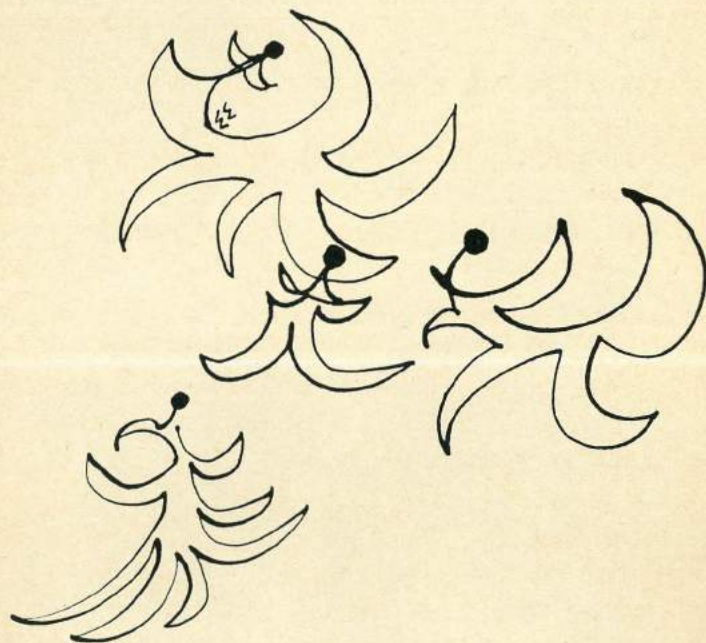


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one incorporated

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



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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XI

Number 1

January 1963

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Annette Z. Hirsh

EDITORIAL

Once again the words homosexuality and treason have been linked together by politicians and journalists in such a way as to suggest that the two words are almost synonymous.

Since John Vassall, a British Admiralty clerk, was recently convicted of selling state secrets to the Russians and sentenced to eighteen years in prison for doing so, the fact that he was guilty of treason is established. That he is a homosexual is not so conclusively demonstrated but we can only accept this to be a fact also. The connection between these two facts is more tenuous and is considerably obscured by the fact that Vassall is known to have had a taste for high-living and to have lived considerably beyond his income for a number of years. A lust for high-living and a weakness to the attractions of money are not limited to homosexuals. One can scarcely avoid wondering why, if Vassall had yielded to blackmail because of his sexuality, the Russians had found it necessary or advisable to give him the money which, in the end, was the conclusive proof of his guilt.

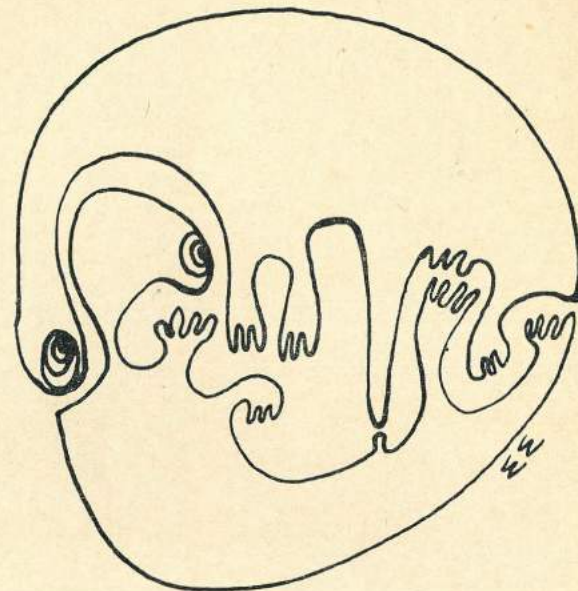
This case serves very effectively to illustrate what has long appeared to us to be the real weakness in our security systems, that is, the substitution of a consideration of individual and even superficial characteristics for a real appraisal of a man's basic loyalty to his country and his fundamental integrity. A person who is not basically loyal can, of course, be induced to yield to even the slightest pressure or inducement, and a person who has not the strength of character to resist pressures growing out of his sexual nature will more than likely yield to pressures of other kinds.

Homosexuals have exactly the same strength of character and the same weaknesses as do heterosexuals and in the same proportion to their numbers, but homosexuality is an easy scapegoat. Whenever a serious or despicable crime is committed it is human nature for society at large to seek eagerly, if sometimes unconsciously, for some characteristic which will tend to set the perpetrator apart from the majority who sit in judgment of his crime. Not uncommonly the distinguishing characteristic, if there is one, becomes the real crime. Negroes, Mexicans, Jews — in fact all minority groups — have suffered from this aspect of man's nature.

It is, to be sure, much easier to blame a man's sexuality, or race, or color, after the fact, than it is to admit that we failed to recognize a weak sister in the first place, or that in different circumstances and for a different price we might have done the same thing.

— Marcel Martin.

Sex & Sensibility



by Lewis Ferguson

Most of us who have suffered because we felt "different" from other people have found it encouraging to discover that other men share our differentness. We begin to reckon that it would be a good thing if other people would concede that our differentness is legitimate. So we talk, or at any rate we think, about the rights of the homosexual minority.

This idea has value; it also has disadvantages. Its great disadvantage may be the support it gives to neglecting the opportunity we have to develop ourselves as individuals. Groups can help the individual, but group progress depends upon the individual. Too much emphasis on rights for the homosexual minority, as for any other minority, might obscure individualism.

Normally an individual includes

potentialities far beyond those he realizes. They go way beyond his dreams. Aldous Huxley said recently in an interview that the destiny of the individual is to expand his capacity to live in all possible worlds at once. If this is sound, it holds as true for the homosexual, surely, as for anybody.

I have known homosexuals who accepted this and homosexuals who refused to consider it, just as I have known heterosexuals of both sorts. The commonest of all traits is commonness. The homosexual is fortunate if his status in a misunderstood minority drives him, more than it may drive other people, to seek some way to become uncommonly effective as an individual. But the pressure is hard on every homosexual to take refuge — not to grapple with life, but hide from it.

In my experience, the biggest help has been discovering that I did not need to stop being a homosexual in order to become a broader kind of man. I think my predicament was the usual one. I knew for sure one thing about myself, and I dreaded to let it go. The key to my misery was also the key to my greatest attainable joy. But finally I saw that getting a wider life did not mean throwing the key away; it might mean keeping the misery locked up. I did not have to enlarge my life in any particular way; I needed to enlarge it somehow. Then I would be closer to all life.

Talk of a homosexual minority so often strikes confusion because so many homosexuals, like so many heterosexuals, resist a larger life that they cannot belong to a group. This is why the sense of community is failing free men everywhere. Only the safe individual, who feels secure because of his inward growth, can devote himself voluntarily to community action. A man gives himself to others only if he has something to give; he stays lonely out of lack.

Many homosexuals are just getting along. So is most of the rest of the population. For a vast number of people, to judge from the looks on their faces and the problems they bring to psychiatrists, ministers, and other counsellors, life is like life in a squirrel cage, minus the excitement of the turning wheel.

It is impossible to say why some people live creatively and some people just squeak by. It is evident, though, that people who live creatively are all the time making new discoveries about life. Everything interests them. Generally their lives have center-work, obligation, talent, or purpose of some kind. But the conspicuous thing about them is that they don't wear blinders. They are disposed to learn.

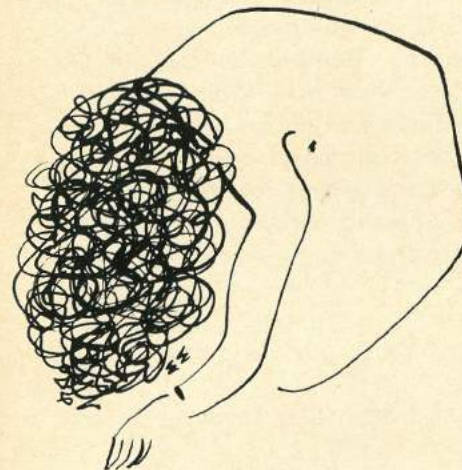
One thing a learning man discovers is that there is much more to sex and sensibility than anybody told him.

Most of us were born into circumstances that defined very narrowly the permissible width of our emotional adventure. If we overstepped, we worried. Fear made us stumble. Maybe we finally had the good fortune to find that the walls were artificial.

So often the homosexual never sees what this means. He jumps over the fence, he doesn't remove it. He puts himself in another lane as narrow and restrictive as the first one. I am not saying that a homosexual needs to become bisexual or heterosexual. I mean that he ought to have the conviction that it is natural for him to have an encounter with all life.

Nobody, as a matter of fact, needs to find this out more desperately than the bisexual. Experts argue about him, but meanwhile he is torn by a terrible dichotomy. The pressures to make him one thing or the other are terrific. They push him night and day. His only release comes, as far as I can see, when he admits to himself that sex covers a wide range and that life involves much more than sex. Nobody can live a full life with sex as his main preoccupation, but many people would lead fuller lives if they were not afraid to go where sex takes them.

Here is the bona fide challenge to those who look for a homosexual minority. What the individual needs from other homosexuals is approval of life. The simplest word for it is love, although Walt Whitman's idea of brotherhood and companionship may be needed to define love for this purpose. If the homosexual can get something like this from other homosexuals, he may some day be able to get it from the rest of society. It is a big question whether in our time the homosexual minority can fight profitably for legal rights. It is no question at all but that homosexuals can fight self-centeredness in themselves in order to help each other to see how vast life's enterprise can be.



first love

doyle eugene livingston

1

Natalie was a girl who never intended to fall in love but when the door of truth closed on her naive emotions it was all she could do not to go crazy for joy. There were little fires in her eyes and small birds seemed to sing in her heart all day making her giddy with music and for the first time in her life

she was happy completely and exquisitely
 alive and happy and happy to be happy as she
 told her best friend Belinda Ruth when they
 met for lunch one windy afternoon —
 Belinda I'm happy I'm really happy
 she kept repeating with an ecstatic look in her
 eyes that mystified Belinda who as yet had
 never tasted the budding sweetness of love.
 Belinda was a younger girl with red hair
 and eyes that burned to know all the secrets
 of life but received her friend's news of
 being happy really happy with a coldness half
 comical half jealous and did not even know why
 herself acting entirely on an impulse
 to be difficult in the face of Natalie's
 unexpected good spirits on this day when the
 wind was blowing and making her red hair
 look even worse.

So who is he she asked with some sarcasm
 but Natalie's heart was too full it was
 flowing over with its own sweet fullness and
 had no room in it for the coldness in Belinda's
 voice and eyes at her own happiness,
 smiling a secret smile to herself
 she hurriedly tried to cover up the feelings
 she knew were in her own eyes and laughed
 that she wasn't going to tell and who knows
 she might not be talking about a man and
 might even be a lesbian —

2

Belinda was shocked as any decent girl would
 be but still halfway interested
 in spite of herself at what a thing to say
 and who knows indeed Natalie had a way
 about her that sometimes made you suspect but
 tried to conceal what she was thinking behind a bored
 smile as when one has heard the same joke
 before and is just being polite but

Natalie went on talking and making eyes
 as though she didn't care or had no idea of what
 Belinda's thoughts about her were,
 yes that was Natalie,
 absolutely no grasp
 of what people really were like or thought;
 and just as though
 they could go on being friends
 if even a hint of what she said was true
 because who could imagine that she was serious
 saying she might be in love with another
 girl and sitting there not worried about
 whether she thought it was true,
 but that was Natalie for you: she had no idea
 how to hide her emotions and
 would never be able to not even if it
 killed her.

3

Natalie was trying to discover who she was
 and to find out for herself what life was
 and what it would demand of her eventually
 although it was difficult the way things went
 to sit down with anyone and ask questions
 who took time to consider answers — not with
 someone she felt she could trust a schoolteacher
 or say a doctor:

Love came too suddenly
 like a shaft of bright lightning out of
 a summer sky and the bruise it
 left in Natalie's heart
 would last a long time but right at first —
 in the first blind joy of this unprepared-for
 beauty and happiness when she had still
 believed she would be able to see herself
 in the quick bursts of recurring new love
 that detonated without force, exploded in her
 with a power without violence (and yet how
 completely she had been carried away!)
 that fulfilled and in some way created her

anew over and over — she had
given herself to love with a sense of hunger
that had shocked and then bewildered
her more experienced lover Anne with its pure
purely emotional
innocence of such things.

Later the light she had lived by
burned her, bruised her deeply;
the shock of it went too deep to hurt her
with more than the unfeeling knowledge
that she was in pain — acute pain! Betrayed;
brutally used and betrayed.

Anne simply couldn't care less after
it was over and was frankly annoyed
at her unrealistic feelings in the matter
but consoled herself that she would
learn sooner or later we all have to grow up
and they would probably be friends again
when Natalie had come to take things less
seriously. It was always rather amusing,
and frightening, to watch the younger ones
learning to laugh at love:
the smart ones learned how to smother heartbreak
and not show their true feelings. It was
all part of the game. The Natas
soon learned.

4

But how to face the blind days and groping nights
with terror always in the heart, or the enigma
of her own innocent complicity in the inexplicable
strange and
aching infinite sweetness of her suffering?
She had loved Anne,
had wanted Anne; had given herself to Anne!
How could she deny that? or say that now she
hated Anne or in any way loved her less?
But love is not a snap judgment
that comes and goes
and so Natalie longed for Anne and despised her
and herself for loving her and despising her.

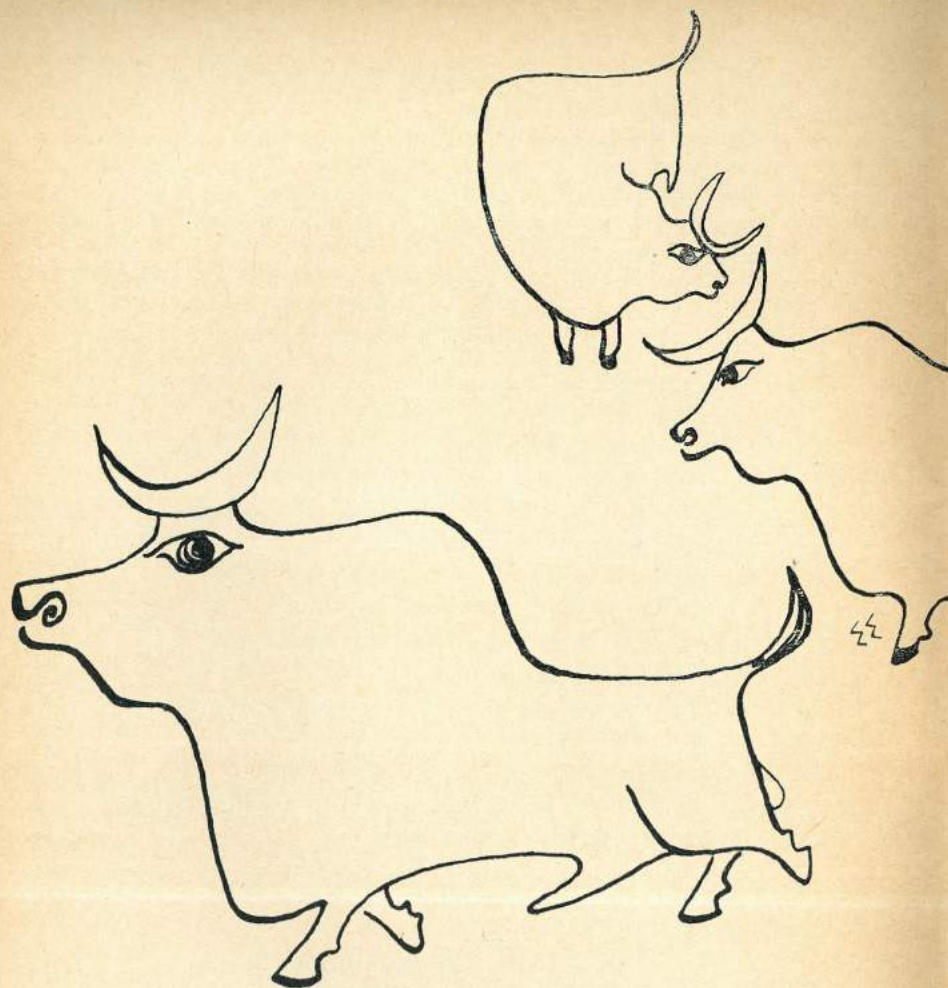
She was miserable and avoided old friends
although one day she was forced to agree to
meet Belinda Ruth downtown at the library —
because (heartbreak or no) one just cannot
give up living because life is no longer worth
living or one's friends and go live in a cave
because love is a lie —

5

Belinda Ruth was waiting for her at the library
with a prim look that suggested she knew
that something had gone wrong but what she
had no idea but with the patient tact
of an old friend she was confident she knew
how to learn — she smiled.

Natalie smiled back and broke into tears
and taking her by the hand into the
women's lavatory she cried her heart out
and told Belinda the whole story
which Belinda has never suspected: who can you
trust these days? No, she would
never have a thought a thing like that
about Anne, whom she knew vaguely in passing.
Was it so terrible? Natalie
broke down in a second fit of crying —
Belinda was angry with her;
but her heart melted

because she saw herself in Natalie's place
and her heart suddenly melted for her friend
and she understood she thought and yet
wondered if Natalie had really been in love with Anne
at all and if so could they be? — but no —
No, that was silly. She put the thought out of
her mind.



bull

fiction by k. o. Neal

Baron von Braun-Schweiger was furious, frustrated, and frantic.

It wasn't as if Oscar was just another of his prize bulls. There are bulls and bulls, and there are prize bulls and prize bulls. Then, once in a blue moon—to be exact, according to the bullbreeding literature, about once in every 100 years—there is dropped that absolutely perfect specimen, a wonder, a marvel, a bull so perfect that it makes the eyes of connoisseurs of bulls really bulge out and, if they are German, cry out “Gott in Himmel,” fall down on their knees, and weep.

Ach, if only it weren't for the publicity! But from the moment Oscar was shown at the local fair, on up to that World Bullbreeders Congress at Ipswich, Oscar had been a sensation—and the special darling of the reporters. Never before in the world press had so much material from a bull been spread.

And what a time it had been! Those envious and admiring looks from all the other famous bullbreeders of the world! The old Baron had thought, then, that now he could die happy. What a time he had had being swamped by bids for stud service, then playing off one bullbreeder against the other. And when that Maharaja of Mysore had outbid them all with that fantastic offer, the Baron von Braun-Schweiger had fainted.

Ach, better that he should have died!

That horrible growing cancer of suspicion after he brought Oscar back to his own farm to breed him first with his own private stock! The bewilderment, the anger, the cajolings, the screamings, the endless string of heifers in trying to find the just right heifer for Oscar, the banishment from Oscar's sight and smell of all other bulls, the beggings, the tears!

But there was no doubt.

Oscar was gay.

Completely.

The Baron could have forgiven bisexuality. (The Baron was not German for nothing.) One had one's fun, but one did one's duty.

But every inch of Oscar was homosexual.

Put a heifer with him, and Oscar seemed to have weak eyes, but should even just the beginning of the outline of another bull appear on the far horizon, up went the head, up pricked the ears, and up came Oscar's magnificent masculinity.

It was not only the money in Oscar's stud fees that upset the Baron. Lately he had noticed a growing reluctance on the part of other of his prize bulls to mate with heifers. Because of his superior strength, Oscar had been able to subdue and work his will on every other bull on the stud farm. And, blatantly, more and more of the shameless animals were putting up no resistance.

It was the day he happened upon two of his finest bulls mating with each other and seeing, to his amazement, that neither was Oscar, that Baron von Braun-Schweiger took action.

He went first to his veterinarian, the world-famous Dr. von Bronstein-Holstein. This doctor consulted books a while, then he came to the stud farm and gave all the bulls an injection of male hormone.

For the following week, until the injection finally wore off, all the bulls were in a continual sexual frenzy for each other. To get at each other, they tore down fences and ripped away the sides of stalls. Two of the Baron's prize bulls were killed in a fight with Oscar over a fresh bull that had wandered over from a neighboring farm, a young, dewy-eyed, high-chested, slim-hipped young thing (who had the time of his life)!

During that week, not a single heifer got serviced.

The frantic Baron next went to the public health authorities, who sent him to the world-famous biologist, Dr. Phefferkorn. This doctor infuriated the Baron by

calmly comparing homosexuality to left-handedness or red-headedness and stating it was a biological phenomenon, nature's way, perhaps, of controlling overpopulation. To the Baron, of course, who made his money by adding to the world's population of animals, this was ridiculous.

Finally the Baron heard of the American psychoanalyst who claimed he could cure homosexuality in humans, Dr. Eli Bugger. By this time desperate, the poor Baron wrote Dr. Bugger a letter stating his case. There was no answer, so the Baron wrote Dr. Bugger again. Still receiving no answer, and getting more and more frantic, the Baron began bombarding Dr. Bugger with letters and telegrams.

There finally came back a furious letter from Dr. Bugger threatening lawsuit unless the crackpot sender of the letters, who was obviously a Nazi, an anti-semiter, and a ridiculer of the sacred writings of Freud, stop his harassment of Dr. Bugger. Dr. Bugger added that the harasser, if serious, was also obviously a nut, as only a nut would want to try to psychoanalyze an animal.

Baron von Braun-Schweiger sent Dr. Bugger a check for \$10,000.00 as retainer and a return-trip airplane ticket.

Dr. Bugger appeared at the stud farm by the next plane.

Reluctantly—very reluctantly, I might add—the writer of this tale hesitates. There are some things that happen in real life that are so incredulous, so preposterous, so outlandish, so fairytale-ish, that a writer knows he won't be believed. The fantastic tale of Dr. Bugger and Oscar, the bull, is fraught with such frightful pitfalls.

How to chronicle that long, gruesome battle of the more-and-more obsessed and maniacal doctor with his rapidly-flowering manic-depressive state to establish psychoanalytical contact with the blithely and naturally happy Oscar? How?

Besides, it is sad, the only sad section of this story. The late Dr. Bugger—so young, so full of promise and promises, so enterprising, so brilliantly rich—to chronicle his end and how his futile battle with Oscar, the bull, pushed him over the deep end—it is sad.

But, I am happy to tell, things worked out very happily for our Baron von Braun-Schweiger and Oscar, our gay bull.

Luckily, that fabulously rich gay Texan, Beauregard de Bastrop, got wind of Oscar and, since his private passion was indulging in animal voyeurism, he snapped up Oscar, even bettering the offer of the Maharaja of Mysore.

And, if ever you drive through Texas, nigh on most any day of the week, perchance, if you keep a sharp eye out you might spot Oscar. If you see him, you'll know it. It's a lot of bull.

LAMENT

All I ever look for is attention and affection

All I ever get is a venereal infection.

Leo McAlberty

tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

This is the 78th time "tangents" has appeared in ONE Magazine. The first 57 columns were banged out by its originator, and many say its most excellent craftsman, brother dal. Dal did his last column in the December, 1960 issue. From that time on, I have attempted in my own way and as often as possible to cover as much of the news as I was able. But now like brother dal who in the May, 1960 issue complained of the hopelessly mounting pile of clippings and news reports and the terrific amount of work required to put this column together, I too am weary of the struggle and will take a rest, leaving the rolling of "tangents" through the typewriter to brother sal who has so ably shouldered the burden of producing the column for many issues this past year.

"Tangents" feature has always seemed worthwhile to us despite the labor involved. Reader response has been good, and we have assumed that the column serves a useful purpose. For reasons of determining its future, we invite readers to comment.

MORAL DILEMMA

Venereal disease is to be con-

sidered a moral problem as well as a health problem especially where it concerns the homosexual, and its rising incidence throughout the nation is having repercussions in medical, religious and school groups. "Privately all physicians recognize venereal disease as constituting a moral dilemma" says Dr. T. J. Albert of the Public Health Service at the county level who has addressed Dionysus (new SoCal organization) and met with directors of ONE.

"But when a patient comes in to our offices or to his private physician, he generally doesn't want a long lecture about his morals or how he should lead his life," Dr. Albert pointed out. As part of the program of getting the homosexual to turn himself in for treatment, public health officials make no attempt to lecture this class of patient on anything but the medical aspects of their cases no matter how the doctor may feel privately.

"To lecture or point a finger of shame has, in the past, driven persons who need medical care right out of our clinics," Dr. Albert continued. All physicians agree that cleaning up venereal disease is primarily a problem of medical nature, but because venereal disease

must be contracted through sexual intercourse, the basic problem of morals has been brought into the picture. Since homosexuality is considered the most shameful of sexual acts it has been made part of the target in the overall attack on the problem.

Rev. Robt. Bonhall, Episcopal pastor, has even more things to say concerning the subject which he feels portrays the attitude of a majority of church people: "The reported increase . . . is a shocking statistic, but hardly a surprise to those who have observed the decline of Christian moral standards in the past few years."

" . . . there is a false idea abroad that morals no longer matter and the time has come when the old standards of conduct can safely be thrown into the discard.

"One of the problems today is that many people feel that there is no definite standard of conduct; that all moral values are relative.

"What is needed to permanently stop the VD rate is a return to old-fashioned morality," Rev. Bonhall concluded.

Another minister has added: "The right step is to eliminate the illicit sex contacts which come through loose moral concepts—and which could spread VD again throughout the world." Let it be remembered that Dr. Albert represents the prevailing medical opinion and Rev. Bonhall that of the church generally. It is nice to know where we really stand, we think.

VOICE FROM THE GROVE

The Village Voice, pre- and post-beatnik newspaper which blows with the various winds of Greenwich Village, N.Y., has taken up the topic of homosexuality from time to time in its pages—never with any sort of understanding and always with plenty of repetitious,

stale information gathered from whatever likely source is at hand.

In a recent 2-part article devoted to the homosexual in New York, **The Voice** with its usual lack of preparation and responsibility, reported how conditions were **not** in Cherry Grove. Although the writer of the article had undoubtedly been to the Grove, it must only have been for a very short time, for if he had "been around a bit" he would have become acquainted with its real inhabitants. A subscriber of **ONE** who knows the Grove well addressed a reply to **The Voice** which never got printed and so we quote in part: "Your writer stated that 'only 15% of N.Y.'s gay boys are campy and these usually inhabit the Grove, work in show business, and don't care about the homosexual movement.'"

"Most of us at Cherry Grove are not in show business but in industry who have saved enough money to invest in real estate. Yes, we are carefree and frivolous but we are also community-minded and cultural-minded. Cherry Grove was the first community to start a Fund Drive for a Permanent Sand Dunes Committee in order to build a stronger barrier against the hurricanes and the sea. 'Drag' parties abound but an admission is always charged and all monies go to the Fund. We have many activities for the benefit of the community. Some of them are, Town Hall Meetings to discuss police entrapment, possible incorporation as a private community employing our own police force, art shows, photography shows, bazaars, auctions, variety and drag shows, movies and an annual costume ball.

"Contrary to your reporter's information, we are not an exclusively homosexual community. We number among us many married

men and women and several retired people. Many heterosexual women live here and feel relatively safe from male 'wolves.'

"Bad publicity has come from the appearance of male prostitutes who arrive for one weekend in the year and spend all their time carrying on in the brambles, and then swishing home to dish about their exploits. We are proud of the Grove and the way it has been built up since 1948 when the Cherry Grove Arts Project was established. Here we have no racial or religious barriers as do other Fire Island communities. Nor do we preach morality to anyone. Each person must live as he chooses and sees fit. We ask only that each homosexual and heterosexual behave like a citizen first and keep his personal behavior to himself. Can anything be saner than this? I hope this sets the record straight." Yes, but it doesn't sell papers.

QUICK CAST

Radio station KFWB of Los Angeles is doing a series of programs on Sunday evenings at 11:00, when most good people are supposed to be asleep, devoted to a frank examination of the homosexual situation around Hollywood. The beginning broadcast on December 9th was not favorable in its plan or outlook, and if everyone was asleep so much the better. Al Wyman, in charge of the program, conducted an interview with Dr. Frederick Hacker of the Hacker Foundation of Beverly Hills, a man identified as a theatre owner only, David B. Heyler, owner-publisher of the Citizen-News, 3 policemen from the Los Angeles force, and an avowed homosexual. None of the participants acquitted themselves well. Dr. Hacker explained as usual that the homosexual is sick

and is seldom curable. Dave Heyler, a man who knows next to nothing about the subject but who continues to talk the loudest about it for some very obvious reasons, gave forth with more of his viciously irresponsible diatribe that "The growth and flagrant congregation of these groups [homosexual] in Southern California is not only alarming but is obviously infiltrating all walks of life and business." Heyler believes that there should be more stringent laws not an easing of them, and that businesses that cater to the homosexual should be padlocked. He also believes that the homosexual is a security risk, etc., etc., and that ". . . we need teeth in our laws to enable the police to do the necessary [?] and we need judges dedicated to the protection of society instead of to this infectious type of diseased humanity." So help me! This is what the man said.

The ostensible theatre owner, apparently psychotic, was able to contribute nothing, and he could not be believed anyway under the circumstances. The police officers resorted to their usual intimations not backed up by facts. The homosexual came right out of some local bar, was not representative and was much in need of help.

As we have said, the December 9th program was not an auspicious beginning for any broadcast on the subject of homosexuality presented in this year of 1962. The series must improve. The December 16th broadcast featured well-adjusted homosexuals. We will report on this and subsequent programs later . . .

But that is Hollywood, where even a pedestrian is a suspicious person—Wm. O. Douglas, Jr., actor-son of the associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, was picked up and jailed by Holly-

wood cops on no charge except that of taking a walk. Hollywood cops frequently challenge anyone they find strolling around after dark. Young Douglas refused to identify himself. He felt he was within his rights to refuse to do so since the cops would not explain what they were looking for. He stuck by his guns and was released from custody the following a.m. ONE has always advised its readers if stopped to give only their name and nothing more unless specifically charged. But one attorney, well acquainted with questions of civil rights, has advised that one need not even give that. However, at all times one must observe complete politeness and firmness . . .

During the Cuban crisis aerial views locating MIG Jets and other Red planes on major Cuban airfields published in several newspapers around the country identified the American code names marked on the photographs: fish-beds, fagots, liaison, fruit set, etc. We wondered what to make of the strongly erotic cast of these names. One reader suggested that "This is a new type of depth motivation, like using the sexual instinct to promote a destructive joy"!! . . .

NATIONAL INFORMER Worry Editor, Lowell Woods, speculates in a recent column on how spacemen will get their sex kicks on the Moon? It will be years before scientists train females for space travel with men. "The future men who travel and conquer space will probably be homosexuals," he writes. We know that space doctors are wondering about the sex drive of space men. Editor Woods continues, "Here is where homosexuality will come into play, doctors fear . . . In spite of the healthy aptitudes for which

spacemen are chosen, homosexuality will take form as a means of relief of physical strain of not having a normal sex outlet. . . . The spaceman left to nature will run wild for there will be no fear in his mind of retaliation by officials for his unnatural act during the trip.

"Hundreds of doctors are thinking about the future homosexuals of space." Why Worry?

BLOCK THOSE DYKES

Noel I. Garde observes: "Readers of **Time** magazine's Cinema listings in the late summer were offered 'double-take' reviews of **The Girl with the Golden Eyes**. Quite as fascinating as the question of 'who did it and how did he ever get away with it?' is the drama of the mock-clean-ups in the wording. Here is how it went: Aug. 31—**Pas pour les enfants**: a story, adapted by Jean-Gabriel Albicocco from a feverish romance by Balzac, of loves on the AC-DC circuit.

Sept. 7—same, except **adapted** changed to **updated**.

Sept. 14—When a rake and a dyke fall in love with the same girl.

Sept. 21—Almost anything can happen, and practically everything does in Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's skillful but **vicieuse** version of a tale by Balzac.

October 5—Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's skillful and vicious (sic.) version of a tale by Balzac.

October 12—A young French director named Jean-Gabriel Albicocco has turned Balzac's dated daydream of Sapphic sensuality into an updated, unregenerate nightmare.

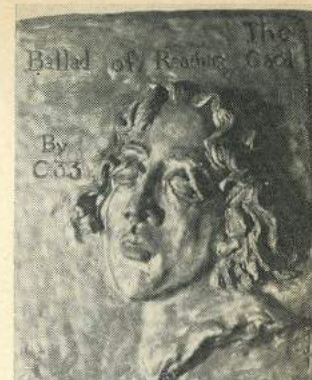
(by October 26, **The Girl With The Golden Eyes** had disappeared from **TIME**, as had probably its original capsule-reviewer.)"

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Sand Strip

"All right men, take a break," Sgt. Evans said. He had the responsibility of getting what the men called "that damn chicken coop" moved off the truck and onto its new foundation by three o'clock. It was a clumsy half barracks and he had only a few men to do the job. But the men he had were all big guys, most of them, in fact, worked out at the base gym—he'd picked them for that reason, but he didn't want to kill them either. He figured they needed a ten minute break, even if it was getting late.

Pete walked over to where Dick was squatting and took a cigarette from the pack held out to him. They'd been laboring at moving the barracks for two hours and the cigarette eased the first few minutes free of strain. It also helped ease the stubborn twinge of anger that both of them felt about the job. They were moving the "damn coop" so the colonel could have a dressing cabin next to the gulf on a secluded strip of beach far out at one corner of the vast military reservation not far from Panama, Florida.

The deserted beaches of the northern coast of Florida are recklessly beautiful: a vast paradise of shifting dunes and stark driftwood. To stand alone in the midst of this mysterious beauty gazing across the spectacular sand rising and falling and then plunging into the seas may haunt you, make you want to rise with the dunes, then roll and plunge naked and free into the sea. . . .

Pete had been gazing out across the stretch of dune and wood and water and had become lost in thought. His cigarette had gone out. Dick cupped a lighted match in one hand and as he held it, Pete guided the flame toward the cigarette. Their hands touched and the slightest pulsation suggested that they were thinking the same thing.

"Come on Sarge, let's get this thing moved," Pete yelled impatiently, as he gave one last drag at the weed.

By three the job was finished and by four peace-time soldiering was finished for the day. Back at the base Pete and Dick, weary from the heavy, sweaty work, could think of only one thing: to get cleaned up. They headed for their bunks, picked up razors and towels and started for the head. Suddenly Dick put his hand out to stop Pete. "I've thought of a great idea! Instead of cleaning up here and going into town with the other guys, why don't we borrow a jeep and head back to the gulf where we took that coop this morning?" The idea struck Pete as if it had been his own for he wheeled around to stow away the razor and pull on a pair of fatigue pants.

At four-thirty Pete and Dick were right back where they'd spent most of the day, but now it was deserted. Behind them lay a screen of hundreds of acres of pine and scrub oak. The rest of the camp had headed in the other direction to Panama. They were alone. Alone with a surrealistic fantasy of water and sand. Sun-made heat still reflected from each tiny crystal. The sand seemed to invite them to nuzzle into its warm bed. Pete looked toward Dick who apparently had received the same invitation for he was grinning while he unbuttoned his shirt. In a minute they belonged with the land and the seascape: naked as the sand, vast as the sky, muscles rippling like the waves. They arched up on their toes and fell flat on the beach. Warm sand shifted to accommodate every curve of muscle, clinging affectionately to their clean bodies. Pete flexed his buttocks and dug in deeper, plunging into the warm womb of sand.

Pete was built like a dancer but more massively. He was blond. The close cropped hair came far down the wide neck and there the body line veered straight out to form a spectacular shoulder width. The spinal column was almost like a river as layers of muscle formed a thick bank of strength on each side of the back. Small hips and buttocks achieved the grace of a dancer, while powerful back

thighs mounted the legs which cascaded into a sinewy behind-the-knee and then fanned out in almost perfect symmetry as the calf muscled hugely and divided evenly on both sides.

Dick had darker skin. His hair was black and wavy, very soft; the kind that gives you the sinking urge to touch. As a matter of fact his whole body was the kind that almost whispered to be touched. The skin was so rich and firm and smooth that to touch it would be like running your hands over a marble statue by Michelangelo.

The sand had held them in its arms for quite a time when Dick reached over and playfully slapped Pete on the cheeks of his buttocks. Pete grabbed the offending hand and pulled Dick toward him. But Dick was as handy at wrestling as he was with the weights. It wasn't long before that calm sand was etched with masculine patterns. First an arm print as Dick pinned Pete's arm out-stretched to one side. But with a heft, Pete turned Dick onto his own out-stretched arm and then was on top. But a quick knee kick from Dick sent Pete sprawling backwards. Dick didn't hesitate a second and took his advantage. In an instant he was atop Pete and pinned his arms out to both sides. Pete laughed at his quick defeat and swung his head upwards and playfully nipped Dick on the chest. With a pretended cry of outrage, Dick jumped up and ran toward the surging surf. When Pete reached the water the slight chill that met his body stopped him short. He raised up on his toes in a refreshing stretch, thighs bulged hugely as the intoxicating storm of blood surged through his muscles.

Two magnificent bodies dove gracefully into the water. Rested from the sand's warm nourishment, their bodies felt eternally alive as the cooling water rushed between their arms and legs and swirled about their naked, excited bodies.

The sun began to sink . . . with it went the ebb of the tide. Soon the water was silent.

Silently they walked from the sea. They went toward the barracks they had moved that day. It was theirs for now. The sand whispered and changed with each fading hue of light. The dunes stood silent and mysterious, beckoning ghosts against the darkening woods. Two ibis in beautiful formation flew westward into the purpling horizon heralding a darker and more wonderful adventure.

— Jean Vitesse

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BOOKS



LOVE IN ANCIENT GREECE, by Robert Flaceliere, translated from the French by James Cleugh, Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, 1962, pp. 224.

In these days when a newly accepted freedom in the discussion of sex matters permeates literature, moving pictures, and even ordinary conversation, it is indeed refreshing to encounter a book which, avoiding the extremes of prudery on the one hand and vulgarity on the other, presents the subject frankly and completely, but interestingly and in good taste. The author has apparently examined the whole range of Greek literature which he reads in the original and thus with a critical attitude toward word meanings. The chapters cover Homer's poetry as the basic source of Greek ideology, mythology as the Greek religion, homosexuality, marriage and family relations, courtesans, philosophers and their interpretations of love, romantic life, and some conclusions in a general view.

It is now a commonplace of social psychology that the basic problems of all biologic organisms are self-preservation of the individual, largely procurement of food, preservation of the species or reproduction, and finally avoidance and mastery of enemies. In

the pre-cultural stages of man's existence as described in Vardis Fisher's *Darkness and the Deep*, man did practically nothing else other than meet these needs. His equipment consisted mainly of the senses: sight, smell, hearing, touch, etc., and they were completely utilized by necessity. As culture developed, however, while the equipment declined but little, life became easier and the senses were only partially utilized. Thus it came about that man learned to enjoy the exercises of the senses for their own sake. Visual art came into existence wherein man looks at pictures which have no utility beyond the pleasure of viewing them; he listens to music solely for the pleasure of hearing it; and he has developed perfumery solely for the pleasure of smelling it. The avoidance and mastery of enemies and the procurement of food have led to the sports of hunting and fishing and even utilitarian agriculture has come to be supplemented by gardening and the cultivation of flowers for the sheer pleasure involved. That the reproductive processes can be carried on apart from utilitarian purposes has never been accepted theoretically as the other activities were, although over-population is now a recognized global social problem by the foremost scientists of the period. The overall concept of non-utilitarian activity has come to be the cultivation of beauty, the flower of cultural activity.

It is in Greece, as in no other country of the civilized world, that the cultivation of beauty has come to be a conscious and accepted aspect of life. No question or controversy arises concerning its legitimacy in the arts: sculpture, architecture, probably painting, drama, etc. But in the reproductive area which is called love, modern thinking has not been so ready to accept the Greek point of view. Thus both exaggeration and misrepresentation have been common. The present volume is a preeminently sane attempt

to present the subject in a complete and well-balanced manner with a view toward creating a more rational attitude with respect to sex on the part of both Europeans and Americans.

Some thoughts gleaned from the discussion may be of interest. Homosexuality came to be an element in Greek sexuality and in some quarters, not altogether justifiably, was called "Greek love". The god Eros came to preside over the devotion of a man to a boy. The first related instance of pederasty is that of Laius, father of Oedipus, and Chrysippus. Hesiod, although not a pederast himself, certainly was a misogynist and expressed the disparagement of women that came to be common in Greece. Still the wide use of courtesans indicates that homosexuals were neither unduly numerous nor consistent in their practices. The increasing sophistication of the Greeks led them to invent a vocabulary in the area of sex or love which the English of today cannot equal thus making real understanding on our part difficult. For example, it has been easy to call Socrates a pederast when he was in fact a stern moralist who condemned physical passion. Plato was more lenient but even so preached only the love of the mind, "Platonic love," as we call it today. Aristotle likewise censures physical love apart from its conjugal exercise. The love of a man for a boy was always expected to have an ideal and educational implication and in fact most Greek cities had laws against pederasty, although they seem to have been little heeded.

In conclusion, the homosexual aspect of love seems to be that characteristic of the sexual life which differentiates most our own view of sexual life and that of Greece. But even so the latter has been exaggerated and misunderstood. Heterosexuality will always dominate mankind, as it did in reality in ancient Greece. Homosexuality is a variation largely grow-

ing out of abnormal social conditions where males are segregated apart from females, as in the army, for example. There is no reason to find an inherent connection between it and the achievements of Greek genius, in spite of its prevalence among the upper classes where it had attained a degree of conventional respectability. An indifference to the sentiment of conjugal love has marked many societies, ancient China for example. Homosexuals do not claim that their way of life has a general superiority to the heterosexual, nor do they wish to recruit adherents to it. They claim simply that the broad democratic movement of the times should mean for them, that is, for those who are committed to a homosexual way of life, whether by nature or the inscrutable circumstances of environment, as for other minorities, freedom from persecution and unjust discrimination as well as a wholesome and unexaggerated attitude toward the whole sex life.

T. M. M.

**ACT OF ANGER by Bart Spicer,
New York, Atheneum, 1962,
\$5.95, 405 pp.**

"To normal and mature people, a homosexual is no part of life. If they think about such a person at all, it is with contempt or pity or anger, often a combination of all those responses. To us, these people are revolting because they pervert the most meaningful relationship in human experience. We are disheartened. Our common reaction is to ignore such people. None of us likes to talk about them."

Benson Kellogg, a Texas lawyer, is addressing a jury. He is summing up his defense of a Mexican youth accused of killing a wealthy man who gave him a lift in his car. Now, it is common knowledge that a defense attorney will use any argument to win his case. Roderick Duquesne, the man Arturo Campeón killed, was a homo-

sexual and a bad man. Kellogg is arguing that, when "attacked" by such a man, a youth has the same right as does a girl to defend his "honor"—and *honor* means much to a Mexican youth—despite the fact that the lawbooks make no such provision, certainly not when the youth is over 21.

Even a homosexual reader might be willing to shrug off Benson Kellogg's above-quoted remarks, if he could believe that the lawyer was merely making the best defense he could out of the material at hand. However, Bart Spicer puts this kind of thinking into his hero's mind and mouth again and again throughout the book. At one point he thinks to himself of homosexuals as "mildly nauseating." His word another time is "sickening." The whole fabric of the novel is shot through with this attitude.

Good, bad, and indifferent, not one character in *Act of Anger* has an enlightened, informed or even tolerant view of homosexuality. Political opponents, attorneys at daggers-drawn, loathsome private eyes, jealous women, persons as opposed to each other as can be in life, all join in this novel in one thing, the hatred of homosexuals.

As for the three homosexuals in the book, all are unpleasant. Duquesne, the murdered man, was a bully, a shady operator of shadier businesses, a spoiled rich-man's son. Harold Elsinore — "Duquesne's male mistress" — is weak, dependent, hysterical. Incidentally he is the only character in the novel to attempt to put up a defense of homosexuality, and Spicer makes it puny and ridiculous in his mouth. The third homosexual, discussed but never shown the reader, is a male prostitute named Billy Bayonne. Spicer casts slurs at these names. It is worth noting that he himself writes mystery novels under the name Jay Barbette.

One is puzzled as to why Spicer

elected to construct a murder-trial story centering around a homosexual crime. He either loathes homosexuals, or it is his hairy-chested Hemingwayesque pose to pretend to loathe them. I opt for the latter. And I will tell you why. Spicer has been a newspaperman, a soldier, a free-lance journalist for a number of years. He is in his forties. He has travelled and lived and written virtually all over the world. It is difficult to believe that in all that time and travel he can have maintained the provincial, unsophisticated, downright ignorant prejudices he spews in this novel.

No, he has evidently catered to what he assumed were the prejudices of the mass reading public. He must have believed that by attacking a minority that is not as yet in a class with the other minorities in our country he would be on unassailable ground. But sensational as it tries to be, the novel is too improbable throughout to achieve wide success. The men for the most part — our hero certainly — behave like John Wayne in his lesser Westerns. All fists and righteous indignation, Ben Kellogg is an unlikely lawyer-hero. I doubt if even Gregory Peck could make him plausible although arrangements are being made for a movie adaptation. Surely Spicer knows that middle-aged professional men do not go about constantly threatening to beat each other up. Or has he spent all his time, in all those countries where he's lived, inside cheap movie theatres?

But lest we get too far away from the subject of this review, here is a sample of Spicer's handling of a character and a theme. The theme is evident. The character is supposed to be a Los Angeles Police Captain named Valentine. I had hopes for this figure in the book at first. He nearly laughs in hero Kellogg's face when the latter used the term "homosexual rape." But soon the Captain has become just an-

other puppet in Spicer's hairy-chested fantasy, braying such unlikely clap-trap as:

"Know anything about sex perverts?"

"Not much. I'm learning."

"I hope you got a strong stomach. I've been dealing with them all my life and they still make me sick. I've seen what they can do and I tell you there isn't a single one of them who ought to be let walk the streets. They are either criminals or they are sick people. Whatever they are, they ought to be locked up."

And finally:

"I just don't like the idea of some kid being executed for knocking off one of those scummy perverts. I'd hate to see anyone hang for that. I'd like to kill a couple myself."

Now, in all fairness, a writer of fiction cannot be held responsible for the attitudes expressed by his characters. But Captain Valentine is drawn by Spicer as a sympathetic character. He stands up to the wicked rich man in the book, who is trying to buy off Police, District Attorney, even our unimpeachable hero. Spicer means the reader to like Captain Valentine and, presumably he is using him as a mouthpiece. One wonders to what cave and to what hairy female Captain Valentine returns at night. It is a little difficult to believe in Captain Valentine as a contemporary figure.

Granting that this is a court-room novel, an entertainment rather than a serious work, still doesn't the reader have the right to expect that the writer will have bothered to inform himself on matters of fact? This is, Mr. Spicer, called research. Every good novelist does it. In *Act of Anger* our hero-attorney reads "a" book on homosexuality. One wonders, from the text, if Spicer himself read even one.

At a guess, I doubt if any novelist today, even Bart Spicer, could have,

without shame and contrition, spewed such hatred and loathing as this book contains, at Negroes, Jews, or any other recognized minority. Yet it is a book that does not hesitate to display — as I have been able to show here only fragmentarily — the most vicious, ignorant and inflammatory prejudice, prejudice which one is almost forced to believe springs from a dangerous kind of neurosis, a type verging, teetering, on paranoia.

One rather bleakly wonders if homosexuals are now going to have to meet increased attacks from a quarter where, once upon a time, they could count on fair treatment, a quarter once controlled by mature, thoughtful, truthful and gentle people, the writers of novels. This book deserves strong protest from the minority it so savagely attacks.

—J. C.

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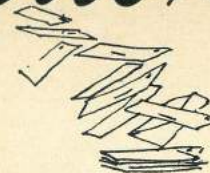
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Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

THE PLAGUE OF LUST

Dear Mr. Slater:

Dr. Julius Rosenbaum's compendious German work on the history of venereal diseases, "The Plague of Lust", available in a rather clumsy English translation to the general reader, makes clear that VD was a problem to the ancient and mediaeval as it has been to the modern worlds.

Given its supposed epidemic and infectious characteristics as reported both by classic writers and the Public Health officials you quote in your Editorial (October, 1962) how do medical men explain the rather immoderate proliferation of human beings which is so vulgarly apparent these days, whether in Communist China, phallic-worshipping India or the sanitary West?

One would imagine, from all these "scientific" caterwaulings, that the human race should long ere this have quite disappeared from the face of the earth, victim of its own suicidal sex behavior — if our MDs are to be believed.

Or am I missing something in all this discussion?

Mr. G.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

To the Editors:

I have read with great interest the articles and letters in your recent issues re VD. I ask: is the rate growing, or is the knowledge and the rate of treatment growing? VD is nothing new. It is as old as sex. The English used to call all forms of VD the Pox. Syphilis was known as "the French disease."

Daily the prisons and reform schools in this country are releasing men and boys into society whose only sexual recourse was with fellow prisoners while incarcerated. These men and boys are not averse to turning a quick dollar, even though their tastes may be heterosexual; per anus, per manus, per ora — give or take.

But the most prone to infection and the spreading thereof is sodomy. Public parks, squares, movies, urinals are swarming with recent graduates from incarceration. They, for the most part, will do anything to make a fast buck: violence, blackmail, even murder. If they spread VD, what the hell? They consider themselves victims of society.

I have no advice to give, nor moral to expound, except to keep clean and be careful.

Mr. R.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear One:

Secrecy and shame are the roots of this problem and its dread consequences. It is not a shame to be infected; it is a misfortune. Health Education should be a subject in high schools. The best way to wipe out VD is to bring the subject out into the open air, as you have successfully been doing with homosexuality.

Every young man should be taught how to take care of himself "before" and "after." A few hygienic habits and prophylactic measures are enough in most instances.

At community Health Centers an infected man should be properly treated, no matter how he got infected. Nature of the contact should not make a difference.

The difficult and hard task of educating the public on homosexual matters is enough for ONE. Increase of VD and its connection with homosexuality is, I think, beyond the scope of your organization.

Mr. I.
New York, N. Y.

Dear sir:

I believe that Dr. K. of Wisconsin (Letters, October, 1962) would make the Friends of ONE ever grateful if he would volunteer to write a series of medical articles on homosexual VD. We hear so much about this subject today yet specific details are missing.

Some of the very pressing points he could discuss in detail are: symptoms of VD of the mouth; of the penis; of the anus; types of VD; causes, prevention, cure, etc. Education of this type should be made known to all. As a result, we would all be living in a better and cleaner world.

Mr. G.
Eau Gallie, Florida

MORALITY AND THE PUBLIC OFFICIAL
Dear ONE:

I urge the organization of a League of Lawful Men. I have outlined the steps that a League can take by which it can advance the interests of those of its members who are in the public service. A circular letter to a few policemen would bring gratifying results. Something like this might be the substance of the letter:

"Dear sir, we do not think you are an infamous person, and as we would like to have the truth of this established we invite your comments. From such information as we can obtain about you, you seem aware of your constitutional commitments. In view of the widespread contempt held for the law by many persons for Article 6, Section 3 of the Constitution, we feel it necessary to spell out some of the Constitution's provisions and ask those whom we believe to be of the best character if they share our desire that the Constitution be supported.

"We wish to ascertain their attitudes and contemplated actions in support of the Constitution. It would be a mistake for anybody to suppose we do not take the Constitution seriously. If public officials usurp power — break the law — they do it feeling safe in their reliance upon the help of other persons on the public payroll. You are among those thus relied upon. Your association is undeniable. Wrongdoers in public office expect you to protect them from the law's penalties and to preserve a false public image of innocence and righteousness.

"In some instances the difference between certain public officials and a gang of conspirators is dwindling outrageously. It is getting harder and harder for you to stand neutral between those gangs of criminals and the Constitution-supporting faction.

"You can be guilty by association. It is an incontrovertible fact that some public officials do break the law, do violate their oath or affirmation. You have a moral, even a legal concern here. You can not rid yourself of this guilt merely by saying you are not associated.

"What, in your opinion, is the right and reasonable thing for you to do in this position? It might seem gratuitous for us to suggest that you resolve to carry out your constitutional promise were it not for the fact that quite a few public officers have begun immediately to argue, when taxed with the question, that the oath or affirmation is not really binding, that Section 3 of Article 6 is unreasonable and that the whole proposition is absurd.

"If you intend to support the Constitution, and support is the word you used, how do you propose to support the Constitution? When a man is eating public money a high concept of duty is to be expected. We surmise that if a person on the public payroll is devoted to his duty he will welcome friendly inquiries upon the point; that he will probably give expression to an intention to keep his own behavior lawful and to discountenance any misbehavior in his associates. We would not be surprised to see him start a course of study to acquaint himself with his relationships with other citizens."

As you know, I have long believed that the cost of combatting evil should be borne by the doers of evil, wherefore I have urged the organization of the League of Lawful Men.

Mr. B.
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

In the case of John Vassall the British government finds considerable significance in the fact that one or more of the accused persons may be homosexual. The British government makes enemies of its citizens by meddling in their sex lives. Then, if a hostile act ensues, pleads that it was justified in making that enemy in the first place! How silly can you get?

I suppose it would be boring to repeat, as we must, that sex is a deeply personal and individual need and is not the business of a government to regulate in any sense.

Mr. H.
Brooklyn, New York

THE THOUGHTFUL READER

Gentlemen:

Several months ago I took advantage of your clearance sale offer to get all back copies of the Magazine still available and spent many hours perusing the hundreds of pages of articles, fiction and poetry. I was delighted by the many entertaining, and yes, thought-provoking aspects explored. Surely I did not always agree with the conclusions of your writers, but there is no question that I was not enlightened by them. May I congratulate you again for your meritorious service on behalf of those millions whose very existence you are making more meaningful and rewarding.

Mr. M.
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Sir:

I have been reading occasional copies of the Magazine for close to three years. Only recently have I begun to realize the strength its existence avails to my personal struggle with guilt and fears.

From the age of thirteen I vaguely realized my emotional and sexual makeup. I fought myself from a world of which I knew nothing but my own desires. As I grew older these desires naturally became harder to overcome. I "came out" after an emotion-packed break with a set of typically straight-laced, intolerant and domineering parents upon their discovery of my inclinations.

At the outset of this life I seemed to live fast and blind to spite myself and my parents. Fortunately, I have matured somewhat and now am realizing for the first time the full and lasting impact of this life. All of this has been said merely as a means

for showing you that your taking a stand — a form of identification — has helped my own personal impact of realization. You have proven to be one of the few rocks upon which to rely. I only hope that your statements of principles are as sincere as I take them to be.

Mr. P.
Dallas, Texas

Dear sir:

I have been collecting issues of ONE Magazine which included the wonderful short stories. To recall a few that I have enjoyed and thanked ONE, Inc. over and over again for their publication are: "Substitute," and "The Relative Interlude" (December, 1954); "The Summer I Was Twelve," (July, 1955); "Keola," by Harry Otis (October-November, 1956); "The Force" (July, 1959); "Bertha" (February, 1961); the beautiful poem about Joan of Arc, "A Question of Values" (October, 1961); "The Scavengers," (March, 1961).

The above list includes only a few but are the ones which meant much to me. I have left for the last the one short story found between the covers of ONE Magazine that to me is the best I have ever read, bar none. A very wonderful, moving story that could have been about hundreds of us who went into, stayed in, and tried our best to be a part of the U.S. Army — "A Beginning" (November, 1961).

This copy I have had clothbound and it stands on a shelf in my bookcase, a very, very thin volume compared to the rest but nonetheless it stands alone with its head high, and every time I see it it reminds me that I must do the same.

Mr. D.
Sunnyvale, California

MILITARY SERVICE AND AFTER

Dear Editors:

Those among the thousands who hold an undesirable discharge from the Armed Forces because of some homosexual involvement should not give up in disgust at the unenlightened military. There are about a dozen national organizations who might help appeal a less-than-honorable discharge.

An official of one of these organizations made this comment to me in private conversation: "Hundreds of 'homosexual discharges' as we call them are issued by the Armed Forces every year. These discharges deprive veterans of government benefits in education, housing, hospitalization, pensions and insurance.

"These benefits, worth thousands of dollars during a lifetime, are abandoned if a veteran doesn't ask to have his discharge reviewed. In addition, there are family, employment and other social complications

that can arise at any time. The process for having a discharge reviewed is simple and completely private. Free legal aid is offered by many organizations throughout the country."

While Defense Department sources deny this some claim that the best way to get favorable action is to start with a Congressman or Senator. Or the following organizations have all done such work: American Red Cross; American Legion; Veterans of World War II; Catholic War Veterans; Disabled American Veterans; Jewish Welfare Board; NAACP; VFW.

Mr. R.
Miami, Florida

CRITIC'S CORNER

Dear Editor:

A young literary friend used to ignore the Magazine. Now he waits for each new issue to appear. So you see your critics will read you, if only to seize an opportunity to tear you apart.

I have some reason to suspect that the Dallas police, or some of them, are particularly zealous in using their authority to give tickets for violations of traffic laws or to hold persons for investigation if they think they are homosexual. It might be called petty harassment. The evidence is insufficient for a generalization. The two main-stay bars in Dallas have lasted through the past seven years, and last week I found the same situation in San Antonio and the same sort of a crowd as four years ago.

Mr. W.
Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

For your information, I showed your "bridgebuilder letter" (November, 1962) to some normal-type friends today. Their response was immediate—"God! This is sick! How do they hope to gain any public sympathy when they put out slanted stuff like this?" To which I add my own amen. The illustrated page especially showed a gross lack or lapse of taste—worse than those sick-sick-sick cartoons.

Please don't send any more of these things to me. You know my feelings about "poor persecuted perverts." The last thing I am going to do is donate money for their aid and comfort—that is so long as they keep screaming that God, or Society, or nasty Moms and Dads did it to them and refuse to accept the responsibility for something which is of their own making.

Until such time, please remove my name from your mailing list. There must be something better to waste your 4c upon.

Mr. F.
Sacramento, California