

## THE ARMED FORCES

Dear ONE:

I was most interested in Dr. Baker's column (January, 1960) regarding our military obligations. It is sad that one entire section of our population should be deprived of one of the duties and (for us) pleasures of citizenship by mere collective discrimination.

I received one of the discharges a few years ago. As Dr. Baker has stated, the Army handled it all most discreetly and compassionately. To this day I have never had any slight inconvenience or discrimination traceable to my General Discharge. Most people jump to the correct conclusion that it is some sort of a medical discharge.

I don't feel that this treatment is uncommon. I have contacted several men who were released at the same time and all of them seem to have had no trouble from this quarter. So my good luck was not just personal.

The last issue of ONE Institute Quarterly looks wonderful. It now reminds me of some of the professional quarterlies published by the large general psychology organizations. Keep up the good work.

Mr. D.  
Spokane, Wash.

## A FRIEND OF ONE SPEAKS OUT

Dear ONE:

We readers have been taking for granted that ONE's editors are good, but in perusing the Corporation Annual Report one notes that one incalculably precious asset has not yet been referred to: the fact that there exists a functioning group of editors, writers, artists and managers capable of publishing the things you have been publishing.

That you can take a manuscript and, while improving it expertly, fit it to your readership's needs—and not just one manuscript, but manuscript after manuscript, month after month—this is something that did not happen before you all went to work.

Before ONE came along, with all the wealth and good will in the world, nobody could have produced the thing that ONE is now. What we have now is the fruit of your experience and practice, your coming to grips with your many and exasperating frustrations over the years. Your friends, and the world, are more fortunate than many suppose.

I thought "The Girl with the Red Gold Hair" extraordinary, but then, so much of your stuff is so good that it's invidious to mention any one piece. I enjoy your poetry, even when I don't quite understand it.

Mr. B.  
El Segundo, Calif.

## STRAIGHT AND NOT SO STRAIGHT

Dear Sir or should I say She:

I happened to come across this magazine today. I found it in his belongings. There's no doubt about it I have a brother who is homosexual, and I hate his guts for it. He never tried to pull anything on me and better not. I read one of his queer magazines and think whoever publishes it and everyone who reads it has to be a queer! I think the stuff you write in those books is a bunch of B. S.

I met a few homos not too long ago. They tried to take advantage of me. However, I got in a struggle with two of them. I had a chain and wrapped it around both of their queer necks.

That's how I feel about fairys, queers, homos—whatever you want to call them. How can a man have sex with another man I'll never know and don't care to know. The same for the women. If I ever meet up with any more I'll use my .38 on them. That's what they deserve.

A Straight Guy  
New York, N. Y.

P.S.: I'll expose you all! Ha, ha, you queers.

Dear ONE:

Good grief, Charley Brown! The cover of the February issue is simply TOO MUCH! For months now, with a snarl on my lips and no joy in my heart, I have been looking at those effeminate line drawings, girlish youths and that awful photograph of a nelly cop on one cover without so much as a line of protest to you. Looking back I can't find anything like a real male figure all the way back to that sailor drawing in '57. And now these weird creatures! They're enough to steam a saint!

I know that many people have a positive predilection for effeminacy, as opposed to true femininity. I don't have such a feeling; in fact an overdose of male girlishness gives me the vapors. If real male art is hard to come by couldn't you canvass friends? Nobody wants ONE to ape the muscle mags with sweaty weightlifters all over the place, but this shouldn't deny us the opportunity of seeing an occasional attractive man in your pages.

One last item: I think all this grotesquely womanish art is bad psychologically for those of your readers who are battling to free themselves from self-identification with the popularly-held homosexual stereotype. Please help them remember once in a while that the average person with homosexual preferences looks, and is, as male as the next guy.

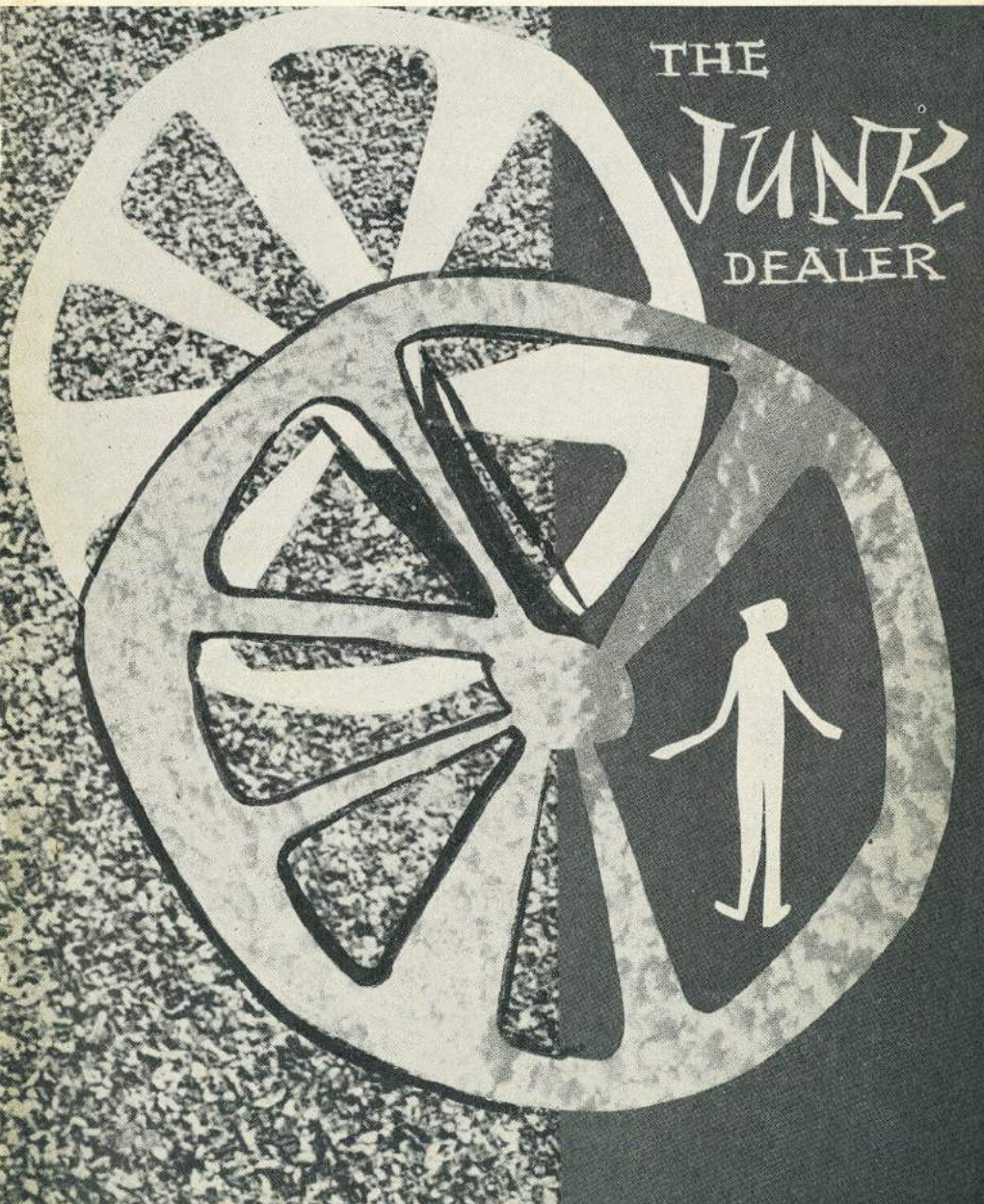
Don Rifle  
Santa Monica, Calif.

# one

## THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MARCH 1960  
FIFTY CENTS

THE  
JUNK  
DEALER



# one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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**one**



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

Carlyle

**magazine**

Volume VIII

Number 3

March 1960

- 4 EDITORIAL Don Slater
- 5 A HOME OF YOUR OWN Charles K. Robinson
- 7 DISEASE OR A WAY OF LIFE? Richard Hall
- 9 THE JUNK DEALER K. O. Neal
- 14 TANGENTS News & Views by Dal McIntire
- 17 ON BEING OBVIOUS a letter from Jay
- 19 INCIDENT ON A SUMMER DAY Frankie Almitra
- 22 BOOKS
- 26 TOWARD UNDERSTANDING Report of the Meet Dr. Baker Session
- 29 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

COVER: Dawn Frederic

## EDITORIAL

The occasion of ONE's Sixth Midwinter Institute and Eighth Annual Business Meeting is now passed, having taken place the weekend of January 29-31, and the pleasure of reviewing what was accomplished can be undertaken.

The idea of meeting annually so that we may publicly examine the status and situation of the homosexual is always rewarding, at least for those who are able to attend. The whole weekend must be considered as a contribution made in all earnestness by ONE and its participating guests—most always recognized authorities—who take the field of their experience and relate it to the theme of the program. This year the theme "The Homosexual in the Community" was chosen with the view of helping the homosexual and the general public understand how the social and individual aspects of homosexual living relate and correlate to the community. Of course, it is hoped that an informed public opinion will shape a more intelligent future policy.

People must learn that there are other major contributions to the community besides the creation of a heterosexual home and the peopling thereof. Clergymen and general practitioners especially could hardly rise unrewarded from such extensive and frank discussion as the Annual Institute affords, nor, quite certainly could schoolteachers, who, speaking generally, have been slow to open their minds to the possibilities of the homosexual, although they have ample opportunity to handle young people of both sexes with homosexual tendencies. Judges, policemen and all those who have to do with juvenile and adolescent crime and wrong-doing could come away with a clearer idea of how misguided sex orientation may have something to do with producing irregular behavior. Surely every educated person attending should have much to learn, for if the motto "Know thyself" once inscribed at Delphi has validity, something may be gathered at the meetings to help us understand ourselves and clear up the course of our individual lives.

Does the community understand the homosexual? If so, in what way? Is there a place for homosexuals in community life—at church, at work, at school, etc.? Can the homosexual come to terms with current social values? These are a few of the questions weighed by the experts during the weekend-long program.

Many people might ask if any good can come from gatherings of this sort, where it must be presupposed that those in attendance have a certain amount of education and are able to evaluate the evidence and findings. We feel that the answer is decidedly, yes—and probably directly. And if not directly, much of the population can be effectively influenced indirectly if we continue with the right sort of education. Most people are willing to accept the facts if once they are fairly presented. And most people also realize that many of the conventions surviving from the past cause considerable maladjustments between the individual and the community in which he resides. The purpose of the ONE Institute is to see that these maladjustments between both parties do not continue to exist so far as they are able to be removed in the daylight of knowledge.

*Don Slater, Editor*

## A HOME OF YOUR OWN



BY  
CHARLES K. ROBINSON

Thought about buying a house? There are some excellent advantages of owning your own home that you as a homosexual should consider.

Privacy is a major consideration. Only a home that you own can even begin to provide the privacy most homosexuals desire. With a house, there are no apartment house neighbors to complain about your stereo's bass vibrations or last night's party. As a result, entertaining can be a lot more fun in your own home.

By the way, there is nothing like joint ownership for keeping two people close to each other. As an example, take two friends who live in the suburbs of New York City. They say the only thing that kept them from parting during their first few years together was the building of a house. Neither of the two wanted to be the first to call the whole involved project quits. Today, they are grateful they were unable to pick up, pack up and slam the door on the way out. The building of their house substituted for sober judgement when spur-of-the-moment emotions would have destroyed their relationship. The struggle and experience of building the house together probably bonded those kids together better than any mutual attraction.

What most friends need, is a mutual lasting interest. A joint project will very often tide them over the early reactions to each other.

While we're at it though, let's be practical about this matter of mutual ownership. It is not wise to leave yourself unprotected where property, or any aspects of finances, are concerned. How you work this out is your own business of course, but whatever you do, don't ignore this vital part of any partnership. The

first deterioration in a partnership often develops when someone is unsure of their financial and legal standing. Remember, emotions should never enter into business transactions.

There are many tax advantages to owning your own home. For example, interest charged on your mortgage is deductible from federal income taxes. (In many cases, interest on the mortgage over a 20 year period can cost you more than the total amount of the money borrowed on the mortgage.)

Other deductions are possible for, say, damage to trees from sudden wind and ice storms.

All tax advantages, however, must be considered in light of your particular case.

One point however: If two people equally own property and have a wide difference in their individual incomes, in some tax cases it may be advisable to have the home under one name.

If your income, or a particular situation warrants it, a tax expert or consultant may save you more money than his usually nominal fee.

Obtaining a mortgage for a home owned by two single people is not standard practice with most banks and insurance companies. However, it is not unheard of in some areas. Even if a mortgage is not feasible under these circumstances, cosigning of a mortgage is just one of the avenues of possibilities.

If you live in a large city, the only practical houses nearby are probably in the suburbs. Many homosexuals are reluctant to leave the glitter of the bright lights for what they feel are the dubious glories of the country. If these are your sentiments, consider these points. How many times have you spent weekends in the country with gay friends? Have a ball? Good. Chances are, so did they.

And they probably have a wonderful time each weekend as their various friends come out to escape the din of the city. Do your country friends miss the city? Its doubtful. If they live close to any major city, they can usually reach the heart of activity in an hour.

Another important point for consideration is that a home of your own is an excellent investment. With each monthly payment on the mortgage, you are building equity, most of which will be returned if you decide to sell. Improvements made to a house increase its value way beyond the cost of the improvement. Also, most mortgage payments won't run much higher than the cost of the apartment where you now live, especially if you buy a house in keeping with your present standard of living.

As the lessee of an apartment, you are always exposed to possible rent increases. With a home of your own, you know what your payments on the mortgage will be every month. There is no chance for an unexpected increase in rent.

Financial experts consider a home an excellent hedge against inflation. For arguments sake, let's say you bought a home in 1949, and again, for arguments sake, let's say the American dollar was worth 75c in purchasing power at that time. It is now ten years later. Half of the mortgage is paid off. The remainder will be paid off in American dollars that are worth only about 52c.

While this article is not intended to give you the full details on purchasing of homes, it is hoped that you will give it some serious thought if it will serve your purposes. If you do decide to buy a home of your own, look into the situation carefully. A home is probably the largest investment you will ever make. Meanwhile, happy house-warming!

## DISEASE OR WAY OF LIFE?

RICHARD HALL

Dr. Edmund Bergler was much nearer the truth than he realized when he subtitled his book on homosexuality, "Disease or way of life?" Of course, the good doctor was mistaken in separating the two categories so fiercely. "You are *all* sick" or "You are *all* a jolly third sex" is pigeon-holing of as strict a sort as anything Hitler did with the Jews, some Asiatics do with Americans, the British once did with Colonials or unreconstructed Americans still do with their Negroes. Presumably Dr. Bergler, an enlightened social humanitarian, would not stoop to stereotypes where these other groups are concerned. But—and this is due not to a lack of integrity on his part, but to a lack of imagination—he has fallen prey to the old fallacy about homosexuals: they're all the same.

His sub-title, however, gives us one clue to follow through the confusing welter of sentimentalizing, ostracizing and stereotyping that is typical of most of the scientific literature on the subject. And the clue is simply this: homosexuality in some cases is a disease, and in other cases is a way of life—*depending entirely on the feelings a homosexual has about himself*. In short, the varieties of homosexual behavior are just as great as the varieties of any other large

human stratum. True, there is a general coloration taken on by the whole group—and we are all familiar with these mannerisms, turns of speech and general tensions—but if the investigator without bias or rancor will look closely, he will see the almost infinite range of human behavior within the homosexual world.

For example, there are men and women in this world who have not let society's obiter dicta about who should sleep with whom interfere with their private conceptions of themselves. They have retained a vision of themselves which is pristine, honorable and unshakeable. By a lucky chain of circumstances, they have not admitted the doubts and fear which would rust their self-respect and lead them into the sort of behavior which only breeds more trouble. These men and women, in a word, are not neurotic. They are homosexual, and that is all. They do not use that fact to dip into frenzies of self-hatred. They see homosexuality as a single undistorted fact—an urge to sleep with a member of one's own sex.

At the other extreme are men and women who have accepted the words society whispers about homosexuality as gospel truth. In fact, the belief with which they adorn society's

intolerant sneering makes you suspect that they are using it to satisfy some ends of their own. And they are. It is a grand excuse for doing what they are constructed to do—hate themselves. These unhappy people are, in Dr. Bergler's word, diseased. But the point is that their disease is separate from their homosexuality: their disturbance goes back to a conception of themselves inflicted on them as children, and which society's opinion of their sexual habits only serves to buttress.

If their homosexuality were the cause, rather than an adjunct, of their illness, wouldn't every homosexual have the same low opinion of his instincts? But we all know this is not the case.

And from this helpless group are drawn the cases that hit the courts, the analysts' couches or the obituary columns. Their self-hatred breeds behavior which can only get them into trouble with themselves or—in extreme cases—with the authorities, and it seems they are trapped in a cycle which only God or the atomic bomb can cure.

It is a dismal fact that the combination of homosexuality-with-neurosis is as common as rain on Sunday. A ratio of five hounded homosexuals to one serene one doesn't seem too much. And it is these, under the double whammy of sexual and personal disruption, that need the most help.

It seems that the family situation in the early years of life which is a breeding-ground for homosexuality is often a breeding-ground for neurosis too. Certain kinds of parental treatment can easily produce both results. Where a child receives from his parent, by some lucky insight or love, a profound sense of his own worth, he will be able to weather his

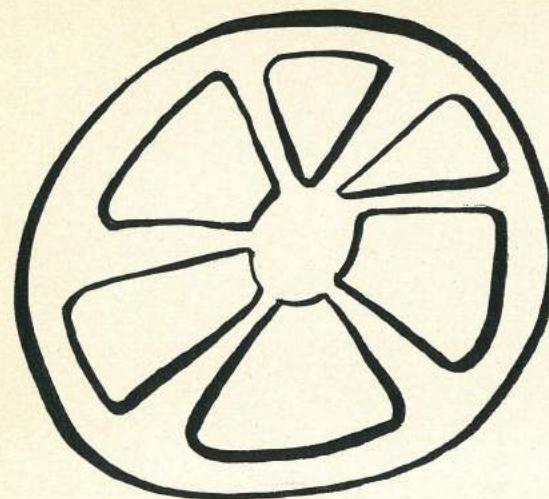
sexual storms with relative ease. But when the child without a profound sense of his own value grows up and has to wring some meaning out of his homosexual life, he has a typhoon to face the magnitude of which would make some of Conrad's stony sea captains jump overboard.

As a beginning, he has to realize that his homosexuality can take him either way—toward sickness or health. That his sexual urges are a *tabula rasa*—a clean slate—on which he can write any kind of life he wants. Of course, his neurosis will disagree with this violently. His neurosis will tell him to get rid of the homosexuality, that here is the trouble, here is the misery, here is the link with the lockerroom jokes. If you were like the rest of the world, whispers the undernourished ego, you would be happy. But a look around will show that neurotic people are *always* unhappy, whether they are homosexual or not.

Wouldn't it be wiser to get rid of the neurosis, the joker in the pack, the sting in the homosexuality? Wouldn't this lead to new self-respect and help a man or woman live a moral life no matter who his bed-partner may be?

There is evidence around us that this is the wiser course. The people who "dropped" their homosexuality and fled into marriages have left a trail behind them of lapses-from-grace, divorce, discontent and a sense of being trapped as powerful as they had before. You can see them in their old haunts in park and street—only this time they are pushing baby carriages. The net gain has been negligible. Granted, there are some marriages that work, but it can be assumed there are many more that do not.

On the other hand, the people who  
**continued page 21**



## THE JUNK DEALER

by K. O. NEAL

I met him through Jerry. Jerry and I had had this arrangement for years. We traded tricks. I'm not much on writing a story, if this is a story, in fact I've never written one before, and I think you're supposed to say it different than that we traded tricks. Anyway, that's what we did. A long time ago Jerry and I had been married for a couple of months, and I'm not sure why we broke up, really, but I think it was because we were too much alike. We both hated gay bars, for example, and we both loved black cats and real crummy movies, and little things like that, for example. Anyway, things went so goddam *nice* we really weren't having any *fun*, and one night we got drunk and said so and that was it, and Mary, were we relieved!

Well, anyway, Jerry calls up and says he has this offbeat goodie for me. Yah, I says, just like that, cause Jerry liked dark parks and tearooms and always had been blind as a bat without his glasses, which he refused to wear cruising, and he'd sent over some stinkers. But he'd found out about these contact lenses and got some and liked them fine except it was so expensive cause he was always losing one. He never lost two, it was always just one. I used to every now and then run into him at night at some dark tearoom and there she would be, holding one eye closed with one hand and holding a match up in the other, peering around the gloryhole looking for that thing.

Well, anyway, Jerry kept pushing this guy, me just half listening. Not that I had any intention of turning it down. Not at my age.

So I gets this call a couple of nights later. That voice! Mary! It was low, real low, so low it made you think of a growl. It didn't excite me that first time, it just kind of scared me. It just didn't *sound* gay. I mean, a lot of queens can

throw their voice down, but you can *feel* with your ear they're gay as a hoot-owl.

He said his name was Wally, Wally Wallwallski, and I think that shook me up. He didn't sound like he thought there was anything campy in such a name, he just said that was his name. Wally was the name Jerry had given me, all right, but no Wallwallski. Then before I knew it I was giving directions, and he said he'd be right there and hung up. Of course, I phoned Jerry but there was no answer.

I usually timed my carriage-trade tricks so the doorbell rang when I'm in the shower and I'd answer the door in just a towel. No sense in getting bogged down with conversation. But this time I rushed through the shower and got dressed.

I was glad I did when he came in. Mary! *This is gay?* I said.

About six foot, lean looking, and with blond hair any belle would have given her right hand for and spent hours working on, but his was combed right straight back. And with dark brown skin. Mary! I mean, I don't like blonds unless they're butch, and I mean almost straight looking, even kind of mean looking, and with dark skin. Those are the only blonds I've ever liked.

And he was butch as hell, just kind of grunted hello and looked shifty-eyed around the place. I was scared. I mean, your old mother's dirt and vice-squad antenna was twitching like mad.

He said he'd have a beer, and I waited till he sat, then took the sofa across the room.

Well, we drank beer and tried to talk, but he wasn't much on talking, and I sure wasn't going to make the first move. Then in the third beer all of a sudden he moves to the sofa and makes the first move. I didn't do anything. Then he made the second move *and* the third.

Mary!

I mean—well, it was such a screwy buildup, me all tensed up. *What a party!* Later over more beer, I really got to look him over. Mary!

In my time I've seen me some near perfect men, but Wally Wallwallski was tops, and I rate him tops cause he not only had perfect proportions in shoulders, arms, chest, hips, legs, but he was the only one I've ever seen that had external obliques—those jutting side muscles those mad Greeks were so queer for—*and unflat feet*. And if you don't think that's rare, you just start looking. I mean, You'll find hen's teeth before you'll find that combination, I bet. You just start looking. I once knew a physique-queen, one of those bodybuilders that goes to a gym. She was mad for external obliques and was determined to sprout some on herself. She worked at it for months. The poor thing completely ruined herself cause all she sprouted was a double hernia. She was so ashamed she left the state. And she had flat feet to begin with.

Well, I guess I kind of half expected that after the party we'd be letting our hair down. I thought the hairpins would be clattering on the floor like a hail-storm. But we sat there in front of the fireplace drinking beer, me admiring him and trying to make conversation, and finally I asked what kind of work he did. Junk dealer, he said.

Now, you might think I'd think he was kidding, but I didn't. I guess by that time I'd caught on to the fact that—well, he wasn't dumb, exactly, but he was one of these people you run into once in a while that seems to have no sense of humor. They just have no imagination, it seems, in that way, there is just no magic in them in that one particular regard. I can't put it right, but anyway,

right off that Wally Wallwallski said he was a junk dealer I knew he really was a junk dealer.

Of course, the minute he left I flew and phoned Jerry. I knew something fabulous must have happened to make him shake loose with a real goodie like Wally. Sure enough, the poor thing had fallen in love. It was a funny thing about Jerry, he always fell in love with men he'd meet at a sewer. I mean, it wasn't anything on purpose. Like he'd be cruising a beach at night and meet somebody that'd melt him into a little greasy spot, then later it'd turn out they'd met right by a sewer. I mean, I don't believe in astrology or things like that, but it sure was funny about Jerry in that one particular regard. Anyway, Jerry had met this man, and sure enough it was at a sewer, and of course she was real blabbery and oozy and gushy like when you're in love, so I just thanked him for Wally and got off the phone as quick as I could.

Well, then about once every two weeks Wally would phone and come over. Sometimes it would be early in the evening, sometimes midnight, sometimes two or three or four in the morning and I'd answer the phone and leave the door open and go back to bed and he'd come in and wake me up.

I never once phoned Wally, he always phoned me. Something told me not to. It was just a feeling I had, and it was right.

Little by little I began to learn things about Wally. For instance, he didn't know much gay talk. Once I was talking about this piece of seafood I'd had the night before, and he asks me how I cooked it. And once I was talking about this faggot who was queer for lace curtains, and he asks what color.

Once Wally asked me to go on a junk trip with him. It turned out that most of his time was spent picking up junk in the desert, mostly in deserted mines. As a matter of fact, I later learned Wally was sure no poor man. This desert junk was free for the taking, he said. He just took his pickup out and picked up the junk and brought it back into town and made real good money. Well, I sure was all hot to go, it sounded so mad, us loading junk and then going back in the deserted mine for a wild party. Then he said, do you have boots, and I said what for, and he said for rattlesnakes, those mines are loaded with rattlesnakes. Mary, if there's one thing your old mother is not queer for it's snakes, whether they rattle or not. So I never did get to go on a junk trip with him. And you know, somehow I've always regretted it. Now I wish I'd flown right out and bought some boots.

Then he asked me to go to Las Vegas with him. By that time I'd found out he lived with his mother and really didn't have any friends, and I had been wondering how he passed his time. Well, it turned out that every week he went to Las Vegas and gambled. *Every week*. He'd get a pile of money and take off for two or three days in Las Vegas.

Well, I was sure surprised when Wally got off on talking about gambling. Up to then he hadn't talked much, then wham, he talked real excited about gambling, and he just kept on talking about it. I mean, he was really *interested* in it. I couldn't care less and said so, but that made no difference. This system and that system. I mean, it was like it was something *close* to him, something *personal*. It was like he felt really close to me now that he was talking gambling to me. I mean, like sex would be personal to most people. It was a funny thing, but when Wally got off on talking gambling I could see that sex wasn't personal to him like gambling was.

Later I remembered an old queen a long time ago had told me Las Vegas was the ungayest city in the country. Take it from me, Agatha, she knew her busi-

ness. Don't anybody waste her time. I mean, it's so ungay it's fantastic. I don't mean it's hot. It's just that nobody is interested. You can't even get a *look* out of anybody. Your old mother could tell. And especially when Wally finally came back to the motel room. I mean, he was dead for all practical puposes, and Pearl, I do mean for all practical puposes. Your old mother was furious.

Then Wally started in on women. Me and my big mouth. Cause it was all my fault. He had said I was the only gay guy he was seeing, and somehow I knew that was true, so one night when we were real tight I just came out and asked him what he did in between the times he saw me. I mean, he was healthy as hell, and the question had been bothering me. He just calmly said that once in a while he liked a woman in his own particular way. And I sure wish I'd kept my big mouth shut cause that was even worse than the gambling.

Now, I've got nothing against women. Everyone to his own taste. But it just isn't my cup of tea, if you'll pardon the expression.

Mary, but I thought he'd drive me nuts. He carried on like Billy Graham trying to convert me, asking to bring over a girl friend. I must have said no a thousand times. And then he started in on lesbians. Me and my big mouth again, cause he knew I knew some dikes as I'd talked about them. It turned out that all his life he'd been wanting a dike. Now, real dikes don't go for men, and over and over I told Wally that. I mean, there are all sorts of straight women, but a dike's a dike. You monkey with a dike and you're liable to get your head bashed in. I told him over and over. I knew somebody that made that mistake. He had just come out and nobody had told her nothing, and she went to this drunken party that also had girls, and they took her to the hospital for six stitches on her head. They put out that it was from a beer bottle.

Well, little by little things began being not so good between Wally and me. He was beginning to irritate me, especially with the women angle, and I think he knew it, but I guess he couldn't help it cause like he said he lived with his mother and couldn't take his women there. So he kept working on me. It got so bad I'd say I was busy when he phoned. Then he got to just appearing without phoning. Well, you know how it is if you're my age. Nobody is loaded with steadies unless you're chicken. Besides, I've always been a pushover for carriage trade, it's so flattering. So I'd let him in. But then one night I looks out past the chain and there's Wally with a girl. Now, I was brought out back home by an old auntie everybody called Kitty, and if there's one thing I'd wish for a chicken about to come out is that she's brought out by an auntie. I've seen these chickens come out by themselves and wham, there they are in the arms of Tilly or rolled and beat up by hustlers on their second trick. Nobody's told them nothing. Well, anyway, Kitty taught me plenty, and one thing she taught me, she said, don't ever tell anybody your mother's dead. You make her live to 100 if you have to, and whenever you get in a mess you somehow mention your mother cause it's the one thing most people respect. She sure knew what she was talking about. I don't know how many messes I've gotten out of that way. So when I saw Wally and this girl I just said my mother had come to visit me. They flew off like I'd mentioned the plague. And after that whenever Wally phoned or just appeared I just said my mother was still with me. Pretty soon he quit.

After that I didn't hear from Wally any more. And neither did Jerry. Of course, Jerry's marriage to his sewer trick didn't last till the water got hot. So we got back to normal, trading tricks and sometimes cruising together. Then all of a sudden the town gets hot, like it does every now and then, and when that

happened Jerry would just sit and think a couple of days and then come up with something real gay and kinky. I guess he's just about the most charming faggot I know. You can't beat him for imagination. The last time it had got hot he thought for two days and came up with a dilly, and that was the hot season we went to all the outlying towns as deaf mutes. That was really a dilly. They were all mad for a deaf mute. We fluttered our hands at each other and looked at everybody real big eyed and simple and appealing, and it just drove them crazy, including gorgeous tricks that wouldn't normally have looked at your old mothers even in a dim light.

Well, this time Jerry thought real hard for three days. Then he had Wanda make up these two nun outfits. Wanda is his mother, a retired costume seamstress, wise of couse, mad for making drag, and she really threw herself into these two numbers, said it was something she could really get her teeth into. She really did them up brown, all authentic like. So then every weekend Jerry and I got in that mad drag and rode the streetcars all over town. Mary, but it was lovely, all the men popping up to give you their seats, those gorgeous Irish cops escorting you across the street.

Then the damndest thing happened. We were between transfers one Sunday morning, and I looks up and there we are passing a great big Catholic church and a million people were pouring out and coming down the steps toward us, and at the top was a real priest looking our way. I muttered, step on it Geraldine. She takes one look and we duck our heads and speed up and wham, we bump smack into this couple, and here it was Wally Wallwalski with this little old lady that must have been his mother. She was straightening her hat and apologizing to the Sisters, and us sisters were staring openmouthed at Wally, we were that surprised, and Wally was staring at us with the most puzzled look I've ever seen on anybody's face. Then out of the corner of my eye I see the priest coming down to us, and I grabs Geraldine's arm and off we flew. Two blocks down I glance back and Wally and his mother and the priest were still there, staring after us.

Mary, but I thought we'd split a gut laughing when we got to Jerry's. Wanda had martinis waiting for us, and I thought she'd split a gut, too.

Well, so that is what brought Wally Wallwalski to mind.

And now here I am at the end, and like I said at the beginning, I've never written a story before if this is a story. And now that I'm here at the end I'm pretty sure it isn't a story cause I see now I got no ending. I mean, wham, and here I am like a potted plant. So I showed it to Geraldine cause she's so clever, and she says oh you dumb queen, Karlotta, of course you got no ending cause you got no plot, just stuff it cause nobody's going to print it, nobody writes gay like that, those gay words aren't even in any dictionary. And you know, I looked in the dictionary and sure enough she was right, they aren't. But we talk like that, I says, all my life I've talked with queens all over the country like that, how come it's not in the dictionary. I tell you what, says she, first you write a queen's dictionary, you just do that little thing, that won't tax your brain cause you won't have to have an ending, all you got to do is get through Z. Now, says I, let's not get nasty. Thank God, says she, you're dumb so nobody will print it cause you made me out an awful bitch. Mercy, says I real sweet like, I thought I was complimentary, I could have put in about your vag-lewd stir. And bitch screams she and bitch screams me and Mary, the fur flew and we haven't spoken since, and I thought what the hell, I'll never show her the rejection slip, it'll worry her so much all her dyed hair will fall out. She's such a bitch.

# tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Letchworth, Herts, England: 2 police watched thru peep-holes above a public convenience when a town-council member allegedly behaved improperly with another man . . . St. John's, Gainsborough: former vicar pleaded guilty to 4 counts improper conduct with 17-yr.-old youth . . . Notting Hill: musician arrested for showing improper pictures to another man in public convenience . . . "Something that happened" on a train caused 18-yr.-old fishshop worker to pull knife on 51-yr.-old writer who sat next to him . . . Sussex Assizes: typist, aged 27, pleads guilty of extortion, threatening to accuse older man of improper acts.

With crude details of many such weekly tragedies, England's gutter press (which for filth bows to no other press in the world) enlivens its millions of readers.

Meanwhile, the proposal to decriminalize consenting, adult homosexual acts continues in hot debate, with many an illustrious name lined up for reform. The Hon. Sir Patrick Devlin, lately noted for his expose of the shocking condition of Nyasaland natives, recently made a strong attack (Maccabaen Lecture in Jurisprudence of the British Academy) on the Wolfenden logic, and forthwith became the darling of status-quo moralists.

Fastening on the Wolfenden sin-crime distinction, which led Anglicans, Romans and Methodists to concur that some admittedly sinful acts are not the state's business to

punish, Devlin redefines sin broadly, so as to conclude that the state ought to punish it. He argues, with what he calls unanswerable logic, that no moral code has validity without religion. Conceding that Old and New Testament morals differ, and those of other religions more so, he maintains that law is based on moral ideas, and a breach of morals is an offense against society as well as the participants, since English criminal law has never allowed a man's "consent" to an offense against himself. The Wolfenden reasoning, he says, could equally excuse euthanasia, suicide, abortion, incest, etc. "Although there is much immorality that is not punished by law, there is none that is condoned by law."

Constructing three straw men, Sir Patrick asks:

1. Has society the right to pass judgment at all on matters of morals? Ought there, in other words, to be a public morality? Or are morals always a matter for private judgment?
2. If society has the right to pass judgment, has it also the right to use the weapon of the law to enforce it?
3. If so, ought it to use that weapon in all cases or only in some; and if in some, on what principles should it distinguish?

The Wolfenden Committee itself, he says, assumed the existence of

public morality condemning homosexuality as repugnant to right-thinking persons. Defining society as a body having community of ideas about politics and morals, he hastens to conclude that society cannot exist but by enforcing its moral notions. Our morals came to us thru Christianity, he says, but they remain "built into the house in which we live and could not be removed without bringing it down." Even an atheist is bound: "if he wants to live in the house, he must accept it as built in the way in which it is." Taking a cue from Wolfenden language, he argues that if corruption of youth justifies legal intervention, then, corruption of any citizen does, since immoral acts corrupt those involved and society as well.

"All sexual immorality involves the exploitation of human weaknesses. The prostitute exploits the lust of her customers and the customer the moral weakness of the prostitute. If exploitation of human weaknesses is considered to create a special circumstance, there is virtually no field of morality which can be defined in such a way as to exclude the law."

Curious logic! If all "exploitation of human weakness" (how broadly he uses that phrase) is the concern of criminal law, we then lose entirely the concept of individual responsibility. He misses the point of the reformists' urging of more severe penalties for corruption of minors. It is not merely that sexual acts are supposed to corrupt minors (arguable), but rather that minors (and certain other classes of presumed incompetents) are supposedly not responsible for their own acts, as the ordinary citizen is presumed to be.

Sir Patrick does not say what human weaknesses are exploited by masturbation, yet it would be rash

to interpret the omission as approval of solitary emission.

How, he asks, are society's moral judgments identified? By legislative caprice? By statisticians of majority opinion? Or by total consent of all citizens? No. The Hon. Justice Devlin finds the moral judgments of society to be "based not on theological or philosophical foundations," but clearly displayed in the "feelings" of "the reasonable man" (as distinguished from the man who reasons, or is rational). In such ungovernable reactions as "repugnance" and the like displayed by the random "man on the Clapham omnibus," Sir Patrick finds his half-conscious morality of common sense.

He pays lip service to "the old and familiar question of striking a balance between the rights and interests of society and those of the individual," but denies the existence of private morality. To override individual conscience where it conflicts with public morals, society, he says, needs to be motivated by "intolerance, indignation and disgust," i.e., "the forces behind the moral law." Admitting that limits of toleration shift, he denies that moral standards shift (despite moral variance already noted between Old and New Testaments, and varied Christian sects). After citing several things formerly but no longer tolerated, he surprisingly says "over all tolerance is always increasing," adding that society may be on its way to dissolution. He cautions against law following new tolerance too closely. Privacy ought to be respected, he adds, in enforcing law (at police discretion) but not in its formulation.

Decrying the Wolfenden attempt "to find some single principle to explain the division between sin and crime," he insists that morality is simply what "the reasonable man believes to be immoral." This is to

be judged "in each separate case" by the crude feelings of that man on the Clapham bus, who also happens to be "the man in the jury box." Further codification of immorality, further inquiry into how far the law ought or ought not go, seems purely academic to Sir Patrick, "indeed, the law does not distinguish between an act that is immoral and one that is contrary to public policy."

Everyone, he concludes, must help enforce the moral bias of the man on the Clapham bus, lest morals fail and society collapse.

In the magazine, ENCOUNTER, Nov., '59, Richard Wollheim (see also "The Road to Toleration," ONE, June, '58) rather easily dissects the "unanswerable logic" of Justice Devlin:

"... we are told at one point... that society has an unlimited right to enforce morality and... later on... that there are certain conditions... capable of only very vague formulation, under which society ought not to enforce morality. But if 'right' here is used to mean 'right,' and 'ought' here is used to mean 'ought,' how can the argument taken as a whole avoid the charge of self-contradiction?... He clearly senses that something is wrong, and betrays this by the way he talks of society's right to enforce morality as a 'right' when he is trying to establish it, but then talks of it as a 'power' when he is trying to limit it... a power to do something can properly be limited by the obligation not to do it: whereas it is evident that a right can't be."

Devlin's chief confusion, Wollheim says, is his apparent view that distinctions based on a single criterion are logically, even morally, in-

ferior to those based on several indeterminate criteria. This led him to reject the Wolfenden sin-crime distinction, and to affirm that society has the right to punish all immorality, and then to say that some immorality needn't be punished but can be judged piecemeal by application of several separate and vague principles.

Devlin shows no way, Wollheim says, to tell when or how a moral judgment by one individual, whether or not he rides that Clapham bus, becomes more than private judgment, i.e., "a judgment of society." The error lies largely in Devlin's unsupportable dogmatism that "society" is defined by the possession of a single morality, whereas many societies tolerate vastly differing moralities (as Devlin half sees, but ignores when mentioning inter-Christian differences over contraception, divorce, etc.).

Wollheim further attacks the irrational and primitivist concept that morality can rest safely on whatever happens to make the Clapham bus man sick, and finally, Devlin's bland assumption that society's right to punish immorality is identical with and established by society's right to self-preservation. Devlin's reasoning makes all change or deviation or disagreement with the boor on the Clapham bus both immoral and treasonable—an old confusion with authoritarians.

#### D.O.B. MEET

Daughters of Bilitis will hold their first national convention May 27-30 in San Francisco. Theme will be, "A Look at the Lesbian." Speakers will include attorneys Morris Lowenthal and Kenneth Zwerin.

FIGURE

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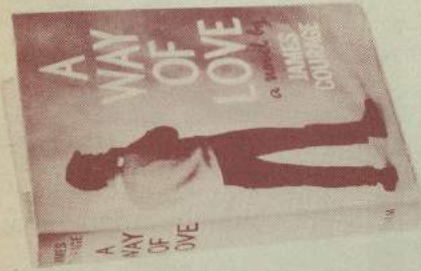
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For WAY OF LOVE, circle # 142 on order form

# "ON BEING OBVIOUS"

Dear Jo:



Hi, darling. Thanks for the nice birthday card. Only, it isn't exactly my birthday yet. You are a month early. Anyway, I'll keep the card, so you won't have to send another.

You mentioned meeting some "characters." It's true that they are usually misunderstood; but I'll tell you what I think about them. They are usually true to what they consider to be our "Cause." In days of yore, as the saying goes, they would have made wonderful knights in armor. They are the fighting ones! The True-to-our Cause people. They have the idea, as mistaken as it might be, that they are being true, not only to the cause, but to themselves as well. That's why they appear to be "flaunting what they are" in the face of the world. These aroused ones will fight at the least provocation, and no one should be surprised to hear that they are usually found just that way . . . fighting. They are the Champions of homosexuality; and they pay for the privilege. Fine and good to be a Champion, if you want to be. Are you young, healthy, strong, sure of yourself, vigorous, and willing to suffer? Fine. Be a Champion, a Crusader. The rest of us (un-obvious-ones) will sit around pretending we don't see you. Did you lose your job? (We hung on to ours, by pretending that we aren't "that way.") Did you get ridiculed in the subway? (We didn't. We weren't even given a second glance.) Did you get beat-up last time you went to a gay bar? (We heard about it, but we walked out, quite unmolested.) Does your old Aunt Susie go: "Tsk! Tsk!" whenever you walk past her? (Ours doesn't. She smiles at us benevolently.) There is some virtue in what the Crusaders are doing . . .

if they are able to stand it for any length of time. It takes a sort of misplaced courage to be a Crusader . . . of that type.

Do you remember that Billy, who used to wear the bow ties, and men's slacks. Real toughy. She used to get beat-up more than any one I ever knew. Well, I met her the other day, in the subway, of all places. I tried to avoid her, and then suffered with a feeling of guilt, to think I would do that to my own kind. But, honey, I just didn't feel like being a Lesbian Crusader on the subway train that day. I was tired. I just wanted to sit and be a nonentity; half-alive, like so many of them are. Well, Billy got on the train with me, talking loudly, and greeting me like a long-lost lover. (I saw the gleam in several pairs of nearby eyes.) Then, she proceeded to sit with me, holding a lusty conversation, concerning the gay bar, and the kids we both knew. Several people stared at her. When she noticed this, she stared back, letting the conversation lull annoyingly, until I picked it up again, with a well-directed remark. Finally, some teen-age boys boarded the train. (I remember when I was a Crusader myself, fighting for the Cause; I wore my obvious-armor proudly. Teen-age boys were to me, what George was to the dragon!) The fellows gave us one glance, and then the fun began! Billy spotted them instantly, and proceeded to sharpen her sword. (Of course, you know that our swords are made of rubber, don't you?) Then the two camps, Billy and the boys, engaged in battle. It was a sham battle, and yet, how deadly in earnest were the participants. I could feel my face burn with a deep flush. Here I was, supposed to be the Crusader's ally; one of her recruits, and yet, how embarrassed I felt for her. And sometimes, I found myself siding with the boys. The world is right, sometimes. Old narrow world, sometimes it knows whereof it speaks. Maybe it's because the world doesn't like new Causes. Maybe, as I've heard it said, the world doesn't understand. I guess it doesn't. I guess it doesn't. I don't believe the dragon understood George; or vice versa. But the world has its laws for definite reasons; and it has developed these laws through countless centuries of ignorance and darkness; when men and women didn't enjoy the privileges they have today. There's always a reason for every law; and there's a reason for every social obligation we humans have to assume. There's a reason why men dress like men and women like women. If the world accepted homosexuality with more tolerance and understanding, we could certainly dress our way. (Not their way . . . but our way. Not Homosexual men as women, or Lesbians as men; but different from either. The homosexual way.) When the world accepts us, we can do this. In the meantime, to imitate the other sex in any way at all, whether it be in mannerisms, or dress, is to look for trouble . . . and to find it.

When Billy parted company with me at 34th Street, I settled back, breathing a sigh of relief. At 14th, as you know, I had to switch trains. The crowd overflowed, pushing and shoving. Suddenly, a little old man tapped my arm; he arose from his seat: "Take my seat, lady," he said, sweetly. I thanked him and sat down. You see? I was a "lady." I was conforming. (I guess you would consider me one of those "weak-kneed-conformists.") But then, the strangest thing happened, when I got off the train. Two teen-age boys were standing on the platform. As I passed, one of the fellows nudged the other one. Then he said to me: "Hi Butch!"

Well, hurry home, darling. My smoking jacket has a hole in it, and I want you to patch it for me.

Love,  
Jay

# Incident on a Summer Day

By FRANKIE ALMITRA

It was late afternoon.

The boy was large with wonder; large as the trembling tops of the clouds, trailing their scarlet fingers behind them. Above him, the summer sky was an inverted blue bowl, bright with eye-hurting beauty, bright like one of the silver dollars granny hid under the brick by the fireplace at home. The far-away barking of a dog drifted up to him, the sound adding to, rather than breaking, the stillness.

He flung himself down onto the grass, grinding his face into the greenness so that his nose and cheeks were stained and he tasted the sickish sweet taste of earth. The sun was hot on his shoulder-blades. He sat up and stripped off his shirt, making a pillow for his head before he lay down again. This time, he lay on his back, his eyes half-shut against the little insects that flew by the hundreds through the air and swarmed across his chest.

He waited for the sound of granny's voice calling him for supper. He knew he would not answer. She would get angry, very angry, and when he finally left the hill and went home, she would be waiting for him at the door of the farmhouse. She would scream and hit at him with her cane, the spittle flying from her old jaws like drops before a storm.

No matter.

He still would not answer her.

For a while he thought of granny; of how the wrinkles in her face looked as though someone had thrown a spider-web over her head and the web had grown to her skin, becoming a part of her, inseparable.

The thought was unpleasant to him so he shoved it unceremoniously from his mind, content to lie in a torpor, not thinking, just existing.

Here, granny did not belong, nor anyone else.

Here was just him and the Hill.

The Hill was his.

He was its sole owner and it was his home.

The farm, and granny, belonged to a different, secondary world, a life in which he did his chores and said his prayers and ate ham and grits and gravy-soaked bread. A life in which an old, old woman, older than time, older than God, even, sometimes beat him with a cane.

The only real world was here and now and the Hill.

The other world existed only because he allowed it to exist. If he banished it from his mind, it ceased completely and had never been. Someday, if granny got him really, terribly angry, he would just will her out of existence, and she would no longer be, nor any memory of her, except maybe a little pile of dust on the floor. This he knew with all the certainty of his eleven years.

He lay unmoving for a while, drugged by that nebulous half-world between sleeping and waking.

"Hi!" the man said.

The boy opened his eyes and sat up quickly.

"Hi, yourself!" he said warily.

The man was sitting on the ground a few feet from him, looking at him steadily.

"Nice day," the man said.

"Yeah."

The man pulled a lumpy, mashed loaf of bread from one pocket. From the other he took a piece of paper-wrapped cheese. He began sawing away at the bread with a little knife.

"Yessir," the man said. "Sure is a nice day. Want a sandwich?"

The boy looked at him and saw how young and bearded and dirty he was.

"No, thank you," he said fastidiously.

He stared at the man. It was the first time he had seen a tramp this close. Granny wouldn't let them on the place. He could smell the man's sweat from where he sat.

The man bit off a huge chunk of his sandwich and started chewing.

"What's your name, sonny?" he said.

"David-alfonsus-Trask, Jr." the boy said. He did not like being called 'sonny.'

The man grinned and used a dirty fingernail to dislodge a bit of bread caught between his teeth. When he spoke, his voice sounded muffled.

"Well, David Alfonsus Whatever-the-rest-of-it-is, be sociable and eat. I hate to eat alone." His huge fingers tightened on the remainder of the loaf and tore it in half.

David let the proffered bread hang limp in his fingers.

"Go ahead" the man said. "Eat."

Obediently, he took a bite.

They chewed in silence, watching each other with an exaggerated, owl-like solemnity.

"How old are you?" the man said, suddenly.

Startled, David nearly choked. "Eleven going on twelve" he said.

"Eleven going on twelve" the man repeated softly. "Eleven going on twelve."

He looked around him. "I like this place" he said. "It's quiet. Peaceful."

"It's my Hill."

The man's head swiveled around to David.

"YOUR hill? I'm not trespassing, am I?"

David was silent.

"Listen" the man said. "Do you have a girl?"

"No."

"Why?"

David blushed. He laid the unfinished bread carefully on the ground beside him.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I just never thought 'bout it very much."

"Ah, but why haven't you thought about it, that's the question! Do you LIKE girls?"

"I guess" David said. He wished the man would talk about something else. "Girls are all right. Amelia Sanders used to do my homework for me."

The man chuckled inwardly, finding something funny in this. He stopped laughing and watched David quietly. After a moment, he leaned forward and put his hand high up on David's thigh. He began to rub back and forth, moving very slowly. There were little black hairs on the back of his hand.

David sat very still. On his face was a look of closed listening, as though he heard something very far away.

Suddenly the man stood up. He rubbed his hand hard against his pants, then across his mouth. He looked down at the boy for a moment.

"So long, kid" he said, awkwardly.

David watched his back going down the hill.

Suddenly his granny's voice, querulous and demanding, drifted up to him.

All around, the sky was darkening. The man was almost out of sight.

He shivered suddenly, the spell of the hill broken. It could never again be as it was.

"Coming, granny!" he yelled.

He leaped to his feet and began to run. Toward the old woman. Toward warmth. Toward home.

## DISEASE OR

## WAY OF LIFE continued from page 8

somewhat managed to struggle against their neurosis, subdue it and come out into the daylight as whole and self-respecting persons have a chance at everything—love, career, hobbies and interests. They are still homosexual, with all the social problems that it entails, but at least they are given the gift of themselves.

How to do it? Some people, with the urge and the money, will try psychiatry. Most psychiatrists cannot keep their mental hands off a patient's homosexuality—no matter how poor a record of "cures" they may have to show for past attempts—and will keep after patients with all the powerful influence at their disposal. Their efforts will usually come

to nothing, but in the process a doctor may be able to help a patient with his neurosis and this is his true value.

Of course, there are other ways of building new mental health—new experiences, job success, new friends, change of scene, removal from parents. Different things work for different people.

But the important thing, and the purpose of this article, is to make clear that mental illness, *not homosexuality*, makes for misery. The two have to be separated in our minds, and kept separate. For, contrary to what Dr. Bergler says, it is largely up to us whether our homosexuality will be part of a disease or part of a way of life.

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# BOOKS

Of the several novels that have survived from Greek and Roman times, most have been blessed with many translations, e.g. *The Satyricon*, *The Golden Ass*, *Daphnis and Chloe*. But one of them, whose author is deemed by many experts in classical literature to be foremost in style and professional craftsmanship, is sadly deficient in English translations, and in fact there is no *complete* translation. The fact that it has substantial sexual content (The Columbia Encyclopedia refers to it preposterously as "pornographic") might have been deemed a satisfactory explanation of this deficiency until recent times. But with the works of Jay Little, and the most famous of D. H. Lawrence's works, available to the public, there is no longer any valid explanation. Let us hope there will soon be a *complete* English translation, perhaps in a "quality" paperback, of this remarkable novel, *Leucippe and Clitophon*.

The only readily available translation in print today is found in the Loeb Library (#45) and dates from a 1917 translation by an especially prudish Cambridge University don (Sir Stephen Gaselee). He not only translates into Latin instead of English the enthusiastic Greek original on the delights of homosexual love, but shows his non-discrimination in doing the same for the preceding passage on the delights of sex with women.

Another translation, available in some used-book stores and public libraries, is part of the 19th Century

"Bohn Library." In this case, it is one of three Greek novels found in "The Greek Romances of Heliodorus, Longus and Achilles Tatius" by Rev. Rowland Smith (London, 1955; reprinted several times by John Bell). Surprisingly enough, the clergyman is less prudish than the professor: he translates in full the passage on the delights of heterosexual passion, and gives a summary paragraph to the homosexual one. Like Prof. Gaselee, he gives a Latin translation (in a footnote) supposedly of the complete famous passage, but it is much sloppier than the scrupulously accurate Latin translation of the Professor.

One rather rare translation does have the famous passage more or less complete. It is really a translation from a French translation and quite likely is quite faithful to the somewhat delicate French version. This is in a 2-volume edition that forms, jointly, volume 7 of a series called "Antique Gems from the Greek and Latin," published by Barrie, Philadelphia, 1902 (based on French translation by A. Pons, 1885). This is a de luxe, 1000-copy "subscribers only" edition, the excessive two volumes arising from the preposterous affectation of text per page occupying only a two by three inch inset in the center of the page, Greek on the left and English on the right. In a somewhat similar "semi-rare" category is a 250-copy de luxe, subscribers edition for the Athenian Society of London in 1897, but this

writer is not familiar with its treatment of the famous homosexual passage.

Other than these translations, there are only three translations in the "rare book" category: 1) by William Burton in 1597; 2) by Anthony Hodges in 1638; 3) by an anonymous translator in 1720. The first, by Burton, was reprinted in an almost equally rare de luxe subscribers' edition by Blackwell, London, 1923.

Leaving till later the famous homosexual passage found at the end of Book II, the plot of the novel is as follows:

The hero, a handsome youth of Tyre named Clitophon, falls in love with his visiting cousin, a beautiful girl from Byzantium named Leucippe. Somewhat innocent, he gets detailed advice of the "Let's Make Mary" variety from, of all things, his homosexual best friend and cousin, Clinias. The helpful and experienced Clinias himself is to suffer two terrible blows, one worse than the other. His beloved boy, Charicles, has had a marriage arranged by his father, and with an ugly woman. As he puts it, "... a double evil therefore: even if she were pretty, a female would be repulsive to my taste, and she becomes doubly so if ugly" (Smith, p. 358). Shortly afterwards comes the even worse blow for Clinias: Charicles escapes the fate worse than death by death, killed in a riding accident on a horse given him by Clinias.

Pursuing Clinias' advice, our hero is making ever more progress with Leucippe until, on the very verge of success, he is discovered in her bedroom one night by her mother. In desperation, they elope, going first by carriage to Sidon, then by short sea voyage to Berytus (now Beirut) and finally on board a vessel bound for Alexandria. They are accompanied by Clitophon's helpful buddy, the homosexual Clinias, and on board

the vessel is another passenger with whom they become friendly, a homosexual youth named Menelaus. In an exchange of stories, it is learned that Menelaus, like Clinias, is grieving over the sudden death of his beloved boyfriend, whom he accidentally killed in a hunting accident with his javelin. To cheer up his two homosexual friends (who seem to remain just friends), Clitophon initiates a bull-session on love:

"How much better off is Clinias than I am; he was no doubt longing to inveigh against women, according to his wont, and he can do so all the better now, having found one who sympathizes with his tastes; but why so many should be addicted to the love of youths, for my part I cannot tell."

"There can be no doubt," said Menelaus, "which is preferable. Youths are much more open and free from affection than women, and their beauty stimulates the senses much more powerfully."

"How so?" I asked, "it no sooner appears than it is gone. It affords no enjoyment to the lover, but is like the cup of Tantalus, while one is drinking the liquid disappears; and even the little which has been swallowed is unsatisfying. No one can leave such favorites without feeling his pleasure alloyed with pain, the draught of love still leaves him thirsty."

"You do not understand," rejoined Menelaus, "that the perfection of pleasure consists in its bringing with it no satiety; the very fact of its being of a permanent and satisfying kind takes away from its delight. What we snatch but now and then is always new, and always in full beauty. Of such things the pleasure is not liable to decay and age, and it gains in intensity what it loses by briefness of duration; for this

reason, the rose is considered the most lovely among flowers, because its beauty so quickly fades. There are two species of beauty among mortals, each bestowed by its presiding goddess, the one of heaven, the other of earth; the former chafes at being linked to what is mortal, and quickly wings its flight to heaven; the latter clings to earth, and cleaves to mortal bodies. Would you have a poet's testimony of the ascent of heavenly beauty? hear what Homer sings:

Ganymede  
 Fairest of human kind, whom for  
 that cause  
 The gods caught up to heav'n that he  
 might dwell  
 For ever there, the cup-bearer of  
 Jove.

But no woman, I trow, ever ascended to heaven for her beauty's sake, though Jove had abundance of intrigues with women; grief and exile were the portion of Alcmena; the chest and the sea were the receptacle of Danae; and Semele became food for fire; but—mark the difference—when Jove became enamored of a Phrygian youth, he took him up to heaven to dwell with him, and pour out his nectar, depriving his predecessor of this office, she being, I rather think, a woman.

(Smith, pp. 396-7)

Our hero now launches into a eulogy of affairs heterosexual which, when it passes from the mythological to the mundane experiences of the hero with whores, is too much for Prof. Gaselee, who sweeps into Latin, but not for the more broad-minded Rev. Smith. Leaving the exact text for some scholarly issue of *Playboy*, we return to Menelaus, who continues where he left off on his previous high-minded, Plato-inspired views. We now come to the famous passage, never before published in a complete and accurate translation.

(The present translation is based on a comparison of the Latin of Prof. Gaselee and Rev. Smith, together with the 1902 via-French translation, with reference to original Greek text for the most delicate parts). It will be readily seen why this passage, by no means pornographic, would be too much for the sensibilities of the average heterosexual reader:

On the other hand, a youth's beauty needs none of these false and borrowed perfumes—his flesh exhales a fragrance sweeter than all your female cosmetics. Moreover, prior to sexual embraces, you can take him in your arms on the wrestling mats, grasping him tightly, doing this openly and without any embarrassment.

Nor does he offer soft/slimy\* flesh that yields too much in sexual embrace but rather another solid body to strike against and struggle with in mutual sexual passion. Furthermore, a youth's kisses lack a woman's artificiality, nor does he bring with his lips a whore's deceitfulness. Indeed, he knows how to give kisses that are inspired not by any artfulness but by natural proficiency. Truly, for a youth's kisses there is only one comparison—they are as from nectar solidified and changed into lips.

Finally, in the kissing of a youth, you can never be satiated. The more you are filled with his kisses, the more you thirst for them; nor can you withdraw your mouth from his until you withdraw your kisses in ultimate satisfaction of your passion.

To the homosexual, this passage is remarkable not only for so precisely reflecting the sexual views of so

\* The Greek, *Lygroteti sarkon*, can mean either flesh soft or slimy: The Latin of Gaselee has it "lubricae carnes" (slimy), Smith "carnis teneritas" (soft).

many homosexuals in so many different ages and places, but for another reason. It suggests another mode of sexual intercourse amongst Greek homosexuals aside from the more traditional one, a pattern that while not uncommon at all times, has no universally-agreed name, and generally escapes all the sexology books.

All so far has taken place in the first third of the book. Although the two homosexual characters, Clinias and Menelaus, continue to play important roles in the story, their homosexuality plays no further part and the only subsequent homosexual references do not concern them.

To continue with a summary of the plot, the vessel is shipwrecked on the way to Alexandria. The two lovers and Menelaus are separated from Clinias, and reaching shore, take another vessel up the Nile. They are attacked by pirates, who in turn are attacked by Egyptian troops, in the course of which the lovers are separated. Leucippe suffers one of her many hair-breadth escapes from a horrible death, being saved by the ingenuity of Menelaus. Further trouble ensues when the Egyptian commander, and two of his followers, get terribly excited by the beauty of Leucippe. A forerunner of the virtuous but very self-assertive American girl, she has decided all troubles arise from her near-lapse in Tyre from virtue, and is determined that she'd rather die than lose it, to anyone including Clitophon until he's properly married to her.

In the course of another escape, pirates again strike, Leucippe is carried off, and Clitophon from a pursuing vessel sees the beheading of what appears to be his beloved. He returns to Alexandria in despair, and after some months, yields to the advice to "give in" to a young, beautiful and rich Ephesian widow who's mad about him, named Melitta. The ad-

vice in this heterosexual matter comes again from his old buddy Clinias, whom he has now met again, he having also survived the wreck those many months previously.

On the way to Ephesus, and there, our hero, like his virtuous Leucippe, keeps resisting the efforts of his sexy fiancé, and later wife, to get him to bed. Especially after he discovers that Leucippe is alive, it having been a whore in her clothing who was beheaded. Leucippe is in fact a slave of Melitta. The plot further thickens into a French-type bedroom farce when Melitta's supposedly shipwrecked husband, the handsome Thersander, returns home. In the course of intrigues both Leucippe and Clitophon are in and out of various confinements, and finally there is a court trial, of the "spicy divorce for adultery" type. In the course of the trial, our hero is accused of being a husband to every woman and wife to every man (as said of Caesar) and his attorney in turn implies that in his youth Thersander was just about the swishiest male prostitute in all the dives of Ephesus. Nothing in the story indicates any justification for either of these charges.

Finally, everything begins to work out when a magic-type test proves our heroine's chastity. All things are explained and cleared up, the couple secure the parental blessings for their marriage, and all return home to live happily ever after.

As we indicated at the beginning this is one of the most readable of all the ancient Greek novels, with many exceedingly "modern" aspects, and offers many reasons for a popular new translation to be made available to a wide public. In the light of recent literary trends, no argument to the contrary can be based merely on its powerful homosexual passages.

# 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.**



## Report of the Meet Dr. Baker Session

*The scheduled "MEET DR. BAKER" session at ONE Institute held Sunday morning, Jan. 31, 1960, at the New Clark Hotel, at 11:00 o'clock, was an exceptionally successful gathering for all concerned, especially in terms of "TOWARD UNDERSTANDING." Some twenty-five persons were present, in addition to Dr. Baker and her secretary. She used an integrative quotation, as she characteristically does, to get things going, which was an anonymous poem entitled, "My Many Selves":*

Within my earthly temple there's a crowd,  
There's one of us that's humble,  
one that's proud.  
There's one of us that loves his neighbor as himself,  
And one that cares for naught but fame and pelf.  
There's one of us that's broken-hearted for his sins,  
And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins.  
From much corroding care I should be free,  
If once I could determine which is me.

Dr. Baker stressed that the great need of homophiles is self-acceptance; therefore, she urged those present to be able to think of themselves in terms of larger dimensions. She pointed out that human beings are bi-sexual, not just male or female. Homosexuals are human beings too! Many are interesting, real, unusual, creative, beauty-loving people, if one can get behind the mask of pretense and sham so many of them feel compelled to wear to protect their sensitive souls from the condemnation and hate levelled at them by a hostile, prejudiced and uncomprehending society. Homosexuals have a definite place in society today as in the past, but they must demonstrate their true worth by coming to know and accept themselves, thus releasing their true potentials which are all too often blocked by their lack of self-confidence and reflected hostility. Stereotyped thinking blocks progress in understanding these "different" people. In order to bring out the gradients of sex potentials, Dr. Baker asked Gavin Arthur, who has just completed his manuscript for "The Circle of Sex," which is being published in Holland in three different languages, to make some comments. Gavin mentioned that marriage should not be possessive and he suggested the reading of the books, *The Art of Love*, by Eric Fromm, and *Sex Perfection and Marital Happiness* by Rudolf von Urban. In Rudolf von Urban's book reference is made to stroking and petting as a very essential form of love-making, in contrast with outright sex, where it begets much more understanding. Along this line, he also cited *Lady Chatterly's Lover* by D. H. Lawrence, as being a truly beautiful love story. Any human being who suffers pain, rejection by his fellows, overly strict authoritarian control, neglect or over-indulgence, may develop neurotic or psychotic conditions and need psychiatric help. Homosexuals are no ex-

ception. Usually there is considerable hate released toward the parent or parents who fail to understand them. Thus the term "gay" may be used to refer to homosexuals in adolescent rebellion. Much of what they term "cruising" is a search for the other self, a companion who can understand—not just sex—and much of their frenetic love-making is a compulsive drive to find their elusive ego-ideal, which has generally been damaged by the same sex parent, but with resentment. In well organized and carefully moderated discussion groups, such as the one being described, there is the opportunity to understand ourselves better, develop self-acceptance and the ability to stand alone, which helps us to become more integrated and more secure—daring to release more of our real selves.

Dr. Baker hopes to organize such discussion groups, if her health becomes sufficiently improved so that she may visit Los Angeles once a month. These educational and research programs point the way of a new day for this outcast group of talented people. There are many opportunities for leadership here, especially the teenage homosexual who needs guidance along this line. If, in the United States alone, as has been estimated, there are between 12 million and 15 million homosexuals, to quote Dr. Kinsey and other leading research experts, then the social, economic and venereal disease problems involved are staggering. Certainly such a wide-spread problem as this deserves much more careful study and evaluation than it has received heretofore. Ignoring the problem or condemning the homosexual does not solve the enigma and often makes it worse by bringing forth more overt hostility. It seems apparent that the only way is to accept and appreciate the homosexual thus bringing forth his better side and encouraging him to accept a constructive place in society. One of the major factors in

understanding homosexuality is to clarify our knowledge of the nature of our own sexuality. It is regrettable that all too many people think of sex in terms of an absolute maleness or femaleness. Yet it takes very little observation to perceive that every person is a mixture of these two components.

Dr. Baker's secretary, who has long been associated with her therapeutic groups, brought out the need for teenage guidance. It has been her experience, in working with educational groups in her community, to become increasingly aware of the need for parental education on sex to guide their teen-agers. To quote, "One parent mother complained bitterly in a panel discussion, that her daughter was receiving torrid letters from her boy friend at age 13! She did not believe this should continue and she would like the comments of other parents." It was brought out that should she pry into her daughter's confidences and threaten the correspondence, because it was wrong in her eyes, she would dissolve any confidential relationship between her daughter and herself, thus heaping much hostility upon herself eventually, as a parent who lacks understanding, which is in-

dicative of the new attitudes on the part of parents, toward juvenile adventures with love.

A Psycho-Analyst from Hawaii, who was present at the Institute discussion contributed the following as a father of teen-age boys and leader of a therapeutic group: He explained that his home is a mecca for friends of his boys who frequently say, to quote, "Dad is always listening to other people's problems, you can tell him anything!" He further indicated that as a result of these discussions, we would be amazed at the information and misinformation on sex that these boys bring out openly. They speculate more about it than their parents would dare believe!

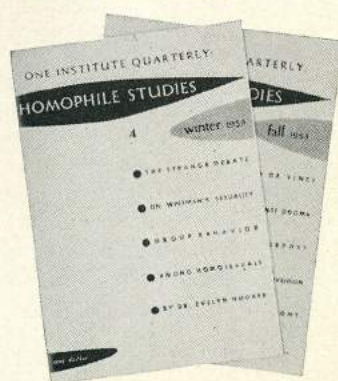
The discussion took a different turn when a young woman present asked questions about the role of reincarnation in connection with homosexuality, stating that she had become aware that the poetry she wrote closely resembled that of a male, French poet. Dr. Baker was familiar with such experiences, and referred to Gina Cerninara's books, namely, *Many Mansions*, and *The World Within*, which reports clinical studies and research in this field.

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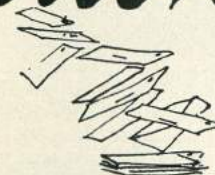
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# Letters



**Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.**

## COMMENTS ON CHRISTIANITY

Dear Sir:

The average person, including the Christian clergy, thinks that his religion is exclusively for heterosexuals. Some firmly believe that the sex act is primarily for the purpose of propagating the human race, and that any indulgence for pleasure, even among married couples would be a violation of the commandments of God. But their hatred for the homosexual is so vehement that they would even condone adultery, fornication or pleasurable sex amongst married couples.

If these people really wanted to be logical and theologically correct they would admit that condemnation is not dependent upon sexual nature but based only upon the relationship that the sinner has to Jesus Christ. This is the theology of the New Testament.

It is clear that adulterers and sodomites are in the same need and that both stand the same chance before God. This is what many Christians and many clergymen refuse to admit. The Christian religion is not intended solely for the heterosexual, but is meant for all men.

It may be interesting to note that the Greek Church, by its knowledge of and appreciation for the Greek New Testament, has not condemned homosexuality *per se*. How far we may go in determining sexual freedom in the light of the New Testament is not for me to say, but those who have decided that the Christian Church has no place for the homosexual, and that homosexuals have no place either there or in heaven need to reinvestigate the original documents of the Christian Church.

**Mr. S.**  
**East Orange, N. J.**

Gentlemen:

I want to express my thanks for ONE Magazine which comes to me every month. It has helped me to adjust my life in trying

to be a business man and in trying to be a Christian. If only everyone would subscribe and give you support.

**Mr. J.**  
**Hot Springs, Ark.**

Editors & Staff of ONE:

ONE has filled a definite place in my life; its articles, its prose and poetry, its quiet appeals for understanding have led me to do a lot of thinking along lines that would otherwise never have opened to me. If it only saves one lonely person from a life of desperation, if it leads only a few people to investigate some of the problems of our so-called Christian society, it has filled a tremendous need.

So, keep pitching, fellows and gals. My heart goes out to you with all the depth of understanding and kindness that I can send. Ordinarily I'm not a person who can express emotion with ease, but believe me each and every one of you have my most heartfelt sympathy. And if any of the goofs who are so free with their criticism and carping don't like it they can go straight to hell for all I give a damn.

**Mr. A.**  
**Bellingham, Wash.**

Gentlemen:

From time to time through the years I have read in ONE's pages accounts of former Roman Catholics who have left their faith because of the unsympathetic attitude of their Father Confessors toward homosexuals. As a most enthusiastic convert to Roman Catholicism I would like to suggest that Catholic subscribers could render a real service if they would send in the names of priests who are understanding and sympathetic toward our people for the purpose of making a list available for inquirers.

**Mr. M.**  
**Los Angeles, Calif.**

## HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGE

Dear Editor:

The article (December, 1959) is a well-defined and constructive essay on the subject worth serious consideration by any gay person, whether "married" or "single."

I am married to a man who had been "playing the field" for fourteen years, searching for some form of lasting happiness and security. For him gay life has had its moments of pleasure and satisfaction in a one-night stand, a weekend, or a more prolonged period. But then the filmy bubble broke all too soon, for unless there is a full, rich love and desire between two people, linked with a firm determination to live and love for a lifetime together, both of them will find heartbreak after heartbreak with each new trick.

The mental strain of such continued disappointments and the psychological depression caused by this constant frustration could result in very destructive and damaging marks upon the personality.

My friend and I began going together and finally took a ten-day trip to the East. Until that excursion we both had a great fondness and respect for each other, but as the days counted off when we would have to return home, we knew we were both very much in love. What before had simply been companionship swelled into a state of devotion and love toward each other.

To be sure, we've had our ups and downs, but both of us emphatically echo Jim Egan's closing remarks, which spell out one of the most important requisites for a successful marriage: "both must want to be together more than anything else in life and be determined to remain together in spite of any opposition from any source."

Mr. K.  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friends:

A survey made by the national Sunday Supplement PARADE of about two thousand men and two thousand women revealed that only one out of every two men would remarry the same woman and only one out of every three women would remarry the same man!

If one out of every two men and one out of every three women among our married friends are unhappily married are we so different from our so-called normal brothers and sisters?

Have you ever read the story by Hans Christian Anderson about the king who was swindled by his tailors into thinking he had on a fine outfit when actually he was naked? None of his subjects dared admit they couldn't see the supposed robes until a little child

spoke up and set off a chain-reaction of confessions.

Miss V.  
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear ONE:

We especially liked the article on homosexual marriage, having ourselves experienced many of the situations described and having finally found the answer to true happiness. We agree completely with Jim Egan.

We have been friends for about eight years. Until recently we lived in the country but have now moved into an apartment house in town. We know many homosexuals, some single and some married, but are very particular which ones we choose for close friends. We also know many "straight" couples and are accepted by most. We entertain both heterosexuals and homosexuals and sometimes mixed crowds of both, but with everything always very circumspect.

This is the first time we have written you. We owe a lot to ONE, as it has helped us so much so that we now have a wonderful home of our own.

Mr. C. & Mr. P.  
Sheridan, Wyo.

Dear Sir:

The question is, "should we pick up the remnants of a system the heterosexual is casting off?" The idea of homosexual marriages has been discussed romantically before. Some have tried it with success. Others have failed. What holds a husband and wife together is not merely sex but love and the sacramental character of the married state.

Some of the young married men I know have been unfaithful because their wives refused to indulge in acts they thought were immoral. Such limitations have led them to seek variety with other women, or with men.

Would it be any different with the homosexual married couple? Let us not idealize the fidelity and loyalty of homosexuals beyond reality. For too many homosexuals the wish for stability, fidelity and loyalty is in the mind only. Unfaithfulness in marriage is not peculiar to heterosexuals only. It is a failing of the human race.

The question is not "should we pick up the remnants," but "CAN WE?"

Mr. H.  
Newark, N. J.

continued on back cover

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