

how dreadful they really appear? I suppose not. But they are their own worst enemies—and to others too!

Mr. C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear ONE:

Your list of "what to do" if in trouble made me laugh out loud. I would like to see what you would get in "demanding" anything of an officer of the law. A good whack in the puss most likely. No, mind your own business and you'll have no trouble, as a correspondent wrote you. If you've kept your secret—keep it. After all, no one gives a damn who cares for us.

Mr. R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

There is a lot I would like to say to Mr. C. (Letters, January, 1959). It is too bad that he and his 15-year old "fine youngster" should have been exposed to the kind of situation he describes. What is more unfortunate, however, is that this erstwhile persecuter who is finally trying to become a bit more understanding does not realize that the behavior which so offended him is nothing more or less than one manifestation of the inevitable urge to want to strike back at the persecution and suppression which is all this country has to offer the homosexual.

I would hazard a guess that the majority of the "hoodlums" Mr. C. mentions are sons

of respected families from little towns all over the country—fellows who, as soon as they found themselves at variance with the smug conventionality of their little communities, were made to feel ridicule and rejection and forced to leave their homes with mixed feelings of regret and disgust.

Of course they have become embittered and sour, and the type of behavior Mr. C. describes can only be expected. Don't tell me, Mr. C., that it is up to these trampled and taunted individuals "to earn a measure of respect." It is instead our sick society which must first accord **them** a measure of respect. I wouldn't be surprised if that "bleached idiot" is basically a fairly good guy and that Mr. C's 15-year old would actually be in much safer hands among a group of "queers" than with a rough-neck gang such as we read about, whose pastime is beating up or murdering someone now and then.

I don't feel that the homosexual can be blamed too harshly for any form his rebellion takes. It is much to the credit of the homosexual that this rebellion does not become more dangerous and damaging than it does, with the prying and persecution by the police mounting apace and the taunts and ridicule of society.

Homosexuals, like heterosexuals, are human beings, not angels. It's hard to expect a man to act like a prince when he is being treated as a bum.

Dr. E.
_____, Michigan

FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEX EQUALITY

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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



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.



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one

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

Carlyle

magazine

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June 1959

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EDITORIAL

Freedom is a popular cause today. At least in limited areas, so many Americans have flocked to its defense since McCarthy fizzled that the attainment of full civil liberties for Negroes at least seems assured. But it takes a 'touchy' subject like homosexuality to separate the honest freedom fighters from those liberal poseurs who merely follow popular intellectual currents.

When the rights of a racial minority are infringed nowadays, champions of freedom and civil rights seems happily plentiful. But we often wonder why it gets so lonely on the civil liberties front when homosexuality is at issue.

Why do those who espouse freedom for all minorities, the right to be some single 'right', can narrowly forget that freedom is a many-sided thing. But such narrowness ill becomes those supposedly concerned with general rights and freedom. Yet homosexual victims of persecution and discrimination are left wondering, "Where did all the civil liberties people go?"

Why do those who espouse freedom for all minorities, the rights to be different and the right to make one's own moral judgements in the face of strong public disapproval, so often forget their high principles at the very mention of homosexuality, and turn their heads when homosexuals are blackmailed, forced to resign from jobs, slandered or illegally arrested? And the best of civil liberties groups, though they will occasionally act on a particularly nasty mass arrest of homosexuals, still refuse to admit (as they do for other minorities) that there is any civil rights question involved in the general treatment of homosexuals in America.

Are these people simply dishonest in their professed devotion to the rights of all individuals, each in his own way, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Or is it that they are brave, but not very brave—not brave enough to run any risk of being tarred with this brush themselves?

Yet when American communists were at the stake, most liberals realized that even despite the problems of foreign subversion, their own freedoms were unsafe if an unpopular group could be persecuted with impunity. This is true of homosexuals as well. Heterosexuals who deviate in any sense from supposedly normal sex standards can be prosecuted under most anti-homosexual laws, and they cannot successfully defend their rights to sexual freedom unless they also defend the homosexual's right peaceably to seek happiness according to his own nature. When society begins to legislate sex codes, the inevitable tendency is to gradually suppress all dissenters.

Or are the spokesmen of civil rights merely growing fat, lazy and respectable? They must not forget that the battle line for liberty is always on the fringes, in those areas which differ, religiously, politically, or sexually most sharply from the norm.

Some of course merely have never reexamined the old prejudices. Convinced that the homosexual is a moral degenerate, they simply refuse to recognize that he has any rights at all.

But the basic trouble, we think, is that this hasn't really become a popular issue yet. Many middle aged liberals, who in their youth weren't afraid of tackling a really hot issue, are now afraid. . . .

Lyn Pedersen
Associate Editor

Have yourself a Gay Vacation
this July

Well its that time of year again vacation time and nowhere to go not another camping trip this year something wonderful and new which means I will probably spend most of my days on the green asphalt-inlaid roof of the apartment house where I abide and my nights in bars telling lies about how I get my wonderful tan

July the time of the flowering trees and far clear horizons unless like me you live in a city then its a blistering hell of

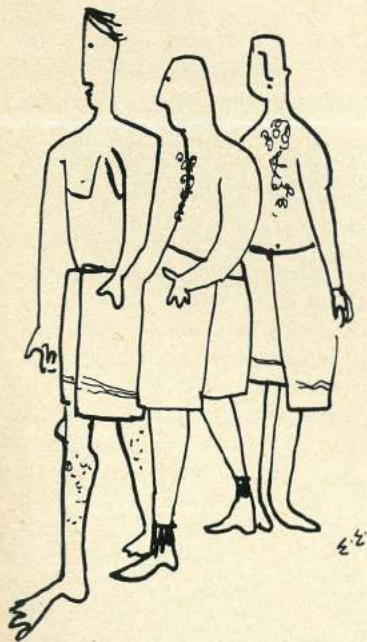
jessica farr

smog and noise and ratty looking people who I suspect are professional tourists from nearby Arizona and faraway Florida bent on ruining the summer possibilities of Los Angeles and neighboring areas, although I for one cannot imagine myself spending the summer in Burbank or Glendale being nice to little children and their dogs. Santa Monica again. The beach the sight of the ocean the gay beach, the sights —

Be not dismayed if a blanket on the sand and suntan lotions is your lot again this year maybe next year that moviestar will run over your foot on the corner of Hollywood and La Brea, going to or coming from the wellknown hole of shirtless Knights of the nights and their attendant ladies. If this happens, you can promise not to sue and go yachting farther afield next year, and I do mean have a nice cruise— But if like many others you have to bear with sunshine and sandwiches do not be a spoilsport for others in the same boat and complain all the time. Let your eye rove over the scene of your summer let-down, things have been known to pick up in a hurry. Smile and let yourself go. We all have to grin and bear it sometimes

A coffee shop after the bars close offers congenial company and a chance to showoff that daring neckline in some of the more darling shirts and jackets now on display in certain of Hollywood's popular and cheap men's stores. Delicious food and gossip among delightful company some of whom are sure to be recovering from delicate burns or nursing delectable scandals, helps to revive heart and soul after a long day on the beach or a hard night on the rocks. Or an all night movie where one can stay up late enough to see what happens to the vampires at dawn—

For the guys I suggest a relaxing hour or two at one of the city's half dozen bath houses but bring your own steam, some of the nights get pretty cold there



For the gals I suggest trips to Catalina or all-day-long beach and beer parties or swimming or summer vacation with family and friends and if anybody gets confused just forget that I said anything. Who am I? Some of you will take trips and maybe go to faraway wonderful places with story book names, breaking the bank in Monte Carlo, spear fishing off the Bahamas, wine in Italy, champagne in Paris, a first love in London, a first night in New York

It never hurts to dream, so dream with all your heart babies dream—

The city has endless possibilities but don't come to me asking what they are its just a way of saying that you can manage some kind of summer this year if you are willing to face the fact that its going to be a long July and kick over some of those inhibitions you like to cherish, the worst of which is that you have no inhibitions, like a turned-out glove— Look Ma, no hands. Be willing to look the other fellow in the face and admit to yourself that a hot night can be a lot cooler when two are plying the fan, and even if it is only a temporary hot spell. It takes all kinds. One dish is a long way from being the whole meal although for the ascetic minded a thoughtful and deliberate hunger over the same nuts & fruits is more satisfying than being a pig—

To each his own. I cant think of any helpful hints or suggestions for more fun out of life and we know how similar vacations really are, therefore welcome. No one likes to do anything new but my modest opinion does not cover all that my rash statement would seem to imply. For myself, I will try to be a good bedfellow to friends and friendly strangers alike not picking and choosing with too obvious a lack of good sense and poor tact because July ought to be a gay month. So have yourselves a gay vacation this July darlings, JF

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

"America's Gayest Magazine," the subtitle of *VICE VERSA* was indeed apt, for in June 1947 the first issue of the first American homophile magazine of which known copies exist appeared. The editor spoke in April for a One Institute Sunday afternoon (for details see *One Confidential*, April 1959). *VICE VERSA* was a lesbian magazine, privately circulated, with stories, book and movie reviews, poems, articles and letters all pertaining to the subject. Altogether there were 9 issues of *VICE VERSA*, from which the following are excerpts.

Volume 1, Number 9, February, 1948, (from "Was Gah Gay?")

"Gah, the eldest girl, was a roughish and mischievous and curious lass who loved to frolic about. Murah watched her with sober interest for a long moment and then went over to join her; and presently the two of them began a game of hide-and-seek in the tall grass. When she found Gah she threw herself on her and the two girls rolled squealing and clawing among the grasses; but after awhile Gah drew the younger girl to her in a tight embrace—"

"Neither of these gay young girls is clad in anything beyond her natural beauty, but this is not as shocking as it seems, for the author (the respected Vardis Fisher) tells us this scene did not take place in modern times. In fact, it was pre-Sapphic. To be specific: Prehistoric! Perhaps Gah was the first gay girl, half beast, half butch, a true clyffe-dweller! And Murah a colleen of the caves? In his saga of primeval pursuits and passions, *Darkness and the Deep* the author continues:

"Gah held Murah and thrust her tongue against the back of her neck. Murah liked the caress. She yielded, happily expectant, though she was not, like Gah, budding in young womanhood and she did not feel Gah's erotic bliss. She liked to be fondled, but when Gah stopped caressing with her tongue and began to examine her, Murah drew away."

"You can undoubtedly get this book at the public library."

Volume 1, Number 3, August, 1947

"Reflections in a Tea Cup

Amber tea
Within its placid glowing depths I stare.
Waves form upon its surface as I breathe,
Like waves in my beloved's silken hair.

Golden tea
Translucent bubbles grace the topaz brew,
Light, like her rippling laughter used to be,
And golden, like the moments that we knew.

Warm tea
Warm, like her gentle arms around me bent.
Warm, like her fragrant breath upon my cheek,
As breast to breast we savored sweet content.

Bitter tea
Bitter, like her mock farewell to me.
I, searching through the fragments of my dreams,
Find solace in my cup of bitter tea."

Volume 1, Number 8, January, 1948

(From a review of an early Radclyffe Hall novel, "The Unlit Lamp")

"Regarded strictly as Lesbian literature, *The Unlit Lamp* is disappointing, for the average clyffe and colleen today (the book was published a quarter century ago) lead a more aware, awakened life than Radclyffe Hall's heroine and her true love. Joan Ogden, the lesbian of Leaside, England, never quite comes to grips with herself, never admits to herself what she is, or perhaps never truly understands. She agrees, when she stops stockstill to consider it, that it is strange that at one time in her life she should contemplate leaving her dependent mother to go and live with another woman. This other woman, Elizabeth Rodney, first Joan's private tutor, later lover to her, realizes perhaps more fully the implication of her emotion.

"Joan is introduced to us at the age of 12. A butchy little tyke, in the words of the authoress 'large-boned and tall for her age, lanky as a boy, with short black hair.' This hair, by hook or crook, she keeps close-cropped.

"The villain of this unhappy book is Joan's mother. No, she never for a moment suspects that her darling is an "unnatural child," there is no outraged denunciation because she has "birthed a blasphemy" or any such twaddle-rot. It is just that Mrs. Ogden is such a thorough going mother, a mother with a capital M. She works at it. She is the epitome of the "mom" that philosopher Philip Wylie so trenchantly criticises. She has eight loving arms, like an octopus, to lavish mother-love on her beloved Joan, and a phoney ill-health which manifests itself in crises to gain a wealth of sympathy from the daughter of whom she deliberately takes advantage. This Mother properly infuriated me, as Radclyffe Hall no doubt meant her to. I would call her a criminal. Petty and self-pampering, she ruined and spoiled the life of her lesbian daughter, whose affection for her not-too-much-older lesbian teacher was consistently thwarted, never brought to fruition.

"Nobody lives happily ever after in this book. It is an unrelieved tragedy, remorselessly descending a spiral staircase to a ghastly conclusion. I don't know whether to recommend it to you or not. Individuals in the audience contemplating matricide or suicide had better steer clear of it. Even if you're in a gay mood it will quickly depress you."

"This song, composed by one Augustin Lara, is entitled 'Pervertida'. The title is self-explanatory. A man, having become enamoured of a woman who is 'Pervertida', expresses his emotion by means of this hauntingly beautiful song. As the lyrics are sung in Spanish, I will attempt to give a very free translation of them as follows:

I have felt the thorn of your rancour
Which is the reward of my love.
I have felt the pain of seeing you
Belong to someone else
After you swore to me you would always be good.
To you, ungrateful lady,
Perverted lady whom I adore,
To you, the inspiration of my soul
For whom I have suffered for such a long time,
To you, I consecrate all my existence,
The flower, the love of my life and my innocence.
It is for you, lady, all my life I will love you,
Even though they call you 'Pervertida'.

"It is well to remember that Spanish lyrics tend toward exaggeration and exceedingly florid terms in romantic songs, hence the melodramatic phrases in these lyrics. However, the song does not sound at all ridiculous when sung in the original language. The lyrics are beautiful, as is the melody, suitable either for listening or dancing pleasure.

"Interested? If so, I believe 'Pervertida' is available at most Spanish music shops. Ask for the 'Seeco' recording, featuring Chucho Martinez and the Columbia Broadcasting System Orchestra, conducted by Terigo Tucci."

Volume I, Number 4, September, 1947
(From an article entitled "Here to Stay" which comments on trends and makes predictions on the subject.)

"Books such as *Diana* and *Well of Loneliness* are available in inexpensive editions at book marts and even the corner drug stores. With such knowledge being disseminated through fact and fiction to the public in general, homosexuality is becoming less and less a 'taboo' subject, and although still considered by the general public as contemptible, or treated with derision, I venture to predict that there will be a time in the future when gay folk will be accepted as part of regular society. Just as certain subjects, once considered unfit for discussion, now are used as themes in many of our motion pictures, I believe that the time will come when, say, Stephen Gordon will step, unrestrained, from the pages of Radclyffe Hall's admirable novel, *Well of Loneliness*, onto the silver screen. And once precedent has been broken by one such motion picture, others will be sure to follow. Perhaps even *Vice Versa* might be the forerunner of better magazines dedicated to the Third Sex which, in some future time, might take their rightful place on the news stands beside other publications, to be available openly and without restriction to those who wish to read them."

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

A royal commission has urged sweeping changes in Canadian sex laws, aiming at standardization of conflicting, ineffective, ill-defined statutes, and untrammelled powers for the state to deal with "sex crimes." The group, headed by Chief Justice McRuer of Ontario's High Court, recommended, after 4-yr's study, that sex laws be stiffened considerably, and federal provisions be made to cure sex offenders—or preventive detention at least, since the commission admitted little (read "nothing") is known about curing sex criminals.

Recommendations: all persons found by courts to be "dangerous sexual offenders" (i.e., "a person who, by his conduct in sexual matters, has shown a failure to control his sexual impulses and who is likely to cause injury, pain or other evil to any person through the failure in the future to control his sexual impulses") should be sentenced to **indeterminate penitentiary terms** (present average sentence: 2 yrs.).

Courts, they said, should require "a standard of proof no higher than **balance of probability**" (Good enough for **any** communazi legal system) to convict a person as a dangerous sexual offender. This complete travesty of due process and scuttling of personal rights in

defiance of longstanding laws of evidence would "afford greater protection to society" they said, and would "impose no injustice on the prisoner."

Deploping the fact that a 1948 indeterminate-prison-sentence law had netted only 23 convictions in 7 years, the commission demanded looser definition of what constitutes a "dangerous sexual offender," and radical break with former principles of legal justice such as to force defendants to prove their innocence of vague, nebulous charges.

Recommendation: government should set up guinea pig clinics to treat sexual offenders (commission said castration is no help—may even have dangerous consequences).

Except where criminal attack is involved, **conviction for homosexual acts between adult males does not warrant such indeterminate sentences**, tho acts with minors would be dealt with more severely than now.

THE GUARDIANS

New York's topcop, on the pretext of curbing juvenile gangs (Gotham's teenage gangs have always been a terror) has been demanding extraordinary powers for his 23,000 cops. But who is to guard the guardians? One 26-yr-old cop arraigned

with a young civilian companion for criminal attack slaying of a 60-yr-old grandmother. Another patrolman, Anthony Giordano, apprehended on complaint of 19-yr-old who said Giordano molested him sexually in subway station. Cop Francis McEntree arraigned on felonious assault and morals charges for having "engaged in an indecent act" with an unemployed male stenographer in latter's apartment, then pulled his gun and threatened arrest, "unless you make it worth my while." The police arrested the victim also—naturally. Three other cops charged with suspicion of robbery. Three Brooklyn morals cops charged with illegal wiretapping, falsifying police records and attempted shakedown of gamblers for protection money. Kings County grand jury recommended abolition of morals squad. . . . Cops scored on one count, raiding two too muscle-men photo studios in Greenwich Village, seizing (illegally) a mailing list of over 100,000 names, along with thousands of photos of nude men and 7 persons connected with the operations. I wonder if the muscle boys will, as usual, fail to even try to stand up for their rights?

Sideswiping Calif's obscenity statute as "too broad to be enforceable," Oregon Circuit Judge Alfred Goodwin unconstitutionalized Oregon's obscenity law (in *Oregon vs. Jackson*). Such a statute, to be enforceable, must be limited to denunciation of specific acts as defined in the statute or described by words commonly understood to have uniform meaning, and which, so understood, would not violate a protected right. Court recommended state adoption of relevant section of American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, Draft 6.

Grove Press, a nemesis of censors, now publishing first complete, authorized, unexpurgated American edition of *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, which they say, due to local pressures, will not be available for sale in L.A. Local booksellers, still gunshy after *Memoirs of Hecate County*, even the All-Star Book Center here recently won case after sheriff's vicecops raided them for selling a nudist calendar—with one full-front male nude—such as U. S. Supreme Court had cleared in *Sunshine Book Co. vs. Summerfield*. Municipal Court Judge Alexander ruled in *People vs. Spencer*, that full male or female nudes were not obscene per se, that the showing of sexual organs or pubic hair did not make them obscene, unless other elements in the pictures clearly qualified them as obscene. Anyway, Grove's decision not to place L. A. dealers in jeopardy is commendable, but I feel it is an infringement of the citizen's right to read, which ultimately is more important, tho less protected, than the right to publish.

Reversing Police Censor Board (6 women appointed for indefinite terms) restricting film *Desire Under the Elms* to "Adults Only" in Chicago, Fed. Dist. Judge Philip Sullivan said a film is either obscene or not. Criticizing loosely-worded city obscenity statute referring to harmful impressions which might be created on the "minds of children," Judge Sullivan said, "Under it, a 20-year old married serviceman would be prevented from seeing a film that might not be suitable for a girl of 12." Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy proposed to escape the ambiguity of calling persons just-under-21 children by lowering age to 17. Whether that would answer Judge Sullivan's ruling is uncertain,

since the ruling seems to have said that it is unconstitutional to advertise a motion picture as fit for one class of citizens (adults) and not for another. "A picture is either obscene, offensive to the taste, foul or loathsome—or it is not. None of the criteria can change with the age of the beholder." Questions of what children ought be allowed to see have no relation to defining of obscenity. Police Commissioner O'Connor "very properly told the *Chicago American*," as that paper phrased it editorially, that he is disturbed about movies and television programs that spend too much time showing crime and not enough time showing crime solutions. But can police demand that the press and entertainment media propagandize, as a duty, the debateable moral that "crime does not pay?" Movies and TV are under no legal duty to propagandize for the police departments, even though the policeman's lot's a necessary one.

A yr-old L. A. ordinance requiring any bar or liquor-serving restaurant that has entertainment to get a license from the police, and specifically banning homosexual entertainers or customers, was unconstitutionalized last week by Superior Judge Evelle Younger. The ordinance was fought by the Musicians' Union.

Philadelphia ACLU protesting mass police raids (without warrants) on coffee houses, police refusal to permit those arrested to phone friends, family or lawyers, oral threats by police to drive owners out of business, irrelevant, sensational and unsubstantiated charges about the character of patrons to discredit them and confuse the issues. ACLU also criticized Feb. 12th magistrate's hearing finding 17 persons

guilty of disorderly conduct without specific charges or any competent evidence.

Memphis' top vicecop W. P. Huston told Aldersgate Methodist Church men's club that ministers, doctors and other well-educated men were among 67 "sexual perverts" arrested in city in Jan. and Feb.—and cops could bag 15-20 of these men (and some women) per day if they had the time and the men. He added the usual lie that where a young boy, between the age of 10 and 16, "resists the advances of one of these men, there is violence." Unless he is speaking of the violence that sometimes comes from young hustlers who, even at such tender ages, make a profession of "resisting" such advances.

THE REVOLT

Village Voice, weekly newspaper from 25 Greenwich Ave., NYC 11, printed an interesting dialogue called *The Revolt of the Homosexual*, by Seymour Krim in March 18th issue.

In an imaginary discussion between a homosexual and a sceptical heterosexual antagonist, the homosexual announces that the gay minority is tired of hiding out—"We want recognition for our simple human rights. . . . Courageous gay people are now beginning to realize that they are human beings who must fight to gain acceptance for what they are."

The "straight guy" brought up all the standard arguments: "Do you think it does your cause any good to see platinum-haired freaks swishing along 8th Street screaming at the top of their voices?" "But you'll admit that most homosexuals are much more effeminate than ordi-

nary men?" "God or nature obviously intended men and women to make it with each other," and the routine homosexuality - is - an - illness argument, etc. Mr. Krim's homosexual put up pretty good answers: that the swishes are untypical, that heterosexuals suffer from a false and exaggerated concept or the "natural" distinctions between the sexes, that all the hysterical talk about homosexuality being a threat to the propagation of the race and its moral standards is "Editorial-page gas. The human race can certainly withstand a comparative handful of homosexuals if it's going to survive. Nuclear weapons are obviously a much closer threat. As for the family's falling apart, homosexuality is only one tiny cause among hundreds for the tension people have in living with each other today."

"Why," he argued, "is it any worse for a man to perform oral intercourse with another man instead of with a woman? Or for two women to do so? Do you think our organs themselves are prejudiced and draw a line?" "Those who come after us will laugh at the pressures now put upon men to keep up a front of endless courage, indifference to delicacy, superiority over women. If I prefer gentleness to harshness, I'm not being a woman. I'm being human—something you might be ashamed of, with your straightjacketed notion of masculinity."

THEY WALK IN SHADOW

J. D. Mercer

You have often asked for an analysis of sex laws in the 48 states—here it is! Tells what offenses and penalties are in almost every state, plus much more—another significant contribution in the battle for sexual freedom for ALL adults!

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one

"Like it or not, we will force our way out into open society and you will have to acknowledge us."

The following week, a sharp reply from a writer named in the headline simply as McReynolds, commended the publication, but argued that homosexuals as a group are simply too lazy, irresponsible, selfish, or unconcerned to lead any revolt, to insist on their rights. He said there was an increase of homosexuality today due to the lack of "initiation rites" in American culture, by which a boy could once and for all prove his masculinity, and not have to keep proving it endlessly in social outlets which have in themselves a tendency to lead to homosexuality. (Contrary to Mr. McReynolds, the evidence seems to be against the notion that there is any increase today in the amount of homosexuality in the general population, and anthropologists report plenty of homosexuality in societies that do have initiation rites.)

"I do not see any capacity to revolt in 'gay society'. It is a destructive sub-culture, producing corps of clean-shaven, fresh-scented zombies who eat, sleep, walk, talk and are dead. It is a sub-culture in which sex is substituted for real personal relations." Agreeing that sexual relations between adults are no concern of the state, McReynolds said that it isn't enough that homosexuals should be tolerated by those who consider themselves "normal" but rather all of society must recognize the normality of bisexuality.

INTERNATIONAL

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

BUT NOT ALONE

by Harry Otis

Were nature to fashion a patchwork quilt from her vast collection of homophile groups she would assemble them from every section of the globe. A colorful assortment it would be, yet an offensive one, no doubt, to morally-constipated western minds.

India's contribution would include the Gurkhas, the Hijras and a relentless sex-seeking sect of the Sikhs. To these she would add a group of splendid brown fishermen living in the eastern region of Orissa along the Bay of Bengal. Known throughout the orient for their handsome bodies, they form enduring friendships among themselves but never with outsiders. Titled Englishmen once tried to break thru the barrier only to run into difficulties a bit upsetting to their aplomb. One attempt to satisfy British curiosity occurred in the ruins of The Black Pagoda, an ancient temple some 20 miles inland from the bay. Architecturally it was a masterpiece of unsurpassed beauty; yet it is the woven tapestry of its sculptured figures that dramatically distinguishes it from all other ruins and astounds foreigners viewing it for the first time. They graphically depict every form of sex-

ual congress as described in the Kama Sutra—the ancient Hindu religious text on love which, incidentally, may be found in India's libraries and institutions of learning, yet is not permitted in the U. S.

Nor was the author permitted to photograph several figures obviously homosexual. It is in front of them the fishermen assemble each season of the year; whether for a religious ritual or a ceremony peculiar to themselves, no one knows. However, during the war two British naval officers attempted to find out by bribing a young fisherman with a camera. He arranged for them to meet him in the ruins an hour before the others arrived, which was to be at midnight. The following morning the officers, demasculinized, returned to their ship. On what happened at The Black Pagoda they were singularly silent.

In Malaya one sees and smells so much ghastly poverty resulting from the incredibly high birth rate, it is difficult to imagine men interested in anything but breeding, but they are and have been for centuries in Selangor. Here in a mammoth limestone cathedral-like cave, The Batu, they

congregate from great distances. This happens the night of that day when thousands of Hindus honor Subramaniam, the spotless and valiant one.

The sickly smell of incense and smoke from burning coconut shells hangs heavily in the air as priests incant, then at a propitious moment they transfix the jaws of penitents with silver needles, skewer the tongues of others and hook pins shaped like fish hooks into the backs of a few. A fire eater swallows a flaming coconut shell. Those with very little money buy balloons, chewing gum and Coca Cola. If a devotee must empty his bowels or bladder he does it where he stands. At noon Subramaniam's image, a massive green peacock, is taken from his usual throne in the city and carried on an iron-wheeled chariot drawn by garlanded bulls to the cave. Here a large group of young men, known as Deonads, carry him inside and stand guard behind him as worshippers make obeisance and profess their faith. After night invades the cave only the Deonads remain. In the deep blackness they strip off their dhotis and lay them before Subramaniam. The rest is unknown. There are no women in a Deonad's life. They would defile the purity of his body.

Take the Dutch cargo ship "Tjiluwah" south to Java and you'll see bamboo fences surrounding huts of plaited bamboo, where women known as Inoas live in pairs. High above each hut on a bamboo pole sits a cage containing a dove. Should an Inoa die her friend releases the dove to keep the soul of her beloved company until hers joins it. When two Inoas discover they are suited to each other they braid their long black hair into one braid then hand in hand they walk among the huts until they come to their own. Over their doorway they find their neighbors have draped a garland of Flame of the Forest blos-

soms, and they're presented with a male and female goat, then all sit in a circle, chew tobacco and spit into a coconut shell which stands in the center.

At one time several traveled to Borneo to work as rubber tree tappers. The sexually insatiable Borneese men, excited by their grace and sultry beauty, raped them. No Inoa became pregnant, she preferred death. Each year in remembrance of the tragedy groups of Inoas gather in the forests. They sing heart-breaking lamentations and enact the drama of the girl being attacked. Her friend stabs at the man with her tree knife but he kills her and the other dies of grief. United in death they stand with a rope of fragrant white tiare blossoms stretched between them, each holding an end against her hip; slowly they turn, wrapping themselves in the rope until they are face to face.

The last port before the ship docks at Bueleleng, Bali is Surabia; and it was here that Mrs. Claussen, a youngish Dutch woman came abroad with a pack of yelping dogs which, fortunately, were consigned to the hold. She explained that she was taking them to the island of Macassar where she and her husband, a Shell Oil company official lived in a settlement with other oil employees. Once every two or three months one of them went shopping for dogs; one a month being a servant's pay instead of rupiahs. Their servants, she said, were young men who dressed as women and wore their long black hair coiled atop their heads with cheap costume jewelry stuck in it. The first residents had native women, then suddenly and mysteriously they disappeared, then it became impossible to get others. After many servantless weeks the feminized youths, to every one's amazement, became available and demanded they be paid with dogs. Inadvertently this proved a blessing.

Because of a ruthless band of renegades living in the mountains no foreign woman on the island dared leave her home without an escort. Dog flesh to the mountaineers was a delicacy. They bred dogs for the purpose but there never were enough, so whenever they kidnapped a woman her ransom was in dogs. Mrs. Claussen said with a smile that she and her husband had grown quite fond of their servant, Opeda. Good looking and gentle he was in his early twenties. When he received his dog he took it to the mountaineers and stayed for two days. Curious about him they wondered what happened during the interim, then one night he came home in a rage and told them.

The men and the youths were seated around a fire in a gulch. The dogs, skinned and debowled, had been stuffed with nutmeg skins then covered with mud and thrown into the fire to bake. The men sang. One beat a rhythm with a buffalo bone on an empty oil can while a youth stripped to a batik loin cloth danced, his sensuous movements directed at the chief. At the end the chief got up and led the dancer into the night. This was a terrible disgrace to Opeda. He neglected his work and sulked for weeks, Mrs. Claussen said.

It is a custom on the island for a widow to drape a chain around her hips. A lock on it holds the two ends together and it hangs in front of her crotch. She wears it until a man produces a key. Opeda, feeling widowed, hung a chain and lock over his but nothing happened. Mrs. Claussen, tired of his moping, took two dogs to the chief in the mountains and told him they were his if he would get rid of the dancer and take Opeda back. It worked and Opeda behaved like a silly bride.

On the other side of the world, Cuzco, snuggled deep in the rugged

Peruvian Andes would sleep contentedly were it not for the Amantus. While they come only once a year they never leave it quite the same, that is the male population in Cuzco and in their own countries as well. Ranging in ages from the early twenties to the middle fifties, most of them are confirmed bachelors and those who aren't regret they weren't always wise and subsequently become bachelor minded to the disgust of the women friends.

The name Amantus was the one given the wise men in the Inca king's royal court; better educated than any in his kingdom he chose them for his administrators. Following the custom of their ancestors the Amantus today wear their very black hair in bangs over their foreheads on which rests a gold band containing an all seeing eye of emerald. Among themselves they speak only the Quecha language. During the week long conclave they live in the Pizzaro palace facing the square, and for their one public appearance which is in the square at sunrise they wear robes of vicuna, nothing more. They chant this ancient Inca prayer, over and over:

O Uri-cocha! Lord of the Universe
Whether thou art male or female
Lord of reproduction
Whatsoever thou mayst be
O Lord of Divination
Where art thou?

The prayer ended, all stand as motionless as wooden statues for an entire hour and concentrate, upon what only they know. It is one of the principles of the Amantus' faith never to use physical force. Should someone become obstreperous and need be chastized, collectively they concentrate on him, and, as some metaphysicians say "know the truth about him". The victim, ignorant of their mental castigations, blames the change on an idiosyncrasy of fate. Every day an Amantus, to keep in practice must concen-

trate on a living object, either animal or fowl. For instance, a Columbian wanting something alive went into his wife's chicken yard and knew the truth about a motherly old hen. Within a week's time she became so offensively roosterish the other biddies ganged up on her and chased her out of the yard. And there was the Peruvian who practiced on his neighbor's gelding. The horse unable to contact another waxed amorous over a male llama. His owner, ignorant of the cause and anxious to avoid complication should the animals get together, traded him for another horse.

The efficacy of the Amantus' mental treatment on men is best illustrated by the case of two clergymen. On sabbatical leave from the States they were in Cuzco during a conclave and one morning went into the Square and listened to them. As they were leaving they asked a young Inca why the Amantus selected the prayer in preference to others they knew about. He said they didn't, it became a part of them without their knowing it, principally because it permitted them to be themselves despite criticism of others and social customs. He went on to explain that since no one knew the sex of the God of all life, then it could not be offensive to the God to give all your love and affection to one of your own sex: your nature, not men, being the judge. Altho the clergymen didn't know it until a week later, the Amantus the following morning knew the truth about them. Today both are employed in the Cerro de Pasco company and share an apartment in Lima. At the conclave in Cuzco they wear their hair in bangs with an all seeing eye over it.

In Lima you'll see women wearing costume jewelry of a cabbage design. If older they're in smartly tailored suits, oxfords and use no makeup, whereas the younger ones, but for



their cabbage jewelry, are indistinguishable from their feminine sisters. An occasional pot of live cabbage in a patio or an apartment house window indicates a pair of Las Peraladas live there, and in the suburbs, where cabbages border a formal garden, is the home of the head of the group. Social in all their activities Las Peraladas attend en masse the concerts, theatres, lectures and once a week go horse-back riding. Only in business or in their homes do they mix with non-members or men. None have ever been known to marry.

On the wall in Lima's Fine Art Museum hangs a painting of a powerful, square-jawed woman with a shield on her arm and a lance in her hand. Her name, La Peralada. Her history in a very old book printed in archaic Spanish is also in the museum. It explains that she kept a shop and lived with another woman who washed her clothing and prepared her food. This was in the village of Peralada, Spain, at the time of the French invasion. Some distance from the town she grew a garden. To pick cabbage one day she girded on her sword, and took a lance and shield with her. While in the patch she heard the tinkle of bells and quickly discovered they were in the pincourt of a mounted French knight. He was having difficulty getting his horse out of the trench. She ended it by driving her lance thru his skirt, the saddle and into the horse. The frantic animal would have thrown him had he not been chained to the saddle, so with a sharp thrust of her sword she ended the animal's misery. The knight, realizing she was a more powerful man than he, surrendered to her, whereupon she removed the lance from his thigh and took him to Peralada. The following is a quotation from the book: Of this the Lord King and the Infanta were very joyous. The knight and his arms were her's and the

knight paid her a ransom of 200 florins. And thus you can see how proud the woman who washed her clothes and prepared her food was of her, and they were satisfied and happy together without men.

Each year at a banquet Las Peraladas crown a Cabbage Princess and give her a shield, a lance and a horse of silver.

To a tourist in Buenos Aires, Calle Florida differs from the other streets only because vehicular traffic thru it is prohibited after sunset; so it is doubtful if he notices a predominate number of men there and that many are meticulously dressed whereas the others have the look of laborers out for a good time—and they are. Their slightly bowed legs, skins bronzed by the winds and sun, and the graceful action of their virile bodies arrests and holds your eyes—their names, your imagination, for they are the gauchos. The name of the club which they frequent is Las Floridas. It came into existence in the days before barbed wire imprisoned the vastness of the pampas and radically changed every gaucho's life. Whenever he went to Buenos Aires for entertainment he sought the companionship of other men because he feared getting diseases from whores and lower class Spanish Women. For some reason he found friends in Calle Florida and continued to find them there after the women became safer. The club is in the vicinity of the magnificent Colon Opera House and no woman has ever entered it.

Each year during the week of the fabulous cattle show, Buenos Aires' social season reaches its dizzy summit. In no city in the world is a stock show more lavish, more elegant. It is then the bejewelled Las Floridas in imported French gowns tango with their friends from the pampas.

WE DINE OUT, BLANCHE AND I

He led us in, across the quiet room,
And stopped beside a table next the wall:
And, as we followed him,
I saw the eyes that lifted
Heads that turned
To follow Blanche and me.
It pleased me that she wore
The warm plum dress
Which suited her so well,
The single strand of pearls around her throat,
And the new wrap, that lay
In silver folds along her arms.
In gratitude I admired the composure
That she bore so regally.
The diners silently approved
And turned back to their meal;
Blanche and I,—we followed good Pierre.
"Tonight, madame, your favorite soup,"
He murmured. "And for you, monsieur—
But I will send Eduard to you;
He is a good waiter; he is new!
The wine list, sir—"
Then Pierre withdrew and left us to ourselves.
For me, my Blanche was almost wine enough,
And my heart glowed with pride
As she smiled back to me.
There by ourselves again, quite undisturbed;
In the old restaurant we both loved.
I saw her smooth dark hair
Combed low upon her head,
A single silver ornament
Adorning it, above one ear;
The flushing olive of her cheeks,
And then that slow sweet smile
Which told how glad she was
To be with me again.
Her wrap had fallen back,
And from her ear
The loveliest curve ran down
Along her throat and shoulder
And her firm round arm
Which tapered to the hand

She reached across the cloth to me.
My Blanche, you pleased me so!
We sipped our wine and scarcely heard
The gentle music. The shaded lamps
Made tables islands of their own;
Ours was an isle of magic
In a realm of gold. So easily
Did we forget the world outside,
So much did we enjoy each other.
Then, once, as Eduard took the plates,
I felt he looked at me—
Yet, when I raised my eyes,
I saw but calm composure
In his face;—it was just something
Which I had sensed when he was near
That I could not define,
And yet could not shake off.
There was the slightest brush
Against my arm as he was serving,
And I hardly noticed that—
But later, when I raised my eyes
From Blanche's face
And looked across the room
To where he stood
His eye caught mine and held it,
And a slow smile played along his lips.
For a long moment he was another island, calling,
And there was no gulf between.
Then he was Eduard himself again,
And I, myself, with Blanche.
But the lights had dimmed a little,
The wine had lost its glow,
And the music its enchantment.
Perhaps the goodness of the meal
Had satisfied our souls as well:
We gazed at one another
And Blanche and I both sighed
With rich enjoyment, as we toyed
With thoughts of going home.
But inwardly I dwelt upon the look
That I had caught in Eduard's eye
And the smile upon his lips.

Peter Kane

The Traffic in Pornography

Reprinted from the Manchester Guardian, March 19, 1959

Sir,—There seems to be some confusion of issues among your correspondents on literary censorship. Pornography is easily definable by observation—it is the name given to sexual literature which someone wishes to suppress. As such it is not *a priori* normal or abnormal in content: the main reason that deviations figure so much in our sexual literature, lawful and unlawful, is that they are far less likely to be attacked by moralists than explicit references to normal sexual behaviour. Indeed, sadistic or similar topics which have no explicit genital reference are not likely to be attacked at all.

The supreme insult to public morality is the depiction of normal coition, especially in terms which suggest that it is free from physical, mental, or moral danger—other subjects are objectionable in descending order as their genital reference declines, and fully rationalised paraphilias like disciplinary sadism are subjects for the enthusiasm of conference delegates whom any reproductive allusion would outrage.

This convention has produced a literature in Britain and America which must be anthropologically unique, and which is based on very accurate knowledge of the natural history of censorship. In fact, the history of obscenity laws seems to be that of a struggle between public demand

for an explicit literature of normal sexuality and the determination of a minority to frustrate it, while the art (if one can call it that) of the pornographer lies in the skillful addition to tolerated, patriotic, or even devout, abnormality of enough normal sexual reference to make it sell.

Most cultures have had a specifically sexual literature, and the wish for it in our own is probably not confined to people seeking substitutes. Such literature is both ideomotor (especially in males) and a source of information; apart from the greater intensity of the drive involved it may well be desired for the same reason that there is a literature of football or of ballroom dancing—it is enjoyed and may improve our game. We have a racket in pornography, much of it shoddy and some of it psychologically undesirable, because it is prohibited—though, even so, few pornographic works can have done as much psychiatric mischief as the works of edification which were formerly distributed to schoolboys in the interests of moral hygiene. The drive behind the prohibition is directed selectively against its normal, not its neurotic, side—"sex and violence" literature is attacked in proportion to its content, not of violence, but of sex.

From what we now know of its causes, the state of mind which makes people clamour for suppression of sex-

ual literature is no more ground for indignation than that which makes others homosexual or fetishistic, but unlike most such peculiarities it carries a strong wish to impose itself on others. Not all demands for censorship are made by disturbed people, but their terms of reference in our culture have been. If moral custodians of adult reading were necessary, those who volunteer should be disqualified in any event.

Sexually sensitive people, like squeamish people, have a right to ask that things which disturb them should not be forced on their notice without due cause. A book remains shut until it is voluntarily opened, and it can be voluntarily closed at any time. The proper thing to do with the moral censorship of literature is to abolish it in every context involving free adult choice.—Yours &c.,

ALEX COMFORT.

BOOKS

MUSCLE BOY by Bud Clifton, Ace Books, Inc.

This novel has more turns of plot than a thinking man's western. Bud Clifton who wrote this book certainly provides his characters with an abundance of Things To Do. Trouble is, these "things" are so improbable that the reader may have trouble keeping them all straight.

Some who read this book are apt to think the boot and belt guys are freaks or something. Perhaps they are not so uncommon at all, and the aura of mystery and excitement is not as mysterious or exciting as the author would have us believe.

This is the story of a young fellow who works out in a gym, then is invited to pose for some physique pictures. The machinations of the beefcake photo business are only hinted at. We are led to think there is a small fortune in it for the muscle boys who pose before the not-so-candid camera.

After much intrigue, the real cause of which we are never told, our hero returns to his girl. In the last para-

graph they go together to a pine-forest cabin where they have themselves a real ball.

All of which goes to show that you don't have to be a ninety-seven-pound weakling to make out with a girl; even the muscle boy can do it.

B.T.

SAM by Lonnie Coleman, David McKay, Inc., 1959, \$3.95, 245 pp.

Lonnie Coleman's satisfactory new romance is a perfect example of misconception, one held to a certain extent by the author, of realism; it is not, simply because the author is on occasion rather more specific than otherwise as to situation and explicit as to word, life without glamor and an expose of the sordid. SAM is a good honest love story wherein the hero finds or appears to find the man of his dreams. In the trappings of 20th century New York it is still the Victorian drama of Love Triumphant, and I, for one, am all for it.

Sam, (the name is an obviously homey touch) is Samuel Kendrick, a

publisher by disposition as well as heritage who lives luxuriously in New York with his faithful man-servant, Custer, an old family retainer. Custer rightly disapproves of Walter Roland, a handsome but untalented actor who satisfies Sam's physical needs for the sake of his own comforts. His dearest friend is a former employee of his Adeline, pregnant by her irate husband, Toby, who rightfully but unfairly and even viciously reacts to their friendship with brutality and and sadism going beyond the pale.

Sam gives a large party to help Walter get a part in a new show, even though he is aware that if the part is Walter's that he will have to give Walter up to the leading lady, an aging actress with a large following and a larger penchant for men younger than herself. The party crystallizes all the ill-feeling pent up in Toby, in Jane, a former girl friend of Walter's, in the McKenzie's (she is to produce the new play) and in Walter and Sam. Reeve Keary, an aging *tante* appears as a gadfly to worsen the situation. Walter goes off to the aging actress and Sam to the Turkish Bath.

It is the adroit and capable handling of the situations that now evolve, the tragedies that ensue, the loves that slowly begin to emerge that makes SAM the pleasant reading that it is. For the people are recognizable and for the most part rather true to life, or to those portions of life to which Mr. Coleman here has chosen to confine himself. Sam is a little wooden, Richard (who appears late in the book) is almost too good to be true, Toby is not completely realized and has all the cards against him, but with all this there is a certain native honesty that gives the book some distinction.

Unfortunately the library of homosexual literature is so small that SAM will shape larger on our shelves than it might otherwise. In any case it would earn the space it took.

Think of it, a happy ending, and a touch of humor, too!

M.F.B.

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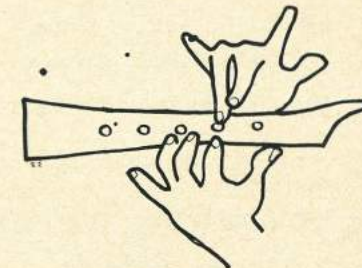
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TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

The purpose of this column is to create a better understanding of homosexual problems through the psychiatric viewpoint.

**BLANCHE M. BAKER
M.D., PH.D.**

Dear Dr. Baker,

I have been receiving ONE Magazine for the past two years. I've found ONE to be a friend and a comfort each month.

Since my discovery of gay life I've found the life to be extremely lonesome and difficult. During the two years of discovering myself, life has been disappointing. The only consolation I have is some day to find happiness and the love of another.

I also have the problem of my parents. My family is forever questioning my future plans concerning marriage. I know that marriage as others think of it is out of the question for me. I have seen others in the homosexual life attempt it and break the hearts of all involved.

What is there to youth if I can't find some happiness from loving and being loved in return. Oh! Yes there are such romances if you want to call them that, where the people go to-



gether for a few weeks and then look for another. Sex isn't everything; if love is only sex then I don't want it. To me, love is two people living as one and sex is the highest goal of love. It expresses beauty and joy.

I don't want a Greek God; I want someone who will love me as I will love him, with whom it is possible to be sincere, with whom I have something in common, and with whom I can enjoy the simple things of life—a relationship in which we can find a home and live together. I guess many of us have these dreams which will never be fulfilled. Today we are young and before we realize it tomorrow is upon us with middleage and the same lonesomeness as in youth.

It is too bad there is not someone each of us can find as life partners. It seems that at least half of us are afraid of the world because we are not accepted in society. We are afraid

to lose our jobs and futures. Let us hope future generations will find matters easier. We may not see the day that homosexuals are accepted, but we can try to make it easier for others so they won't have the many problems that we have at the present time.

I hope this letter will be of help to someone. I thank you for your time.

A friend,
B. C.

Dear B. C.:

Your letter touches one of the commonest complaints of homophiles—that of loneliness. Yet this is not the unique problem of homophiles alone. In the bisexual and heterosexual realms there is a host of old maids, bachelors and even many married people who suffer from a profound sense of loneliness, isolation and lack of soul satisfying companionship. This condition seems to be associated with a sense of being different. It may be the price we must pay if we are to go higher up the scale of human evolution emerging from the state of being a herd animal and becoming aware of one's self as a unique creature—one who dares to walk alone. Since homophiles are generally considered to be "different" it is to be expected that they will feel a sense of separateness. It seems to me there is just no answer to the problem other than going deep into one's own self awareness seeking for self understanding and self acceptance. I have known supreme loneliness at times and the only answer I have found is that by accepting myself, with all my own peculiarities and quirks, I have felt more at peace with myself and lo!—there I found others all around me who had walked the lonely road and were delighted to find another human being had had

experiences similar to their own and could speak their own language. There may be people all around us who would make delightful companions but if we are so involved in our own self concern or are trying so hard to find the "right" one, we pass him by in our over zealous pursuit of our "ideal". When we can begin to take ourselves less seriously, it is surprising how many we run into who have had similar experiences to our own. Perhaps we aren't as unique as we think we are!

Recently I had a splendid letter from a remarkably understanding young homophile who had considerable therapy with me a few years ago. He is a talented and successful young man who has very good insight into homosexual problems. He has come a long way toward self acceptance yet he is keenly aware of the unfinished realms within him as he works away at his own personal philosophy. He writes:

"Learning to live with myself is still quite a problem. I'm not sure how or what to accept as the mode of things for my kind. Lately I've met some great guys—all gay—and have found wonderful satisfaction in having their friendship. One in particular has become a close comfort. In fact for a while I couldn't see straight for wanting him so badly. In desperation I took the proverbial bull by the horns and told him how I felt. This was before I knew he was gay! What a chance to take! He was very honest by telling me that he was true to another boy in Europe to whom he was returning this year. I told him that I'd rather have his friendship than his body. So this is the way we stand—a solid situation.

"But being lonely is a big problem. I'm sure I could find the answer in myself if I just had a lead thought, but have been pretty muddled in this area. Just going to bed with a boy

isn't the solution. Fun—yes—but not the answer. Maybe things will clear in a short while."

Now you may say, "Well what's the good of psychiatry if it leaves a guy as muddled up as that one?" All I can say is that psychiatry doesn't give all the answers. It merely helps a person understand himself a little better so that he can work out a philosophy which helps one solve problems or gives one enough courage to keep on hunting for solutions rather than giving up in despair. There simply are no cut and dried answers. Each person must work out his problems in his own unique way but it surely does help a lot to have some friends around who can listen to one's troubles. For years I have used the following poem as a sort of guide for each new patient that comes to me.

FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort—the inexpressible comfort
Of feeling safe with a person,
Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words—but pouring
them
All right out—just as they are—
Chaff and grain together—
Certain that a faithful hand
Will take and sift them—
Keep what is worth keeping—
And with the breath of kindness
Blow the rest away!

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

In order to find an ideal companion, I think one has to learn to be a good friend first. This requires a lot of honesty and a lot of patience and understanding. Certainly one of the greatest abilities is the art of listening. It is surprising how people bring you answers to your own problems if you can only learn to keep still and listen.

Now, in closing, I would like to refer you to the letter which follows from B. J. W. of Austin, Texas. What do you think of his suggestions? Let us hear from those who read this column. What other suggestions do you have?

Sincerely,
Dr. Blanche

Gentlemen:

A friend of mine recently introduced me to your magazine and I was glad to see such good work was being done in the way of 'group therapy' for our homosexual group. I felt that I would like to contribute the following thoughts to those like myself who are still young and struggling through life.

Homosexuals as a group seem to be constantly searching for something. No one can tell you just what they want but all are sure that they 'will know it when they find it'. In actuality the invert seeks a type of 'social security' in a pattern of living where such security is well-nigh impossible. He wants the comforts of the heterosexual patterns without respecting the restraints of moderation, fidelity, and individual expression. This is a paradox. He wants everything and yet is willing to give nothing.

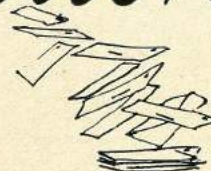
I myself faced this problem for many years and finally feel I have found a satisfactory solution. Homosexuals should cease to seek a social pattern based on the 'love' relationship. Instead they should cultivate the more lasting companionship of 'roommates'. I for one spent the best years of my life chasing after romantic involvement. It brought me nothing but disillusionment and an empty life.

Finally the idea of 'roommate' dawned on me. After all a room-

mate can fulfill every purpose a 'lover' can and yet these relationships tend to endure through the years because they are not complicated by sexual undercurrents.

My roommate and I have just celebrated our tenth anniversary in our little home. We have each had our 'infatuations' over the years but have a standing arrangement whereby we can always 'come back home'. We

Letters



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

Dear Editor:

And now comes Mr. A., of Brooklyn (Letters, February, 1959) with that ancient canard about how "the strictly butch guy normally picks up a screaming swish." That's an old-queen's-tale, if there ever was one. Ask any psychiatrist and he will tell you that we all feel safer when we are with people who seem to constitute no threat to our own cherished image of ourselves.

A frightened chap who is struggling very hard to maintain his concept of himself as "straight" may be upset and hostile when he runs into someone as masculine as himself who turns out to be gay. But a stereotyped fairy, hell! But the man who does not discharge hostility—is not fighting a battle within himself—this man will be more attracted to distinctively male individuals like himself. He knows he is gay, and accepts the fact, both consciously and unconsciously.

In my gym are a couple of your frail males who insist that swishes like themselves "make out" better than more masculine types. This I sometimes doubt, because I never see them with any of their conquests. Our "girls" (Lord bless 'em!) do us no favor by claiming that only swishes have any fun. They're way off base.

feel what we have achieved is secure and lasting.

I hope others will benefit from our experiences and find a solution to the greatest problem of homosexual living . . . Friendships, not love affairs, are the basis for a full and rewarding future.

B. J. W.
Austin, Texas

Spot me with this weight, will ya, Mac? Sure I'll give you a lift home after our workout—that is, if you don't mind riding tandem on my bike.

Don Rife
Santa Monica, California

Dear Sirs:

I very much enjoy reading the current issues of the Magazine, as well as many back copies given me by a friend. The news in "tangents" is always interesting and some of the fiction seems to me quite good. The whole idea of a homosexual publication, with articles, stories and poems, is a fine one. I am very glad that material by and about lesbians is included. After reading ONE I always feel glad, and even proud, that I am homosexual. I am a college student.

Mr. B.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Slater:

I wish to thank you and your Associate Editors, and all those who directly or indirectly had a part in presenting my article, "A Little of My Life" (March, 1959). I cherish the hope that in my small way I may have helped enlighten others about my human oddity as a female pseudo-hermaphrodite.

Miss Vivian Messetti
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Slater:

I wish to ask a favor for myself and the many other new readers you must garner each year. I would like to request that you go through your issues, all of them, and extract for republication the best stories, such as: "Mrs. Cartwright"; "The Key"; "4 O'Clock Tea" (Undoubtedly one of your finest) and collect them in a book as the **Finest ONES**.

For another collection: during the past few years you have published a number of articles dealing with the rights of homosexuals and the various beliefs held by churches, different countries, the best articles, all compiled as a book. It would be much easier, I believe, to

store two books than a pile of magazines. Plus, finding a particular article would be far easier than going through a couple dozen copies.

Anon.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

I think it is high time that someone, such as those of your staff, stepped forward into the world of unrealistic social standards and tried to educate the public to the fineness of the beliefs of the Gay population, so that some day it will be accepted rather than scorned.

I am 23 years old and I am Gay. Of this fact I am very proud, as I am sure many others are also. The public has an incorrect opinion of Gay Life. They feel that homosexuality is sexual relationship alone. This, of course, is not true. Homosexuality is love, togetherness, the feeling of being one, of two people being together as a whole—the same as in a so-called normal sexual pattern.

My love is extended to you of ONE's staff, and to the hundreds of Gay people who are fighting for our beliefs and freedom and for the place of honor which is rightfully ours in the world today.

Mr. D.
Ogden, Utah

Dear Mr. Pedersen:

I wish that I were able to send more tangible encouragement than words and a pitance. I confess to have wondered at your group and its perseverance. The Magazine has so improved it seems heartless to mention a phenomenon I've pondered: the almost total absence of humor, or the discussion of humor. I think there is meat for a whole essay on the subject.

For instance, there is the aspect of the nature of existing humor which rather largely deals derisively with the homophile (there I've used your word) or is of a nature that invites derision. At the moment I am not sure what rack might be taken. Has it ever been the subject of a panel? It is possibly ground too delicate to tread. It is possible that levity, regardless of its grooming, would be courting disaster in making a case for a social situation in which the evidence is mostly wounds and scars—on personalities which, ironically, are all too frequently not prepared or constituted to bear them.

Mr. S.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editors of ONE:

I wish that I could reflect in my personal life as ONE does in its format and editorial policy a positive, healthy and hopeful attitude

toward homosexuality. I wish that I could maintain, as ONE does, that loyalty, devotion and mutual respect exist between homosexuals, rather than in isolated, exceptional cases as I have, unfortunately and most despairingly found the situation to be.

May you always be able to continue your espousal of our minority group.

Mr. K.
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

Dear ONE:

I am sorry that I did not see two anonymous contributions to ONE earlier so that I could have commented on them when they were still fresh in people's minds. ("I Pass," June-July, 1956; "As For Me," February, 1957).

In this age of science, we, as products of our time and place tend unconsciously to put too much emphasis on science and logic. Logically, rationally, I suppose I could find symptoms of neurosis in "I Pass." I could possibly make a case for the fact that if the anonymous author could pass as a Caucasian he is doing right, since technically, "being Negro," is a matter of physical characteristics which if nearly absent, make the individual more "white" than Negro.

But these issues are beside the point. The thing that is important is the way the author feels. And the thing that is important about Mr. H's letter is the way he feels. The important thing is love. As long as there are people who are able to feel as do these two people there is hope for the human race. When feelings such as these are no longer felt, or can no longer be verbalized or publicized, humanity is doomed to a rapid decline.

I feel that it is particularly fortuitous that these documents found their way into ONE. There is so much hostility, and so much "science" (so often inconsistent with itself) connected with homosexuality—both from within and from without the group—which ONE quite honestly reflects in its reportage, articles, and its generally rather mediocre fiction, that the attitudes reflected in these two letters are of unusual importance to all who read your Magazine.

What I am trying to say, in my rather pompous and verbose way, is that I feel that these are two of the most important documents that have appeared in your pages. The one, a plea of and for love, is possibly unsound by some scientific standards, but is given a tremendous validity (if for no other reason) by its response, a nearly flawless (in content) "love-letter" from a bartender in a little town in Long Island who can't write well, who is "straight." I think that because of their important human significance they should be reprinted together in a future issue of ONE.

Mr. B.
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your literature and correspondence is extremely offensive to us, and we ask that you send no more. Such activity leads to death of the family, the nation, and eternal loss to the individuals. The apostle of Jesus, Paul, wrote through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, our Creator, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind. . . .

Mr. V.O.P., M.D.
Napa, California

Dear ONE:

Just got around to finishing the March issue—and man, did I find out how dumb I am. I am referring to the letter from the gentleman from Frenchtown, who, at the ripe old age of 37 no longer needs ONE. I am only 52, but I still find a lot of interesting, informative, and amusing things to read in our Magazine, in spite of the fact that I have for many years considered myself fairly well adjusted.

I do agree wholeheartedly with him that it must be a great help to younger men—so, what's wrong with continuing to support it, hoping that it will reach more of the younger men and help get them on the right track? ONE can't do that without help from some of us adjusted ones.

Mr. B.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

To ONE Magazine's Staff:

Many, many thanks for publishing my story "Moment of Truth." If my book on the Missions never sees publication at least I will have the honor of seeing one of the stories from it published.

Upon visiting the 21 Missions and the 2 Chapels I wrote of men and women—the evil and the saintly, and the homosexual, and of how the Missions and Chapels affected their lives. I wished to show how life existed during the early Mission days, not to make sport of the Church.

Within the stories the reader will come across human achievements and aims. None of them can be read without some quickening of the heartbeat, the thrilling of the pulse and the ambitious stimulation of the soul. And if from them any information can be gained—materially and spiritually, then the purpose of them will more than be fulfilled.

Arnell Larsen
La Crescenta, California

Dear Mr. Slater:

Although I have as yet been unable to find out what the "official" outlook is toward the homosexual here, I have through observation felt that it must be rather lenient what with the number of queens appearing in numerous

bars with much long hair and complete make-up without molestation by the local authorities. Morocco is a wonderful country. I am finding my stay here most enjoyable with trips to Tangier, Casablanca, Rabat, Ifran, Marrakesh, Ourzazateand, and other places of scenic beauty and historic interest.

Your institution of the column "Toward Understanding" is excellent and I do hope that it will continue. Dr. Baker's acceptance letter was excellent, and from the first answers in your February issue it appears that her understanding and replies will be of great benefit to those of us who do not have enough sense to put into writing those problems which are troubling us.

The small enclosure is a contribution for your general fund. Your growth since my first subscription in 1953 has been amazing and all issues have given me a great satisfaction. There has always been something that has been valuable to me personally, whether it be merely an item from "tangents," a poem, a paragraph from an article, or the whole ONE-derful issue.

Mr. R.
Morocco, North Africa

Dear—(forwarded to ONE by a friend):

I received a letter from ONE yesterday asking for contributions. It seems that they have a deficit of \$5,100. You can be sure that if they don't face the facts of life and cut expenditures they will be out of business very soon. One reason for the big debt is the publishing of a Quarterly for Members. A Quarterly is nice, but if it can't pay by subscription best halt the venture before it gets any bigger. My personal feeling is that the effort of all should be given the Magazine rather than begin new publications.

Mr. X.
London, England

Dear ONE:

Am enjoying sending you this one lone dollar the first of each month. The amount is small, but it is \$12 more a year than I used to send when I kept waiting to get \$5 ahead some month. If enough of us readers do this we can wipe out our deficit at ONE.

Anon.
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

In "The Feminine Viewpoint" (September, 1958) the author stated that many of us, both men and women of this "gay world," are to be blamed for our own troubles. It is so very true, and a good case of the majority being judged by the few.

I have a good position and so must lead a circumspect life. It is painful to me to see some of these people who are so sickening in their "made-up" appearance. Cannot they see