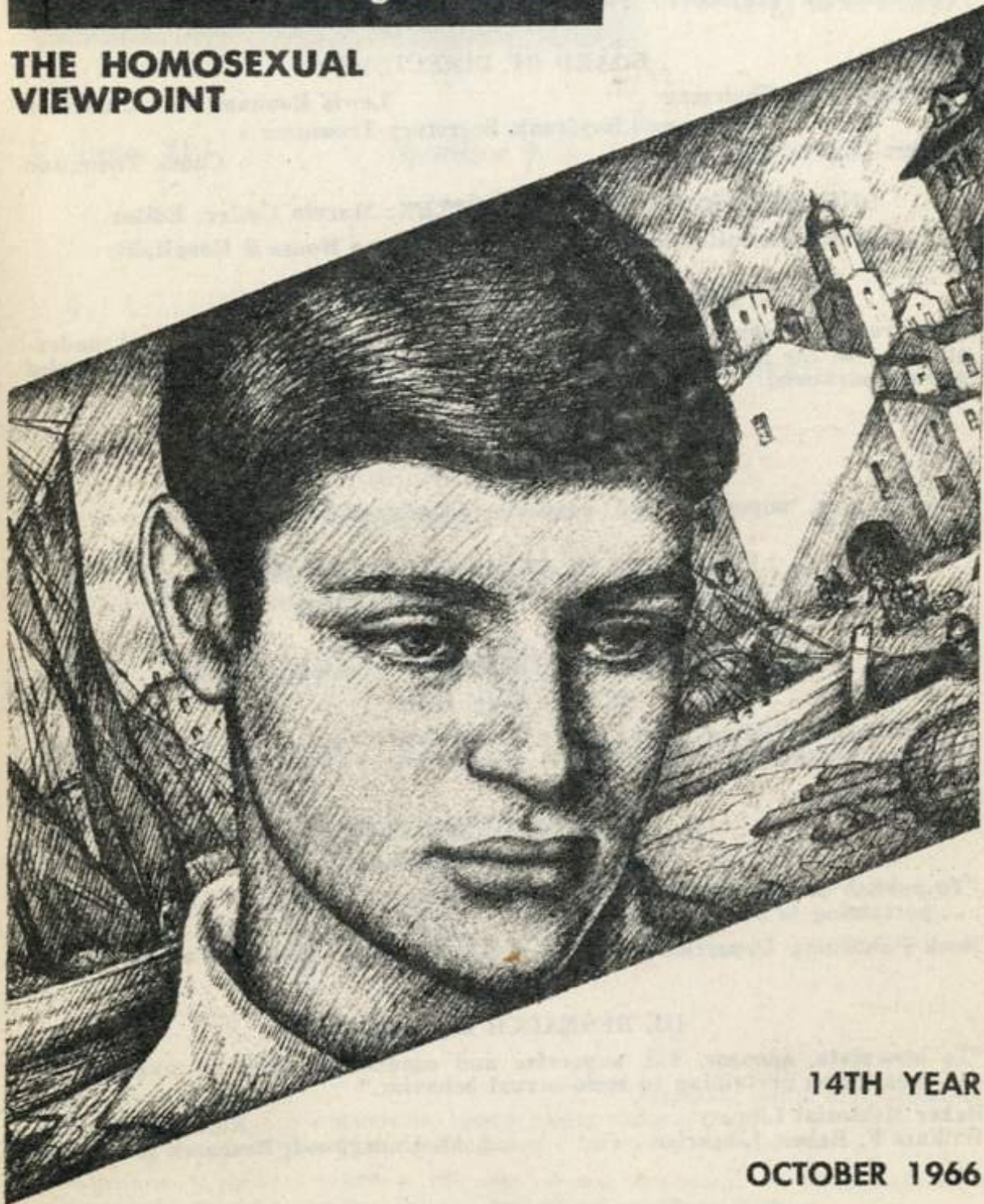


# one

magazine

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL  
VIEWPOINT



14TH YEAR

OCTOBER 1966

# ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

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# one

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

Carlyle

**magazine**

Volume XIV

Number 9

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## EDITORIAL

There are men who are homosexual. There are women who are homosexual. Scarcely profound statements, it might be thought, yet in practice many male homosexuals have as little to do with women as possible—any women, and couldn't be less interested in lesbians. Ugh! they say. On the other hand there are lesbians who just couldn't imagine themselves voluntarily associating with men, much less a bunch of male homosexuals.

If our psychologist friends are in any degree right about the neuroticism of homosexuals, here would appear to be a most fertile breeding ground for neuroses—twin groups, each clinging tightly to its own little closed society, eyes tightly shut to even the existence of the other twin. Whether neurotic or not is really beside the point. The fact is the whole attitude is absurd. At least that is the attitude ONE has taken from the very beginning.

In the days when the Corporation was being planned, as an organization devoted to the welfare of homosexuals, it was unanimously agreed that this meant men and women, the basic question being homosexuality, not what the two sexes might be thinking about it. And so a woman was on the staff of ONE Magazine then, and women have been on its staff ever since. There have been women as voting members of the Corporation taking a part in shaping policies, helping to chart its course. Women have been in the classes at ONE INSTITUTE. A woman was elected Director of the Corporation and has served as Chairman of the Board.

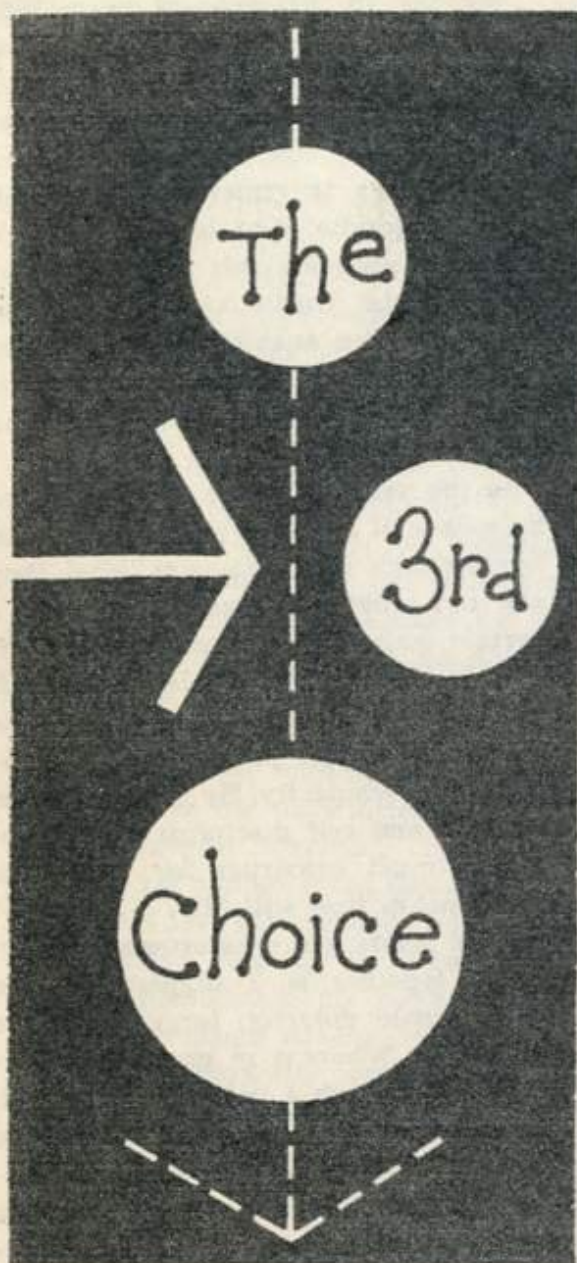
To us all this seems only natural. Evidently other homophile organizations do not in all respects agree. At least a number of them take quite different positions. In this country the Mattachine Society has had few women in its various chapters, although welcoming them. The Daughters of Bilitis, as its name implies, excludes men from membership, although admitting them to certain of its public meetings.

In Europe, women appear to be welcomed and take some part in a number of the homophile organizations, notably in Holland, Norway and Sweden. Their position at present in Danish, French and German organizations is less clearly defined to the casual observer, while in Switzerland, Der Kreis, the oldest and one of the largest of all the organizations does not admit women either as members or as participants.

Here, at ONE, we feel that there has been far too much disunity and lack of togetherness among homophile organizations already. Without subscribing to the school of thought which feels that honest differences of approach should all be submerged in the interests of having a single "big and powerful" organization, it still seems to us healthier to recognize that homophilia and homosexuality are questions of common concern to both men and women. Why then get off into separate corners to work? Why should we not learn to work together, even if there might be some areas in which our problems and needs are somewhat different.

The men and women of ONE have found it fun working with each other in the various divisions of the Corporation. We have each learned much from the other, and are convinced that it is not only pleasant but sensible for us to work side by side at our tasks. We like it that way.

*Alison Hunter, Associate Editor*



For the last decade it has been the fashion (particularly in analytic circles) to regard homosexuality as a form of play, a frivolous, immature or experimental manifestation, an avoidance of adult responsibility. This school of thought posits heterosexual marriage at the opposite pole as the example of the assumption of adult responsibility. Heterosexual marriage, they say, is a **serious relationship** involving the care for a family and the creation of a home, with a (more or less) stable life in common. At first glance, there would seem to be much truth in this attitude. Throughout the

The opinions expressed in "The Third Choice" are not to be construed as necessarily representing the views of the editors, but merely one opinion on a many-sided problem.

centuries marriage has, despite flagrant failures, achieved an aura of great respectability and mystical sanction.

Despite certain remarks made in your magazine\* by a writer E. B. Saunders, the marriage relation has nothing to fear from a more open acceptance of homosexuality and is in no need whatever of being "protected." History and psychology demonstrate that the world is large enough to accommodate the most extraordinarily diverse, delicate, kaleidoscopic relationships.

Most of the difficulties raised by Saunders would be resolved if, instead of dichotomizing heterosexual and futuristic homosexual marriage, he would train his concern on the need for establishing good lasting personal relationship of any sort. The art of strong relationships is difficult, requiring as it does much compassion, love-management and patience. Wherever a good lasting relationship occurs (whether between members of the same or different sexes) one should give thanks. The legalization and widespread acceptance of homosexuality (as projected by E. B. Saunders into the year 2053) would not necessarily create more such relationships.

Today the marriage relationship has attained, it is true, legal status and impressiveness but, if we look into the dawn of history, we will see that the origins of this relationship were savage, questionable and ambiguous.

At the present time homosexuality, as a recognizable set-up, possesses more dignity and stature than did the marriage relationship in its dark beginnings but we must grant, I think, that homosexual-togetherness is still partly unformed, still furtive, still controversial.

\*the August issue

The aforementioned school of thought attempts to contrast heterosexual marriage with the present state of homosexuality (inaccurately equated with "promiscuity"), a contrast impossible to support, as any examination of divorce conditions in this country would immediately show. But let us further look into their case. If homosexuality "grows serious," they say, it takes on the burdens of heterosexuality which in turn tends to undermine the "pleasure" of homosexuality, that being based on the release from the binding nature of adult responsibility.

But we see how fallacious this is if we objectively investigate these two relationships as entities in their own right. With widely diverse origins and histories, with divergent aims, characteristics and presuppositions, these two patterns of relationship have, over many centuries, come into being and in one way or another left their imprint on the mind of the race. How can anyone, moved by the superficial strength of social convention or personal prejudice, take one relationship, so uniquely formed, and forcefully fit it into the shape of the other? No, this cannot be done. Nor are homosexuals themselves innocent of the attempt to do this.

In his life a certain type of homosexual mimics heterosexual marriage. It is my belief that this leads to a distortion, even more to a despair of relationship. Homosexuals have a different role and they must create for themselves individual goals and purposes. To adopt children, take out insurance on each other, set up bourgeois house does not represent, for them, a solution. My opponent will counter with: What is the alternative? You say you want us to achieve recognition and dignity . . . How else do you expect us to do so? Not surely by barflitting?

We live in this year of grace 1953. As a type of relationship, homosexuality remains at the troubled dawn of history. In the past the homosexual's role has been the shaman, the witch doctor, the interpreter or intellectual midwife. And in direct inheritance an accepted role for him today is the artist (magician), the interior decorator, the analyst. Not as parent or pseudo-parents does the homosexual best relate himself to the child but rather as teacher.

In the years of grace to follow, and by means of love and grace, individual homosexuals must discover what they are and what they can become. To a certain extent they remain "uncreated." In 1903 the Wright Brothers built a machine that would go off the ground but they had not yet invented an airplane that would fly. By means of love, concern and self discipline the homosexual must construct for himself a relationship that will "fly."

What holds many heterosexual marriages together is, I suggest, a basic male-female polarity, largely biologic in nature. Whereas in homosexual relations, although a polarity does exist, it is not of this obvious male-female sort, no, it remains a polarity of temperament, of interests, of character. To cement their relationship, two homosexuals must discover the nature of the Likeness-in-difference between them.\* In a heterosexual relation, the focus of attention will be thrown on instinct. In a homosexual relation, on character.

If he looks ahead, as immense spectrum of relationship confronts the homosexual—a spectrum of possibility out of which—in order to find himself—he must choose!

In this connection what do I mean by "choice"? The homosexual (hard-pressed and unillusioned as he is apt to be) can learn a great deal, I think, from the existentialists. In a certain

\*See Plato's *Lysis*

inward sense the homosexual must choose (fully confront and assume) his function, (artist, businessman, politician.) Secondly, he must choose the sort of relationship with another human being possible and rewarding to him. But more important than either of these is the third choice:

To create his salvation the homosexual must accept his homosexuality.

I claim, in other words, that he must completely take on himself the responsibility for what he is. The role that environment and heredity play in the formation of life needs less emphasis than the necessity for the individual to confront his life, to assume his life in a naked direct sense, as the Ancient Greeks did. From the point of view of practical action and decision it is unhelpful for the homosexual to constantly refer his difficulties to a confused parental situation. Essentially whether his mother loved him too much or did not love him remains trivial and unimportant. Nothing is to be gained for the homosexual by paying obeisance to the magic powers: "social pressure" and "economic conditions." As soon as the homosexual positively accepts his homosexuality, a new ele-

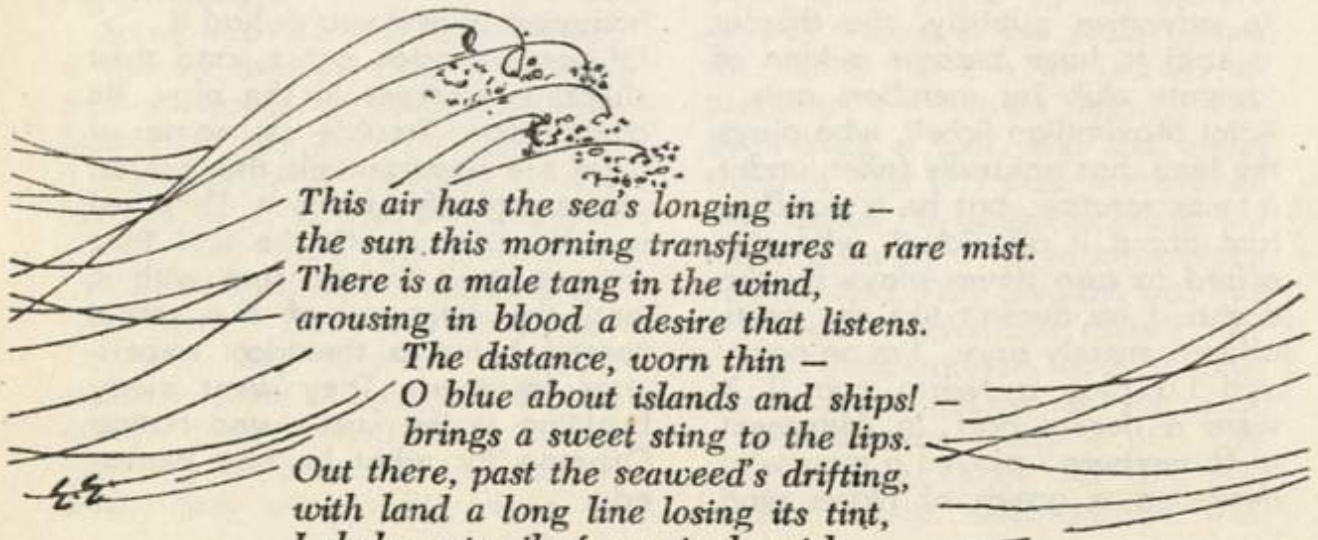
ment of freedom will enter his life. And thenceforward in a cumulative way he himself—not mystic materialistic forces—will tend to determine the direction of his life.

To return to a point made at the beginning: the analytic school places homosexuality in distinction to heterosexuality, regarding the former as "play." But this attitude disregards the fact that sexuality (homosexual and heterosexual) is play. More consequences of a certain sort have developed from heterosexual play (conception, the code of chivalry, legal marriage) but this really only freights it with a baggage of pseudo-importance. Who can say which is more "serious"? The individual may play for fun or for keeps in both situations. Of its own unique sort homosexuality has its deep reverence and its faith, its endurance, its profound love. Throughout history it has created subtle situations and relationships; it has been the motivation in back of such incidents as the story of the Theban Band, the Peter Doyle-Whitman comradeship, the death of Achilles, the friendship of Maximin and Stefan George.

Herbert Gant



## SEA - URGE



*This air has the sea's longing in it —  
the sun this morning transfigures a rare mist.  
There is a male tang in the wind,  
arousing in blood a desire that listens.  
The distance, worn thin —  
O blue about islands and ships! —  
brings a sweet sting to the lips.  
Out there, past the seaweed's drifting,  
with land a long line losing its tint,  
I shake out sail of my single wish.*

BRYN

7



TANGENTS is one of America's most interesting "open forums" for the reporting of events and the expression of individual viewpoints on the subject of sexual orientation and behavior. But it depends on YOU, the reader, for clippings, reports and letters which can be used for its columns. KEEP THEM COMING to 2256 Venice Boulevard by consulting your local news sources regularly, being sure to include NAME and DATE of publication with each clipping. UNDATED, UNIDENTIFIED CLIPPINGS MUST BE DISCARDED.

### "PATRIOT" CONTINUES LONDON HIT

Osborne's "A Patriot For Me" continues to be a sensation at London's Royal Court theater, according to numerous news sources, and since the production is not allowed to advertise publicly, the theater is said to have become a kind of "private club for members only." Actor Maximilian Schell, who plays the lead, has naturally fallen under intense scrutiny, but he is nonchalant about it all. Schell, who can afford to turn down plays by the dozen if he doesn't like the parts offered, merely says: "I'm an actor, and I'd play a Negro nun if it were a decent part. In **Judgment at Nuremberg** I played a man who defended a group of Nazis who

popped Jews in the oven like ginger-snaps and nobody got excited. They even gave me an Academy Award, and you know the movie industry is loaded with Jews. They didn't call me a Negro because I played Othello. But just play a homosexual and you've had it . . ." Of some London critics, and their shocked reactions to the play, he comments: "Trouble is, some of them are homosexuals themselves, and everybody knows it. They just couldn't take it. It's the first time they've come face to face with it, and the intimacy of the scenes ceased being a theatrical experience for them. They went away buckling in the knees, and hating Osborne for what he had exposed.

## POETIC JUSTICE

Toronto's JUSTICE WEEKLY for 3/5 reports that former S.F. Policeman Waldo Reesink was recently and permanently turned down for a City of San Francisco retirement pension. He is said to have quit the police force in 1960 after pleading guilty and serving nine months in county jail for taking "bribes" from the owner of a bar frequented by homosexuals. A practical cop would have saved up enough from his "bribe" money to set up his own pension trust fund. Anyway, ONE has always suspected that most such "bribes" by gay-bar owners are in reality shake-downs by cops themselves, and thus we are scarcely sympathetic to the plight of this excop (and a sergeant, too!) Any reader want to take up a collection?

As for the City of S.F.'s refusal to grant the pension, maybe the million-dollar damage suit against it by agencies and persons sympathetic to the homophile is having a sobering influence upon their attitudes toward police abuses in this area. High time the worm turned!

## APPROVED PUBLIC BEHAVIOR FOR HOMOS?

Same JUSTICE WEEKLY narrates a tawdry tale of three 35-yr.-old men observed at 2:00 A.M. last September (by plainclothesmen) in a compromising position among some trees in Sir Winston Churchill Park. They pled guilty only to "fondling each other's exposed private parts," but the officers testified that they were all "more or less in a state of undress from the pants down," and that, while standing in line one behind the other, they were rather more in-

timately engaged. The three men were named (without specifying who was Lucky Pierre) and described as a teacher, a court reporter (both of whom should have known better) and an "immigrant." The sentence for each, \$100 or 30 days. Point is, in view of our demands for sexual liberty in private, precisely what is privacy?

## UNCLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE

Robin Maugham has recently written revealingly of his uncle, the late William Somerset Maugham, renowned author ("The Razor's Edge," etc. etc.), and of the latter's long-time romance with Gerald Haxton, in a clipping recently received from a correspondent in England. W.S.M. is said, once, to have disparaged homosexuals' talents as being, while undeniably ornamental, nevertheless no more than that—superficial, non-creative, and without depth or insight into life. Now it appears that he may be posthumously tarring himself with his own brush, according to his quoted confession.

Nephew Robin describes a scene with "Uncle Willie" at the latter's villa in France, a few years before his death. He tells of W.S.M. remarking, in sudden tears, "I've been such a fool, and the awful thing is that if I had my life all over again I'd probably make the same mistakes." "What mistakes?" Robin asked. "My greatest was this—I tried to persuade myself that I was three-quarters normal, and that only a quarter of me was queer; whereas really it was the other way around." For this admission alone, ONE salutes this

distinguished writer's memory. For he finally understood, as many never do, that it was not his "queerness" which was his mistake,—only the self-deception.

### **SO WHO'S SICK?**

Daniel Stern's comments in the 11/6 SATURDAY REVIEW on James Baldwin's "Going To Meet The Man," seemed to stir up much more reader controversy (judging from the letter columns) than TIME's later "essay" on homosexuals. Perhaps this is because TIME (1/21/66) tried the something-for-everybody approach and thus impressed no one to speak of, whereas Stern at least adopted a position—so much so that he himself felt obliged to get back in the act to assert his homosexual "nonbigotry." He isn't kidding anybody, though, since all he really did was try to conceal bigotry under the cloak of "science" and "common sense" in an effort to absolve himself. He should remember that it is people who create the standards of "science" and "common sense," so if these are bigoted, who is to blame? There is no real refuge behind such man-made defenses. They will not last. Homosexuality, like heterosexuality, is first of all a subjective preference, which may not necessarily coincide with the requirements of biological procreation. All that common sense could possibly tell anyone about prefer-

ences of any nature is simply to follow them, so long as they are harmless to all concerned. Thus it is not common sense to expect someone to follow a sexual preference not his. As for "science," it has not so far even been able to define homosexuality, much less explain it, so that Mr. Stern should use caution in invoking it as a criterion of choice in sexual areas. As to what Mr. Stern imagines that homosexuals want—they do **not** want or expect sympathy, compassion, admiration, or respect any more or less than Mr. Stern. After all, such attitudes cannot be aroused merely by means of sexual preferences or behavior. All that homosexuals want are the same simple liberties accorded to heterosexuals—a single legal standard for both sexes governing private and public sexual behavior. As to matters of personal character, homosexuals would not consider Mr. Stern "psychically deformed," and see no inherent reason why they should be so considered. Homosexual inclinations, per se, have never been proven any more "abnormal"—either statistically or morally—than, for example, left-handedness, and the sooner that all can adopt a laissez-faire policy toward adult sexual behavior that is harmless to the public the better off all will be.

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# As for me ...

## a forum for your ideas

1. The Homosexual who uses COMMON SENSE and faces facts clearly, without prejudice toward others and who uses a temperate attitude of moderation and tolerance and clear vision will gain heterosexual cooperation.
2. The Homosexual who has SELF CONTROL eliminates problems, worries and tragedies. Controlling of emotions and using caution removes the fear produced from impulsive actions.
3. The Homosexual who has CONFIDENCE in others will receive mutual transaction. Confidence requires courage but peace of mind and good manners give confidence in ourselves and will give others confidence in us.
4. The Homosexual who has AMBITION without harm is invaluable and where honor prevails with principles regardless of the consequence the reward will be pride.
5. The Homosexual who shows RELIABILITY and fulfills obligations or promises has control of his thoughts. To receive consideration from the world responsibility must be shown.
6. The Homosexual who shows REASON with ability to think clearly proves knowledge of facts and has proper conclusions. Reason and control of the emotions helps produce appreciation of the good and the worthwhile, and its reward is happiness.
7. The Homosexual who shows DECISION with a fixed determination has the key to success. The decision of action and conduct of the affairs will produce self respect and give contentment.
8. The Homosexual who shows judgment of VALUES reflects the viewpoint and attitude of the individual with principles and ideals.
9. The Homosexual who shows COMPANIONSHIP views a display of the greatest need in the world today. Responsibility of selecting worthwhile companions eliminates the danger of individuals who offer their companionship.
10. The Homosexual who shows ADAPTATION gives a picture of strength where weak persons cause failure. Perseverance shows stability.

*Handwritten:*  
Benchmark  
J. M. Marlowe

---

(Added Mr. Marlowe, in submitting the above:--  
"When I spoke for ONE to a Hollywood audience, I was asked to write a 'Code for Homosexuals' for publication in ONE Magazine, expressing my thoughts for better getting along in the world we live in, as we fight together for our place in life. Thank you.")

# HAVE YOU SEEN ?

by Donald C. Mitchell



Σ.Σ.

Have you seen the eyes of lonely youth  
afraid of age, afraid of life,  
seeking an escape from fear,  
the frightened look of resignation  
in the face of disillusionment,  
panicking in contemplation of the world  
which revolves critically around them  
casting suspicious glances  
but never seeing the plea  
never hearing the whispered cry  
never wanting to care

Have you seen these eyes  
in the corners of cities  
in the shadows of the glare of progress  
in the overlooked holes of civilization

Have you seen these eyes  
before age tempers pain,  
before experience cultivates bitterness,  
before society sharpens the gaze  
and tempts revolt  
and violence  
and revenge



Have you watched the decline of hope  
and seen the fire of youth die  
leaving the glow of memory  
and the clawing attachment  
to what might have been

Have you seen the eyes of lonely youth  
avoiding the gaze  
of those who are no longer young

... and can you still condemn  
and feel no sympathy?

# Poco

# Poco<sup>a</sup>

- DENNIS DINKEL

Loneliness? No. I've seldom been lonely. I've always had friends around me with whom to joke and laugh. Ashamed? No. I don't think I was ashamed of myself either. I kept it a secret between myself and God but I was not ashamed.

My feelings of melancholy went far beyond the solitude and shame of most of my kind. Perhaps it was discouragement. I was discouraged because I could not fit into the mold that was "good" and acceptable. Because I was different I felt that I had failed. I was wrong, certainly. I had in no way failed because I chose a different form of love.

I never tried to make contact. I never hung around rest rooms or cruised the streets in search of a partner. I dated various girls. We made out but never got serious about each other. Because I was different I never could judge a girl's emotions. I never knew how a girl really felt about me, and I never asked. Someone said one of the girls I went with for a short time had a broken heart because of me. But we remained close friends and we never exchanged harsh words. In fact, she was the one who suggested we stop seeing each other.

Everyone at school seemed normal. In my senior year I decided I would have to go to a different city to meet a love partner. I enrolled in a college about 300 miles from where I lived. It was a large city and I knew that soon my life would be complete.

I met a guy named Mark in March. He was a transfer student and he was going to graduate with my class. He was good looking but terribly shy. I had an outgoing personality and made sure Mark was included in many activities. Slowly he began to come out of his world of silence. He had a rich deep voice and I talked him into trying out for the all-school play. He got the lead and was excellent. He confided to me that he wanted to be an actor. I told him he had an excellent chance of becoming one of the best. He gave me a look of love I had often dreamed about.

I was eighteen the week before graduation. Someone had a party for me. There were no chaperones and there was a lot of kissing and petting going on. I did some. Getting no pleasure at all from it. Then I noticed that Mark had no girl. He talked to many but was not attached to one. Our eyes met and I knew that he wanted me.

He drove me home. I lived ten miles out of town and he was strangely silent, and then suddenly he pulled into a driveway to some farmer's field.

"Rich, I've got to say something to you. I've thought about this for a long time. I've watched you for weeks. I'm still not sure so if what I say goes against you just let me know."

"Mark, I know what you're going to say. I like—no, I love you also Mark. That's why I think we shouldn't do anything about it."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Mark, I've never done it. I don't know what it's like. What if it disgusts me and I hate you forever because of it? Wouldn't that be a high price for a few minutes of pleasure? Can't we just love each other and remain good friends?"

"No we can't. Love between us is not the same as between a man and woman. We have to take ours whenever we can get it. Don't you see? We can't wait to get married or keep saying we'll wait for the right moment. The right moment is always now."

He took my hand between his two and squeezed it. "But what if I don't like it? What if nothing happens? What if I don't have any sex at all?"

"Oh come on Rich. No one is that way. Just relax and do what I say."

"I don't know—"

"Come on Rich. Don't tell me you think it's wrong?"

"No. But sex is an important part of a person's life. He shouldn't just do these things on the spur of the moment. We hardly know each other."

"Rich, we know more about each other than about any other people. Are you scared?"

"Yes. *Very* scared."

"Will you do it?"

I was quiet. He squeezed my hand and I responded. He pushed the seat back and moved over beside me. I was shaking.

"Relax Rich, it won't hurt." He tilted my head back and kissed me. Our mouths were open and our tongues met. I was burning up and freezing cold at the same time.

That was three years ago. Today I was twenty-one. The seasons have changed twelve times. I have changed thousands of times.

This morning I got a card and letter from Mark, who now lives in New York. It read:

Dear Rich,

Many happy returns of the day. Be good and don't drink too much.

I'm glad to hear your novel was accepted for publication. I'm sure it will become a best seller and be sold to Hollywood for thousands of dollars. You will probably be hailed as the new Hemingway. I guess you were smart to quit college and devote all your time to writing.

I have good news also. I have a part in a play. It's a small part and the play isn't very good, but at least I'm on my way. Maybe the three years of studying and discouragement are beginning to pay off.

Rich, do you think you can come to New York? You have always said all you needed to write was a typewriter and paper. I have to ask you to come. I am lonely. I have been so busy during the past three years I haven't had time to make any close friends. I miss you and I am still shy. You can share my apartment with me. It's big enough for two. Please try to come.

Mark

I called the airport to find out when I could get on a plane to New York. Then I wrote a letter to Mark.

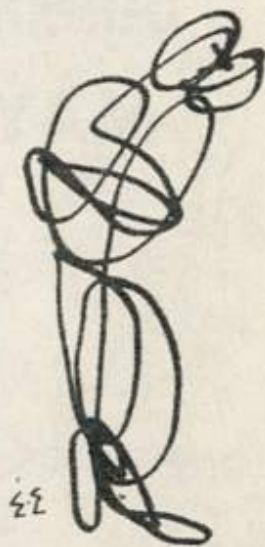
# HENRIETTA

&

- mark scott teachnor

# MARK

H-ave you ever seen a queen, for the very first time  
and, on the spot, aver:  
E-nticing her heart, is a must that must be  
a capture without demurr?  
N-ow, if you haven't, let me tell you, I have  
and I'm not ashamed to say—  
R-ather proud, in fact, for her heart was pure  
and was conquered in this way—  
I-n the instant, in which our eyes first met;  
a smile became our lips . . .  
E-ndeavoring compose, I took her hand  
within my fingertips.  
T-ho' words were not needed, we said, "hello";  
and read each others' mind . . .  
T-hat, within a glance, love came by chance;  
lonely days were left behind.  
A-nd, now, whenever I ask myself,  
"How did you fall in love?"



A-ll I can say is, the love-light in her eyes  
gave my heart a gentle shove.  
N-eeded by someone, as her need was for me,  
good fortune took the stand . . .  
D-reams were fulfilled, and for two lonely people,  
fate dealt a winning hand.



M-isery, nor sorrow ever crosses our path  
to destroy the love we share . . .  
A-nd sometimes, they try to waver our thoughts  
but, our love, they can't impair.  
R-ight or wrong, we'll stand together,  
always, side by side . . .  
K-eeing the love, we share, impart;  
until, we both have died.

**DON'T MISS**

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