

pression, a sombre outlook on a society that has no welcome for them. So I find Gay a most extraordinary misuse of language.

You'd hardly believe the job it was to send you those dollars. More than one form to fill in, with all sorts of inquisitive questions to be answered that seemed, on the surface, to have nothing to do with the matter in hand. I suppose it's all necessary; isn't the world in an awful state?

You'd think humanity had something better to do than interfere, out of sheer cussedness, with other peoples' preferences as regards sexual conduct. I'm sentimental; I'm only interested where love is the basis.

I suppose someday something will be discovered as to why some people are homosexuals. As to psychiatrists, I never heard such clotted nonsense as they evolved! I'm sure they're barking up the wrong tree. But of course one must admit that there must be some reason—there's a reason for everything, isn't there? I'd be so interested to know the truth.

Once again, thanks for all the lovely literature you've sent me.

Miss M.
Hove, England

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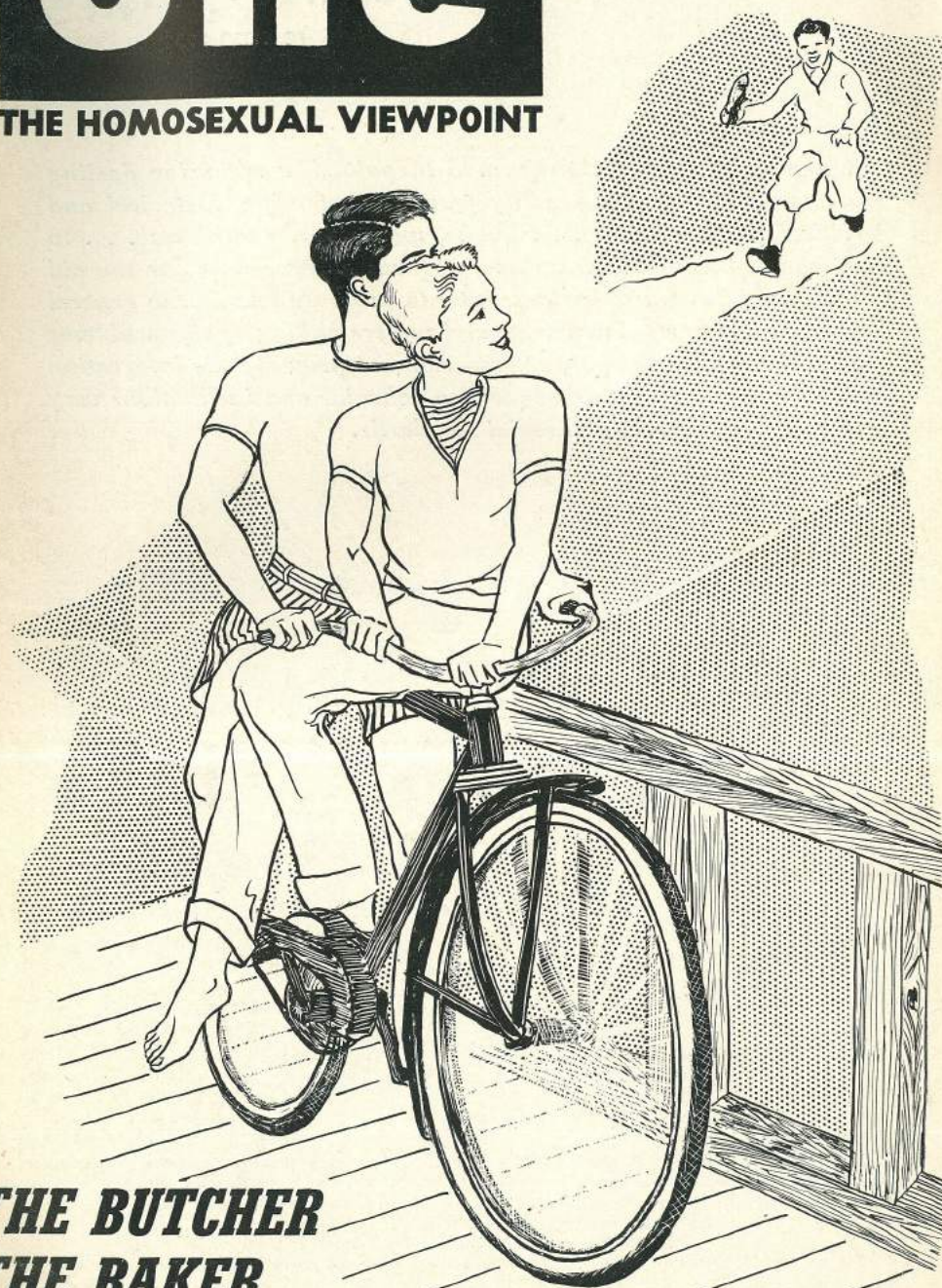
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MARCH 1961

FIFTY CENTS



**THE BUTCHER
THE BAKER...**

MORT

one incorporated

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

magazine

Volume IX

Number 3

March 1961

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COVER: Mort

EDITORIAL

Your Rights in Case of Arrest

One of the greatest dangers that the homosexual faces is ignorance of the basic rights he is guaranteed by the law. Much education is needed in this area in order to overcome fear, and to guard against illegal search and seizure and illegal arrest.

There is evidence in almost every State in the Union that persons are often seized without warrant, denied the right to post bail and prevented from contacting the outside world or a lawyer. This despite the guarantee of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution which declares: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

In some cities arrests are made on trumped up charges of "suspicion of vagrancy and disorderly conduct" to bring people in for questioning.

What recourse do victims of such happenings have? They may bring a suit against the police for violation of constitutional rights. Another means is to complain to the police commissioner. A third means is to appeal to the courts for reversal of a conviction that resulted from illegal arrest.

Following are your rights in case of arrest. If some of the advice, formulated by competent legal counsel comes as a surprise, it serves again to remind us of the general ignorance of the law. ONE suggests study of these points; you might even want to carry them with you in your wallet.

1—If an officer tries to arrest you, he should have a warrant, unless a misdemeanor (minor violation) or a felony (serious violation) has been committed in his presence, or he has reasonable grounds to believe that the person being arrested is guilty.

2—If he has no warrant, ask what the charge is. If it is not as explained to you in #1 above, go along but under protest made before a witness if possible. **DO NOT RESIST PHYSICALLY.**

3—Give no information. You may, but you do not have to give your name and address. Do not talk to any policeman.

4—Q—Why did you commit this crime?

A—I'm not guilty and I'd like to see my lawyer before making a statement.

Q—How long have you been a lewd vagrant?

A—I'm not guilty and I'd like to speak to my attorney, please.

Q—Have you been arrested for this before?

A—I'm not guilty and my attorney would rather I speak through him.

Q—Nice day isn't it?

A—I'm sorry but I'd like my lawyer's advice before making a statement.

5—Deny all accusations with, "I'm not guilty, and I'd like to contact a lawyer." Otherwise your silence before witnesses could be construed as consent in court.

6—If an officer insists on taking you to jail, ask when you are booked (registered) what the charges are.

7—Insist on using a phone to call your family or a lawyer.

8—Do not sign anything. Take the badge numbers of arresting officers.

9—You have the right to be released on bail for most offenses. Have your attorney make arrangements. Or you can ask for a bail bondsman. For a fee he will post (deposit with the police) the amount needed for your release.

10—Under no circumstances do the police have the right to manhandle, beat, or terrorize you. **REPORT ALL SUCH INCIDENTS.**

11—If you do not have a lawyer by the time you plead guilty or not guilty, remember this: You are entitled to a lawyer. Ask for a postponement until you get legal representation.

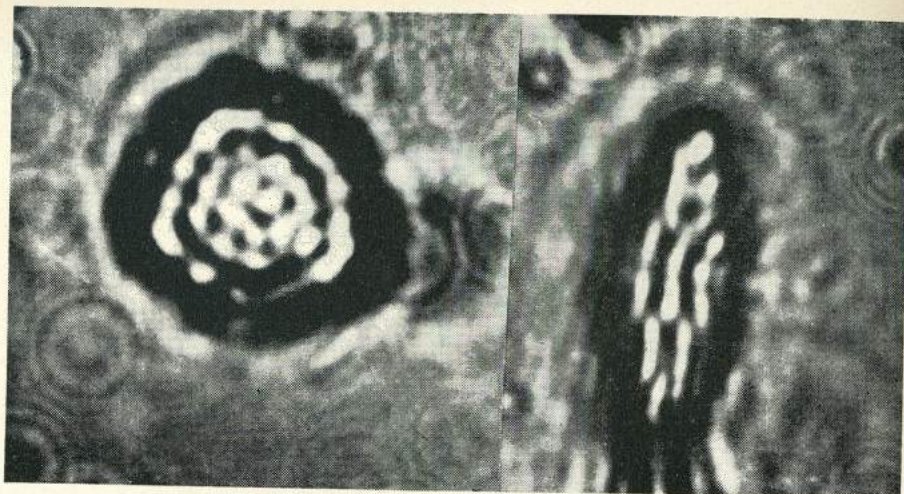
12—**PLEAD NOT GUILTY.**

13—Ask for a trial by jury unless your lawyer advises otherwise.

14—You are not required to testify against yourself in any trial or hearing.

15—If you are questioned by a member of the FBI you do not have to give an answer. Contact your lawyer immediately so that your rights can be protected.

Alison Hunter
Women's Editor



HOMOSEXUAL PROCREATION

by

James R. Stuart

In a recent letter to the editors Mr. Stuart admits that "for years and years I have thought and privately written so much to myself on this subject that I sometimes think I have gone mad. There is a need for a 'Philosophy of Homosexuality' which will completely transform the whole scope of human religion, science, laws, etc. all of which have been under the domination of heterosexual thought-patterns."

As if to demonstrate his "madness," the author adds "I express my feelings and beliefs in a crazy manner on purpose. Under no consideration should any reader suppose me or anything written by me to be anything but stark, raving madness—crazy and neurotic. To prove that I am mad I shall make the following statement: 'Artificial insemination is an actual fact and a concrete reality which provides conditions for procreation without sexual relations between man and woman.'"

We will leave it to the readers to decide whether or not they agree with Mr. Stuart, and only add that the ideas expressed here are not necessarily those of the editors.

Procreation is a fundamental necessity of Nature for the survival of living organisms. Those living organisms which do not procreate by intention or by psychological necessity contradict this fundamental requirement of Nature. Outside the simple fact that those living organisms which do not or cannot procreate become extinct, there is also the fact that those living organisms which can procreate and yet have no will or intention to do so are believed guilty of a crime against Nature. Homosexuals have in the past, and are in the present held distinctly guilty of such "crimes" against their fellow men, against their race and against Nature. Homosexuals can procreate, but they have had no intention, no desire, no want nor will to do so. For this indifference, if you will, they have been condemned, rejected and negated by fellow members of their race with varying degrees of intolerance.

Within just this century of human history there has been a tremendous shock to the whole concept of human procreation, a lightning stroke and thunderclap so deep and so profound that it has been sensed and understood by but few. Although nearly everyone knows of this dramatic "Thunderbolt of the Gods" nearly everyone evaluates it as a factor of no particular meaning or consequence, even though it actually means the coming social and cultural dominance of the homosexual and of homosexuality.

Artificial insemination is the first step toward "homosexual procreation." Procreation must be made and must become consistently a thoroughly scientific, mathematical and biological-engineering program. The purpose of such "machine procreation" is procreation for quality, as opposed to heterosexual procreation for the purpose of quantity. Perhaps heterosexuals should be remembered

with kindness, appreciation, gratitude, and thanksgiving before they fade entirely away and pass out of existence.

Scientific "machine procreation" shall be under the authority, guidance, and supervision of homosexual scientists and homosexual biophysical engineers. The many heterosexual scientists working in the fields of the organic sciences are doing works distinctly and definitely for the advantage of homosexuality. It is about time more homosexuals took up these studies and investigations as a help to the heterosexual scientists.

Further, homosexuals should stop catering to, or serving the heterosexuals in such matters as hairstyling, interior decorating, fashion designing, etc. Let the heterosexuals wave their own hair and decorate their own houses. Let their poor taste manifest and demonstrate itself. There is no sense in homosexuals trying to cover up for them. Let the heterosexual go, let them drop to their own level—their natural vulgarity.

For the homosexual, procreation must be made to become practically a fixation or a compulsion. Before artificial insemination there was no means for homosexual procreation, but with it homosexuals have the capacity to form and organize a homosexual society and civilization. How?

Homosexuals could start today, although only a few would be eligible because fitness and financial competence would be basic requirements. The old one-to-one relationship is structurally invalid for our purpose. So called "marriage" being a neurotic aspect of heterosexuality, no homosexual should ever try to duplicate or imitate it. Promiscuity is an important and meaningful aspect of homosexuality which should be valued highly, but yet having fixed, well-

defined limitations in the homosexual culture.

The process and means of homosexual procreation are quite simple. Three of four fellows form a homosexual group, probably reinforced by legal partnership of some sort. Similarly, a qualified, cooperating group of lesbians would form their own group. Members of the two groups would "marry" in name only. They would then go out in search of men who have an I.Q. of 175, no less, who are of excellent physical development, and rating very high in every way. After such a person is found he should be approached to contribute sperm for the purpose of artificial insemination. Doctors who are homosexual would attend every phase of the effort. Then those lesbians who had previously agreed to cooperate would be artificially inseminated. If the baby born were a boy it would go to the male group for its entire care and training without any contact with the women whatever. Or vice-versa if it were a girl.*

Besides the usual education and training the baby would be given every possible conditioning to become homosexual. Homosexual experiences and training should be given through infancy, childhood, and adolescence. Similarly, baby girls should be given lesbian training and experiences within the lesbian context. As the children reach the age of 18 or 20 they should "marry" as their older guides and lovers have done before them, thus forming a closely knit group far stronger than any heterosexual family.

The experience of being homosexual from birth in every respect of environmental communication has not been possible for any homosexual now alive, so that many readers of this article will be deeply shocked and disturbed by these ideas. But I don't

care. Heterosexuals have had their procreation of endless numbers of babies of no quality. Homosexuals should now have their own procreation—one of only excellent quality babies. Homosexuals must have no concern with heterosexuals. Let the heterosexuals kill themselves off with over-breeding. Who should care if heterosexuals insist on procreating in exploding quantities?

Homosexuals, on the contrary, must learn to develop vitally strong and intense prejudices against heterosexuals. The aim and purpose of heterosexuals seems to be the robbing of the earth of its resources and the destroying of the human race, just because heterosexuals enjoy the lust and passion of sexual relations between male and female. People are not supposed to criticise the sweet suburban family of mother and father and their family of children.

Nobody seems to bother or care or realize that the great, great grandchildren of the sweet suburban couple may have to kill in order to have space to live.

Homosexuals need to start urgent action right now, before the children of charming heterosexual couples start their murdering. Any war going on right now should be between heterosexuals procreating for quantity and homosexuals procreating for quality. If the heterosexuals win the human race will be destroyed; if the homosexuals win the human race will go forward to ever greater heights—to new forms and types of life. The question is: can homosexuals stop twisting their hips and throwing martinis into their faces and start the hard, responsible work of homosexual procreation for quality?

*Medical reports indicate that artificial insemination of willing lesbians generally fails to produce pregnancy.
Editor.



THE NEW BUTCHER BOY

by Ives Cerny

"Anyway," said my aunt, emphasizing the end of her theatrically-told story with a sweep of the soupladle, barely missing the hanging lamp, "she's completely mad about him."

In the silence that followed her statement we could hear once more the sounds from outside. A hen came clucking to the door; the dog lying

curled up asleep gave a nearly human sigh; the cooing of the pigeons drifted to us again.

"We can sit down now," said my grandmother, coming in from the kitchen. At her invitation the whole family got up and took their places around the table with the usual talk and laughter.

Twice a year, at Easter, and in the middle of September, we used to spend a couple of weeks in Auvergne with my father's mother. Twice a year, as soon as we arrived, my aunt would overwhelm us with six months of local gossip.

When she was a girl she had wanted to go on the stage. How I wish she had succeeded! Then the theater would have given her the outlet she had been looking for ever since in her own home.

Yet I must confess that I always enjoyed her half-yearly performance. I looked forward to the bravura bits—an accident at the mine, the latest town scandals, some celebrity's arrival, not to mention the endless wrangles about property lines, the origin of so many lawsuits.

Though she went through her routine, her technique better than ever, my aunt, that day for some reason or other, didn't seem up to her usual standard. I watched her with surprise and even a bit of embarrassment.

She never used to give thought to her grey hair and was frankly fiftyish, but now she had begun to use dye—a jet black. One could see only too clearly that she had put on the dye herself, as best she could; it had dried out her hair and was already making her features look harder. She had powdered her face lavishly with too pink a powder, which she had quickly wiped off just before we arrived: it brought out the faded look of her skin, formerly amber colored. Above all, the artificial high spirits with which she told her story betrayed a hidden fatigue. Only once in all those flashes of talent in which she excelled did she achieve exactly the effect she aimed at.

And yet at the beginning, when she had begun on the chapter devoted to everyone (neighbors, tradesmen, or even friends) with whom

she had quarreled since our last visit, followed by the shorter list of the people with whom she had made up, I thought she was getting off to a good start. But no, it turned out to be a false one. A single subject obsessed her. She had been talking all around it, feeling sure, I guess, that we wouldn't notice.

"By the way, we've gone back to Vital's. Their meat is excellent."

My father lifted his eyebrows in twofold surprise: first, because Vital's meat had always been first-rate; secondly, because my aunt for a long time hadn't liked fresh meat.

"And I must say," she added, "their employees are quite decent."

Mme. Vital, a widow, obviously couldn't get along without help. Her business was very active and required the presence of two men and an apprentice.

"Poor Louise," my aunt continued, "at last she's found the boy she needs. A strong, competent fellow. And good-looking too, which never does any harm."

After a pause, she repeated.

"Yes, a good looking boy. And that never does any harm."

Then she gave a short laugh and with a wave of her hand put things back into place. Of course she had to admit that the new butcher boy was good looking, but she didn't want us to think that his good looks meant anything to her.

"The War Memorial monument is finished at last. It wasn't ready by the fourteenth of July, so they inaugurated it on the fifteenth of August. The prefect was on vacation and the subprefect took his place. Everyone was there. Our representative, the county councilman, the whole Town Council, and all the school children they could round up.

"Poor Louise was there too, of course. Her name's the last on the list. Beginning with a V, you see. And the new butcher boy, in a dark-

blue suit, really well dressed! No one had seen him before. Such a crowd in front of the monument! About a thousand people! Of course all the women wanted a closer look."

"The women wanted to see the monument closer to?" my father absent-mindedly asked. "Why? Couldn't they wait until the ceremony was over?"

"The monument?" exclaimed my aunt. "What monument? They wanted to see the butcher boy!"

"Ah!" said my father, overcome.

"A big dance in the evening, naturally. In the covered market, as usual. The Brioude orchestra came over. I couldn't tell you how many cases of lemonade and beer Chabrilat sold. Oh, he's a smart one. Keeps his eyes open. If he should run in the next election—But that's not the question. The question is that no one knows whom he goes with. I think it's a girl from Sainte-Florine!"

"Why do you think Chabrilat goes with a Sainte-Florine girl?" asked my father. "And, for heaven's sake, why should he be going with any one at all? His wife's the prettiest girl in town."

"Who's talking about Chabrilat? Vidal's new butcher boy's the one that must be going with a Sainte-Florine girl, because he hasn't any girl-friend here no matter what the bakery woman's daughter wants people to think.

"And I could tell you plenty about her! The probationary teacher, then the station porter, and after him the brother of the woman who runs the tobacco shop. I'll not go on. At least she used to have some sense. You'd only run across them in out of the way places. But now with this other fellow, the new butcher boy, it's just disgusting the things she does to make everyone think he's her boy-friend. Yes, disgusting. Anyway she's completely mad about him."

Next morning was market-day and I went shopping with my grandmother.

"I wrote down my orders. We'll leave them as we go around. First, the butcher."

My grandmother took the little street by the town hall. I knew that whenever she thought there'd be a lot of customers at the butcher's she'd go in the back way, right into the cutting-room.

Two men were there when we came in, each wearing the traditional butcher's costume: canvas jacket and trousers, with tiny white and blue-gray checks, a big white apron, easy-fitting shoes with leather tops and wooden soles. One of the men went out. From the threshold where I was standing I had only a glimpse of him. The other one, tall, broad-shouldered, with smoothly-brushed black hair and a solid-looking neck, had his back toward us. He effortlessly unhooked a side of beef and slapped it down on the cutting-block.

"Monsieur Armand, I've brought my order for Saturday and Sunday. Make it up when you like. But for today I'd like a nice veal roast. Could I have one? Good. Can we pick it up about ten o'clock? Fine. Then my grandson will come for it."

The butcher had faced partly toward my grandmother and I saw him in profile: a very pure Latin profile. He listened carefully, only answering her with a nod. But at the words "my grandson" and her gesture toward me, he turned and I found myself gazing for a moment into his intent, black eyes.

"It will be ready, Madame," he said.

We went out the same way we had come in and started toward the bakery.

"Well, what do you think?" asked my grandmother.

"About what?"

"Why, the new butcher boy!"

"Oh, is he the one?"

My grandmother was as surprised as I.

"Didn't you know?"

"I thought Auntie was talking about a young man."

"A young man! Why, this boy isn't thirty. Hardly twenty-eight. Really!"

So, it was he! If only I had known I'd have looked more closely. But I wondered why he hadn't impressed me more.

"He has beautiful black eyes," I finally said, "but he didn't smile once."

"That's true. He's an extremely reserved boy. With everybody, I mean. Personally, I like it. I suppose that's just the way he is. So many women are chasing after him I guess he has to act like that."

My grandmother glanced at me and felt I wasn't particularly interested. I was vaguely afraid I had disappointed her.

"I'll give him a good look later when I go back for the veal," I dutifully promised.

She laughed.

"If you want to, but you really don't have to."

She was still chuckling over my answer when we went into the bakery. The proprietress greeted us with her usual friendliness. "Commercial smile" my aunt always grumbled. I myself thought a never-failing pleasantly offered commercial smile was as good as any other.

"Your sponge cakes are ready, Madame Gerlan. The boy asked me if he should make the whole series of moulds. I said yes. But that's up to you. There are five, four of them crown-shaped."

"That's all right. But there is something more important than sponge cakes. I forgot to ask you to keep a round loaf of whole-wheat bread for me. My son's always asking for one."

"A round loaf?" repeated the

bakery woman thoughtfully. "The whole batch of them's spoken for and may have been sent out. I'll see if any are left."

She walked toward the bakeroom stairway. I followed her automatically.

"Pierre?"

"Yes?"

"Just a minute."

"Coming!"

A clear joyful voice had replied. My interest was aroused and I waited expectantly at the top of the stairs. The upper steps were flooded with sunlight, the bottom ones in shadow save when the opening oven door threw out a red glow.

Then I saw the most radiant apparition: a pale-blond young man, slender, naked to the waist, wearing white canvas trousers that fitted tightly around his hips and buttocks. He was leaning forward a little to speak to his employer and his golden hair reflected the light.

They talked together in low voices and agreed to cut in two one of the big round loaves that had been set aside for the Travellers' Hotel.

"Bring it up, will you please?"

In three bounds he was with us, half-naked, smiling, entirely at ease. With a little contraction in my stomach, I kept looking at his greenish-blue eyes, his well muscled but graceful shoulders, his chest powdered with flower and the dew of perspiration moistening his forehead. He was quite aware of my interest and, while he was slicing the loaf and weighing each half, he smiled at me pleasantly.

"But — I know you," said my grandmother suddenly, as if trying to remember.

"Why yes," put in the bakery woman. "Pierrot, the boy who was with us all one winter. When he was eighteen, he enlisted in the navy. Now he's done his three years and has come back to us."

"I suppose you went all over the

world," said my grandmother, who would have liked nothing better than to travel.

"I don't know where he went, but he surely learned to make good pastry! He cooked for the admiral a year. You should taste his croissants and his brioches. And puff paste is his speciality."

The puff paste specialist made us a comic little salute and, with hands steadying himself on the staircase walls, plunged in one unbroken movement into the bakeroom.

I kept gazing after him until my grandmother called twice to get me away.

My aunt had presented a problem. I owed the solution to a storm. To tell the truth I did little more at that time than gather together the elements of the problem; it was only later on when I was old enough to understand, that I recognized their significance.

In our family weather forecasts, the Round always played a leading part. I don't know why that lonely, high plateau, bare as a mesa and reddish, had such a name. Perhaps it was because of the storms that seemed to wheel uncertainly around it before taking their final direction.

At any rate, that very day, after a whole week of fine weather, the leaden sky above the Round warned us all that the first equinoctial storm was getting ready to break. My father gave up the walk he had been planning for the afternoon and on which my mother and I were to have gone along, as we did every day. I decided to send picture post cards to my school friends.

But the storm remained far away, only a few brief showers falling on the town and its gardens, just enough to fill the air with a warm, sensuous odor of wet earth. Once again the Round had lived up to its name.

After four o'clock, when there was no longer any danger of rain, my

father decided to go to the Ribeyres district to see if our orchards had suffered any damage; my mother suggested to my aunt that they do some shopping; I rode off on my bike to the post office.

I was on my way back when I saw the butcher boy just finishing pumping up the tires of his bicycle. He had taken off his apron and canvas jacket and was wearing espadrilles. His shirt sleeves were rolled up high over impressive-looking muscles. Filled with sudden curiosity, I stopped in front of the newspaper vendor's and waited.

He rode away slowly toward the bakery. It happened that the bakery woman's daughter was sitting on a chair that stood on the sidewalk; she was talking, her head raised, her eyes on the windows. I thought at first she was speaking to a neighbor-woman. Then, seeing Pierre, the bakery boy seated in the doorway, I understood that if she wasn't exactly talking to him, at least he was there as a good excuse for her to ramble on. I liked the proprietress of the bakery, but her daughter irritated me. She so obviously wanted to be the center of the picture.

Armand, the butcher, rode up beside her and stopped with one foot on the sidewalk. Had my aunt been mistaken after all?

I could see only the young man's back, and this broad motionless back told me nothing... But the girl, coquettish and vain, I suppose, was outdoing herself in alluring wiles, all the time glancing at the nearby windows. I couldn't hear distinctly what she was saying, but one thing I did know for certain: the young man wasn't answering her. His resonant, baritone voice would have reached me.

Could I stay any longer watching them? The moment came when I thought I had to go. I got on my bike and started to go. But I meant to take

a good look as I went by.

Just as I came even with them, in the midst of the girl's talking, Armand said in a low voice:

"Coming, Pierrot?"

The bakery boy sprang up and perched sideways on the bicycle frame between the butcher's thighs and arms. The girl drew in her breath sharply, then caught herself up probably thinking of the neighbor-women who might be watching.

"Have a good ride and a good swim," she called out as the boys glided away. "And bring me back a fish to fry."

The butcher, legs apart, was pedalling slowly. Beyond the covered market he coasted to the Beal Bridge. I followed a little behind him as though drawn on by a magnet.

Pierre was wearing a white cotton sleeveless upper, very low in the neck, and his white canvas trousers. The thin shoes he wore in the bakeroom were dangling loosely from his toes. When they came onto the Alagnon Bridge road, Armand started pedalling again; the bike swerved sharply; one of Pierre's shoes fell off.

"Don't stop!" I called, "I'll get it."

But Armand had already put his feet on the ground and was waiting. The baker glanced over his friend's shoulder.

"It's Rene," he said, "Madame Gerlan's grandson."

When I rode up to them, the sight of Pierre nestling in Armand's arms stirred me. There was a striking contrast between the two men. One was blond, slender, and supple. And then for the first time I saw that the butcher boy seemed relaxed, nearly smiling, with an expression of inner joy, of peaceful happiness, quite unlike his grave look of the morning. He gave me a friendly wave and Pierre stretched out his foot for me to slip the shoe on. But, changing his mind ("I'd better carry them"), he took off the other one too. Then,

calling me by my first name, which he hadn't done at the shop, he asked:

"Going swimming, Rene?"

"I haven't got my trunks and I don't swim well enough."

"Better not, then."

He winked goodbye and Armand pedalled off.

I followed a few yards behind, suddenly filled with sadness. For the first time I understood that I was alone, that neither my parents nor the other boys at school could give me what Pierre and Armand were apparently finding in each other. I had pals; I didn't have a friend.

When would the time come for me to have one?

Of the two, Pierre and Armand, it was Pierre who attracted me. But I felt I wasn't the right age and didn't have the build now to take Armand's place, and, worse still, since I was so different from Armand physically, I felt sure Pierre never would find me interesting.

We had left behind the last houses of the avenue and were riding under a vault formed by the foliage of magnificent plane trees. Pierrot's blond hair was showing above Armand's left shoulder. Suddenly, I saw the charming head lean frankly against Armand's shoulder and Armand lower his cheek. They rode on like this, close together, as far as the narrow side road, by which carts reach the river, and turned into it without moving apart.

I pedalled on by myself to the Alagnon Bridge, laid down my bike, leaned on the parapet, with my back to the sun and looked out over the valley.

Below the bridge was the dam that supplied power to the Baryta works. The entire left bank was covered with white dust. I remembered how sorry my father had been when this industrial development had replaced the old water mill and, as he said, completely ruined the place. On the

right was a gravel beach. Beyond were the meadows and orchards of the Ribeyres plain; farther still, the vine-covered hills along the Limagne; and in the distance the wooded mountains of the Auvergne, dark green shading into blue.

Below me the two young men were calmly undressing, Armand with some discretion, slipping his trunks on underneath his shirt. Pierre with complete nonchalance. He peeled off his upper, stretched himself in the sun, then unbuttoned his trousers and held them up carelessly with one hand.

"Got my trunks?" he asked.

When he had them on, he tipped up into a hand-stand and Armand caught his feet as they rose and held them in the air with one hand. Then Pierre went into a back bend to do a wrestler's bridge. Armand gave him support under the small of his back. When Pierre's curve was perfect, the butcher raised up one-handed the limp body that arched, inert, with a kind of plant-like grace.

I stood there admiring the young man's suppleness, his body's tapering lines. I admired the butcher boy's strength. I felt the understanding that linked the two; I envied their close union. They moved together with a sort of feline harmony, yet beyond that I was aware of some attraction between them I didn't understand, some extraordinarily close attachment.

Until then the two naked men, who were so unlike each other, yet so much one, appeared to be doing their gymnastics together with a perfectly ordinary and rather unconcerned mastery. But at that moment, seizing his friend's body with both hands, Armand drew Pierre suddenly against him, and, letting the boy's torso bend backward, leaned forward over Pierre's down-curving head and shoulders with a silent concentration that made my throat go dry. Pierre gave a moan. His right arm came up; his

hand grasped Armand's shoulder, felt for the back of his neck. I saw him pull himself up, hard against the broad chest, and press his forehead into the muscled curve of the neck.

Did it really happen? Already Armand had begun their exercises again and was raising his partner aloft. Holding him high in his arms, he walked toward the river and stepped along the top of the dam. Water flowing over a covering of tiny green algae had polished its surface dangerously smooth. I thought "He'll fall," a sharp little pain gripping my heart. I could clearly see his wide brown feet, just covered by the shallow glide of the water, carefully plant themselves one after the other. I cried out when he slipped and dragged his friend down in his fall.

They splashed about in the water, then raised their heads above the surface a short distance apart, Pierre spitting and coughing.

"Bastard!" he shouted, and no insult ever seemed to me to express so much friendship.

For half an hour I watched their play. When they finally came out of the water, the bridge's shadow reached far into the valley. It was still hot but the late afternoon was soft and peaceful.

Below me the two young men were now lying stretched out on the gravel. Pierre asked for a cigarette; Armand just said: "In my pocket." Pierre got up, felt around in the trousers, took a cigarette, then another, which he thrust between Armand's lips. He lighted his own, seemed to hesitate, threw away the match, and lay down again beside his friend.

"How about mine?" Armand said.

Pierre smiled slightly. Sliding closer to Armand, he laid his hand on the fine Roman head and turned it toward him. Their cigarettes met end to end.

They remained like that for a minute, leaning toward each other,



watching their cigarette smoke mingle. Then they lay back on the ground and for a long time gazed dreamily at the sky. Armand took one of Pierre's hands. The slow-fading, golden, summer-evening light was spreading

its final glow over them.

I could barely find the strength to leave. I buried my face in my arms. What a hollow had opened in my life and how much I too wanted to be loved!

Translated from the French by Clarkson Crane

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tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

THE DOUGHTY DAUGHTERS

Time was when public conventions of homosexuals were unlikely, to say the least. The first, held in Los Angeles in 1952, took place without fanfare. It has gotten so that now there are at least three a year in the U. S. alone. Last year, in May, The Daughters of Bilitis added theirs to the already existing Mattachine and ONE Conventions and came through with a smashing success. They were able to top attendance records of the other two organizations with about 110 persons at the luncheon and 125 at the banquet. Apparently a convention of lesbians still is news—and an attraction. Of course, the girls had the wholehearted support and cooperation of a mixed group such as ONE, and having participated in earlier Institutes, were able to profit from the experience, also, one third of their audience was male.

ONE's Seventh Midwinter Institute held the last weekend of January had no such corresponding boost either from D.O.B. or Mattachine with the result that work on a very serious, knotty problem confronting all homosexuals was made more difficult if not less entertaining. Operating with only 60% of its normal attendance, but with hun-

dreds of responses from those who could not be present, the Institute devoted its attention to drawing up a "Homosexual Bill of Rights" which had been planned by the Monday night class HS-260 as "A Group Participation Project in Homophile Education." But the thought of "rights" in conjunction with "homosexuals," although a perfectly natural concept to members of HS-260 who had met two or more hours per week since September 1960 preparing plans for the Institute, so shattered the minds of certain individuals and groups represented at the Midwinter affair that whereas they "participated" in a broad sense of the word, they didn't actually "share" which is a more usual definition, in the project. The resultant pulling and hauling was fun if not educational, and this reporter feels that in one sense it was even that.

When official announcement of the theme "A Homosexual Bill of Rights" was made early in November, responses from readers of ONE Magazine were almost unanimously favorable. But reactions from the women of DOB indicated that they couldn't care less about "rights." Why was this, mused members of HS-260. But they were not long concerned, what with the tremendous

support coming in the mail every day. Then in the January number of **The Ladder**, Editor Del Martin wrote a surprising editorial entitled "How Far Out Can We Go?" Taking the idea of "rights" for the homosexual to task she began, "How ludicrous can we get? Such a 'Bill of Rights' is unnecessary, irrelevant and likely to set the homophile movement back into oblivion." "... such a 'Bill of Rights,' if drawn up, would leave us wide open as a target of ridicule from those who already dislike us and would make it much harder for our friends to continue helping us." Del Martin's remarks reminded yours truly of what D. J. West in his book **The Other Man** had to say about "magazines for homosexuals" which "rather pathetically address . . . clergymen and others begging for sympathetic understanding and deploring the condemnation of homosexuals . . ." but yet doing nothing about it. Is Bergler right? Is the homosexual sick? Does he have no guts? The planners of the Institute did not think so.

The attitude that where homosexuals are concerned "any reference to 'rights' should be regarded as 'out,'" was carried into the program of the BILL OF RIGHTS DAY by those who felt this way, and they never were disabused of their opinion.

Saturday, Jan. 28th was BILL OF RIGHTS DAY. Members of HS-260 had prepared careful outlines of duties and suggested topics for the Drafting Committees to guide their efforts. Each person present chose one of five committees to work in: Committee I, on Preamble and Definitions; Committee II, Social Rights; III, Religious Rights; IV, Scientific Questions and Overpopulation; V, Legal Rights. The participants were about 1/3 female. After a brief wel-

coming talk by Sten Russell, Associate Editor, ONE Magazine, the Drafting Committees set to work reading and analyzing response to the questionnaires, in order to work the opinions of those unable to attend the Institute into the final Bill.

At lunch time the Institute heard progress reports from the chairmen of the 5 committees. At this point Del Martin of DOB and "participant" in the Preamble Committee asked for a change in the program saying that the Daughters present had been polled and the majority found the word "rights" unreasonable and even untenable. The Scientific Committee found the term difficult to work with as did the Social Rights Committee. Others felt that they had come there to do a job and that everyone should get on with it doing the best they could no matter what the result—even failure. The afternoon sessions saw the completion, for most Committees, of their outlines of the Bill. Scientific and Religion Committees found themselves cracking up slightly, while Legal, taking the bull by the horns and a few arbitrary short cuts, announced its completed draft, to the envy and distress of other Committees. Everyone was ready for the evening party Saturday night where "rights" were taken for granted as moods mellowed—with music and dancing the whole night through.

Sunday, ADOPTION DAY, got started with a continental breakfast and free-for-all discussion. Drafting and polishing the five sections of the Bill for later presentation at the Annual Banquet occupied the afternoon Committees. Each Drafting Committee was charged with preparing and executing its own section of the final document. But by 4:00 P.M. it became clear that Committees for Social Rights and Scientific Questions and Overpopulation

would not have completed statements. The Banquet went ahead as scheduled moderated by W. Dorr Legg, Director of ONE Institute and commentators Evelyn Hooker Ph.D. of UCLA, a local attorney who has done much work in this field, Hal Call, editor of **The Mattachine Review**, and Del Martin of **The Ladder**. The Preamble was read. The Social Rights section was presented as an outline rather than as a finished piece, and the Chairman explained that the Committee never was quite able to cope with the word "rights." The Religious Rights finished statement was read. The Scientific Questions and Overpopulation section offered an outline with alternate recommendations. Legal Rights Chairman read the most complete and finished statement with the exception of the Preamble.

As "A Group-Participation Project in Homophile Education" the participants might have gotten grade F. As a Bill of Rights the final product was probably pretty sketchy. Yet, three out of the five sections were able to come to grips, perhaps in rough and general terms, with the question at issue, i.e. the drafting of "A Homosexual Bill of Rights." Dr. Hooker criticized the Scientific Outline, this being her field, and found much of it useful. She analyzed as **fear** the tremendous distress the word "rights" had caused so many. The local attorney gave ample example of just where homosexuals in particular and especially are subject to a loss of rights, justifying the need for such a program by citing incident after incident. He emphasized that lesbians are seldom subject to law enforcement. Hal Call found that the position of **The Mattachine** had changed to a more comfortable one, and that they found more areas of agreement with the meeting than some of

them had expected. But Del Martin speaking for the Daughters was adamant. She repeated that a Bill of Rights for the homosexual could be actually damaging to the movement. Jaye Bell, President of DOB, climaxing the opposition, introduced a resolution adopted by a vote of the members of the DOB present, directed against the endorsement of "A Homosexual Bill of Rights" and the work of the Seventh Midwinter Institute. (This statement along with a favorable commentary and breakdown of the Institute program will be printed in the April ONE.) Thus ended an experiment never before tried anywhere on earth to this reporter's knowledge. (See also current Letters Column.)

What is to be learned from the experience of this weekend? Were the planners of the Institute too bold? Was James Barr right when he said in **Game of Fools** "The time is not yet ripe. The homosexual minority is too amorphous . . . At present the group must find and identify itself"? The February San Francisco **Mattachine Newsletter** has this to add: "ONE Institute stirs interest of participants . . . This year, . . . committee groups were assigned sections of a topic, 'The Homosexual Bill of Rights,' to discuss and present in draft form. That an actual draft was made is significant, it seems, considering the nature of the topic and some of the reaction to it."

That the question of "rights," including homosexual rights is currently and constantly causing a stir and concern that touches the national interest, no one can afford to deny. For thorough examination of the values of the Bill of Rights, read "Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court, and the Bill of Rights" in the February 1961 issue of **Harper's**.

SURVEY

Combining male and female elements is no new idea. The recently unearthed Gospel of St. Thomas, published by Harpers from an ancient Coptic manuscript, repeatedly has Jesus saying that only those "who make the two one," who become both male and female, shall enter the Kingdom. In the concluding verses, Peter demands that Mary leave the group, "because women are not worthy of the Life. Jesus said: See, I shall lead her, so that I will make her male. For every woman who makes herself male will enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This idea that there are no sexes in the Kingdom has considerable support in the canonical books of the Bible.

Seems to be a current rash of raids of physique photographers and publishers. Federal agents grabbed mailing list of a publisher in Wash DC, but courts ordered lists returned, said they could not properly be seized . . .

The MID-TOWN JOURNAL (a Boston paper with the "My Sin" odor) recently gleefully described the arrest by vicecops of an apartment resident and a "husky appearing male" who was in the room with him. The account disclosed no evidence that any illegal act had been committed (the Journal snottily referred to this as "only [the victim's] personal and biased opinion") but the two were arrested, and fined by a court which seemed to base its guilty verdict chiefly on a judgment of the allegedly "soprano" quality of the defendant's voice when he said he had taken the apartment to entertain "girls." The victim was quoted as arguing that his civil liberties were being violated, and that he was a member of ONE. (He is not.)

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And that soft line irradiating from
Your back, nor to false modesty succumb:
These are as chaste and lovely as your eyes.
The shoulder's softness and the breast's surmise,
The silken waist nor the sweet buttocks shun,
Nor last—though Love, there be a shamefast some
Who would defame it with a false surmise —
Last, last and loveliest, that store of wealth
Lies hidden in the sanctuary place
Where love alone may enter and not die.
Although if the intruder there by stealth
Be smitten, having ravaged for a space,
I should not grudge it, were the intruder I.

William V. Stone

THE SCAVENGERS

by

J. J. Ploss

It was impossible to ignore the howling of the beast. It had grown in volume until it drowned out the blaring of the television, the soothing aspects of beer. The beast demanded food and was not to be denied. Defeated, the man rose from his chair and headed into the warm spring night.

Knowingly, the man guided his car to a large city park. In its shadowy confines he knew that he could satisfy the beast as he had satisfied it before. Slowly he drove along one of the twisting roads, his eyes searching the benches that stood on the grass, straining to see the solitary figure that would quiet the beast. The parked cars he passed were given the once over as he passed them, another in the rear-view mirror. Once he stopped and entered a public rest-room, but emerged alone and continued his hunt; and all the while the beast within him thrashed and wailed for food.

Then a car ahead of him attracted his attention and he slowed so as not to pass. It, too, slowed, then stopped at a rest-room. Two youths stepped out and made their way to the stone building. The man pulled ahead, parked with his motor running and waited. In a few minutes the other car passed him and as *they* passed he took a long look. *They* stopped at the next rest-room, but when the man passed, *they* followed.

The man turned on a side road, the car behind followed. At the top of a hill, just beyond a street lamp, the man pulled on the shoulder. In a few seconds the other car was beside his. The beast whined.

"You want to see us?" asked the youth who leaned out the window. He was blond and bare-chested. Beyond him the man could see the driver, another teenager, but dark-haired.

"Why should I want to see you?" countered the man. His palms were sweaty on the wheel.

"Thought you might have something for us," said the youth.

"Depends on what you're looking for."

"It's a hot night and we could use some beer to cool off. But we're too young to buy it ourselves."

"I could get some," the man said coolly, belying the fires that raged within. "Could use some myself. What say I get some and meet you somewhere?"

"How about your place?" suggested the youth.

"I'd just as soon not. How about somewhere here in the park?"

"By the lagoon?" It was the driver who spoke.

"All right. I'll see you in about ten minutes."

Time flew, the clerk in the crowded liquor store was slow, and it was closer to twenty minutes when the man approached the meeting place. What if they've gone, he thought, and his thought was echoed by a whine from the hungry beast. To his great relief, the man recognized their car; as he passed he honked and they followed to a little-used, wooded section of the park. Together they walked to a clearing behind some bushes.

"You sure no one'll see us?" the blond boy asked nervously. His companion remained silent, but it was easy to see that he, too, was nervous.

"Of course," said the man with a smile. "Hardly anyone comes to this part of the park. Even if they do, what'll they see?"

"Two under-age kids drinkin' beer," said the dark-haired youth. "Don't you live near here? Can't we go to your place?"

Ignoring the beast, the man said, "Maybe later. And if somebody comes we can toss the beer into the grass."

The boys seemed little satisfied, but they joined the man on the grass. He opened three cans, passed them around and they drank silently. Three times cars passed and each time the boys ducked. Finally, after the second can of beer, the dark-haired youth spoke.

"I don't like it here," he said. "Too many people going by and one car might be the cops. If we can't go to your place we're gonna go." He got to his feet, stretched and the beast howled madly.

The man relented. "Okay," he said, "but let's finish this six pack first."

When the empty cans had been pitched into the grass, they got to their feet. The boys stood nervously, wiping their palms on their jeans.

"Is it far?" asked the blond.

"Not far. Why do you ask?"

"We don't have much gas," said the other, "and not much money for more."

"We'll get there," the man promised.

The procession got underway once more in the same order. The man watched in the rear-view mirror to see they didn't get too far behind, stopped and waited once when they were held up by a traffic light. Don't worry, he assured the beast, you'll soon be fed. They arrived at his apartment.

"Nice place you've got here," said the blond as he looked around.

"Yeah," echoed his companion, "real nice. And quiet," he added. "Where'll we sit?"

"One of you can sit on the bed," said the man emphasizing 'bed'. "I'll open

some beer." He stepped into the tiny kitchen.

"Okay to put some records on?" asked the dark-haired youth.

"Sure. Make yourselves to home," the man said. "By the way," he continued, "my name's Jim."

"Mine's Ray," said the blond.

"And mine's Jerry."

Jim passed the beer around, Jerry turned on the phonograph. The man sat beside Ray on the bed. "You boys live around here?" he asked.

"North side," Jerry answered, tapping his foot in time to the music. "You got some good records, Jim."

"Thanks. You boys come to the park often?"

"Just when we're lookin' for something," said Jerry. He rubbed his bare stomach and fingered the hairline that crept upwards from his belt line.

"Looking for what?" Jim pursued.

Jerry was non-committal. "Oh, just things," he said. Then, "Where's the 'john'?"

Jim indicated the door and after it had closed behind the youth, he turned to Ray. "You still in school, Ray?"

"Yes, I'll be a junior." He was in a half-reclining position on the bed, his jeans pulled low and when Jim looked him over the beast howled louder.

"And Jerry?"

"The same." Ray tilted his head and emptied his can of beer. "How about another beer, Jim?"

While Jim was opening the beer, Jerry re-entered the room. By chance or by plan his jeans were unbuttoned. "This is sure a swell place, Jim," he said. "Guy could do almost anything and not be heard."

"Like what?" the man asked pointedly handing a beer to both the boys. His eyes were not on the boy's face.

"Like I said, almost anything," Jerry answered with a grin. He sat in the basket chair and rested one leg on its edge seemingly unaware that his jeans pulled tight in his crotch outlining his manhood. The beast howled louder.

Jim changed his tack. "How come you guys are out so late?"

"Going on a weekend fishing trip," Ray answered. It was apparent from his slouch that the beer was beginning to affect him. Jim got up, opened three more and passed them around.

"Here's to a good trip," Jim said raising his beer. He took his seat on the bed. "Got enough money for the expedition?"

"Can always use some more," Jerry said. "You offering?"

Jim shrugged. "I've got a little extra," he said with a smile, "but I'm not going to give it to you."

"When it comes to money," said Jerry in even tones, "we're willing to work for it."

Jim looked straight into the boy's eyes. "What are you willing to do?" he asked, and the beast howled loudly, so loudly the man thought the world would hear.

Jerry grinned a lopsided grin and scratched his crotch. "You name it, Jim, and we're for it. We didn't come with you just to talk."

"What did you come here for?"

"The same thing you brought us here for," the boy answered.

The man relaxed visibly. "Who's first?" he asked quietly.

There was a short silence; then Ray spoke. "I am."

Jim turned to him, the beast in his eyes. "Okay, Ray, take your jeans off."

The boy blinked. "All the way?"

"Sure, all the way." Ray hesitated and the man reached over at the beast's bidding, unbuckled Ray's belt and unzipped his fly. "Take them off," Jim said over the howl of the beast.

"Man, this beer goes right through me," Jerry put in. He got up and the bathroom door closed behind him.

Jim also stood, followed shortly by Ray, and both removed their trousers, then returned to the bed. The boy lay back, his eyes half-closed, his arms at his sides.

The beast howled hungrily, drowning out all other sounds. Jim, at the bidding of the beast, reached out. He didn't hear the bathroom door open, didn't see Jerry stealthily enter the room 'billy' in hand; but he felt the blow on his head. Luckily, it was a glancing blow that only momentarily stunned him. He rolled aside as Jerry flopped on the bed in a vain attempt to strike another blow. Jim scrambled to his feet dazedly and struggled with the youth while Ray waited for an opening. They fought in silence and Jim because of his superior size was able to stand them off though he'd lost his glasses in the struggle and blood from a cut on his head further obscured his vision. They parted and stood braced, the boys on one side of the room, Jim on the other.

"Get out of here before I call the police," Jim hissed.

"You won't call the police, you queer," Jerry spat back. "How would you explain us?"

"I'd tell them you broke in," the man said, "and they'd believe me. I've never been in trouble before." His voice, though trembling with rage and a shortness of breath, had a ring of truth and the boy's resolve wavered.

"Give us some money and we'll go," Jerry said. He still menaced with the 'billy', but the man stood firm.

"Go to hell!" he spat, hating them both. "You'll get no money from me."

"Give us the beer then, mister," Ray put in. He'd pulled his jeans on during the stalemate.

"Take it and get out," the man snarled.

Ray scooped up the remaining six pack and the two boys backed out the door, then fled. Jim pulled his trousers on and, barefooted, ran into the night after the fleeing youths. He reached the sidewalk as they roared away.

"Queer!" Jerry yelled into the night.

Wearily, Jim leaned against the building. He trembled, as much from emotional as physical strain. Tears ran down his cheeks as he put his forehead against the rough brick of the house. "Scavengers," he sobbed. "Damned scavengers!"

And within him the beast howled hungrily.

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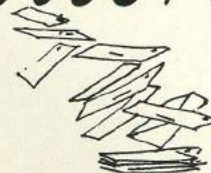
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Letters



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ON FINDING ONESSELF

Hello!

It has been a year since I received my first issue of the Magazine. During that time ONE has been a wonderful friend to me. Through many years I wandered in the wilderness of confusion and despair at "my condition." The difficult task of self-acceptance was made easier by the enlightened articles in the Magazine. "Towards Understanding" was so helpful; Dr. Baker's death is a grievous loss.

Mr. G.
_____, Iowa

Dear Friends:

I cannot express my relief and gratification at finding ONE. By accident I ran across it and feel sure that my loneliness and fears will disappear from the knowledge that there are others seeking acknowledgment of their love. My relief at finding an open, frank organization like ONE is overwhelming. My previous abstinence and alien reactions would have resulted in the blind leading the blind.

At a very early age I felt a strange and wonderful reaction from symmetric and rugged beauty of the male form. Poisoned by society, I fought tooth and nail against this. Fear and guilt dominated my being. I shrank from every indication or form of homosexuality. From failing to recognize this in myself serious consequences developed.

After joining the armed forces I had a nervous breakdown. The frustration and anguish of suppression proved to be too much. After extensive psychiatric treatment I finally recognized myself. My greatest battle was with the feeling that society screamed "perverse and unnatural," while I felt that it was intrinsically good. I feel that someday civilized beings will accept, and there will be an end of intolerance.

Mr. L.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear ONE:

For some time I have wondered why you did not suggest to a few of your letter-

writers that they get a hobby, such as painting, music, community theater, volunteer work in church, hospital or community projects, instead of sitting at home writing all this drivel about the beaches or bars in this or that location being closed or going through some big purge. Then they would not have so much time for self-pity.

I am sure there isn't one of us who doesn't have a problem, who doesn't indulge in self-pity at times, and many times have feelings of frustration. But this happens to everyone. We are not alone in this. It is surprising how many interesting people one can meet through projects such as above. All you have to do is to give a little of yourself.

Mr. M.
Williamsburg, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I was discharged from the service because of being a homosexual, and of course thought my life was ruined. Well, I got hold of myself and found by using the excuse of being in school I could explain away the years in the service. To explain away the 4-F draft card was easy—a bad back, which no one can prove differently.

I have met quite a number of men who have "gay discharge" records from the services. Most have stopped worrying about it and done something for themselves. But there are still some who are afraid to try to get away from the past and look to the future.

There are plenty of jobs which don't ask for service records. As long as you have filled your time in the service they hire you. I was one of three hundred and fifty discharged at the same time, so there must be a lot of men with U.D. discharges running around.

Mr. S.
Los Angeles, Calif.

WHO NEEDS RIGHTS?

Dear Friends:

Perhaps you heard about the police who were caught taking bribes from a few of the

gay bars here. Quite a stink was raised, but as usual, "justice" triumphs. One was suspended for a few months and then, I think, re-hired with back pay due from his suspense date. The others didn't even get a slap on the wrist.

It would seem that crime is a matter of opinion—if it's blackmail or coercion upon a social minority it really doesn't count as such, so long as it can be backed up with a badge and a gun. Of course all this is done in the traditional American concept of fair play.

Mr. R.
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear ONE:

I'm filling out the questionnaire for the Bill of Rights. I never did give you any details when ONE Confidential extended the invitation. It's easier to answer questions than to compose an autobiography.

Mr. L.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Don:

I enclose the questionnaire, even though it will reach you after the Midwinter Institute. The whole idea of the Bill of Rights, the ambitiousness, the scope, has electrified me. Horizons are surely in sight. Succeed or fail, it will go down in history as our very first move for public recognition.

Mr. B.
Melbourne, Australia

Dear fellows:

Let me thank you for the opportunity of taking part in the program of the Midwinter Institute. As so often happens, the rewards I received were so great compared to the work performed (and I didn't loaf) that I shall forever feel a debt of gratitude to you. The crowd may have been smaller than usual and the group divided, but the results were terrific.

Mr. H.
_____, Calif.

Dear friends:

I was particularly interested in the mention in "Tangents" (January, 1961) of the trouble in Washington, D. C. concerning Detective Fochet. I formerly lived in D. C. and had the unfortunate experience of tangling with this so-called "arm of the Law." In my opinion he is just as queer as anyone could be. I really have no use for anyone who will turn on his own kind in this way. I am not acquainted with the other detectives mentioned, but am glad to note that Fochet has new running mates. Maybe eventually they will all manage to hang themselves.

Mr. R.
Spokane, Wash.

O, THOSE PRETTY PICTURES!

To Lambert and others of ONE:

ONE must be getting better—once again I'm reacting (January, 1961). First, to Lambert: you might have balanced your editorial about the nude photo question by remarking that both Greeks and Romans thought that images of nudes (mostly of males) should be a part of the public scenery. Their statues of men were decidedly phallic. If we can't have such beauty in public places, I see no reason why we shouldn't have private collections of photos—Freud notwithstanding. Actually, I can't afford such photos and have seen very few that pleased me much.

Yes, some of the Minority live in a dream world, but taking photos away from them won't change that—I see the points of your editorial and have no serious quarrel with you on that score.

Let me praise you for publishing Jemison's "Know Your Bartender," an amusing, informative article, and daring. Even his photol There is an extraordinary amount of self-advertisement in the article which gives the strong coloration lacking in some of the Magazine's pieces. I consider this article something of a landmark in your publishing ventures. O yes, I'll praise Jemison for confessing the kiss the readers were waiting for—even one kiss can do wonders for an article.

Edward Denison
_____, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I am inclined to agree with your editorial (January, 1961) and would emphasize the fact that physique photos are readily available in many forms to those who desire them. ONE holds a unique place here in the United States and should not lose itself in already crowded and often misguided fields.

It is agreed that Dr. Baker will be regretfully missed. We are indeed grateful for her services.

Mr. L.
Brighton, Mass.

Dear Editors:

To advance the Freudian view of sex deviation as stated on your editorial as a reason for rejecting physique photos is to endorse it, by implication at least. Does ONE, in fact, endorse the Freudian theory? Does interest in physique photos in fact imply lack of satisfactory sex adjustment?

Conversely, does an overt homosexual adjustment, if accompanied by interest in pictures, imply that homosexuality is an unsatisfactory adjustment? When, in fact, it frequently does accompany it?

What does this editorial get us into?

Mr. H.
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT

Dear Sirs:

Being metaphysically and spiritually-minded, I enjoyed the Magazine (December, 1960) very much. One reference said that Christ never condemned homophiles; they, being a minority, weren't mentioned, but I'm certain he felt that true, spiritual love between two persons of the same sex could be just as meaningful and true as between two persons of the opposite sex. Also, I'm sure that sexual expression between two persons of the same sex is no more wrong than between two people of the opposite sex.

In God's sight I feel sure that two people of the same sex are just as much married as a married man and woman, if they pledge themselves to one another and are deeply in love. The love of David and Jonathan was of the highest type and deemed very good and moral.

The type of homosexual activity that was considered bad in the Old Testament (Sodom and Gomorrah) referred to acts of extreme passion and lust between males who were supposedly heterosexual and were going against their natures and perhaps interfered with their responsibilities to family, children, etc.

Inverted people, who are not married and don't have the family responsibilities will find nothing in the Old or new Testaments to interfere with their love and friendship for one another. True inverters shouldn't be damned, as were those men of Sodom and Gomorrah.

In the New Testament, St. John felt great love for Christ and I believe it is in one of the Gospels that John used to lay his head on Christ's breast.

Mr. F.
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Your recent (December, 1960) issue has been brought to my attention, and while I am far from willing to extend the same attitude generally, I find this issue highly commendable for its willingness to present a variety of viewpoints. If the willingness truly to work for the objectivity which you profess can be as much more shown in future issues as it has been in this one, then I think I could very well come to respect the Magazine (as I now don't) and recommend it to anyone.

If you would like to know the kind of thing which distresses me and dampens the respect I might have I could cite this extract from your editorial, "Non-religious persons may even feel that any situation which points up the shortcomings of religion in modern society, and which turns people from such superstitions is ultimately to the good."

A better phrasing might seem to have been something like, "which turns people against

what they themselves believe to be mere superstitions." You see, I AM religious, because I am concerned with the truth and believe that in religion there is a truth which cannot be denied any more than a truth which is non-religious. Only by looking at each truth squarely, wherever one finds it, do I find that we can know what is essential in either one for its trueness.

Mr. M.
Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I have gone to a number of different churches, not out of any need for "organized" religion, but mainly out of curiosity, and I must take issue with one of your editorial statements. You say (December, 1960) that "homophiles (are) conspicuously unwelcome in most churches—Catholic, Baptist, Unitarian, whatever."

It has been my experience, and I have travelled over a great part of the world, that the Unitarian people have made me the most welcome, even when they definitely knew my taste and preferences. European Catholics I have also found much more tolerant than the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Lutherans.

I do think the Unitarian attitude is generally very broad and tolerant toward non-conformists. I remember being in Miami quite a few years ago when the mayor went rather berserk on a "clean-up campaign," and there were lots of arrests and trouble. The only church which did anything to help toward a fair and balanced judgment was the Unitarian, which opened its doors for a series of evening forums and lectures, giving each side an opportunity to be fairly heard. These were well-conducted and should have made the mayor quite ashamed.

I think you and your colleagues are doing a splendid and wonderful work generally in having such a Magazine as you bring out. I am sure it must take a great deal of courage to so openly face so much limited knowledge, intelligence and emotional immaturity.

Mr. L.
East Dennis, Mass.

BOUQUET FROM A SUSSEX HEDGEROW

To the Editor of ONE:

This morning the postman brought me a parcel from Over the Ocean. What a simply lovely lot of literature you have sent me. I think it is a wonderfully run little magazine; always so fresh and full of spirit, and to my taste you make just the right selection between too highbrow and too childish—I admire the editor very much.

One thing that surprises me is that homophiles use the word Gay to describe themselves. I would have supposed them, as a class, inclined toward sadness, waves of de-