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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

OCTOBER 1961
FIFTY CENTS



MORT

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



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume IX

Number 10

October, 1961

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COVER: by Mort from a French sculpture of
Jeanne d'Arc, Circa 1429

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EDITORIAL

Homosexuals are at certain disadvantages culture-wise. For example, as children we had nothing but heterosexual literature. "And they lived happily ever after" was never two women or men. A pretty fem Cinderella never had a small-but-costly crown put on her head by a handsome Queen of the Amazons with a gleam in her eye. Of all those Knights around that Round Table there was never that minority of two playing knee-sies.

This is not to push gay fairy tales for tiny tots but to illustrate a point too often unrealized or forgotten: that what we are doing—homophile journalism, creating an outlet and an atmosphere encouraging to homophile writers, or call it what you will—this is something *new*.

This didn't exist when homosexuals of my generation, and probably yours also, "came out." We could pity-wallow with "The Well of Loneliness" or walk through the weird wax-works of Krafft-Ebing.

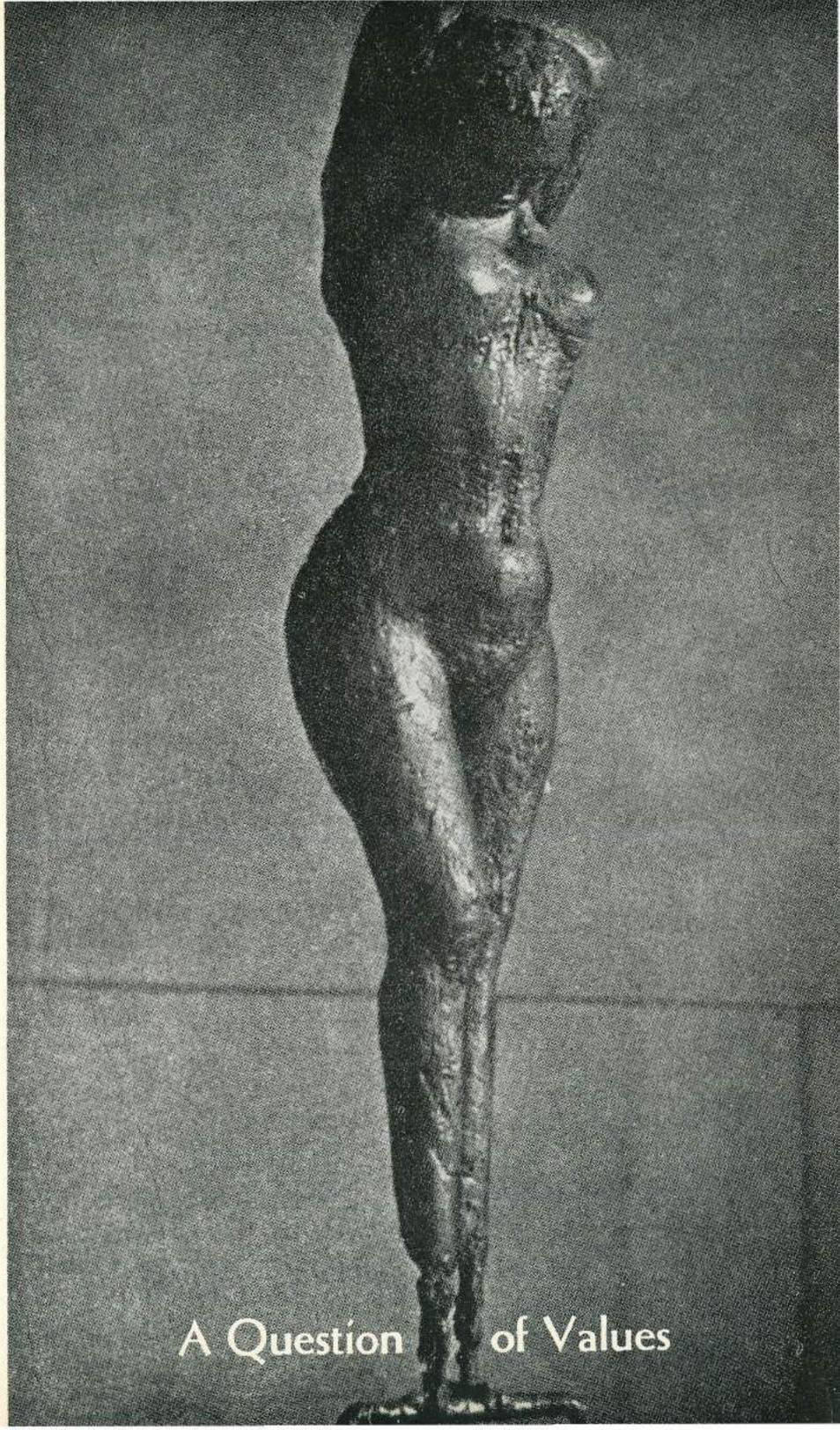
Stop and consider: would ONE, and its issues from nine years to delve into, have helped with *your* adjustment after you "came out"? And, if you are a writer, would you not have begun earlier?

This building of a tradition or an atmosphere of homophile writing (indeed, just reaching and convincing many homophiles themselves that there can be such a thing) is a slow process. It is not accomplished in just nine years. We know that. But, as I think Gertrude Stein might have put it, somebody surely sometime has to start a thing.

So we didn't get gay fairy tales as children. So all right. At least now, for the *first* time in history, the rise of homophile journalism allows the adult homosexual viewpoint to express itself and become a permanent chronicle in print. And not only for our own times. And ONE intends to be around for a long, long time.

Alison Hunter

one



A Question of Values

I am not Catholic.
I do not
believe in Saints.

Have patience, Believers,
should I mar
or rupture your image
neatly wrapped in placid gauze
surmounting wooden pedestals
or knock askew
the tinsel crown
cemented on its head.

I only mean
to prove a point.

If
Once upon a time
There lived a girl
called
Jeanne d'Arc
as say
your churches,
Mr. Shaw,
and France,

She must have been
a robust peasant girl
reared
and trained
with boys,
adept with pitchfork
quick of foot
skin toughened
by the sun,
annoyed with the petty
girlish flounce and slip,
an awkward toe-stubber
at family socials.

A faint blush to her rounded cheek
when brothers spoke
of girls and women
in the way that brothers will —
— but shouldn't in the
face of sisters —

A look of awe
and
gasp of admiration
at the
pretty city girls
on whom a homespun cotton
hung as well as silk

A swell of pride
within her conscious breasts
when brothers
gave a whack
upon her shoulder
to prove a job well done —
man to man.

How did she feel
how many salted tears
rubbed rough away
were shed

When puberty approached
and family girls should
wed and birth

And she,
man's will and rearing
housed in
nature's fabricated breasts
stood twist-legged aside
and knew
she had to fight

Within herself.

And so Jeanne fought
for a cause
much greater than
her own.

And with it,
battled
man and girl
inside.

For this
We call her
Saint.
And well-deserved
as Sainthoods go.

But are we worshipping
the Deed
or
Jeanne, the girl?

Had Jeanne but lived today,
Joan Brown, American,
And spent the same youth on
a Texas farm
Then reached New York
to fight a cause
today as great as then,
What would we say?

How would we feel
to see
A healthy, big-boned girl,
long and straight of limb,
sure of purpose,
Who walks
West 4th Street
With a clean and honest face
framed by a boy's
haircut
and
a white sports shirt
serviceable
tucked neatly in
a well creased pair
of khaki chinos.

Perhaps
her stride's
a bit
too long
Her gait,
not delicate.

Would we
smile wisely
or
rub our forefinger across
our upper lip
to conceal
the smirk?

Or whisper
"Queer"

Or
yell
"Hey! Lady-lover!?"

When Jeanne stood
against her stake
and

Red hot flames
lit
sparks to tiny sunbleached
hairs on
arms and legs,

Did she
scream
in protest
or
in agony
to feel destruction of a
body which
she
never understood.

And
if
She did
the latter,
Does it make her deed less great?

—Carol Bradford

tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

One of the most stupidly written and opinionated articles to appear in a long time "has crawled out of the sewer," to use the author Sidney Reed's own words; it is printed in the September 1961 issue of **Hush-Hush** and is entitled "Reading for a Limp Wrist! Those Phony Magazines." This two-bit magazine, without apology, makes no attempt at an unbiased presentation of any subject not to mention homosexuality as it brings its own special slant to filthy, cheap muck-raking.

What is so ghastly is that **Hush-Hush**, along with other filthy cheapies like it, wields a powerful influence with its many readers. Reed's article deals with the physical culture or muscle magazines and their appeal to many homosexuals. Considering the circulation and evident popularity of the muscle magazines among those who avidly follow them we agree they cannot be casually dismissed. But **Hush-Hush** does nothing to enlighten us on one of the profound contradictions of our time. Of course the publishers and everyone else included knows who buys the magazines with pictures. **Hush-Hush** misses the point entirely with its outpouring of lies and misinformation calculated only to sell their magazine. Here is a sample of what Mr. Reed has to say:

The "NEW TYPE" of muscle magazines "are seldom put on display in daylight when the normal citizen is on the street.

"But in the dead of night, when the sex-sick creepsters begin to prowl these . . . periodicals start popping out . . . like pimples.

"From the covers you might think these . . . mags were body-building guides.

"But look again—if your stomach can take it.

"For these mucking male monthlies cater to no one else but SWISHY-SWASHY HOMOSEXUALS!

"Who the hell do these Pansy-Dans think they're fooling.

". . . they could just as well call them THE QUEERSVILLE QUARTERLY or THE FAGGOT GAZETTE . . . these panting, perverted publications.

"The real feature of these miserable, murky magazines are coy boys with seductive smirks on their ever-so-sweet and enticing faces . . . They are simpering swishes who swivel their hips into the kind of poses you'd expect to find on a pin-up calendar.

"The whole thing is not only nauseating. It is downright dangerous!

"HOW FAR CAN THIS GO?

"Well just grab hold of a porcelain basin, Jason—because . . . what could be more inspiring to the

queery-dreary darlings than the photo of a grinning bare-chested cutie snapped in the act of unzipping his pants.

"Talk about inspiration!"

Although Reed's "Expose" goes on and on, I will not. The point that **Hush-Hush** could not understand if it tried, is the odd situation of manhood so normally cherished, along with everything a male should possess, being preserved by those very males who are supposed to be so unnormal and unmasculine. Of course, these comments are not intended in any way to curtail the pleasant art or publication of representations of the male form. The **Hush-Hush** article, however, serves to remind us how difficult it is for the heterosexual to grasp even a glimpse of what makes up a homosexual or homosexuality.

"QUEEN CITY" WITHOUT A QUEEN?

Burlington, Vermont, has many fine qualities not the least of which is its high regard for the individual and individual opinion. This is true of most of Vermont, probably, even more than Burlington. There are those who might refer to it as puritanical and victorian Vermont—as if these terms were in any way similar. Victorian the area certainly is, thank goodness, with Burlington a little less so than the rest of the State but still healthily of the opinion that the individual, not society, is the paramount consideration.

On Sunday afternoon, July 16th, a young man walked into the Burlington Free Press City Room and announced to the astonished persons present that homosexuals—some of them ranking citizens, others "common deviates"—were having a field day in that city.

"I'm scared and want out," Ed-

ward Davies, 24-year-old and at that time without address, told reporter Joe Heaney. He should know he admitted; since May he had made "big money" procuring. It was learned that Davies had been stabbed in the stomach with an ice pick about 11:15 of the Thursday night prior, after being told someone wanted to talk with him in the men's room of the Burlington Bus Depot.

Now he was scared and "I don't know what to do," he said. "I was afraid some idiot might try it again while I was in the hospital. I've talked to the police. Now I want to talk with someone neutral." Davies wore a white shirt over a bandaged stomach. His talk was nervous, animated.

The story of his involvement was like this: last May he was sitting in the City Hall Park. He was out of work and broke with a wife and 3 kids to support. He was wearing a pink shirt. A man came along and invited Davies to have something to eat with him and later over to his hotel. Davies discovered that the man had a lot of money. The man also made passes at the youth but was rebuffed, so Davies claimed. But Davies promised to introduce the man to some "fellas" for a price. "That's how it started," explained Davies. "It was easy money and I needed it. From that first guy, I got to know others"—indeed, over 300 he later confessed. Davies went on, "I would get \$5, \$10, or \$15 for each guy. The amount I got depended on how far the guy I got would let the homo go."

But by June, Davies averred, he got fed up with the whole business (or lack of it) and with himself. He repented the evil of his ways and told the police all about it. That's when he got stabbed.

Describing in detail his accusations, he told reporter Heaney

"You'd be surprised at the stuff that goes on in this town. Almost right out in the open. I never introduced anyone I didn't know or any young boys. The guys I introduced liked the money and kept coming back. They were all just wild kids and laughed about it. One of the guys I met in this deal told me never to get too close with the homos or I would start liking men better than women. He told me that's what happened to him. He said he was married and had a family before he started.

"I lost my wife's affection because of this. I used to have a steady job but could only make \$40-\$50 a week. What kind of money was that? I just want to get the whole thing off my chest now . . . and maybe through my coming out with this, people of this city will know what's going on. This homosexual business has increased here definitely during the time I was a part of it. Left alone, it will become real widespread."

Immediately following Davies' disclosures, Burlington's Mayor Bing, Police Chief Donald Russell, and States Atty. John Boylan, Jr. embarked on a full-scale investigation of the alleged homosexual activities. Chief Russell said he thought Davies "was exaggerating." He added, however, "I'm not saying there are no homosexuals in Burlington . . . You find them in every city."

A week of repeated and continued questioning of Davies (including his being given two lie detector tests—the results of which have never been disclosed) plus detailed inquiry and observation by Burlington's detective bureau which lasted most of the month of August in checking out Davies' allegations, proved futile in turning up any evidence of an organized promotion of homosexuality.

No charges were filed against Davies who thereafter left town for his native Detroit on a 'one-way-ticket' ostensibly to recover from his ice pick wound at the home of his parents. The local police began to lose interest, and the Burlington Free Press which had been keeping the story going and may have paid Davies in the first place, found itself starved for information to report. But the paper kept doggedly at repeating the informer's original story.

Now Burlington, Vermont, is not a large city (local population: 37,000). It is a college town and the educational and intellectual center of Vermont plus its cultural center for the arts. The tone of the place, as noted earlier, is conservative. The primary newspaper is quite conservative. And it is not unreasonable to imagine that the bluntness of wording of the newspaper articles probably was more shocking to the residents than the subject matter. A city like this is bound to have a gay set. It might even be as large as Davies described. But it would know absolutely nothing about 'the inside' story of any of the charges made by Davies and appearing in the papers. In fact, the homosexual population would understandably remain unmolested by the police during such a purge. Why? Because Davies would not know any homosexuals. He wouldn't recognize one if it bit him, so to speak. The real gay community of Burlington would continue to go right on peacefully living—the individuals busy and useful—well concealed. Young punk Davies, to be sure, will know hoodlums, whores, and hustlers by the hundreds, some coincidentally gay, some not so gay. But like Davies himself, the chief characteristic of these pug-uglies is their eager willingness to turn their

hand to almost any profitable venture so long as it is not honest. As long as the deluded Burlington police continue to look for vice in the form of homosexual activity they will find nothing; because there is nothing to find. Many homosexuals do not understand this themselves. They somehow believe, because this fringe-area is frequently what they meet first, that it is gay life. Hustling and prostituting certainly is not the major adjustment for the homosexuals in any community any more than it is for the heterosexuals. Nor is patronizing them.

And the Burlington story proves no exception. But while things are hot there, our advice to the queens in the "Queen City" is: don't pack no picks, and don't be caught in public with a pink shirt.

MATTACHINE SOCIETY MEETS

The Mattachine Society held its highly interesting and successful 8th Annual Conference (two more were informally held prior to 1953) in San Francisco over Labor Day. Opening event, September 1, was a reception at the Society headquarters.

Highlight of the next day's sessions was the very practical and down-to-earth discussion of employment problems affecting homosexuals, both civilian and in service, who have arrest or other similar records. Chaired by Donald S. Lucas, Mattachine Social Service Director, the panel consisted of experts in the field of rehabilitation and employment problems; Joseph R. Rowan, National Council of Crime and Delinquency; Mrs. Lillian Stodick, Allied Fellowship Service; Robert Gilbert, Adult Probation Unit; Jan Marinissen, American Friends Service Committee; Charles Ivens, California State Department of Employment. Present as observers were Mrs. Norma Keller, representing the

Daughters of Bilitis, and Inspector Webb, from the San Francisco Police Department.

At the Annual Awards Banquet, Saturday evening, Thane Walker, psychologist, of Honolulu, discussed the need for changed views concerning homosexuality to fit an atomic age. The entire day Sunday was devoted to the annual reports of various departments of the Society and to a roundtable discussion of present trends and policies in the American homophile movement. George Mortenson, Chairman of ONE and W. Dorr Legg, Director, ONE Institute, described the various activities of ONE. David L. Daniel, President, Mattachine Society, and Harold Call, Director of Publications, told of Mattachine work. A paper by Jaye Bell, President, Daughters of Bilitis, explaining their position on many matters was read in her absence. A graduate student from one of the Bay area universities discussed her research project on female homosexuality. A representative of the new Hollywood Assistance League, homophile organization, gave a description of the work they are undertaking.

The Conference closed with a Workshop Brunch at the Mattachine headquarters in San Francisco, Monday, September 4, and was rated by those attending as one of the most valuable the Society has ever conducted. Fuller reports are scheduled for later publication in ONE Confidential.

CALIFORNIANS BEWARE

The repeal of the old vagrancy statute by the 1961 Legislature was a good thing—probably. The uncertainty arises from the very ambiguous and gestapo-sounding section of the new statute which deals with the question of carrying identification on one's person. Like in the European police states? How-

ever, the new statute replaces the old "vag-lewd" catchall phrase with specific acts which must be substantiated by the arresting officers, which is a good thing.

Never the ones to be caught short certain California police departments are developing a hedge against the possibility that the new law contains some joker they hadn't foreseen and are lavishly spending the taxpayer's money on elaborate

photographic equipment to bolster their work. This is being installed in hidden and strategic locations in public restrooms. Let nobody think he is unobserved, simply because he does not see anyone or even because a place is completely dark. That ventilator screens a polaroid camera; that mirror is a two-way job with a pair of detectives on the other side; that gesture in the dark is already on super-sensitive film.

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ONE AND ONE THOUSAND

by

G. T. Worland

Tony sat on a bench in Central Park, engrossed in the very very respectable Times. Phil was across a field, sitting on a gray granite rock thumbing through the not so respectable Daily News. He watched Tony for a minute, two and two made four. He crossed the grass, dropped the not so respectable Daily News in a litter basket and ambled toward the sun-tanned Tony, his jet haired head bending intently over the very very respectable Times.

"Too early for a New York tan," Phil thought. "Must have been to Florida."

Tony's nose wrinkled in give-away disgust as he read that the city was transferring one thousand policemen to a new recreation force, "To guard against crimes most common to the city's recreation areas." Another purge! They'd already closed all the gay bars. Washington Square had a curfew! What next?

Tony threw the Times away as if the very very respectable editors had personally insulted him. He glanced at his watch, 12:45. The Met was open—maybe lunch there and then he'd take in that new exhibit of Asian sculpture. Tony was so deep in his own thought that he hardly noticed Phil as he sat down on the other end of the bench. Not all the way to the end, but far enough apart that they were very very respectable.

"Got a light?" Phil asked leaning toward Tony.

"Sure," Tony fumbled in his tight continentals for the lighter his "ex" had given him in Miami. just before he became Tony's "ex."

Tony flicked the lighter, held it to Phil. Phil's hand lingered, just a little

longer than necessary to shield the flame from a non-existent wind. Tony studied him, not bad. Too bad he was a blond, Tony thought. Tony didn't like blonds. His "ex" was a blond—but then, well hell! It was a boring day and Tony didn't really want to go to the Museum. Screw the Asian sculpture exhibit!

"Nice day," Phil commented stretching his legs out in front of him. Tony noticed the strong muscles in Phil's thighs, Phil saw his eyes take in the obvious, but not too-too obvious bulge. "Yes," Tony said, "looks like its going to be a nice summer."

"Umm-humph," Phil nodded, drawing deep on his cigarette. He liked Tony, but—? What if he found out? It was getting so damned dangerous! Well, all or nothing at all, he held out his hand to Tony, "I'm Phil, you?"

"Tony."

"Live near here?"

"Not far."

Tony took a second look at Phil, just maybe he still liked blonds. He didn't look too bad—in fact he looked pretty good. Nice features, and strong square hands. Tony liked strong hands. But there was Tillie, Tony's landlady, if something should happen—Tillie knew everything!

Hell, why not? "I'm just going to my place. How about a drink?"

Phil mulled a moment, glanced at Tony and smiled. "It's early, but sure."

When Phil stood up, Tony noticed how really tall he was, a sudden giddiness akin to anticipation swept Tony. Tony never understood this feeling, what was it? The mutual consent that they were going to share a stolen hour for love? Or the clean vigorous lust of their bodies coming together for a ritual, timeless, ageless ritual of love?

Anyway the nervous excitement of someone he'd never known before made Tony hurry his steps. Together, but not too close they crossed the bridge, walked out of the park.

Tony looked at Phil, "It's all the way to Riverside Drive. Want to take a cross-town?" Phil shook his head, "Let's walk. I'm in no hurry, are you?"

Tony smiled. "Not me."

2:00, the room was dark.

Lazily Tony stretched out beside Phil, he just fit in the curve of Phil's arm. It was always the same! Once and that's that—but it had been wonderful, Tony admitted. It was all he could ask for, but now it was over. He was just another trick in a series of tricks for Phil. Tony guessed that if you lined them all up, they'd stretch from L. A. to New York. He was on the end of the line.

"What's the matter?" Phil sat up on his elbow. "Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

Tony nodded, "Nothing really—its just me. Will I see you again?"

"Do you want to?" Phil asked, dead serious now.

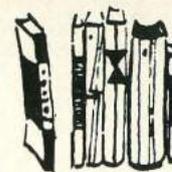
Somehow Tony knew his answer couldn't be too quick. He looked up in Phil's eyes. Come to think of it, Tony was downright crazy about blonds!

Tillie, Tony, and Phil's landlady liked the evening. She sat on the stoop and gossiped with her super from the next building. Tillie liked her boys, so she smiled and waved as Tony and Phil left for the movies. "That's a nice boy living with Tony," she commented.

The other super nodded, "Looks like a nice guy."

"Yes," Tillie beamed happy that one of her boys had found his fellow. He's a fine boy. Tony needed someone like him. You know he's a policeman on the new recreation force. Yes indeed, he's just right for Tony."

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 COMPLETE POEMS OF CAVAFY translated by Rae Dalven, with an introduction by W. H. Auden. Harcourt, Brace & World. 1961. \$6.75.

Spain, Italy, Greece—these once remote countries can now be reached by jet plane in a matter of hours from any U. S. airport. The world shrinks. Yet we are startled when a Juan Jiminiz wins the Nobel Prize—a great modern poet of whom we have never heard because he writes in Spanish. Salvatore Quasimodo's name and work were unknown to English-speaking readers until the Nobel Committee chose to honor him in 1959. He writes in Italian. We are a rich country, but our confinement to one language makes us poor.

Constantine Cavafy, the greatest modern poet writing in Greek, died in 1932. Yet not until Lawrence Durrell mentioned him in notes to his Alexandria Quartet novels, did his name reach any numerically important group of U. S. readers—his name and two poems. Only last year a reference in the London *Times* asserted Cavafy was embarrassingly untranslatable because he "writes exclusively of his homosexual pickups."

Now, however, this quiet but powerful and moving poet can be read complete in crisp and accurate English translation. His poems are brief, unadorned, direct. They share with Japanese poetry a subtlety that

is never difficult. They achieve greatness in that they seize the reader and face him directly with the event the poet wants him to experience. Here, for example, is a poem called "The Next Table."

He must be scarcely twenty-two
years old.
And yet I am certain that nearly
as many
years ago, I enjoyed the very
same body.

It isn't at all infatuation of love.
I entered the casino only a little
while ago;
I didn't even have time to drink
much.
I have enjoyed the same body.

If I can't recall where—one lapse
of memory
means nothing.
Ah see, now that he is sitting
down at the next table
I know every movement he
makes—and beneath his
clothes once more I see the
beloved bare limbs.

There are some 200 poems in this collection. Of that number perhaps half deal directly with what the translator calls deviate love. The other poems, lean, economical, taut with restrained emotion, deal with Hellenic history, particularly during the era when Rome controlled Greece. But whatever his subject he brings it

vidily to life. And even in the historical poems Cavafy tends to select as individuals to exemplify tragedy and triumph, beautiful young men. "Of Demetrius Soter, 162-150 B.C." is such a poem and there are many others, notably "By an Italian Shore," and "Temethos of Antioch, A.D. 400."

Buy this book. Read these poems. "He asked about the Quality," "Two Young Men 23 to 24," "Days of 1908"—you cannot fail, having read these three alone, to know with complete certainty that Constantine Cavafy, more effectively than any other writer of the 20th century, speaks for the homosexual, in a language which knows no barriers.

—John Colton

THE FROG POND by Joyce McIver, Braziller, 1961, \$4.95.

This claims to be a factual account of her mental illness by a female journalist. It reads like a *True Confessions* version of Krafft-Ebing. Seeking a cure for her tendency to fall victim to ugly and rapacious men, Miss McIver chases from one psychoanalyst to another.

The first forgets her name. He

turns out to be a sadist-narcissist with mirrors on his apartment ceilings and a wife whom he strands there for days, tied hand and foot. Analyst number two never talks except on Fridays. Three screams at her in a heavy German accent. Four helps her, so she leaves him. Five optimistically pronounces her healed when she tells him of a happy dream.

She is finally cured by deep-breathing exercises.

An exposé of the psychoanalytic racket is very likely needed. There is malpractice. Many inflated claims are made. Much meaningless jargon is tossed about. Much real harm is done. But though it claims to be, Miss McIver's story is not in fact such an exposé. It is a cheap and sleazy attempt to cash in on the subject.

Contrary to the jacket blurbs, the book is neither well-written nor witty. The characters are uniformly stupid and unpleasant—the heroine included. The dialogue is inept, the way of life described without relation to reality.

If this is a factual account, then the Baron Munchausen was the soul of truth.

—J. Colton

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**ALL THE
WAY**

by
Frank
Hammill



Transfixed with one idea, one result, I sit in this dim-lit bar scribbling. Drink? Yes. But drinking is not forgetting. Will the door swing open as it did that other night six weeks ago and Bill walk again into my life, or is he forever gone? Since I'm afraid to hope for a future, since the present is unbearable, and since for now the very past has evolved into a centering upon the past six weeks of Bill and me, I want to dwell on that, to tell someone about it. So here I sit writing:

Sudden, monstrous tragedy took Duane from me. One day he complained of stomach pains. The next, he lay struggling in an iron lung. And in two days, funeral arrangements were under way. Bulbar Polio, they said. Ten years together terminated in a jolt! My shock became a void. What had life to offer? One can't go out cruising after such a relationship. A year of gray longing drove me that night six weeks ago to this Santa Monica bar. A drink or two, I thought. Loneliness may lose its sting if I surround myself with the boisterousness of others.

Sipping, thinking, I suddenly found myself looking across the corner of the bar into puzzled, sad eyes.

"Gotta match?" he asked.

I thought, what the hell. Corny, usual approach. But as I slid a lighter across,

a second glance at his slim face, firm chin, pleasantly awry dark hair, I changed my mind. Still, I was contented enough when he lit his smoke, returned the lighter and said no more.

Sometime later I deviated from my brooding when he again put a cigarette in his mouth and began absently fumbling in his pockets. I reached over, flicking the yellow-tongued flame under the end of his smoke. Star-lighted eyes, as he looked his thanks, held an arresting pathos.

"Care to talk about it?" I asked.

He gave a nervous laugh, "Does it show that much? It's only that my wife's been home with her sick mother two months, and no prospects of her returning for a long time yet."

"I'm sorry for you," I said. "My own mate died suddenly a year ago, and I can understand your feelings."

"Oh Gosh!" he exclaimed, *I am* sorry! I should be attempting to cheer *you* up."

So he's straight, I thought. So much the better. I can be friends with him with no on-the-make entering into it.

We carried on a running conversation lasting an hour or two I crawled into myself now and then, thinking to break off. But he'd start things up again, seemingly determined to forget about himself in forcing me to forget about myself. Finally, I got up. He immediately arose too.

"Am I boring you," he asked.

"No," I admitted, then, "but I've got to drive down to Tijuana on a little business errand for my firm this weekend and I'm debating when to start. I don't relish the trip, believe me."

"Maybe it would be better for you if I went along," he suggested in a timid, hopeful voice.

Who's helping whom? I thought. Then, "I really wouldn't mind," I said. "But I'd sort-of considered shoving off for down there tonight."

"Say, that'd be great," he said. "Could we stop at my place for my PJ's and toothbrush?"

As he slid beside me in my little foreign sportscar, he commended my taste in boyish glee. And as he eased himself out to stride up the walk to his apartment, I noticed for the first time how tall and erect he was and what pleasing coordination he had.

On the way down the coast, he told me of his graduation from a small nearby denominational college and of marrying his wife on graduation day, and of their first year together. I couldn't help marking that, although he seemed unaware of it, in his talk about his family life, there appeared no vibrant togetherness that a real conjugal life should have.

We talked of many things rolling along and we stopped now and then for a drink at a wayside tavern. Arriving fairly late this side of the border, I decided it best to remain at a San Ysidro motel. I tried my best to get twin beds, for I saw nothing, after a year of sleeping alone, in bunking with this straight individual, gloomy about the absence of his wife. But we were forced because of full bookings everywhere, to accept a small room with one bed,

We slid quickly between the sheets and I turned my back. He talked on awhile and I answered in sleepy monosyllables. Then, when I felt him turning, I turned onto my back. I'd grown accustomed to falling asleep that way. And when Duane was with me, he would creep over resting a cheek on my shoulder. Bill had not turned completely away from me, but was also lying on his back. The conversation had run out, and I lay staring into the almost tangible black.

The usual thought that came to me at bedtime returned: Why not suicide? Why had I waited on after Duane went? And tonight? Here I lay, not alone, for the first time in a year. Beside me slept a 'normal' person . . . someone who might be incensed if he knew, might bound up, nervously yanking on his things to go out to the highway and hitchhike quickly away. Nuts!

I got up quietly and went to sit by the window staring off toward dark hills and velvet-gray night sky. Finally a modicum of calm returned and I slipped into bed again, lying on my back and breathing regularly. And then, Bill turned towards me, putting his head on my shoulder and laying a knee across my hips. The movement was so unexpected that my heart bounded, and I lay breathing rapidly. And yet . . . and yet . . . I suddenly found myself unable to shove him away. It may be too much beer, or it may be he's asleep, I thought. And then I had to know.

"Bill," I whispered, "Are you awake?"

Silence followed momentarily. Then, "Yes," he whispered back.

I lay puzzled, quiet. "If you say so, I'll go away," he said, "but we're both so lonely, and I've felt so near you tonight that I got the yen to go back to my old ways of falling asleep."

I said in brutal frankness, "You oughtn't to unless you're prepared to go all the way."

"All the way?" he asked, puzzled, "What's that?"

"Well you see," I said in a dead calm voice, "The mate I lived with for ten years and lost happened to be a man."

The following silence became so profound that a dull roar invaded my hearing. Slowly, Bill withdrew his leg and lifted his head from my shoulder, turning onto his back. "Oh," he said in a quiet, lost sort-of-voice.

I blocked out all thinking, and after what seemed an interminable time, I fell asleep. Later, I awakened into a tingling alertness. Bill had his head back on my shoulder and thigh across my waist. I knew he was asleep this time, for he nuzzled his face into my neck, mumbling unintelligibly in a somnolent voice.

A sob welled up in me. I couldn't help myself. I clasped his sleeping form, half turning and drew him to me, kissing him on the lips. And he, still sleeping, kissed back. I never wanted to stop. I held his lips lightly to mine, unifying my breathing with his. A tremor seemed to go through him—a crossing the borderline from unconscious to consciousness. But I didn't care. I still held him to me where he remained passively. And at last, when I let him go gently, slowly, he asked, "What is all the way?"

* * *

In Tijuana, we went for breakfast to a little sidestreet restaurant named Fausto's and sat in leather-and-cane chairs at low leathertopped tables. A jukebox ground out sprightly canciones about lonesome lovers. All Bill's chatter of the night before seemed dried up. But he listened attentively if I spoke. And he kept anticipating my needs. Secretly I hoped he could be a fraction as content as I in finding him—someone so loving, so kind, so sweet, after the nightmare of my past year.

No allusion was made to the night before on the journey home. Yet, Bill seemed relaxed, and nowhere could I detect any signs of hostility or perturbation. However, toward the journey's end, qualms hit me. After a year's celibacy, could I possibly stand this being just a pickup? In Santa Monica, I said, "Where to?"

"If you'll take me around for a clean shirt and things, we'd better make it your place," he said simply.

Then, the weeks of deepening understanding, closeness, happiness . . . But they also contained a growing cloud for me. Bill's mother-in-law improved steadily. His wife would be returning . . . In the face of such disaster does one rail, cry, beg . . . ? Not if he's honest. I'd learned that happiness is Siamese. It must be for both to be happiness. No one can be happy at another's expense. So, I sought no promises . . . I waited. And after a year of gray moroseness, I determined to not show Bill such a facade at this time . . .

Finally last night, the night before the jet was to sweep into International Airport bringing Bill his Shirley, he said to me, "I've got to tell you this, I love you. Right now I believe I will never in my life love anyone else so much. But I don't know . . . I must go to the airport, take her in my arms just once more, find out. But, whatever happens, thank you. Thank you for everything! I'll never forget you."

* * *

Three hours . . . Four hours . . . since they've met. Can I hate her? No. She had him first. She has the legal right to him sworn to before the altar of God. I can only be grateful we met, that we had six weeks together . . . And I swear this, that I will not try to seek him out nor to ever bother her. If he had come to me, I would humbly have given a lifetime to showing him how much striving I am capable of to merit his affection and respect. I can still prove that by causing him and her no moment of embarrassment now that his mind is made up . . .

I grow fuddled with drink, you see. And this character puts a hand on my shoulder from behind, bothering me like the old drunks love to do in bars.

"Got a match?" his husky voice comes to me.

"Bill!" I moan, clattering my glass to the bar. And as I turn flipping open my lighter, the little stars in his eyes are all blurred over for me.

"I told her," he says, "And all the time, you were there beside me helping me make her understand . . . So, here I am back. Shall we go home?"

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LOVER; AFTER SEVERAL YEARS HAVE PASSED, PERHAPS —

In the silent heavy hours of early morning

When every living thing seems still,

Seems to rest,

(And even the drag on a cigarette is loud,)

Only your steady quiet breathing

next to me is life.

Your dark and rumpled hair

Still is fragrant with the scent of passion

Scarce an hour's age.

Your arm lightly lying on my arm

Gives no hint of love's embrace

Scarce an hour's age.

This hand caresses the swimming trunk's lighter skin

Now gives no response in sleep to passion

Scarce an hour's age.

Ah me! That I had shared that passion

Scarce an hour's age.

—Charles K. Robinson

A HETEROSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

by Peter Genung

Now that I have read several issues of ONE Magazine, I feel impelled to strain your good nature slightly by offering some unsolicited thoughts from "the other side of the fence" on the acceptance of homosexuals by heterosexuals.

I shall not fatigue your patience by belaboring a purity of motive, or by claiming an unassailable masculinity. I merely ask you to accept my viewpoint as that of a "straight" person with a sincere interest in the problem insofar as it touches the lives of several of my friends.

Before homosexuals can be more freely accepted in a heterosexual society I see two goals to be achieved. First, dignity, which is the sole responsibility of the homophile himself. Second, sexual enlightenment, which is rather a matter for everyone.

By dignity, I mean an acceptable image of homosexuality, to be presented to society at large. Not "acceptable" in the sense of giving in to an opposing opinion, but in achieving a dignified composure that comes

with a full understanding and acceptance of one's self. This means believing so strongly in a chosen way of life that outsiders must, albeit reluctantly, conclude that there are sufficient positive values to merit their tolerance.

This will be the first great step. The homophile who permits any feeling of inferiority to be foisted on him by a critical society is losing a major battle and is contributing to the defeat of his fellows as well. I do not mean to imply, however, that this will be easy; I do not underestimate the difficulties encountered by an individual confronting a unified and hostile group.

Let me recall to your mind the "Stepin Fetchit" caricature of the Negro. You must be aware of how American Negroes have had to live down this image in their struggle for dignity and equality. The "Fagin" symbol has cost the Jews a great deal in their battle, too. Fortunately, these caricatures are fading rapidly, as indeed they must. Who could consider

such ridiculous fellows as worthy of anything other than contempt and derision?

With this thought in mind, may I suggest that the swishing, giggling "Nellie" is just as much a figure for ridicule? Who can take them seriously? After all, these 'faggots' are all homosexuals, so why bother to consider any so-called problems that any homosexual may have, much less grant him even a tiny niche in the structure of modern life? It is a reality of our contemporary society that part of any Public Relations program is the formulation of a suitable group image to be presented to the public, prior to the campaign to win approval.

Speaking quite subjectively, I shall state that 'faggots' were my first contact with homosexual life. I found them repugnant and silly, as I still do. They aroused in me a strong anti-homophile feeling. It was many years before I began to realize and appreciate the breadth of personality included under the single word "homosexual." I can only humbly suggest that perhaps my own experience is not unique.

The other great goal is sexual enlightenment. It is painfully obvious that most of us do not understand ourselves in relation to this great drive. Divorce courts prove it. Marriage counsellors and psychiatrists deal with problem after problem. Books are sold by the gross, explaining "How to," with diagrams. Family magazines devote page after page to saccharine sermonettes. Churches thunder about adultery and chastity. How many instances can you recall, personally, of teen-agers making tragic experiments, trying to learn by themselves that which could not be taught them or even be discussed with them? Ask a call-girl about the habits of her business contacts—she can tell you endless anecdotes of

fumbling, confusion, fear, guilt, deflated egos seeking reassurance. But why go on with a list of indictments that could become endless?

All I am trying to point out here is that we heterosexuals have a pretty tough time coping with something we have been told is "right and natural." How then can we ever begin to tolerate something which we have been taught is just the opposite?

This is why sexual enlightenment is so necessary for us all. Sex must become familiar and friendly, not secretive, furtive, dirty. When it is no longer an enigma, and each of us understands it in relation to himself, then will we be able to understand the facets of sex which we cannot accept at present. The loudest damner of homosexuality is the one who is least sure of where he stands.

Whatever a homosexual can do to stimulate dissemination of sexual knowledge will, of course, benefit him and his own life, but he will actually be benefited doubly. He will be helping the heterosexual to understand his own drives, and thus to become free of the tensions and guilt that block his capacities for understanding. When that day comes, the heterosexual will be able to see the homophile's way of life with an unclouded eye and a hitherto impossible understanding.

As an afterthought, one more point comes to mind. If a homosexual way of life holds sufficient value for enough people, it is to their own benefit to unite and undertake a mutual effort to combat prejudice. But, if the majority of homophiles prefer to remain irresponsible individuals, each seeking a night's pleasure wherever it may be, and whimpering into his Martini about a cold, cruel world, there appears to be little or no hope of his status changing in any way, except for the worse.

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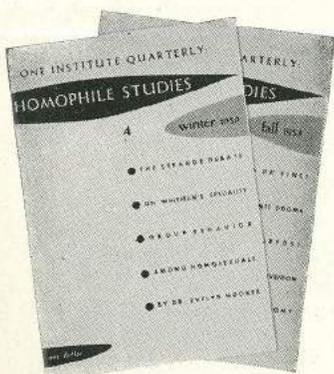
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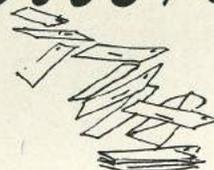
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ONE Institute, Education Division of ONE, Incorporated

232 South Hill Street

Los Angeles 12, California

Letters



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

AGE OF CONSENT

Sirs:

A point that I think should be clarified is the so-called "age of consent." I personally do not favor an age barrier in the field of homosexual relations. Granted, I would not approve of any "legal age" person from accosting a younger one. However, we have an assault and battery law to cover that case. Nor do I favor those queers who make a blackmail game by getting an older person in a ticklish situation.

However, just because males in this State are supposed to somehow magically become adults upon reaching twenty-one (when some never are adult, even at ninety-one) does not say the argument is valid. Around my neighborhood there are a group of boys from fifteen to twenty who enjoy their relations with each other, but when they see an older male who they have an urge for they approach him and when accepted have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

This is merely to show you that some so-called minors are committing a crime which would bring punishment upon the adult, whereas when they screw around among themselves if they were discovered they would merely be punished by their parents or the juvenile authorities. So long as the younger male of fifteen to twenty is so inclined and knows what he is doing, I see no reason for him not to follow his natural inclinations. After all, it's better than raping a girl and thus making her have an unwanted child.

You one time published a questionnaire asking about sports participation. As a viewer I like college wrestling, ice hockey, college and pro football, and swimming. I firmly believe that those who participate in body-contact sports do so because it gives them a recognized and accepted way in which they can work out their frustrated homosexual urges without being censured.

Mr. F.
San Francisco, California

Dear Joe Aaron:

I am interested in this business of Homosexuality and don't know for sure whether I should be classed as one or not. I just don't seem to have any desire for women, but I do for some younger men or boys. I am an old bachelor of sixty-one.

I got into a bit of a mixup with a young guy by writing him a letter. His sister got hold of it and sent an officer down to check up on me. They don't give me any credit at all for all the things I've done to try to help this nineteen year old boy with, as the cops say, a mental capacity of fifteen years.

His family don't seem to give a damn for him until he gets into mixups from drinking, and then they raise hell. This poor boy has never had a father really and is very unhappy and upset, a real mystery boy, but the most likeable and attractive kid you would ever want to meet. I'm afraid I "love" this boy, not only for the sexual attraction, but because I know he needs some kind of help. That's what I've been trying to give him, but he seems to think he's OK and resents anything I try to do for him.

Mr. H.
Toronto, Ontario

POSTOFFICE SUBVERSIVE CONDUCT

Let me congratulate and thank you for the excellent reminders (August, 1961) that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Bouquets to Del McIntire for his up-to-date words for the wise, and the not-so-wise, in "Tangents", and to Robert Gregory for his reminder about the continual obnoxious snooping and tampering with our mail by the Postoffice.

I fully agree with the closing question in one letter "When will we queers stop crying about our woes and start doing something?" Your readers perhaps need reminding that the American Civil Liberties Union is interested particularly in homosexuals be-

cause of their vulnerability to the types of official lawlessness which the ACLU opposes.

Mr. J.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:

My congratulations to you on your August number. I waited quite a while for it, and the wait was well worthwhile. The articles are hard-fisted, aggressive and virile, from editorial to book review, and were greatly appreciated.

I wish that the Postmaster and Postal Inspectors in every large city were required to read Gregory's comments on our Postal Regulations, and am sure they would each of them know more about the rights and privileges of the American Citizen and would very likely know more about the Postal Regulations as well.

Mr. P.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen:

Your article on postal censorship has me worried. Please cancel my subscription immediately!

Mr. B.
Bell, California

Dear Fellows:

The August issue is different, but good. I have often wondered about the postal scrutiny of return addresses, but have felt if they stooped to such behavior the accused were of nobler stripe than the accusers. Moreover, I have run away from myself for much too long already; I have no intention of continuing the retreat. The Case History was most interesting.

Mr. H.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

I would like to express my appreciation of your Magazine and the work that it is doing. I regret that I cannot renew my subscription as it has been brought to my attention by our customs that they have decided to ban it. To avoid a prosecution I must forgo renewal. Perhaps the future will prove better.

Mr. K.
Wellington, New Zealand

CON AND PRO

Dear Sirs:

I just cannot remain silent over Miss Russell's editorial concerning Nazi Germany (June, 1961) wherein she classifies Jews and Communists along with homosexuals. This

certainly implies, and not too subtly at that, that in order to defend our own rights we must equally defend those of the Reds.

It has long been the Communist line that all minority groups should have freedom, when in reality they are interested only in their own. The attempt has for some time been to equate us with being ultra-liberal if not downright subversive. To be Gay one does not have to align himself with the Left in any fashion. In fact, while he may be a liberal as far as sex and sociology are concerned, he can be far to the Right politically.

There was much queer-baiting in Germany. However, our people who were put in camps there were those arrested for promiscuous and public activity. Even Hitler overlooked the homosexual nature of some of his top men, for he considered their talents more important than how they preferred to spend an evening.

Let us never forget that under a totalitarian bureaucratic state, Red or otherwise, we would lose even the freedoms we now cherish.

Mr. L.
Pasadena, California

Greetings Fellows:

You at ONE are to be congratulated on the high scholarly approach so apparent in recent editions of ONE Institute Quarterly. Your educational division, in its publications, shows most encouraging signs of coming of age.

As for ONE Magazine, it is pleasant to note that the Letters Column contains a few stones thrown. Even the readers who find fault with some phases of the Magazine are interested in its future, otherwise they wouldn't write at all.

For what it's worth I find an excellent product of an obviously devoted staff. More pictures, more art work for ONE? I think not. Eve Elloree's works of art should continue, however, to grace your pages as long as they are available—they are terrific. George Mortenson should be called upon to execute more topnotch covers for future editions. His August one was most fitting. The quality and amount of art work in ONE need not be increased, let's just maintain it at the splendid point it has currently reached.

Mr. A.
Dearborn, Michigan

THOSE RIGHTS, EVER WITH US

To the Guys and Gals of ONE:

Where to begin? What to say? How to say it? When will we gain that "mystic bond of

brotherhood that makes all men one"? We who have the gift or curse of being homosexual (it can be a blessing or a curse, depending on our point of view) have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as much as any other human being.

Looking back from August to this past year's Midwinter Institute, it may have failed in its original form, but it has stimulated some thought. In my case I don't feel we need a "Bill of Rights" as much as we need a fuller understanding of ourselves. I would suggest we strive toward a "Code of Ethics" through which we can gain more harmonious feelings and a fuller, happier life. Why not prove by positive, constructive ideas and deeds that we are a part of the human race? You get out of life what you are willing to give.

Let's strive for more encouragement in building a better world through greater knowledge and understanding of ourselves and of all men. It can be done! The time and place is here and now—with ourselves, and through "our voice" ONE!

Mr. B.
Reading, Pennsylvania

To the people of ONE:

I doubt that your "Bill of Rights" could be too far out for me but, like the girls who gave you a rough time, I would want to know how you propose to use it. I would like to see ONE prepare a moderate and reasonable statement of the position of the homosexual in our country today, followed by proposals for changes in the laws and suggestions for fairer treatment of homosexuals under existing laws.

The Minority may be a fettered giant (see April, 1961) although the potential strength of the giant is a question. A "Bill of Rights" conceived for the Minority itself should not be scorned. It might be of more historical importance than any temporizing propaganda could be. To help break only one of the Minority's fetters would be no small achievement. The material lies at hand and you know how to use it.

_____, Texas
Edward Denison

Dear ONE:

I can't help suspecting that you are wasting your time, though I appreciate and sympathize with your good intentions, in worrying about a special rights bill for homos. I'm one myself, but all I want is equality under the law, not special treatment.

Dr. Bergler has the cart before the horse

when he describes homosexuality as a disease that can be cured. What nonsense! Next, he will be claiming that 98% of all Athenian males at the time of Pericles were so sick, due to their homosexuality, that they caused the fall of Athens. But since Athens fell to the Spartans, who made more of an institution of homosexuality than the Athenians ever dreamed of the logic falls flat.

Paralyzed by resentment, immersed in self-pity, pathologically suspicious and often treacherous to their own, the typical American homosexual has partly himself to blame for his present plight, though (as Margaret Mead has pointed out) our female-oriented society stands convicted in the eyes of many as the true villain.

Lycis,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

I wonder how many of your readers have seen the inane sequence of editorials, reports and letters concerning your "Bill of Rights" meetings last winter which have drearily splotted the pages of The Ladder for these many months past? On reading it I vacillate between cancelling my subscription and the perverse desire to keep watching to see just how muddled the lesbian can become, if she really works at it.

Have these women no sense of responsibility for doing plain, careful thinking? Or do they just think with their emotions? That is why so many of us are glad we are homosexual and don't have to deal with the female mind at close range, except when we wish to.

Wouldn't it be pleasant if some of the lesbian leaders would do a bit of study in logic and philosophy before they performed quite so embarrassingly in public? I couldn't attend your meetings myself, but from the outlines and the reports which I have seen it looked to me as though your intention was to grapple with the philosophical implications of the civil rights of an oppressed minority and see what you could come up with. However badly done, it sounded like a worthy endeavor to me, and isn't this exactly what our Founding Fathers did when they gave us our Constitution?

To suppose that they settled all questions of rights forever, or that there would not have to be continual explorations and extensions of the principles they set forth seems pretty naive to me. But then as a mere male I guess I just miss all the little subtle touches in it all that lesbians are forever professing to spot. Now let's see if you dare print this.

Mr. H.
New York, N. Y.