to give order and purpose to his relationships and cohesion to his community.

Here the homosexual comes in. He's never had marriage, so he's one jump ahead both in encountering and, let us hope, in solving the problem. He has been sinking or swimming for years according to his ability to find some other basis for association, something other than legalized ownership and jealously guarded rights. He's already tried promiscuity—the step the heterosexual is up to his neck in right now. It hasn't worked too well. Many homosexuals know that while there is much to be said for variety of experience and against settling down in one-to-one contentment (or mutual toleration, as the case may be), there is little to be said for promiscuity. When the kicks are over, losses in personal development and happiness are greater than the gains unless there is found some order, some continuity, some agreement between the sexual partners. Promiscuity cannot be offered as an answer.

Besides the problem of discovering an alternative better than purposeless promiscuity, there is another

that has to be solved. This difficulty was once the specific bane of the homosexual, but now it faces the heterosexual too. It is the problem of a rational or ethical sanction for sex. Propagation of the species *was* the reason for heterosexual sex, the obvious value that allowed its pleasures. Every homosexual has heard the argument that homosexuality can't be natural because it has no purpose, no reason—except pleasure. "Sex is for reproduction"—so ran the argument. And though the reasoning may not have seemed convincing to the homosexuals, many would admit that pleasure as a goal in itself holds up poorly. Some other reason has been needed.

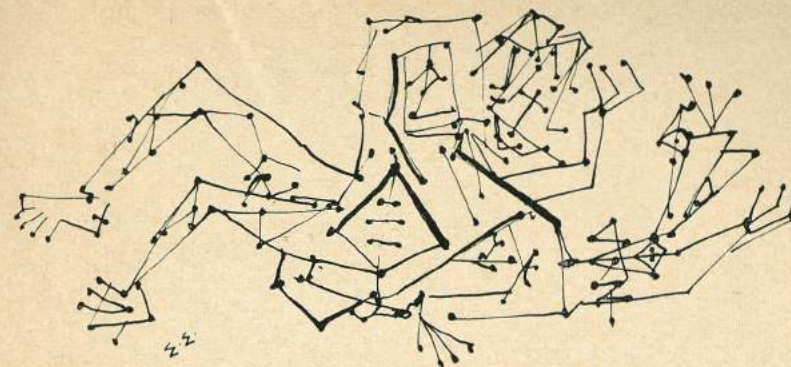
The heterosexual now faces the same problem. Over-population threatens man as surely today as the chance that he might fail to reproduce himself could ever have endangered him in his ancient past. The family man cannot, if he is responsible, just go on reproducing. It is interesting that just when he has begun to realize the dangers of his generative capacities he has found himself with both time and energy to spare for more frequent (and more varied) sexual experience. But, sex for what, if it can't be reproductive? Because he is a thinking creature, man must have a reason for his experience. Psychiatry has shown us that it is dangerous folly to expect the mind and the deep ethical sense to stand idly by while the body and emotions proceed with their merri-ment.

So we see an interesting combination of facts converging, and they may, if we look closely, make some faint writing on the wall. Erotic capacity is on the increase. But the requirement for its reproductive uses is sharply diminished. Why? With procreation and perpetuation of the species no longer *the* reason for the

expenditure of this irrepressible erotic energy, what will be its use? Can this energy have some further role in human development? Man's advance to date has depended on his ability to make sense of facts like these that might so easily have been passed off as pointless or purely chance, and on his flexibility in acquiring new uses for organs and capacities when old uses had run their course. Consider, as one example, the lungs which once were floating bladders. Without their use as breathers our oxygen-hungry brains could never have developed. We are told by endocrinologists and other students of the human body that we are full of organs that serve functions without which we could not live a human life but which are utterly different from their original uses.

We have also mentioned and must not forget that the same chaos that has given us grave problems (problems which are shared more equally than ever before by heterosexual and homosexual alike) has also given us tentative freedom. One can only hope that homosexuals will not spend their part of that freedom on getting a crack at the old marital system with its ownership and jealous rights, traits that ought to be disappearing into man's ancient and primitive past. Dodging the marital trap, can we find a new basis for responsibility and continuity in human erotic associations? Can we discover new purposes for the investment of our swelling endowment of erotic vitality?

Who is in a better position than the homosexual to feel these problems? Who by imaginative capacity and creative strength is better suited to attempt their solution? Who is freer to experiment? Again the homosexual may be cast in the role of pioneer.



SERENADE

You're very attractive
But not in the usual way:
Your face comes from stained glass windows
And is almost ugly
Except in quarter lights,
Wayward, inconstant, flickering.
The planes of your body move me
To a hovering anxiety
That this fragile shapeliness will change.
Think now: today
May be older than yesterday.
It is younger than tomorrow.
And what gaspings flood
In this our carnal knowing
Will be a strange rapture to remember.
Come to me. Rise to me.
Sing to me,
In the former way,
In that other mad time
When larks were awakened
In your yellow tasseled string guitar
And your jealous kitten kept clawing
Into her scratching mat.
We are not angels
But we can pretend to be.

* * *

Just now, when you laughed
While we were discussing Klee
A pain tightened around my heart
Lest you might not so laugh again.
Laugh and sing.
Drink the wine.
Play the tune.
Love me in the gasping way,
Kiss me, faithless, and be gay
While your roommate is away.

—HARLAN CONNOR

It had been a long hot drive down from New York and I was grateful for the ferry ride across the bay to the island for it gave me time to relax and enjoy the cool breeze. I had noticed a few low-hanging clouds as the cars pulled onto the sloping deck, causing the cables to rattle and the piles to groan in resistance to the added weight. As we slowly drew away from the stretch of low land covered with short green pines, the rain began to fall. I was standing by the rail, watching it approach over the water like a grey mist rising, when I suddenly remembered another ferry crossing not too long ago.

the yellow sands



ellis donnell

The gulls cried as they circled, swooping low to catch pieces of bread in mid-air that I tossed to them. It was a still bright morning; the sky, washed clean of clouds by a sudden shower an hour earlier, reflected the open expanse of water. We watched the busy gulls, laughing at their mad scrambles as they fought over the scraps of food. I still couldn't believe it: Marvin was here . . . standing beside me and he would be with me all this day. We had not had many opportunities to be together since the season began. His roles as leading man kept him very busy and there had only been one time for us to meet, talk and discover something rare and very wonderful. That first night we had planned this trip together and we both had worked very hard during those intervening weeks; enjoying playing scenes together, just for each other. I wanted to tell him how handsome he looked in his uniform for the CAINE MUTINY COURTMARTIAL but only a look, a casual pat on the shoulder—these had to do. Until now! Those endless days of rehearsal, opening night headaches, more rehearsals—all that was over at last and we had an entire day to ourselves.

When we reached the outer banks it was only about an hour's ride along a straight blue-paved road before we reached our destination—a small inlet completely hidden from the beach. Only wild sea oats grew here, their yellow tassels

bending gently in the breeze from the ocean. The sand was warm to our feet and made a strange crunching sound as we walked. For awhile we didn't speak as we spread our blankets, stored the cans of beer in the cool sand and unpacked the lunch from the cardboard boxes. There was a long silence then as we lay listening to the sound of the waves and the cry of an occasional gull that flew over these desolate stretches of sand. I shall never forget the feeling that came then—a feeling of completeness. All awareness of time and place slipped away. This was a feeling I had tried many times to capture when I was exhausted with rehearsals or trying to master new lines in an incredibly short time, or when I was merely depressed, moody, or discouraged. But never before had the feeling been so real. I had almost forgotten Marvin when he turned to me and said,

"You're a different person."

I wasn't sure what he meant.

"In what way, different?" I asked.

"You're not the same person I met at the theatre three weeks ago. You've changed just since we've been lying here."

"Perhaps that's because I'm happy." I tried to make it sound flippant but I was sure he knew I meant it.

"I hope so, because this means a great deal to me." He sounded serious. "We've both been under a tough strain these past few weeks." Then he began to talk, not seeming to care if I listened but just feeling the need to express something. He told how he had worked with a New England stock company, fallen in love with one of the young apprentices and, being younger then, did not realize the importance of discretion. The director, a frustrated ego-maniac, created a scandal which forced Marvin to leave the company. He told this in a quiet voice with no trace of anger or resentment.

He had left New England and gone to the west coast where he worked as a salesman in the men's department of a large store. Then he began to act again with a well-known experimental theatre in the west. But the need for change drove him away and that was why he was here. He felt he had to show people that he was a fine actor and, what was more important, an acceptable person. Once that was done, he could not stay in the same place.

For awhile he was silent, and then he said,

"I don't know why I've told you all this. I don't usually talk this much."

I took his hand and said I was very glad that he had. Then he gave me a long, searching look and said, holding my hand close,

"Don't fall in love with me. Please!" I was surprised because now that he had said it, I realized that was precisely what I was doing. All kinds of thoughts came into my head. I wanted to say how conceited I thought he was and what did he think I was, a school-boy? But I said none of these things. I remembered a line from CYRANO.

"There is a line by Rostand where Cyrano gives the sister permission to pray for his soul and she replies, 'I did not wait for your permission.'"

Neither of us spoke for a moment and then he said,

"I'm afraid we are to have just this one day—an interlude or intermezzo if you will." He smiled then and I would not allow his words to form their meaning. "You see, we both must go back to the theatre and when the season is over, I am going home to my wife and child." At the look on my face, he said, "Yes, I have a wife and a son nine years old. We adopted him when he was just a baby." I told myself that this did not matter; that I envied him his family. I told myself many things but never admitted the truth: I loved him as I had never loved before or

would ever love again. But I did not say this; instead, I said the future was uncertain and we must accept whatever came our way. I believe now, as I write these words, I actually thought that a miracle would happen and he would leave his family and come with me.

How can I describe that day? We talked very little after that, enjoyed each other's companionship, lay in the sand, swam in the surf, or took long walks along the beach in search of strange and interesting shells. When at last we were in the car, driving reluctantly back to the theatre, he turned to me with a smile,

"You had better dampen that glow or everyone will know something has happened."

So, we tried to conceal the feeling that lay between us—real and wonderful. When I played Cassius to his Brutus, there was a special meaning in the lines, "Forever and forever farewell, Brutus. If we do meet again we'll smile indeed. If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made." Although there were no more chances for us to be together, he still found opportunities to help me with my acting and also advise me on my relations with the rest of the company. For, I must admit it, I had grown irritable with my friends who, before I met Marvin, were closest to me. Daily he warned me to get control of myself. The season was passing swiftly and I realized that we would part soon and I could not face a future without him. But I was careful not to say this. I knew he would be very angry for hadn't he warned me at the beginning that our relationship could not last? And so I set about to destroy the very thing I valued most. Not satisfied with the warm contact during rehearsals and performances, I began to beg to see him after the show. Always he refused, politely but positively. I was jealous and accused him of idiotic things. Finally, he agreed to see me. I was frantic with impatience—the performance that night seemed to last forever. When it was finally over and we were driving along the shore, he began to talk quietly. Now, as I remember the things he said, I am convinced more than ever of the quiet wisdom of his words. But then I would not listen. He talked on, always quiet and concerned, warning me of the dangers of possessiveness, jealousy and indiscretion. But I rejected these things; I told myself that he merely wanted to be rid of me. Again I accused him of terrible things. He was silent now but beginning to grow angry. When I started to tell him how much our relationship meant to me, he interrupted,

"I think you had better take me home now."

When we stopped in front of his cottage, he thanked me sincerely for the good times I had given him. Then he got out of the car and walked away. I called to him to come back but he did not hear me.

I don't know how I finished that season but it finally ended and I came on to New York. I received one card from Marvin since that summer, a Christmas card signed by his wife, son and himself. It had no return address.

* * * *

The rain had stopped by the time we reached the island and as I drove to the theatre the tires sang on the steaming pavement. The costumer was there when I arrived. It seemed only yesterday that I had said good-bye to her, happy to be leaving the site of so much heartache and now, only a few short years later, I was delighted to be back. She welcomed me warmly but we were both careful not to mention his name as we talked about the past.

That night as I stood in the wings watching the performance, a young man came over and introduced himself.

"My name is Steve. I don't suppose you remember me but I was an apprentice when you were here before."

It was true, I did not remember him. But looking at him now, shaking the hand he held out to me, it was difficult to understand why.

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right. I don't remember you. But then, I was rather . . . preoccupied in those days."

"I thought you were wonderful." And he meant it.

"Would you like to join me for a drink after the show?"

"Love to."

The tavern was crowded when we arrived so we quickly had our beer and then, at my suggestion, went for a drive along the shore.

"How old are you, Steve?"

"Nineteen."

"Why, you were just a kid when I was here before."

"A little more than 'just a kid.' I had already learned a lot. In fact, you taught me a great deal without realizing it."

"You mean about acting?"

"That, too."

A pause.

"You knew about Marvin and me, then?"

"I wasn't sure. I knew it was somebody but I wasn't sure it was Marvin."

"Was I that obvious?"

"Oh, no. Not to everybody."

I took my eyes off the road to look at him and found him watching me intently. For a moment our eyes held and then I had to turn my attention back to driving.

"What are your plans for the Fall?"

"I'm going back to school. I'm a senior at the University. But first, I'm going to New York for a visit."

"Oh . . . what are you studying?"

"Architecture."

"You want to be an architect?" I was surprised.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, I just never thought of acting and architecture together before."

"Both are means of self-expression."

"Yes, I know. But they seem so different somehow."

"They're not really. A good architect puts something of himself into everything he builds just an actor puts a little of himself into every role he plays. A thorough understanding of yourself is necessary in both fields."

"And do you feel that you completely understand yourself, Steve?"

He hesitated a moment and then said,

"Yes, I do."

We had come to a deserted Coast Guard station. I pulled off the road and stopped. I turned off the ignition and then turned to Steve.

"Tell me what you understand about yourself . . . and about me."

There was no hesitation now but rather a feeling of desperation, as if he felt that time was passing quickly and soon this moment would be lost. "This is the first time I've talked to you and yet I feel as though I've known you for a long time and that we had had many talks together before. Do you feel that, too?"

"Yes, Steve, I do."

"You were right awhile ago. I was just a kid when you were here before. And, like a kid, I used to daydream a great deal about you. I wanted to be the same kind of actor you are, act the same roles. I tried to think up some excuse to be alone with you but I'm glad now that I never got the chance."

"Why?"

"Because I would probably have said some silly things and you would have been bored. And then we wouldn't be here now."

"I'm glad we are."

He leaned forward suddenly and very calmly and tenderly kissed me. There was an uncomfortable lump in my throat as I said,

"Thank you, Steve. That was a very nice thing to do."

Suddenly he was angry.

"I didn't do it to be *nice*! I did it because I wanted to! And because I thought *you* wanted me to!"

"Of course I wanted you to. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound patronizing."

If only I could tell him what his kiss really meant to me. But I was afraid he would not understand now. Perhaps later.

"Steve, there's so little time now. I'm afraid we have just this one night. I have to leave early tomorrow morning. But I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?"

"When you come to New York at the end of the season, I want to see you. Perhaps then we can talk a little more freely. There are too many memories for me here. I'm sorry if I sound terribly romantic but that's the truth."

"Of course. I understand. I think you'd better take me home now. It's getting late and you have to get up early tomorrow."

When we stopped in front of his cottage he seemed hesitant to say goodnight.

"I'm very glad you introduced yourself tonight. Of course, if you hadn't I would have arranged an introduction."

"It didn't seem like an introduction to me. Just picking up where we had left off."

"Yes, I feel that too now. Will you write me, Steve?"

"You can count on it."

"And I'll see you in New York?"

"You'll see me, as often as you like."

"I won't say good-bye then, just goodnight."

"Goodnight."

We shook hands again and then he turned and walked away. Just before he went in, I called to him. He turned and came back to the car. I was not sure why I had called him. It just seemed to happen.

"Yes, what is it? Forget something?"

I was confused. Why had I called him back?

"Just wanted to make sure you had my correct address."

"Yes, I have it. Goodnight again."

He stood waiting this time until I started the motor and drove off. I could still see him in the rear-view mirror, watching me drive away.

It was going to be another hot day and I dreaded the long drive back to the city. The ferry was full of loud and noisy tourists busily throwing scraps of food into the water. The shrill cries of the gulls as they dipped and swerved sounded to me like shrieks of derisive laughter. I left the rail and went to my car and sat there, trying to think. Why had I come here? Why had I obeyed this irresistible impulse to return? It had all been a terrible mistake. You can't revive the past. It's better to let sleeping dogs lie. But even as these arguments entered my mind, I quickly shut them out again. Yes, time had passed and with its passing, old wounds had healed. I was sure of that now. And I was also sure that I would be waiting for that visit in the Fall . . . at the end of the season.

MENTAL HEALTH AND HOMOSEXUALITY

The theme "Mental Health and Homosexuality" chosen for the 1959 Midwinter Institute proved to be the most popular ever with all sessions of the weekend-long event well attended and enthusiastically received.

Friday night, as usual, was devoted to the Annual Corporation Meeting in which business matters of concern to the voting and non-voting membership were reported and attended to. A friendly reception at the home of R. H. Stuart, a non-voting member, followed.

The next morning The Daughters of Bilitis, The Mattachine Society, and ONE Incorporated each presented a fifteen minute summary of the past year's accomplishments and some of their future plans.

Roundtable discussions occupied the remainder of the Saturday morning session where "Toward Better Mental Health" was stressed in lively

discussion of such topics as "Adjustment through Partnership," "Creative Expression As Therapy," "Must Christians Live With Guilt," "Sex Repression and Mental Health," "Should Men and Women Homosexuals Associate?" and "Is it Unnatural to be Homosexual?"

A large group of people of every age from the early twenties to . . . attended the luncheon and listened eagerly to the address "Accepting Middle Age" given by T. M. Merritt, Ph.D., Dean Emeritis of ONE Institute. Dr. Merritt offered a list of do's and don'ts for those approaching the middle years of life. He divided older people into two groups: M. O. A. (middle old age) and O. A. (old age), and thereafter referred to them by initials only. Although by the manner in which he approached his topic, Dr. Merritt's comments brought forth much laughter and mirth, he seriously described the problem of advancing years. He

concluded by showing that a satisfying development can be made, and he felt that although it is perfectly possible for the single person to make the adjustment, that a homosexual partnership was the best thing. He further went on to describe an accumulation of shared experiences and little things which go to make up a rewarding later life.

The highlight of the day's program was the afternoon panel presided over by Eric Julber, ONE's attorney, with Blanche M. Baker, Trent E. Bessent, Vita S. Sommers, and W. Dorr Legg as speakers. The theme chosen, "Mental Health and Homosexuality," was developed nicely and although the question of whether mental health for the homosexual can be possible was never resolved, the examination of the possible relationships between the mental health of the individual and the community and the homosexual was beneficial. Dr. Hooker, seated in the audience, extemporaneously reported her own findings and the latter developments of her studies.¹

Following the cocktail hour and annual banquet, Dr. Mario Palmieri, writer and engineer, gave an inspiring address on Classical Boy Love and Modern Civilization. Dr. Palmieri asked for the establishment of the Platonic relationship of the love of an older man for a boy—that relationship which brought such advancement to Greek civilization. Dr. Palmieri argued that love between a man and a boy is necessary to our present society. And he further stated that he, like Plato, believes that it is through the physical that a spiritual development occurs. Two aims should be sought: take all shame out of boy-love by raising it, as a phenomenon of the world of the

Spirit, above the carnal love of women and, even more important, sublimate all concern for earthly beauty in the contemplation of Ideal and Immortal Beauty—or that which exists in the realm of ideas. Dr. Palmieri concluded by suggesting that modern society would do well to study the usefulness of the boy-love relationship.

The Institute closed with a variety show Sunday afternoon presented by the drama department of the Education Division which included poems from the Greek Anthology, Sappho, and the sonnets of Michaelangelo. Few of the women in attendance will ever forget Rachel Rosenthal as she read the Sappho poems in an astonishingly sheer costume. Traditional Spanish dances by Antonio Reyes and some modern poems read by Morgan Farley, noted actor of the London and New York stage brought the program to intermission.

Special feature of the day's performance was the reading by Doyle Eugene Livingston of two one act plays written by him especially for the occasion. The first, *The Moon Queen*, an Oriental fantasy, haunting, and beautifully written, left the audience somewhat breathless. The second, *The Stares*, a comedy, brightened all spirits with its cleverness and humor. The young poet-dramatist performed all roles admirably. A poem by the same author appears in the February issue of ONE.

Coffee was served afterward in the foyer of the tiny theatre. Home-made cookies, candies and nuts had been prepared for the occasion by Don and Jon, two Corporation members.

For those friends of ONE not in attendance we can only say that we wish you might have been with us on this important occasion, and sincerely hope you may find it possible to be with us next year.

D.S.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Philly cop Captain Rizzo has an awful time trying to keep the center of the city clean and pervert-free. Extra terrible job with this Beat Generation. Imagine a 100%, patriotic, real he-man cop having to see things like grown men playing chess! And men (women too) sitting around arty little restaurants sipping coffee—and reading books yet—talking all that egg-head stuff! And that highbrow music! And those beards, and turtleneck sweaters, and tights and things! A he-man just doesn't have to stand for that sort of thing going on.

So Captain Rizzo (with some buddies) raided the Humoresque Coffeehouse on Sansom St., a couple weeks ago—hailed off 35 patrons and the owner. Few nights later, he raided 3 other coffeehouses. The cops had been keeping an eye on those places. Undesirables hung out there. Several plainclothes agents posted there every night for 6 or 8 months. What they saw was pretty disgusting, man, all that jazz and highbrow music, talk about zen and stuff like that, and chess and crazy paintings, and man, the poetry...

It wasn't exactly clear that the

cops ever saw anything illegal during their months of spying. One female undercover agent said she'd bought some dope from a man who said he was a patron of the Humoresque. Had she met the man there, or had the sale taken place there? No.

Narcotics officer Addario said 6 men left the coffeehouse before the raid, "making loud noises" and the cops tracked them to a house on H Street—which house the cops raided pronto. They found someone playing bongo drums (obviously criminal behavior) on the first floor, and elsewhere in the house they found a man and a woman with no clothes on.

Our intrepid knights returned posthaste to the Humoresque—lest any felons escape—where they discovered 3 men dancing ring-around-the-rosie about a table, and 2 others hugging one another around the waist, so they raided the joint—naturally. Eighteen patrons were booked and fined \$10 each; several minors (imagine minors in a place where coffee is being served!) were booked.

Owner Melvin Haifetz, 23, sued Rizzo in Federal District Court for

¹"Male Homosexuality in the Rorschach" by Evelyn Hooker (Journal of Projective Techniques) Vol. 21, March 1957 p. 18; Vol. 22, March 1958 p. 33.

damages—and to get an injunction to prevent raiding or undue harassment of the coffeehouse.

Few days later, at a big public meeting, with a few dozen cops straining at the leash but under orders not to make any speeches, there was a general debate on the whole question (just what was the question, exactly?) presided over by Police Commissioner Thomas J. Gibbons. Gertrude Fitzpatrick of 2036 Sansom St. presented a petition demanding the Humoresque be closed as a public nuisance. She was "sick of the place" she said and she didn't believe "a 23 year old boy is responsible enough to run a coffeehouse in the first place." Milo MacGoldrick of 2034 Sansom St. called the shop a gathering place for homosexuals. "It is offensive and a damned effrontery."

Eugene John Lewis of 2018 Rittenhouse Square also had a petition from 22 persons attacking another raided coffeehouse, The Gilded Cage. Lewis said he'd been in the place several times and had complained to police 12 or 15 times that he saw "homosexuals and lesbians and young girls with older men" in there.

More speeches on both sides. When atty. Samuel Diamond said court action—rather than police raids—would have been the proper way to cope with alleged nuisances, Commissioner Gibbons had to restrain Captain Rizzo who suddenly rushed forward. There was the Commissioner tugging on the Captain's coat and refusing to permit Rizzo to make a speech. Gibbons made one though: complaining that we—that is, the police—"are not on trial," and alleging that one 14 year old girl had admitted going to the Humoresque to meet lesbians. In reply to a question suggesting the police department was acting

from anti-intellectual bias, Gibbons said not so—"We have quite a few intellectuals in the department ourselves." Rizzo then made his speech anyhow.

Little evidence was presented that the coffeehouses are actually gay—and readers tell us that only a small percentage of the people in these places are gay. This is simply nothing more than vicious and quite capricious police persecution of non-conformist groups.

On the other hand—homosexuals do have a right—and should exercise that right—to patronize any coffeehouse, bar, or other public establishment, and any manager of such a place of business who refuses service to a person simply on the grounds of believing that person to be homosexual, can be sued for damages. Any manager of a business does have a right to refuse to serve, or even to eject, persons whose behavior is improper, illegal, immoral or boisterous.

But, whoever wishes to stand up for his rights has to know it won't be easy. Rights that are guaranteed by the Constitution are nonetheless forbidden under many state and local ordinances. Such ordinances are illegal, but the person who sets out to prove it has a tough row to hoe. However, homosexuals are never likely to have any rights til they are willing to fight for them.

And back to the coffeehouses—why not a few gay coffeehouses? Up to now, bars have been almost the only public places homosexuals could gather—and since many homosexuals don't drink—seems to me the coffeehouse would be a good addition to the limited social facilities available.

ROUNDELAY

Guatemalan president Fuentes' appointment of his husky cousin,

Senora Julia Quinones Ydigoras, as Minister of Education, brought howls of protest. Dona Julia, whom TIME described as a female transvestite, and who looks like a cross between a New York longshoreman and an Irish cop, had been active as a one-man goon squad for an earlier dictator, and was a rousing campaign speaker, had thoughtfully already submitted her resignation, even before the mob, objecting to her masculine appearance and behavior, and to her relations with her female companion, howled for it. The president, at first reluctant, accepted the voice of the people...

Kansas City cops busily blowing up the discovery of a girls' club into a major scandal. One school official, finding that one mother's daughter had confided to her diary—"I believe I am getting gay and it scares me" didn't know what the word meant but found out. He then began, as the KC Star naively describes the whole affair, "to notice a pattern of truancies among certain girls at Northeast" (highschool). Investigation, and finally forced confessions from 6 girls, implicating not themselves but 26 other girls in a secret sex society, with passwords, stiff membership requirements—and sex. One girl claimed to have been slashed on the face and neck, but officials discounted her story—minor scratches and a lot of mercurochrome. There was some testimony regarding drinking and dope—but the whole thing—a not very pleasant story if true—sounded trumped up, or at least exaggerated out of all proportion.

There always have been and always will be young people of both sexes growing up and making the discovery that they are homosexual, and trying with varying degrees of success, to get together. Society itself determines, by its attitudes, whether these meetings, matings, clubs and

other associations that result, will be healthy, wholesome and socially valuable, or whether they will be vicious, twisted things hiding in the dark.

Much yap in New Orleans. Since the murder of the tourist guide there (reported in the last tangents) local and state politicians have been getting into the old sideshow act of "let's clean up all the perverts."

Reversing a lower court, the Superior Court here cleared the manager of the Coronet Theatre for showing the stark homosexual film, FIREWORKS. Judges F. G. Swain and E. T. Bishop held that homosexuality is "older than Sodom and Gomorrah"—"society should understand it." Properly treated, it is an acceptable subject for motion pictures. FIREWORKS, along with THE VOICES, another experimental film the cops didn't like, will show again soon at the Coronet.

Herb Caen, A #1 Frisco-booster, back from the Hearstpress to the SF Chronicle, caught up a prize typo in J. D. Mercer's THEY WALK IN SHADOW, a thick new volume on homosexuals and "ambisexuals." A line on the title page reads: "For the use of legislators, civil and military jurists, attorneys, government executives, penologists and law enforcement officers." This was Caen-headed, "How Freudian Are The Typesetters." Mr. Mercer's book had a pretty rugged odyssey coming to print. Written over 10 years ago (since brought up to date) the book missed publication then because Mr. Mercer refused to anti-slant it. After 10 years and over ten thousand dollars—it is out. A bit uneven, with several Caen-raising slips, it is the fattest and one of the most outspoken books in the field. Can't help thinking what a revolutionary book it would have been if it had come out in 1948...

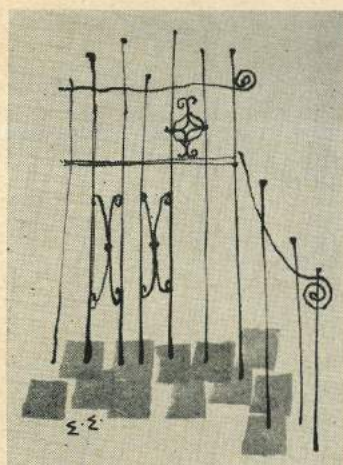
The Mattachine Society's new Education Handbook (64 pages of microscopic print) is quite a job—a manual of organizational methodology invaluable to anyone interested in setting up discussion groups or such. Prepared in Denver, whence cometh that excellent newsletter we've mentioned now'n then. Denver will be host to the Society's annual convention this coming Sept. 4-7 . . .

Our own 3rd book, Harry Otis' travel stories, including a few that have appeared in these pages, and a few others that our lawyer originally thought might be a little too . . . anyhow, it'll be out soon . . .

And from Chicago, TRADE-WINDS, an interesting new mimeoed gay magazine, with fiction, articles and artwork. Welcome aboard . . .

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



BOUNDARIES

by Ann Wooster

She could not believe that they were actually parting. It was far more like watching a film. She was somehow sure that the lights could be turned on, the racing reel could be stopped if only, if only . . . But it didn't stop. How ridiculous! What curious things one's mind could do. She said to herself,

one

"Elizabeth is leaving," and it meant nothing at all. Impossible. But while she sat motionless on the bed, seeing Elizabeth's bright silk scarves disappear one by one into the yawning suitcase, she knew, but her mind could not comprehend. And she felt what was almost a caricature of grief rush in to fill the griefless, wordless vacuum.

It was nothing at all like the dream, the dream that of late had broken her sleep and sent her at midnight into the toilet to smoke endless cigarettes. Months ago she had begun dreaming it. It was always the same: the street, closed off at the near end by an ornate iron fence; the colonial row houses, like Georgetown or the Village, but fallen into middle class drabness; ashcans on the sidewalk; stone steps; a spring afternoon and Elizabeth, wearing a tan gabardine, walking away from her. The breeze caught her light straight hair and lifted it gently. The risen sun touched its excellence with gold.

That was all. It was a very simple dream. The only thing of interest was the fence, and the street itself. But it was all so clear, so detailed that she had always been sure it would be that way.

That it would end some way, she had never doubted. As she had said to Elizabeth, just a few months before, "I'm not one of those romantic people who thinks love lasts forever. We can't be Tristan and Iseult . . ." And Elizabeth had nodded consent.

Her mind turned back to the afternoon's conversation. She had been trying not to think of it. Now she did, her hands groped on the nightstand for a cigarette. No matches. Could she ask Elizabeth where they were? What nonsense this all was. What would happen if she were to walk over to her, if she were to take her in her arms again and kiss that hair, that proud delicate neck? And say, and say, just say . . . There was someone else for Elizabeth now, someone, she guessed, who was young and handsome. She had seen a snapshot lying on the dresser, but it was badly blurred; not so blurred, however, that she could not sense the graceful slender strength of the boyish body, clad in a light shirt, a slim dark skirt. Elizabeth had told her in the afternoon that the change of apartment was "so much more convenient for her work." On the table beside the cigarettes was a card, and on it a strange name, an address only blocks away, a telephone number. She tried to imagine herself dialing the number, holding the receiver, politely asking to speak to Elizabeth. Why not? She herself had always said that a lover should be free to leave, that there must be no promises between them, that new experiences kept one fresh.

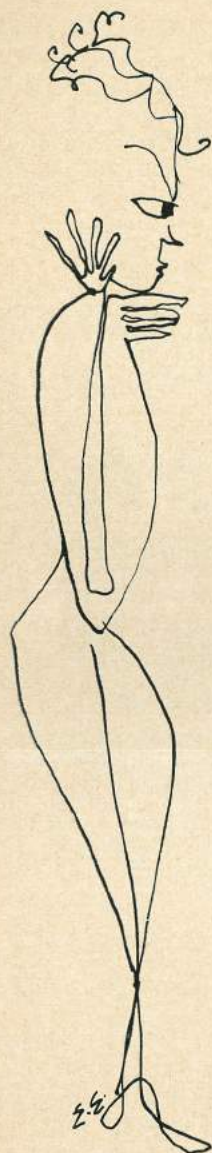
A fly buzzed impatiently against the inside of the window. I am getting old, she thought. Very old. But forty isn't old. It mustn't be. She smoothed the spread under her hand. She would be alone now. But how long? How could there be anyone else?

The click of the catch on the suitcase seemed terribly loud in the room. It mustn't happen this way. Oh God. She would speak, she would, all the great, blind, groping, lovely words that she had never spoken—never spoken but once, to someone years before. "Elizabeth?" Her voice shook and she struggled to control it. "Elizabeth." It had sounded to her almost like a shout.

The girl across the room turned, and put the suitcase on the floor. For an instant their eyes met, matching pain for pain.

"What is it?"

"Do you . . . Do you have a match?"



Darlings,

I know you hate having people write
to you with bad opinions and new
ideas, at least I would hate having it
happen to me. My name is Jessica Farr,
I read your magazine, and right now—
I have a very big thorn in my craw.

Imagine standing in a bar and having
a lonely drink, feeling on the blue
side of things, on the rocks like ice that's
melted in the drink you nurse too long.
Minding your own business when wham,

"The Jaberwock with eyes of flame
Came whiffing through the tulgy wood
And burbled as it came—"

So, she fixes you with this bright &
beady eye and says *What's the matter
with you? you look lonely. Then comes a
windstorm of advice and remonstrances—
the person is a perfect stranger—which
strikes at note for brass in this horny,
old world that would be hard to better.*
Imagine it being you, standing there and
trying to think what to say and not say-
ing it—

I know many lonely people, and not
one of them likes it. Nobody tries
to get that way, it happens like, being
born with hair that won't comb or a ner-
vous laugh. Only worse, much, much worse.
Show me the "I Want To Be Lonely Club Of
America" or any other country for that
matter? Who told Miss Jaberwock that we
who have known loneliness are playing a
game? That we store up great rocks of
heartache and wait for some unsuspecting
gal or guy to avalanche to death or what-
ever? Did I detect a sniffle at the last?
How pathetic. I think the Joe she must be
writing to has been dead for some years—
Joe Stalin—and that program she says
will help put your life on a constructive
upgrade, is so much green cheese from the
other side of the Moon.

We need love, we are human. In what
shape it will come we do not know,
and what time it may choose to come we are
helpless to say; but we must believe,
we have to go on believing that it will
come, that it must come—

Now I am beginning to get angry for
having allowed myself to get angry.
I am not at all the type who waves flags
or beats big drums of passion, although
it has tempted me to try learning how to
play the trombone. Is that Freudian?
No, I have seen great beauty on the screen,
drank champagne in December, and found my
sandy place in the sun on the gay beach—
I have lived. I am a gal of grit and sun
lotions, and a few emotional keys to the
alternating doors of my pain and pleasure;
like a child I sing a lot to myself. But
my real love is people, our people, and we
do need you, ONE, we do—

Yours in gratitude and
my best wishes,

JF

BOOKS

Jean Genêt

For one who has read many books
and studied in many fields, it is very
difficult to discover an author whose
work is entirely new and who breaks
the continuity of all that has pre-
ceded him. Although the writings of
Jean Genêt at times suggest glimpses
of Sartre, Gide, and others, they come
very close to being unique in the lit-
erary world. This unique character
is reflected in the critical and inter-
pretative comment on them which
varies from the statement of Jean
Cocteau that Genêt was the "greatest

moralist of his time" to that of a
recent writer that he wades in filth
for purposes of "literary ambition"
and "commercial" gain. However,
even the *New Yorker* grants him
poetic and distinguished qualities as
well as dramatic effectiveness.

Jean Genêt was an illegitimate
child, born in Paris in 1910 of un-
known parents. Adopted by a peasant
family, he was started on a career of
crime and wandering at ten years of
age when he was placed in a re-
formatory for stealing. The remain-

der of his life has consisted of a strange odyssey in and out of prisons in various countries. Associated almost exclusively with pimps, thieves, murderers, and criminals of every type, he seemingly never knew a form of society where people lived normal, decently moral lives, outwardly respectable if not always consistent with less obvious realities. After innumerable convictions and prison terms he was finally incarcerated for life in 1948 when a group of prominent writers including Sartre, Gide, Cocteau, Claudel, and others petitioned the president of France for his release. This petition was granted, but he has not written anything new since that time.

In 1942 Genêt was spending a long term in the prison of Fresnes in France when, as an outgrowth of his loneliness and solitude, he started writing and produced his first book, *Notre-Dame des Fleurs*, translated into English as *The Gutter in the Sky*. With no sustained plot, the book is almost a reverie built around a group of young men who lived in a small attic apartment in Paris. They gave each other ironic and pseudo-poetic nicknames which fact accounts for the title, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, one of the youths. The leading character is "Divine" whose life story forms the only thread of continuity in the book which closes with his death from tuberculosis at the advanced age of forty, a most unusual event since violence and the guillotine were the usual occasions of demise at their level of society. And among them maturity covered the years fourteen to twenty, old age at thirty, and decrepitude occurred at forty. Membership in the group was conditioned only upon youth and physical attractiveness. The apartment was furnished wholly from the booty of their thievery in department stores, parked cars, and other

accessible places and the occupation of each was shoplifting, burglary, picking of pockets, faggery, and occasionally murder for gain. This last, finally landing Notre-Dame des Fleurs under the guillotine. Rare attendance at the moving pictures and mass in a neighboring church offered some aesthetic satisfaction. The most striking fact about the group was that all were homosexuals and centered their lives around their romantic attachments, the most powerful dominating force in their lives and the source of the only semblance of ethics which they seemed to be aware of. Each one owed a measure of loyalty to his companion for the time being and emotional involvements had a degree of permanence which one would not have expected, associations being recalled with feeling sometimes after long periods of separation. Genêt's reverie recalls the episodes and characters alternately with his own immediate experience in order to people his loneliness and physical frustration with beings whose imagined presence gave him a measure of satisfaction. His literary style is poetical and even mystical, the words gushing forth with the impetuosity of a mountain spring. One wonders how so limited a range of content can fill so many pages with flowering prose. Of course much of the language is the argot of the streets of Paris, but vivid and picturesque in its very lack of any inhibition.

The *Miracle of the Rose*, a long novel, returns to Genêt's earlier experience in the reformatories when, as a growing boy, he was getting the only education he was ever to know. He mentions very casually the shops where the boys worked and an occasional trip as recreation, but, as in the former book, an extreme poverty of activity physical and mental, left the spiritual life to be filled in almost

wholly by homosexual, romantic attachments. In fact it is rather pathetic to note that this homeless, rootless boy looked back in later years with a certain nostalgia toward the only tenderness he was ever to have shown him in this sordid, brutal atmosphere, an extra piece of dry bread, a cigarette butt, a protecting arm against some older bully, and above all the contact with a warm and loving body. Another critic has pointed out that many books portray criminals and the outcasts of society, but always from the safe vantage point of the disapproving righteous. Here for the first time is told their lives and thoughts from the inside, as they see them, amoral, unmoved by any generally recognized standards of conduct, uninhibited, and directed by impulse as completely as the wild beast of the forest and yet having something of the grandeur of naked rock, putting to shame the hypocrisies of a society which does not permit even the language in public which is almost universally used in private.

The work of Genêt is almost impossible to evaluate justly. To some, as indicated above, it represents the depth of degradation, to others a new and higher form of ethics where naked truth stands absolutely first and where love without sham or pretense ennobles the most sordid lives. It is unfortunate that the impression is given that homosexuality and criminality are identified or at least indelibly associated. There is nothing

to indicate that one is the cause of the other or that they are inseparably connected. In fact the love motive is the only redeeming fact of these lives which have so nearly nothing in them to be admired or emulated. Whatever one's conclusions may be, this work cannot be disregarded in the literature of inversion.

The writings of Jean Genêt:
Haute Surveillance. (Play.)
Journal du Voleur.
Oeuvres complètes:

Tome I: Jean-Paul Sartre: Saint Genêt, comédien et martyr.

Tome II: Notre-Dame des Fleurs, (novel), Le Condamné à mort, (poem), Miracle de la Rose, (novel), Un Chant d'amour, (poem).

Tome III: Pompes funèbres—Le Pêcheur de Suquet—Querelle de Brest.

The above are in French and are published in the lists of the Librairie Gallimard. The following are English translations:

The Gutter in the Sky, André Levy, Philadelphia, 1955. (Translation of Notre-Dame des Fleurs.) Introduction by Jean Cocteau.

The Maids, (play), Grove Press, New York, 1954. (Translation of Les Bonnes.) Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre.

The Balcony, (play), Faber and Faber, London, 1957. (Translation of Le Balcon.)

M.

ARCADIE

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

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

the homosexual nudist



by Kermit Josephs

The number of homosexuals who are members of nudist organizations is apparently not large. It should be larger.

Homosexuals are not barred from membership in nudist organizations—the camps, sunbathing parks, sunshine resorts, and private clubs which operate in the United States to encourage social nudity. Overtly homosexual applicants might possibly be eliminated at the first personal interview with officials of the clubs; but to my knowledge, this has not been the case. Why then is homosexual representation in nudist clubs so small?

Membership Restrictions

Any single woman, with any of her single friends, who can give satisfactory answers to the questions concerning education and moral standing which are included in the standard form of application for membership to most nudist groups, will be welcomed without hesitation by practically every nudist club.

Not so the male. Unmarried men,

singly or in pairs, even if superior in intelligence, well educated, or of good appearance, responsible in the business and professional world, and gifted with winning personalities and blameless manners, find the doors of nudist organizations closed to them. There are only a few exceptions to these restrictions on nudist memberships for single men. In some clubs, men are accepted on the basis of a quota designed to prevent a preponderance of men in the membership. These quotas are due to the fact that the average nudist organization receives a hundred applications from males, single or married, for each application from a woman or from a married or unmarried heterosexual couple.

In a Minority

The obvious result is that the male in a nudist park does not find a large group of men of similar outlook. Nor is he likely to do so until the number of females in the nudist ranks is large enough for the clubs to accept more single men.

The Common Interest

This does not mean that the male homosexual, once he has been admitted to the nudist camp, is likely to find himself an "outsider." The mental attitude of the nudist and of the homosexual—especially of the homosexual athlete—is in many ways so similar that the homosexual is perfectly at home, even in a group in which he is in some way a minority. The appeal of nudism seems to be strongest to the man or woman who has pride in the appearance of his body and who admires the handsomely filled-out, well-proportioned bodies of others. The sports-lover, athlete, body-builder (whether fanatic or casual about his hobby), and the lover of outdoor living all share the interest that make the nudist way of life appealing to the nudist. Nudists have a profound respect for beauty, the dignity, and the acceptability of the human body in its entirety. This attitude of respect and admiration for the body is common to the nudist and the homosexual.

Only the Nudist

With negligible exceptions, it is only in the nudist camp that the sun-bather, physical-culture enthusiast, and outdoor man or woman can find a complete acceptance of the human body. True, the sun deck of private solaria such as those in New York, in St. Petersburg, and in the stacks of the new Moore-McCormack ocean liner provide opportunities for nude sun-bathing, segregated by sex. The college pool or the YMCA plunge (except in sections of the Pacific Northwest where trunks have been made a requirement), a beach in Boston, and some private health clubs provide opportunities for nude

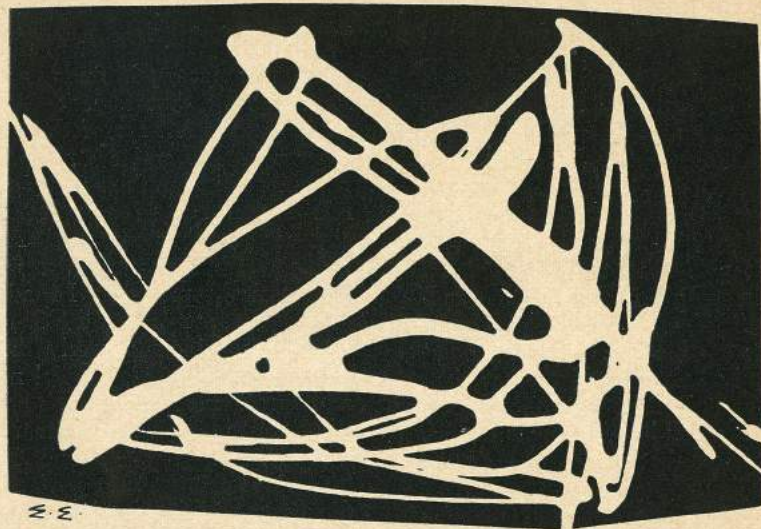
swimming. But naked outdoor exercise and nude sports activities are limited, with few exceptions, to the nudist parks.

"Boys and Girls Together"

The homosexual finds no constraint or embarrassment in being nude in the presence of those of the other sex. The entire atmosphere of the sunbathing park is so relaxed, so relaxing, and so friendly that the social contacts between the sexes are informal, free from embarrassment, and entirely pleasant. In addition, most homosexuals find the de-emphasis of sex, which is surely the most pronounced attribute of social nudism, a welcome change. The homosexual nudist sees the human form in its entirety, at rest and in motion, and he enjoys the esthetic perfection of the body without the insistent eroticism which can accompany semi-nudity or complete nudity in less social circumstances. Nothing so erotic as the G-string or the jock-strap—or the bathing suit—exists in a nudist camp.

It Is Up to the Women

The woman who enjoys outdoor sports and who finds the beauty of the female form pleasant to look upon should seriously consider joining a nudist club. She and her friends will find themselves welcomed wholeheartedly. At the same time, she will be doing a service for the male homosexual who must bide his time until the women have so evened up the membership ranks that more men will be acceptable to club membership. When this happens, the homosexual male should act as the opportunity presents itself; for a happy way of life awaits him.



MIND WEAVING PATTERNS

Mind weaving patterns this day of great light, wind and leaves; winging the blue sky, my heart like a far gull, and crying, high above rush of the leaves and the river-waves lapping: O lost in the grandeur of light: under the wide wing of sunlight, forever ascending, my heart.

Song on my flesh of the river-wind lapping the shore with long waves: gull voyaging westward, the cut cry and motion of wings swimming heaven . . .

Shadows of willows descending the warm sky, smoothing the white-gold of sand, caressing bronze of the body.

WILLIS EBERMAN

Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

Dear ONE Magazine:

I don't want to say that I like your Magazine for the poetry alone, but I find I always come back to the poems and read and re-read them many times. I could be classified I guess as an amateur poet because I'm always attempting to write them as best I can, though more are torn up and thrown away than are kept. How about more poems in the future, if possible?

Mr. M.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Sir:

Not too long ago, three years to be exact, I saw a copy of your Magazine on a stand in Times Square, New York, and scornfully laughed, saying, "Now they've got a paper for the homos too." Little did I realize at that moment that I'd become one myself. I'm writing this letter to explain what I think is one of the strangest situations.

I'm 24 years old, blond, well-built, crew-cut, the type usually described as the All-American boy. I graduated from a college in Massachusetts, played on the basketball team, belonged to the swimming team, took girls out and indulged in all the usual so-called normal activities of necking, petting, etc. I had no desire for boys, although I was with handsome young men much, saw them in the nude, etc.

About two years ago something happened. I can't put my hands on it. Always being interested in athletics and physical culture I joined a leading gym, did work-outs and really built up quite a physique. My attentions came to focus more not only on my body, but on other males as well. I fought the desire, but was not able to overcome it. I had an affair with a male model who accepted himself as gay. Later, I dated a girl and, to find out, had an affair with her. It was a shock to

realize that I craved for the boy and was repulsed by the girl.

I passed through many weeks of despair, but have now accepted the situation. How foolish we are to say that we're normal, when normality and "abnormality" are so close to each other!

Mr. S.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

To the Staff of ONE:

I liked "A Place to Go" (December, 1958) and was interested to read the note from its author, Matt Kent, published under "Letters" in the same issue. The mistake is a characteristic experience of many gay people, especially in their earlier years. The unkindness of some gay people to other gay people is rather common, although it's often a defensive measure. You are to be praised for publishing a "negative" story in your Christmas issue. In its place you might have been tempted to put a frothy bit that would have done nobody any good.

Mr. E.
DENISON, TEXAS

To the Editors:

Referring to the article "One More Phoney Expose" (November, 1958) I am sure you realize there will always be a certain number of crack-pots who will seek to spread false rumors and twisted statements concerning the work and purpose of your fine publications and organization. These are the people who really need the advice of expert doctors.

I am a firm believer in homosexual life and think that it is a most beautiful thing. As far as sex goes I too share the opinion that it belongs in private, behind closed doors, and nowhere else. The small minority of peephole seekers, toilet queens, screaming faggots and other forms of extremists **must be rooted out at once** to prevent further rumors from spreading. But how? Perhaps those who read ONE and share my opinion can suggest ways.

Mr. B.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

To the Staff at ONE:

I think it would be appropriate if each and every reader would pause a moment, lay aside whatever prejudices and whatever criticisms he might feel justified in expressing and give thanks that we do at least have a medium through which we may exchange views and read the type of material that best suits us as a group.

As I have said before, I think all departments of ONE are doing a very creditable piece of editing. Substantially I agree with your policies, I only wish that the stories could be a little more lengthy, but naturally the printing must be limited to the budget

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available. I'm satisfied that in the coming years ONE will continue to grow in stature and in wisdom.

Mr. W.
BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

To the Editor:

No matter how much looking inward I do, realizing that here lie fundamental answers to my needs, there is still that side of one which loves to hob-nob with other gay people and to know that one is not alone.

Thus it was, with the discovery of a few gay bars in the area, plus again getting ONE in the mail, my feelings took a decided upswing. Frankly, it is nice to belong to the family, in the sense of your Editorial (December, 1958).

My first, quick impressions of gay life in Florida are of much less cooperation and unity than I observed on the west coast. In my own little way I would like to further that unity here, if possible.

Mr. H.
CLEARWATER, FLORIDA

Dear Editor and Staff:

Your Magazine is continually getting better. You are heroes for breaking the ice, in an ice age. You are one of Toynbee's disengaged minorities. The reply may not meet the challenge, but we're in the lists now.

Mr. F.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Dear Sir:

It seems high time someone tossed the ball back to that well-meaning psychiatrist who can never resist tempering his daring leniency with the sneaky little proviso: "All the homosexuals I've encountered have been sick people who wanted desperately to lead a normal life." All well and good, so far. This is undoubtedly true of any of us who finds his way to that comforting couch. But has anyone stopped to ask himself why this is invariably so?

Suppose that our so-called normal counterparts, upon feeling the first call of love, were to find themselves harshly censured and cruelly vilified for the only natural expression of that love. How many of them could stand up to the ostracism of a society which forced them shamefully to hide their greatest joy? Would any but the strongest of them be able to remain independent of that psychiatrist?

'Tis a pity that inevitably the minority group must be known to the "in-group" only by the measure of its weakest and least admirable members. Thus, we—the many well-adjusted couples—must remain anonymous, smoldering with mute resentment at the unwarranted defilement of our most precious feelings. How can we speak, when to reveal our happiness would be to destroy it?

Miss B.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

Not only does ONE serve a great need by bringing each of us into a deeper understanding of our place in life, but also, it serves to strengthen our ability to accept ourselves through the mutual understanding of the problems of others.

Dr. Blanche M. Baker's "Toward Understanding" column gives me great hope that in the future she will touch more profoundly upon her thesis of shedding "some light upon the gloom, fear, shame, guilt, disgust and lack of self-confidence" which plagues most of us. Of even greater importance is the fact that Dr. Baker feels, as a psychiatrist, that there is a definite place and objective in life for each homophile. This is something most medical people, as well as educators, seem unable to comprehend.

Mr. B.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:

In searching for happiness it seems to me that there is a choice of three broad paths to follow. 1. To believe that homosexuality is in itself a bad thing and to keep most of one's emotional life permanently suppressed and carefully concealed. This attitude of self-rejection or hate of self, causing either a permanent or intermittent state of tension and conflict within the personality, can never result in true lasting happiness. At best this person will lead an outwardly peaceful, even pleasant, existence, respected, with a circle of friends, quite possibly engaging in charitable works of value to society. At worst the continual tension will lead to a complete nervous breakdown, insanity, perhaps suicide.

2. To take part in the underworld life of the parks, streets and gay bars with their hit-and-run affairs. Nothing more than temporary relief can be expected in this twilight world and may well give substance to the belief that

homosexuals are a degenerate and immoral lot.

3. To accept oneself completely, whatever one may be, free from the prejudices and sex beliefs of any philosophical or religious system. (Not that the systems do not contain truth; but the part is not the whole, and the whole cannot be contained within the human intellect.) This advice to "know thyself" is a plank in the platform of many systems—but then they immediately circumscribe it with dogmas, doctrines, creeds. "The letter killeth, . . ."

This path is the way of love. One point on which all psychologists agree is that we must love ourselves before we can love others. This is the ultimate choice, love or hate. But does this self-acceptance necessarily mean happiness, as articles in ONE and the Mattachine Review imply? Unfortunately no. What then is lacking? The same thing that many heterosexuals lack—a lover, friend, helpmate. And where is this friend to be found? Ah! How I wish I knew.

Mr. B.
CAMBERWELL, AUSTRALIA

Dear Friends:

In reference to a letter from Miss V., of Pasadena (February, 1959) when a man reaches his majority he does not, unless he's nuts, make advances to a child still in his tender, formative years. If he does, logic **has not** prompted it. If the urge is imperative, as Miss V. suggests, and he cannot find peace and happiness with a fully-developed, thinking adult, then he is not himself a fully-developed, thinking adult.

May I take this opportunity to say how delightful was "Pages From a Journal of Waning Affection" (January, 1959). Also, the Dawn Frederic cover on the February issue is striking. And the "Toward understanding" column of Dr. Baker's is fine.

Diana Sterling
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Dear ONE:

In reply to the letter from Miss V., of Pasadena—Deviation brings about an awareness of social pressure and presents to the homosexual a problem with no little confusion. Thinking is the last resort forced upon us by a pressing problem, and such thinking I venture is rarely sheer logic. Rather it is a combination of logic and emotion in introspection and a long serious conversation with God for truth, value and perspective. The conclusion of this brings about the knowledge adequate for adjustment to one's position in society (we are a part of it you know) and to oneself for peace of mind. Logic alone cannot give peace of mind and without that, Miss V., the human being has very little.

The persecution of the homosexual dates back more than a thousand years. Try to understand that it is not easy for man to disregard the beliefs handed down by the past. It is the result of a thousand-year-old mold, and one cannot break that mold by proclaiming that people today are ignorant. They do not understand, and most people fear what they cannot readily understand, as they fear the scorn of being apart from the majority. Therefore, the homosexual cannot make himself understood by force, but by knowing himself, his own history, and by understanding those that dislike him.

In concluding, I would like to touch upon your statement about free expression of drives being preferable to frustration. You speak of logic and thought. Then employ them. Society cannot allow a free expression of the drives of any one group, or it would disintegrate. Man must, for the continuation of his own existence, impose upon himself a series of checks and balances. This is basic in human society. As to frustration, again remember that intelligent action is the goal of all thinking.

When you speak of love be aware that love has many facets and can be found in perfection only in God. Man cannot gain perfection, but by true understanding he may gain goodness and beauty in his love for all things. Without that awareness there is little joy, peace or permanence in any of man's relationships—heterosexual or homosexual.

I would advise more constructive reading if you wish to think adequately.

Miss M.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:

I have a grandson who is homosexual and I have come to understand his problems. For many years I have been interested and fascinated by the "the gay world." I have found that these misunderstood, unaccepted people are wonderful. They have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken of.

I have opened my home to them, where they can come and bring their friends. An evening is spent in listening to hi-fi music, singing, dancing, or putting on a little theatrical show. Refreshments are always served. It is wonderful to see and to hear their laughter. They surely "have a ball." It is just like one big happy family. Some come to discuss their problems, and everyone offers suggestions.

If more people would open their homes to them I believe it would bring a better understanding of these persecuted people. These boys and men have given me the nickname of "Bubbles" because I am short and fat, which is why I sign it so.

Mrs. K.
LA CRESSENTA, CALIFORNIA