

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGES FOR THE NON-VOTING MEMBERS

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It is hoped that these tapes will give those at a distance a chance to "attend" some of the activities held in Los Angeles and give a better understanding of their scope and breadth.

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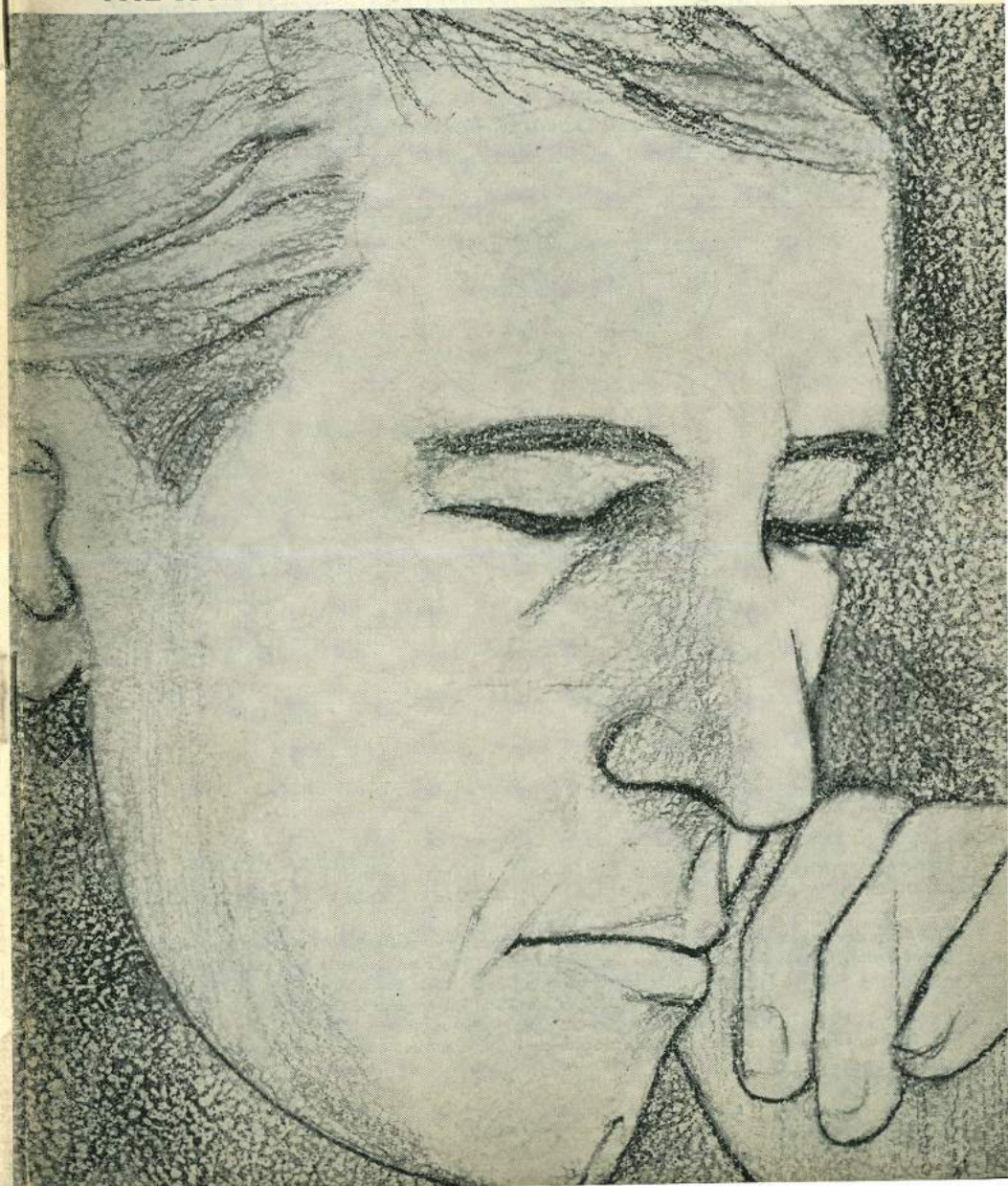
ONE, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, Calif.

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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

FEBRUARY 1963

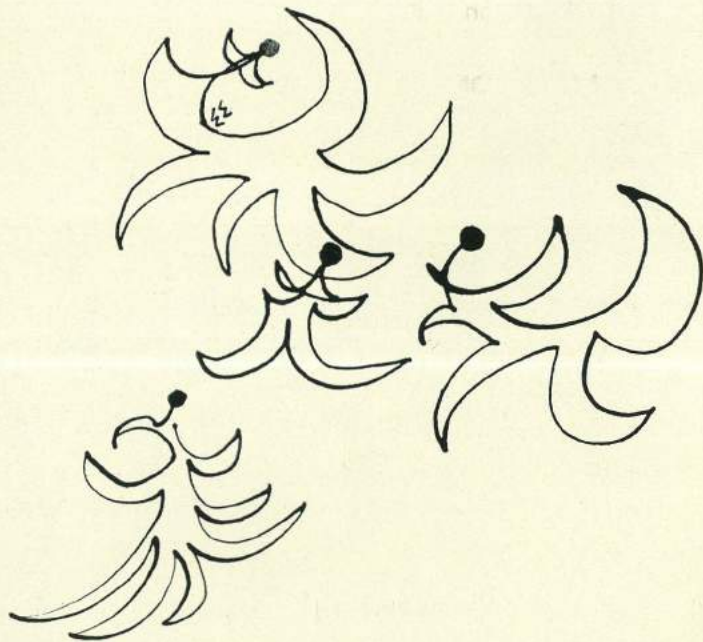
FIFTY CENTS



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

Carlyle

magazine

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February 1963

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EDITORIAL

It now appears that the fanatical prohibitions of the Church and State imposed on human sexual life with the resulting neuroses, physical and moral sufferings, despair and bitterness created thereby, are undergoing an incredible change. It is all linked with the current trend to face world population problems realistically. How sad that we should have had to wait for the fear of overpopulation to justify the fundamental freedom to sex acts outside the narrow frame of reproduction. It is even more sad to consider the mental characteristics of the men and institutions who have been responsible for our sexual slavery all these years. We have all seen the mores, dominated by exacting puritans, persecute those independent sexual impulses that did not lead to unwanted children. We have seen the law, in our own nation, become an accomplice of the religious prohibitions by making criminal offences of sexual relations accomplished outside this procreative frame.

ONE Magazine has continually urged some form of birth control as a "brake on over population." It has specifically suggested homosexuality as a safe, sane, and legitimate, if controversial, form of contraception. We have always acknowledged that the contraceptive effect of the homosexual act is one of the blessings of homosexual living. It naturally follows that if one admits the use of any form of contraception or birth control, which the Church does not, then one must accept the homosexual. He, in a way, becomes a virtue in this regard.

People have complained about ONE's position. But, after all, birth control isn't controversial with most people. It is estimated that 75% of all American married couples practice some form of contraception. All states now except Massachusetts and Connecticut permit birth control clinics to dispense information. Last December, Illinois became the seventh state to use public welfare funds to provide contraceptive

devices. One company that makes a new contraceptive foam has decided to test the U.S. Postal regulations which forbid birth control information being carried in the mails.

What is significant in all this is that the various institutions of government and religion are undergoing policy changes concerning the role of sex now that there is a need to take a direct hand in the ways and means of controlling population explosion. We are glad that the unreality of a system presented and imposed some 2,000 years ago by Judeo-Christianity taking its inspiration from the ancient Hebrews (who probably got it from the Sumerians and Hittites), based as it was on the superstition of Carnal Sin so well suited to the brains of primitive man, is finally admitted.

In the controversy ahead, the homosexual would appear to have a talking point. If the present world is overpopulated with discontented, irritated, neurotic people, leading frustrated and insipid lives, and whose troubles and anxieties endanger the whole social structure, the remedy is here at hand. It lies in elevating the sexual act to the eminent and joyful place it deserves—completely divorced from reproduction.

We at ONE, proclaim and appreciate the trend toward birth control. We intend to preserve and enforce its recognition wherever we can if for no other reason than the comprehension of security it brings to the homosexual in exchange for the security we have always assured others.

Don Slater, *Editor*



What May One Read?



by **Bill Donovan**

Is a magazine obscene if it contains pictures of nude men and is admittedly designed to appeal mainly to homosexuals?

On June 25, 1962, the U. S. Supreme Court decided two cases which protect the liberties of Americans against dangerous government encroachment. In one case the Court forbade a State to decide how school children ought to pray. In the other case it defended the right of adults to decide what magazines to read—or at least what pictures to look at.

The school prayer case led to such a frenzy of criticism (most of it wildly irrelevant) that the magazine decision was overlooked by most people. Yet that decision protects people whose choice of reading matter, for their own personal enjoyment, might be endangered by public officials whose tastes happen to differ. More specifically the decision sets up rather strict limits on banning supposedly obscene materials from the mails.

In 1960 Postal authorities seized 405 copies of three magazines, MAN-

ual, Trim, and Grecian Guild Pictorial, which had been mailed from Alexandria, Va. The Post Office based its seizure on a law nearly 100 years old—the Comstock Act, named after the great moral purifier and busybody of the nineteenth century. By this law obscene material may not be sent through the mails; nor may material be mailed which advertises and informs where obscene materials may be secured. The Post Office held that the three magazines were unmailable on both these counts. The publisher of the magazines protested this ruling and took the case to the courts.

The magazines consisted largely of photographs of nude or nearly nude young men. The sex organs were not exposed in any instance, but they were often poorly concealed. The government attorney pointed out to the trial court: "Although none of the pictures directly exposed the model's genitals, some showed his pubic hair and others suggested what appeared to be a semi-erect penis."

Both the publisher and the government agreed on certain points: the magazines would appeal to the "prurient interest" of male homosexuals. That is, they would arouse impure sexual responses. They were admittedly designed particularly for male homosexuals, and normally oriented persons would probably ignore them completely.

Are magazines obscene merely because they arouse impure sexual reactions in some persons? The Court said no. When Congress banned obscene matter from the mails, it never intended the term *obscene* to be so narrowly applied. There must be TWO tests for obscenity, and material may be banned from the mails only if it fails BOTH tests. In addition to showing that the magazines have an impure appeal, the government must also show that they are "patently offensive," that is, indecent on their face. They must tend to deprave and

corrupt. They must be unnecessarily candid in handling matters of sex. If this second safeguard were overlooked, the American people might be deprived of many worthwhile works of art, literature, and science. Many acknowledged masterworks might well have a prurient appeal, at least to some people, even though they were innocent of any indecent or disturbing effect on the community.

Having set up this test, the Justices looked at the magazines to see for themselves whether they were offensive. They found that the magazines were "dismally unpleasant, uncouth, and tawdry" (a matter of opinion, to be sure), but not obscene. After all, any museum displays scores of examples of female nudity without offending any sane person; and these photographs of male nudes were hardly any more objectionable.

The second complaint against the magazines was that they advertised where obscene materials might be obtained. In enticing terms advertisers offered to supply photographs of nude men even more fascinating than those printed in the magazines. Even if the advertised photos should be obscene, said the Court, the publisher of the magazines could be held responsible only if he knew that they were obscene. Nobody had shown that he had such guilty knowledge, and without having shown it, the Post Office could not ban the magazines.

The decision on obscenity was written by only two Justices. Three other Justices felt that the Post Office had no authority to ban the magazines, even if they were obscene. If postal officials felt that the magazines fell under the obscenity ban, they should have charged them before a proper court, and the court would decide whether they were unmailable. But the Post Office had not followed this procedure.

Justice Black also decided that the

exclusion was not legal, but he gave no reason.

Justice Clark alone dissented. He did not discuss whether the magazines themselves were obscene, because he felt that the case could be decided on the question of the advertisements. It made no difference, he said, whether the publisher knew of the obscene nature of the advertised photos, or whether he did not. The fact that the magazines advertised obscene material makes them unmailable, whatever the publisher "knows" about it. Anyhow, Justice Clark felt that the publisher did know the nature of the advertised photos. For example, the publisher had suggested to one advertiser that "physique fans want their 'truck-driver types' already cleaned up, showered, and ready for bed."

Adults who want freedom to select their own reading matter will welcome the Supreme Court's decision. However, the decision is thinly grounded and may be modified later. This is one of the Supreme Court's "weak" decisions. For one thing it was decided by a reduced court (only seven Justices). More important than that is the three-way split in the majority. One of the majority opinions represents only two Justices and the other opinion represents only three. Thus, the Post Office has no firmly grounded rule either in a definition of obscenity or in the limits of its administrative authority. Furthermore, the decision does not concern any question of constitutionally protected freedoms; it merely decides what Congress meant when it passed a certain law.

The Supreme Court has several times dealt with questions of obscenity, but this is the first case in which it has fully discussed problems arising from action of the Post Office in banning allegedly obscene materials. It is not surprising that the issues are not entirely clear.

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Follow my instructions! You'll see: put just a few drops of Highly Concentrated BUTCH in your bath. Then, get in the tub with BUTCH! BUTCH — Penetrates, lubricates, stimulates your skin. The Greeks and Romans had pleasures like this. Gold-capped bottle holding 2 fluid ounces, will last for months, price post-paid \$4.69.

THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF THEM ALL IS A BATH WITH BUTCH.

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HOW SHALL I EXPLAIN YOU?

"I'd like you to meet my room-mate . . ."

A friend of mine said . . .

How shall I explain you, to family, to friends,
to those who'd never understand?

"Yes, she is a nice girl, we get along rather well . . .
living with another woman is so difficult you know . . ."

She is beautiful in the dawn-light when, sleeping,
her cheek grazes my arm
and the soft rise and fall of her breasts
fills me with desire.

"With the price of housing what it is in the city,
it certainly makes things easier to split the rent . . ."

How my heart swells with tenderness when she,
no head for figures,
brings to me proudly a carefully plotted
budget for our month.

"Well of course we have our arguments . . .
it's impossible to have a room-mate without some dissention . . ."

We sit for hours sometimes sullenly, not speaking,
shouting angry words
slamming doors or weeping, until a glance
melts her in my arms.

"No, we don't go out too much, we're both homebodies . . .
we read a lot, or talk, or watch television . . ."

Evenings we stretch out side by side on the rug
before the hi-fi,
barely touching hands, until passion
drives us early to bed.

"There's no point rushing into marriage until you meet
the right man . . . we're company for each other . . ."

Weekends we plan the future, Europe, California,
Our own business,
matching little finger rings
signify forever.

"Yes, I'm fortunate to have found such a compatible room-mate
we really get along well, she's my best friend . . ."

Finding her was my fate's finest miracle
a gift from heaven.
How shall I explain you,
my love?

—Carol Bradford

THE VIGIL

by
Fred Jones

The bold headline read: "Riot at Hong Kong border!" Immediately following was a detailed account of the thousands of Red Chinese trying frantically to escape to the outside world. These people were not necessarily trying to flee from Communist rule, but instead were fleeing from a far more demanding and bitter enemy—hunger. Officials believe that the now widespread famines in Red China are a result of the government's complete failure in its highly publicized birth-control campaign. The ignorance and indifference of the Chinese people resulted in the program's failure, and similar campaigns

in India and other Asian countries are also finding little to brag about in their respective approaches to this controversial subject. Several South American nations likewise have tried various programs and have met with little success.

What does all this mean? Well, for one thing, it means that the experts in this field are becoming baffled concerning how to set up effective birth-control programs both in orientating people to accept the actual idea itself and also in finding ways to carry the proper measures out. The first problem is by far the largest since practically all world religions con-

flict, either in one way or another, with the idea of controlling human conception artificially. The second problem appears almost as gigantic as the first with world-wide ignorance at the core of the matter. Years and years of practical education on the subject, to the masses, will be required before even any small measure of success appears.

Thus, the problem is with us, the overpopulation of the earth, and it presents itself as one affording no simple solution. However, this brings us to a most controversial aspect relating to the subject. That aspect is homosexuality and its effect on society today. The twentieth-century homosexual is looked upon by his fellowmen as an outcast and a menace to the human race. He is called by the most degraded titles ever dreamed of and thus must have a very stable sanity in order to even survive in such a world of condemnation. The well-adjusted "gay" individual today offers neither apologies nor excuses for his being just what he is, and as to this date, no definite biological cause has been agreed upon as to the reason for his appearance and existence in all civilizations since the dawn of recorded time. However, one thing that appears to be occurring at present is a definite increase in his ranks.

At this point, let us take notice of a particular phenomenon native to the earth we live on. This phenomenon is the ability of "nature" to keep itself in perfect balance at all times. We notice it in everyday life, but it seldom registers for it is a far too common occurrence to make any lasting impression. For instance, how many times have you passed a park or lawn and noticed a bird pulling a worm from the earth? Or, how often have you noticed the daylight hours extend for longer than the average twelve hours a day? Nature keeps itself in perfect balance with no out-

side help. Thus, as we draw the conclusion that the bird eats the worm to keep the worm population in check, and that nature maintains a perfect twelve and twelve hour balance of daylight and darkness, so we must form some decision concerning how nature intercedes in another problem of life, that being the overpopulation of human beings on earth.

Now, humans are generally considered to be the most intelligent form of life on earth, and therefore dominant over all other forms. This generalization may sometimes appear questionable, however, when we look at how man has used his capabilities. Nevertheless, it would appear that, considering the foregoing conclusion as being true, nature would have to look to some internal human force to control human population, rather than to dominate power by other life. Thus, we see a definite picture forming in our total problem. In the homosexual individual, nature is using a "complete reversal" of its own reproductive devices in humans to check the growing threat of overpopulation. Unfortunately for nature, however, man holds himself to be such an intelligent and superior being that he refuses to accept nature's judgment in these cases, and proceeds to force his own will, through his contemptible society, on the suspecting and unsuspecting homosexual. Society, at present, appears to hold a slight edge in this bitter struggle, but slowly, but slowly, nature will win out, as it always does and when this occurs, homosexuals will be able to hold the respect of so-called normal individuals because, being the minority themselves then, the heterosexuals cannot afford to do otherwise. Yes, nature will have to allow homosexuals to live as a majority before they can be accepted, for they will never be in the intolerant society that exists at present.

"GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WABE"

by
PAUL CHERRY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
(Jabberwocky—Lewis Carroll)

Curt sat in the only modern chair in the listening room of Camp Pickett's library. The chair was in a corner where the light was very poor but Curt was pleased with its location since whenever he came in, it was always vacant. While getting absorbed in the poetry of Eliot, he noticed the faint odor of a strong cologne. Glancing around he saw a young man of about eighteen sitting in a near-by chair writing a letter. His short blond hair and unusually large brown eyes gave him a fairly attractive appearance. The khaki uniform seemed to blend well with his coloring. In all, it was pleasant looking at him.

"Do you usually stare at strangers?" The young man had become aware of the attention being paid him.

"No, Sir," Curt answered returning to his reading. He sensed blood rushing to his face and tried concentrating his attention on the page.

"Do you approve of young men joining the service?" The young man had put down his pen and was addressing Curt.

"Sir, it doesn't matter what I approve of or not." The answer seemed adequate and he hoped the young man wouldn't be offended.

"I bet you think all R.A.'s are maladjusted." The corners of his lips curled, displaying his well-formed teeth.

"I don't believe anyone who joins the army has a stable personality." The reply sounded too direct; Curt felt ashamed of his presumption.

"I detest the idea of a stable personality. It's so much more pleasant trying to be many people and to dream oneself into many situations."

Curt smiled, not knowing what to say.

"What are you reading?"

"Eliot." His tone was more patronizing than before.

"Do you measure your life in coffee spoons? I do. Once I tried being a Prufrock and once even the funny philosopher from Candide, but couldn't convince myself that this is the best of all possible worlds." Curt was amazed. The young man's whole appearance was so new and so fresh and so unlike anyone he had met before.

"You weren't always an R.A.?" The question was utterly ridiculous, but it allowed for more conversation.

"No, I was a painting major at Cooper Union. When the Third Avenue El would go by I'd think it was the roar of the ocean and I was in Tahiti. Then I'd paint like Gauguin. My teachers never approved."

"Why didn't you stay in New York?"

"I decided to put the past behind; no more still lives for me. I joined the army to get a G.I. Bill and study in Mexico. Do you still think I'm unstable?"

"No! I apologize. You're not unstable. You're fantastic." It was so much easier than saying I'm glad I met you.

"Now tell me about yourself." The young man asked propping his hands into his lap.

"I'm a six-foot three, twenty-seven year old, gray alien atheist."

"I bet you like chocolate milk."

"Only with peanut butter sandwiches."

The music had stopped. Curt got up and asked the young man what he would like to hear.

"Something sad . . . Rachmaninoff. That's a luxury I love to indulge in."

As Curt walked towards the machine, the youngman watched his movements. There was a gentility about his actions.

I bet some one misses him terribly, he thought.

"I don't even know your name," Curt asked smiling down on him.

"Stefan. When I was a little boy I asked my mother why she had named me Stefan and she said all good boys had good names."

"Mine's Curtis. I prefer Curt."

"Doesn't the music remind you of a big city?" Stefan said.

"Not a city. I'm from New York and to me it's like a poorly made-up woman, so alluring under moonlight yet grotesque in the sun."

"You must come to Mexico with me. There you can read Eliot nestled in a valley surrounded on four sides by purple mountains."

"Sounds delightful."

"I want to live in Oaxaca. I read a folder once all about it. Everything is pastel adobe and through open doors you can see charming patios and gardens. It's amazing how little the Indians need to live . . . a one-room house with no furniture, the simplest of clothes, and a place to sit and watch an occasional friend pass-by on a donkey."

"First I'll get out of the army and then I'll meet you, but you'll have to be a famous painter so you can support a struggling writer."

"If I'm not a success, we'll live on berries and fish."

"I'm sure you'll be a success." There was an assured confidence in his voice.

"Talking about luscious meals, how about a cup of coffee, dutch threat?"

Curt looked at his watch and frowned. "I have to be back by nine, an early curfew. May I meet you tomorrow?"

"We'll have two cups then."

"I'll meet you here tomorrow at eight."

"Thank you and 'twas brillig."

Without replying, Curt left the room.

Stefan scanned the room. There was a vacant chair opposite a soldier reading a magazine. He nonchalantly walked over and sat down. The soldier noticed the two legs facing him.

"Where'd your friend go?" The voice was strong and hard like the speaker's features.

"Oh, him. He went home to write his girl. She's quite a dish to hear him talk about her." Stefan uncrossed his legs.

"You ain't exactly Dracula." A faint smile displayed stained uneven teeth.

"Thanks, friend." Stefan's eyes surveyed the body as if making an appraisal.

"Whadda yah go by?"

"Name's Phillip, friends call me Phil."

"Have a cig, Phil?" A long arm extended towards Stefan. The soldier's hand was small, hairy, and anxious.

"You smoke my brand, thanks," Stefan waited for him to bend over and light his cigarette. His breath was stale.

"Where yah from?" The soldier settled back in his chair, legs spread apart to accentuate his well-developed thigh muscles.

"Oh, mostly from New York. Family's from Pennsylvania. Couldn't stand being cooped up so I moved to New York."

"Know how you feel. I gotta be on the go myself. That's why I joined up—plenty of beer, sex, and no bullshit."

"Where you from?" Stefan tried blowing a smoke ring and the soldier waited to see its outcome before answering.

"Brooklyn. My pop's a tailor . . . wanted me to work in the sweat shop. We'd fight like crazy and one day I said screw it and joined up."

"Families can sure be a drag. I worked in a beauty shop, washing other people's hair. One day I said, Phil, what's the use washing women's hair when what you want is somewhere else. So here I am."

"Hey, my name's Rick." The thought had come as a complete surprise to him.

"I like the name Rick. Knew a real generous guy named Rick once."

The conversation seemed to have no other place to go so it lingered till an idea struck Rick.

"Hey, did you see 'Shane'?"

"Yeah, great movie. I just love Alan Ladd."

"Boy, I love Westerns. I bet it would be great fighting horses all day and screwing fillies all night."

"Not for me. I want to meet some rich guy and live in Europe and do absolutely nothin'."

"Hey, howdga like a cool beer, my treat?"

"That's exactly what I'd like."

Stefan got up first and Rick followed admiring his conquest. As they walked towards the P.X. tavern, Rick was sure this kid would be no trouble at all.

CAMPOGRAM

QRZPQBY PTPXB XP NF XHB HVBZN.

—WBVQVTYB PQBXM.

GAY BAR

I'm sitting there like . . .
Man! lonely! all the time . . .

and sixteen men sitting
at the bar staring
straight before them . . .

And Man! I'm wanting!
All the time
and standing in the need
of more than prayer
can bring!

and sixteen men silently
drink their beer and
speak to no one . . .

O! God!
I'm dying slowly
aging away day by day
hourly changing
from lover
to decay . . .

sixteen men
walk out
one by one
disappear
in the fog . . .

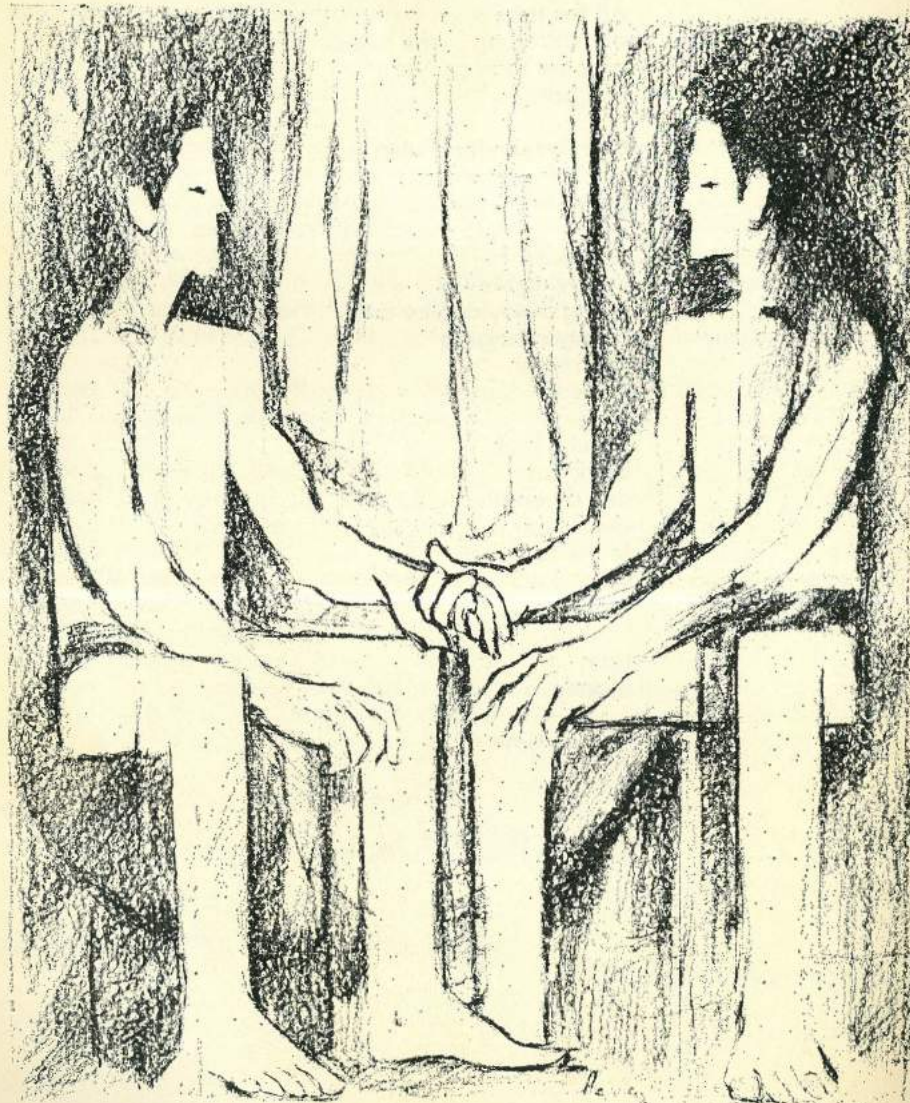
alone

I am
alone . . .

closing time

p. e. britton

As for me...



one

Most sociologists begin their inquiries with a false premise that might be summarized as: Man is a conditioned animal. The environment in which he lives conditions his thinking and his actions. Change the environment and you change the man.

With this I strongly disagree. Man is a being created by God having a body linking him to this material world and a soul linking him to the spiritual world and to God. Man has been made in the image and the likeness of God. As Saint John wrote "God is LOVE" so may we write of man that man is love.

Now the philosophy that underlies my comments may be at variance with many other's, but I think that quite a few have sought a more Christian or at least a religious explanation of this mystery.

Much should be said about the virtue of love. In outline form let me prepare the way for future discussions. Some have said that sex is the basic urge in man. But they are wrong. The basic urge in man is survival. Love is secondary. It should not be necessary to say that it is strong enough to be the moving force for all human relations. I suggest that sex would be too broad a term and that lust is a perversion of sex.

Love is the natural bond between people. The child loves so easily because it is so natural to him. Yet the fact that people hate and are filled with lust and pursue sex for its own sake cannot be denied. The question is simply why this perversion of a normal and natural affection? The Christian religion explains that the cause of perversion is to be found in Original and Actual Sin.

Original Sin may be defined as that tendency in every man to turn his love inward, directing it toward himself. This is the basis for sins of pride and egotism, self-seeking and self-gratification. Actual Sin can be

called the actions which man performs deliberately without regard for the consequences thus continuing the deflection of love inward. For love to develop and expand as it was meant to do there must be a reciprocal action. Any thwarting of that expression of love has in it the seeds of perversion.

Perversion should be understood as (1) the turning of love toward one's self; (2) the turning of love into hostility when rejected or not returned; (3) the turning of love into lust when physical gratification becomes the primary motivation. The beginnings of perversion, then, are in Original Sin.

It is not hard to trace the perversion of love in man. The child loves so trustingly and so naturally. But as he grows to the age of accountability or to that age when he is responsible for his actions he is also growing more aware of himself as an individual with his own wants and wishes to be fulfilled. His love becomes self-centered. His circle of loved ones narrows rather than widens as it might have continued to do without Original Sin. He loves a few select persons. And should they fail to respond in the expected way, should they deprive him of love the way is established for further deterioration, further perversion.

Let it be understood that love is neither homosexual nor heterosexual. (The definition of heterosexuality most commonly accepted is that restriction of love for a woman, while the restriction of one's love for a man is called homosexuality. At best that is an artificial division. Evidence shows that many men cross the line many times during their life.) Society has imposed this artificiality on man. It would be interesting to see what would happen if society no longer required absolute adherence to this distinction. Obviously the propagation

of the human race would require that man have heterosexual relations and quite naturally the family unit would continue so that the child would have the protection and love and instruction needed to grow into a useful and meaningful adulthood.

Although love does not require sexuality it certainly demands some physical expression as evidence or proof of love. The different forms of expression depend upon the person loved. You do not demonstrate your love for your mother in the same way that you would prove your love for your brother. Similarly the way that love of God is shown is not the same way as love of man. But in each instance a physical demonstration of love is proof that one really loves.

What actually determines whether or not your love is homosexual or heterosexual? Some point to the acts of man under certain emotional stresses which are acceptable under those conditions but unacceptable under normal conditions. For example, the sudden loss of a friend might make a man weep and the unexpected meeting of long lost friends might cause them to hug each other in public. And, we might also cite the accepted "buddy-buddy" behavior when men are under the influence of alcohol. It is said that these acts prove an underlying homosexual instinct. For others the determining factor is the sex act. It has been said repeatedly that adolescents go through a homosexual phase even to the point of having sexual relations of a sort with their best friends. Many and perhaps all men have had some homosexual contact in their life. Maybe they regret it. Maybe they prefer to forget it. We ordinarily do not consider this to be proof of homosexuality—although there are some who do. However, I think that the term has been confined to those who *continue* these sexual acts into their adult life.

I suggest that neither exclusive homosexuality nor heterosexuality is to be considered as necessarily normal expressions of love. I do not mean to suggest that a combination of homosexuality and heterosexuality is more normal. But I do mean to say that sexuality is not the necessary determinant of normalcy. It would certainly be more reasonable for society to accept any sexuality as a form of expressing love as long as it is within the bounds of decency and not exhibited in public as if it were a side-show attraction. I would stress the acceptability or homosexuality and heterosexuality as a means of expressing love.

A change certainly needs to come. Today parents will have an entirely different attitude toward their son if he becomes involved in a heterosexual scandal than if he becomes involved in a homosexual scandal.

The family is the basic unit of all society. Any nation is as strong as the family. Sociologists are rightly concerned about the breakdown of parental authority and the stability of the home. And I think that the broken home may contribute to the steady rise of juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, dope addiction and homosexuality. But too much stress warps the evaluation and usefulness of social studies.

It might serve some people well to blame social problems on an anonymous group. It spreads the blame thin enough so that no one person need think himself personally responsible for a wrong. But this kind of buck-passing is as old as the Garden of Eden. And it is no more valid now than it was then. Every man must be held responsible for his own actions.

This might seem like a radical viewpoint, but I do not see any reason for seeking explanations for the cause of homosexuality. I have not found

anyone trying to explain the cause of heterosexuality. And that is certainly just as much a mystery. Suppose we simply accept the fact that homosexuality exists.

Until homosexuality is accepted as a way of life there will always be those who find that they must live in the shadows in a semi-underworld, or perhaps a better name for it would be a "moral twilight zone."

It is a curiosity that never ceases to amaze me that the so called "trade" or passive homosexual wants or demands compensation for his participation in the homosexual act. Younger homosexuals in particular seem to be so much in love with themselves that they believe that anyone would be anxious to have sexual relations with them—and for pay. Some solicit boldly in public places developing for themselves a reputation that cannot contribute positively to the image that homophiles would like the public to have of them. But then again this might be all that can be expected of the selfish element in the homophile society.

Some hustling homosexuals never go through with the sex act. And perhaps they never intend to do so. They lead their unsuspecting victims on till they have them in a compromising position and then they begin their "wounded manhood" routine. They demand cash or threaten violence or both if the victim does not come through with the demanded amount. The victim unwilling to do anything that would create a scandal, pays.

The ease with which the hustlers can obtain money from their victims has undoubtedly suggested to some that blackmail might be a most profitable venture. Some reports seem to indicate that the police might be unsympathetic to the homosexual victims of a blackmail plot. It has also been proven that vice-squadders have

had their own homosexual wants satisfied before making arrests. And certain unscrupulous vice-squadders have not been above blackmail.

Another variety of the young homosexual hustler is the so-called "tough guy" or "muscle boy." He parades his masculinity before his comrades but left to himself he pursues the homosexual for real sexual gratification. These phony he-men don't want to admit that they are in reality homosexuals. They want everyone to believe that they are just as virile as their muscles seem to suggest. And especially anxious are they to have their homosexual partners know that they are not really "queer" but that they are doing it "just for the money" and therefore it is all right. When alone the muscle boy is a pliable and willing sexual partner but when with his comrades the biggest satisfaction seems to be to lure homosexuals on and beat them up.

Financial compensation undoubtedly salves their consciences and strangely enough they do think that it helps to restore a lost masculinity.

The search for masculine identification is not confined to the passive homosexual youth however. Many a young man has felt compelled to prove his virility. It has been suggested by some that the sex gangs with their mass sexual orgies have roots in this passion for proving masculinity. And more than one writer has suggested that the "innocent" practice of double-dating is nothing less than an effort on the part of the youth to play the man in front of his buddy. Perhaps the strong doubt lies in his buddy's opinion of him? It would seem unlikely that the doubt lies with the girl. If not his buddies and not his dates, does the doubt lie within his own mind?

If this should be the case, it would

further satisfy me that the terms "masculine" and "manly" and all such cognates have lost their meaning entirely.

But the commercialization of sex amongst the passive-homosexual cannot all be traced to salving consciences and restoring lost virility. The youth who solicits frequently does so for entirely different reasons. The young man who has long been pampered by a family of considerable means when left to his own devices might find it an "undesirable thing to soil his hands with honest work" so he turns to peddling his body. (It would be most practical I should think to examine the reasons for male prostitution in greater detail. I can but touch upon some of the more obvious reasons.) Reports indicate that many homosexuals are unskilled laborers. The pay for unskilled workers is low. The passive homosexual might seek payment for sex to supplement his low income. The soft living man might tend to live beyond his means which would also recommend the financial compensation for sex as a way out of debt.

As the unemployment situation worsens and as increased automation throws more unskilled men out of work homosexually inclined men might turn to temporary prostitution. Their success in such a venture depends upon their honesty and frankness in stating reasons and intentions and in winsome ways and whether they are handsome or attractive.

More ominous reasons for commercialization can be found. I have before me a few excerpts from the New York Youth Board Report on Drug Addiction.

Consider these descriptions of typical drug addicts: "Strong dependency needs often reflect in extreme symbiotic relations with the mother." And, "Confusion with regard to the sex roles. There is a high incidence

of homosexual traits among addicts." A crackdown on dope addiction, therefore, reveals a large number of homosexuals being arrested. There are more homosexuals who are addicts than those who are heterosexually inclined. Why?

The answer might lie in the nature of addiction itself. Contrary to the popular fiction that drugs pep the addict up the fact is that the addict is rendered generally passive to his surroundings. The so called "high" feeling is one of relaxation save in those few instances where the stamina of the person experiencing narcotics is for the moment greater than the strength of the dose.

Passivity is hardly the role of a man in heterosexual relations. And with the habit costing him more and more money sometimes mounting to \$20 a shot, the homosexually inclined addict turns to a homosexual who is willing to pay for sexual relations as a source of cash and certain continued and sustained income.

The menace of drug addiction in a community is severe enough to create considerable concern. I would think that the most calloused and perverted person would be the only one who could not think of addiction as a criminal activity that must be wiped out.

The depraved are a menace to the public welfare and must be separated from the ordinary and decent minded citizens thus ensuring the moral safety of children and the community at large.

Sexual attacks on small boys and girls are another violation of public decency. I would recommend that no distinction should be made as to the sex of the child thus removing the charge that the attacker was a homosexual and therefore homosexuality must be stamped out. Rather the crime should be considered in the same category as rape and punished

in the same way as rape.

Such persons are a menace to any community. No homosexual would wish to have him in his society and certainly no heterosexual wants to associate with him.

An interesting sideline to note is the considerable number of young males who want to be the object of advances. Even the heterosexual male wants to be pursued by the girl.

It is curious to note that many parents have a dual standard by which they measure sexual behavior. Further, they appear to be less concerned should their son be involved in a heterosexual scandal than should he be involved in a homosexual scandal.

The behavior of some men in public rest rooms ought to be curbed. If the homosexual cannot curb his behavior in these places, the police and special detectives must be assigned to put a stop to it. Any such crackdowns hurting homosexuals under such circumstances cannot be condemned. They have, in fact, "brought it on themselves." Perhaps these men are part of the lunatic fringe we hear so much about. Let us hope so. They surely cannot be representative of the homosexual society.

A brief comment to those who would argue that restrictions on their behavior or any of the menaces that I have mentioned so briefly are an infringement on their freedom and a threat to the democratic society in which we live. You are confusing freedom with anarchy and license. You are confusing terms that traditionally have been understood as related to restraint, morality and sound consciences.

Horace Smith

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BOOKS



FAMILY FAVORITES by Alfred Duggan, New York, Pantheon Books, 1960, 318 pp., \$4.50.

Here is a superb novel with a homosexual as its central figure. The writer's attitude is civilized, urbane, and scholarly. The writing is unadorned. The wit is dry and sardonic. The narrative progress of the story is as inevitable as history itself, as relentless as life.

In the third century A.D. the Roman empire tottered on the brink of collapse, pushed there by a complex of circumstances. The enfeeblement of Senatorial power had been countered by the ascendancy of the Roman armies, notably of the Praetorian guard. The Emperor Caracalla, a murderous tyrant, had given immense donatives to the army and thus, despite his fantastic cruelty, kept himself in power. When he was at last assassinated on the orders of Macrinus, a high Praetorian officer, it was the army who made Macrinus emperor. The Senate dared only confirm him. But his reign was short-lived. His discipline of the army was too harsh and his attempt to cut its pay too unpopular. Then it was learned by the soldiers that Macrinus had directed the murder of "The Divine Caracalla," and his fate was sealed.

Stationed in Syria, the Praetorians, disillusioned with Macrinus, took a

fancy to a 13-year-old Syrian youth who was chief priest of the temple of the Sun God at Emesa, near Antioch. Beautiful, slender, golden-haired, with large lavender eyes, and endowed with almost superhuman charm, the fact of his kinship with the Divine Caracalla (he was a second cousin, though his grandmother and mother claimed he was a natural son) clinched his right to be emperor.

The third Gallican Legion went over to the side of this lovely boy, soon to be followed by the entire Praetorian guard. Macrinus was overthrown, himself and his son murdered. Bassianus, boy priest of an obscure Oriental sect that worshipped a stone phallus, purportedly the cast-off organ of the sun, became the ruler of the civilized world. The god's name was Elagabalus. As his priest king, Bassianus decided to take his name, declaring, and evidently believing himself to be the god incarnate.

The three-year-and-nine-month reign of this charming and irresponsible adolescent was bizarre, to say the least. It was pretty, but it was pathetic. It was funny, but it was frightening. The Emperor's main love in life was chariot-racing, and his palace swarmed with stable-boys. After his politically expedient marriage to the daughter of a wealthy Roman patrician, there followed a midnight mock-marriage to his favorite charioteer, Gordius, a strapping athlete ten years his senior. In this ceremony Elagabalus played the part of the bride. An hour or two later, costume changed, he wed Hierocles, a beautiful young driver; this time Hierocles was the blushing bride and the masculine role was assumed, with easy conviction, by Elagabalus.

The lad was silly and willful. But it could not be said of him, as it could of so many Roman emperors, that he was cruel. His supposed fa-

ther, Caracalla, had slaughtered tens of thousands of helpless human beings. Elagabalus played practical jokes on his subjects, rarely with discretion, but with no intent to harm. He was prankish as boys of his age sometimes are. In terms of our 20th century attitudes he was perhaps at times brutal. But gladiatorial combats and the even crueller sports of the massive Roman circuses found little favor with him. He preferred the lewd comic shows that were put on as intermission features. And during his reign these became so filthy as to make even the jaded Romans blink; what had been merely suggested in previous years must, by Elagabalus' command be acted out completely. Yet if these were in deplorable taste, they still shed no innocent blood and gave no agonizing deaths to humans or animals. He could not, for fear of too much displeasing the populace, withdraw the vicious "games," but he shortened them.

But he did not truly enjoy public appearances. He much preferred entertainments within the palace. His banquets were incredibly lavish. At one, all the food was blue, to honor the color of a winning chariot team. At another, the domed ceiling of the banquet hall was made to revolve while showering down rose petals over diners, food and all. The walls of the room were arranged to slide by machinery, so that a different decor was provided for every course in the night-long feast. One of the young Emperor's favorite jokes was to place before some unsuspecting guest, at each course, not real but simulated food. Initially this was made out of painted wax. But at later banquets "apples were carved out of crystal, peas were made of gold, beans of amber, lentils of rubies." The victim of the prank was compensated for his embarrassment

by being allowed to pocket the false comestibles.

In the early phase of Elagabalus' reign, his wise grandmother, Julia Maesa, the Augusta, was able to govern for him. But he soon tired of her control. And this marked the beginning of the end. For he was too keen on his own pleasures to give proper thought and time to the governing of his people. And though he meant to be kind and fair, reducing taxes where possible, refusing to murder rivals and malcontents according to the time-honored custom, refusing even to enlarge his treasury by confiscating the property of wealthy plotters against him, yet he failed as Emperor. He gave responsible positions to unscrupulous, low-born friends—men whom he had enjoyed sleeping with, but who lacked his high principles in politics. These men abused their offices and the citizens blamed Elagabalus. But perhaps most importantly, as a Syrian the boy could not believe that any member of his own family would plot against him. Yet two of them did. First his aunt, Mamea, mother of his cousin Alexianus, handsome and winning and only four years junior to Elagabalus, planted ugly rumors about the Emperor in the army camp. The soldiers began to sicken of Elagabalus. To the Augusta, his wise old grandmother, this meant only one thing, that the beautiful charioteer was finished. But it did not make her unhappy. Alexianus was her grandson too, and tractable, not uncontrollable like Elagabalus. She grimly decided to manage the plot against him.

The ending of the story is abrupt and as unpleasant as it is inevitable. But it is important here to point out that it was not his homosexuality, however well-publicised, that caused this boy emperor to meet a violent death at the hands of his once-loyal troops, while cowering with his

mother in a sordid latrine. The Rome of his time placed no stigma upon homosexuality. It was his irresponsibility—not really surprising in a boy of seventeen, whatever his sexual persuasion—that brought about his downfall. He had been raised in the East where rulers were expected to luxuriate. He had not been trained in Roman law and tradition—not until too late. He was gentle and just, but he was capricious and foolish, as much the victim of his own shortcomings as any ordinary mortal, though he was emperor of all the world and a god incarnate.

Family Favorites is rewarding reading. It is most certainly literature of a high order. It comes as close to historical accuracy as any novel can be expected to do. It lacks the emotional warmth of Mary Renault's *Last of the Wine*. But it has a mature objectivity, a clarity of vision, a matter-of-factness in the treatment of homosexuality that is unreservedly commendable.

—James Colton

FORBIDDEN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND MORALITY by R. E. L. Masters, Julian Press, Inc., New York, 1962, 431 pages.

The present volume, which announces itself as "An objective re-examination of perverse sex practices in different cultures," is another attempt to put the subject of sex upon a rational basis with the hope that it will have some effect upon "legal statutes and law enforcement agencies," a laudable and admirable, much-needed purpose. It is perhaps a little strong to say, as Dr. Benjamin does in his Introduction, that the book represents "attained maturity" in sexology, but on the whole it does make a useful contribution and one would quarrel with very few of the conclusions reached considering that the author has no discernable qualifica-

tion for writing the book. The book deals with bestiality, homosexuality, race problems, drugs, and adult-child sex relationships, leaving for later works other aspects of the field.

Probably the best chapter is that on bestiality which is shown to be much more widespread than is ordinarily thought and yet is not so important or the "heinous crime" it was once thought to be. In fact in the ancient religions it was quite common for the deities to be supposed to appear to their followers in animal form and sex relations with them became a recognized subject for artistic expression, as may be seen in the museums of ancient art even to this day.

Homosexuality and the use of drugs to stimulate desire and potency are presented with a wealth of concrete detail which should prove enlightening to students in the field. In the discussion of adult-child sex relationships, it is brought out that, while certainly none would condone the abuse of children, there is absolute confusion as to what legally constitutes a minor and where the line is to be drawn between legitimate affection for the child and exploitation. The recent book and moving picture "Lolita" does very little to throw light on the problems of this area.

Doubtless the chapter which would arouse the most controversy and is perhaps the weakest in the book is that entitled "Miscegenation" or race mixing. Much of the discussion is taken up with a refutation of the theories of Norman Mailer and the many myths concerning the sexuality of Negroes which he seems best to exemplify. But it seems of greater value to me to note the inattention given to certain important aspects of the topic. Whether intentional or not, the author seems to accept the popular Southern idea of the wicked Ne-

gro man raping white women in considerable numbers as opposed to the more virtuous white man respecting the virtue of Negro girls and women. This point is very doubtful indeed as unsustained charges of the former can be made and accepted so easily, while in the latter case violation has been considered of no importance or merely as a sport. Then too in the higher incidence of illegitimate births among the Negroes, one wonders how many of the children had been fathered by white men who would be ignored in the statistics since one drop of Negro blood would characterize the child as Negro. Furthermore one will never know in either case how far consenting attitudes were called rape to preserve the "honor" of the female participant. A social worker in Los Angeles told me of some evidence on this point which he ran into accidentally that is quite shocking. Much of the discussion at large concerning "miscegenation" or "mongrelization of the races" is ridiculous in the extreme and quite innocent of any relation to reality. Intermarriage is looked upon with horror by many. And yet seventy percent of all Negroes in the United States are part

white and a large group, getting lighter all the time, are said to "pass over" every year. I suppose their color is faded by the sun! After three hundred years the amount of Negro blood in the white people must be incalculable. But we must preserve the myth of "pure race" at any cost. South Americans say over and over, I heard it myself, "North Americans are hypocrites." In the face of the acceptance of Negro mistresses and the unlimited procreation of children, part white and part Negro, in a large part of the country along with the denial with much bitterness of wholesome, legal, and above board relationships, it is difficult to refute the charge of the South Americans. The acceptance of rationality means first the facing of reality.

On the whole the book is enlightening, stimulating, and informative. And yet one wonders just where the line is to be drawn between genuine, scientific enlightenment and the titillation of vicarious sex experience. Perhaps the use of "perverse sex practices" leans slightly toward the latter. (Italics added.)

T. M. M.

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In Pursuit of Happiness

by Julia P. Stanley

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This is a sentence, taken from the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, written on July 4, 1776, 186 years ago. Noble words written by noble men, who felt that every man was entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We celebrate July 4th every year, but we have forgotten what these words mean. We have allowed these words to become hollow echoes representing nostalgic sentiment; we, to whom these words should have the most importance.

It is for this reason that today we find ourselves fighting for these unalienable rights, which are being denied us by those very individuals who are supposed to be the protectors of justice, the men elected by us to uphold the tenets of our Constitution.

Yet, who has failed? Our legislators have failed, to be sure, but we have failed ourselves by allowing them to take our rights from us in the first place, without a word of protestation.

We, the homosexuals of America, have allowed our rights to be taken from us. We have sacrificed ourselves on society's altar, declaring before all men that we are criminal and morally incompetent, devoid of integrity.

But now, we are crawling to our state legislatures, begging them to return to us those rights which we ourselves forfeited!

We go to psychiatrists, asking them to "cure" us, because we are "social misfits," when no one has the authority to determine who is a "misfit" and who is not.

We go to our religious leaders, admitting to them that we are sinful, evil and damned. We ask them to pray to *their* God for forgiveness of our sins, the sins of which *they* say we are guilty, and we passively agree with them, and say "Yes! We are damned!"

We have condemned ourselves. *We* have outlawed ourselves. We have *made* ourselves twisted and "sick." *We* have degraded and damned ourselves!

We have allowed ourselves to become society's sacrifice to the omnipotent gods of humanity; society's scapegoat. We went as the consenting victims, with our heads lowered in shame and contrition, delivered ourselves to the sacrificial knives of society.

We have allowed ourselves to become hunted like animals, by every political machine that aspires to power in our government; by every theology that claims to hold the key to the salvation of men's souls; and by every mediocre quack doctor who wants to write a book that will make him money. We have become "case histories" to all of these purveyors of

wisdom and justice.

But we are *not* animals to be hunted. We are *not* "poor souls" in need of salvation. We are *not* mentally depraved individuals who need "help." We are *men*, with the right to live and love as we may choose.

We are not guilty because we are homosexuals. We *are* guilty because we allow other people to *tell* us we are guilty!

I, for one, say damn society! I will not humble myself before any self-appointed purveyor of justice and self-righteousness. I will not answer to a mass or a majority composed of the "average." I am an individual, and I will answer only to myself. I am responsible to nothing less than my own conscience and self-respect. I seek the esteem of no one but myself. I am happy, and I will not be chastised or castigated at the price of my own happiness, that others may pride themselves because they are "doing the right thing." I will not be a faceless statistic used by others to feed their own egos and prestige.

I will not allow myself to become one of the brainless, selfless masses.

I will not be a sacrifice to society's whim and inclination. I belong to no man other than myself. I am a human being. I think, I reason and I live. I need no other causes than these to declare myself an individual, independent of other men.

This is what all mature homosexuals should feel within themselves. If you are not worthy of your own self-respect, how can you expect other men to extend their respect to you?

We are entities unto ourselves, and as such have the "unalienable right . . . to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," as we may see fit.

Let no man place himself above you as your judge, to decide what is right for you, or for any other human being. When those who would declare themselves judges, to condemn or to condone, are ignored, they are rendered impotent. For if they judge, and their judgment goes unheeded, unlauded, they become ineffectual.

Let no man judge you. You are no man's sacrifice, neither are you another man's scapegoat. You are your own judge. There is no man on this earth better suited to judge you than you, yourself!

OUR TIME TO SHARE

No strong elixir has the power friendship has:

Our daily meetings froze the flow of age ten years ago,

And we are as we were, although

The others change. And so, throughout our time to share,

We will remain the same. The years around us move

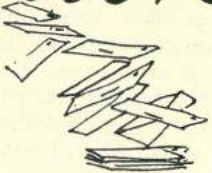
More quickly now, but quicker does our love erase

Time's wiry glyphs upon your face

And leaves it as I saw it then and see it now.

Dorian Mode

Letters



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

BRICKBATS

To ONE:

Had Bob Hull known the line his eulogy (December, 1962) would take in this Magazine, it's quite certain he'd have taken the editorial staff AND Harry Hay right along with him when he committed suicide.

In many ways, Bob was one of the most direct thinkers among the Holy Five who gathered in the basement of my home to conspire the sophomoricly-named Mattachine into existence. For this reason, he would have deplored the indirection of that funeral valentine, its tasteless melodrama ("Dead By His Own Hand"), and, above all, the casual way in which it robbed his death of any point it might have had.

He'd have smiled at Harry quoting one of his least favored authors in that bilge-filled finale and at the grammatical errors in the paragraph above. But he would not have been amused at the misleading corn of Hay's, "Oh, Bobby, how did we fail you!" The social point of Bob's death should be obvious. He died because the pressures on homosexuals today in the United States are often intolerable. Because of them, some of us drink, some withdraw, some become giddy or write, and some suicide.

It is astonishing that both Hay and the editorial staff should have missed the very point that gives this pamphlet its reason for existence. How blandly you bleed his pathetic act of all significance and allow that Jesse Crawford of the typewriter to imply that Bob was just too neurotic in his personal life to "take it" like we strong ones do.

I did not like Bob. I did admire him, and I do resent this clearly patronizing eulogy. If this quasi-pedant intends doing eulogies on all of the Holy Five, please print them in ad-

vance. I don't want anyone else to have to defend me against such pious treacle.

Dale Jennings,
Editor, ONE, 1953-'54
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

I've been reading ONE for three years and have attended several Mattachine meetings here. It seems from many letters in your columns that many gay people are prejudiced against the Swish. Well, I am one and I want to live.

To that group of old aunts who don't practice what they preach a swish is a mal-adjusted homo displaying hostility. The gay world must realize that there are variants within the sex variant group. I'd rather be an honest, loud-spoken swish than a sugar-coated phoney.

Mr. D.
Greenwich Village, New York

Dear ONE:

Here is my subscription again, even though ONE appears to represent only the Southern California homosexual type. As I have written more than once (in article, story or letter you did not publish) the gay-bar individual is a very small minority of the quiet living individuals with homosexual preferences. ONE represents ONE, just as surely as D. W. Cory represents the articulate, ivory-towerish groups.

The worst reportorial retching ONE printed in 1962 was Tangents' effusion in June on the couple caught in a public toilet. This was too Winchell-bent, peep-hole business trying to justify public rooms being used for the most intimate pleasure. The civil rights aspect was entirely overwhelmed by presenting such unfortunate characters, and it could only gladden ONE's critics with its sick-sick approach.

Often ONE gets off the track of presenting homosexuality's naturalness, probably forgetting the majority of your subscribers are not heterosexual in any way.

Wilfran Nichols
Boston, Massachusetts

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Readers, including Mr. Nichols, whose complaint was written in December, 1962, are referred to Marcel Martin's Editorial (September, 1962) which contained the following passage: "ONE will continue to report and to consider as victories for the homophile movement such decisions as the two under consideration but, no more than the courts, or society in general, does ONE condone the type of behavior which brought these cases before the courts in the first place."

Dear Editor:

Your Magazine is sheer hypocrisy. You claim to represent the world's most oppressed minorities; however, you don't practice what you preach. As a student at an all-Negro college I find that throughout the South gay bars are closed to Negroes.

Of course, you may argue that these bars are merely obeying the laws of the land or state they are in, but you forget that ONE is one of the first organizations to yell when its particular minority is wronged.

I think that as a potential member of your organization I have the right to ask that you begin a campaign for the furtherance of complete brotherhood among all gay people.

Mr. R.
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear ONE:

It seems quite impossible to follow the editorial judgment of the Magazine in its selections for BOOKS. As your heading has it: "Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant." But how often does this apply to your screwball selections?

In the December issue you had one non-fiction, one fiction review. This seems quite reasonable and appropriate. But, what did you choose for the non-fiction? Some such widely-circulated, and therefore influential item, as "The Homosexual", by Benjamin Morse, or "Half World" by Joe D. Bowie? No, a book only remotely concerned with homosexuality called "The Anatomy of Dirty Words."

But when it comes to your fiction selection, can there be any excuse at all? Did you pick any of the significant works of 1961 or 1962 you've never reviewed: "The Exile of Capri" by Peyrefitte; "Pale Fire" by Nabokov; "Each In His Darkness" by Julian Green; or even some more minor items by lesser known authors but with substantial homosexual content, like "A Wicked Pack of Cards"; "Madame"; "The Name of Greene"; or "Always Love a Stranger."

No, you print a review of a book "The Impressario" which even its reviewer doesn't think has any real concern with homosexuality, besides which he thinks it stinks. What's the point?

Noel I. Garde
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. Garde's reviews of several of the works he mentions are in ONE's files in carbon copy and without return address. It is the Editor's policy, in conformity with customary etiquette

in the publishing field, not to consider manuscripts simultaneously submitted to other publishers. Nor do the Editors publish material submitted by writers with whom they are unable to correspond.

OUT OF MANY, ONE POSEY

To All of You at ONE:

This is a warm and oh so beautiful season to say a genuine heartfelt thank you for your untiring efforts on behalf of all U.S. homosexuals.

My own debt to you is ever so great; one I can scarce repay. But I hope the year 1963 will see me more faithfully supporting ONE with financial contributions, occasional literary endeavors and a good word whenever possible.

I sincerely hope to be able to attend the Midwinter Institute. I look forward to seeing you all then. Happy New Year.

Mr. G.
Tempe, Arizona

THE PRACTICAL VIEWPOINT

Dear ONE:

I think one of the best services ONE could give its readers might be a list of professional men — particularly, lawyers and doctors — who are known to be helpful and understanding.

I have never had occasions to contact a lawyer, but should such an occasion ever arrive it would be very helpful to know the name of one who has been of help in other homosexual cases.

Such a list might be comprised by requesting readers who have had to retain professional services to send the name to you. Such a list should cover all the larger cities and as much of the country as possible.

Mr. L.
Roseville, California

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Corporation has, since its founding, maintained such lists and furnished such assistance upon request, where possible. It has repeatedly asked its readers and the Friends of ONE to aid it in keeping such a list up-to-date. However, responses have been singularly scanty—a number of major cities and areas have been completely unrepresented so far, although readers of ONE's publications are found in every state and in all the major cities. Perhaps 1963 will see an improvement. It will, if readers do their part by sending in the names of professional men and women whose dependability has been well proven.