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

Carlyle

## The Homosexual Magazine

Volume IV

Number 5

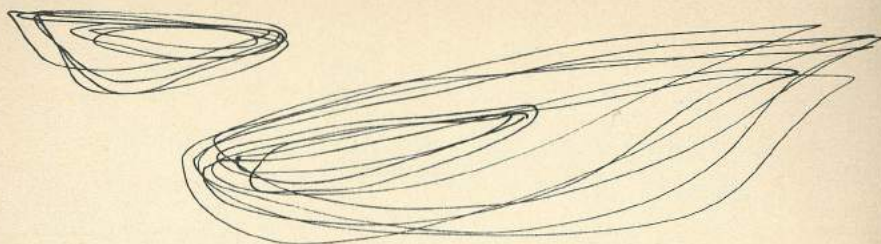
June-July 1956

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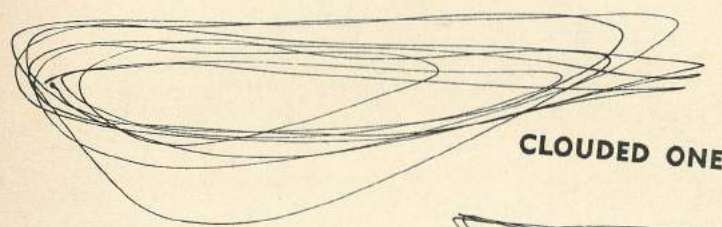
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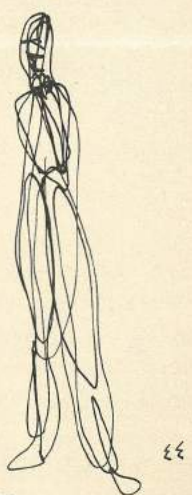
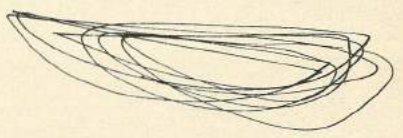
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NOT A NEW SEASON,  
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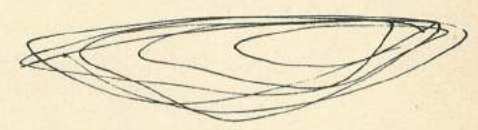
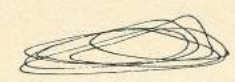


CLOUDED ONE



by Forrest Anderson

☺



when we are hurt we say wild things  
striking back to ease the hurt within  
inflicted by that heedless one, the unthinking  
lover to whom in trust we have laid open  
our finer selves, the sensitive core, the very flower  
of selfhood; entrusted to whose consideration  
an enchantment of our possible powers  
or is it only to be an exhaustion of them

is then my world to surrender unto yours  
and is yours proven more the worthwhile one  
of a sort of superficial sampling  
(or how am i ever surely then to know)  
me, bound-bitter to an idea and fixation  
spurning all close to me for a dearer person

now is not the season propitious unto love  
yet when shall favor be stronger in an unloving  
world?

one word the world does live for -- or so claims  
never existing save in a space between the two  
of them  
-- pulled this way and that -- and all-attracting.  
the world and life our sort do seek is the marginal  
actual or tentative, long-since or soon,  
whose true title -- to the knowing--- none needs to  
name.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND RECOMMENDATIONS ON HOMOSEXUALITY

A discussion by Lyn Pedersen of

**SEXUAL OFFENDERS AND SOCIAL PUNISHMENT, Being the evidence submitted on behalf of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council to the Departmental Committee on Homosexual Offenses and Prostitution, with other material related thereto . . . Compiled and edited by Derrick Sherwin Bailey, Ph.D., Study Secretary, Church of England Moral Welfare Council; 1956, The Church Information Board, Church House, Westminster, SW1.**

Many homosexuals have felt the churches to be the chief source (with their hidebound morality) of the prejudice and persecution which typify Western attitudes toward inversion. The churches do see themselves as keepers of an ancient moral standard, yet they may at times be aware that a certain type of intolerance is inconsistent with the Christ example. Actually, the Christian scripture and Christian thought and practice is nowhere more confusing than in the very basic attitudes toward sinners, associating therewith, purity, righteousness, condemnation and compassion. Most Christians however, quick to "judge," have donned the easy mantle of self-righteousness—more Pharisaical-Pauline than Christlike.

And however often socially minded Christian agencies or individuals have turned to help or understand (or pester) drunks, thieves or prostitutes, the sulphurous specter of Sodom has generally scared them off from inverts. The homosexual can appeal to no direct parallel to

the "thief on the cross," the "woman taken in adultery," the "wine bibbers and publicans."

Four years ago, members of the Moral Welfare Council of the Church of England decided to face up to this problem. Led by the late Canon Warner and Study Secretary D. Sherwin Bailey, they initiated a study which led to the Interim Report in 1954 and now to this booklet, containing the Church's very strong submissions to a Parliamentary committee (expected to report this year) which will recommend for or against a change in English law.

In reviewing the Interim Report (One, June 54) I referred to it as "surely the most forthright statement on the subject ever to come from a Church body." This booklet follows the same line a bit further. A bit more understanding of the subject seems to have been garnered, though there are frequent apologies to those critics who feel the Church has abandoned morality:

"We must now return to the first criticism mentioned—namely that

the Interim Report and the Evidence display an excessive leniency toward the homosexual offender . . . such criticism is quite unfounded. Granted, they are not disfigured by any studious display of 'moral indignation,' or any rhetorical outbursts against the so-called 'sin of Sodom' . . . the attitude of the Church to homosexual practices is well-known; our task in submitting Evidence, however, was neither to condemn nor to condone. . . .

" . . . an enquiry into the law and practice in regard to homosexual offenses involved considerations of justice no less than of morality. . . . no solution to a grave social and moral problem can ultimately prove satisfactory if it creates or perpetuates injustice. . . . the present law . . . reveals features which cannot but be regarded as inequitable. . . . It was inevitable that our submission should recommend revision of the existing law so as to remove its inequalities and discriminatory clauses. . . .

"But to plead for justice is not to condone vice—As with homosexual offenses, so with prostitution—we unreservedly condemn as sinful all infractions of the Christian teaching on sexual chastity; but we do not consider that what is sinful can always appropriately be treated by the law as criminal, particularly in the realm of venereal behavior. . . ."

They reason that a distinction must be made between the blameless condition of **being** homosexual and homosexual acts, which are sinful (as are all extra-marital or non-generative sex acts). But many sinful acts are quite outside the legitimate province of the law—it not being the function of the

state to enforce private morality. Present laws (often encouraging blackmail) are inequitable in singling out the male homosexual for harsh punishment while blinking at many more socially harmful vices. The law also often foolishly expects prison to cure, or deter inversion, a result even therapists seem seldom able to produce. Society, and particularly the Church, ought rather to find ways to help the invert.

"Although reform of the law and education of the public may secure justice and understanding for the invert, they cannot of themselves solve the problem of homosexuality. That problem will remain until better marriages, happier family relationships and more settled and secure conditions of life eliminate some of its chief causes. . . ."

They specifically and strongly recommend the repeal of sections 51 and 52 of the **Offenses Against The Person Act, 1861** ("abominable crime of buggery—penal servitude for life"), section 11 of the **Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885** ("gross indecency—public or private—two years—hard labour"), section 1 (1) (b) of the **Vagrancy Act, 1898** ("persistently soliciting or importuning for immoral purposes"), and the similar section of the **Immoral Traffic (Scotland) Act, 1902**.

They recommend new legislation "to penalize any male or female" procuring, attempting or committing homosexual acts with persons "under the legal age of consent" (recommended raised from 15 to 17) or in circumstances "constituting a public nuisance", or "involving assault, violence, fraud or duress", coupling this recommendation with a suggestion for spiritual, medical and psychiatric counsel.

Since the Departmental Committee (appointed reluctantly by the then Home Secretary Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, just after issuance of the Moral Welfare Council's interim report in 1954) is concerned with both homosexuality and prostitution, this booklet includes a forthright chapter on the latter subject, with an interesting historical survey, and recommendations in the same spirit as those above.

Appended are extracts from the Interim Report and from Dr. Bailey's essay in the volume **They Stand Apart** (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), a compilation of statutes relating to homosexual offenses and prostitution and a further essay, **The Pastor and the Homosexual**, touching more directly the Church's duty to the homosexual.

Here it is baldly stated that only those priests who have acquired a genuine understanding of the subject should venture to counsel inverts. (At least one such priest should be available in every deanery.) Nor should priests undertake tasks requiring a psychiatrist. The genuine invert must be distinguished from those who are merely retarded emotionally. The invert must be helped to accept himself, and with God's help, to control and discipline himself, and to avoid eccentricities, escapism, homosexual companions (this is consistent with "accepting one's self"?), and to encourage masculine mannerisms and every symptom of sexual normalization. Regarding the practicing homosexual, the essay observes that "it may come as a shock to find Christians, and even clerics who consider that for them, homosexual prac-

tices are allowable and not sinful." For these, it seems, "nothing short of conversion is required—however that experience may be conceived or defined. . . ." Priests are also recommended to urge caution on parents or headmasters planning to bring charges against men involved with boys, lest in some cases the court may do greater harm to the boy and to the offender than the act itself.

Not accepting the arbitrary notion that God specially established the sex instinct as a function of Christian marriage (rendering all other varieties of expressed affection as illicit), this reviewer can only regard the quibbling about different levels and categories of sin as quaint, even though I appreciate the attempt to dispel that definite horror with which theology usually approaches the subject of homosexuality. The derivative recommendations that homosexuals must aim at continence (even if most difficult) and that practicing inverts must be "converted" (even if already Christian) seem to me purest pollyanna. The explicit assumption that "a satisfactory adjustment to life" is synonymous with effective sublimation of the physical impulse, appears both foolish and fraught with psychic danger, though it is perhaps a necessary corollary of the orthodox Christian viewpoint on sex. Actually it would be too much to expect that Churchmen look objectively at their most basic assumptions, though they demand that and more of the homosexual. The recommendation that the homosexual should strive to perfect his "mask" strikes me as opportunist and unChristian, though

it is a view most homosexuals have long since adopted. As for the suggestions that homosexuals avoid one another's company (likely to weaken will power), I think the Church itself would reconsider this if facilities were established where homosexuals could gather in an atmosphere more healthy than in bars and baths. Here the Church might offer a considerable service. . . .

Quite surprising was the tentative suggestion that "Two inverts who are congenial may find their salvation in an enterprise of 'home-making'—and it is arguable that society should encourage them, and should not impute to them the basest of motives." It is elsewhere suggested that only men who sublimate the physical side are capable of such stability.

There are two ways to look at this report and its appendices: as they are directed to the attention of society and particularly the government; and as they constitute recommendations as to how the invert ought to conduct his life. The latter part is open to considerable criticism as unscientific, impractical and generally as bad advice. But of the former there is no ground for criticism, from the homosexual viewpoint. Certainly any homosexual would be happy to see the repeal of the really unfair laws. And just as surely, most homosexuals would like to see more

specific and sensible definition of the laws involving child molesters, public nuisance and crimes of violence.

It is to be hoped that this bold position will not merely add fuel to current anti-Church feelings in England. At least since the drab Margaret mess, many papers (including some of the most vivid homo-baiters) have tended to resent any statement whatsoever by Churchmen on sex, marriage, politics, colonies, or any other matter supposedly "none of their business." While not denying that some clerics have made some indefensible statements, nor implying that only the rabid segments of the press favor disestablishing the Church (even some Churchmen favor this) one must recognize that moral and social concerns are the Church's proper business, though by no means the Church's monopoly.

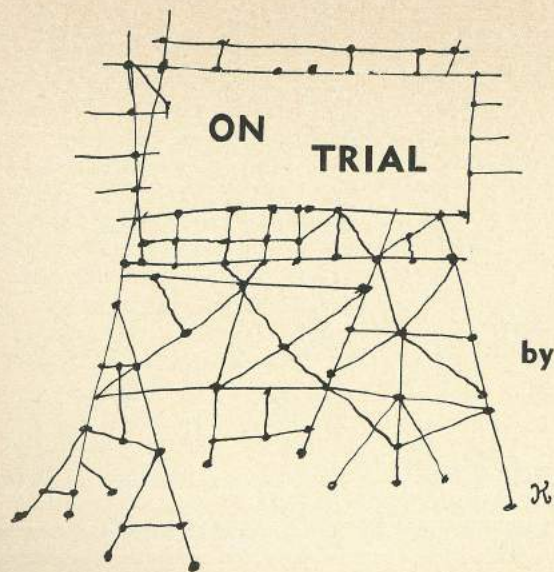
One can only hope that some American churches will overcome their un-Christian timidity and conservatism and look into this matter with the degree of objectivity exhibited by the Church of England. It is particularly disappointing that churches which pretend to liberalism have kept silent.

Despite the few criticisms made here, I think I can speak for most homosexuals in England and America in expressing the warmest gratitude to the Moral Welfare Council and particularly to Derrick Sherwin Bailey for this revolutionary report.

---

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.

John, Viscount Morley



by Robert Hannum

Any writer who has ever touched, even lightly, upon legal or political practices as subject or setting for a story has felt a sense of responsibility toward his audience beyond the usual. If his story were to convey a realistic impression and be of timely and current interest, he has been obliged to undertake careful, conscientious research for the twofold purpose of correcting any personal misconceptions and enlarging his store of accurate knowledge. Any remaining uncertainty about points unimportant enough to require further research would still not occasion a reckless or misleading statement, for such points could always be given the benefit of any possible doubt. . . and every writer has a wonderfully idealistic world ever present in his imagination from which to bestow a doubt with generous benefits.

Thus, these subjects have been presented to the public in either a glorified or an accurate light,

but never in a sense that is defamatory or inaccurate. In the case of a Hollywood film, the tendency is generally toward glorification, for this is believed to be more pleasant to audiences (and sometimes it is); but even those writers and producers who know that accuracy is lovable, too, have never yet been subject to the accusation that they "went too far" in any expose of legal or political activities. Considering the restraint required to keep an intelligent man silent when his business is Communication, this proves that these writers and producers must be men of remarkable self-mastery. Of such films, it proves that the worst impressions conveyed by them must still be more glorified than those of, for instance, a thorough survey by a scientific researcher or the report of an uncensored journalist.

Here is a question, then, to the moviegoers of America: What will be the result of a motion

picture which portrays current, standard legal practices when the impression made, though prettier than actual, is ugly enough to make a lover of legal principles vomit?

The motion picture *Trial*\* has made its way across the screens of our land, entertaining and enlightening audiences everywhere. With frightening plausibility it shows our standard (or better) court procedure bring about a verdict of guilty upon a boy who, by the very premise of the story, is innocent. This major point even becomes obscured amid numberless unethical and unjust propositions which overcome any possibility of justice as they are presented one after another in a well written, documentary type story.

Some of the points revealed are (1) that even an unusually ethical attorney (which the story requires in order to provide an interesting contrast with the customary trial personnel!) could and would glibly barter a defendant's rights away by making a pre-trial deal based on assumed "odds," as if legal process could be replaced or embellished by a better's methods, (2) that public hostility toward either the race of a defendant or a charge of sexual offense could be so influential that a fair judge and a hard working defender could not outweigh the inclinations of the most unprejudiced jury available, (3) that a sexual offense can be tried in terms of sugges-

\**Trial*, AN MGM PICTURE WRITTEN BY DON MANKIEWICZ, PRODUCED BY CHARLES SCHNEE, STARRING GLENN FORD, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, JUANO HERMANDEZ, AND ARTHUR KENNEDY.

tions and "character considerations" rather than in terms of evidence. These and many more such points are presented in succession until the viewer can only dread the thought of ever having to place an issue of his own innocence or guilt in the hands of such as our present day legal practitioners and courts.

If it could be claimed that film writers and producers were less moral than their audiences, or that they are such men as would stop at nothing for a story, all these points could be shrugged away by the time it takes to walk out of the theater and a parent could say to the trembling young ones, "It's only a movie, dear," but such is not the case and it must be admitted that the writers and producers have done their part well. The very fact that such a film could be made and shown to an audience that manages not to cry out in painful recognition of each atrocity only indicates that we are presently enduring with callousness a kind of world which the founders of our laws and procedures could not endure. It would be ridiculous to attempt to picture even a later lawyer such as Lincoln moving about comfortably in today's courts.

This article deals only briefly with a prettier-than-average impression of our courts as presented in a Hollywood film. What would be the reaction, and action, of men of high ideals who undertook a thorough scrutiny of the actual courts with every practice laid bare?

MGM, Charles Schnee, and Don Mankiewicz, in putting *Trial* upon their audience, have also put their audience on trial.

I pass as an ordinary citizen.

That part of my racial heritage which is Negro. . . those tendencies of my affections which are homosexual. . . and many of the most beautiful ideals that live in my heart are secret from you. For you, Mister Average, have devised a thousand ways to tell me that you do not want me as I am; and so I pass. . . as what you say you want me to be.

You see me daily without recognition or alarm—working alongside you, living next door to you with my family, sitting next to you in church—and even if my name were revealed to you at this moment, you would not immediately believe it. It would take you several minutes, at least, to readjust your thinking about me so that your customary thoughts of prejudice, suspicion, and hatred all fitted into neat categories alongside my name. You might accomplish this in less time if your experience and inclinations have developed such a skill in you; yet again, it might take you more time if you pause to think each point through as you go along. But however long it would take you to change your sense of me from equanimity to resentment, you would probably manage to do it . . . even at the expense of your own ideals, religion, and natural preference of good will.

Do you wonder why I pass, Mister Average? Perhaps you think you know why: you think that I fear you. Well, yes. . . that's part of it. I fear the effects of prej-

udice unleashed into careless and harmful action. I don't want to lose my job. Do you? I don't want to lose the friendly ease I enjoy with my neighbors. Do you? I enjoy my home, the area in which I built it, my work, and my social activities in the church and clubs we belong to. Don't you? Can you understand why I fear you, Mister Average? Wouldn't you fear me if I demonstrated even a trace of a desire to displace you from the position you have struggled to establish for yourself in this world? Wouldn't you fear me even if you thought I would be inclined to allow you to be displaced without protesting in your behalf? Yes, I fear you—and you know why.

But that is not the whole of it, Mister Average. I fear you and am bewildered by you and am astonished into silence by you, but you still have not guessed the most important reason why I pass. It outweighs all other reasoning and I have such reverence for it that it is almost unspeakable. But you have brought yourself to this place where it can be spoken and you have only to turn away right now to avoid hearing it.

It is simply this: I love you.

It was once written that love "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." I cannot do less.


If I did not pass, but declared myself openly, would you consider that a greater kindness? No, for such a declaration would only bring one of two ills upon you. If you

are habitually unreasoning, you would quickly indulge in one more action of thoughtless harm, thus adding to your experience one more incident that would be painful to remember and burdensome to set aright as you grow in conscience. At very least you would allow your mentality to be filled with senses of resentment and distaste during those moments when you thought of me at all. . . and I would spare you even those moments, for they would be no joy to you. If you are inclined to meet such issues with some reasoning and are, yourself, striving to order your life along ethical and humane principles, my declaration would bring points to your attention demanding more understanding, perhaps, than you are yet prepared to give and you would be confused and undecided . . . also joyless states of mind which I would spare you. In any case, you alone know the order in which you wish to consider and solve each of the issues of life, and when the issues that my declaration would bring forth are in order for you, you will bring them into your experience by your own choice. Until then, I shall not impose them upon you.

And so, loving you, I shall keep silent watch over the treasures of understanding that are natural to the Negro and the homosexual

and to all else that I am from which you still hold yourself apart. You may believe for awhile yet that you can possibly enjoy separateness or distaste. I shall hold these treasures safe during that time, beyond reach of ridicule and unmindful killing, so they will be pure and worthy for you when you are ready for them. I love you enough to do this even knowing how you will strike out against them and against me at every opportunity along the way, believing that those very treasures are evils. One day you will grow weary of striking out, of struggling to uphold a world of opinions that are weighing down every Mister Average, and you will pause to take your first truly individual look—through your own eyes—and you will exclaim in innocent surprise, as simply as a child, "Why, there is goodness in the homosexual. . . there is goodness in the Negro . . . there is goodness in thousands of places where I was taught to expect evil!" At that moment you will be free of a thousand hatreds, great burdens will be lifted away, and the treasure will be yours. That moment may be days or years or lifetimes away, but I love you enough to hold that moment safely bound in my heart for you until you come to it.

And so. . . until then. . . I pass.



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## THE FALSE CROW

From THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI  
as translated by John Addington Symonds

The plague had by this time almost died out, so that the survivors, when they met together alive, rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, the best that were in Rome; and the founder of it was a sculptor with the name of Michel Agnolo. He was a Sieneese and a man of great ability, who could hold his own against any other workman in that art; but, above all, he was the most amusing comrade and the heartiest good fellow in the universe. Of all the members of the club, he was the eldest, and yet the youngest from the strength and vigour of his body. We often came together, at the very least twice a week. . .

After many and many merry meetings, it seemed good to our worthy president that for the following Sunday we should repair to supper in his house, and that each one of us should be obliged to bring with him his crow (such was the nickname Michel Agnolo gave to women in the club), and that whoso did not bring one should be scolded by paying a supper to the whole company. Those of us who had no familiarity with women of the town, were forced to purvey themselves at no small trouble and expense, in order to appear without disgrace at that distinguished feast of artists. I had reckoned upon being well provided with a

young woman of considerable beauty, called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was obliged to give her up to one of my dearest friends, called Il Bachiacca, who on his side had been and still was, over head and ears in love with her. . . .

Well, then, the hour was drawing nigh when we had to present ourselves before that company of men of genius, each with his own crow; and I was still unprovided; and yet I thought it would be stupid to fail of such a madcap bagatelle; but what particularly weighed upon my mind was that I did not choose to lend the light of my countenance in that illustrious sphere to some miserable plume-plucked scarecrow. All these considerations made me devise a pleasant trick, for the increase of merriment and the diffusion of mirth in our society.

Having taken this resolve, I sent for a stripling of sixteen years, who lived the next house to mine; he was the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This young man gave his time to Latin studies, and was very diligent in their pursuit. He bore the name of Diego, had a handsome figure, and a complexion of marvellous brilliancy; the outlines of his head and face were far more beautiful than those of the antique Antinous: I had often copied them, gaining thereby much honour from

the works in which I used them. The youth had no acquaintances, and was therefore quite unknown; dressed very ill and negligently; all his affections being set upon those wonderful studies of his. After bringing him to my house, I begged him to let me array him in the woman's clothes which I had caused to be laid out. He readily complied, and put them on at once, while I added new beauties to the beauty of his face by the elaborate and studied way in which I dressed his hair. In his ears I placed two little rings, set with two large and fair pearls; the rings were broken; they only clipped his ears, which looked as though they had been pierced. Afterwards I wreathed his throat with chains of gold and rich jewels, and ornamented his fair hands with rings. Then I took him in a pleasant manner by one ear, and drew him before a great looking-glass. The lad, when he beheld himself, cried out with a burst of enthusiasm: "Heavens! Is that Diego?" I said: "That is Diego, from whom until this day I never asked for any kind of favour; but now I only beseech Diego to do me pleasure in one harmless thing; and it is this—I want him to come in those very clothes to supper with the company of artists whereof he has often heard me speak." The young man, who was honest, virtuous, and wise, checked his enthusiasm, bent his eyes to the ground, and stood for a short while in silence. Then with a sudden move he lifted up his face and said: "With Benvenuto I will go; now let us start."

I wrapped his head in a large kind of napkin, which is called in Rome a summer-cloth; and when we reached the place of meeting,

the company had already assembled, and everybody came forward to greet me. Michel Agnolo had placed himself between Giulie and Giovan Francesco. I lifted the veil from the head of my beauty; and then Michel Agnolo, who, as I have already said, was the most humorous and amusing fellow in the world, laid his two hands, the one on Giulio's and the other on Gian Francesco's shoulders, and pulling them with all his force, made them bow down, while he, on his knees upon the floor, cried out for mercy, and called to all the folk in words like these: "Behold ye of what sort are the angels of paradise! For though they are called angels, here shall ye see that they are not all of the male gender." Then with a loud voice he added:

"Angel beauteous, angel best,  
Save me thou, make thou me blest."

Upon this my charming creature laughed, and lifted the right hand and gave him a papal benediction, with many pleasant words to boot. So Michel Agnolo stood up, and said it was the custom to kiss the feet of the Pope and the cheeks of angels; and having done the latter to Diego, the boy blushed deeply, which immensely enhanced his beauty.

When this reception was over, we found the whole room full of sonnets, which every man of us had made and sent to Michel Agnolo. My lad began to read them, and read them all aloud so gracefully, that his infinite charms were heightened beyond the powers of language to describe. Then followed conversation and witty sayings, on which I will not enlarge, for that is not my business; only one clever word must be mentioned,

for it was spoken by that admirable painter Giulio, who, looking round with meaning in his eyes upon the women, turned to Michel Agnolo and said: "My dear Michel Agnolo, your nickname of crow very well suits those ladies today, though I vow they are somewhat less fair than crows by the side of one of the most lovely peacocks which fancy could have painted."

When the banquet was served and ready, and we were going to sit down to table, Guilio asked leave to be allowed to place us. This being granted, he took the women by the hand, and arranged them all upon the inner side, with my fair in the centre; then he placed all the men on the outside and me in the middle, saying there was no honour too great for my desserts. As a background to the women there was spread an espalier of natural jasmines in full beauty, which set off their charms, and especially Diego's, to such great advantage, that words would fail to describe the effect. Then we all of us fell to enjoying the abundance of our host's well-furnished table. The supper was followed by a short concert of delightful music, voices joining in harmony with instruments; and forasmuch as they were singing and playing from the book, my beauty begged to be allowed to sing his part. He performed the music better than almost all the rest, which so astonished the company that Giulio and Michel Agnolo dropped their earlier tone of banter, exchanging it for well-weighed terms of sober heartfelt admiration.

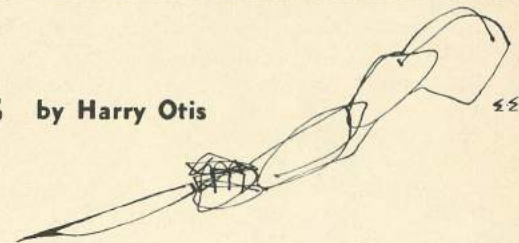
After the music was over, a certain Aurelio Ascolano, remarkable for his gift as an improvisatory poet, began to extol the women in choice phrases of equi-

site compliment. While he was chanting, the two girls who had my beauty between them never left off chattering. One of them related how she had gone wrong; the other asked mine how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been settled in Rome, and many other questions of the kind. It is true that, if I chose to describe such laughable episodes, I could relate several odd things which then occurred through Pantasilea's jealousy on my account; but since they form no part of my design, I pass them briefly over. At last the conversation of those loose women vexed my beauty, whom we had christened Pomona for the nonce; and Pomona, wanting to escape from their silly talk, turned restlessly upon her chair, first to one side and then to the other. The female brought by Giulio asked whether she felt indisposed. Pomona answered, yes, she thought she was a month or so with child; this gave them the opportunity of feeling her body and discovering the real sex of the supposed woman. Thereupon they quickly withdrew their hands and rose from table, uttering such gibing words as are commonly addressed to young men of eminent beauty. The whole room rang with laughter and astonishment, in the midst of which Michel Agnolo, assuming a fierce aspect, called out for leave to inflict on me the penance he thought fit. When this was granted, he lifted me aloft amid the clamour of the company, crying: "Long live the gentleman! Long live the gentleman!" and added that this was the punishment I deserved for having played so fine a trick. Thus ended that most agreeable supper-party, and each of us returned to his own dwelling at the close of the day.

## INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homo-file magazines abroad.

### THE GURKAHS by Harry Otis



It was shortly after we had sailed clear of the Hong Kong harbor that I discovered there were thirty bronze-skinned, steel-muscled Gurkha soldiers aboard destined for Singapore. Their captain was a young Englishman named Marshall. After listening to the wild and weird cries of a chant they performed at sunset, I asked Marshall about them. He told me they came from the lower slopes of the Himalayas and had never worn clothes until they joined the British army. They suffered whenever they were unable to bathe once a day and they hated the sweaty odor of the whites and wouldn't mix with them. Usually they were quite amiable, but if one should be harmed the others instantly flared into savage vengeance. Marshall smiled when I asked their ages. A Gurkha never counted his years; he considered himself old only when the calves of his legs softened.

This was their first ocean voyage. They had refused to board the ship without first performing a ceremony in which one of them severed the head of a bull with a single powerful slash. Had he failed, they would have taken

it as a bad omen and Marshall would have had to find another way to transport them. "A bull," he explained, "symbolizes masculine virility to them and its blood means power and strength. They rub it on their knives and guns. Whenever they eat flesh, it must be male."

They chanted again at sunrise. It began as a soft and gentle melody, then swelled to a shout as the great red disk rose clear of the sea.

Their meals and drinking water were handled separately. Two large wooden water tanks stood below on the after deck, with a board balanced across the center ridge where they joined. Day and night a coolie stood atop the board, rocking it like a see-saw to keep the water splashing and oxygenized. Whenever the men were hungry, Marshall notified the kitchen and large pots of boiled rice were put out on deck. Then the Gurkhas would throw out their nets and fish. When one caught a fish, he bit off the head, spit it into the sea, then devoured the body in a slow, bone-grinding process which was supplemented occasionally with a mouthful of

rice. Their gleaming white teeth looked strong enough to chew through shoe leather.

I asked Marshall if any of the men were married and had families. He said they had absolutely no need of or interest in women,

but lived and fought only for each other. As for the British government's attitude about that—"Well," Marshall smiled wisely, "where in the entire world could you find more courageous soldiers? Her Majesty needs them."



## IT'S ELEMENTARY, WATSON

by Harry Otis

I first met Watson aboard the ship to Bali. Most passengers were enduring the dehydrating heat of the Java Sea in shorts and sport shirts, but Watson sweat it out in gabardines and shirts with ties. He was a hard-jawed individual with an uninviting manner and I paid little attention to him until he attracted my attention by his behaviour toward a young chap with a lisp. Whenever the fellow

spoke to him or even came near him he stiffened and looked the other way.

One evening a few of us were discussing the free and easy customs of the Oriental and Arabic countries where it is not exceptional for men to hold one another's hands or link arms or otherwise display affection publicly. We were generally agreed that such customs were more com-

fortable and wholesome than those of societies tending to repress familiarity. Watson didn't think so.

Shortly after we had disembarked, I heard him exploding at the registration clerk in the hotel at Denpasar. "If they did such disgusting things in the States, they'd be ridiculed," he fumed, referring to two men who had just greeted one another in the hotel lobby with a warm embrace. "You'd know right away what they were. Decent people wouldn't have anything to do with them."

The bewildered man behind the desk asked why.

"Why! Because it's unnatural!" Watson snapped.

"But how can it be if it does not cause pain?" the man asked, completely perplexed by Watson's manner. Watson whirled about angrily and barged down the hall.

The waiter assigned to Watson's table at dinner that evening was a dark Balinese youth, handsomely costumed in a white jacket and a maroon batik sarong. He spoke little English and whenever he found it necessary to answer Watson's questions about food he smiled shyly and nodded his head in a quick yes or no. I noticed that Watson watched his every movement carefully and furtively glanced at the smooth young hands as they served each course. If Bauka was aware of this increasing attention, his sultry black eyes revealed nothing. Watson had been the first to arrive in the dining room and he was the last to leave it.

Later some of us went across the road to a gamelan orchestra concert and Watson came along,

expressing his interest in the music with the remark that he "didn't want to be alone in the lobby all evening." Balinese music, with its baffling rhythmic patterns, the deep throbbing precision of resonant drums, the clashing cymbals and strange sounds hammered out on metallophones, possesses you and leaves you lax and yielding. The music had an ally that night in the balmy air, heavy with the fragrance of frangipani, and I felt myself slipping into the enchanted mood of the island. Then I noticed Watson.

Unaffected by the music, he sat cleaning his fingernails with a toothpick. Finishing that, he yawned and glanced aimlessly about the pavilion. Suddenly his face tensed as he saw Bauka sitting on the floor at one side of the orchestra, utterly lost in the music. Watson's eyes remained upon him for the rest of the evening. After the concert he searched for him, but the youth had vanished into the night.

When Watson was getting his key, I heard him ask the hotel clerk if he knew Bauka's age. The man shrugged. Was Bauka married? The clerk didn't know, he'd never seen him with a girl. But why? Did Mr. Watson want a Balinese boy? If he did. . . Watson's eyes flared. "No," he snarled.

The next morning we all turned out to watch a cremation ceremony, which to the Balinese is a joyous and beautiful event signifying the liberation of the soul by burning the empty body shell. An orchestra played outside the home of the deceased man before the procession began. Soon the parade started, with four men carrying ceremonial

spears handsomely tasseled with red and gold. Next came lines of young girls in bright greens and yellows wearing garlands of scarlet flowers. Then came the orchestra, followed by handsome young men in brilliant gold brocade sarongs. The young men carried white and gold umbrellas to protect the shrines from the blazing sun. It was the most colorful and festive funeral procession I had ever witnessed.

Among the youths was Bauka. The beauty of his smooth, dark physique against the gold fabric was a joy to behold. Watson saw nothing else.

When Watson appeared at dinner that evening, he was a new man. The usual stiffness appeared to be yielding to the island's mellowing influence and he seemed to show an alive and expectant attitude. His hair was oiled and carefully parted to cover his bald spot and he was wearing white duck shorts and a rather expensive looking sport shirt that he'd evidently bought at the hotel gift counter. He sat alone at his table and I was almost certain that even from halfway across the room I could hear him humming.

Bauka soon came to attend him, grinning broadly and nodding his approval when he saw the new clothes. Watson beamed. Bauka leaned over the table, quite close to Watson, as he arranged the service. When he left for a moment to bring water, Watson's face seemed strange, as if his breathing were irregular. Then Bauka returned and set the decanter on the table. Watson, with his face lax in a trance-like expression, put his hand on the boy's hip and smoothed his fingers slowly across the sarong-draped roundness. Then,

suddenly fearing that others might be watching, he jerked his hand away, jarring his coffee and splashing it onto his new white shorts. After a few uncomfortable moments, he left the table without eating his food.

Later, at the Monkey Dance in a nearby village, I noticed that Watson had changed back into his gabardines. He appeared more interested in this unusual arrangement of dancers than he had been at the orchestra concert. And it was a fascinating spectacle. More than eighty men sat on the ground in a widening ring of closely concentric circles. In the center was an oil lamp resembling a small tree with flaming branches. Their warm brown bodies gleamed softly in the flickering light. Each man wore a red hibiscus in his hair. In perfect unison, as if combining into one body, they swayed forward, backward, and to each side, jabbering and hissing weirdly to imitate the sounds of an army of monkeys. Suddenly in one deft movement they twisted and lay back, so that each man pressed himself between the bare legs of the man behind him, his head pillowed against the other's pelvis. The languorous, weaving action that followed suggested a huge brown snake lazily adjusting its coils.

As I was leaving, Watson joined me. He was silent. Suddenly he gripped my arm, digging his fingers into it. I looked at him in surprise and saw him staring at the back of the young Dutchman who was the purser on our ship. Walking beside him, holding his hand, was Bauka.

Watson cancelled his boat reservations and left by plane the next morning for Djakarta.

# tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Boise has simmered down after last December's anti-homo furore. Of the 15 men arrested, most on charges involving minors, several got stiff sentences. Dillon, Bartlett, Farnsworth, Gough and Sales were given probation of varying terms. Mel Dir, last arrested, pleaded innocent. Case still pending, last we heard. Attorney Paris Martin, first to come to jury trial, acquitted after strong defense by retired Idaho Supreme Court Justice Givens, who said jury must first consider Martin's constitutional rights, and convict him of a specific act, not of a tendency. Judge Young had instructed jury that if any crime was committed, Lloyd Thompson (21, who claimed Martin partner in sex act) was an accomplice and his testimony could not stand without corroboration. After many speeches by psychiatrists and other authorities who said prison can't deal with homosexuality, Boiseans, as a reader tells us, "have had their vocabularies greatly enriched with psychiatric and psychological terms, as well as some not so scientific," and have returned to their normal pursuits of hunting, fishing and politics. But

the reader (who challenges our statement in January that a wave of suicides followed the scandal—the Boise paper did report several suicides at the time in Southern Idaho, but we were unable to judge if the incidence was higher than usual) also predicts that the tone has been set for an overhauling and modernization of the law at the next legislative session.

Baltimore's Pepper Hill Club was closed for four days in February on charges growing out of the big raid last October. . . .The Baltimore Sun a few weeks ago carried a report on ex-P.O.W. John David Provo, whose famous treason trial had been ensnarled in court irregularities by the prosecution, and in irrelevant charges of homosexuality, and who was finally released after upset of a life sentence, now living in Baltimore, but having a rough time keeping a job because of all the bad publicity given his case. His wife has filed for divorce. "I can't blame her," he said. "After all, I do not have a job and can barely support myself, much less a wife." He has an honorable discharge from the army. . . .A few days later,

the SUN reported he had been assaulted and robbed by a youth he invited to his apartment early one morning.

#### SURVEY

Pennsylvania House of Representatives unanimously passed bill to deny bail to persons charged with indecent exposure, sodomy, solicitation or assault with intent to commit sodomy, etc., and to require them to stand exam by two court appointed psychiatrists to determine if they are "a threat to the bodily harm of the public," or "a habitual offender or mentally ill." Previously passed by the Senate, bill returned there for ironing out changes.

New Detroit boysearch (12-year-old last seen near railroad with short, bespectacled man) leads to deviate roundup. . . . Universalist pastor of Norway, Maine, under indictment on charges involving juveniles. . . . Chairman Mary Driscoll of Boston Licensing Board said she was tired of taking rap for immorality and vulgar entertainment, ordered nite spots to cut out strip teases and suggestive patter, call girls and solicitors, female impersonators, dark corners, sales to minors and other violations. . . . Dr. Octavio Diaz held in NYC charged with being member of ring using faked passports to bring criminal and misfit (?) Latins to this country. . . . Los Angeles' topcop and Dist. Atty. still feuding over illegal police methods. At issue between Roll and Chief Parker is the Cahan decision in which Calif. courts followed the long established rule of Federal courts in refusing to admit evidence illegally obtained. Parker calls this the "Magna Charta

of Crime," says he can't enforce law by legal means. Roll says illegal search and seizure may help solve some crimes faster, but so would the third degree, rifling the mails and other gestapo methods. He can't, he says, prosecute such cases in good conscience. . . . F.B.I. putting on nationwide "Civil Rights Schools" to acquaint police with citizen's rights and with limits of own authority. They emphasize that willfully depriving any person of his constitutional rights by public officials acting under the color of law is a Federal offense and becomes automatically an F.B.I. case. . . . Mississippi setting up an "F.B.I." type agency to ferret out subversion of states' rights. . . . Fulton Grand Jury (Atlanta, Georgia) asked police to close all sex deviate hangouts. Foreman of previous GJ had informed them such places existed. On recommendation of topcop Herbert Jenkins, city council police commission revoked license of Glen Iris Supper Club. Owner of Tick Tock Grill voluntarily surrendered her beer and wine license. . . . Miami postal officials said that about 100 suggestive picture postcards are removed from mails each day, the sort of risque humor cards tourists tend to send to the aunt back home.

They just never arrive. P.O. authorities have no control over manufacture or sale, but say the unclad women and illustrated dirty jokes just aren't mailable. . . . In Tuscon, officers became suspicious when they saw two men slumped down in front seat of car near railroad tracks one gloomy night. But the men were just sleeping.

They said they'd dozed off after waiting 45 minutes for a slow freight to pass. . . . And in another corner of the world, Bangkok cops announced that interested parties could obtain a definitive list of the city's bordellos from any police check station.

#### ODDMENTS

Says E.V. Durling in Hearst Press, "Generally speaking, who are more graceful, men or women? Men handle themselves with much more ease and grace than women. Consider the ease and grace of baseball players. Women cannot run gracefully. Even women who can walk gracefully waddle when they try to run. The male member of a great ballroom team is usually the more graceful dancer. Male golf and tennis players have a much easier and more graceful style than female players."

Chicago man complained to police a bird was chasing his dog. Cops caught and jailed the bird, an injured bittern, later turned it over to Anti-Cruelty Society. . . . Denver cops hunting burglar who swiped 30 pounds of dark brown hair, fifty 24-inch switches for making braids and three wigs, two brown, one blond. . . . Notice ads for a product called "Fairyfoot" alleged good for bunions. . . . Longtime female impersonator Ray Bourbon is now Rae after Mexico operation by Dr. Emeril Szekley, supposedly "more complete and more advanced" than other publicized emasculations (they all say "My operation was better than hers.").

#### OTHER VOICES

Atty. Gen. Brownell asks Congress for broad authority to deal with civil rights investigations and litigations, and the setting up

as a Civil Rights Department in the Justice Department, but Senator George of Georgia, chairman of the Senate Judicial Committee (where any such legislation must originate), isn't keen on civil rights and expressed doubts any such actions would come from this Congress. Senator Russell, also of Georgia, felt the proposal was merely a GOP play for votes.

Note Supreme Court ruling that states must provide adequate means for poor persons to appeal criminal convictions—which has been heretofore an expensive proposition.

Reports of Lee Graham TV show a few weeks back (**Conflict**) indicate a straightforward and honest presentation on homosexuality and prejudice. Mrs. Graham made plea for understanding and presented psychiatrist Dr. Norman Levy, who urged repeal of all legal sanctions against mutually-consenting adults. WABD (NY) listener response was generally favorable, though light. Regarding the Sen. Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee's 71-pg. report on smut traffic, Sen Kefauver says: "The most insidious effect of present day pornographic materials is the portrayal of abnormal sexual behavior as being normal. Perversion for profit thus wrecks the chances of the impressionable adolescent to achieve a normal, healthy relationship upon reaching maturity."

Protests have mounted against the Alaska Mental Health Bill passed by House and pending in Senate. Called "American Siberia Bill," it proposes a federal grant of a million acres of Alaska land for a mental institution. Land grant, proponents say, is to finance the institution, not to

provide vast area for Siberian type concentration camp.

George Sokolsky says State Department now more careful about taking on persons whose habits or ideas might be queer.

Dr. Max Hayman of Compton Sanitarium told Amer. Psychoanalytic Assn. meet in Chicago that the thrill people get from speed was based on desire to return to feeling of being rocked in mother's arms. "The hero of the song, **The Terror of Highway 161**, must have been a very frightened and neurotic person. Hot rodding, drag-racing and other dangerous forms of the love of speed may be the outcome of unsolved childhood problems concerning sex, toilet training and the relationship with the parents."

#### RECOMMENDED READING

**Your Own Beloved Sons**, Thomas Anderson, Random House, NY, 230 pp, \$3.50, Korean war novel with passages of homosexual insight.

**Swift And Carroll**, Phyllis Greenacre, MD, International Universities Press, \$5, wherein a psychoanalyst magnifies the fantasies of these two writers into full-blown conjecture both were psychotic monsters, Swift a fetishist and transvestite, and Carroll even worse.

**The Cross of Iron**, Willi Heinrich, Bobbs-Merrill, 456 pp, \$4.50, passionately intense novel of collapsing Nazi army on Eastern front, with homosexual bits.

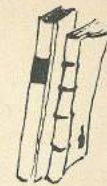
**The Dispossessed**, Geoffrey Wagner, Devin-Adair, 244 pp, \$3.50, terror novel about British veteran used as unwilling guinea pig by a dozen varieties of pompous psycho-quacks. A perhaps heavy-handed attack on society's overconfidence in the authoritarian high-priests of the mind.

**The Dark Glasses**, Francis King, Pantheon, 193 pp, \$2.95, another novel of Anglo-Saxons sexually nurtured by the Mediterranean sun. Patrick's love for the pagan Soula complicated by her fey brother's jealousy.

## Memo - To Writers

ONE uses any form of short story: — experimental — science-fiction — mystery, etc.; poem: — free-verse or traditional — subjective, objective — esthetic, didactic, etc.; articles from personal experiences or point of view — book reviews — art work — all must be in good taste. Homosexual or non-homosexual may contribute — pro or con. Realism, not obscenity, wanted here — mawkishness to be avoided. The purpose of ONE presents a challenge to the free thinking and imaginative individual; to everyone interested in the problem of civil rights and equality for all peoples and minorities.

## BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS



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.

### BOOK SERVICE

#### FICTION

- THE OUTER RING** by Audrey Lindop, Appleton,  
An extremely fine novel..... \$3.75
- THE MISSING MACLEANS** by Geoffrey Hoard,  
Viking..... \$3.75
- HEMLOCK AND AFTER** by Angus Wilson, Viking  
A brilliantly written novel..... \$3.00
- CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** by Tennessee Williams,  
New Directions..... \$3.00

#### NON-FICTION

- HOMOSEXUALS TODAY** Organizations & Publications,  
ONE, Inc., A guide to more than twenty organizations and publications for homosexuals -- an unprecedented volume giving names, addresses, memberships, fields of emphasis, and biographical data (where available). This unique venture in the history of homosexual publishing will include information never before presented in any systematic compilation..... \$3.00
- DEATH OF THE SCHARNHORST & OTHER POEMS**  
by A. Alfred McKillen, Vantage..... \$2.50
- MUST YOU CONFORM** by Robt. Lindner, Rinehart  
Excellent 1954 Hacker lectures..... \$3.00
- HOMOSEXUALITY** by Donald Webster Cory, Julian  
Selected key writings on subject..... \$5.00
- VARIATIONS IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR** by Frank S.  
Caprio, Citadel..... \$5.00
- ALL THE SEXES** by Geo. W. Henry, Rinehart..... \$7.50
- THE OTHER MAN** by Donald West, Wm. Morrow... \$4.00

▶ Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California.

Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

## HOMOSEXUALITY — A Cross Cultural Approach

edited by Donald Webster Cory  
Julian Press, New York, 1956, 440 pp.

If there are those among us who are looking for signs of greater understanding and hope for the future in this "gay" world of ours then this book will be a comfort to them. Before this misleads anyone, it should be explained that this comment is based on a historical comparison of the earliest with the most recent writings on homosexuality as published in this book. This comparison points up the greater understanding and acceptance of homosexuality now common. There is no question that our times are much more liberal in thought on the whole subject of sex. This may not be a comfort to those who wish for the moon, but realistically much progress has been made in the last fifty years. The Kinsey revolution and the general increase of research in the field of sexuality, this reviewer feels, will bring about proportionately greater acceptance in the next fifty years.

Donald Webster Cory is the editor of this reprint work. All of the selections reprinted here have been available in the past, though some were limited editions. The selection of articles according to the title represent a cross cultural approach to attitudes on homosexuality. The title seems presumptuous, however, on reading the book. The writings are too literary and the ideas too singular for the scientifically flavored sociological title. Cory is saved in his use of the word "approach."

The book's real worth is in making some hard-to-get early articles on the subject available today. This is true with the first

of the selections. John Addington Symonds' *A Problem in Modern Ethics* was first published in 1896 in a limited printing and Symonds' name on the title page. It's still a question whether or not Symonds was the actual author. The treatment Symonds, an Englishman, gives homosexuality is truly remarkable considering its Victorian period. It's notable that one man could have such an understanding free of the accepted prejudice which is still so common. Symonds gives an excellent historical review of the theories and writings on the subject up to his time. He ends with a practical consideration: "The points suggested for consideration are whether England is still justified in restricting the freedom of adult persons, and rendering certain abnormal forms of sexuality criminal, by any real dangers to society."

One of the most interesting articles of this collection is entitled *Defensive Homosexuality -- Homosexuality As A Defense Against Incest* by Gilbert Hamilton. This paper is the result of research pointing to fear of incest as an important determinant of human homosexuality. However, incest is not presented "as a specific or essential 'cause.'" The study concludes, nonetheless, that "the homosexual tendencies that are a normal component of the human bisexuality are apt to be overdeveloped as a defense against incest toward the end of infancy by males who have been too erotically loved by their mothers or mother surrogates."

In addition to Symonds, Hamilton, Edward Westermarck, Edward Carpenter, Richard Burton, Paolo Mantegazza, Hans Licht, Voltaire, Gilbert Van Tassel Hamilton, Alfred C. Kinsey, George W. Henry,

Morris Ploscowe, Albert Ellis, and Donald Webster Cory are all contributors. One of two articles by Ellis titled *Are Homosexuals Necessarily Neurotic?* will be familiar to **One** readers.

### FABRIZIO LUPO . . . . . Carlo Coccioli

Translated from the French into Spanish  
by Aurelio Garzon del Camino, Compania  
General de Ediciones, S.A., Mexico, D.F., 1953, 417 pp.

The present volume is the Spanish translation of the much-heralded novel, *Fabrizio Lupo*, constructed around the theme of homosexuality. The author tells the story in his own name and character beginning with a visit to his study by a young admirer of his novels. This young man, an artist, is a confirmed homosexual and feels very strongly that the sufferings and misunderstandings he has undergone make a story which should be given to the world and he hopes that the author will be the one to do so. He has in fact tried his own hand at writing a novel which he is willing to turn over to the author along with his letters to his friend which have been returned to him presumably at the death of the latter. From the first visit on he tells the author his story which is interspersed with copies of the letters and finally the novel which he has written, all of course being woven into a connected story by the author. Much of the material is fantastic to the point of unreality, the episodes incoherent with one another, and practically all of it surcharged with emotionalism and subjective introspection well

irrigated with copiously wept tears. The device of the author's using *Fabrizio's* own materials, however, saves him from the criticism that the qualities mentioned represent defects in his work. There is no plot in the usual sense of the word in the story; it is held together only by the all-absorbing love of *Fabrizio* for *Lorenzo* which runs like a thread through the whole and becomes the basis for endless pages of emotional self-analysis.

It would doubtless be going too far to say that there is a conventional framework for homosexual novels, but so many have followed the same scheme that it certainly represents a tendency. The story begins with a comparatively naive youth who forms strong attachments to friends of his own sex without knowing why he does so. Gradually he learns the truth through various and promiscuous episodes accompanied by much emotion running the gamut from ecstasy to deep depression and temperamental variations from fierce anger, amounting to tantrums, to completely selfless devotion. Finally the one and only satisfying companion is found or isn't found, and the relationship or hero, perishes in a climax

of murder, suicide, or fatal accident, the last a sop perhaps to the present state of public opinion. The present work follows this pattern and gives only the slightest hint of a possible, satisfactory outcome. Its function seems to be rather to give understanding of the persons who are homosexuals and to drive home the view that they are neither neurotics (that is, mentally ill) nor evil (that is, perverts) nor are they any more liable to crime than any other group. They are simply one of nature's variations so common and unremarked in other fields. Fabrizio is made to say in characteristic Latin fashion: "If they

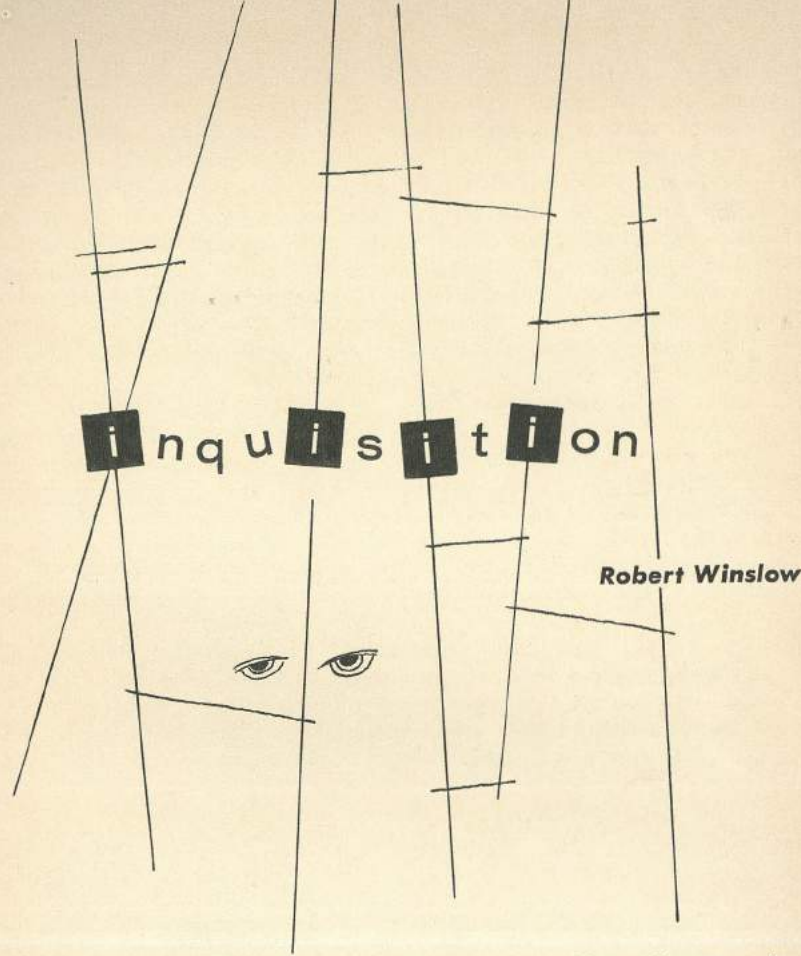
nail you to the cross, two angels clothed in white will lower you from the cross. And you yourself, in such a circumstance, must know how to make of yourself a liberating angel for the rest: for all those who suffer for their devotion to love." (p. 305) This sentiment the author in his introduction makes the theme of all his own work. The book will undoubtedly become a classic in its field. It is expressed with a beauty and charm which, in spite of a general diffuseness of style, holds the attention of the reader throughout. The Spanish translation is a work of art in its own right.

#### LA LUNGA NOTTE di SINGAPORE (The Long Night of Singapore)

By Bernardino di Tegerone. Gastaldi Editore in Milano, Italy, 1952, 190 pp. Price 600 Lire.

This prize-winning novel from Italy, according to its author, while frankly fictional, is based upon materials gathered in interviews in Siam, Malaya, and Indonesia covering the subject of homosexuality and looking forward to a fourth volume of the Kinsey Report. The book is written as the presumed diary of a young writer living in his own house in Singapore after having traversed a considerable part of the world since he had left Italy. He has a particular desire to visit Siam and does so but returns to Singapore where the greater part of the action takes place. I have said action, but the progression of the plot, such as it is, lies in the subjective and spiritual evolution of the youth who is restless and disturbed without knowing just why, although he sometimes has intuitions of the

truth. Ultimately he comes to understand himself and accept his nature as homosexual. The underlying position of the author, who is obviously familiar with the literature of the subject, is wholesome and sound. Homosexuality is not an illness nor a neurosis except in so far as it is made so by the malevolence of a hostile society. It is indeed refreshing to read a novel in the field where the solution is neither suicide, murder, nor other tragedy, but perhaps the only genuine and realistic solution that a homosexual can hope for: a permanent and mutually satisfying companionship. I suspect that only a Latin could write a book such as the present one wherein poetic sensitivity to the lush tropical scene, psychological insight, and stark realism are so happily blended.



From the ogee-arched window, Alan Tisdale could see the trees along the promenade, shedding their leaves, and in the distance, over sweeping green lawns, the White House. The sky was overcast, but there was no insinuation of rain. The clouds were distant and crisp, slightly tinged with grey, implying that summer was over and that autumn, golden and frosty, was on its way.

"You may go in now," the secretary said.

Alan passed her, and then she closed the door softly behind him.

The man at the mahogany desk rose and extended his hand. "Mr. Tisdale . . . The name is Cournois . . . Sit down."

Alan sat in a leather chair in front of the desk.

"This is just routine business, you understand," Cournois said, picking up a folder and opening it. "Won't take long, or shouldn't, at least . . . As you know, we're re-screening certain government agencies, and the State Department is one of them . . . How long have you been with the Department?"

"Nine years," Alan answered.

"Here in Washington?"

"No, I was here for six months in 1946, then a year and a half in

London, two in Paris and four in Madrid."

"In the embassies?"

"Yes, as an administrative assistant to the ambassadors."

"How long since your recall from Spain?"

"Three months or so."

"And in what type of work are you now involved?"

Alan hesitated. "It's of a secret nature. I'm not able to tell you. I'm sorry."

Cournois looked up from the folder for the first time. "My error, of course . . . Cigarette?" He extended his pack.

"I have my own, thank you," Alan said, reaching into his pocket. He lighted one.

"I don't recognize the brand."

"English. Took them up in London and got accustomed to them. They're very mild. I've tried returning to American cigarettes, but I prefer these."

"Are they easy to get here in Washington?" Cournois asked, making a pencil notation in the folder.

Alan watched the movement of the pencil. "There's a tobacco shop on F Street that caters to the embassies. One can find many foreign cigarettes there."

"Your parents were divorced, Tisdale?"

"When I was twelve."

"Who did you and your brother live with after the divorce?"

"I lived with my mother. Tom went to live with my father."

"Your brother is married and has four children?"

"Yes."

"You're not married?"

"No . . ." Alan fidgeted. "Most of this is in my dossier there, isn't it? Surely a preliminary check-up would have given you most of this basic information."

"Of course. I merely wanted to see if there were any additional facts which we might add . . ." Cournois studied the folder for a moment, reflecting more than reading.

"What magazines do you read, Tisdale, and which do you subscribe to?"

"I subscribe to the New Yorker, The Saturday Review, Time, the Partisan Review. I read others. Many others. Some of a political nature, some not."

"Life? Saturday Evening Post? Sports Illustrated?"

"Sometimes. When I go to the barber shop."

Cournois made another notation. "What do you know about a place called Porto's?"

"It's a restaurant," Alan answered. "I sometimes go there if I work late at the Department. It's about the only decent restaurant in the neighborhood open after seven. I sometimes go to the Sea Shanty, too, but one can't eat fish every night. The food at Porto's is good and reasonable, and they serve cocktails."

"It's a queer hang-out, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"The upper level of the place swarms with them after five."

"I usually have dinner in the backroom downstairs. I've never been in the upper level."

Cournois studied Alan for a moment, then returned to the dossier.

"Do you have many friends in Washington?"

"A few," Alan said. "Mostly college acquaintances."

"Are they married?"

"Not most of them. Married people have their own circles of friends, all usually married, and bachelors don't seem to fit in too happily. There's a feeling of incompleteness."

"The explanation wasn't necessary," Cournois said curtly. "How about lady friends? Do you have many here in Washington?"

"Only as acquaintances. Most of them in the State Department. My stay in Washington has been brief. Six months in '46, three months this year. And I've been working steadily on this new program, sometimes until quite late in the evening. Not much time for social life."

"Have you ever known a woman intimately?"

"Intimately?" Alan considered the word. "Yes."

"Who, and when?"

Alan rose. "I did not come here to go to confession, Mr. Cournois."

"You refuse to answer?"

"Yes, on the ground that this is, I suppose, a security interview — mine, not any one else's. I don't want to involve other people needlessly."

Another notation. "Sit down, please, Tisdale . . . Now, when is the last time you slept with a man?"

Alan sat quietly, and then he began to laugh.

Cournois eyed him angrily. "Are you going to answer?"

"Of course," Alan smiled. "My parents had house guests overnight once when I was eleven. I slept with my brother in his room. That was the last time."

Cournois handed him a pad and pencil, and then he went to the window and looked out. "I want you, Tisdale," he said quietly, with back turned, "to draw a picture of a nude woman on one page, a nude man on another page."

"I'm not an artist."

"Just draw, please," he said.

Alan drew, and when he had finished his primitive sketchings, he returned the pad to Cournois.

Cournois studied them both carefully. "Obviously, Tisdale, your drawing of the man is far more exact in detail and conception than that of the woman."

"I think there's an explanation," Alan said. "I've been male all my life."

Cournois stared at him, a deep, penetrating look, a combination of finality and anger. "You may go now, Tisdale. Thank you."

Alan left without saying good-bye.

Cournois examined the dossier once more. He went to the window and watched the people strolling along the promenade and children sailing their boats in the reflecting pools. Beyond them, beyond the White House and the Washington Monument, under the overcast sky, was the city, its stunted skyline grey and white.

He returned to his desk. He picked up a rubber stamp, inked it on a red stamp, and then carefully impressed its mark in the upper right hand corner of the dossier.

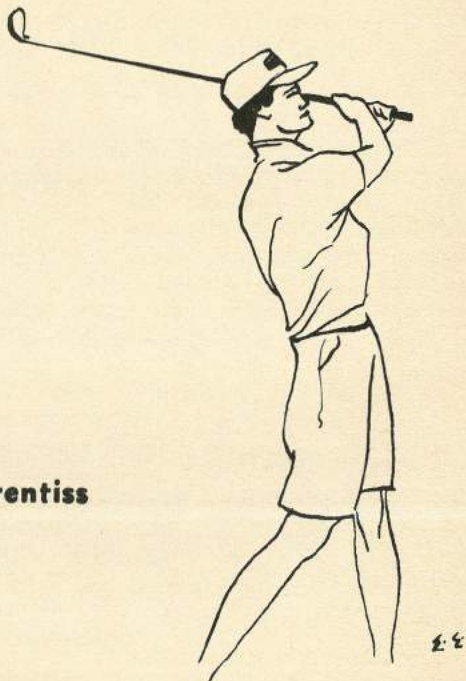
It read simply: Security Risk.

# THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

*by and about women*

## THE WINNER PART I

by Marlin Prentiss



The unshaded eighteenth green of the Riverdale Country Club took the full blast of the mid-afternoon August sun and hurled it back in sluggish, shimmering waves of heat, thick as water. The shirtsleeved and summer-frocked gallery, surprisingly large for a weekday afternoon, had already formed its wilted ranks around the edge of the green when the small white ball hit the smooth turf, bounced

once, and rolled to a stop eight feet from the cup. There was a brief murmur, then silence again, as Dana Farrell toiled up the hill and stood at the edge of the green regarding her lie with somber intentness.

A tall woman, broad of shoulder, with strongly muscled calves and forearms, Dana Farrell accepted the putter and a lighted cigarette from her caddy and began to circle

the green slowly. Her short-cropped dark hair under the sweat-stained cap was liberally sprinkled with grey and there were deep crows-feet at the corners of her narrow grey eyes. The skin of her lean face and strong arms was weather-beaten and darkly tanned with ten years of constant exposure to sun and wind and the sharply etched lines between her level brows and around her wide, mobile mouth were testimony to long hours of relentless pressure in the tough pro circuit.

The gallery began to stir and mutter restlessly at her long, careful deliberation, but Dana was as completely unaware of her audience as she was of the spikes on her shoes. It was this ability to shut herself away from all distractions, to exist in a vacuum of utter concentration, that had made her very nearly invincible for the better part of a decade.

Although she invariably drew the largest gallery in every tournament, Dana Farrell was not popular with many of the fans. Her unshakable poise and slow careful play often annoyed the spectators, and as always, at least in America, the sympathy of the crowd lies, not with the invincible champion, but with the underdog. Some of Dana's followers did come to see and admire the very nearly flawless exhibition of golf she always provided, some came hoping to see her blow up under pressure and thus disprove the legend of her invulnerability (no one has the right to be invulnerable) but the bulk of the gallery came to see her beaten—preferably by a young, temperamental unknown. It almost never happened, but the crowds never ceased hoping.

Now, as Dana finally completed her long study of the green and took her stance over the ball, silence fell again, broken only by a loud cough from one irritated spectator. He may as well have saved his breath; if he had suddenly begun to play The Star Spangled Banner on a bagpipe, Dana Farrell would have remained oblivious. The club head met the ball smoothly and it began to curl slowly across the green. When it seemed certain that it would stop short and far to the left, it suddenly seemed to pick up speed and head for the cup as though drawn by a magnet. There was a soft "thunk" as it dropped, a spattering of applause, then the gallery broke rapidly across the fairway to pick up Joan Collins' twosome coming up on 14.

Dana shook hands with her caddy and a dozen well-wishers who crowded around, signed autograph books for three teen-aged girls, tried to smile for a very young and nervous photographer from the local paper who handled his brand new Speed Graphic as though he were afraid it might suddenly explode, and then started walking slowly toward the white stucco and glass monstrosity that was the pride and joy of the Riverdale Country Club. Newly built at great expense in a local architect's imaginative but mistaken conception of an Italian villa, its design had been aptly described by one famous visiting golfer as "Filling Station Modern."

Now that it was over, Dana was sharply aware of the intense fatigue, not altogether physical, that spread through her vitals like a drug and left her weak and faintly ill. She was painfully conscious of the gnawing ache in

her legs, the soreness of her hands, and the grimy, sweat-soaked blouse sticking to her wide, tired shoulders. Wearily, she stripped the golfer's glove from her hand and looked at the permanent white scar it had left on her sun-blackened skin. Why do I do it? she thought.

She paused before the ornate board where the scores of the competitors were posted and handed her card to the official in charge, exchanging a few meaningless pleasantries with him while he posted her 5 under par 70. Her mind automatically recorded the scores of the others. They were extremely good, even for Riverdale, which was not a difficult course.

It's those dry, hard fairways, Dana thought, the ball never stops rolling—and I've never seen greens in more perfect condition. The heat is bad, but everyone is used to it, and there is no wind. This is going to be a tough one, practically everybody is under par. Well, another 70 tomorrow should do it. She smiled faintly. Another 70. I won't shoot another 70 tomorrow. Someone will, but I won't. Unless I get some rest, I may never shoot another 70 again.

Dana knew that the slim, black-haired, dark-skinned girl was beside her before she felt the familiar hand on her wet back but she neither turned nor spoke until they were well away from the officials. Then she said, softly, still not looking at the girl, "Well, what happened to you today? 78, indeed!"

Toni Carver wrinkled her short nose and grinned ruefully. "Trap trouble again. I'm going to trade in my clubs for a pail and shovel."

"Don't do that yet. We'll work on those short irons again tomorrow morning."

"Save your strength, Dana. I'm out of it anyway. And this one you've just got to win."

Dana looked at her now and her heart turned over as it always did when she looked at this girl.

"Why?" she asked, although she knew.

"You know why. If you don't win and make that Emerson bitch eat her words, I'll never forgive you. You've heard the nasty cracks she's been making all over the place."

Dana smiled. "That people like me should be barred from the game because no 'normal' woman has a chance against me? Oh, Toni, if I had a dollar for every time I've heard that remark, I could retire in the lap of luxury! You're new in this cut-throat racket yet, but if you intend to make a career of it, you'd better learn right away that nasty cracks by your opponents are as much a part of the game as your clubs."

"Dana, if it were anyone else I wouldn't care. But you were the best friend she ever had—I've heard all the stories. Besides, what right has she to say the things she has when she's just as gay as we are?"

"No, she isn't, Toni. I was just an isolated episode in her life, one which I imagine she regrets so bitterly that she has almost convinced herself it never happened. When she quit the pros and came back home to Riverdale, she shut everything that had happened out of her mind and became a model of conventional Country Club respectability. Now she's

engaged to this nice family-approved guy with lots of money and a big name around here and she's probably scared to death that something will spoil it all. Namely me, that hated ghost from the past she wants so much to forget. Hence, the nasty cracks. People do peculiar things when they're afraid, Toni."

"Nuts!" Toni remarked inelegantly. "She knows perfectly well that there are at least ten gals here who would be much more likely to spill the beans than you would. She's not scared. She's just got some kind of a thing about beating you. She wants to win this tournament, by fair means or foul, more than she wants to marry that joker, even!"

Dana felt, uneasily, that Toni's last remark was true, but she could not understand why it should be so. She had completely forgotten Clare Emerson's existence until she had noticed the name among the entries to the Riverdale Invitational Tournament. The girl's intense hatred and driving obsession to win—both perfectly obvious to everyone from the start—had shocked and disturbed her for she could find no real reason for it. While their parting five years before had been extremely abrupt (Clare had simply climbed into her car after a tournament in which she had not even placed, and driven away without a word to anyone), they had been the best of friends until then. Clare Emerson always had been a hard loser, but this thing driving her now was more than a normal desire to win, it seemed to be almost a matter of life or death to her. But why? Her open antagonism and vicious gossip were a little easier to understand. Dana believed her explanation of them

to be correct, but they, too, seemed extremely unjustified.

Dana shrugged. It didn't really matter. Someone would win tomorrow and by the next day Clare Emerson and Riverdale would have receded into the all-but-forgotten past with hundreds of other tournaments.

"If I don't get a shower and a drink within the next five minutes," Dana said, "I am going to collapse on the spot. Toni, you've already changed—be a darling and bring a tall, cold Tom Collins down to the locker room, will you?"

An artistic sign (pale yellow plastic letters on a shiny black plastic background) on the door read: LADIES' LOCKER ROOM—MEMBERS ONLY Please Remove Golf Shoes Before Entering.

As Dana pushed the door open, ignoring the plea about golf shoes (as the gouged tiles testified many had done before her) the chill air conditioning struck her wet body like a blow. She was glad to see that there were no MEMBERS present when she entered the depressingly "modernistic" room, for she was in no mood to answer the monotonously identical questions they always asked.

Kathy Johannsen (affectionately known as Rip Van Winkle), a chubby girl with fuzzy pink hair and a great many freckles, lay on a chartreuse plastic couch in the corner, sound asleep as usual. She was wearing only a slip, the rest of her sweaty clothes lay in a heap on the floor and a battered DO NOT DISTURB sign, stolen from some long-forgotten hotel, hung crookedly from the chrome arm of the couch.

Phyllis Winters, a tall, stat-

uesque blonde, no longer young, was leaning her elbows on a kidney-shaped vanity of black glass and chrome, staring gloomily at her sun-ruined hair and skin in the pink-tinted mirror. She was fully dressed in a too-fancy cocktail gown and extremely high-heeled sandals.

Jean Fredricks, a smaller blonde with a tough, pugnacious face and tired blue eyes, sprawled in a wrought-iron-and-plywood chair of weird design, thirstily drinking a gin-sling through green plastic straws. Two more stood on the floor beside her, the moisture from the frosty glasses making little puddles on the black and yellow tiles. Her blue linen dress still showed the wrinkles of careless packing and she was barefoot.

Wearily, Dana slumped on the edge of a chaise longue and rested her head on her forearms.

"I'm getting too old for this racket," she sighed.

The tall blonde abandoned the gloomy contemplation of her pink-tinted image and glanced at Dana sharply.

"If true, that's the best news I've heard all season," she said, in a tone that left no doubt as to her sincerity.

A small, wiry brunette emerged from the shower room wearing nothing but a towel draped across her shoulders, although at first glance she appeared to be wearing brown knee sox, long brown gloves reaching halfway between elbow and shoulder, and a brown mask that covered her face and neck and came to a sharp V between her small breasts. The sharply contrasting two-tone effect of her body was somehow shocking, while her nakedness was not. She smiled at the

tall blonde.

"Won't help you, doll," she said sweetly. "You'd still have me to beat and you couldn't do that the best day you ever lived."

The blonde snorted and began to apply lipstick lavishly. Jean Fredricks sucked her glass empty and picked up another.

"How'd you make out, Farrell?"

"Seventy." Dana's voice was muffled by her arms.

"Hmmm. Here we go again. Your ex-girlfriend in yet?"

Toni Carver came through the door with four drinks balanced on a tray held high over her head.

"No, she isn't in yet!" she mimicked nastily. "Don't you ever get tired of playing with that needle, Fredricks?"

"Oh, knock it off, Lover!" Jean said tiredly. "Who appointed you captain of the guards? I merely asked—"

"I heard you," Toni said shortly. She handed Dana a drink and took one for herself. "These are with the compliments of Mr. J.P. Frisbee. Never saw him before in my life."

Phyllis dropped her lipstick into an enormous white handbag and leered at Toni. "Let's not make it too obvious, sweetie—give the group a bad name, you know."

"Alright, Phyl, that's enough." Dana took a long swallow of her drink.

"Don't call me Phyl!" she snapped. "And don't try to order me around! Just because—"

Kathy Johanssen yawned loudly and sat up. "Can't you bags read?" she inquired grouchyly. "All the time yakkety-yak. And

why don't you lay off Farrell? I didn't see any of YOU hot-shots posting 70s today."

"Well, another country heard from—will you get her!" Phyllis raised her thinly plucked eyebrows in mild amazement as she watched Kathy pad toward the shower room, still yawning. "Farrell seems to have added our Rip Van Winkle to her growing circle of admirers. To what do you attribute your success with the ladies, Farrell?"

"Oh, Phyllis, for God's sake, shut up!" the small brunette said wearily. "You get nastier every time you shoot out of the money, and at the rate that's been happening lately it won't be long before you set a new record. If you ask me, you're the one that's getting too old for this racket."

"Nobody's asking you, Dobson, but you're asking for a fat lip!"

"But you're going to get one, Winters!" Toni yelled angrily. "One more crack out of you and I'll fix you up so you won't even be able to mooch drinks off the bartender, much less the local 400!"

"Oh-ho! Lover-boy to the rescue again! Listen, you little—"

"Ladies — LADIES!"

In the general uproar, no one had noticed the big, lanky youngster with the tousled mop of oddly streaked hair lounging in the doorway taking in the scene with obvious glee. She was wearing Bermuda shorts in defiance of the unwritten law governing proper attire for professional golfers, and her spiked shoes in defiance of the sign on the door. There was a wide grin on her bold-featured but oddly attractive face and her narrow, wide-set eyes twinkled.

from the shower room to add her voice to the din.

Torchy pounded on one of the fragile vanities with her big fist, upsetting a bottle of cologne which filled the room with a sudden, sharp fragrance.

"Order!" she called. "I'm not finished." She waited for the others to quiet down. "Which," she continued, "in spite of that unmentionable 79 yesterday, places me at least within spitting distance of one of those pretty pink checks for the first time in my short but brilliant career!"

"The line forms to the right, "Lower your voices, puh-leeze!" she said with mock dismay. "Remember, we are GUESTS here! You are shocking the imported-from-France panties right off the clientele of this glamorous dump!"

There was an abrupt silence, but no visible embarrassment. Toni continued to scowl blackly and Phyllis flounced out in the direction of the bar, shoulders stiff and nose in the air.

Then, suddenly, the tension dissolved.

The newcomer stood in the middle of the room, feet apart, face flushed and glistening with the heat and glowing with an inner excitement. "I got news for all you champs," she announced, obviously pleased as punch with herself. "I—Neva Kovac (known to the sports writers as "Torchy" Kovac), that unheralded but promising kid from Dubuque, have just lived up to my home town press notices and shot a blazing 57, no less!"

The congratulations were loud, profuse and completely sincere. Even Kathy Johanssen came dripping

kid," Jean Fredricks said drily. "Except for our invincible Farrell, here, who has just renewed her lease on top spot by no less than four big fat strokes, practically the whole damn field is tied for second place. Incidentally, how did the other half of your two-some make out—you were paired with Clare Emerson today, weren't you?"

"Oh, her!" Torchy said scornfully. "Say, who is she, anyway? Local talent, I heard, but I never saw any of these home town amateurs shoot a game like that before."

"Good?"

"Yeah, or else shot with luck. Wound up with a 72. But what a lousy disposition! All the time bitching about something. If I'd been her caddy, I'd have let her have a five iron right in the teeth. And you'd have thought we were playing a match, she was watching my score closer than she was her own. And when she saw she couldn't catch me, I thought there for a minute she was going to snap her snood! Still—she's pretty good. For an amateur, that is," Torchy added condescendingly.

Betty Dobson dipped her fingers into the spilled cologne and dabbed it daintily behind her ears. "She's no amateur, kid. She was collecting those pretty pink checks when you were still playing jacks."

"So were all the rest of your old bags—that's why I'm shooting 57s today and you're not," Torchy chortled gleefully. "You all might just as well retire to your rockin' chairs and rest your creaking bones tomorrow, on account of I am going to beat the cotton-pickin' pants off the whole bunch

of you—for the honor of dear old Dubuque and all the Kovacs in Poland! And the money, of course."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Toni groaned. "Come on, girls, let's get out of here before we get mired in the stuff! I'll see if I can snare us a table in the bar, Dana."

Dana stood in the shower a long time, letting the hot needles of spray beat against the fatigue in her strong body. She smiled as she heard Torchy Kovac's lusty baritone rendition of The Halls of Montezuma over the rush of water in their adjoining showers.

The irrespressible 19-year-old fresh from the not-very-stiff corn country competition where she had been something of a sensation, was a great favorite. Her bubbling vitality and unfailing high spirits had the effect of a fresh spring breeze in the jaded, cynical atmosphere of tension-frayed nerves and ancient feuds. Dana wished with all her heart that Torchy would make good her outrageous boast but she knew that there was very little chance of it. The youngster was still very erratic, cheerfully mixing eagles with double-bogies, usually managing to come in about tenth.

But of all the youngsters Dana had seen come and go (or stay) in the past ten years, Torchy Kovac was the only one she felt might someday hold the unique position she now held. However, it would take several more years of seasoning before Torchy would be collecting those pretty pink checks with any regularity.

I wonder how much of that exuberance will be left in ten years, Dana thought. She knew that most of it would be gone long before

that, and the thought saddened her. Maybe you'll make it, Torchy, she thought, I'll be very surprised if you don't. But it won't be the way you think it will be now. What is it they say—"Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown"? That crown is a fine thing to share, Torchy—to win and lose and fight for and win and lose again—but it is a terrible thing to own. Because when it is yours for the taking, it begins to own YOU. It sets you apart in a lonely place, and there you must stay, because you can't give it back, Torchy. It must be taken from you and you will fight to the death to keep it, even though you have long since come to hate it. It glitters, Torchy, and it must be very valuable because it costs a very great deal—but it is very heavy.

Dana turned off the water. Mingled with the steam, she could smell the sharp, sweet scent of the spilled cologne.

Toni was waiting for her in the bar, she knew, but Dana took the doorway that led to the "patio" of the Riverdale Country Club and paused in the shadow of a potted palm to light a cigarette. The patio was deserted, for the heat was stifling and everyone was drawn irresistibly to the air-conditioned coolness inside.

Dana Farrell looked very clean and fine in fawn-colored gabardine slacks, white silk shirt with the cuffs turned back at the strong wrists, crisp, short-cropped dark hair brushed damp and smooth. She was still bone-tired but the sharp, aching edge of fatigue had been washed away, and most of the tension had ebbed from her body.

She smoked slowly, her mind as nearly blank as she could make

it, savoring this moment of solitude before joining the noisy crush in the bar. She did not hear the young man approach and his quiet voice startled her.

"Miss Farrell?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Carter Harrison. I wonder if I might speak to you for a moment."

Carter Harrison. The name was vaguely familiar, but—. Yes, of course. The nice, family-approved guy with lots of money and an important name to whom Clare Emerson was engaged. Now, why in the world should he wish to speak to her?

She followed him to a wrought-iron table under a gaily striped umbrella and they sat down. She waited for him to speak but he was silent for a long time, obviously ill at ease and obviously unaccustomed to being ill at ease.

He lit a cigarette nervously and finally spoke. "I hardly know how to begin—but I felt I had to—"

Dana wanted to help him. He was very good looking without being quite handsome. Dark, wavy hair, nice eyes and teeth, features a little too fine, perhaps. His sports jacket and slacks were beautifully tailored and he had a great deal of that indefinable quality called breeding.

"Is it about Clare?" she asked.

"Yes. Since you know that, you must know that we are engaged to be married. She—I'm worried about Clare. Since this tournament began—before that—since it was conceived—she has been behaving very strangely—and very badly, I might add. I don't know what it is all about, but I do

know that her—well, almost hysterical—behavior is in some way connected with you. I was hoping that you might be able to shed some light on the matter so that I could—so that—well, if I understood I might be able to help her in some way. I wouldn't have come to you like this Miss Farrell, believe me, unless I were desperate. Clare is—I feel that I don't even know her anymore."

Dana felt intensely sorry for the young man. She knew that this was probably the most painful conversation he had ever undertaken and she wanted very much to help him, but how could she?

"I don't understand it anymore than you do, Mr. Harrison," she said, not quite truthfully. "I knew Clare when she was playing professional golf, of course, but I haven't seen her, nor heard from her, since the day she left until the day before yesterday. And we were not enemies when she left, on the contrary, we were on the best of terms."

"This—this overwhelming obsession she has that she must win. It's as though the world would end if she didn't. But it isn't just winning—it's winning over you. So far as Clare is concerned, there is no one else in this tournament but you—and herself." The young man paused and dried his perspiring face with a handkerchief. "I'm explaining it very badly—"

"No. I've been aware of it, Mr. Harrison, but I don't understand it."

"I'm sure you must also be aware of some of the things she's said. Miss Farrell, I apologize for her, if she were herself, she never

would have—"

"Never mind that, it isn't important." Dana wanted the conversation to end; she was becoming as uneasy as Carter Harrison. She made a move to rise but he caught her wrist.

"Miss Farrell. I hope you won't misunderstand my motives but please listen to me. I have a theory about all this and I'd like your opinion. I knew Clare had played professional golf, but she always spoke of it as something of a lark, something she just "took up" the way other girls take up art or the theatre to be doing something, but never seriously, as a career. Now I wonder if that is true. I have a feeling that perhaps she was very serious about it, that perhaps it was the most important thing in her life, but she gave it up because—with you there—she could never hope to become the best in her profession. Clare is a perfectionist. Whatever she does, or has, must be best. So if what I suspect is true, it would explain her deplorable attitude toward you and her hysterical compulsion that she must triumph over you. It is the only way I can explain it."

Dana looked at the young man with new respect. It was quite possible that he was right, at least it was a better explanation than she had been able to think of. But what of it? Either Clare would win tomorrow or she wouldn't (it was almost certain that she wouldn't) and that would be that. Or was this extremely correct and embarrassed young man foolishly about to attempt to arrange a discreet fix?

"You may be right," Dana said warily. "But, so what?"

"Miss Farrell, you win almost every tournament you enter and it appears that this one will be no exception. Would it—"

"You'd better stop right there, Mr. Harrison," Dana said coldly, "Or you are going to hate yourself in the morning."

"But if Clare doesn't win—"

"Mr. Harrison, Clare Emerson is not GOING to win. In spite of what she might think, in spite of two fairly good rounds which have kept her in the running, Clare Emerson never had an outside chance of winning this—or any other—top flight tournament. There are too many others playing, besides me, who outclass her so badly she shouldn't even be competing."

"You're wrong, Miss Farrell. God knows, I wish you were right. If I never heard the word 'golf' again as long as I live, I couldn't be happier. But you're wrong. Clare has played this course almost daily for five years. For the past three months she has almost lived on it. She knows it like the palm of her hand. She has a very good chance of winning, and she knows it."

"Then let her take her chance with the rest of us, Mr. Harrison. Although, believe me, she does not have a very good chance; she has almost no chance. But, for the sake of argument, suppose she did win. What then, Mr. Harrison?"

"Then I think she would forget this—obsession—and maybe even the whole damned game of golf!"

"Do you? I think that would be much more likely if she were beaten so badly she'd never want to see a golf course again. If

she were to win over the great Dana Farrell, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see her back in the pro circuit again. Which, if your theory is correct, is what she's really wanted all along."

The young man stood up, his fine-boned face pasty under his nice tan. "Please forgive me, Miss Farrell," he said stiffly. "I will, as you say, hate myself in the morning."

He turned swiftly on his heel and disappeared in the direction of the parking lot.

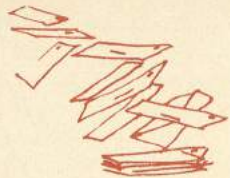
Dana watched him go, her face extremely thoughtful. She lit another cigarette and let the match burn down until it singed her fingers. My God, she thought, isn't this racket tough enough without having to contend with the local variety of neurotics, yet?

What, in the name of heaven, DID Clare Emerson want? She'd had her chance at professional golf and thrown it away because she couldn't stand the pressure. She'd chosen this way of life of her own free will, and seemed to have acquired everything she could possibly desire.

Nobody can have everything, Dana thought angrily. She ground out her cigarette, remembering Carter Harrison's troubled face, remembering Toni Carver's distress—and remembering Clare Emerson as she had been five years ago, and as she was now. She looked around at the pretentious grounds of the Riverdale Country Club and a glimmer of understanding touched her. "All this and heaven, too," she murmured. "Clare—Clare—it just can't be done!"

(To Be Concluded in the Next Issue)

# 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.

Dear Editors:

. . . I want to thank Ann Reid for her article. She states precisely just what is wrong with "we women". . . reasons why we don't work together. But, I'd like to offer this thought. Do the fellows want our support. . . our help. Granted **One** does and is willing to include us. And most of the girls I know enjoy the friendship and company of their "brothers". . . I can't say the same for the majority of boys. Why is it there has not been a magazine for women before? Why does the Mattachine Review almost side-step the Lesbian? Why do you not find a great number of women in the Mattachine Society? I'm **sure** the women would join, I'm **sure** they would subscribe and work with **both** magazines and any organizations. . . IF the fellows would show they wanted them. It seems that their preference for male companionship is so deep-seated that they cannot include in their society women who understand their preference and would help them fight for the right to such preference. . . I'd like to see an article from one of the men on **One**, taking some sort of stand on the Lesbian.

Miss T.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I like your approach to the many phases of the subject. . . it is one of calm reasoning rather than of hysterical blind emotional outbursts of criticism, generated by bitterness, which do more harm than good.

Mr. D.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Editors, **One**:

I know you aren't trying to be avant-garde. . . in fact, it would defeat your (our) purpose. . . but it seems to me that the quality of the work appearing in your magazine must be able to stand up to the quality of at least an **average** other magazine; must be "good writing", not "good homosexual writing"; for, if we are still vulnerable on moral (socio-moral) grounds, we must be invulnerable, utterly unassailable technically. . . the stories are getting better; the magazine is better; and it seems to me hugely important that it continue to do so. **BUT**: there's so frequently a quality of clumsiness in the writing, in the building, if you will, of the material used. And the verse has been incompetent as hell.

Mr. C.  
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading a number of criticisms in the letters of your short stories and poems -- notably the letter from the gentleman in Lexington, Virginia, in the last issue. I think, really, that he has missed the point. Your stories and poems are not, after all, entirely devoid of literary merit (and I think I am as competent a judge as he), but surely no one would argue that they are equal to the works of Michaelangelo, Shakespeare, or even Pierre Louys. But each age, and each group, has a need to find its own expression, and we have a right and perhaps even a duty to encourage those who are attempting that expression for us. Most important, I think, we have all of us a need to be assured that we have a part in a contemporary community of feeling, not just an eternal community of ideas, and certainly this seems to be one of the purposes of **One**, besides its broader educational aim. I feel that one of the ways **One** achieves these aims is by its peculiar tone of intimacy and also of moral earnestness, not least in the poems and short stories. I have nothing against occasional reprints of selections from the classics, but these are, after all, available in any library, and what you are giving us is not.

Mr. P.  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gentlemen:

. . . thank you for sending me your magazines. I read most of the articles and was very much impressed by them. I am both a minister and a consulting psychologist. As you can imagine, I deal

with the question of "homosexuality" much of the time as many come to me with it as a "problem."

I feel that psychologists are already taking a much more sympathetic understanding of this situation, and are trying to relieve any sort of a "guilt" complex the person may have. Some ministers are beginning to take that attitude, and I think that more will in the future.

Dr. L.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Editors:

As a heterosexual I find your magazine of great interest. . . when first I read it I was somewhat annoyed at the idea that the homosexual considered himself as having the same rights as the heterosexual. . . my understanding had been so very limited. . . I kept on reading each issue however, and finally realized it wasn't just for curiosity; I began to understand the reason and justification for such a publication as yours. . . The knowledge obtained has been of value in my association with my heterosexual friends, surprising as this may seem. There seems to be much of the hetero-homo in all of us and understanding of their actions and feelings has greatly improved since I've learned more about our "other side." . . I wish I were more of a writer and could explain these things more clearly. . . I hope you can reach more heterosexual readers. They have as much a need for your magazine as the homosexual.

Mrs. G.  
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Editors:

I have written in giving the usual complaints about the magazine not having enough material for and about women. . .when I read your editorial I realized the problem you have. I cannot write nor do any art work, but I am going to try to help. . .the answer you gave in a previous letter column about typing duplistickers and sending names of prospective subscribers I took to be a letter to the men. I realize now that this is a way in which women can help and in doing so interest more women in your work. Yours was a "give-'em-hell" editorial but it woke this person up. . .hope you get more from the women from now on.

Miss J.  
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

**Tangents** is the best part of your magazine. . .it keeps us informed as to what is happening in all cities. I also like your international section. . .keep it up. . .all you have to do now is give us better fiction and poetry.

Mr. S.  
Bronx, New York

Dear Editors:

I think **Trio For Two** the best fiction to date. Why don't you get more from this person?

Mr. T.  
Rochester, New York

Dear **One**:

. . .as for your fiction, the only good thing ever printed was **Four O'Clock Tea**. . .if you can't get this quality, why not forget

**one**

.it?

Miss N.  
Kansas City, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy **One** very much tho more on women would be nice. Even so I still feel that the basic cause of **One** belongs to all of us. So shall continue to support it as much as I can.

Miss F.  
Phila., Penna.

Dear Editors:

. . .thanks for keeping your magazine so rounded. If some people don't like fiction and poetry, let them stick with the articles. You give us a good all-round selection. . . personally I can't stand your heavy stuff and it seems like your articles just repeat themselves. . . I'm sorry you are so late because I wait for **One** each month. . . I won't complain tho', I think we are all lucky to have you working for us.

Mr. J.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I recently saw an issue of your magazine. . .it is indeed heartening to know that there are courageous spirits like you among us, who do not fear social stigma and the wrath of legalists in this battle, which affects the happiness of so many.

Seeing your outstanding example gave me the strength and urge to come out of the isolation and loneliness, in which I had buried myself for so many years and I would esteem it a privilege now to help and participate in your cause.

Mr. H.  
Sun Valley, Calif.

## The Style-of-the-Month Club Presents: The PEON PANT & SAILOR SHIRT

Styled by Mr. Cal.

The Peon Pant is styled after the Mexican Pant — wraps around and ties on the side, has two side slash pockets — ankle length with slashes at ankles for fold-up adjustment. Comes in all waist sizes.

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