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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

JULY 1963

50 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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EDITORIAL

The other evening at a meeting as I sat listening to a speaker who had been stirringly introduced as a champion of the homosexual cause, I became increasingly disturbed by his repeated use of the pronoun "I." I have done this; I have done that; I shall do this; I shall do that; I promise this, and so on. As I sat listening, I found myself playing a game with the speaker: I calculated what he would say next from what he had said previously. It was easy. We had both read the same book. He followed the formula transparently.

Actually much of what this self-appointed apostle had to say was not true; nor was it new. But it sounded beautiful. As the popular speaker concluded, the audience rose to a standing ovation — hungry listeners pressed around him. I heard somebody whisper, "This is a dangerous man. The people are applauding him - not his ideas, not his platform, not his principles." I was reminded of the wisdom of the fathers of the Mattachine movement. They abided by a rule not to ever back a person or a candidate for a job or office. Instead they supported a man's platform or the issue he stood for. A nice distinction, this. The founders of Mattachine knew that men frequently change their positions because of one persuasion or another. It is especially true where the homosexual cause is concerned.

Every cause needs a spokesman. History is full of promising leaders; it is equally full of leaders who did not keep their promises. History records the folly of mankind as it insists on following men instead of their ideas. The homosexual cause is ripe for the opportunist. ONE has tried to educate the homosexual against relying upon the words of the first man to recite the ritual. Let him be taxed. Let him be tested. He may not honor his promises then; he may not even bother to respect his words, but may offer dozens of reasons and excuses for the disregard of his sworn duty.

The homosexual cause needs support. But that support should be given to issues not men. True, it is harder to believe in an issue than in someone. This is because it is so hard to learn the issues in the first place. It is much easier to delegate support to the champion and let him take care of the issues.

Homosexual men and women can in no way afford to be exploited. But if they are not to be, they must begin to observe how their functionaries carry out self-appointed duties - not just for a day but over a period of years. Homosexuals must also be alert to a disposition in anyone to exceed the limits of their lawful powers. Each homosexual should try to find out what the issues involved are, and he should try to understand where he stands in relationship to the issues. Having done this he should then support those measures and those efforts that work toward the things he stands for.

Don Slater, *Editor*

The Path of Truth

by Father Bernard Newman

On Palm Sunday last, at the April lecture of ONE Institute's Spring Series, the Right Reverend Archimandrite Bernard, Abbott of St. George Monastery (Las Vegas, Nevada Diocese of the American Eastern Orthodox Church) gave an address, "The Path of Truth." He had previously spoken for ONE Institute at its 1959 Midwinter sessions on the topic, "Must Christians Live With Guilt?"

In presenting this religious viewpoint ONE continues its strictly nonsectarian policy, which has over the years opened the columns of its publications and its meetings to representatives of several Christian and non-Christian denominations.

It should be said, however, that the American Eastern Orthodox Church has several features of doctrine and practice that are of special interest. A Church publication describes it as "derived from the Orthodox Christians of Saint Thomas, the doubting Apostle, who brought the Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ to India . . ."

From this historical background of Christian Orthodoxy, through the "Coming to America [of] The Most Reverend Antony Devan . . . [there] was left here in America the heritage of Saint Thomas." The church was incorporated in 1943. "All the clergy are Monastic Priests, at present, and those at St. George Monastery are self-supporting . . . The Priests and Monks of Saint George Monastery in Las Vegas devote quite an amount of time to vocational guidance of boys and young men."

Members and Friends of ONE have visited and stayed at St. George Monastery from time to time and found the Fathers sympathetic and understanding of ONE's aims and goals as well as entirely ready to welcome to the services or into the priesthood without prejudice or proscription any truly sincere homophile. Visitors there have commented on the fact that the Priests and Monks are, as stated above, "self-supporting," i.e., no collections are ever taken at Divine Liturgy or other religious services.

The notable success of the Fathers in the "vocational guidance of boys and young men," has prompted ONE recently to adopt the following resolutions, (1) "That religious counselling work as a part of ONE's Social Service Division be expanded." and (2) "That ONE accept the proposal of the American Eastern Orthodox Church for so participating in ONE's Social Service Division, and that an invitation be extended to other selected clergymen that they also may participate."

The following selections from Abbott Bernard's talk are illustrative of the religious approach of the American Eastern Orthodox Church:

LOYALTY AND SERVICE

Each of us possesses special gifts: some professional, others for varied kinds of work. However, all of us must soon learn that "He who is chief must first and last loyally serve men." There are too many seeking power without serving with dedication to the purpose chosen. For this reason we must compare: loyalty, understanding, love, ability, brotherhood and yearning. Everyone must be devoted to a cause, a person and to well-being. Loyalty overcomes deceit and false concepts. It is pitiable that man is so prone to criticize words and actions of others often without cause, so we must have understanding, but first loyalty.

My definition of a friend is: one who knows a person with all his faults and still has the highest admiration for him. Here is found true admiration based on full understanding. When we learn to know certain individuals, who were at first disliked, quite often we find friendship or an association that is worthwhile. For this reason it is wise for all of us to travel on the Path of Truth in understanding, avoiding negative statements regarding people or affairs with which we are unacquainted. Understanding is a quality that each person must possess of himself, for his work and also of his associates. Too many lightly gloss over this necessary knowledge, as is frequently done in school. How can anyone criticize actions not understood? Because of plain warped misjudgement which comes through failing to look for the TRUTH, and this is often done when a mind is full of deceit.

Love is based on loyalty and understanding. To follow the Path of Truth we must have LOVE, not only for our own but for our fellow man, when warranted. One in my position finds that love of fellow man is necessary, because without it I would find myself unable to assist anyone. There are many who daily abuse this most

necessary part of the Path of Truth. It has been said that God is love; but many of you will tell me there is no God, no Church with understanding! Of the "Man-Made variety" I heartily agree, as to a Church. I am not preaching Church here, but practical practice of precepts so very basic to man and his welfare.

Years ago I heard a speaker define ability as "that force of strength giving capability and efficiency" which boils down to a repetition of synonymous terms. I prefer to think of ability as that quality we possess to allow us to do a good job, to gain friends and have understanding. The ability to gain friends forms the bond of brotherhood that makes us all One in our love, understanding and loyalty.

All these may be realized through yearning to do that which is proper to the natural desires of us all, but there must be sincerity in this yearning to avoid deceit and strange ways. Too many people are unable to look themselves squarely in the face and find the truth. Those who continually attempt to follow the advice that is so foreign to their personality soon find a barrier causing unhappiness. As an example, a good doctor must have a yearning to assist humanity, yet he must earn his livelihood. Many of these dedicated men are following the Pathway of Truth, but some few forget everything sincere, think only of the monetary gain, and this small number cause people to unjustly condemn those who are good.

ORIGINAL CHRISTIAN DOCUMENTS

Twisted meanings and willful translations of ancient manuscripts have caused many people to doubt the very positive messages of love and understanding which were meant to be of assistance to all mankind. Many writings of the past give evidence of the Path of Truth to those who today are reviled. Even the words of Jesus the Christ have been twisted from the real

truth and this is proven when we compare the Peshitta translation with other Bibles, such as the substitution of the word camel for rope, certainly a person finds a rope to be more comparable to a thread than a camel, and there are many other instances just as erroneous.

Even Plato's writings have been "cleaned up" by the filthy-minded in order that the truth of the Symposium be largely hidden. The same is true of English translations of the Vedas used by Orthodox Hinduism. How can love be practiced when so many truths concerning this attribute are hidden. I have often commented concerning the versatility of many writers and their manner of actually defeating the subject matter they attempt to present. It is a well known fact that Saint Paul condemns many things never mentioned by Christ. Even today there are willful distortions by those who arbitrarily decide that some things objectionable to them are wrong for other people. Whose interpretations are we to accept? As an Orthodox Priest I feel it necessary that I follow the positive statements of our Lord Jesus Christ, not the condemnations of other men. Along the same reasoning I feel it would be good to be able to delve deeply into history to attempt to find the true meaning of so many things now presented in distorted form.

We must all view truth as Truth, fully realizing that man existed on earth thousands of years ago, having proof of intelligent beings in advanced civilization over 60,000 years B. C. How can some contend man was created in 4,011 B.C.? "The Bible tells us so." Does it really? NO! The Old Testament is useful to a religious person for study of those things leading up to the coming of Christ, and it is certainly a history of the Children of Israel along with the record of their worship services and laws so dear to the hearts of the Jewish people

of today. These laws have many commentaries regarding their beliefs, food and also their moral code. Even the many good points of these maligned people are fully recorded as well as their failings.

In like manner we find the same type of records in the Vedas of the Hindi of India as well as in the Avesta of the early Persians who worshipped according to the teachings of Zoroaster. Early man was by nature devoted to his concept of a Being higher than his mentality, his concept of God, and so he is today—but with the multiplicity of dogmas, with the majority full of condemnation, it is no wonder that so many turn away from the Churches best known to them. Some, full of sincerity, may find consolation in a lodge but true contentment is lacking. Again I say, I am not preaching "Church," nor am I condemning any Church—I am asking all who are sincere to seek the Path of Truth.

SEEKING THE PATH

Only by diligent searching is one to find the Path of Truth. First we find within ourselves a desire to know just what is this truth. This is realized when a person ascertains things regarding himself as conformable to fact. My own physical well-being is best when living in a dry climate and at its worst near the ocean, surrounded by fog. My age doesn't permit me to romp as a youngster and my vision is corrected by glasses. These few personal facts, self-evident to me, are personal truths and there are many others regarding such things as food preferences. In fact we each and every one have ideas, preferences and in many instances idiosyncrasies not in common with others. These things give no man the right of censure, especially to me as a priest, in all such cases when Christ did not condemn.

In my travels I have met "all sorts and conditions of men." Basically each

nation has the same kind of people, though regional concepts vary, yet we find the identical minority groups in every country. Some of these people believe in God, others do not, but frankly each person must have something to hold on to such as faith; faith in nature, faith in God. Even the faith in one's own ability proves to me there is basically a belief in something beyond human concept. Actually this is in line with the Path of Truth that we possess love for our fellow man, be true to ourselves and those who have confidence in us.

Usually I am asked to comment on this as well as why we cannot trust everyone—not everyone is worthy of confidence. Confidence is really a state of feeling sure, so we tell those close to us of our innermost thoughts because we are trustful, but that trust once broken causes us to waver regarding that individual and realize that here is an unworthy acquaintance. At this point many go to any and all means to expose the person who has been unfaithful. Here is the birth of vindictiveness—an arch-enemy of Truth and the twin of revenge.

"O what a tangled web we do weave, when first we begin to deceive." Yet, I am told: "I cannot tell my family the truth." This is correct! Many suffer in silence, others go away, some bare their secrets to the people who are strangers to their ways and are reviled. Is all this necessary? I SAY NO! My manner of reasoning is that used by an early Eastern Orthodox Bishop, Saint Athanasius of Alexandria, Egypt, who was being hunted by a group of soldiers on orders to put him to death as a Christian. The elderly Bishop was in a boat drifting down the River Nile when he was seen by these soldiers and they hailed him and asked: "Do you know where we could find Athanasius?" The Bishop replied: "About two hours ago he was sixteen miles up

the River." Thus, a wonderful man was saved for Christianity; yet he did not lie. It is by what we call "An Athanasius" that many can be saved from embarrassment, still speaking the Truth, but failing to expose things damaging to their reputations. But here the technical will accuse me of condoning deceit without realizing that self-preservation is the first law of human nature and a sacred Truth, a great foundation stone, on the Path of Truth.

LET NONE CONDEMN

The structural union of the Path of Truth is built on:

- 1 - Right understanding
- 2 - Right mind
- 3 - Right speech
- 4 - Right action
- 5 - Right endeavor
- 6 - Right intention
- 7 - Right devotion
- 8 - Right living.

I have made two changes in this wording, which is used in our Orthodoxy. Number 6 is correctly, meditation and in Number 7 we use the word, worship. My reason for this change is that the words convey basically the same thought, but for those who have been so roundly condemned by certain groups, I believe these words will be more palatable to the majority of those here. Christ condemned only when necessary and admonished all "to condemn no man." Who am I to do such? I would violate my trust as a Priest should I ever entertain such thoughts, because in this capacity I am bound to do all in my power to help every one; try to heal the troubled spirit, admonish kindly when necessary and absolve. Condemn certain actions yes; but to condemn a person NEVER! To do otherwise would seem to me to ask God to permit me to give out my own laws to replace the greatest Teacher of Divine Love who gave us two commandments—both to love; NONE TO HATE, saying "On these

two commandments hang all the law."

I am often asked why there is so much hate on earth today, when all churches teach love. The love many teach is "love me, and hate those who disagree with me." This is not good. It comes about because the majority of minds dwell on deceit, envy, greed, ruthlessness, evil, depravity, agitation, trickery, insincerity, obsession and negative acts, all these things directed against their fellow man. Such things as these lead to DEGRADATION, unless we each and every one do all in our power to overcome this with UNDERSTANDING. But how? First cleaning and clearing our own minds of these eleven elements of degradation and replacing them with Love on the Path of Truth.

TREATMENT OF MINORITIES

All minority groups have been victims of acts of degradation; this applies to racial groups as well as all others. As to what is correct for any individual, of any one group or of several, we find as many definitions as there are schools of thought. So take your pick, you say. To impress my point I often refer to the Eskimo child who enjoys strips of whale blubber instead of candy. Being an American I personally prefer candy, so why interfere with the personal preferences of other people, whether they are friends or acquaintances, or strangers. We have no more right to do this than to enter a friend's home and radically rearrange the furniture without permission.

The helping hand on the Path of Truth is a union of minds, and restraining the inclination to split hairs over ideas. Basic principles are generally accepted when applicable to any individual minority group, but the ones who can't go along with an organization dedicated to their help are doing a disservice to that association. Some feel that someone is steam-rolling his plan to the detriment of others, and of course we find

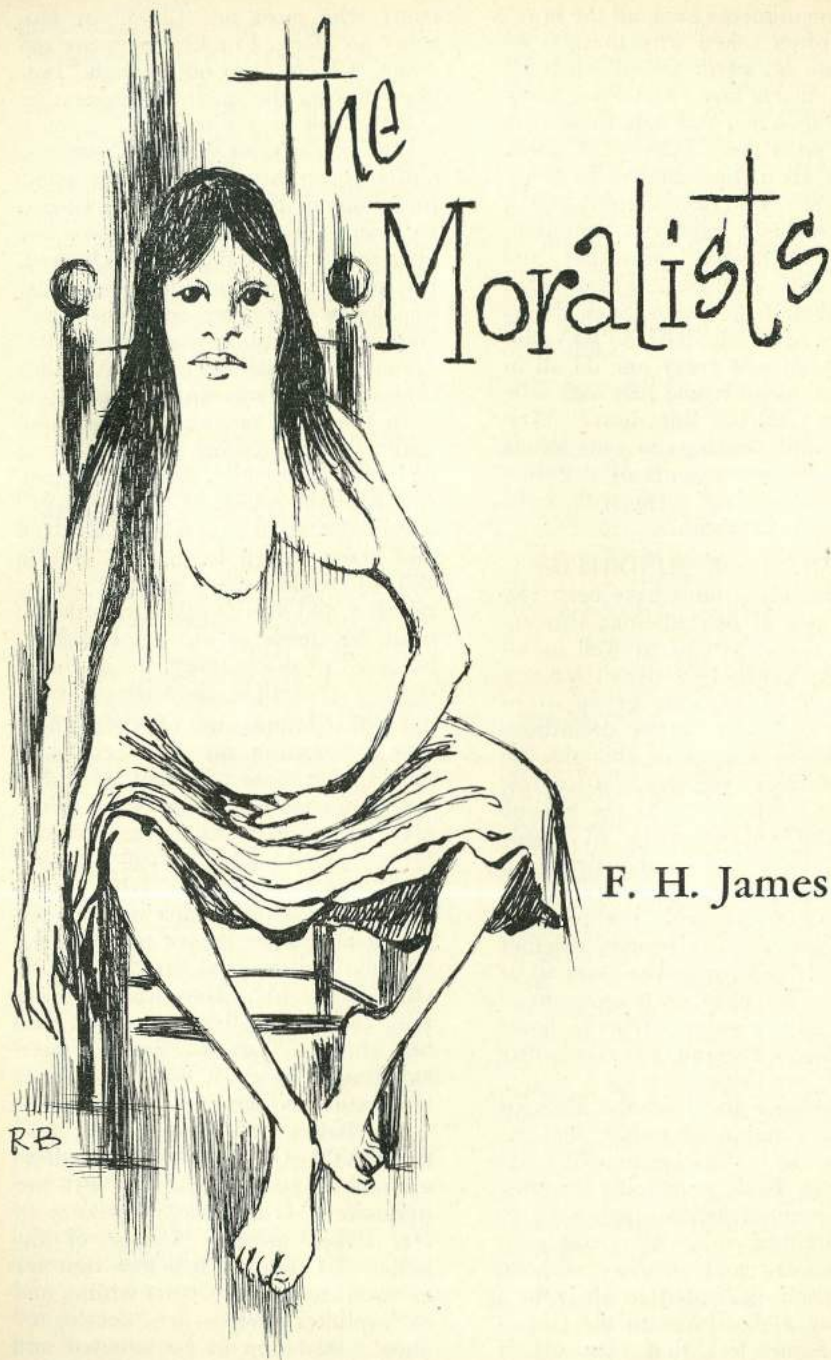
many who must be "Chief" or else won't go along. Frankly there are too many "Chiefs" and not enough "Indians" having the spirit of cooperation and the will of a warrior.

We find the same thing in Churches, and so there are 286 different interpretations of the teachings of Christ. By some groups we Orthodox are criticized as having "rosy-cheeked, roly-poly Bishops, bearded priests, exotic foods and noisy congregations." National traditions are often interpreted as actual doctrine, and thus comes misunderstanding of Orthodoxy.

In the same manner so many and varied groups hailing this or that to assist the homophile, cause much confusion in the minds of those who fail to understand the problems. By trial and error we all learn, and even a Bill of Rights must require study, revision and clarification in order to meet the needs of all. SO PLEASE, let us all work for unity, for in Union there is strength on the Path of Truth.

In the foundation of ONE there was a yearning for brotherhood, a seeking for those who had an ability for understanding, ones who would give their loyalty to a work of love for a minority group. I will not mention those here or now living, but I must say that one of the most inspiring of all people I have met was Dr. Blanche Baker—God give her MEM-ORY ETERNAL! Hers was a personality to inspire all who met her and her attitude "Toward Better Understanding" has given hope, as well as inspiration to many.

Dr. Baker, in my estimation, trod the PATH OF TRUTH, yet there are still many who disagree with her philosophy. I do not! In memory of Dr. Baker as the "helper of the helpless" I feel that it is now time for everyone to put aside petty whims, and each splinter group with a "pet slogan" should stand up to be counted and should bind themselves into a Mighty Timber of Union on the Path of Truth.



F. H. James

"You've never truly lived, Señor, until you've had a pregnant woman," he said. The speaker was a short sweaty man of about thirty, wearing tattered white cotton work togs. The place was the docks at San Ambroso, an insignificant town in Central America, where the freighter on which I was returning from a vacation in Brazil had put in for minor repairs. "I am Juan Garcia," the little man persisted, "For just a few pesos, Señor, I take you to a beautiful pregnant woman who will give you a good time, I guarantee, like nothing you've ever dreamed of."

I told him in Spanish that my dreams never included pregnant women, but I offered to buy him a beer if he would guide me to a good bar. He seemed delighted and leading me along for several blocks with the usual conversation finally ushered me into the Cornucopia Bar, a large but rather shabby place. Except for the long counter and a juke box the room contained only four tables indicating either an habitual dearth of customers or else a great deal of dancing on the spacious empty floor. We were alone except for the barman so we had our choice of tables.

Juan explained, "Business is very poor in my country. There are many people, everywhere many people, but little food. Most of our citizens have no work, and those who do have employment earn barely enough to keep body and soul together. It is very unfortunate. Ah! Here comes Maria, the one I told you about. Hello, *mi cara*, perhaps I have brought you a customer." Then turning to me, "She has a room out back, and for only a few pesos . . . No? Well, sit down anyway, Maria, maybe the Señor will change his mind."

Maria, like too many Latin women of thirty, had a worn-out look about her, and, though she was obviously pregnant, her arms and legs were like match stems. Yet she said a few cheerful words of greeting and eagerly poured herself a glass of beer. Juan continued, "She has not eaten since yesterday, poor dear, and with the baby on the way I worry. She was been a perfect wife to me for fifteen years."

"Your wife?"

"I understand your surprise, Señor," Juan went on. "She really doesn't look her age, but she has given me fifteen wonderful children, who all look like me. I try to be a good father, and you have no idea what difficulties I go through to feed my little ones."

I caught myself in time before inquiring how all the children looked like Juan if his wife was no better than she should be. I merely assumed that she followed the practice of Mrs. Octavian Caesar, who always shunned other masculine advances until she was already in a family way by her husband.

"Some day we hope to get married," Juan sighed pensively, "Like most couples in this country, Señor, we could never afford to pay the priest to marry us."

"Marriage is a sacrament," I pointed out, "Even I—raised a Protestant—know that no priest can charge you for performing a sacrament."

"True, Señor, but it would embarrass us too much to get married without some little offering for the priest. And perhaps there would be flowers to buy, and a band, and wine for the guests. . . . No, Señor, it would embarrass us too much without money for the priest. These are indeed hard times."

"What's the chief means of livelihood here," I inquired, trying diplomatically to change the subject.

"Some fish and some farm," Juan said, "but the ocean currents are not right for fishing, and the land is exhausted. Would you believe it, Señor, the land here was once fertile and abundant—like our people. When my grandfather came here from the capital as a youth, the forests in this province were nearly untouched. He could burn away all the timber he liked, to get as much as he could work. And wood ashes make the corn grow high and green. Others came, and they with all their children did the same. But with the trees gone, every rain carried away more

of the soil, until now there is nothing left but rocks and gravel, and even that is very precious now. Yet only ten or twelve years ago, things were not so bad; we could still eat. Because of you, Señor—no offence!—we are all of us slowly starving now.”

“Because of *me*?” I momentarily doubted his sanity, but he explained:

“Your government—their foreign aid program—they decided to wipe out the fever in San Ambroso. Before that time, the fever made barefooted angels in heaven of two out of every three babies born here. The others could still eat. Yet after the Americans came with DDT, nearly all the children lived. A man has to feed his children—all of them; so now everyone of us is slowly starving.”

As there came a look of trapped desperation on his face, I took the opportunity of suggesting more beer. His eyes brightened, “Thank you yes, Señor, and I have something you’re bound to like—only fourteen and almost a virgin.” He sent Maria waddling off to fetch four beers and one Rosa.

“If things are so bad here,” I asked, “why don’t you move to a more prosperous place like, perhaps, Brazil, where they still have a frontier?”

“Move? Travel costs money. I couldn’t even hike to the capital; I would starve to death on the road. Several have tried and were never heard of again. We live from one morsel to the next. We even eat snakes and rats, and smack our lips. Yet there is hope, for Pandora did not let hope out of her box. There will be an election next month, and the Liberal party has promised to practice the axioms of our patron, St. Ambrose. They will confiscate the land from a man who has, say, two acres, and then give one acre each to two men who have nothing. The Liberal party has become very popular in San Ambroso.”

“Do you mean St. Ambrose would have approved of the policies of your Liberal party?” I asked, skeptical and amused.

“Of course, Señor. Did he not say, ‘Hoggers of the harvest are accursed among the people?’”

“I thought St. Ambrose was talking about grain speculators who. . . .” I was interrupted by Juan’s sigh, “It’s all the same; it amounts to the same thing, for only the foolish or the very blessed try to argue with the stomach.”

Just then, Maria brought back the four beers. With her was a scrawny unwashed girl with bleached blond hair. She was utterly bored or else quite sleepy. I inquired, “How old are you, child?”

“I’m twenty-two,” she lied glumly.

“Say you’re twelve,” Juan hissed.

“Twelve, Señor,” Rosa dutifully replied, again lying.

“She is truly almost a virgin, Señor,” Maria proffered, “She has only two babies. And for just a few pesos. . . .”

“Unfortunately, my next three children are boys,” Juan said, “We send them all to the market every day, so they can steal bits of food sometimes. There used to be schools, but not enough for all the children in San Ambroso, and there was no money to build more. The Liberal party said it was not democratic for some children to get schooling and others not. So all the schools were closed.”

“Your boys are still quite young,” I explained, thinking it safe to speak frankly, “but if you could introduce me to a nice young man over twenty-one, I might be more interested than I am in your pregnant women and almost-virgin girls.”

“Good heavens!” Juan cried, and then whispered in my ear: “Do you mean you’re a *joto*?”

“I guess that’s what you might call me—a *joto*,” I replied aloud.

“How dare you use that word in front of my wife and daughter,” he stormed, “we are decent people. May God and His Holy Mother curse you!”

Seeing his agitation, I thought it best to leave at once. The seven beers amounted to about 40c, but unnoticed in the commotion I slipped a \$10 bill under my bottle—even though I suspected they would just squander it on something foolish like a wedding.

As I made for the door, Maria registered her opinion, “And may the Great Earth Goddess curse you too!”

“Filthy unnatural pervert!” Juan flung as a parting sling, “It’s scum like you who would cause the human race to perish and disappear from the earth!”

PROEM

all this gay
game
that seems to be
strike
and run
Best you may! Take what you can!
a superficiality for all
its fun
that seems to me
rules out
love
it seems to me . . .
it seems to me . . .
I really now pine
for once upon a time
Yes! a truly lacy
old fashioned valentine!
but then of course we know
in aging we grow
childish
dont we?

p. e. britton

tangents

news & views

by w.e.g. mcintire

TOOTING ONE'S OWN HORN

ONE Magazine has been getting its share of attention lately, both favorable and unfavorable. The television program (OFF THE CUFF, ABC-TV, Chicago) which was originally shown February 24th, was repeated April 19th by popular demand. Norman Ross and WBKB-TV report that most mail was favorable. **Variety**, in reporting on the program said: "Most interesting of the panel members were Father James Jones [a speaker at ONE'S 1963 MidWinter Institute] who articulately fielded the tricky question of sin, and W. Dorr Legg of the homosexual 'lobby' known as ONE Institute, whose position was that sexual deviation is a social rather than a psychological phenomenon and who seemed to be seeking recognition of the 'third sex' as a minority group.... But the most astonishing thing said was by attorney Paul R. Goldman, experienced in the defense of deviates in the law courts... (who) 'often went to great lengths to obtain change of venue when a case came up before a judge who was latently homosexual and therefore prejudiced against the breed.'"

Playboy Magazine mentioned this tv program favorably in an editor's article, May of this year. The month before, **Nugget** Magazine had an article on homosexuals in New York which mentioned ONE (April). And in its June issue **Esquire** Magazine had an article on the Supreme Court and sex (and censorship) which discussed, among other cases, the lawsuit against the Post Office won in the U.S. Supreme Court by ONE, Incorporated.

ONE was also mentioned, unfavorably, on another television show, the Ben Hunter show in Los Angeles. On the panel there was a man from the Committee for Decent Literature (sic), who held several magazines, which he considered obscene, before the camera. With the exception of ONE Magazine all of those shown were "hard core pornography" publications. The man said, as he had on a previous tv show, that he was not asking for censorship or banning of publications which have been cleared by the courts. He was asked whether he had contacted ONE for information so that he would speak from knowledge and not hearsay or personal opinion. He replied

that he had contacted no one. This was obvious.

The question is, why does he keep showing ONE Magazine, calling it obscene, then saying he does not oppose those publications cleared by the courts? Is he actually ignorant of the fact that the U.S. Supreme Court has cleared ONE? Or is he deliberately hiding this fact from his viewers and hoping that guilt by association will lead the viewer to think that ONE is obscene since he holds it up with so-called obscene publications without pointing out that it is not one of them. This comes close to being slander. From San Diego we learn that another member of this "Committee for Decent Literature" has been indicted for molesting two young girls. It figures.

BUT THAT'S DIFFERENT THEY'LL SAY!

Since some publications are still plugging away at the Vassal treason case, perhaps we should note an article by John Crosby. He says: "The British press, some of it anyway, has come off very badly in the Vassal case [See the Editorial, ONE Magazine, January, 1963]... During the uproar, the press here wallowed in speculations, most of which have proved to be totally untrue... One of the things that has come out of the Vassall case is the shocked discovery by the press at just how thoroughly disliked and distrusted it is by the British public. Several of the newspapers here have been deluged with letters which are overwhelmingly anti-press... it does seem to me that a newspaper's circulation figures are not at all an accurate reflection of the paper's real popularity or the extent to which it is trusted. It is quite possible to buy a paper and hate it and disbelieve every word it it." Crosby ends the article with these thought-provok-

ing words: "On one side of the Atlantic, the press is a nuisance to the authorities; on the other side they're managed by them. And on both sides of the Atlantic, the press seems to be creating almost more news than it's covering."

A case in point is the **Santa Barbara News Press** which gives excess space to numerous and repetitious reports of children molesting each other and men exposing themselves in public, thus giving outsiders the impression that this is the most important news in Santa Barbara and that nothing else is happening, good or bad. But most newspapers are quilty of "managing" the news. To refer again to the Vassall case, let's take a look to see if the papers have given as much publicity to the traitors who were heterosexual as they have the homosexual ones. What of the case of the Russian Col. Oleg V. Penkovsky, sentenced to death, and the British co-spy Greville Maynard Wynne, sentenced to prison, for giving and receiving Russian secrets. Did the press put this on the front page in black headlines and accompany it with editorials calling for the firing of everyone connected with the hiring of this business man and Colonel and questioning the patriotism of the families, etc.? Did the press call for all businessmen and Colonels to be fired and for no heterosexuals to be hired since they obviously might become traitors?

And when you consider the viciousness with which homosexuals are persecuted in the military service based on the official reasoning that they might become traitors, how do you account for the lack of interest in the heterosexual traitors? What about the U. S. Capt. Alfred Svenson of the 3d Armored Div., who deserted to Germany, a known rake. And Sgt.

Benjamin Cain of the U. S. 6th Inf. who deserted to the communists, a married man with a family.

Newsweek of May 27th gave a count down on the military desertions: "Those two Army men, a captain and a sergeant, who deserted to East Germany brought the total since World War II to 79, two Army officers, and 77 enlisted men. (The other services list no defectors.) The Army says 75 men went behind the Iron Curtain in Europe, 2 in Korea, 2 in Cuba. Today, 48 are still in Red countries; 2 have committed suicide; 29 have returned. Almost all, the Army adds, fled not for ideological reasons, but for personal troubles."

SEX IS OK, EXCEPT IN ONE

Those who have cancelled subscriptions to **ONE** because they consider it too sexy should certainly not consider reading the new publication **Liaison** from New York, the land of **Eros**. Subtitled "the Bi-weekly Newsletter of Love," its May 18th issue has an interview with a male hustler. Some of the text goes like this:

How much do you charge? I leave that up to the john, I let him decide . . . **When you were in a gang, was there anything gay going on?** A little There's a lot of gay stuff in some very tough gangs, especially among the leaders — they're closet queens. **What are the majority of hustlers like?** We're not talking about you now specifically. The thing is, hustlers still consider themselves straight, although they enjoy what they do. Sure, they say it's strictly the money they're after, but it's the sex too . . . I think the danger sign a hustler should watch out for is when he begins to be choosy about his johns. If you're just hustling for money, you don't care who it is, dig? **What about your sex life outside of hustling?** Oh, I get sex out-

side of hustling. Sometimes I'll go out with a girl. Or a boy.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM" MODERN VERSION

Readers interested in religion and religiously oriented groups might pause to consider the ads placed in many newspapers by Moral Re-Armament. MRA has been more honest than similar organizations, perhaps, but its ideas are pretty much representative of such groups. In the column of the advertisement listing what they are **against** we find the following: "homosexuality, lesbianism, pornography, adultery . . . Sexual deviants in high places who protect potential spies . . ." This sounds all too much like Hitler's speeches against the Jews.

Obstacles created by this type of "thinking" cause many homosexuals to abandon religious groups in order to work with more enlightened groups such as the American Civil Liberties Union, which has demonstrated its devotion to the principles of the Bill of Rights and the idea of judging individuals by their own accomplishments or failures rather than by the characteristics popularly attributed to their race or nationality.

A FRIEND IN COURT

The New York chapter of the ACLU announces in its March, 1963 publication that it is entering an **amicus** brief on behalf of the proprietor of the Cafe Bohemia in Greenwich Village. The N Y State Liquor Authority (SLA) has revoked the *Bohemia's* license on the grounds that homosexuals were congregating on the premises. For a report on how "pure" the work and motives of the SLA really are, see the April 5th issue of **Life** Magazine. The article reports that the owners of the Playboy nightclub chain had to bribe a member of

the Authority and an attorney in order to get a liquor license. But graft is nothing new to the men appointed to control the morals of their fellow men, as readers of **ONE** Magazine could well testify. For a report on the liquor control in California see the **ONE Institute Quarterly**, number 8, in which evils of the California Alcoholic Beverage Control board are described. Since then there has been a series of scandals in San Francisco in the ABC. It seems self-evident that any man who sets out to close bars merely because he doesn't like the people who gather there, is in character when he accepts bribes to allow the bar to remain open. If you can justify one act, you can justify the other.

A CAMPY COURT

The court room was a "gay" place as reported in the **San Francisco Chronicle** when Mrs. Sonja Moore, a shapely honey-blond asked for a divorce from her husband because he left her for a man. He left her for her male hairdresser. (The lesson here is that a woman should never let her husband and hair-dresser meet; the thing "only her hair-dresser **knows**" may be her husband!) The defense tried to prove that Mrs. Moore was not as naive about the gay set as she wanted the judge to believe. "After all," said the husband's lady attorney, "didn't you give your husband a birthday party in the Gaslight Club, which is a gay bar?" The judge remarked that his own education had been lacking on this point. No report as to the outcome of the case.

"WHEN THE PARTY'S OVER" MARINE STYLE, SECOND CHAPTER

The **Los Angeles Times** has reported a case a bit unusual for its pages. The second slaying on a Camp Pendleton (Oceanside, California between San Diego and Los

Angeles) sentry post within five months brought loud protests of relatives who were not at all pleased at the inefficiency of the military and FBI in finding out the facts concerning the death. As any queen on Main Street can tell you, there are so many marines, sailors, airmen, and soldiers in bed with them on week-ends that now the military police are being stationed in Hollywood and Pershing Square to keep the "action" down, something not the Hollywood police, nor any group in history has been able to do. Marine Corps Private David F. Moran, like most of his fellow Marines, had taken to going with homosexuals, including John Marcellino Quatrano, 25, of Hollywood, and of bad character. The friendship came to a halt when Moran shot Quatrano, a civilian, in a telephone booth at remote Camp Margarita. With amazing disinterest the FBI reported the shooting as accidental, giving reasons which any tv watching, Dick Tracy reading sub-teen-ager of today would have known were untrue. The facts as reported in the Times are these. Moran said he accidentally shot his gun while reaching in his pocket for a cigarette to give his friend Quatrano. **Quatrano didn't smoke.** Why, asked the relatives and many disinterested readers, did the Marine Corps allow Quatrano on the base after dark when visitor's passes expire at sunset? Why was Moran chatting with his friend when guard rules strictly forbid sentries to talk with anyone outside the line of duty? How could the gun fire "accidentally" when Corps rules say a sentry's weapon must have an empty chamber under the hammer? The bolt must be pulled to shove a live round home and the safety released before it is ready to fire.

Quatrano had a police record as

a homosexual. He had met Moran and other Marines outside the Hollywood USO. He had called collect to Moran at the Camp and Moran had called him. The two, with others, had been mixed up in some robberies. There were pawn tickets in Quatrano's pockets with Moran's name on them. Quatrano had forged checks. The car Quatrano was driving at the time of his death was stolen. Apparently Moran did not know how to call an affair to a halt in a less final way. As for the Corps' answer to the sex problem, it obviously can't stop sex, it has merely given guilt complexes to less intelligent Corpsmen and thus contributed to such acts as Moran's. It would appear that they countenance making out with a queer if you rob him, or get money, but not if you like him. This leads the Corpsmen into contact only with homosexuals of bad character such as Quatrano. Of course, if the military services tried to be honest, they would likely hear from old maids who think young men don't have sex until they are married or get out of service. But then since when did the military make rules due to public opinion? You don't win wars that way! They just don't have **men** in the military like they did in the old days—of Greece.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

The editor of that Hollywood newspaper (?) which crusaded against homosexuals took a vacation and went to Europe. We hear the paper is facing a lawsuit as a public nuisance. Anyway, the crusading spirit of the editor didn't stop, it merely switched targets, from homosexuals to theaters showing movies considered immoral. In a front page article the newspaper reported that a man was attempting to prevent theaters

from showing a film he did not approve of, and trying to get the licenses of such theaters revoked.

Now the paper wants to go beyond controlling people's private sex acts; it wants to control their minds—what they see and what ideas can be presented for consideration in films, and presumably, in publications. The film which brought on the campaign, which failed as did the campaign against homosexuals, was, **The Balcony**, starring Shelley Winters—a good, funny show if you can stay with it at the start to get the train of thought.

These campaigners are probably behind the attempt to get the laws changed, to raise the minimum age for drinking alcoholic beverages and driving cars. The point is that they have no faith either in the young people of today, nor of their parents, nor of the present laws, nor of the law enforcers, in fact they don't trust anyone but themselves.

WE'RE SURROUNDED!

Just as some camp referred to the homosexuals as the sea around us, you can get the idea that bigots and thought-controllers are also all around us. The **Los Angeles Times** points out that even in Italy there is censorship. Bruce Renton reports that while all the sexy films get past the censors, no serious discussion of sex and its repercussions on family life is allowed. One victim was the famous German caricaturist, George Grosz, who had previously had the same thing (his work confiscated) happen in Hitler's Germany. Also Luis Bunel's great Spanish film "Viridiana" was seized at its showing in Milan because it constituted an offense against the Roman Catholic religion. Although forced to return the film, the police immediately seized another film, "The Queen Bee"

(L'Ape Regina) which Marco Ferreri directed. Then the Rome Police put on trial the well-known publisher Beniamino Carrucci, for having published the script for the movie ("The Queen Bee") in a book called **Matrimony in Black and White**.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Following in the paths toward civil liberties set by the Negroes, homosexuals are now going into court to start a campaign for their rights. As a local attorney pointed out in an article on the police last month, it is our duty to fight invasion of our privacy. Bruce C. Scott, of Route 1, Springfield, Virginia, has filed suit in the U. S. Dist. Court, in Wash. D. C., asking for a judgment declaring him eligible for competitive civil service advancement tests despite allegations of homosexuality. The National Capitol Area Civil Liberties Union is involved in this suit and in one on behalf of Ronald Brass. ACLU is also interested in the **Dew** case on appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court. The Circuit Court of Appeals for the Circuit of the District of Columbia held that William Dew was rightfully discharged for the efficiency of the service by the Federal Aviation Agency because at the age of 18 he indulged in four homosexual acts, some of which he took money for, and smoked reefers, even though now, at the age of 32, he is a well-adjusted, married heterosexual. The Mattachine Society in Washington is interested in similar cases and appears to be generally quite active.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE "EXAMPLE" STATE

What, you might ask, goes on in the one state which has laws which do not discriminate against homosexuals. Have the laws had much effect upon public thinking and the

lives of the homosexuals? Not if we go by the press. Here is the opening line from a column in the **North Loop News** of Chicago: "With the beach season almost at hand, I hope the police and the Park District people do as good a job this year as they did last in cutting the overt and obnoxious members of the third sex down to size . . ." The **Chicago Tribune** has refused to advertise the Stein & Day edition of the **Wolfenden Report**, presumably because of the words, **homosexual** and **prostitution** in the ad.

RECOMMENDED READING

For a change of pace, try **Literary Guide to Seduction**, from Stein & Day, edited by Robert Meister, introduction by Leslie A. Fiedler. Our only complaint with this beautiful book is that it limited itself to titillating the heterosexuals.

In a similar vein, with a bit of homosexuality thrown in as spice; **Jou Pu Tuan**, by Li Yu. This book is an erotic novel of 17th century China, witty, well written but primarily heterosexual in the telling of a young student's pursuit of a variety of sex with women and a young male servant (Grove Press).

If you want to read some of the most avant garde fiction of the day, fiction which will in due time be famous and honored, read your copies of **ONE Magazine**.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE

by Ihara Saikaku Chas. Tuttle\$3.50
A collection of skillfully told erotic tales from 17th-century Japan. Readers of **ONE** will have a special feeling for the 5th story, *Gengobei, The Mountain of Love*. These stories are fresher than most now appearing in our "better" periodicals—and far more sophisticated. The illicit amour and grand passions cannot help but bring forth recitations of kinship and sympathy.

ONE Bookservice
2256 Venice Blvd., L. A. 6, Calif.

MOMENT



He sank upon the floor in grotesque posture, his obesity overflowing all around him. The pink window-curtains fell across his huge mass of uncombed, raven black hair; and the half-moon chartreuse colored woven-yarn rug formed a dais upon which he slumped, his fat face stupidly—his eyes unintelligently expressing some strange voluptuous bliss.

Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun crept sensuously through him and he turned the radio knob and muted the music to a soft surge through his lazy blood, pulsating with the slow rhythms of desire so pregnant in DeBussy's masterpiece. One great hand clawed at the pink curtains and dragged them aside, and he stared lewdly, lasciviously out upon the countryside.

The rolling green hills stretched endlessly, broken only by scattered clusters of throbbing trees and fiercely singing birds—beautiful spasms of blue, sharp swords of red, and quivering throats of speckled brown and gray. The lilac burned purple in the slow distillation of desire, and the roses burst visibly with uncensored meaning torn with the excruciating pains of a thousand thorns.

by Clarence Alva Powell

Beyond the flame-yard and rising with panting hurt, and falling with undulations, the warm breast of meadows heaved, and the goldenrod swept on with yellow-heat; the tender blue wavered; the sumac bled. He looked at his hands. He held them up before his burning eyes, and he found them delicate with fragrant pollen, thin-veined with color. He rose on the sweep of the faun's dream and drifted, a giant butterfly, out the window, on past the enclosed yard, and over the fields of summer.

And mingled with ecstasy of color; jerked a crazy course among the shimmering white love; and slept on the lips of marigold, and drowned in the honeyed kiss. He splotched his yellow wings with gold; and he ran his keen proboscis deep into the core of cringing violet, and forgetmenot, and buttercup, and daisy, and drove into hysteria the other less violent butterflies. And he was not surprised to note, on a downward sweep in the sun, that his wings were crimson, and that the crimson was mottled with brown.

He took off at a dizzy zigzagging pace after the alluring, the beautiful and dainty lady and drove her into the sun and down to the earth; and she died. He chased all the mournful butterflies away, and those that were slow he slew, and he drank their blood and roamed the love-vine level. Nor was he surprised to note that his wings were brown, and that the brown was mottled with black.

Dashing out of the sunlight he entered the dark magnolias, and mingled with the mistletoe. He swept down upon dark flitting, fluttering shadows that screamed with terror, and screeched with pain. And he slew the bats. Their carcasses fell silently upon the floor of the cave, sucked dry of blood. He watched them float down like shadows. And his wings were black, and the black was marked with drops of blood.

Sated, he flew out of the cavern—out of the darkness. Below him lay fields of color—flowers and hovering butterflies, myriad, many. Plummeting to earth, like the sleek marten, or like the deadly hawk, or like the vengeful eagle, he curled up in the sun, and slept. He was awakened, a satyr, by sound of blood-call; by the marshalled armies in his blood that beat against the door of his brain; and he awakened slowly, leisurely. He was startled by the sound of music, and the vision of love. He leapt to his feet, a magnificent animal of lust, and ran down the hillside in search of his golden mate.

The odor—the essence of spring assailed him; of spring ripening into luscious summer, of fruitful, abundant summer, and the sweet intoxication of himself, his mad burning self impelled him at a run down the valleys and up the mountains, zephyr light upon his goat's feet, crushing tender flowers and following the scent.

And following the music until he dispersed all the swarms of butterflies, and scattered the feathers of the birds and smote with anger the bones of the bats, stamped into the earth the fine fur of the bats, and broke with thunderbolt madness into the chaotic self-storm, panting down the steep and wallowing in the sensuous vales where tired, exhausted, he lay down and slept again.

The final strains of his reverie dwindled, sustained the long long long and last poignant sweet frustration of substance and sense into pleasant sadness into aching sobs into broken denouement into shuddering innuendo into silence, into silence silence.

The music stopped amid the roar of prolonged applause. The voice of the announcer said—the entirely unromantic human voice said: "You have heard DeBussy's *The Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*." And the fat one's vulgar hulk rose from the floor while he reached with huge ham-like hand for the knob, and he turned the radio off.

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



THE SEX DIARY OF GERARD SORME by Colin Wilson, The Dial Press, Inc., New York, \$4.95, 256 pages.

Gerard Sorme was looking for "a life in which consciousness is no longer a feeble flame," and when the reader finishes his diary, he knows that Sorme was still looking. Cunningham, with his weird faith in magic, especially his orgiastic faith in the magic of sex, had no answer. He only moved the book, which is a novel written with the wit and excellence to be expected of Colin Wilson, to its inevitable climax of trouble.

Gerard Sorme was a very heterosexual young man, and most of his friends or collaborators had the same tendency. So anybody who expects to find this a homosexual story will be disappointed. But Cunningham was anything and everything, so the accounts of his behavior in the small society with which this diary deals can only prove interesting.

Sorme was a thoughtful guy, given to philosophizing, and Colin Wilson has made him the sort of young man whose anxieties, perplexities, and conclusions are thought-provoking. As when he puts it down that "the sexual illusion" is "a false notion that the being of the other person conceals a reality that you lack." The diary deals mainly with illusions. It leaves a reader hugging his, rather more comfortable that he is not alone. It leaves him feeling slightly superior—just slightly—to illusions.

L. F.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND MYSELF by Michael Davidson, Arthur Barker, London, 1962, \$5.00, 354 pp.

This autobiography of an English journalist is a shallow rambling and mostly a frantic listing of myriad relatives and acquaintances and explanations of who they are. Even the frank homosexuality (a passion for only pre-bearded boys) is uninteresting. A few items are of interest, such as the author falling in love with the 16-year-old W. H. Auden, or getting pinched on the behind by a spry 80-year-old Edward Carpenter.

A. E. Smith.

MORE LOVES THAN ONE, The Bible Confronts Psychiatry, by Stuart E. Rosenberg, Nelson, New York & Toronto, 1963, \$3.95, 190 pp.

This lively book argues for the validity today of the Old Testament as a moral, ethical and psychological guide. The author lands many a telling point in the hides of the Freudians, and those theologians who have arranged a marriage of convenience between Freud and Calvin.

Dr. Rosenberg, modernist minister to Canada's largest Jewish congregation, passionately attacks the view that the Old Testament is harsh and loveless. Yet his main propositions seem to keep shifting disconcertingly about.

The average homosexual reader will at first feel cheated. Certainly, the author has wasted a very good title.

Dr. Rosenberg is a humane writer. But, as with so many Christian ministers, his humaneness has become a brightly packaged commodity. When he deals with "the various kinds of love," his vision barely strays beyond the assorted positional relationships of the heterosexual family. But each is seen in the context of familial and communal responsibilities, not individual passions. He feels the individual-passion view of love, the "Romantic Heresy," to be the root of modern man's damning alienation.

The entire re-evaluation of the homosexual condition is a chief goal of the current homophile movement, more than the treadmill task of lobbying for or against the latest proposed city or state ordinances about the policing of public restrooms. This re-evaluative process must relate to a broad and deep re-evaluation of social forms generally.

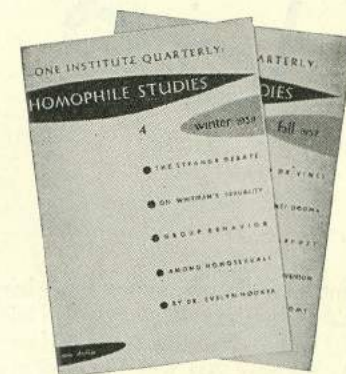
Although Dr. Rosenberg makes little reference to homosexuality, his attempts to set the Old Testament ideas of sex and love and social responsibility in a clear context and to criticize the current fads of psychoanalysis, sex-for-sex's-sake, and guilt theology, should interest those who seek a sound understanding of homosexuality and society.

He argues that modern definitions of love (or sex) tend to be selfish, pleasure oriented, and self-destructive. A healthy love, he feels, cannot come from the atomistic individualist context, but only in a context which relates the "I-Thou" relationship to communal concerns. It is the most pivotal theoretical, juridical and therapeutic question for us whether homosexual loves can be today given any substantial communal context.

While I found many details that were annoying in this book, I would nonetheless urge it on every thoughtful homosexual.

DAL MCINTIRE
(no kin to Sal, Fal, Xal, etc.)

NOW OUT QUARTERLY NO. 15



Editorial on the scholarly and research importance of ONE's Library, by Leslie Colfax, Librarian. "Biological Factors in Sexual Behavior," by Dr. Ray Evans, clinical psychologist, an important paper in this or any other journal. Dr. Evans says, "The very fact that throughout the mammalian scale a great many more males than females engage in homosexual behavior is in itself suggestive of a constitutional factor."

Part II, the concluding section of "A Study of Homosexuality in France during the Reigns of Louis XIII & Louis XIV," by Marc Daniel, translated here from the French for the first time.

The Indexes for Volumes I, II & III; Letters; Abstracts.

EDUCATION DIVISION

ONE Incorporated
2256 Venice Blvd.

READERS on Writers

Many One Readers must have been fascinated by the syllogistic-titled article of Donald Webster Cory (March, 1963), "Where Art was Love, Where Love was Sex, and Sex was Art" on Hindu, Roman and Greek erotic attitudes. Unfortunately, the volumes reviewed were priced too high for general interest.

We might question the syllogism stating Sex is Art. This type of logic supports most theologies, but rarely science. However, the sacredness of human emotion shines through.

Cory possibly was not aware that the Mulk Raj Anand volume, "Kama Kala: Some Notes on the Philosophical Basis of Hindu Erotic Sculpture" was preceded by a beautiful article by the same author in *Evergreen Review*, Summer of 1959, available in many second-hand stores. This article was accompanied by some interesting photographs of the erotic sculpture at the Sun Temple of Konarak. Anand is reported as a famous Indian novelist, Editor of Bombay's *Marg* magazine, which had the original article. Doubtless, the *Marg-Evergreen Review* article is incorporated in the book quoted by Cory.

Anand, in the *Evergreen Review* article, affirms that the Hindi erotic philosophy culminated in the Gita Govinda (Hindu scripture) of Jayadeva, who affirmed "no sexual activity is undesirable in itself, except when it involves harm to the participants or is repugnant to one of them." (Anand's words) While the stress is on heterosexuality, later elaboration encompassed all forms of sexual activity.

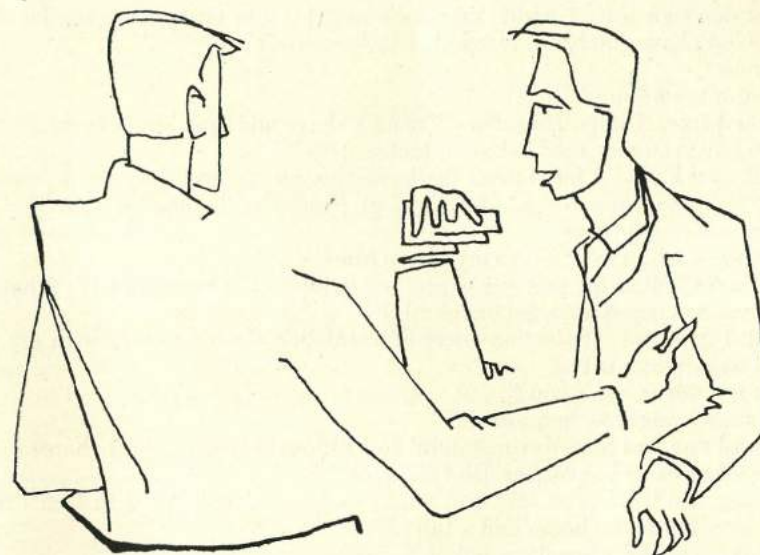
As reported by Cory, the three volumes were disappointingly short of information concerning homosexuality in these ancient cultures; however, this may be negligence on the reviewer's part, rather than the authors. If this is true, this reader wonders why the article was written at all for ONE magazine!

A less academic volume, perhaps, or at least less expensive, might be recommended: "The Jewel In The Lotus" described as "A Historical Survey of the Sexual Culture of the East." (Allen Edwardes, the Julian Press, 1959. \$6.50) The clue to the Oriental tolerance of deviations is given at the head of the chapter on perversions: A Matter of Taste.

—Wilfran Nichols

Conversation in a Bar

by James Ramp



Hank was in a booth in a bar on Christmas Eve. He had been talking to a Marine—without luck. The Marine said 'Goodnight' and left. A tall, lanky man—about thirty—came from the bar carrying a glass of beer. He said: "Can I set here?" and slid into the booth without invitation.

"Well, you're here now," said Hank. "Make yourself comfortable."

"My name's Joe. I'm stuck here on my way home for Christmas. I got a wife and two children waiting for me in Georgia."

"That's tough, on Christmas Eve."

"I was listenin' to you try to make that Marine."

"Then you're wiser than he was."

"I am looking for somebody myself."

"What are you looking for?"

"Somebody who will pay me fifteen bucks."

"Fifteen bucks for what?"

"To sleep with me, of course!"

"But you have a wife and two children at home."

"I need fifteen bucks to git there and buy them some pretties for Christmas."

"Why should I pay you fifteen bucks?"

"Well, you're queer, ain't you?"

"You're the queer one."

"What'n Hell you mean?"

"I do what I do for . . . love. You do it for money."
 "Well, I *need* money."
 "And I *need* love."
 "Yeah! I heard you invite that Marine to your hotel."
 "That was for a Christmas drink."
 "Don't kid me. Strangers in bars don't operate that way! You mean to tell me you ain't a pansy?"
 "I don't mean to tell you anything. It's none of your damned business!"
 "Now don't git sore. I hadda take a chance. I got to git home to my family."
 "How long have you been stranded in Jacksonville?"
 "A week."
 "Tried hitch-hiking?"
 "I hiked from Tampa here. Now I need a shave and look kinda rough."
 "How have you managed to live in Jacksonville?"
 "Well, *you* know! I let summa the boys pick me up and then shook 'em down. I hadda beat one sonnabitch before he'd give me what he had on him. 69c!"
 "That was tough titty."
 "It shure was! I a'most broke my fist on him."
 "And after telling me this you expect me to invite you to my hotel? What pleasure do you, a married man, get out of this?"
 "Well, I gotta git satisfaction oncet in awhile when I ain't home with my wife."
 "As I said, tough titty."
 "You *are* queer, ain't you?"
 "Let's say I might be homosexual."
 "I heard you and that Marine talkin' and I thought it might be a chanst for me."
 "You asked me if I am queer. Do I *act* queer?"
 "No you don't. But you said you *might* be homosexual. What in Hell's the difference between being homo and a fairy?"
 "A fairy acts like a female in public."
 "Well, I'll be damned! What in Hell diffrence does it make if you act like a Queen or not?"
 "A matter of pride. I have too many so-called normal friends, to behave in a silly manner."
 "Well, what about me? Do I get it or not?"
 "You *may* get bucks but not bed."
 "What in Hell does that mean?"
 "If I am to believe this story about a wife and two children in Georgia, I will make you a proposition. I will go to the bus station with you, buy you a ticket, see you off on the next bus."
 "What about money for Christmas presents?"
 "You should be present enough for a loving family."
 "Then you won't lend me the money?"
 "No, not even if I could spare it. You don't mean *lend*. You mean *give*."
 "Fuck you, you dirty bastard! I got a notion to poke you!"
 "I wouldn't advise it, Bud!" A tall sailor unfolded from the next booth and stood over Joe. "I've been bending an ear to your sad story. Go tell it somewhere else!"
 Joe got up and stomped out of the bar. Hank looked after him, grinning."
 "Nice going!" said the sailor. "May I buy you a beer?"
 "All the little pichers around here have big ears!" chuckled Hank. "Thanks I would like a beer."
 "That Marine wasn't very bright!" said the sailor, sliding into the booth. He lifted his glass: "A Merry Christmas to us!"

ZAKERIBAL

slow
 this return
 long
 this daily birth of brightness
 slow and long
 when the mind stirring from sleep
 wavers
 trembles like a fawn just up from leaves

 soft slow so exquisite
 these moments
 when touch
 fresh and timid and hesitant as a speckled fawn
 awakes

 so exquisite
 this moment when first your body
 lies languid and warm
 curved
 deep in the folds of my dawning senses

Erskine Lane

THE POLITICAL PRISONER. HIS SOLO.

3 22 38 Anna bei Gestapo.

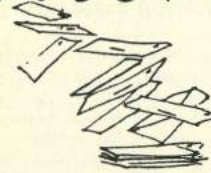
I have eaten my heart in the public johns.
The taste of a stone. Like cigarette butts.
Just as soon as I swallowed it down it would start to
toss itself up.

Like what it is like when they come for you.
If I could learn you all that I know.
The tile patterns. The random seeding of burnt matches
during the long waits.
The age of hands.
The beauty deducted from shoes.
The cough. The cigarette. The drumming of heels.
Then the ticking of the belt buckle. Dicing sounds of
teeth being lowered into a pocket.
Last the palsy of shadows blobbing under the door as if
struck with unspoken uncontrollable jokes.

I have read all the messages that were left.
I interpreted all the terrible stains.
I am writing my answers on the frail square papers.
I hold them under the partitions for passersby to take.
I crumple them to throw over the wall hoping the wind
won't throw them back.
My pencil cuts through and leaves grey lines on my
naked leg.
I scrub the lines clean with spit and find they have
gone into the skin and turned blue.

Gail Chugg

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

THE HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY

Gentlemen:

If the homosexual minority is to surmount the incriminations hurled against it by "normal" people it must plan its strategy, re-strengthening the moral and intellectual fibers which hold the group together. Building up finances, holding conventions, expanding in number, ostentation are foolhardy when the stakes are so high.

We are in the midst of what sociologists call a "cultural lag." The industrial revolution heaps new inventions on us until we erroneously think of society as a big machine and of ourselves as parts of this machine. Conformity becomes the battle cry; the ultimate objective is to "fit in."

Then science has brought the disease of over-specialization — everything categorized, including sex. Here emerges the perfectly defined Male and Female. There can be no ambiguity in human relations!

The citizen, be he homosexual or not, who is most fully conscious of his responsibility to society (and thus to himself) philosophizes a bit before attempting to define his role in life. He NEVER lets it be defined for him. What does this have to do with the homosexual? Simply this: a minority apart from society is an island afloat.

Without a storm of idle words the homosexual must retire a moment and think things out. He must ask himself many questions, and answer them: how do I justify being homosexual? What should be my relationship to society? It is in this manner that new moral and intellectual strength for the group will emerge and the homosexual gain new respect and greater understanding.

Mr. H.
Dallas, Texas

Dear ONE:

I have just come from a mathematicians' symposium and observed that men are deliriously happy to be together. They love the power of their own bodies and minds and of their so charming ornamental differences. About half were camouflaged, with

wedding ring permanently displayed and a careful mask, but there was the most subtle of communicative interplay — somebody watching someone who was watching someone else . . .

Above all there was a striving to belong and to be with others, perhaps a reaction to the lonely and individual efforts of the abstractionist. It is very difficult to get the idea across that there IS a set of something, anything: numbers, oranges, bodies or stars. Most minds get lost in the concept because they have preconceived ideas of what belongs in a set. In this sense what you do not say in mathematics is as important as what you do say.

Computer usage is in its first sparkling jump into awareness of possibilities, the same as I see ONE to be, not yet burdened with heavy tradition, the gravitational pull that kills us all.

Mr. H.
Brooklyn, New York

To all at ONE:

I was glad to receive the Magazines and Quarterlies but must confess I indulged more in the stories than in the articles. It is so refreshing to read silly little tales that have so much to do with our silly little selves. Literary quality is something I still cannot really judge in English. All I can say is what I like.

What ONE does for me cannot yet be fully described. Let us say that much of my life is much easier now and that my sex life and its meaning has become something to think about. Personal love is no longer a luxury; it is a fact, and its problems must be coped with if its ecstasies are not to disappear.

Thank you for your work. I hope to some day contribute to what I have learned to call our people, or my people.

Mr. B.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Dear Sir:

I'm not against an occasional night out at a bar but I dislike bar-hunting and pickups.

Yet, these are the places we are forced to frequent to meet and be with our own kind. Living alone is no joke. To contemplate living alone for the rest of one's life is staggering.

With more scavengers, blackmailers, hustlers, loafers, trade-baiters these days it would seem the genuine homosexual would be more alert to the prospects of love, but the opposite is true. Periodically I settle down in a complete state of aloneness from sheer disgust and frustration from all the fly-by-nights who have no intelligent relationship to offer.

Then, I once again venture out, thinking that maybe I've misjudged the pack intolerably and there may still be hope of encountering a little honest love. Those that seek a new friend every time cannot hope to find peace of mind and something worthwhile to live for. To find and share a life should seem the logical goal for a social variant.

**Mr. H.
Burbank, California**

ONE, Incorporated:

I've read with interest the letters of those who wish to correspond with others like themselves. I want to find a Gay woman that I could marry for companionship and social prestige, and a man I could meet at regular intervals for friendship and sexual gratification. Both would be welcome if I could find them without having to cruise Gay bars or streets but rather through correspondence where both parties could express each other's desires and plans explicitly, or through personalized introductions through a club.

This could be a tremendous help to a good many unhappy people, especially those who are reluctant to approach others. Can you imagine the appreciation for this type of help that would be yours if you could find a perfect mate for a person who has been lonely for years and had little or no hope for ever finding happiness? Please consider it seriously.

**Mr. D.
Canoga Park, California**

Dear Sir:

Please do not send any more mail because I was searched by the local police and a postal inspector who had several letters that I had written to other people in connection with a correspondence club in New York City. It appears that their lists were being distributed all over the country and fell into some very undesirable hands and they in turn began transposing obscene material through the mails.

I had some magazines that you can buy on any newsstand and they took them and demanded that I write a confession. I was told I would be hearing from them and un-

derstand that there have been a number of arrests in Connecticut as well as New York. Please do not write to me as it will be censored by the postoffice.

**Mr. C.
New York**

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION

Dear Sir:

Many authorities are alarmed by the apparent increase in the number of homosexuals. All population is increasing, so naturally the number of homosexuals is increasing. Perhaps when the population begins to reach a critical point the number of homosexuals increases at a faster rate, as a safety valve. However, if this is true there should be a very high percentage of homosexuals in Asia.

I am coming to the conclusion that the Magazine is the most interesting and entertaining publication I read. This is probably a prejudiced viewpoint.

**Mr. S.
Omaha, Nebraska**

Dear Mr. Slater, Editor:

Practice birth control the natural way. Be Gay!

**Mr. G.
Eau Gallie, Florida**

I DID/DID NOT LIKE

Dear Sirs:

You've just got to put me out of my misery! Of suspense, that it. I went nuts last February trying to figure out the CAMP-OGRAM ("Toasted Susie is my ice cream." Gertrude Stein). Please, please either print the solution soon, or at least send it to me. By the way, I found John Paul Tegner's "My Coleus Romance" (April, 1963) very touching in its sensitive evocation of the torments of youthful romance and of how the young manage to bear them and to recover.

**Mr. B.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

Gentlemen:

It would be hard to beat the pungent, well-written items that appear in TANGENTS, but I am afraid that in May Mr. McIntire is guilty of one of the very things ONE crusades against, i.e., the damning of the many for the misdeeds of the few.

In what he calls STRAIGHT LOGIC he places the blame for William Higg's difficulties with the law upon the people of Mississippi—not, mind you on the police officials or on a group of racial extremists but on the people (all 2,178,914 of them) who live in that state. How's that for a bit of straight logic? He goes even farther and imputes to the entire population ignorance and sins and lack of decency.

One must not indict an entire state or region because of the actions of some of the people who live there. ONE's writers should

keep their sights trained on the principal target and not waste ammunition taking pot-shots at us Southerners, sinful and ignorant though we may be.

**Mr. D.
Charleston, South Carolina**

Editor's Note:

As a native from the Deep South and very exercised about his homeland Mr. McIntire indeed spoke with less restraint than any of us outsiders would have presumed to do.

Dear Editor:

Part Two of "Gentle Sir" (March, 1963) is surely the greatest piece of Gay poetry to come out in a long time, but so damn true and real, so close to the truth, so frustrating, that the entire piece of art stands naked without any tinsel. I have recorded this poem in stereo with a tremendous musical background and have spent many an evening listening to my own somewhat dramatic but soapy and emotional voice.

**Mr. A.
Burlington, Vermont**

Dear Friends:

The May Magazine read and, as usual, thoroughly enjoyed, especially the article by Frank C. Wood. The article on "The New Nazism" is good and contains much truth, but I sometimes fear for one thing. It seems that some are too inclined to develop a sort of exaggerated police phobia, in which state of mind the police are the very embodiment of all evil, the beginning and the ending of all brutal schemes and rank injustices.

It must be remembered that the job of the police is a difficult, or impossible one, at best. They are placed between officialdom and the public—and often squarely between opposing factions of the public. Of them everything is demanded and credit for good is seldom granted. If they shoot, they are murderers; if they don't, they are cowards.

It goes without saying that there are men on police forces who enjoy going out of their way to trouble the Gay set, but it seems at the same time a very safe bet that every organized campaign against homosexuals has had its roots much deeper than with the boys who do the dirty work.

Gay life here seems relatively trouble-free, as nearly as I can tell from my somewhat aloof perch—I don't patronize bars or attend parties much. A newly opened bar nearby is attracting great crowds on weekends, with cars parked for blocks around.

The folks I meet seem delighted and gloomily prophesy that it is too good to last. I haven't heard of any trouble so far though. Percentage-wise it seems to me this area has fully as many Gay folk as any other in the larger cities of the North and West.

**Mr. W.
Houston, Texas**

READERS ON EDITORS

Dear Friends:

I can well understand the difficulties of your situation, for I have a background in journalism and know what the usual needs are to meet publishing costs. I am at present on the staff of a non-profit organization which must depend for its total income upon the voluntary support of members and friends and therefore has rather consistently had to continue its operations under the burden of a backlog of unpaid bills.

This likewise calls for great sacrifices on the part of staff members, who in addition are called upon to lend financial support. So I have an appreciation and concern for your situation. There are times, of course, when I feel the contents of the Magazine could measure up to a higher standard, but this is a minor criticism in the light of the total service you are performing.

**Mr. H.
Washington, D.C.**

Dear ONE:

One of your appeals suggested that if ONE had a larger income it could improve its quality by enticing better artists and writers to contribute. Absurd!

In the first place, I see nothing wrong with the Magazine now, though I admit that a few big names on the cover would likely stimulate newsstand sales and hence permit our message to reach a larger public. But the best writers don't think primarily of money; they write because they think they have something significant to say and because they have an urge to say it well.

Many of the best writers have at least touched on the Gay theme and I imagine that many, even the straightest, have at least one Gay story lying around unpublished. I suggest that ONE fans write to their favorite authors (in care of their publishers) telling them about ONE and asking them to contribute a story.

The same goes for artists. I know that Picasso, for instance, has done some rather Gay drawings and lithographs. Has anyone actually asked Picasso to contribute a gratis cover design for ONE?

**Mr. H.
Lubbock, Texas**

TO ONE'S SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION: THANKS

Dear Sir:

Sometime ago I called you and asked you for the address of a lawyer. I wish to thank you for the information. The trial will be at the end of June at which time I will call and let you know the result.

**Mr. P.
Los Angeles, California**