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Founded 1952

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

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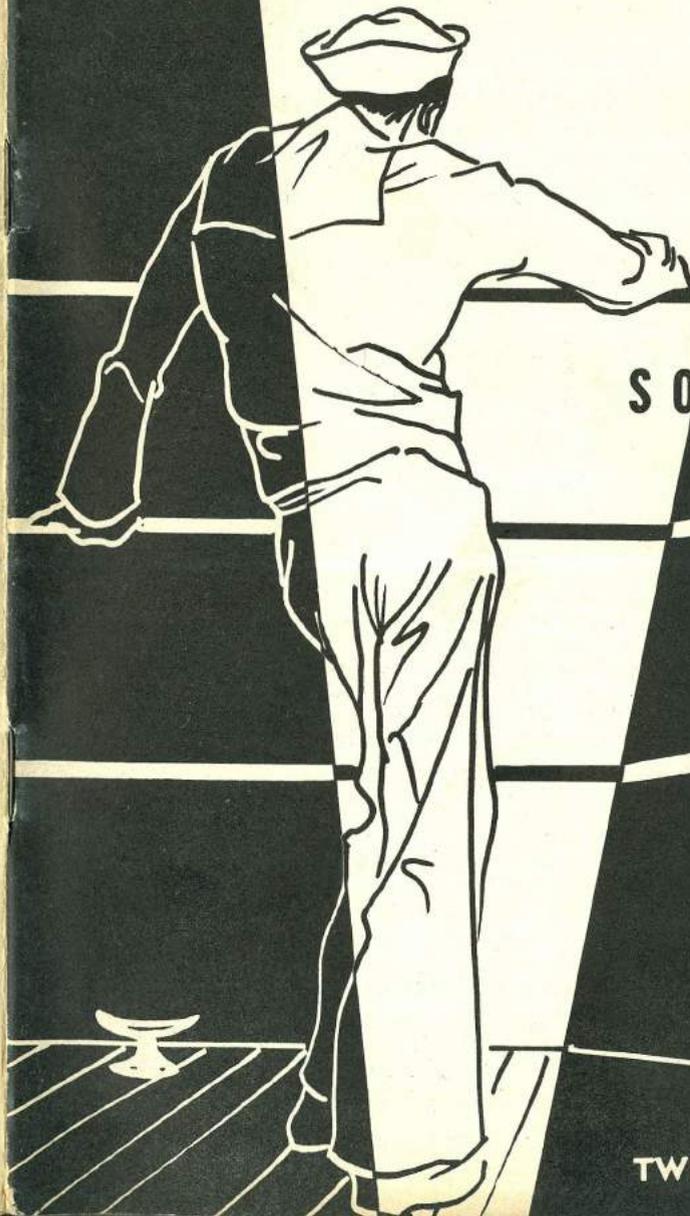
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Carlyle

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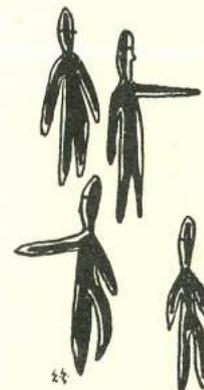
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DO HOMOSEXUALS HIDE BEHIND GREAT MEN?

Lyn Pedersen

In a quaintly reasoned article in the Jan. 7th NEW LEADER (a right-wing socialist weekly that usually concentrates its fire on the Communists) TIME associate-editor Gilbert Cant opened a chit-chat on the Bergler thing (HOMOSEXUALITY: DISEASE OR WAY OF LIFE, by Dr. Edmund Bergler) with the following smashing tidbit of logic:

"Beethoven had syphilis. Robert Louis Stevenson had tuberculosis. Dozens of other great figures in the pageant of arts and letters have suffered from chronic and sometimes vile diseases. Yet none of them, so far as I can recall, has ever rated his disease as a badge of pride, or sought deliberately to spread it among those who, happily, were uninfected . . ."

After spying a few of the more obvious lapses in Bergler's logic, Mister Cant proceeded to accept Bergler's chief conclusions, warning the public against too-easy sympathy with these victims of McCarthyism. The rest was rather slanderous railing at Donald Webster Cory (author of THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA) "and his ilk — who are now coming out of the woodwork with increasing insolence . . ." launching "a drive not only to be accepted as the equals of normal men, but honored as a special breed, the repository of most of the world's artistic talent, and entitled to cut moral corners right and left."

Aside from the feeling of personal assurance it can give to homosexuals

(not, "I must be pretty bright because so many geniuses were homosexual," but rather, "Homosexuality could hardly be so terrible if so many of history's best and greatest men were homosexual;") why else do we try to study the homosexual in history?

Why indeed? If these men and women are idealized by society, we need to look closer at them to understand the true nature of society's ideals. We may find more ambivalence in society's attitude toward homosexuality than appears on the surface. As for the great men themselves, we do not feel that a little overdue frankness will dim their repute. Rather it slanders their memory to continue to hide their true natures. As for history itself, to the degree that there is any value in studying it, there is value in studying it without blushing — ferreting out the

It is not my purpose here to tilt with Mister Cant about whether it is to demand the right to "cut moral corners" that homophile spokesmen are coming from the woodwork out. Kinsey's studies and Dr. Albert Ellis' FOLKLORE OF SEX have proven (was it in doubt?) that homosexuals have no edge on moral corner-cutting — indeed, that society is far from being willing or able to practice the "morals" it professes. Nor have I space to refute the dogma that homosexuality is a disease, (if it is, who is uninfected?) or to ponder just what sort of creatures these "normal men"

might be, or to answer the charge that homosexual propaganda aims "to seduce more of the innocent."

Those questions can wait. What bothers me here is the gratuitous assumption made by Cant, Bergler, even by Dr. Ellis and thousands before them that homosexuals are trying to "hide behind great men." Mister Cant puts it that homosexuals "claim to be a special breed, the repository of most of the world's artistic talent . . ." He implies that Cory makes this claim. That is simply not true. Nor is it true that that homosexuals generally hold such an opinion, nor that "seductive" homosexual propagandists are trying to deceive the public with such an idea.

Mister Cant announces that Beethoven's unconscious motivation stem-psychoanalysts Editha and Richard Sterba indicated that much of Beethoven's unconscious motivation stemmed from homosexuality. ONE INSTITUTE, in its fall-semester class on THE HOMOPHILE IN HISTORY (beginning in Los Angeles in September) will sift through the Sterba evidence on Beethoven. Does that mean we are trying to grab up the name of another great man to hide behind? Do homophiles want to hide behind "great men?" Do they perhaps hope to filch a little vicarious glory or simply to excuse their own "nasty habits" by counting many of the great in on the fraternity?

The question poses a fake issue, ALTHOUGH, if homosexuals did feel compelled to hide behind "great men," there would be plenty of room. Strong evidence indicates homosexual leanings in at least three American presidents and five English monarchs — most of the Roman Caesars — a fair sprinkling of historical villains, along with the heroes — among philosophers: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Erasmus, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche — among poets almost every classical Roman or Greek,

plus Shakespeare, Marlowe, Milton, Marvell, Browning, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Whitman . . .

Some homosexuals, including a vociferous minority of ONE's readers, are bored with digging in the past. They either prefer to measure their morals and ideals purely by their own social and personal necessities, or they simply recoil from the oft-repeated charge of "hiding behind the great." They consider all problems present problems, and feel no understanding can be had from the past.

ONE, particularly in its Educational Department, places heavy emphasis on historical study. Many scholars have listed and dissected famed homosexuals. We feel this has great importance, but it is not a matter of hiding behind great names. On the contrary, it might be more apt to claim that social respectability hides behind falsified images of many a great homosexual. Make no mistake about it. Homosexuals are not alone in looking to great men for inspiration and self-understanding. All of society does it, especially all minority groups. Homosexuals are engaged in a "search for heroes" as Cory phrased it. But the same can be said of all other social groupings. Need Americans feel ashamed of admiring Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, etc.? Christians emulate Christ, the prophets and saints. The Negro people in America have taken a giant step in gaining an admirable list of heroes of all sorts.

There may be some individualists so independent as not to require heroic figures. But for most of us — we exist in society, and even if we are rebels or independents, we derive much of our inspiration and justification from the historic examples of rebels before us. The child is morally nourished by heroic models, and it is of just this nourishment that society seeks to deprive the homosexual, so

that he needs to go to great lengths to discover that homosexuality is something with which many men and women before him have wrestled, and something that many have accepted and put to great social use.

But what about Mister Cant's snide argument that many great men also had "other" vile diseases? Aside from the unproven thesis that homosexuality is per se a disease, the crux of this is whether it necessarily resembles disease, that is, whether it is inevitably a moral blot or a drawback to the individual "suffering" from it.

If it is a moral blot, how is it so many of the world's most moral men (whose lives are held up as ideals) were homosexual? How explain the Bible's eulogy of the love of David for Jonathan, Ruth for Naomi, Jesus for John, if love between persons of the same sex is filthy and immoral?

The real sharp point that Mister Cant seems to be making, is that Beethoven was great in spite of his syphilis, Stevenson in spite of his tuberculosis. Certainly we can say of some great homosexuals that they, similarly, were great in spite of their sexual directions. But for many others (Mister Cant notwithstanding) their greatness was BECAUSE of their homosexuality. As G. Wilson Knight (*LORD BYRON'S MARRIAGE*, 1957, 30s, Routledge & Kegan Paul) says of Byron: "We cannot write off the homosexual impulse as no more than an unfortunate blot, since his greatest accomplishments flower from it . . . Since his 'defects' were 'among the sources of his greatness,' to require of him 'the one without the other' would be unreasonable . . ." As much can be said of Wilde or Whitman, Da Vinci or Michaelangelo, Plato or Aristotle. Their homosexuality was part and parcel of what made them great.

Bergler throws in a different argument — that the homosexual artist

is really incapable of originality — merely a clever embroiderer and imitator. Pray tell, if Plato, Sappho, Michaelangelo, Shakespeare, Milton, Whitman and such were mere imitators, embroiderers, incapable of true creativity, who indeed were those lost heterosexual geniuses whose work they copied?

Aside from the feeling of personal assurance it can give to homosexuals (not, "I must be pretty bright because so many geniuses were homosexual," but rather, "Homosexuality could hardly be so terrible if so many of history's best and greatest men were homosexual;") why else do we try to study the homosexual in history?

Why indeed? If these men and women are idealized by society, we need to look closer at them to understand the true nature of society's ideals. We may find more ambivalence in society's attitude toward homosexuality than appears on the surface. As for the great men themselves, we do not feel that a little overdue frankness will dim their repute. Rather it slanders their memory to continue to hide their true natures. As for history itself, to the degree that there is any value in studying it, there is value in studying it without blushing — ferreting out the often driving motives shamefaced historians have covered up. If we are to understand history at all, honesty is required. It may be enlightening to discover what relation homosexuality had to the cultural flowerings of classic Greece, Renascent Italy, Elizabethan England, etc. And to take the bad with the good, we might ask if homosexuality was relevant to the tragedy of modern Germany?

Finally, we look to history and to the biographies of notable homophiles to tell us a lot more about the nature of homosexuality than we hope to learn from the likes of Bergler and Cant.

education badly needed

by W. Dorr Legg

Director

ONE INSTITUTE



The earliest copies of ONE Magazine stirred great interest. Readers respected its frankness and courage. Such straightforward and honest non-technical handling of homosexuality was a novelty in American journalism. Circulation mounted encouragingly, despite such formidable obstacles as lack of capital and the hazards inherent in handling so touchy a topic. Success beyond the founders' hopes seemed just around the corner when, unaccountably, subscriptions began a gentle, slow subsidence. At the same time, newsstand sales dipped, zoomed up and dipped again, the graph pointing grimly downward for the most part.

There were many explanations advanced and answers ventured. Most recurrent was the charge that the Magazine was becoming a little dull. True, articles were being more carefully edited. The proof-reading was becoming better. Yet what was being said in 1956 had already been said four years before, with the earlier shock and sparkle missing in altogether too many cases. True, some of the stories and poetry were far better than in those early years, but even they seemed to have reached a dead level, without rising higher.

What was the explanation of this? Could non-payment for manuscripts be entirely blamed? It did not seem likely, unless there were deep veins of literary inspiration waiting to be tapped such as editors of big publications who ventured to publish on the subject had failed to discover. For most of the articles published elsewhere too, whether general or technical, tended to be embarrassingly inept. Occasionally a fine and sensitive short story or novel would give indication that good work using such a theme was not impossible.

Those responsible for ONE's policies finally realized that what was needed was systematic, directed study, if worthwhile developments were to be achieved. The dead-level encountered would be exactly what one might expect to find if all courses in English literature in universities across the land should no longer be taught, with students left to shift for themselves. Or suppose that all symphony concerts should be discontinued, classes in conducting, in musical form and composition, orchestration and analysis be suspended. For how long might we expect musical standards, knowledge of orchestral music, or any advancements to continue?

The analogy need not be pressed further, save to ask what we might expect had no systematic study ever been done in a specific field of human endeavor, no classes offered in all recorded history, no vigorous analysis and

interchange of ideas undertaken? Yet such has been the unbelievably fantastic situation concerning study of the lives, welfare and the very being of countless millions of homosexual men and women, all because of taboos so hysterical that few except scientists dared even treat the subject, and then usually in ponderous and obscurantist latinisms.

ONE, as a Corporate structure, had always contemplated entering the field of education some day, and was slowly developing its plans in that direction. However, when the urgency of the need and its harmful effects on the Corporation's most valuable asset, ONE Magazine, became so vividly apparent, no time was lost in opening ONE Institute of Homophile Studies, the first of its kind in the world.

What is this Institute? First of all, it is for adults, and adults presupposed to already have a considerable educational background. No hard and fast rules in this respect exist so far, but no encouragement is given to the lazy, the idly curious, or the semi-literate. Much reading is required. Independent thought and research are expected, at the general level maintained in any university graduate school.

Yet, awkwardly enough, no one could be found who had taken undergraduate work in the field! Nor were there any textbooks available. No traditional subject-matter classifications existed. Great classic authorities were scarcely to be found. One thinks of those medieval days in Paris, or at Salamanca, as students thirsty for knowledge clustered in the infant universities to discover what it was they wished to learn.

In short, ONE Institute faced a new field, filled with quagmires and quicksand — traps for the unwary — yet promising fabulous yields to the patient husbandmen. The Institute found itself entering veritably upon "the proper study of men," of whole classes of men and women who even today remain virtually unstudied, a micro-universe that has cut athwart races, regions and ages from the beginnings of history and down to today. What questions to be asked! What answers to be sought!

Is homosexuality a disease, as claimed by many doctors and psychologists? If so, what is the nature of this disease? Can it be cured, and, if so, how? Is it a biological anomaly, some curious mixup of physical and mental characteristics? Is it unnatural, abnormal, a perversion? Is it a sin against both God and man, as many theologians claim? Is it "the abominable crime against nature" described in so many statute books, on which basis arrests, disgrace, suicide, blackmail, often follow in tragic sequence, as tens of thousands of American families can testify?

Or, is homosexuality a way of life, quite as valid and rewarding as any other? If so, what is the nature of this way of life and how should it best be lived? Did great cultures of the past rise to glory because they tolerated love which had other motivations than human reproduction, or did nations fall into decadence because of such? Is it accidental and irrelevant that the Golden Age in Greece and the High Renaissance in both Italy and England were shot through and through with homosexuality?

Does homosexuality have an important and necessary social function, or is it a sickening scourge, destroying civilization's finest values? If poetry rose to new heights with Sappho, and her homosexual love poetry, drama with Sophocles and his pederastic themes, while law gained a new standard of calm justice through Solon, the great homosexual, what then of Ernst Roehm and the strange horde over whose backs Hitler climbed to power?

Each country, each culture, each age challenges us with strange questions, enigmas, paradoxes. ONE Institute has accepted the challenge, expecting no easy solutions, no pat answers, no quick nostrums. It has accepted the responsibility of undertaking these new tasks because it finds intellectually immoral the long refusal of our universities to undertake such tasks, as inherently irreligious the pious pharisaism of the churches concerning homosexuality, both irresponsible and unconstitutional the attitudes of our law-makers and courts.

However feebly, with virtually no funds, quite without endowment or subsidies, with no physical plant, yet with a small faculty completely determined to persist in working at the job, ONE Institute hopes to bring the light of knowledge to bear on the whole vast field of homophile studies. Its aim is to help the baffled husband understand his strange and enigmatic wife, the frightened parents their unusual sons and daughters. It hopes to bring a steadying sanity to homosexuals themselves, to give them that knowledge which in itself is power, the power to help resolve their conflicts in some degree and to lessen their fears.

ONE Institute is undertaking this type of work by means of classes studying the history of homosexuality; the anthropological findings concerning the practice; psychological theories of homosexuality; the homosexual in literature; the sociology of the homosexual; religion, law and philosophy and homosexuality; the biology of homosexuality. Already, after one full academic year of operation, the Institute is finding new assurance and charting its path with confidence that much good can be accomplished in these ways.

It looks for increased enrollments, added facilities and firmly expects one of these days to find itself eliciting the kind of substantial financial support which the American public gives to other worthwhile public endeavors. It hopes that readers of ONE Magazine will themselves actively support and work for the Institute, best of all that they enroll in the classes and join a unique educational venture.

POSTAL CASE REACHES SUPREME COURT



ONE's attorney flew to Washington, D.C. recently to present before the Supreme Court the Corporation's "Petition for Writ of Certiorari." When the Court resumes sessions in the Fall, notification will be made of its decision regarding hearing of the case. If this is granted, much labor and expense will be required, including another trip to Washington, and staying longer there.

Contributions to the Legal Fund for this case have totalled \$367.50. The Corporation deeply appreciates these gifts. However, the total has fallen about \$100 short of covering expenses already incurred, and leaves nothing for expected further costs. As was stated previously (ONE, April, 1957, p.20) these have been estimated to be about \$2000.00 in all.

As we also said before, "IT COSTS LOTS OF MONEY TO HAVE PRINCIPLES." We know ONE's readers back us in standing for the principle of the right to read.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

San Franciscans, proud of their pleasure-loving city, have made the guide-book title, HOW TO SIN IN SAN FRANCISCO, a slogan. But lately, "Baghdad's" cops have been taking lessons from their Bible-belt-mentality Los Angeles neighbors. Topcop Frank Ahern's new "Get tough" cleanup has been keeping things hopping from the Tenderloin to North Beach to the Embarcadero. At first San Franciscans blinked unbelievably and decided it was just election-time stuff. But month after month, the raids and roustings, witch-hunts and scandals have continued.

Early in the year, the State liquor dept. accused the SPUR CLUB of being "a resort for sexual perverts," and revoked the BLACK CAT'S license on the same charge, but dropped charges against MISS SMITH'S TEA ROOM for lack of evidence. Assemblyman Weinberger (Rep.) failed to get bill thru legislature to close bars pending appeal of license revocations . . . "like hanging a man pending his trial," said another assemblyman. Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board placed FRONTIER VILLAGE and other bars off-limits because of "alleged immoral or unsanitary conditions." Hazel Nickola, whose Sharp Park tavern was raided in a "spectacular" last year (90 arrests), sued for annulment of order to revoke her license, claiming the order is unconstitutional . . . the phrase "sexual pervert" in the state law being "so vague it cannot reasonably be understood."

A feud over raising additional mental-health funds was sidetracked after a theft scandal at the Laguna Honda home brought in a mess of tips and rumors about alleged misdeeds of Dept. of Health employees. Papers pilloried Dr. Sox, City Health Director, for his resistance, two years ago, to the removal of a statistician whose desirability was questioned due to a morals arrest with another man. Dr. Sox had felt the facts didn't warrant dismissal, but ordered a psychiatric examination (verdict: not unbalanced) and allowed the man to resign only after heavy pressure was brought on the Dept.

Next a young sixth-grade teacher was summarily removed from his schoolroom and dismissed when local Bd. of Educ. officials learned of a routine state check stemming from a morals arrest at Aquatic Park a year ago. Noisy accusations between city and state officials . . . Topcop Ahern said from now on, "the police should determine immediately when anyone is arrested on a morals charge, whether the suspect is a teacher — either here or anywhere," and notify school officials. Following week, 59-year-old Frisco Hi-school teacher applied for retirement after suspension pending investigation of 1948 morals arrest. He said he'd planned to retire, and had been acquitted of charge of "defacing a public place by writing an obscenity thereon" . . . he'd actually been erasing what someone else had written. "It never occurred to me to notify anyone I had been

accused, for if accusation without conviction is a disqualification for public office, then no one can be secure from unjustified destruction."

Two Marin county cases involved minors, and Friscophile columnist Herb Caen added another note: "John 'Honey Bunny Boo' Breckenridge, the Sharon scion who once announced he'd have an operation to become a woman, is in St. Francis Hosp. for surgery — but not THAT kind . . ." "Brace yourself," warned Terrence O'Flaherty in the CHRONICLE, "The fairies are taking over television." But he was just talking about the surprising audience ratings of TV shows based on the old Grimm and Anderson tales . . . Millie Robbins' CHRONICLE column reported the visit to Frisco by Thelma Holland, recalling the visit 75 years ago of her famed father-in-law, Oscar Wilde, who came carrying violets, a camellia and a pansy given him by admirers. Mrs. Holland, who has been make-up advisor to Queen Elizabeth, is wife of Wilde's younger son, Vyvyan Holland (the boys' names were changed after the trial) whose book, SON OF OSCAR WILDE we recommended some time back.

Police intensified drive on "rounding up undesirables" in effort to find "the murderer of an elderly woman" . . . handing out vagrancy charges wholesale to homosexuals along with "sex degenerates, thugs and hoodlums." Hand-picked group of 30 police inspectors continued their roundup at various city parks and known hangouts. Add two mystery deaths . . . apparent suicide of a New York student in Telegraph Hill area and a young man found dead, nearly nude, in a hotel room where he'd registered a few hours earlier with a sailor, who gave name of Jack Doran.

Police were having troubles of their own: Patrolman Brian McDonnell sued by housewife who charged

rough handling, profane and obscene language, repeated false arrests and accusations . . . bringing on relapse of tuberculosis; Patrolman Anthony Troche was called on pan a second time for friendly calls on call girls while he was supposedly on duty; and Sgt. John J. O'Connell suspended for allegedly attempting to cover up the beating of a civilian drinking companion by Patrolman Robert Hanson. O'Connell admitted meeting the victim outside Ingleside station and urging him to make a cash settlement . . . Its the old story — but who watches the "watchers?"

In a CHRONICLE interview, Customs Bureau officials in San Francisco admitted that, in the average week, they held out some 700 pieces of mail, — "suspected of being subversive or obscene" — about one publication in 20 entering Frisco from abroad, ranging from Chinese and Soviet magazines to Pierre Louys' APHRODITE, Ginsberg's poem HOWL and the avant garde magazine, THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN. "The person whose mail is held up never knows" — this, "it is understood, reduces the danger of law suits against the Customs Bureau." And where do clerks in the Custom Dept. derive the right to seize property without due process and destroy it secretly in a deliberate conspiracy to circumvent Constitutional guarantees? IF the material is actually either obscene or subversive, the lawful owners still have the right to have that proved in Court.

Calif. Atty. General "Pat" Brown had an aide pick up 50 "sexy" magazines on Frisco newsstands, and began a personal perusal of them to see if they may violate laws against obscenity and pornography — but said he didn't want to get into any controversy on censorship. He's already up to his neck in attempt to suppress CONFIDENTIAL and WHISPER. The latter publication has sued

him for threatening wholesalers and stopping distribution of its current issue in California.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, owner of CITY LIGHTS BOOKSHOP, and a clerk in his store, were arrested by Juvenile Bureau Captain William Hanrahan for selling works "not fit for children to read" — specifically the above-mentioned poem HOWL and the MISCELLANEOUS MAN. ACLU counsel Lawrence Speiser attacked the constitutionality of the state law under which the arrests were made.

In recent decision nixing Michigan censorship law (under which a bookseller was convicted for selling THE DEVIL RIDES OUTSIDE) the Supreme Court said "protection of morals of youth cannot be used as pretext for quarantining adult reading habits." Their recent rulings have mostly been rough on the censors, but a decision late in June upheld conviction of Samuel Roth in N.Y. (for advertising PHOTO AND BODY, GOOD TIMES and AMERICAN APHRODITE #13) and David Alberts of Los Angeles. Justice Brennan, for the court, said obscenity is "utterly without redeeming social importance" and cited international agreements, state and federal laws to restrain it. The Court rejected the ACLU argument that obscenity is protected under the Free Speech clause of the First Amendment. But the continuing debate as to just what is obscene remains . . .

Marxist dogma firmly believes that prostitution (like most other social ills) is purely a capitalist evil. Soviet law and propaganda long ignored its existence in "socialist" society. Now in Poland, Hungary and even Russia, the matter is being dealt with openly, with new regard for the persistence of socio-moral problems which run deeper than superficial politico-economic structures. Soon they may even notice homosexuality in their

midst also — and not just as a nasty accusation to smear fallen idols. Actually, Soviet law prescribes extremely severe sentences of long years of "corrective labor therapy" for the mildest homosexual offenses, while according to the I.C.S.E. NEWSLETTER, a reform in the Polish Penal Code makes that the first Slavic country to do away with special laws against homosexuals — and treat all sex offenders under same law.

ORGANIZATIONS

The CULTUUR-EN ONTSPANNINGS-CENTRUM, probably the world's largest homophile organization, celebrated 10th Anniversary in Amsterdam this March. Membership has grown steadily since 1947 to 2700 this year. With activities in Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Rotterdam and Arnhem, the C.O.C. is primarily a social club, unlike American homophile organizations. Founder and president Bob Angelo, in an interview in March I.C.S.E. NEWSLETTER, described C.O.C.'s early legal difficulties, said they are now a respected part of community. He felt their large membership, and 2,000 circulation of their monthly VRIENDSCHAP (Friendship) was good showing for small Netherlands. The C.O.C. took lead in organizing INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEX EQUALITY, also sponsors 3 large week-end study conferences each year and recently produced the highly successful world premiere performance of GAME OF FOOLS (published by ONE.) Peter Wildeblood (whose third book is on way) expected to make several speeches to C.O.C. groups in June.

DER KREIS (The Circle) club and magazine of Switzerland, celebrating its 25th Jubilee in Zurich this year at their Autumn gathering, Oct. 6th. The tri-lingual magazine, now print-

ing 1800 copies, has been excellently edited by Rolf since 1942. It was started by a woman — a rarity in European homophile publications.

THE LADDER, now in its 9th issue (from DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, 693 Mission St., San Francisco 5) blossoming into strong newsletter.

Seances in N.Y.C.? New York Mattachine Newsletter for May announced Dr. HAVELOCK Ellis as speaker, listed him as author of FOLKLORE OF SEX and PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX. The speech announced was one Dr. ALBERT Ellis of N.Y. wrote

for ONE'S 1957 Midwinter Institute and was printed in the Feb. '57 ONE. Dr. HAVELOCK Ellis, the great English sexologist, died in 1939 . . . Village Theatre Center Book Service Newsletter reports news of 3 persons working independently on bibliographies of literature on homosexual themes . . . so's ONE INSTITUTE, and would like to hear from others . . .

James (Barr) Fugate reports he has a new manuscript in hands of a publisher "lashing into THE SUBJECT as viciously as I ever attempted to uphold it."

RECOMMENDED READING

SEX VARIANT WOMEN IN LITERATURE, A Historical and Quantitative Survey by Jeanette H. Foster, Ph.D., Vantage Press, New York, 412 pp; Biblio.; Index; \$5.00. Thorough discussion of some 300 literary works on Lesbianism from Sappho to present.

THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE, by Roger Burlingame, Knopf, 420 pp, \$6.75, study of changing moral judgements of Americans since early colonial times.

THE PLASTIC FABRIC, a moving first novel on an English homosexual-hetero love triangle, by Martyn Goff, Putnam, 15s.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SEX, a worldly little sermon arguing that sex has crowded courage, faith, honor and love out of contemporary literature, by Robert Elliot Fitch, Dean of Pacific School of Religion, Harcourt, 114 pp, \$3.

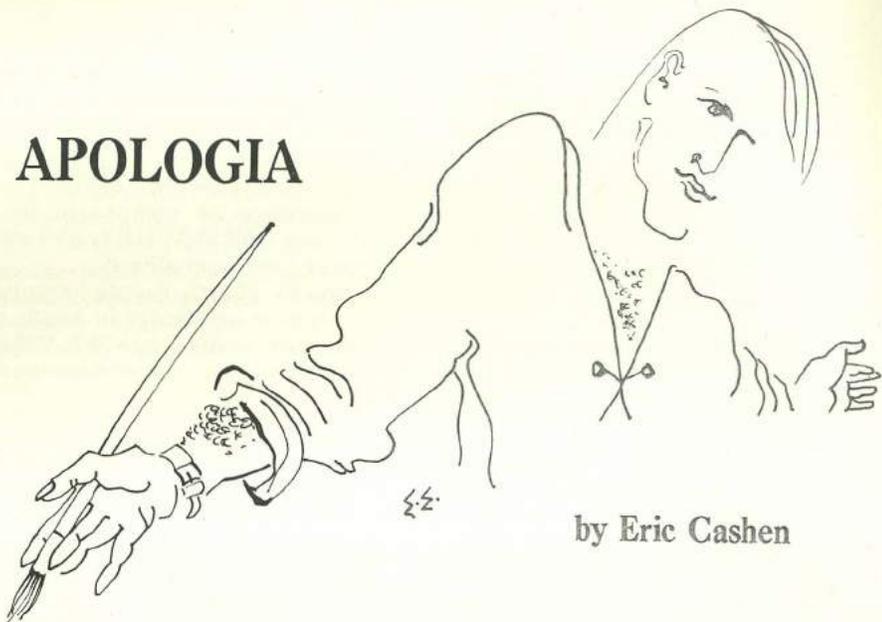
NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT, by James Yaffee, another fictionalizing (set in contemporary New York) of Leopold-Loeb case. \$3.95.

THE ACCUSING GHOST; or JUSTICE FOR CASEMENT, by Alfred Noyes, Gollancz, 15s, latest in continuing mystery of allegedly forged diaries which by their "revelation" of homosexuality, sent the Irish revolutionary hero to gallows.

About Our Authors . . .

David Cornel DeJong was born in the Netherlands. He attended both Duke and Brown Universities; has a B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. He's been widely published as novelist, short story writer and poet by such publishers as Harper's, Knopf, Doubleday, etc. He lives in Rhode Island with his wife and two children.

APOLOGIA



by Eric Cashen

I do not deny the scurrilous rumors that have been passed around these parts the last few weeks; it is not worth my while to do so. I will attempt to defend myself not through refutation but by bringing to bear contrary evidence which will prove to clear me. Often when sitting in judgment on faculty boards I have observed (not blameless) the lack of tolerance of reviewers and the initiate guilt of the defense.

I have been severely charged with something called "repressed homosexuality." The supposed incident took place in an art studio during a legitimate conference with a not-nearly-as-legitimate a student. The boy in question is wronged. He has grappled with Plato and come up with Oscar Wilde.

I teach art at this college, like some of the rest of you, for reasons going above and beyond monetary reward, academic award, or personal satisfaction. I head a department. I do executive work, for which I am ill-fitted if not ill-trained. My real life here is four-parted: teacher, student, citizen, and husband. I am not too good at any of this. Only the student manages to survive. Back to cases. Hard facts. Slander.

To tell me in one breath as the president did "that I am a teacher beyond reproach," and then to charge me with this thing is mere fallaciousness. How can I be a teacher beyond reproach and a homosexual criminal? I was conferring with a student when I supposedly made an attack upon him.

I did not approach him; I made an attack upon him. I am five-foot-~~seven~~, weigh 187 pounds, and am toward sixty years old. This boy stands at least six feet and an inch, weighs easily 180 pounds, and is noted for intramural wrestling. I do not think I succeeded in making this attack.

He claims before you, before the president, to have been outraged by my behavior. I may have been teaching him something, I don't know. We were studying da Vinci's drawings. He had made several pale casts on artist's paper, copied from the original. I was trying to show him what was wrong with his drawings. Leonardo knew a great deal more about art and men than I pretend to. He should be here. I could have used, if not him, Wilde and Tchaikovsky in my mass assault. He would have smiled. He is above our incarnations of perverted devils.

What do you take to be tokens of homosexuality? An old tweed coat and baggy trousers? I'm committed. A steady hand and an alcoholic eye? I plead guilty. Integrity? Brains? Muscle-power of positive thinking? I am your pervert.

To seriously accuse me of this is nonsense. I am a married man. My wife and I, though getting on, are still fond of each other. Because we have no children is no reason to believe . . . What is the use? I am accused. I must defend myself.

Tomorrow is Lincoln's birthday, and I may be leaving here for the last time. It depends upon my defense. Your ability to discern between good and evil.

When I was a student I confess I had relations with my teacher in Paris, a Monsieur D'Aubinot. Henly has been talking about them for some time. He studied there. He is my assistant. And although I will not pretend he wants my job, I will assert that he dislikes me. Why? Why is the moon the moon, and Jupiter, Jupiter? All he says of me is true. I will not give the old bull about being a scholarship student with a pervert for a master. All that is true, too. I did not enjoy myself, but I did learn how to paint. I studied long and hard with D'Aubinot. Four years and a half —, wasted in homosexual pleasure, or spent learning to draw.

Ask Henly, if you have a mind, how many can successfully imitate the oriental masters in pen drawing. I can. And I am the least of a few. Ask any of my students who know the difference between light and dark to examine my paintings up against those of Monet; I have mastered light and shade. My morals will stand examination against anyone save a priss or a prude; I had only one misdemeanor. Study any or all of my work in respect to the drawing of objects; scissors date back to Ensor, fruits and vegetables to Reubens, nudes to early Greek and Modigliani. The exhibit of six paintings I had last fall at the Galleries notably stemmed from Bonnard. I have spent thirty years mastering his technique, improving upon it where I can, and, where not, eliminating. I have spent all those years in bed with an art instructor? I have seduced young men instead of staying home to draw? I have trampled the brown earth of America searching for a weed when I might have stood up, seized a paint brush, and painted the skies instead? Night time does not fall as easily on enlightened minds as on improved ones. I date from a tide of artists, screeching havoc through forty centuries: molding clay, making idols, painting life, and death, when it could be seen. Death, life, mysteries of perspective, matters of morals, clean clothing, bad food. My colleague, Henly, often asserts that I am a hypocrite: to teach in a college, to live in a warm apartment, to paint in a well-lighted studio. He's a fool. Any artist will work anywhere he can under the best conditions. I enjoy my stay here. Am I one to go out and seduce a college boy? Risk my job? Lose my respect? No. Am I one to divorce my wife? No. She stands behind me. Am I the culprit?

Yesterday a young girl in my beginning class came to me and said, "Mr. Rodgers, it simply is not true what they are saying about you. Michael Soren is a liar. And a cheat. And a . . ." A young girl, very impressionable, I suspect. Why wasn't she repelled by my homosexual charm? She seemed to think I was innocent. Damn!

I am not fooling you, gentlemen. I do not attest my innocence. I have confessed here a much-sported event that took place in my earlier life. I am a grown-up, gentlemen. I am not to be whipped or despised. Either fire me or allow me to resign.

Yours faithfully,

J. Rodgers

If allowed to resign, I will do so with dignity. Either the boy should apologize or meet me outside in a fair fight. Henly, my assistant, may as well stay.

strange son

I am a youth of pale shins
and oblique shoulders,
matrons retreat from me
bonneted with silence,
eyes piously aslant like
orientals woven in a cloth,
even though I am as occidental
as a river in Kansas
and held my gun for valor.

It is often difficult to tell
if the rope around my neck
was meant for a thief
or a sacrificial goat.
Even I might know, were I
composed of sublimation
and zeal, and not merely
a sum of ever-lost
and found complexities.

Grimmer begotten ones
dare come to ask me
where my landmarks will be,
where my premises.
Should I then burn the ivy
that swaddles my tower,
and expose the inner mortal
in a time when no one respects
a wicker cage full of starlings?

by David Cornel DeJong



As for me . . .

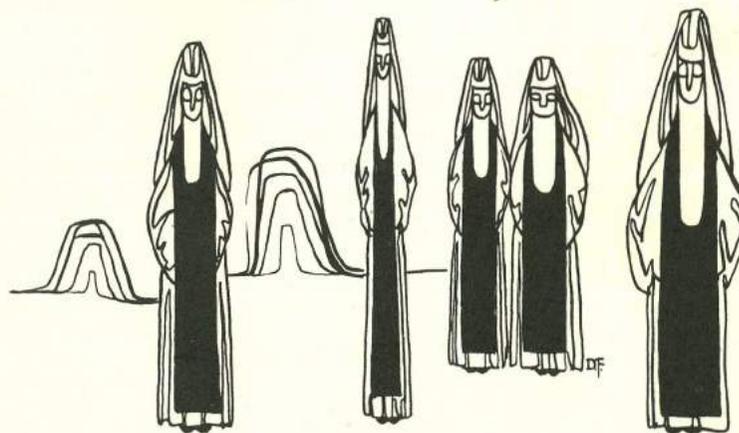
For one of the most outstanding experiences of a lifetime, let us turn back some years ago when life was filled with faith and hope and love. A convert to Catholicism escaped society's fangs and took refuge behind convent walls. Up to this point I had glanced at the lesbian world from a distance at various clubs in San Francisco, huddled under the protecting arm of my brother. These women frightened me and made me wonder if all lesbians take on all the crude masculine traits so appalling in men and even grotesque when found exaggerated in women. To be a lesbian, was it first necessary to be tough? In my imaginary and to this point secret love of women, I turned to those who were gentle, warm, sincere and beautiful because of their feminine charm. Was it great wonder that the dear Sisters attracted me? They are indeed a living personification of these ideal attributes. I had an insatiable desire to join these women in their flight to God. My existence now for the first time took on real meaning. God made me a little 'different' so I would be free to devote my life to Him, and my art, and to the task of helping, with understanding eyes, other souls — lost in loneliness.

The happiest moment in my life (now looked back upon with a smile) was that first night in the convent. Kneeling alone at the side of my bed in a small cubicle, I thanked God for a dream fulfilled in that I really had a place in the world; for love fulfilled in that I belonged to someone and that someone loved me. I could hear faint sounds from the other cubicles — youngsters in their late teens, sobbing, away from the protecting mother's love for the first time, as they embraced a new, strange life. I wept too as joy and peace overflowed.

Five years past, and it was decided by a confessor that because of homosexual tendencies, which had no personal satisfaction in any way, I would forever be a victim of frustration that would and had begun to form a neurotic personality. I was to return to the world and although my life would always be grey, I should just make the best of it.

I used to look with sadness upon those who had left the Church because there was no room for them in the inn. Now, having joined their ranks, I look with sadness at the Church, wondering when she will open her eyes and lend a helping hand to her lost sheep.

Miss M.



Dear ONES:

I promised myself once that I would not write you a letter of any kind until I could stick in five bucks, at least. However, those five bucks have invariably turned into remittances for orders of back copies and other items from your precious publications service. Needless to say it became a Peter or Paul situation - UNTIL - I decided to take my sorry little penny jar seriously. The discipline involved has been a marvellous by-product for me; and the material results of the original intention are enclosed herein! And the jar is already rising again . . .

And now that I have won for myself the right to write to you at last, what is there to say? I faithfully read the issues quite like that hungry fox (or rather, vixen; the world cares about that distinction business so much). And the letters which you print make me feel that my feelings about all of you and the work you are doing is not terribly different from what others have said in their letters, one way or another. Your articles and stories cause me anger, confusion, inspiration, encouragement, and every other emotion I can think of. A thousand different points of criticism, praise, argument and pure discussion occur to me in the course of a single issue, but as I read the letter columns, sooner or later someone else writes about it, or you have an editorial about it, and I am spoken for.

For a long time I thought almost all of the fiction (back in the troubled days, uncertain days when I was not sure you ought even exist, that seems a very long time ago now) was pretty lousy; and the layout peculiar. I still get pretty restless with some of the fiction, but am pleased and more than pleased with other of it. I also think you look better and better. I suppose that both ONE and I have changed. I have grown particularly fond of Mr. Pedersen's intellect and Miss Prentiss' wit (as in a certain review of a book) and I suspect that it must be frightening to meet anyone quite as talented as Miss Ellore (and as attractive, if one can believe Mr. Barr's early enthusiasm on the subject!) - anyhow, God bless every one of you.

Friends, if there be any special thing I can tell you that might be of particular interest, I suppose it might only be this:- that I am one of these people in the world who enjoins more different kinds of oppression in my single being than most people ever even think about consciously in a lifetime. I am a woman, a Negro, an artist, and a lesbian. Stop wincing. Dear friends, it has made me mellow. It is quite as if I have achieved a magic window with which to peer at my fellows and the tragi-comic pains they go through to despise one another. My professional proletarians include some of the worst anti - "egghead" sorts you can imagine; some of my male egghead friends have still not permitted themselves to believe that, when all is said and done (and they say a great deal about everything) women are also people; then there are the multitudes which you know about who simply do not take me seriously as a human being by virtue of my color. I cannot tell you which has been the funniest or/and the saddest.

I do not belong to any political organization or party of any kind, but one has only to speak these days to find out that mere ideas can be a reason for losing one's job, for instance. This you also know, I am sure. And what has been most interesting has been the slow coming awareness that there is only one real untouchable left in the social atmosphere of our country. Most white Americans I find, at least out of the South, find the national attitude to Negroes embarrassing at this point, and are becoming downright conscious and outspoken on questions of overt oppression; most men have gotten into a corner where they feel it safer to speak only of the DIFFERENCE between men and women, rather than old-fashioned "inferiority"; and the eggheads, for their part, actually saw one of their number up for presidential election; and now and again one hears that a capital-C-type communist has been allowed to speak on this or that campus once again - and so it goes. And it is all good, good, good! So one tries now and then to raise the question of this final minority to find that there is still a group about whom most people have few

thoughts and no love and old pains rise again in me.

That is why I am tired. This is the thing I suppose I really wanted to tell you about. That I am twenty-six and very tired. I can say, like most people, that I have never done or thought anything which was harmful to my community or its people, my nation or its security, or its intelligent, useful mores. And yet I have had to indulge in subterfuge in one area of my life which is the most personal and, one would hope, the most private. And I know, sensing some of the things which I am going to write below, that I will not sign my own name to this letter - and it is that that I am tired of.

It is because I am a woman, a woman who has loved other women, who loves one now and knows the return of that love that I am most weary. I, like so many others, know what it is to sit in on those conversations with our most precious friends and hear them allude to their beliefs that the thought of one woman loving another is a pitiful and ugly thing (and, somehow, if one is also attractive as my friend most certainly is and some think I am, that it is even more "obscene"!). And all I can feel of late is this dreadful weariness. Weary of not walking into her apartment building too often with a bouquet of roses, lest the doorman notice the frequency; of not appearing in slacks too often (and not knowing sometimes just how one determines what "too often" is, since they are so mercifully comfortable, and of late - chic). I am tired of not touching her hair in certain impulsive moments in restaurants, those moments we all know about when one wishes most to touch; I am tired of the eyes of cab-drivers in mirrors that force us to sit like frightened, humble mice in the corners of taxis and speak only of the movie until the fare is paid and the living-room upstairs is achieved. I am tired of speaking in obscurities to the rest of my fellows with whom I share this world about that which I want to sing about and giggle about - and, oh God, just feel free to blush about! Most of all, I am tired of the days between when we must not see each other because it would be "too much" in one week and because we have not the courage not to give a damn yet . . .

So I say that I am tired and you read this and say as I do: that it is clear that I am not tired enough yet; that rebellion, utter rebellion is the only true clarion of the truly weary. But I answer you and myself and say that something has begun. That some things have changed within me. That I have taken a ring off my finger and promised and sworn to myself that never again will I ever lie nights (despite the comfort of legality and the blessings of a church I do not believe in) beside another human being whom I cannot, after years even, seem to love or desire as a mate. Never again will I promote deception and dishonesty in myself to that measure because "society wills it" - never.

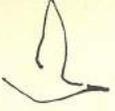
Do forgive the rhetoric but - it is a slow and painful trek, the march to oneself. But I suppose it is only in the experience of doing it that the freedom at the end of the journey seems quite as precious as it really is. And it is FREEDOM, you know? Other generations in an indisputable future to come who openly swear their love to whomever they please will not perhaps understand the detail of our present agonies any more than I imagine we can fully grasp that hostile, feudal universe of Romeo and Juliet, but I intend that they shall be able to say of those like myself - "Well, they began it!"

Yes, I intend that they shall be able to say it of me. For as I have said there is the weariness that is so old in me though I am young. And the reason I can speak of it, write about it has to do with you out there and a second thing which has come of late to sit beside the fear and the weariness in my heart. It is something which has begun to quicken and stir in me and let me know that it exists, that it might have been there all along awaiting some stimulus. The stimulus has appeared in my life - among a group of people who have this other thing which is new to me and who put out a life-giving little publication once a month in spite of hells I can only surmise.

I believe, dear friends, that it is courage.

Bless all of you.

Miss J.



Something About Sailors



There is a popular belief among shoresiders that all sailors, sexually, are «fair game». Why — I do not know, and I am a sailor. Certainly, when we go into a bar in uniform, there is a much greater interest shown in us, by both men and women, than when we wear ordinary civilian dress. If in civilian dress, once our occupation becomes known, the atmosphere immediately becomes much more friendly, much more intimate. When I was a soldier, I was less aware of public interest in people in public places, and when I was a civilian, no one ever offered me a bed for the night without preliminaries nearly so many times as they do when I wear my sailor's rig.

Is it the uniform that does it? Lots of people see glamour in a uniform, and collect uniformed personnel as others collect postage stamps. It is not, I think, entirely the uniform, because as I have already said, invitations are freely forthcoming, once people know that a man is a sailor.

Is there a general idea that all sailors are homosexual, or potentially so? Is there a general belief that once they get on the high seas with no women within reach, all sorts of orgies go on, and the homosexual leads a free and completely uninhibited life? No, if such ideas exist, they have no real foundation.

I will admit that a large number of purely homosexual people take up the sea as a career, particularly in the merchant service. It is also true that a great number of seafarers are bisexual. According to Kinsey about 40% of American males are not averse to bisexual practices, and this I think applies also in Great Britain, at sea as well as on shore. The figure at sea may even be a little in excess of this, but I think, not very much. Certainly at sea, there is a much greater tolerance towards homosexuality than there is on land, and when a purely heterosexual sailor knows that someone else is as queer as a coot, he might kid the other along a bit, but in my experience, never maliciously. For example, I have seen a big burly fireman approach a steward, throw his arms around him, and say, in reference to a passing bell boy — «Listen Duchess, next voyage you and me are going to get married, and we'll have the little princess as our daughter». But it did not mean a thing, and it goes on all the time.

Regrettably, the only time when unpleasantness occurs, is when two homosexuals fall out with each other, which they do frequently. If a heterosexual or a bisexual forms an association with a homosexual at sea, it may be purely platonic, and everyone knows about it, but no one ever criticises, at least not publicly. Private life on a ship just does not exist. If the relationship between two people does have an emotional basis, the others generally still maintain a sympathetic understanding. Sailors are good at living, and at letting others live. This, I hasten to add, is the situation as it applies in the merchant service. In the defence navy, where homosexuality is a crime, the individuals may be tolerant, but the law is not.

Life at sea is strange, even unnatural. On shore, a man goes to work by day, his entertainment by night, and when he finally goes home, he closes his door on the outside world. Sailors can't do that. From the day they sail to the day when they return to their home port at the end of a voyage, they live together, and there's no privacy, no escape from one another, and no doors to close. They travel all over the world, and often one or even two whole years pass

before a voyage is completed. This is a long time to pass in a small restricted community, and the only break they get is shore leave in a foreign port. It is their only chance to escape from those around them, or to meet new people.

Life on a liner is rather different from that on a tramp or a tanker. In a liner, some at least of the crew can make contact with passengers. Lots of the liners have their concert parties which gives the female impersonators an opportunity to demonstrate their talents, to the enjoyment of passengers as well as crew. But luxury liners with their short voyages and ever changing passengers and crews are impersonal things. It is in the cargo ship with a small crew and no passengers that life is more intimate. As a rule there is no entertainment on these ships apart from what the boys make for themselves. Dancing to radio or records is the most popular entertainment, and the fellows have to dance with each other. Mostly it's jive, or rock 'n roll, but the sight of two men dancing with each other does not raise anyone's eyebrows, as it would ashore, and men dance with each other with pleasure and abandon, but usually with no thought of sex.

Close friendships develop, and also enmities, and though these friendships and enmities sometimes have a sexual basis, it does not necessarily follow that they must have. Friendship may be deep or casual. One remembers them, or forgets. To stand in the ship's bow at night as she ploughs through the ocean with stars above and dark white-topped waves all around and wind and spray in your face cannot help but engender a warm feeling of intimacy towards a man standing beside you, though no words may be spoken.

When they land in a foreign port, most sailors lose no time in heading for the beach. Some go sightseeing, alone or in small groups, but nine out of ten make for a bar, for after a few years at sea one feels one has seen all the sights worth seeing, and the nicest thing to look at is a row of bottles, and ice in a glass, and the nicest thing to do is to find someone new to talk to. Sailors are lonely people, and that is why they emphasize their loneliness. Probably all of them are a little bit crazy, more or less, because no sailor can ever explain why he goes to sea, and why he never leaves it.

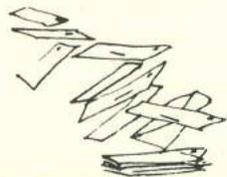
Most of the bars around the big waterfronts of the world are in actual fact, bar-brothels. The women who pretend to be so glad to see a sailor have only the end in view of relieving him of whatever money he has, with a little dispassionate lovemaking if he insists. And they fall for it, because at the time it seems worthwhile, just to talk to someone new. Sailors talk to anyone. Sailors usually have money when they go ashore and like to get rid of it as quickly as possible. So many times, though, pleasures on the beach are just dead sea fruit, and it is often with a real feeling of relief that they get back to the ship and under way again, trying to make themselves believe they've had a wonderful time. As a rule, it is only the younger members of the crew who mess about with prostitutes; those who have been at sea for a few years generally do not bother.

No, sailors are funny people. They have a mentality all of their own and only a sailor can understand how the mind of another sailor works. They are happiest among their own kind. Life on shore is too restricted to satisfy the demands of a man used to the freedom, disciplined though it may be, of sea-going life.

Reprinted from DER KREIS/LE CERCLE

STORNOWAY.

LETTERS



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

Gentlemen:

I trust you will have the greatest possible success in dispelling smug ignorance and the lethargy of non-thinking. It is unfortunate that the masses are too lazy to THINK, that they accept the lies ingrained by the church, politicians, and others who influence the masses to float on prejudice.

Mr. P.
Allentown, Pa.

Dear Friends:

To a more than dedicated Staff I say with deep sincerity and humility, "Thank you for holding high the torch of knowledge and truth, and thank you for fighting my fight — the fight for the right to live the homosexual life with the 'average man's' dignity and security."

Mr. C.
New York City

Gentlemen:

On my behalf, will you please compliment Jane Somers on the cover design of your 4th Anniversary Issue?

Mr. C.
Easton, Conn.

Dear Friends:

For the first time that I recall, you've given us a break-down graphically explaining your budgetary problems, although you state in your letter that you listed your 1956 budget needs in ONE Confidential last March. I, and undoubtedly many others not on the Confidential mailing list, am aware that you've had it rough, but your letter spelled it out so that I felt compelled to do something about

it in my small way. Perhaps such vital information should not have been, nor be in future, restricted to the Confidential list, and get some of the rest of us off our lazy duffs to help out as we should.

Congratulations on your latest publication HOMOSEXUALS TODAY, 1956, and on an over-all job in the past, a hearty WELL DONE!

Mr. G.
Brooklyn Heights, NY

Dear Friends:

Thank you so much for your reply to my letter last month suggesting an attorney for my friend. We are truly grateful for your assistance.

Miss D.
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear ONE:

In your kind note mention was made of an article which I submitted some time ago. If you decide that it might help the cause please use a pen name. We have trouble with our Bishop. All of our diocesan departments are up to date on medical, psychological and sociological developments, but the Bishop isn't sympathetic. In his mind sin is sin, and it's spelled "sex."

You might be interested to know that at a recent conference on prison work held in New York City, ONE, Inc. was mentioned as an organization with which all priests should be familiar.

Keep up the fine work for enlightenment and rationality.

Rev. R.
Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:

May I say most sincerely it is good that all of us have a Voice at last in ONE Magazine — it is a Voice that is speaking for the best in all of us and I cannot but be greatly thankful for its existence.

Granted that I have not always cared for all the contents of many issues — I too would like to hear the women speak more frequently — to read short stories that dwelt on other themes than sex — but in a larger sense ONE Magazine is a great and good publication for and of us all, and it is most heartening to such of us as live rather lonely lives; it is expressing and attempting to carry out the aims and purposes that all of us have dreamed about. For myself, I would not have accepted this life, if I could not do so with honor, dignity and complete freedom.

Mr. R.
New York City

Gentlemen:

I regret to tell you that any attempt to send me further issues of ONE would be futile since it is prohibited in this country. So the customs officer told me today with an air of maniacal satisfaction as I went to the customs-house to get the latest issue of our Magazine.

I might be able to set a charge against the said officer for allowing so many issues of ONE to get through to me (despite the fact I might then be in trouble with the morals squad). Before I take any positive action, I shall allow myself to cool off and my head to clear, which will enable me to work more efficiently. But in the meanwhile, ONE will not pass through the customs. Please take notice.

On the very account of the present difficulty, I feel closer to the Organization.

Mr. D.
Canada

Dear ONE:

Just finished "Homosexuals Today — 1956" and think all concerned are due a vote of thanks. It was quite a task, and well done! Your efforts to show the homosexual that he (or she) is not alone in the world should be strengthened now by this wonderful little book.

Mr. D.
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Editor:

May I just express my appreciation to ONE Magazine for the things it stands for, namely "live and let live."

I'm twenty-five years old and only slightly mixed up now.

Thanks to your magazine I've found new confidence in myself. Keep up the good work; your efforts are very much appreciated.

MR. F.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen:

Although I had heard of and glanced thru copies of your magazine, it was not until today that I really "discovered" ONE by reading the April, 1957, issue from cover to cover.

Until today, I was sure your efforts would be much like the pin in a whale routine. Now, however, I'm not so sure. You have put aside the pin, I think; have reached for the harpoon!

Mr. G.
Los Angeles

Gentlemen:

I don't think I realized the scope of your work until I just finished reading HOMOSEXUALS TODAY. A wonderful work you are doing.

Mr. L.
Whiting, Ind.

