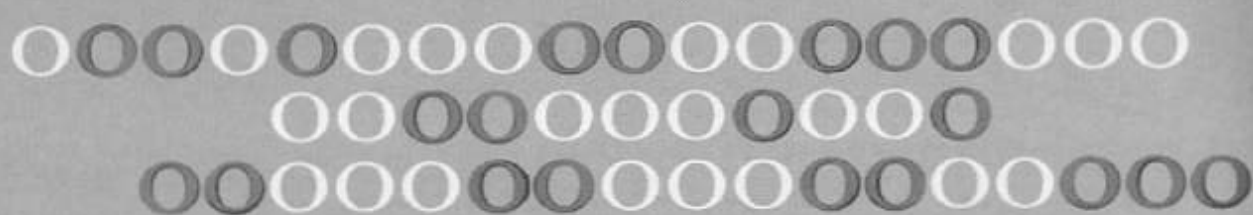


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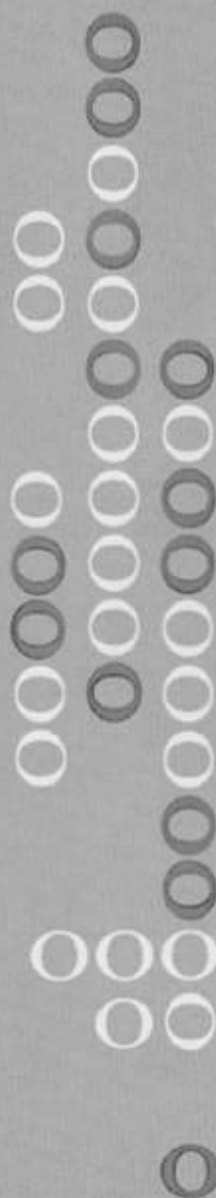
The Homosexual
Viewpoint



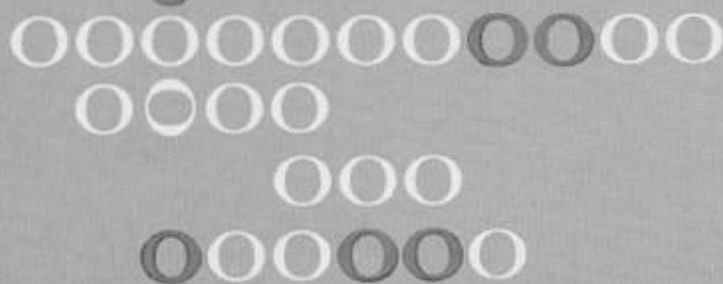
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One Incorporated



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 persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



founded 1952

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

Carlyle

One

magazine

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 7

JULY 1965

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Editorial

Recent events in two separate parts of the globe give rise to the consideration that the time is not yet at hand when we can afford to grow complaisant with the very obvious gains in the lot of homosexual men and women. Despite an increasing weight of favorable public opinion and general social acceptance among informed people, what took place in England and in New York State the last of May points to the necessity for an urgent and continuing push for legal reforms concerning homosexual offences. The need to press forward is all the more essential when we consider that it was way back in August of 1954 that the Wolfenden Committee was first appointed to examine English law and practice relating to homosexual acts and that it was in 1957 that the Committee presented its "recommendations" that "homosexual behavior between consenting adults in private be no longer a criminal offence," and that it is now the middle of 1965 - over 10 years later - and nothing has happened. England's House of Commons last May quite emphatically rejected the idea of relaxing Britain's laws against homosexuality thus blocking what had been a growing campaign for reform. At about the same time, here in the United States, New York's State Legislature dropped coldly its widely publicized plans to abolish criminal sanctions against homosexuals. In the case of England's House of Commons, political observers suggest that because the House of Lords is free of concern about voter opinion (the Lords passed the measure by a vote of 94 to 49) that it could clearly state its sentiment. But the total small vote of the House of Commons reflected the political anxieties of its members. Nearly half of the members were either absent or abstained from voting when the homosexual question came up. Many other observers were misled into optimism because of the closeness of the vote.

What we seem to have here is the curiously persistent situation in which the moral, social, and cultural standards of society, and informed public opinion have gotten completely ahead of the law. Legislators are afraid to risk censure by voting according to their private conscience or that of their constituents, because their conscience does not agree with the overt or avowed (or pretended) public concern as expressed by the law. Instead of the law acting as a means of leading and fortifying public opinion, it does the opposite. In consequence, the homosexual continues to suffer.

We now believe that with a number of marked exceptions most informed people realize that questions of morality are not the business of the State. With suitable law reform, steps could be taken to assist homosexual persons towards a healthy adjustment and integration within society - both as individuals and as a group. Yet the official condemnation remains fixed and unchanging.

The task before us is plain, and the need for continuing to work at it is re-emphasized by the failures in England and New York. It is apparently going to take a long time to convince law-makers that the law should be concerned with safeguarding the liberty of the individual, quite irrespective of whether the individual is heterosexual or homosexual.



The Male Hustler

Four Case
Studies
by
Gary
Teller

Andy is 21 years old, of medium height, slender, well-proportioned, hair black, eyes blue. Though not exactly handsome, his facial features are pleasant even to the nose broken a few years ago in a Chicago street fight. He is not in the least effeminate in his mannerisms. Neither is he aggressively masculine.

He is, however, terribly nervous and bites his fingernails. He is constantly worried about all sorts of things: the rent, money for food, getting into trouble, his looks, his health, his friend. He is shy and unassuming, never swears, is always polite, hates and fears violence, is ordinarily truthful and, in or out of bed, is almost

prudish. Three things shock him: bad language, conspicuously effeminate behavior, and abrupt advances by prospective customers.

Andy arrived in the city a few months ago. With him came his friend David, whom Andy has been supporting for a long time. David, though homosexual, makes no sexual claims on Andy. Allegedly a pool hustler, he has earned only a few dollars in this way over a long period. His excuse for battenning on Andy for all his needs is recent surgery for a bleeding ulcer.

Andy refers to David as "my burden" and treats him as an indulgent mother would look after a slightly retarded child—ignoring the fact that David is four years his senior. Whatever Andy has he shares with David. Having a friend who needs him, whom he can protect and care for gives Andy a feeling of security. In all his relations he is generous to the point of depriving himself.

He comes from a fairly well-to-do background. His mother died when the boy was eight and his father remarried soon afterward. Neither with the stepmother nor with his father could Andy get along. He ran away from home a number of times. His first hustling experience occurred on one of these flights. Today he has lost all contact with his family.

As a boy, he was an average student, interested in competitive sports and, so he says, popular with girls. From his late teens onward the picture changed. After only a few months in military service he was discharged "due to his nerves." An attempt to learn hairdressing came to a similarly bad end. He says he "carried on" too much. For a time he worked in minor sales positions, but the restlessness that drove him from city to city led to frequent stretches of unemployment.

Nor has his hustling career been a

signal success. Andy is willing to give good service to his customers, even when disgusted by them. He will do almost anything requested of him within the limits of what he considers "normal gay behavior." For the perverse, however, he has no stomach, and will most certainly not try everything once. He is terrified that he may encounter a sadist and tells of being distinctly uneasy with a score who merely wanted to nibble his toes.

Always wary of the vice squad, he will break contact at once if he suspects entrapment. He himself rarely takes the initiative but is too polite just to walk away when confronted by someone obviously not a potential score. With all these handicaps, Andy is not doing well. He wastes hours in the park, sometimes starting his day at nine in the morning and "working" through till three A.M. of the following day.

When utterly broke Andy sells his blood—has done so twice in the past three months. First his body, then his blood. Why doesn't he work? He claims he simply cannot find a job. But his method of jobhunting is ineffectual. He satisfies himself by spending a dollar on telephone calls, and every now and then will go to shops and stores and apply in person. When he does not fail a test or wash out in an interview, he will reject a job as unsuitable. A cycling messenger's job he declined as "too dangerous." The suggestion is strong that he prefers hustling to more conventional employment.

Yet in bed with his paying customers he rarely reaches climax. To satisfy himself he may pick up some one younger for a brief contact. He has at times lived with girls and regards himself as bisexual. What future does he have? Unless conditions change drastically he seems destined for prison, starting with short

periods, graduating to longer sentences. For Andy is a typical fall guy and manages to get himself into trouble repeatedly. At the moment, for example, he is on probation for contributing to the delinquency of a minor—a girl with whom he was in the same room when some one gave her an alcoholic drink. He has spent two weeks in prison on suspicion of theft after pawning a stolen camera for a "friend." In Chicago he lived with a dope addict who sponged off him just as David does. He rooms in rundown hotels where most of his neighbors are petty criminals.

But it is not only environment and lack of common sense that may eventually turn Andy into a jailbird. He hovers constantly on the verge of financial disaster. Of a morning he may find himself with 25 cents in his pocket, his rent due, David's ulcerated stomach empty and growling, and nothing to pawn or sell. In a few years, when hustling becomes even more difficult, Andy will probably take the first step in a career of crime—unwillingly to be sure, but Andy has taken up hustling reluctantly and pursues it without pleasure.

Ray is 17 years old, still in the growing process, looks like a child. He is slight of build and his features are nondescript though not unpleasant. Since running away from his broken home at the age of 15 he has alternately worked and hustled. Where he lives, the winters are cold. He can't ply his trade in the streets and as a minor bars are inaccessible to him. For the coldest months he works as a busboy.

Being underage he is wary of the police and, unlike most hustlers, makes himself inconspicuous. Somehow he manages to stay on the good side of the law in spite of raids on his rooming house, a notorious dor-

mitory for hustlers and prostitutes. He is a loner, stands on the streets by himself, does not mingle with his colleagues, will not even share a room—because he trusts no one. As far as he is concerned even the one friend he has is likely to steal his clothes if given the chance.

Ray is not immoral, he is amoral. He plays the game of life as he thinks everybody else does. When he goes to a dentist or a doctor it will be without any intention of paying the bill. He will not hesitate to accept a sexual advance for pay, even when he knows himself to be infested with pubic lice. He undercuts other hustlers but does not associate this with dishonesty — he considers stealing wrong.

Curiously enough, in bed Ray concentrates on kissing and hugging, though he has no qualms about doing other acts required of him. He seems to try to establish, for a few brief moments, a closeness of human relationship otherwise unobtainable by him. He himself rarely reaches climax because he fears dissipating himself.

Though generally morose, he responds to kindness and while neither campy nor sophisticated, is not unpleasant to be with. In spite of his minimal education (ninth grade) he likes to read and will ask his customers for books — science fiction, mysteries and adventure stories. He is usually polite and, like Andy, never swears. He spends little money on himself and has, tucked away somewhere, more than fifty dollars, a veritable fortune for spendthrift hustlers.

Ray's life is bleak and lonely. Unlike Andy, who is surrounded by friends and acquaintances, Ray has nobody who cares for him, nor does he seem to want anybody. He drifts from city to city, job to job, and trick to trick. Possessed of enough

common sense to avoid the pitfalls that seem to magnetize Andy, Ray seems likely in later life to work at some menial position, lonely in his mature years as in his present youth.

Don and Ben have much in common, though Don is of Irish Canadian stock and Ben of Mexican origin. Both are dark, handsome, somewhat effeminate. Both are sharp dressers. Both are obsessively clean.

They work at times, Don as a clerk, Ben in sales. Never desperate for money, they can choose their customers. Both like older men but will not be touched by any one who revolts them or whom they suspect of being sick. They have frequent health checkups.

The two of them rarely fail to score less than twice a night. They take in a lot of money and spend it as fast as it comes in—on fancy clothes, good food and gay bars: though both are only 19, they somehow manage to drink in public without trouble. In bed they enjoy themselves and usually reach climax. As a matter of fact, the only problem they are faced with as hustlers comes from customers who refuse to pay with the demurrer: "You enjoyed yourself as much as I did. What the hell—you're gay too. Why should I pay you?" Neither Andy nor Ray runs into this line of argument.

Don and Ben could actually make a very handsome living if they approached hustling in a businesslike manner. However, they rarely if ever call their customers, who usually give them their telephone numbers. They fail to keep appointments and prefer new experiences to steady assignments. Don and Ben are "gay" in the full sense of the word—carefree, chatty, and possessed of senses of humor. Rarely serious or brooding, they are entertaining company. Both are nocturnal. Part of their prefer-

ence for hustling stems from the fact that it gives them the opportunity to sleep during the day and live it up at night. Ben habitually comes home in the not-so-small hours of the morning and rises around suppertime.

However, when not hustling, both boys will sometimes express unhappiness and discontent. They are not wholly unashamed of their hustling and both of them maintain that had they not "needed the money" they would have gone with their customers gratis.

Unlike Andy and Ray, who have lost contact with their families, Ben and Don keep in touch with theirs. They do not get along with their parents without friction, but Don visits his on Sundays and goes to church. He is the only one of the three who does. Don claims to have been a novice in a monastery; he left only after realizing he is homosexual.

Neither Don nor Ben occupies himself with the future. However, the saying that "today's trade is tomorrow's competition" holds true for them. As they grow older they seem likely to ease themselves out of their present pursuit, work more or less steadily at socially acceptable jobs, and join the ranks of the more respectable homophile population.

None of these youths seems aware of what he really is—a male prostitute. Ben and Don feel they hustle for a lark, enjoying themselves while they make money. Andy rationalizes hustling as an emergency measure. Ray sees it as a good way of augmenting his income. None of them feels that the world regards him as the scum of society.

Aside from hustling none of them appears to have any criminal inclinations. All four shun violence. When they do not get paid they will not resort to force in order to collect. Andy once shouted outside a non-paying customer's hotel room

till he was paid. Ray bought a pound of sugar and poured it into the car radiator of a defaulting score. But such tactics are the closest any of them would dream of coming to aggressive action.

In a society that emphasizes education, training, savings and pension plans, these four swim against the current. Their education stopped at high school level. None has training to qualify him for a trade or craft. Though Don and Ben earn well, they cannot save. Andy will let his friend David buy a coffee table when he does not have enough money for tomorrow's breakfast. They live from day to day, unable to imagine themselves past the hustling age.

Why do they hustle? The most menial job would give Andy a better income. The three others work much of the time and when they do hustle do not seem bent on earning as much money as possible. The answer must be speculative, but it would appear that Andy, Don and Ben derive subconscious pleasure from being used, having to submit, selling themselves—Andy goes a step further; he even sells his blood! As for Ray, hustling appears to enable him to obtain some measure of love. He is so crippled emotionally that he cannot secure affection through ordinary homosexual relations. Money must pass. Love must be expressed through dollars as well as kisses.

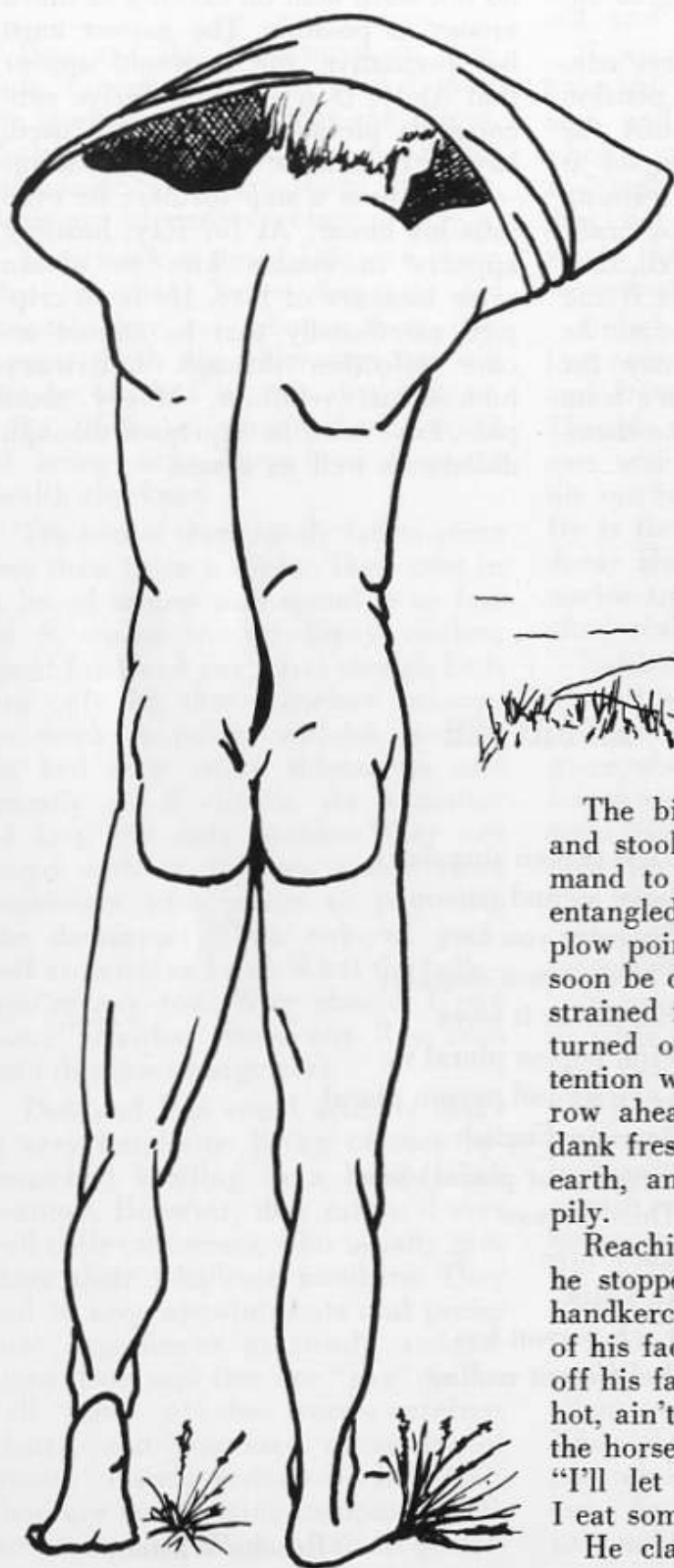
EXERCISE

First person singular I
Love second person
Singular you love
Third person singular
He, she or it loves
First person plural we
Love second person plural
You (in English
Singular or plural) love
Third person
They love
In Latin
Each person has
A different ending.

—Brooke Whitney

SUMMER IDYLL

by Jack Fischer



The big horse backed awkwardly and stood patiently waiting the command to go ahead again. Sven disentangled a clump of grass from the plow point and said, "Giddiup, we'll soon be done now, fellar." The horse strained forward and the plow again turned over the soil. The boy's attention was concentrated on the furrow ahead. His nostrils inhaled the dank freshness of the newly upturned earth, and he whistled a tune happily.

Reaching the end of the furrow, he stopped and, pulling a crumpled handkerchief out of the back pocket of his faded denims, wiped the sweat off his face and chest. "You're pretty hot, ain't you boy?" he said, patting the horse affectionately on the rump. "I'll let you rest a minute, while I eat some cherries.

He clambered up the cherry tree

and with experienced hand stripped the ripest and the biggest cherries from the top branches into his cap. He put the cap between his teeth, climbed down and seated himself on the grass. As he put a cherry into his mouth, he watched old man Dinelli on the next farm setting out cabbage plants. "Wonder where Carlo is? Guess he must be in the house," he mused, half aloud.

He turned toward his dad's farm with its fine orchard, acres of blossoming peas, beds of feathery topped carrots, and lima beans newly breaking through the earth. His dad's farm was the best for miles around. There were no weeds in the rows of green stuff, the house and barn were newly painted, and the soil was rich and well manured. Some day it would be his farm. He lost himself in pleasant contemplation of this thought as he alternately popped a cherry into his mouth and spat out a pit.

He gave a low whistle. A black and white spotted pointer stopped its lope across the cabbage patch with such suddenness that it nearly tumbled over. Sven laughed and called, "Here Buddy, here Buddy." The dog came running to him and started licking his face and pawing him all at once. Sven put his arm around the dog and hugged him tightly. "Glad to see me, are ya? We're going swimming afterwhile, and you can come along. You'll like that, huh?"

Buddy buried his head between the boy's legs. Sven playfully hit him across the nose and grabbed his head in his hands. "How many times have I told you not to do that? Here, lay down beside me while I finish these cherries, or I'll never get this darn field done." Buddy settled himself close beside Sven who was again looking toward the Dinelli farm. He put the last cherry in his mouth and spat out the pit. "I sure wish you

could talk and tell me what it feels like when you are in love. I bet you could tell me all about it with all the bitches you've got in litter around here. Aw, I bet you don't know what I'm talking about, do you?" Buddy looked up at him with questioning eyes, then yawned and nestled his head closer.

Sven whacked his cap against his thigh as he jumped up. Buddy heeled him, with adoring eyes. The sun was sinking behind the woods as Sven finished the last furrow. "All through, Jim boy. You can have your supper now."

Sven unloosed the plow and led Jim to the drinking trough and let him drink as he cleaned out his stable and bedded it with fresh straw. He was putting a pitchfork of hay into the bin when he heard a voice, musical and sultry. "Sven, Sven. Are you in the barn?" His own voice was joyous and robust. "Yah, just finishing up feeding Jim. Come on in, Carlo."

A boy entered. He was slender and dark. His skin was deeply tanned, his eyes limpid and warm as those of cows, and his hair black and curly.

"Hot today, wasn't it?" he said.

"Yah, boy. Summer sure is here. Want to go swimmin'?"

"Sure," Carlo answered, warmly. "I'll get the oats for you."

Together they strode across the fields into the woods. Sven, blonde and strong; Carlo, dark and graceful, running a little to keep up with Sven's longer stride.

"I wish you wouldn't walk so fast, Sven. I'm out of breath keeping up with you."

"Gee, Carlo, I always forget. This better?" he said, slowing his step.

"Yes," said Carlo, breathing deeply.

"I didn't see you this afternoon. Where were you?"

"I was cleaning the house and

making the beds. Mother's gone away again, visiting Aunt Rose for a day or two, so I have to keep house and do the cooking."

"You'd make a good wife," said Sven.

Carlo laughed.

A soft wind playing through the trees created a melody of leaf music, and the last rays of the sun gave a warm golden wash to the river landscape as they took off their clothes.

Sven dove into the clear water, came up, and shouted, "Hurry up, Carlo."

"I'm coming," said Carlo, poised with arms uplifted.

The sun bronzed his body. Sven watched him with eyes baffled and nervous. Carlo dived. Soon they were lost in the joy of swimming and water tag. Sven ducked Carlo. He came up, laughing and choking.

"Sven, be careful. You're strong as a horse! Let me rest a minute and catch my breath."

Sven laughed and swam away. He swam back and said, "I know what let's do. Let's dive as many times as we are years old — sixteen for you, seventeen for me."

"All right, let's. You start."

Their naked bodies cutting the water glistened like a couple of fish. A clear radiant call of a night bird cut across the sleepy twitterings of the day birds. Carlo came out panting and lay on the bank. Sven joined him, saying, "That was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Carlo. "I'm kind of tired though."

They lay on the bank resting. Sven had his face buried in the curve of his arm. Carlo got up, went over to a wild rose bush and picked one of the fragile pink blossoms. He held it delicately to his nose and sniffed its fragrance. He came back and sat down beside Sven. "Pretty, isn't it?" he said, holding it up before him.

"Unhuh," murmured Sven. "Let me smell it."

"Be careful, you'll crush it!" cried Carlo, holding the blossom away.

Sven reached for it, missed, grabbing Carlo's wrist. A feeling of strength and something intangible that he could not explain compelled his movement. Carlo flexed his muscles and pulled his arm away. He laughed softly, saying, "See, I'm stronger than you."

"Oh, you think so?" said Sven.

"Sure," Carlo taunted. His red lips curled back, showing his teeth in a smile.

They began to wrestle. Soon Sven had Carlo pinned beneath him. "You still think you're the strongest?" he panted.

"You're hurting me," Carlo gasped. He twisted his body and averted his face.

Sven's cheeks were flushed with victory. He brought his face close to Carlo's and paused for a moment studying his warm eyes. Suddenly he spread his body fiercely over Carlo's, and they locked in embrace.

It was dusk by the time they started to put on their clothes. Myriads of fireflies glowed against the trees. Frogs croaked, and the night insects chirped staccato accompaniment to their minor melody. There was a strained silence between the two boys. Carlo started to speak, but didn't. They started toward home, embarrassed and ill at ease. The silence grew until finally Carlo could stand it no longer.

"Sven, I . . . I . . . um, I . . ."

"Aw, let's forget it, kid. Come on. I'll race you to your house."

Carlo looked at Sven. A warm understanding came into his eyes. He smiled shyly, and Sven threw his arm affectionately around him, saying, "Is it a go?"

"It's a go," said Carlo, "and I bet I beat you this time."

Tangents

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At long last, homosexual timidity and passivity appear to be coming to an end. The new posture was quietly but firmly signalled on Saturday, May 29, when nine men and three women picketed the White House to protest government discrimination against homosexuals in the armed forces and the civil service.

The demonstrators, organized by the Washington Mattachine Society, told the UPI they were acting on behalf of "the nation's second largest minority" —15 million homosexuals. Included among the dozen pickets were two married women. The Washington group said they had hoped to be augmented by a contingent from the New York Mattachine, but the New Yorkers failed to appear.

A larger crowd might have created more stir in the nation's press, but homosexuals, aware of the hazards to any of their number brave enough to stand up and be counted, recognize the demonstration as marking a red letter day in the advance of their cause of fair and equal treatment for sexual deviants.

Timidity and passivity have gained homosexuals almost nothing during the 70 years of their existence as an organized movement. It is time to let fair-minded Americans of more ordinary sexual persuasion know of our existence and our reasonable demands. Not only should the Washington pickets be applauded, but wherever possible and appropriate their action should be imitated.

LOS ANGELES—Connor Evans, artist and teacher at California Institute of

Arts, arrested by vice squad officers on obscenity charges when he exhibited a painting the prim and proper *Los Angeles Times* described as "an abstraction of a womb" has won acquittal. Said Beverly Hills Municipal Judge Andrew J. Weisz, "The question is, was it a work which had something to say, whether you like it or not, and I hold that it had something to say . . ." However, when the cheering stopped there was still some doubt as to whether Evans' teaching contract will be renewed.



SACRAMENTO—The bluenoses in the California State Assembly received a succession of setbacks in their most recent attempts to re-define obscenity. First of all, the Assembly Criminal Procedure Committee refused to approve a bill by Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, a San Diego ex-Navy chaplain, after four and a half hours of angry debate, and despite Barnes' presentation of a petition signed by 114,000 neo-Puritans.

A few days later, by a vote of 19 to 3, with most assemblymen refusing to vote at all, Barnes lost his fight to get his bill out of committee and onto the floor for a vote. What Barnes' bill proposed was the removal of the phrase "without redeeming social importance" that now

qualifies the judgement of obscene printed matter in California.

On the same day, the state Senate Judiciary Committee killed a bill similar to that of Barnes, this one introduced by state Senator John G. Schmitz of Santa Ana.

That time and taxpayer's money are wasted on bills like these which, if passed would be unenforcible because of precedents already set by the U.S. Supreme Court, is regrettable enough, but the thoughtful observer is made really cynical by the blatant way in which our civil liberties (not only in California but in state legislatures everywhere) are used as political footballs by politicians with only one aim in mind—re-election.



LONDON—While too many homosexuals are willing to accept the heterosexual world's view that deviants are sick or criminal, the Earl of Arran, presumably not a homosexual, emphatically does not. Speaking in defense of the Wolfenden proposals for the liberalization of laws affecting sex behavior in Britain, he said, according to the *Evening Standard*, "Nothing and nobody is going to change a man's basic desires and erotic make-up. If he is a homosexual he will remain a homosexual."

Such men, he said, "are not deliberately vicious and should not be punished for indulging what are to them their natural desires . . ." He termed homosexuals "the odd men out" and cited estimates that there are somewhere between 500,000 and a million male homosexuals in Brit-

ain, a quarter of the whole male population. "A minority if you like, but a frighteningly great number of souls, and I mean souls."

The House of Lords approved the law reform.

But it went down to defeat in the House of Commons. Leo Abse, a Labor member, asked permission to introduce the measure as a private motion that would allow members to vote according to their consciences rather than their party's line but, reported the AP, he was immediately opposed by Sir Cyril Osborne, a Conservative, and the bill was killed for this session by a vote of 178 to 159—clearly not along party lines.

GREENBORO, N. C.—North Carolina's archaic statute on so-called "crimes against nature" has been brought up to date. The statute, passed during the reign of King Henry VIII, made such crimes punishable by death. This was later modified. But a 60 year maximum sentence was still possible until last fall.

At that time, Federal District Judge J. B. Craven, in overturning the conviction and 30-year sentence of an avowed homosexual, attacked the law. "Most doctors agree that prison environment aggravates homosexual tendencies and provides unexcelled opportunity for homosexual practices . . . Is it not time to redraft a criminal statute enacted in 1533?"

State Representative George Uzzell of Rowan County agreed with the Judge. He introduced and quickly won passage of a bill in the North Carolina legislature that revised the penalties for a number of offenses, among them mule-stealing, reckless driving, and "crimes against nature", reports the *Greenboro Daily News*.

And while that paper still clings to the outworn notion that homosexuality is a medical and psychological problem, or pretends to in order not to shock its readers, it would seem

to be coming to the realization that legal reform is the answer to most homosexual "problems", subjective and societal. And the fact that in North Carolina penalties for homosexual offenses are now left up to the discretion of the judge is a step forward.

At least from 1533.



LOS ANGELES—An innocent question from Municipal Judge Byron J. Walters has upset a number of dogooders here, not the least of whom was Police Chief Parker. Asked Walters: "What kind of country would we have if a man could get into your house for any purpose and then under deception as to his identity, make an immoral suggestion which resulted in an arrest? This might be considered good detective work by the Police department, but not by this court." Walters' statement concerned the entrapment of a call girl by vice officer T. L. Brown. The Judge dismissed the case on grounds that Brown's action constituted unlawful search and seizure and entrapment. Chief Parker's response was typical: "No immediate changes are planned in police methods." This figures. What bemuses ONE is that exactly such methods have been used for decades against homosexuals in Los Angeles and only now is Judge Walters becoming aware of them. Still, better late than never. If other judges will take the same position toward entrapment this indecent and corruptive practice can be terminated at last.

HAVANA—The New York *Times* reports the Castro government is alarmed about homosexuality in Cuba. Sexual deviants are blatant in Cuban cities and have infiltrated intellectual and art life, especially the ballet, said a feature story in *El Mundo*. A homosexual scandal in the Havana Art Academy earlier this year led to a faculty reshuffle. Linking homosexuality with capitalism and imperialism, *El Mundo* reminds its readers that "our virile country is locked in a life or death struggle with Yankee imperialists" and that "no homosexual represents the revolution, which is a movement of he-men." And while the government promises not to persecute homosexuals it means to remove them from positions of influence and subject them to "revolutionary social hygiene," which, according to the *Times* means they will be rounded up and sent to labor camps. This seems to us a vivid illustration of the fact that homosexuals constitute a clear-cut and identifiable minority group, a fact that has to be recognized before any kind of effective work can be done to assure that group's civil rights.



CHICAGO—The Illinois Department of Registration and Education recently denied a license to practice his profession to a male nurse who had been involved in a raid on a bath house. The officers who arrested this young man notified the licensing body of his confession without a hearing of any kind.

Attorney Paul R. Goldman, who has dealt extensively with homosexual problems for 35 years with courage and distinction, filed a new application with the board in the form of a petition for a rehearing. Affidavits as to the good moral character of the young arrestee came from many sources. Father James G. Jones testified for almost two hours, delving into the real significance of morality and its relation to this episode.

The board, consisting of seven women all in nursing and related fields, unanimously decided to grant the young man his license. Attorney Goldman terms this decision significant in establishing a precedent in the field. Congratulations to him. Homosexuals are fortunate in having such willing and able defenders in the ranks of the professions.

SAN FRANCISCO—A team of Methodist ministers from Glide Urban Center is bombarding the bay city with new ideas, often highly controversial, since they insist that the church belongs among "the untouchables."

One example of Glide's willingness to break new ground is its involvement in the controversial Council on Religion and the Homosexual. In facing "the facts of the city," reports the magazine *Together*, "Glide found that it could not ignore homosexuals." It estimates some 50,000 in San Francisco alone, who "teeter constantly on the edge of severe problems—ranging from job insecurity and blackmail to alienation from the rest of society."

A year ago Glide sponsored a retreat for churchmen and homosexuals. As a result of conversations there, the Council on Religion and the Homosexual was formed, with Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, and United Church of Christ ministers as its members, but with a majority of homosexuals on its board of directors.

ONE commends Bishop Donald H. Tippet, the Rev. Lewis E. Durham and the many other clergymen and laymen of San Francisco on their imagination and integrity in forming Glide and fighting for the rights of homosexuals along with those of other disadvantaged citizens.

Quiz for pessimists: where did the following quotation recently appear: "My personal opinion is that the sex laws should be written so that any act between two *mature* people—as long as it is engaged in voluntarily and in private—would be legal . . . Such a law would be far more suited to our modern world—and would result in far fewer injustices—than the old fashioned statutes now on the books." Where? In the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that's where! The writer? Dr. Paul Gebhard, successor to Dr. Alfred Kinsey. The article is one of two run by the *Journal*, condensed from the new Kinsey report, *Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types*, due for book publication this month . . . For those Canadian homosexuals who would rather read than drink, the owner of two private gay bars in Toronto has opened an all-gay bookstore . . . Speaking of books, *Fanny Hill* has again been dragged into court as obscene, this time in Chicago, despite the sale of tens of thousands of copies in hardcover and three different paperback editions across the U.S. since 1963. Ignoring testimony as to its literary merit by college professors, literary critics and a psychiatrist, the jury found the book obscene and convicted bookseller Paul Romaine. An interesting aspect of the case was the challenging of the competence of the jurymen by defense counsel Charles Liebman who pointed out that Illinois law excludes from jury duty doctors, lawyers, clergymen, newsmen and schoolteachers, equipped to intelligently weigh such a case . . .

This Week magazine in late April called the attention of a mass audience to the growing danger to privacy in U.S. life in an article titled "No Secrets Any More," that goes into hair-raising detail about the kinds of electronic gadgets available to business and government snoopers into the affairs of employees and prospective employees. Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri, who has been investigating the investigators says, "the right of privacy of the individual citizen is in peril" . . . Vance Packard's book of last year, *The Naked Society* is packed with evidence along the same line. John Cheever's fine novel of several years ago, *The Wapshot Chronicle* takes up the matter too, in discussing the fate of a young man with some homosexual episodes in his past when he meets with psychological probers in applying for a job . . . New books that contain, for better or worse, homosexual elements are *The Prime Minister's Daughter* by Maurice Edelman, and *A Green Tree in Gedde* by Alan Sharp . . . *Bus Riley's Back in Town*, the movie from which William Inge ordered his name as writer removed, has an episode where young Bus "declines an ap-

prenticeship with a homosexual undertaker" . . . Psychologists Victor and Mildred Goertzel have come up with a study of 400 eminent men of the 20th century that shows only 58 came from trouble-free homes. Drunken fathers and doting mothers figured in the childhoods of Bernard Shaw, Charles Chaplin, Caruso, James Joyce Alexander Woolcott, Stalin, Tito and Maurice Chevalier. Hitler, Mussolini, MacKenzie King and Stephen Leacock were all overwhelmingly attached to their mothers while loathing their weak, surly fathers. Psychology has claimed for years that such situations made little boys grow up into homosexuals. What will statistics do for us tomorrow? . . . Vice President Humphrey became a Girl Scout on Friday, May 21, and said, according to the Associated Press, "Well, gee! I'm just delighted. Wait till I get back to Washington and tell the President about this." Unhappily we haven't any report on the President's reaction . . . Inscription in the fresh cement sidewalk outside Woodward Dormitory on the U. of Chicago campus: "Plato Loves Aristotle!"

COMING IN AUGUST

SCIENCE LOOKS AT HOMOSEXUALITY: a review in depth of the important new book *Sexual Inversion* . . .

YOUTH, OH, YOUTH! Part III of the Belle Epoque series . . .

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Feminine Viewpoint

Lesbos is a small island lying a few miles off the coast of Asia Minor. The figs, oil and olives that it produces are sold on the mainland and in return the islanders receive the wherewithal to make it profitable for both mainlanders and islanders to keep open the channels of communication and exchange. Though each is enriched, there is little doubt that the island profits most. Any interruption in this two way flow would soon be felt as deprivation on the island. The economic and material hardships could be met, to some extent, by ingenuity and belt tightening. But the social and intellectual in-turning could only result in an increasingly involuted and sterile provincialism. It is at this point that the islanders of Lesbos show an awareness that many lesbians lack.

How often the lesbian demands that the world not only meet her on "lesbian" ground but on "lesbian" ground as defined by the particular individual — a ground rocky with resentments peculiar to herself and thorny with self-protective modes of behavior. Often her interests and sympathies are so bound up in the problem of lesbianism that she is utterly lacking in the coin of social exchange. Her one and only topic of conversation is lesbianism. Even among lesbians, this can prove a singularly inelastic subject, and the unrelenting effort of many lesbians to deny any possibility of common

experience with the rest of woman-kind rivals Medusa in its ability to freeze whole lives into inflexible and ungainly attitudes.

It is, by and large, so unnecessary. Most non-homosexuals are too ignorant, too indifferent, or too well-brought up to inquire into another's sex life. Even when a lesbian clutches it to her, always and everywhere, like the girl in "The Pot of Basil", most people will try to ignore the encumbrance and find some more objective conversational meeting ground. It is here, in the college, at the theatre, in the shop or market, that the lesbian must pick up new and freshen old ideas. It is here that sympathies, understanding and common relationships must be extended in order that the bonds between lesbians may be enriched by drawing upon the larger common fund rather than by canalizing an ever shrinking store of ideas and experiences.

The paranoid self-justification and self-congratulation of the narrowly-based group which closes ranks against all the world can only increase the fear and hostility of the individual members toward everyone, including members of the group. On the other hand, a speaking acquaintance with the rest of humanity will show that sorrow and joy are as deeply felt in whatever sexual framework, and that all failures or successes are not related to the sex of the loved one. —JANE RACE

Thumbprints

by Paul Mariah

Shaking hands as strangers,
The touch of our fingers
Intercoursing
Is as intimate
As the third definition of conversation.

What makes forever color
pictures in the mind?
A meaning burnt into the memory
like a poker-print:
it belonged to my aging father:
one glance, waistwise and down
at my brother was too much.

Two poodles got up and danced
as we went by.
Will they dance for someone else today
or were we someone special?



La Belle Epoque

by Marc Daniel translated from *Arcadie* by Marcel Martin

II BLUE HORTENSIA AND APPLE-GREEN SWEATERS

Without traveling quite so far along the path of psychological deviation as did Jean Lombard and Jean Lorrain, the rarefied, stifling, unhealthy hothouse atmosphere of society life of 1900 created other disturbing types of homosexuals. Marcel Proust's hero M. de Charlus, is a good example of one of these, but there is no need in this brief study to do more than to place Marcel Proust and M. de Charlus in their proper perspective.

Cities of the Plain, the part of Proust's great novel in which he lets the masks fall and in which M. de Charlus reveals himself in his true light, did not appear until 1922; *The Past Recaptured*, in which homosexuality appears in its most sordid aspect, not until 1927. There is no doubt that Proust could not have

published these pages before the war of 1914. These two works, together with Gide's *Corydon* (published in 1924), although landmarks in themselves in the history of homosexuality, and works which had a tremendous influence upon the later development of homosexually inspired literature, do not fall within the limits of this study, because they are concerned, not with the *Belle Epoque*, but with that other extravagant and moving period, the twenties—the era of “pie in the sky,” jazz, and cloche hats. We cannot, however, disregard them entirely because it is evident that Proust had gathered the notes for his masterpiece long before the war of 1914; indeed, the action of *Cities of the Plain* takes place around 1910 which may be considered the end of our period.

Who is M. de Charlus? He is, first of all, an authentic type of the aristocracy, of that society which the young

Proust tried so hard to penetrate and which he mimicked and idealized while at the same time he was caricaturing it in the notes of his as yet unwritten novel.

M. de Charlus, a descendent of Charlemagne, is distinguished for and distinguishable by two salient aspects of character—his aristocratic, haughty, and insolent bearing, and his sudden and irrational passions for such and such a coachman, footman, or milkman. Although the reader's suspicions may have long since been aroused he is long left only to speculate about the Baron, and then, at the very beginning of *Cities of the Plain*, he suddenly appears in his true colors. The narrator, while waiting at the top of the stairs of their home for the return of the Duke and Duchess de Guermantes, accidentally witnesses a very strange scene. The former tailor, Jupien, who lives quite near the Guermantes', and M. de Charlus, who has come to visit them, meet by chance in the court yard. (Let us note that both of these men are in their forties.)

Face to face, in that courtyard where certainly they had never met before (M. de Charlus coming to the Hotel de Guermantes only in the afternoon, during the time when Jupien was at his office), the Baron, having suddenly opened wide his halfshut eyes, was studying with unusual attention the extailor poised on the threshold of his shop, while the latter, fastened suddenly to the ground before M. de Charlus, taking root in it like a plant, was contemplating with a look of amazement the plump form of the middle-aged Baron. But, more astounding still, M. de Charlus's attitude having changed, Jupien's, as though in obedience to the laws of an occult art, at once brought itself into harmony with it. The Baron, who was now seeking to conceal the impression that had been made on him, and yet, in spite of his affectation of indifference, seemed unable to move away without regret, went, came, looked vaguely into the distance in the way which, he felt, most enhanced the beauty of his eyes, assumed a complacent, careless, fatuous

air. Meanwhile Jupien, shedding at once the humble, honest expression which I had always associated with him, had in perfect symmetry with the Baron—thrown up his head, given a becoming tilt to his body, placed his hand with a grotesque impertinence on his hip, stuck out his behind, posed himself with the coquetry that the orchid might have adopted on the providential arrival of the bee. I had not supposed that he could appear so repellent. But I was equally unaware that he was capable of improvising his part in this sort of dumb charade, which (albeit he found himself for the first time in the presence of M. de Charlus) seemed to have been long and carefully rehearsed; one does not arrive spontaneously at that pitch of perfection except when one meets in a foreign country a compatriot with whom an understanding then grows up of itself, both parties speaking the same language, even though they have never seen one another before.

This scene was not, however, positively comic, it was stamped with a strangeness, or if you like a naturalness, the beauty of which steadily increased. M. de Charlus might indeed assume a detached air, indifferently let his eyelids droop; every now and then he raised them, and at such moments turned on Jupien an attentive gaze. But (doubtless because he felt that such a scene could not be indefinitely prolonged in this place, whether for reasons which we shall learn later on, or possibly from that feeling of the brevity of all things which makes us determine that every blow must strike home, and renders so moving the spectacle of every kind of love), each time that M. de Charlus looked at Jupien, he took care that his glance should be accompanied by a spoken word, which made it infinitely unlike the glances we usually direct at a person whom we do or do not know; he stared at Jupien with the peculiar fixity of the person who is about to say to us: "Excuse my taking the liberty, but you have a long white thread hanging down your back," or else: "Surely I can't be mistaken, you come from Zurich too; I'm certain I must have seen you there often in the curiosity shop." Thus, every other minute, the same question seemed to be being intensely put to Jupien in the stare of M. de Charlus, like those questioning phrases of Beethoven indefinitely repeated at regular

intervals, and intended—with an exaggerated lavishness of preparation—to introduce a new theme, a change of tone, a “reentry.” On the other hand, the beauty of the reciprocal glances of M. de Charlus and Jupien arose precisely from the fact that they did not, for the moment at least, seem to be intended to lead to anything farther. This beauty, it was the first time that I had seen the Baron and Jupien display it. In the eyes of both of them, it was the sky not of Zurich but of some Oriental city, the name of which I had not yet divined, that I saw reflected. Whatever the point might be that held M. de Charlus and the ex-tailor thus arrested, their pact seemed concluded and these superfluous glances to be but ritual preliminaries, like the parties that people give before a marriage which has been definitely “arranged.” Nearer still to nature—and the multiplicity of these analogies is itself all the more natural in that the same man, if we examine him for a few minutes, appears in turn as a man, a man-bird or man-insect, and so forth—one would have called them a pair of birds, the male and the female, the male seeking to make advances, the female—Jupien—no longer giving any sign of response to these overtures, but regarding her new friend without surprise, with an inattentive fixity of gaze, which she doubtless felt to be more disturbing and the only effective method, once the male had taken the first steps, and had fallen back upon preening his feathers. At length Jupien’s indifference seemed to suffice him no longer; from this certainty of having conquered, to making himself be pursued and desired was but the next stage, and Jupien, deciding to go off to his work, passed through the carriage gate. It was only, however, after turning his head two or three times that he escaped into the street towards which the Baron, trembling lest he should lose the trail (boldly humming a tune, not forgetting to fling a “Good day” to the porter, who, half-tipsy himself and engaged in treating a few friends in his back kitchen, did not even hear him), hurried briskly to overtake him. At the same instant, just as M. de Charlus disappeared through the gate humming like a great bumble-bee, another, a real bee this time, came into the courtyard. For all I knew this might be the one so long awaited by the orchid, which was coming to bring it that rare pollen without which it must die a virgin. But I was

distracted from following the gyrations of the insect for, a few minutes later, engaging my attention afresh, Jupien (perhaps to pick up a parcel which he did take away with him ultimately and so, presumably, in the emotion aroused by the apparition of M. de Charlus, had forgotten, perhaps simply for a more natural reason) returned, followed by the Baron. The latter, deciding to cut short the preliminaries, asked the tailor for a light, but at once observed: “I ask you for a light, but I find that I have left my cigars at home.” The laws of hospitality prevailed over those of coquetry. “Come inside, you shall have everything you require,” said the tailor, on whose features disdain now gave place to joy. The door of the shop closed behind them and I could hear no more. I had lost sight of the bee. I did not know whether he was the insect that the orchid needed, but I had no longer any doubt, in the case of an extremely rare insect and a captive flower, of the miraculous possibility of their conjunction when M. de Charlus (this is simply a comparison of providential hazards, whatever they may be, without the slightest scientific claim to establish a relation between certain botanical laws and what is sometimes, most ineptly, termed homosexuality), who for years past had never come to the house except at hours when Jupien was not there, by the mere accident of Mme. de Villeparisis’s illness had encountered the tailor, and with him the good fortune reserved for men of the type of the Baron by one of those fellow-creatures who may indeed be, as we shall see, infinitely younger than Jupien and better looking, the man predestined to exist in order that they may have their share of sensual pleasure on this earth: the man who cares only for elderly gentlemen.¹⁰

The narrator then slips into an empty shop next to that of Jupien in order to eavesdrop on the intimate conversation between Jupien and M. de Charlus. The situation itself is extremely improbable, but this is unimportant as compared with the episode which the narrator overhears and relates in detail.

I did not dare move. The Guermantes’ groom, taking advantage no doubt of his master’s absence, had, as it happened, transferred to the shop in which I now stood a ladder which hitherto had been kept in the coach-house, and if I

had climbed this I could have opened the ventilator above and heard as well as if I had been in Jupien's shop itself. But I was afraid of making a noise. Besides, it was unnecessary. I had not even cause to regret my not having arrived in the shop until several minutes had elapsed. For from what I heard at first in Jupien's shop, which was only a series of inarticulate sounds, I imagine that few words had been exchanged. It is true that these sounds were so violent that, if one set had not always been taken up an octave higher by a parallel plaint, I might have thought that one person was strangling another within a few feet of me, and that subsequently the murderer and his resuscitated victim were taking a bath to wash away the traces of the crime. I concluded from this later on that there is another thing as vociferous as pain, namely pleasure, especially when there is added to it—failing the fear of an eventual parturition, which could not be present in this case, despite the hardly convincing example in the *Golden Legend*—an immediate afterthought of cleanliness. Finally, after about half an hour (during which time I had climbed on tip-toe up my ladder so as to peep through the ventilator which I did not open), a conversation began. Jupien refused with insistence the money that M. de Charlus was pressing upon him.

"Why do you have your chin shaved like that," he inquired of the Baron in a cajoling tone. "It's so becoming, a nice beard." "Ugh! It's disgusting," the Baron replied. Meanwhile he still lingered upon the threshold and plied Jupien with questions about the neighborhood. "You don't know anything about the man who sells chestnuts at the corner, not the one on the left, he's a horror, but the other way, a great dark fellow? And the chemist opposite, he has a charming cyclist who delivers his parcels." These questions must have ruffled Jupien, for, drawing himself up with the scorn of a great courtesan who has been forsaken, he replied: "I can see you are completely heartless." Uttered in a pained, frigid, affected tone, this reproach must have made its sting felt by M. de Charlus, who to counteract the bad impression made by his curiosity, addressed to Jupien, in too low a tone for me to be able to make out his words, a request the granting of which would doubtless necessitate their prolonging their sojourn in the shop, and

which moved the tailor sufficiently to make him forget his annoyance, for he studied the Baron's face, plump and flushed beneath his grey hair, with the supremely blissful air of a person whose self-esteem has just been profoundly flattered, and, deciding to grant M. de Charlus the favour he had just asked of him, after various remarks lacking in refinement such as: "Aren't you naughty!" said to the Baron with a smiling, emotional, superior and grateful air: "All right, you big baby, come along!"¹¹

Once Proust has taken this hitherto unexpected step into Sodom, he no longer holds back, and the rest of his work speaks freely about homosexuality in the high society of the *Belle Epoque*, and he dwells particularly upon the relationships between men of the highest station in society and males of the lower classes. (We must here recall that magnificent phrase: "In this picturesque life, oddly enough, the ambassador is the friend of the convict; the prince, with all the freedom of bearing bestowed upon him by an aristocratic education, becomes the intimate of the ruffian.")¹² Later in a passage from *The Past Regained* which takes place during the war of 1914, Proust will introduce us to the sordid promiscuity of the Turkish baths and the houses of assignation where M. de Charlus picks up his young soldiers on leave. But once again, we stray beyond our period.

We must take particular pains, however, that this evocation of the aristocracy of the *Belle Epoque* not be limited to mere quotations from literary works. Nothing is more treacherous, in fact, than to try to recreate a society as it is depicted in novels. There is always a significant gap between reality and fiction; it may be that literature exaggerates or synthetizes reality, or it may be the other way around. The fact is, however, that literature, be it due to

a compulsion toward conformity, be it from timidity or lack of insight, generally falls far short of depicting reality. In any case, and in Proust's case in particular, we know through countless sketches he made "from life," that his characters, discreetly disguised, masked, transposed, and compositized—though still recognizable to the initiate—were taken from the salons which he himself frequented prior to the first World War.

It is, of course, both impossible and useless to determine *who* was the real M. de Charlus, *who* the real Saint-Loup, *who* the Duke de Chatellerault. Yet there is no question but that all the varied traits and features which make up each of their characters were borrowed by Proust from living persons. M. de Charlus, for instance, *might* have been Proust himself, *the* Proust who, according to Maurice Sachs, covertly frequented the shady baths on the rue de Boissy d'Anglas, where a certain Albert, who could have been the Jupien of the novel, provided him with muscular and ruffian-like partners.¹³ A Baron Doazan, whose predilection for coachmen and valets is so like that of M. de Charlus, has also been suggested as a prototype.¹⁴

Most frequently, however, we hear the name of the extravagant, the dazzling, and the insufferable Count Robert de Montesquiou, the aristocratic poet, the author of *Blue Hortensias*, who was possessed of the same noble and haughty air, the same hyperatrophied pride, the same insolence, and, above all, the same degree of homosexuality as the Baron de Charlus. One cannot hope to find in Montesquiou's poems any trace of his particular inclinations even though, according to Willy, they were "extremely auntieish." This haughty and disconcerting person, who made a show of himself in a

manner both provocative and timid, died shortly before Proust; he has already been forgotten though he did everything possible to make a legend of his extravagant behavior, his hell-raising, his indecorous tastes, his puns and witticisms, his flashy self-advertising, and his fabulous decors. (It is said that his bed was shaped in the form of a huge Chinese dragon with electric lights for eyes which came on automatically to light the way for visitors.)¹⁵ This facade did not, however, entirely succeed in hiding an intense sensibility and a genuinely profound sense of delicacy.

M. Guillot de Saix, who knew both Montesquiou and Proust well, has related to me the following anecdote which gives an excellent illustration of his willful and calculated arrogance. He was living with a "too pretty" Argentinian named Gabriel de Yturri who adored him.¹⁶ Now, one evening Montesquiou was giving a lecture at his home, in his "Pink House" in Vesinet, on a collection of poems which he had just published. At a certain moment Proust drew near the handsome Argentinian. Montesquiou stopped his lecture, eyed Proust coldly from head to toe and called out: "Hands on the table!" And yet he was the man who did not hesitate to leave the drawing rooms of even the most noble mansion if he had not been given precedence over everyone else present—including even ambassadors. When his Argentinian died, he wore widow's weeds, but toward the end of his own life he was cruising the urinals near the Ecole Militaire. It was this trait which perhaps inspired Proust to depict M. de Charlus as working the *pistieres* of the boulevards for hours on end.

A favorite theme of Proust's is that of the incongruous bedfellows

homosexuality brought together; one of the best typical stories on this theme is that about the Duke de Chatellerault.

There was one person, who, on that evening as on the previous evenings, had been thinking a great deal about the Duc de Chatellerault, without however suspecting who he was: this was the usher (styled at that time the *aboyeur*) of Mme. de Guermantes, M. de Chatellerault so far from being one of the Princess' intimate friends, albeit he was one of her cousins, had been invited to her house for the first time. His parents, who had not been on speaking terms with her for the last ten years, had been reconciled to her within the last fortnight, and obliged to be out of Paris that evening, had requested their son to fill their place. Now, a few days earlier, the Princess' usher had met in the Champs-Élysées a young man whom he had found charming but whose identity he had been unable to establish. Not that the young man had not shown himself as obliging as he had been generous. All the favours that the usher had supposed that he would have to bestow upon so young a gentleman, he had on the contrary received. But M. de Chatellerault was as reticent as he was rash; he was all the more determined not to disclose his incognito since he did not know with what sort of person he was dealing; his fear would have been far greater, although quite unfounded, if he had known. He had confined himself to posing as an Englishman, and to all the passionate questions with which he was plied by the usher, desirous to meet again a person to whom he was indebted for so much pleasure and so ample a gratuity, the Duke had merely replied, from one end of the Avenue Gabriel to the other: "I do not speak French."

Now here only a few days later, the Duke de Chatellerault is attending a party at the home of the Princess de Guermantes.

Having responded to all the smiles, all the greetings waved to him from inside the drawing-room, he had not noticed the usher. But from the first moment the usher had recognized him. The identity of this stranger, which he had so ardently desired to learn, in another minute he would know. When he asked his "Englishman" of the other evening what name he was to an-

nounce, the usher was not merely stirred, he considered that he was being indiscreet, indelicate. He felt that he was about to reveal to the whole world (which would, however, suspect nothing) a secret which it was criminal of him to force like this and to proclaim in public. Upon hearing the guest's reply: "Le duc de Chatellerault," he felt such a burst of pride that he remained for a moment speechless. The Duke looked at him, recognized him, saw himself ruined, while the servant, who had recovered his composure and was sufficiently versed in heraldry to complete for himself an appellation that was too modest, shouted with a professional vehemence softened by an emotional tenderness: "Son Altesse Monseigneur le duc de Chatellerault!"¹⁷

Maurice Sachs states unequivocally that this story about the Duke de Chatellerault was true, give or take a detail or two, and that the hero—the doorman—could have been that same Albert who later played such an obliging role in the baths of the rue Boissy d'Anglas. This would tend to confirm that Proust's characters are people who really lived, and, therefore, increase the value of Proust's work as a reflection of the manners and mores of its period.¹⁸

But of all the real people who lived in that hot-house atmosphere of the aristocracy it was the writer Jean Lorrain who was the most astonishing and, since he made a point of living like a fictional hero, most closely resembled a character from a novel.¹⁹

Jean Lorrain, a pseudonym for Paul Duval, was a Norman from Fecamp and came from a comfortably well-off bourgeois family. Physically, he was almost a giant; he had blond hair, great blue eyes, a kind of brutal charm, and an iron constitution. Unfortunately he had a strong propensity for the neurotic, and he took great delight in evoking the morbid and unhealthful. We need not add that he was an invert. Having deserted his native Fecamp for the idle, aristocratic society of Paris

where, with plenty of money, he was feted constantly, it was easy for him to become the most flamboyant figure of his era.

He had an obsession for precious stones (recall for a moment the passages from *M. de Phocas* which we cited above); he loaded his fingers with rings, with carnelians, opals, moonstones, amethysts; he dyed his hair and, it is said, even dusted it with powdered gold. He was a consummate snob and made a point of scandalizing duchesses; indeed, he considered it a personal affront if he did not succeed in scandalizing them. His intimate associates, like those of M. de Charlus, were, on the one hand, princesses and vicomtesses, thugs on the other. His homosexuality was notorious among the jokesters, tabloid writers and cartoonists, and he reveled in its so being. One day he invited a highly respectable and very worthy man of letters to dine with him in a very proper rue du Bac restaurant which was frequented by ecclesiastics, grandes dames, and arch-conservatives. During the entire meal Jean Lorrain related horrifying anecdotes at the top of his voice with the result that the dowagers and pious clerics, no longer able to digest their lobsters and champagne, fled in confusion. With dessert he brought his harangue to a close by reciting the following verse of his own composition.

I have slept tonight between two truckers
Who turned out to be two real good
fuckers!

Among his other attributes Jean Lorrain had a sharp and ready wit. One day a very ugly journalist asked him insolently: "Is it true, Monsieur, that you are a pederast?" "If any one asks you," Lorrain retorted, "you can say that I didn't make a pass at you. They'll believe you, Monsieur, they'll believe you."

He was thoroughly outdone one time, however, by the actor De Max, a Roumanian who had become a French citizen, an equally blatant homosexual, and a person whom Lorrain thoroughly detested. This is the story. De Max, who, they say, was something of an ostentatious upstart, used make-up to the point of scandal and lived surrounded by an unbelievable retinue of hysterical admirers who worshipped him to the point of buying the hairs he plucked from his head (!). De Max had a great passion for flowers and, as a result of this, had been nicknamed by Lorrain "The gentleman of the camellias." De Max, in turn, called Lorrain "Jeanne, the maid of Lorraine."

One evening backstage of a theater, Jean Lorrain was struck in the face by a handbag hurled by a young woman who, I believe, had been refused a part in one of his plays. The next day all Paris was gossiping about Lorrain's slap in the face, and De Max had the satisfaction of sending him a card on which was libelously inscribed: "The Gentleman of the Camellias presents his condolences to the Lady of the Gillyflowers."²⁰

Jean Lorrain's exhibitionism sometimes placed his friends in very embarrassing situations. One such episode occurred one day in Marseille where a play adapted from Colette's novel *Claudine* was being performed. Jean Lorrain had asked Willy, Colette's husband, to reserve some tickets for him and had given Willy to understand that he would send someone to pick them up.

In the middle of dinner, in the sumptuous dining room of the Hotel de Noailles, crowded with people in evening dress, the maître d'hôtel approached Willy to tell him that a friend of M. Jean Lorrain wished to speak with him. Willy trustfully replied: "Have him come in." And then, as Willy himself relates it:

I saw enter the room a giant of a man, wearing no shirt but only an apple-green cardigan, who swished openly up to my table and announced in a loud deep voice: "Beg pardon, scuze pleeze, sorry a bother ya durin' chow, but I come 'bout the tickets fur *Claudine*!"

"Well, eh, I don't understand . . ."

"That's OK. I'm Jean's liddle boy-fren."

Knowing that everyone in the dining room was staring at me, I hastened to sign the blanks that this colossus brought with him, laboring like a sloop in heavy weather. Under my breath I cursed Jean Lorrain and his messenger to eternal fires, while Mlle. Polaire murmured under her breath: "If that's his boy friend, I'd love to see what his men friends look like."²¹

After this story there is no need, I think, to dwell further on Jean Lorrain's personal tastes. All the bawds of Vieux Port knew him well and, as they themselves said, furnished him with "many a fat candle."

Unfortunately his penchants led him far astray, into the lowest dives and the most dangerous situations; he exposed himself to robbery and attack, but, as M. Guillot de Saix has assured me, his passion could be aroused only when he was possessed by fright and the feeling of danger.

If, alas, he had had no other nefarious predilections! But, like the heroes of his novels, he drank ether which ate away his stomach, and he died in 1906 after several years of intense suffering while still only fifty years old.

This is more than adequate picture, I believe, of one type of homosexual of 1900 — the wayward aristocrat. Thanks to literature, thanks to Proust, to Jean Lorrain, and to a certain extent to Huysmans, the stereotype has survived in the public mind. The unpleasant fact that homosexuality is often deemed a condition akin to drug addiction, that it is associated

with sadism, masochism, and narcissism, that it is so often depicted in pornographic and scandalous literature as a monstrous evil, smelling of fire and brimstone, is, in large measure, the fault of the *Belle Epoque*.

10 Marcel Proust, *Cities of the Plain*, Chap. I.

11 Marcel Proust, *Cities of the Plain*, Chap. I. (Translator's note: This passage and the one cited above are quoted from the classical translation of Proust's work by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.)

12 *Ibid.*

13 Maurice Sachs, *Le Sabat*, 1946 p. 279.

14 André Maurois, *A la recherche de Marcel Proust*, p. 163, 165, 316, and E. Raynaud, *Police des Moeurs*, p. 141. See especially George Painter, *Marcel Proust, A Biography*, v. I, London, 1951.

15 H. Bardac, *Proust et Montesquiou* (souvenirs) *Revue de Paris*, Sept. 1948, p. 145.

16 E. de Clermont-Tonnerre, *Robert de Montesquiou et Marcel Proust*, Paris, 1925, p. 54.

17 Proust, *Cities of the Plain*, Chap. I.

18 Maurice Sachs, *Le Sabat*. On the relationship between Proust's novel and the society which he frequented see, in addition to the work of André Maurois cited above, Charles Briand, *Le Secret de Marcel Proust*, Paris, 1950.

19 On J. Lorrain, see G. Normandy, *Jean Lorrain*, Paris 1927 (collection of *Vies anecdotiques et pittoresques des grands écrivains*), and G. Normandy, *Jean Lorrain intime*, Paris, 1928; also P. Léon-Gauthier, *Jean Lorrain, la vie, l'oeuvre et l'art d'un pessimiste*, Sorbonne thesis, Paris, 1938.

20 Willy, *The Third Sex*, p. 137. Translator's note: The French is "la dame aux Giroflées" which is an untranslatable play on words. "Giroflée" (gillyflower) is a popular expression which means "a slap in the face" because of the fancied resemblance of the five leaves of the gillyflower to the marks of the five fingers made by a slap to the face.

21 *Op. cit.*, p. 126.

Books

CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS: DEVIANT BEHAVIOR AND PUBLIC POLICY, ABORTION, HOMOSEXUALITY, DRUG ADDICTION.

By Edwin M. Schur, Prentice Hall Spectrum Books, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1965, pp. 180

Some homosexuals might feel affronted to find themselves grouped in a study which also includes abortion and drug addiction. The thesis of Professor Schur's book, however, is that the three types of behavior are similar only in that they illustrate a type of unenforceable law making. In fact the attempt to control, by criminal law, the willing exchange of socially disapproved but widely demanded goods or services, seems particularly likely to set the stage for police corruption and demoralization. Laws in these fields are attempting to legislate morality, a morality which is not necessarily subscribed to by a large proportion of the population. Perhaps even more of the population would change their ideas on what the law should be if the more or less harmless aspects of the various types of "deviant" behavior received wide attention; this has not been done in part because opponents of reform proposals have made it a point to neglect such factors since by accept-

ing them their arguments would be weakened. Laws in the three areas under discussion are further complicated because the only "victims" of the alleged criminal act are the willing participants.

Further handicapping law enforcement is the low visibility of the various offenses which leads the police to try entrapment and other sordid techniques. Moreover the law does not really prevent the types of behavior at which it was aimed but instead causes the homosexual to conceal his condition and voluntarily submit to a certain amount of segregation. Professor Schur feels it is not the province of the sociologist to prove what the "proper" or "best" policy of law enforcement might be, mainly because it is unprovable, but he does argue that the social scientist must look into these areas and report what he finds. Quite obviously his own recommendations, though not spelled out in detail, would be to follow the provisions of the American Law Institute Model Penal Code and make all sexual behavior between consenting adults outside the confines of the law. In the case of abortion and drug addiction he would seek legal remedies in terms of medical needs. Before arriving at his conclusions, Professor Schur does an understanding and dispassionate analysis of homosexuality, examining various causal theories, its prevalence and distribution, but most particularly the law and law enforcement policies. He feels the only real effect of the present laws on homosexuality is to

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make a good many individuals more unhappy than they would otherwise be, and that the laws as they now exist do not show any signs of effectively dealing with the "problems" raised by homosexuality. Instead the laws have helped to create an aggrieved minority, nurturing at the same time the very kind of public reaction that unwittingly promotes the more disapproved types of homosexual behavior. He pleads for more research, discussion, and dissemination of information on homosexuality, abortion, and drug addiction. With this I can agree, and so, I think, can most readers of ONE.

—VERN L. BULLOUGH

SAINT THOMAS: POEMS by Tram Combs, Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Conn., 1965, 84 pp., paper, \$1.85.

This is a handsomely designed presentation of the verse of a gifted scientist cum poet who makes his home on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas. He has lived there since 1951 and the place has obviously become as much a part of him as he has of the place.

among the whites of houses
on a black horse down hill
slowly a white-shirted rider winds
—on his chest the whiteness
fluttering
at his wrists the sleeves billowing—
among the palm and banana fronds
feathering
the massy trees floating on
the wind coursing his path

The book teems with tropical images that are not merely outwardly perceived but inwardly realised, and this is a factor essential to the making of real poetry — the ability to convey experience so that a reader miles away in terms of physical distance, years away in time, separated from the poet by worlds of experience utterly foreign — so that this

reader can share the poet's reactions, live them with him as a result of reading a scattering of words on a page.

There are annoying affectations of punctuation and arch and coy mannerisms from time to time, but, as William Carlos Williams wrote about Comb's earlier collection, "When it comes to that seriousness of line and accent which most engages the artist he, at his best, never fails."

There is humor:

on the sailor's stern
twin screws are tattoo'd
& under his keel
"steer clear"

Several of these poems appeared first in ONE.

—J. H.

ROYAL SPY: THE STRANGE CASE OF THE CHEVALIER D'EON by Edna Nixon, Reynal & Co., N.Y., 1965, 260 pp., \$5.75.

Whatever enthusiasm Mrs. Nixon may have for the Chevalier d'Eon, she fails to convey it to the reader of this book.

Six pages of an undigested mash composed of a little Hirschfeld, a bit of Havelock Ellis, a trace of N. Lukianowicz, a soupcon of H. Benjamin, and laced with F. G. Worden and J. T. Marsh — and the whole concocted in a cracked pot of historical cross-dressing, does not constitute sufficient new research material to warrant either the writing or the publishing of this book.

Mrs. Nixon seems to have conceived a school-girlish fondness for her subject that blinds her to even the most superficial understanding of the man or the men around him. In attempting to refute a portrait of d'Eon written by a contemporary and supported by the few facts she herself gives but misinterprets, she contradicts not only common sense but the occasional truthfulness of her subject.

In attributing "selfless loyalty to Louis XV" and "resistance to bribery and corruption" to the Chevalier, she glosses over his retention (until time had eroded their usefulness) of state documents not only as a means of preserving his own skin but also as a means of extorting an income from the king as the price of not publishing an immediate cause of war.

The Chevalier's association with and use of the blackmailing scum of Paris and London are, in the eyes of this adoring biographer, no more than the tools by which d'Eon necessarily attempts to clear his trumped up escutcheon. Throughout the book

the Chevalier and those who befriended him, while they befriended him, are excused of everything from murder, libel and blackmail to diddling the funds.

An age as decadently cynical as the 18th century treated this eunuchoid tranvestite with a cruel mixture of curiosity and boredom, and any interest he may hold for today's reader must lie in his aberration rather than his endearing qualities.

Mrs. Nixon's literary style is a travesty of the English language and its use as a means of communication. A glance at any page will prove a stronger caveat than any reviewer could give.

—JANE RACE

Letters

Sirs:

What a refreshing and artistic surprise there was in the April copy of ONE, and I think it is due to the work of Rolf Berlinsen. His art work for the two stories added a great deal of realism and interest. I sincerely hope that the editors will see fit to make such drawings a regular part of the already fine magazine.

RANDOLPH

Sirs:

A rather sad time for us in England as once again, even with a Socialist government in power, the effort to obtain a bill to put into effect the recommendations of Wolfenden has failed.

Obviously the House of Lords are all for change — but not the present House of Commons. What was astonishing was that half the government hadn't even the guts to vote one way or the other. Still all is not lost. I am convinced one day this change will come — we are working steadily towards it.

Congratulations on your move and I do hope all of you will be successful and encouraged in your endeavors there. My thoughts and best wishes are with you always.

LONDON

Sirs:

I am fed up to the wisdom teeth by comments to the effect that homosexuality is increasing. I am forty-five, and, looking back 20 — or even 25 years — I can't see that there's any more of it than before. Obviously it's more open. No newspaper would have run such leaders fifteen years ago, and people now discuss the subject who would once have pretended that it didn't exist except among the deplorably depraved.

In 1941 the Navy base at which I worked was what the unco guid love to term a "hotbed" of homosexuality — and it was near a large city, so the boys were scarcely isolated from female companionship. Furthermore, a friend of mine — now a lieutenant-commander — told me that there was one ship whose entire complement was gay! This is hard to believe.

My own feeling for years has been that practically all men over 30 who are not married are either hopeless playboys or homosexual. And then there are the married ones. Of my various married friends, I know beyond any doubt whatever that 7 husbands are gay — and I have strong suspicions about 2 more.

ALBANY

Sirs:

I don't know why your sudden move — but no matter what, you have my support! I agree completely with the idea of upgrading the magazine and cutting down on *Confi*. Please renew my subscription and use the rest as you see fit.

QUEBEC

Sirs:

I enjoyed the last issue so much that I realized I should be getting ONE regularly. So here is the wherewithal for a subscription taken out of my "pin money." (We use an awful lot of pins in my crowd.)

I must add that your letter section is always the high point of any issue. Quite incredible at times. To lead some of these poor submerged Prufrocks out of their nightmare world of fear, anxiety, guilt and malice would seem like the work of several lifetimes.

LOS ANGELES

Sirs:

In regard to the letter published in the May ONE concerning P.O. interference with the Dec. issue of *Der Kreis* from Zurich.

I also subscribe to that publication and had the same experience. But instead of

sending permission to open the envelope, I simply informed *Der Kreis* of the situation and they sent me another copy. This copy arrived at my door slit open at one end. The postman and my neighbors probably got a good look at the mail I was receiving. I have long known that the P.O. will illegally stop mail or open it, if it suits them.

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the May issue of the magazine. The cover is quite witty. But I am afraid that Brooke Whitney knows more about art than about chickens. The fowl on the cover, by displaying a wide chest, stocky thighs, and corpulent craw, looks more like a Complacent Old Hen than a Proud Young Cock. Young roosters, as any farm boy such as myself will tell you, are — to a man — skinny and smug.

If Don Slater, the old hen, insists on putting himself on the cover, the least he can do is commission a more flattering portrait.

Bob Waltrip
LOS ANGELES

KENNETH ANGER'S NEW BOOK!

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NOW AT
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Dear Mr. Martin,

I have translated for *Arcadie* your answer to our editorial *The Gravest Danger*, and I hope I have made no important error in translation.

I must say that I am afraid there is, in fact, no "cross-cultural misunderstanding" at all in this affair, but on the contrary that we really do not speak the same language because we do not deal with the same problem.

Nearly all of your arguments will seem fantastic to the French reader because the proofs you give that the homosexual is not an ordinary citizen are simply non-existent in this country. Not only the law makes no difference between a homosexual and a heterosexual (no allusion is made in the French law to homosexuality, except for relations with minors), but any regulation or by-law which would create such a difference would be illegal and of no effect. Homosexuals can be employed in a government office as well as heterosexuals (it is purely a matter of private morals and, as such, no employer has the right to enquire about it). We know many homosexual professors, teachers, notaries, scientific researchers whose homosexuality is well known by their chiefs and which does not interfere in the least with their career. The same thing is true in the Army — the only exception is the Navy which is, traditionally, very puritanical and Catholic-minded, but even here any purely sexual discrimination is illegal.

Of course, when homosexuals are convicted in the courts for criminal offenses (i.e., public obscenity or sexual relations with a minor), then they can be discharged if they are employed in government offices, but even there such a discharge is not automatic and it depends very much upon the gravity of the offense. I don't think that one can honestly speak of a segregation or hostile discrimination when it is a matter of speaking of people who have sex in public conveniences or with young boys.

The only kind of real discrimination we know in this country is not a legal one: it is one of public opinion. It is true to say that many of us do not dare to confess our sexual particularities to our friends, or parents, or neighbors because we fear that we should be condemned and rejected — not by a legal process, but by a reaction of spite and loathing. In that sense, yes, there is a kind of "minority feeling," but we feel that the information of the public can be effective only if we try to persuade them that we are not different from other people except in this one way. People do not consider homosexuals here as members

of a minority; they consider them as "dirty cranks" or, more generally, as half-women (remember that we are not at all a matriarchal people). So, the homosexuals themselves do not feel that they are a "minority" group or a "group" at all, because they are not.

In fact, the problem of minorities is very far from our minds. I assure you that there are no minority problems in France just now (the only one is the Algerian-French minority — a million persons who have fled from Arab Algeria after the Independence, and they are being rapidly assimilated. At least no hostility exists against them, and there is no segregation at all for them.) It is certainly not true to say that, in this country, the question of the right of minorities is a matter of public interest. I even doubt that the average man-in-the-street has a notion of what it means!

I hope I have convinced you that our editorial was not the result of a misunderstanding of your position, but on the contrary a clear appreciation of the difficulties of our respective problems.

Yours ever,
Marc Daniel
PARIS

Note: With all due respect to my friend Marc Daniel, I must insist that "cross-cultural misunderstanding", as I used the term, is exactly what is involved here. While it is undoubtedly true that the French homosexual enjoys certain legal rights denied to his American brother, I am less and less sure that his lot in general, is much better. There are social minorities as well as legal ones, and so long as the French homosexual dares not confess his sexual particularity for fear of being condemned and rejected he is not much better off than is the American. I sometimes think that with the emphasis which the American homophile movement chooses to place on the legal rights, or lack of legal rights, or the homosexual, there comes a somewhat distorted picture of the overall position of the American homosexual — particularly as it is viewed abroad. After all, there are untold thousands of American homosexuals who never have any legal problems and for whom social acceptance or lack of it is, as for the French, the most important aspect of our problem. From our point of view the French homosexual is as much a part of a social minority as is the American, and I can wish that our French friends might see this within our meaning of the term.

Marcel Martin
LOS ANGELES