

Dishonor. Your research will have revealed the age old names associated with homosexuality—the Socrates, the Michaelangelos, the Oscar Wildes. They have also, probably revealed the modern government officials, the professionals, the entertainment greats. Dishonor? Yes, with the “fairy” flaunting his femininity on the street corner. But give equal time to the not so dishonorable. In Los Angeles there are homosexual organizations — powerful ones. Powerful because their membership is made up of doctors and lawyers and stock brokers and insurance men and politicians and movie moguls and printers and ad men and businessmen up to and including presidents and owners of firms.

They are not trying to overtake the government. They are not trying to convert great masses of people to their way of thinking. What are they doing? Exchanging views. Entertaining themselves with a staggering array of talent. Two of them donate heavily to charity. One of them claims to have a voice in Sacramento. It is even possible that the mayor of Los Angeles, Samuel Yorty, was elected by the enormous homosexual support he enjoyed. There is no proof, of course, but homosexuals were solidly behind him—an unsolicited endorsement, I am certain—when neither party particularly was.

So your “dishonor” is only partly true—partly because you have not recognized the honorable and potentially honorable sector.

Disease. Unfortunately VD is rampant in the homosexual society. But I have already commented on that.

Death. This reference puts me completely at a loss. I can't find any reference to it in your articles.

It's rather like putting an outrageously lurid cover on the paperback edition of “The Scarlet Letter,” if you know the motivation to which I refer.

I guess I'd better call it quits before I really get on a soap box.

What I've tried to say here is that I agree that the overt, disgusting display of homosexuality should be limited and discouraged. But I feel you have been unfair to your readers in your neglecting to recognize that homosexuality will never be dead — and while it is alive, and particularly alive in Los Angeles, responsible officials, and people like yourself, who have the ear of the public, must at least try to understand, tolerate, and regulate as nearly as possible to everyone's satisfaction its existence.

The most sane comments in your series have been those of the judges who deal with these cases. But you have not echoed their almost unanimous concern with understanding more clearly the whys and wherefores of homosexuality.

And—I have not even mentioned civil rights. I hope you have not created a situation by your biased and vitriolic attack that might prompt this society to exercise their right to lobby—as a group they can, you know.

I, Mr. Public, don't want to sweep the question of what to do under a rug. But you—you have a **responsibility** not to, and a great deal of your responsibility lies in dealing rationally and unemotionally, and objectively with the subject.

And this, I am so, so sorry to see, you have not done.

Mr. M.
Los Angeles, Calif.

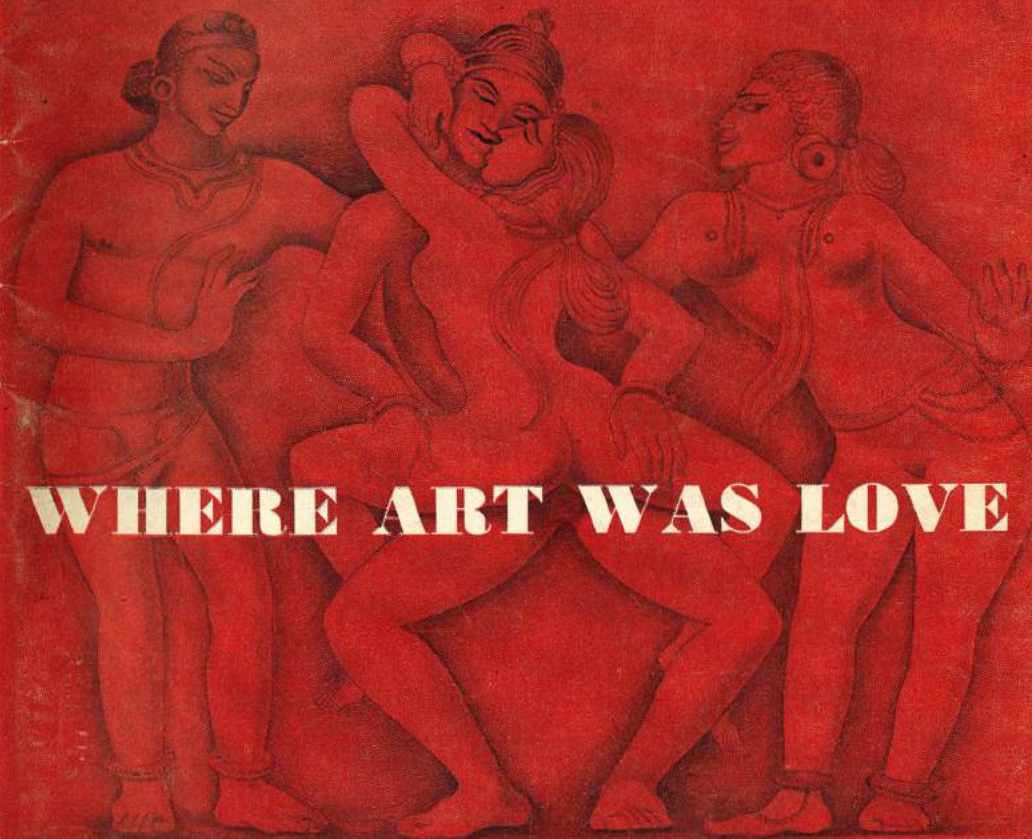
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MARCH 1963

FIFTY CENTS

WHERE ART WAS LOVE



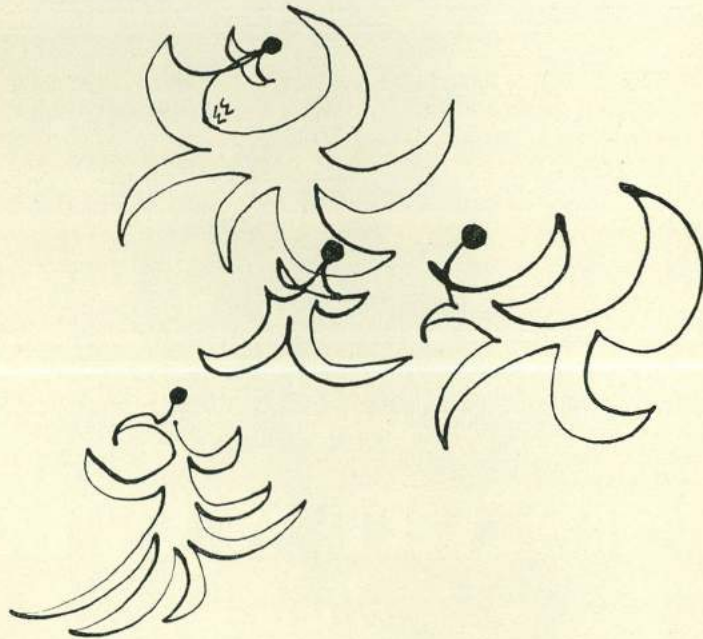
by Donald Webster Cory

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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

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March 1963

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COVER: Luis Medina (detail from sculptures on north facade
of Mahamandapa, Kandarya Mahadeo Temple, Khajuraho)

EDITORIAL

Every now and then some American or British newspaper launches a flamboyant, intensively anti-homosexual campaign, offering various reasons for so doing. Most such flurries quickly recede into their native unimportance as the cheap newsprint on which they appeared goes to the trash cans or begins to crumble and yellow in the sunlight.

Occasionally one of these campaigns manages to draw a bit of blood, at any rate to applaud and lend support to the drawing of blood. Examples of this practice are the various Florida newspapers which have for some time now been supporting and encouraging the vicious attacks against homosexuals which have come from the sickly minds of the infamous Johns Committee formed by the Florida legislature.

One of the brasher Chicago news columnists has been fanning his own little poison flame against homosexuals. The incredibly debased level of a number of the London newspapers in their handling of the John Vassall "spy case" would have to be seen to be believed. For sheer insinuating prurience they stand in a class by themselves.

Now, from Hollywood, comes one more case of a little man puffing and puffing himself up, like the frog in the fable who tried so hard to swell up as large as his betters that he finally blew up — all air that he was. Dave Heyler, editor and publisher of the Hollywood *Citizen-News* in that gaudy precinct of Los Angeles, casts himself in the pious role of rendering "a significant public service to the community" in a series of articles and editorials.

With lurid headlines, unproven charges and downright falsehoods he and his staff pollute the public mind with statements, attributed to unnamed officials in "Both City and County Health Departments," such as SDs (sex deviates) "are responsible for 85 per cent of the 1000 per cent increase in venereal disease in Hollywood in the last few years." Public health officials have assured ONE that they have given Heyler, or his staff, no such figures. Clearly, someone is lying.

The *Citizen-News*, in a smelly outpouring of the drearily familiar, shrills that: SDs are "responsible for 60 per cent of the crime in this city;" they pose, according to Inspector James Fisk of the Los Angeles Police vice enforcement section, "a greater threat to the community than narcotic addicts;" from SDs come "dishonor, disease, death;" homosexuals "recruit;" lenient judges coddle them. ONE Magazine can hardly lend its pages to the printing of more examples of this kind of irresponsible journalism.

The point to be made here is neither the falsity of such charges nor the paranoid motivations behind them, but rather that in 1963 Dave Heyler should have been able, from the vantage point of a newspaper with but a few thousand circulation and no journalistic standing whatever, actually to elicit support from judges, police officials, City councilmen, legislators and even Stanley Mosk, Attorney General of this nation's most populous state, is well-nigh incredible. Are public morality and concepts of social responsibility gone from our midst, ONE asks?

Unhappily, this all could happen anywhere; that Hollywood is the site of the most recent outbreak is purely incidental. Our eyes must be opened to the fact that the battle for the rights of American citizens, heterosexual or homosexual, which ONE has for years been waging is yet far from having been won.

The next infection of "mad-dog journalism," preying upon ignorance, fear and public confusion could well strike in your own city. None of us can afford to shake our heads complacently over the atrocities of Nazi Germany when men of the Heyler stripe in our midst are recommending that "the SD who flagrantly violates the laws of God, man and nature should be separated from society until it is determined by proper authorities he can live in society as an asset rather than a liability." History shows us how short a step it is from locking people up to the gas chamber.

Those of us who have respect for the American way of life are vividly aware that such talk of "proper authorities;" of the setting of class against class; and the hysterical generating of hate campaigns are all but tools and disguises for some very ugly motives which have no place in a moral, democratic society.

A most respected medical authority, Otto Fenichel, M.D., has written in his definitive textbook, *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis*, "Many persons combat homosexuality in society instead of feeling guilt about their own unconscious homosexuality; or they are intolerant of some kind of behavior in others, while unaware that they, too, manifest it."

—Richard Conger
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Where Art was Love...

Where Love was Sex...

and Sex was Art

by
Donald Webster Cory

one

When primitive man first picked up an inanimate object and found that, by applying pressure against a surface, he could make a picture that would remain on that surface for him to behold, he had discovered art. On cave walls he depicted animals and gods, trees and fire, and then, with instruments to aid him, he reshaped the wood and even the stone around him. Mankind found that art was a medium — perhaps the only one, if within the scope of that term we include the linguistic arts — by which the human being expressed his view of the world. In short, art was a metaphor to state how the *homo sapiens* saw the "out there." To use the current jargon of sociology, it was a metaphor to communicate how man structures reality.

Man looked at the world without (which was frequently his world within) and there he saw and depicted gods, and trees, and — uninhibited by moral strictures other than the terrible taboos under which he suffered — he depicted sex. Sex in its glory, its magical power, its fascination, its mystery, its humor: sex combined with love or separated from it, sex as man thought it was, or feared it was not, or thought that it ought to be.

During the centuries and millennia as civilization was developed, erotic art flourished in many societies, until it was driven underground by those who mistakenly felt that whatever was hidden behind fig leaves became invisible and hence nonexistent. The publication today of three magnificent collections of classic erotic art* vividly expresses the vigor and naturalism with which classic civilizations structured their view of sexual reality, and, by contrast, the weakness, the veritable lifelessness, of the Puritan ethic which so completely enshrouded the Western world. And yet, if the erotic art of India, Greece and Rome indicates the freedom and

liberty of expression on this theme that has so long been lacking in the Anglo-Saxon world, the publication of this art is indubitably a manifestation of the return to that very same liberty and freedom.

Kama Kala, subtitled *Some Notes on the Philosophical Basis of Hindu Erotic Sculpture*, was written and collected by Mulk Raj Anand, a distinguished Indian art historian, critic and editor. Hindu erotic art was expressed primarily in sculpture, because this art was religious in character; that is to say, it was sponsored by and became a part of the Indian religious temper, because it was part of the religious temple. From its very beginnings, Anand points out, this art was fascinated by the polarity of male and female, and by the metaphysical concept of bringing together these two poles. Thus, it was an art concerned with love-making as a passion in which sexuality was glorified, and always as a part of a male-female love relationship. Like the scenes in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, the erotic art of classic Indian civilization was sensual, physical, lusty, and for centuries would have perfectly fitted such epithets as were favored by the morals-overseers, as being disgusting and even prurient.

"The whole of Indian folk art is replete with sexual motifs," writes Anand, and although the sexuality is never inhibited, although nothing is banished from the scene, although it is a sexuality that glorifies the body and depicts positional variations that have crept into modern marriage manuals under the heading of "non-coital techniques," it is a sexuality almost invariably tied up with an amorous situation.

Desire was the call of the world. It was glorified in the poetry, it was expressed in the art, it was the philosophy of Kama: "Wish, desire, carnal gratification, lust, love and affection." The bodies of men and women

were there for each to revel in with the other; this is an essential for procreation, for fecundity, but the visage of gratification that is so apparent in the art is found when the acts performed are completely nonprocreative.

Sensuality, happiness, search for worldly gratification in a world of mysticism and unreality: this is the way the Hindu artists saw the world around them! The lips that met lips in the sculpture of the Temple of Khajuraho were expressive of a blissful and perfect joy, but not more so, nor less, than the companion art in the same temple which depicted a penis finding its way into a hand, or a mouth.

When we turn from *Kama Kala* to *Roma Amor* (the title is a palindrome, by the way), we travel from classic India to classic Rome. *Roma Amor* was written by Jean Marcadé, a professor of archeology at the University of Bordeaux, and the book brings together the erotic elements in Etruscan and Roman art.

Professor Marcadé presents a challenging essay on sex and magic in classic Rome. The evil eye was feared and it had to be frightened away by a powerful defense: by obscenity, by representations of the sex organs. So that people wore amulets which contained art now labeled obscene: how better could one ward off the demons and witches than by wearing these symbols that would incite fear and hopelessness? What more natural protection of life and limb than the phallus — particularly when enlarged, exaggerated, or in action?

Thus, if the Indians depicted the erotic as synonymous with the amorous, the Romans showed only slight interest in affection between lovers. They were engaged in struggle, in conquest, in submission. The aggrandized phallus is not stroked gently in enjoyment, but is held like a dagger, symbolic of power, inciting to fright.

I know of no photography of sculpture — nor sculpture itself — that has ever moved me as much as the two facing plates (110 and 111) entitled "Struggle," being parts of a group in marble from the Museo dei Conservatori in Rome. Here there is the agonized sensuality of the male animal who bears down with strength, the source of which he does not know, in order to bring his prey closer to him; and the partner, passionately struggling against the rape that she so ardently desires, tears away her body, but her struggle is in vain.

"There is no doubt," writes Marcadé, "that the paintings in the Villa of the Mysteries occupy a special place in the history of erotic art, even if one ignores the young beauty raising her round, braceleted arms to dress her hair, and the Dionysus-Ariadne group. Aesthetically, the latter group is far from being the best, yet there is no doubt that the god — leaning back on the knees of his companion, his body given over voluptuously to caresses, his eyes half-closed — is by far the most suggestive figure on the frieze. If he is to be taken as symbolizing the pleasures to which the initiates aspire, then these are pretty lascivious and down to earth. . . . In fact, the handsome youth depicted here could not be taken for a mortal; his pleasures belong to another world, and the carnal joys of this world are but a pale shadow of them."

Finally, one turns to *Eros Kalos*, subtitled *Essay on Erotic Elements in Greek Art*, likewise by Professor Marcadé. Here one finds sensuality for its own sake; the body beautiful because it is the body, not despite its being the body. Here is the enjoyment of pleasures, uninhibited love in every form in which it can find expression: man alone, man or woman with a lower animal (particularly a bird), man with woman (in numerous acts and in a variety of positions), and

man with man (or rather with boy), and even an occasional suggestion of woman with woman.

The love of men for boys permeates this art, as it did the entire Hellenic and Hellenistic cultures, but never as an exclusive pursuit, seldom in competition with the love of men and women for each other. One was not on a higher level, with the other on a lower one; here were two independent pursuits, and Greek art (like all of Greek culture) cannot be imagined without either one of them.

And thus can be found the essential differences between the views of the world of sex in these three cultures, as expressed through the metaphor of art. In India, man and woman were brought together as the resolution of a mystic polarity; in Rome, sex was power (hence the penis of hyperbolic proportions), and power was used to subdue and to frighten; and in Greece, sex was the glorification of the body, with its subtle nuances and idealistic perfection — a perfection that must be just beyond the reach of mankind. For there was always the fatal flaw: the *hubris*.

Particularly on the paintings of the vases does one find the depiction of homosexuality. "The two conceptions of male love are shown: the love of men for women, and the love of men for boys," writes Marcadé, and numerous illustrations attest to the accuracy of this statement. "On one side, we see youths paying court to hetærae, buying their favors with necklaces or other gifts, holding them close, and caressing and kissing them; on the other, men — usually bearded — presenting youths with hares or cockerels, holding them close, and caressing and kissing them. As well as vases unabashedly depicting heterosexual love, there are vases showing men in bed with boys," and a little later the author quotes this passage from Aristophanes:

I'd like to know a town where the father of a handsome lad would come up to me and reproach me as follows: "You're a fine one, you meet my son coming out of the gymnasium, all bathed; you don't kiss him, you don't say a word to him, you don't embrace or tickle him, and you call yourself a friend of the family."

Thus, well over two thousand years ago, Aristophanes was searching for such a town, and I can only add, as of today, so am I.

"Love seeks beauty as its object," thought the Greeks, and so expressed it in their art, and how different from the Hindus, where one might paraphrase such an aphorism and state: "Beauty seeks love as its object."

In the search for male beauty, two themes reappear with great frequency throughout this art: first, the glorification of the athlete, the manly ideal of masculinity, Plato's army of lovers; and at the same time, youth that was delicate, sensitively effeminate, with only the slightest down on the face in place of the shaven or even the unshaven beard. They are two themes that fuse into one, that seem to conflict yet do not, and that were destined to reappear in the homosexual subculture of the mid-years of the twentieth century in the United States.

*The three books discussed above are:

Mulk Raj Anand: *Kama Kala: Some Notes on the Philosophical Basis of Hindu Erotic Sculpture*; 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.; 69 plates, including 3 in color; Nagel Publishers, Geneva, distributed in U.S.A. by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, \$28.00.

Jean Marcadé: *Roma Amor: Essay on Erotic Elements in Etruscan and Roman Art*; 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.; 118 plates, including 46 in color; Nagel Publishers, Geneva, distributed in U.S.A. by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, \$28.00.

Jean Marcadé: *Essay on Erotic Elements in Greek Art*; 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.; 173 plates, including 98 in color; Nagel Publishers, Geneva, distributed in U.S.A. by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, \$35.00.



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Breakfast in Bedlam

by Lance Knight

He could hear her even before he was awake! Her constant, ever-present prattle, about nothing in general and everyone in particular, drifted under the crack in the door and into the room. It was the same routine every morning. They didn't need an alarm clock, she would make more noise than any six people in the neighborhood with her daily chore of "getting the family together for breakfast."

"Yes, Erma . . ." he could hear her on the phone already, "I believe a family should have breakfast together each and every morning. Sometimes I can't get Ralph to eat before he leaves for school, but you know these college people—all new answers and ideas, with no practical value. They just get some silly little notion and its law. No, really, I mean it."

That was his cue to open his eyes and stretch the slow moving sleep from his tawny limbs. His eyes fell first on the pile of crumpled clothes lying helplessly in the corner, like the skin of some animal that has been cast aside for something new. He grinned to himself, remembering how good last night had been, and ran exploring hands down his warm legs.

He heard the movement in the bathroom and almost immediately the water ceased to clamor through the pipes. He heard the measured, even tread of his father as he descended the carpeted stairs.

"Everything neat and orderly, Helen, you know me . . . I want my family together, not like some I could mention. I heard 'he' was in trouble again. Oh yes, I wouldn't tell a soul (not much, he thought, just . . .) Good morning, Dear . . . (He could picture the bird-like peck on the cheek) . . . but I have it on good authority that he was out necking with some little tramp until all hours of the morning . . . and can you imagine, right in front of his own house, too! My Ralph needs to take that boy under his wing and teach him a few things. I think Ralph could really help him. Ralph, you know, only goes with the better crowd. Very choosy, but that is the way he was brought up."

"You'd never catch my Ralph out doing . . . Yes . . . Oh, you're so right. Lord only knows what went on in that car, and right in front of his own home!"

"Oh, yes, brazen as they come! (He could hear the horror building in her voice as she drew the mental image of what must have gone on.) Of course, I agree with you, and the parents of that little tramp must not be much better.

What could they be like letting their child act like that in a parked car. They couldn't provide a very good home if their children have to go out and neck in a parked car, and with almost a total stranger, that's all I can say. Any parent who would allow such a thing couldn't have too much breeding."

Ralph grinned to himself. "Always the same, she'll never change," he thought as he surveyed his body in the full length mirror. Twisting first one way and then the other, he stretched effortlessly and reached for a shortie robe and grinned back at the reflection gazing at the nude body before it. He opened his door and padded softly to the bath.

"Well, you know you can always tell what kind of people they are by the kind of house they keep," came lilting up the stairs and followed him into the bathroom as he gathered a handful of lingerie and dropped it in the corner. "Yes, I think his name is Jim. I've never talked with the boy, you understand, but he must be a wild one. Why, do you know Maude was telling me . . . Yes, this morning, and she watched out her window . . ." The stinging spray of the shower cut off her words and offered a short-lived reprieve from the "BELLITIS" (The name he and his father had given this strange telephone illness).

"Oh yes, Maude . . . how are you again this morning . . . No, not really, just getting my family together for breakfast."

"Ouch," Ralph's own voice punctuated the steam filled bath and made him start. He always seemed to get wrapped up in what she was saying. He found out more about what was going on in the neighborhood before breakfast than most people would find out in the next two weeks. Usually, however, he found himself (as he had this morning) so wrapped up in her conversations that he cut himself.

The odor of splashed cologne wafted through the room in perfect harmony with the rasping voice, indeed the voice seemed to be carrying it through the room. . . . "Well, I do know when he moved back from military school, every girl in the neighborhood hung around here for a week. And of course, you remember my telling you about his lying in the back yard with almost no clothes on! Oh, yes, Ralph knows him. I think they met over the back fence just after he came home, but Ralph would never mix with a lot of trash like that . . . yes, sometimes he rides to school with him, but I think Ralph is feeling sorry for the boy and wants to get him to meet the right crowd. . . . Well, Dear, I've got to feed my little family and present a neat little home for them. You can always tell about people by the way they live. Surely if a person speaks well and has good breeding, they will always be good people and it will show, too . . . but, I've told you before, you can tell their kind. . . . Why, do you know she hardly spoke to me in the market the other day!"

She never seemed to get off the phone—it was considered so much her own personal pleasure that it was even listed in her name.

He poured himself a cup of coffee and borrowed a section of the newspaper. He had come in just before the paper had thudded against the front porch. Strange to be there before the news. He had always somehow thought it automatic, like the toaster . . . you opened the screen door and there it was. It was unusual how he had suddenly taken notice of things which he had been taking for granted.

He had never considered a good many things until the last little while. For instance, he had suddenly become aware that the stars stayed out all night. Something new was beginning to stir in him, something he had never dreamed possible. It left him with a warm glow after each new experience and he loved every moment of it.

"Well, I'm sure whoever she was, she must have been a tramp, but I'll find out. . . . Marva will have seen who she was. She only talked to me for a few short minutes this morning, but she said they even steamed up the windows of that new car of his. Little tramp was all she could have been. . . ."

"No, Ralph rides to school with him sometimes, but they don't mix socially, they have nothing in common. Oh, yes, two completely different groups. . . ."

He hardly realized she had completed her conversation and had set toast and eggs in front of him. Unusually quiet, she had become quite pensive. Only a moment before, he was sure as soon as she had a thought she opened her mouth and it fell out into the telephone. No wasted action with her . . . news was meant to be disseminated no matter who it hurt. "The News Must Go Through"—the little Latin phrase had been a gentle chide when his father had hung it over the kitchen extension; now it had become her motto.

"Boy, did old Alex fall into a trap when he gave women a telephone. Must have been some woman pushing him to find a speedier method of getting information around town," he thought.

"Ralph, I said what *are* you doing after school? I've asked you twice!"

"Oh, I don't know; sort of thought I might go swimming up at the lake."

"Now you be careful," she was saying as he drifted back to last night. "It's dangerous up there this early in the season. Not many people go up there in the early afternoon."

"Yes, I know," he nodded and glanced across the newspaper.

Bon-bon fat hung limply in a second chin and puffed up around her eyes. Curlers always adorned her faded blonde hair. Make-up with no lipstick and the faint odor of Blue Mist perfume. "Yes," he thought, "you can tell people by the kind of house they keep."

"Ralph . . . Ralph! It's for you. . . ."

He hadn't even heard the phone ring. He had succeeded in putting it so far out of his mind by now that its presence meant almost nothing to him.

"Hello . . ."

"Hi, sweetheart, just checking to see if you were ready for school. I also wanted to apologize for keeping you out in the car so long last night. No one noticed when we came home the second time, did they?"

"I don't think so; at least the 'agency' hasn't reported it yet."

"She listening again?"

"Always!"

"Still want to go swimming with me after that fabulous evening we had together last night?"

"More than ever."

"Well, Darling, I'll honk in a minute . . . I . . . I . . . Oh, hell, I love you. . . ."

"Same here, bye."

"Who was it, dear?" her voice rasped an invasion into the quiet of his misty smile and brought him back to reality. The gleam in her eye told him she was not to be denied.

"Oh, it was Jim. He wondered if I was ready for school and what I was doing after."

"Now, don't you get too chummy with him. Why, I heard only this morning that he was out necking with some cheap little thing right in front of this very house until 4 a.m. this morning. I'm certainly glad you're not like that. . . ."

A cheery smile parted his lips as the screen door slammed the voice inside. The voice faded and the car door chopped off its remaining struggle to reach him. They took each other's hand and said nothing, just drove down the street.

(Part One published May 1962)

Gentle Sir

Part Two: Beloved

*Beloved, when I see the precious wine
Of youth's gay madrigals carelessly spilled
And no grape growing on the withered vine
Wherewith the cup of old age may be filled:*

*I am persuaded that we hold our days too dearly.
Passion is brief, so why should life be long?
The songs of Love would echo much more clearly
If each mad singer perished with his song!*

I

*I must explore the tender accident
Which brought me all unknowing to your eyes
And found in them the answer and consent
Awakening an exquisite surprise.
Being uncompassed and adrift at sea—
Athirst for love and starving for its crust—
With only gulls and gales for company,
When suddenly I felt a forward thrust*

*That sped me to the shore. Debarking there,
I saw you striding naked in the sun,
Bright as a God and surely far more fair,
As all the golden world about me spun.
Quickly, before this magic memory slips
Away, bend to me, bless me with your lips!*

II

When I had reached majority and sown
 The oaten crop that's reaped with scythe of tears,
 I cried to Heaven man had never known
 Such pain and bitterness in all the years
 Since love had been invented; that I craved
 Nothing but death and could not wait to die.
 I wept in bleak despair, and frantic, waved
 The flag of my defeat against the sky.

How great in wisdom I have grown since then!
 You will observe how quietly I take
 Heartbreak for granted, and like other men
 Pursue the pleasure and ignore the ache
 Of all the pristine passions of the past . . .
 At least as long as this new love shall last.

III

This urgent love, this treasure that I hoard,
 Locked, barricaded, barred against the world,
 I keep in trust for you, my only Lord,
 And who comes pilfering is backward hurled.
 I do not wish to seem importunate—
 Since I am self-appointed to the task—
 Yet you should feel yourself most fortunate
 To yield to me the little that I ask.

I had not thought to lengthen out the day
 With protestations and with sorry pleas.
 Since this be so then give me leave to say
 I am not one to covet what he sees:
 His neighbor's servant nor his ass—But You!
 You I have coveted since first I knew.

IV

This privilege of loving and the care
 Of being casual in a curious crowd
 Confront me daily, and I am aware
 Of all the things I may not say aloud.
 These prim and proper people must not know
 That passion very often almost slips
 My mask of pale propriety, and so
 Reveal the stolen jam upon my lips.

Come lie with me and let my hands explore
 The length of you and all the secret places;
 The warm geography of lovers' lore,
 The myriad facets and the many faces

Which make this act that is as old as time,
 Forever new, as is this halting rhyme.

V

Do not provoke this Dragon in my breast—
 Couchant and starving for your fragrant flesh.
 His breath is scarlet as the evening west;
 He'll crack your bones and eat you while you're fresh!
 He tells me that he comes from old Japan—
 You know how very fierce those dragons are!
 His favorite, his only food is man—
 Especially seamen with the taste of tar.

He's so erotic he becomes unlatched
 If tickled here and there and thus and so!
 He loves to have his scaly belly scratched
 Or his tail twisted in a fancy bow;
 But when he's fed and cannot stay awake,
 His snoring makes the very rafters shake!

VI

I once heard that bears in hibernation
 Do not respond to passionate urges,
 But, for the winter's long duration,
 Sleep celibate until spring emerges
 And they are troubled once again with sex.
 This is a nice arrangement. I declare
 That it would make my problem less complex
 If I could live the love life of a bear!

But on the contrary, were I to share
 My cave with you, I would not hibernate.
 Sleep is for bears, and I could not forebear
 From putting off the winter of my fate
 To spend the lazy months in dallying —
 For where you were, Sweet Cub, it would be spring!

VII

Lest you be angry with me I will talk
 Of other things: the weather and the gold
 Of sunlight littering the garden walk;
 The taste of oranges; the bitter cold
 Of ale upon the tongue; the majesty
 Of redwoods rising in cathedral groves;
 The many moods which move the purple sea;
 Of ancient maps locating treasure troves.

All these and sundry things I will explore
 With wit and learning or with subtle jest.

If there be subjects which would please you more
I shall be glad to honor your request.
In many tones or softly as a dove,
No matter how I speak, I speak of love.

VIII

How strange it seems, now half a life away
From childhood dreams—the laughing and the sad
Of my young years—to come upon a day
Much brighter far than any charm I had
In that lost youth; to hold here in my hand
A talisman beyond the wealth of kings—
And know that this is nothing I had planned
Or dared to hope for in the scheme of things.

This love! I muse and turn it all about,
But only add to my astonishment.
"It can't be mine!" I feel impelled to shout,
"I'm not the one for whom this gift was meant!"
And suddenly, with all my fear confessed,
I clutch it still more closely to my breast.

IX

Nor ever the greening earth, the clover,
Nor ever petals fallen in the spring
Shall offer scent when this strange love is over
And there remains no trace of anything
That led us down this lane of strong desire—
That bade us search and find enchantment here.
I had not planned to take the sacred fire
Into my breast, lest it should burn and sear.

But now I know, who never had known before
The depth of my desire and the scourge
Of a blind passion that will surely gore
Me all my days—an elemental urge
To build an altar and to sacrifice
To certain symbols not considered nice.

X

In the cool depth of darkness—in the night
Pricked out with stars, with purple panoplied—
There is an outpost never conquered quite
By siege or trickery or gallant deed.
A tower standing there is not of stone—
Built by a kiss and by a kiss subdued—
The sound of conflict is a sighing moan,
And peace is made in a quiescent mood.

It does not last. Red banners rise again
In hard defiance of a new attack.
The drums are throbbing as across the plain
Besieger and besieged come surging back.
The battle is repeated to reduce
Resurgent tower and to sign a truce.

XI

The nightingale has tuned his liquid flute,
His song a moon-moth fluttering at the pane.
A hyla softly plucks a silver lute—
The melody as cool and clear as rain.
How wonderful to wake and waking lie
Upon your breast, communing with content,
Waiting for sleep to kiss each drowsy eye,
Naming the hours before the night be spent.

Turn, turn to me! Dawn is not far away
When we, reluctant from this dream must rise
To clothe ourselves with rue as impious day
Begins his laggard ride across the skies.
Oh wasted time before the sunset burn
And we to this enraptured bed return.

XII

I give this world of water, earth and air,
Seas, mountains and the starry steep of sky,
Wind, sun and rain, and all things strong and fair,
All laughter and all loving fore and by;
The lightest touch of tenderness, the wide
Surge of all passion that must kiss and keep;
The perfect moment on the turning tide
Which bears spent lovers to the bourne of sleep.

It grieves me that I cannot give you more.
Were I as rich as Creosus, still no gift
Eagerly given from that golden store
Could ever match your largesse when you lift
Your head and smile and look at me askance!
My heart bursts like a bubble at your glance.

XIII

Who lifts the lark on an imperious wing
Into the morning on a tour of song,
Will surely hear me as I rise and sing
Throughout the daylight that seems overlong.

Who guides the shepherd and his crying flock
Across the hills of twilight to their rest,
Will somehow spur and speed the laggard clock
Until it marks the hour I shall be blest.

Come, Strong and Gentle, come my virile love:
The door is open and the supper spread
As the first star of evening, bright above,
Beams down a blessing on this wine and bread.
Come sup with me and then lie down beside
This hungry heart that it be satisfied.

XIV

Now dance the plum trees in their veils of white.
The apple trees adorned in pink and pearl
Move mistily within the April night,
Raining their petals in a scented swirl.
A robin wakes from some recurrent dream,
Making his brief complaint to sleeping friends.
Low, liquid laughter from a star-flecked stream
Is a soft melody that never ends.

The moon among the foxfire of the stars
Her silver caravel sails down the sky.
The Pleiades are tangled in her spars,
Even as we lie tangled, you and I:
Caught in the net of love, from loving spent—
Our silence measure of our deep content.

XV

The echo of your going dies away;
Your last caress lies warm upon my mouth.
Winter is here again; the sun leans south
And there is sudden darkness in the day
That woke to wonder in this quiet room.
The bed is tumbled and the sheets astray.
Housekeeper, Ho! Bring linen, bring the broom—
Repair the ravages where lovers lay

Lost in the gentle clasp of drowsy bliss.
It does not matter now whose hand first strayed
In exploration, or who bent to kiss
The problem that arose, and offered aid.
How perfect, Oh My Love, how excellent
Your sweet performance and your fond intent!

XVI

I do not know how much you value this—
A gift you may not want or even prize—
But it is more than just a casual kiss,
A vow unspoken but beyond surmise.
You cannot judge the measure of the thirst
That leaned to drink unstinted at the pool
Of your desire—though I am not the first
Nor apt to be the last demented fool.

This I do know: as far as I'm concerned,
I have come home who have been long away.
The bridges I have crossed have all been burned.
I am committed to this love this day
Which well may end in sorrow. Even so
I would not have it otherwise, you know.

XVII

I know that on the mountains of the moon
Dwell lovers whom grey Death has overtaken—
Breaking into their ecstasy too soon
And binding them before they could awaken.
Caught in a spell forever amorous
They float in stardust or suspended time
With all that's beautiful and glamorous
Immortalized in that enchanted clime.

It may be that in such ethereal
And insubstantial passion they aspire
To an existence less siderial,
And long to feel again the leaping fire
That burned in them and made each moment fresh
With exultation in their ardent flesh.

XVIII

There were, I find, in other days and climes,
Recorded loves of which the poets sang.
Their lyrics now illuminate our times,
And we, as they, experience the pang;
As wandering now in this forbidden land—
Bemused by what has been and yet to be—
The days go by and nothing has been planned
Beyond this moment we hold blissfully.

So we in our fond moments on the earth
May wear the laurel and instruct the young
In the dear liberties, the tender mirth
Of this bright miracle so lately sprung
To flower in our hearts. It could well be
Poets unborn may sing of you and me.

The luster of the morning shone in you
 As, with the sun, a lark called up the day.
 The hours hurried by—a jealous crew—
 Crying that you had been too long away.
 Here where the trees had made a leafy tent
 I cradled you, the partner of my flesh.
 From you my surging heart took nourishment,
 And each caress was somehow new and fresh.

Reluctantly I shutter out the day
 And trim the wick of night against the dark—
 Remembering your laughter and the play
 Of sunlight on your lips, the teasing spark
 Of sungold in your eyes—I wonder when,
 If ever, I shall see you once again.

Now quietly I lay me down to rest;
 My work is done and all my prayers are said.
 Now comes the shining moment that is best:
 I feel your arms about me and my head
 Home on your heart. For this the day-star burns
 To light the world to slumber in the dark.
 For this the moon, far journeying, returns
 To place upon this house a silver mark.

That all may know within its listening walls
 Dwells for a little while a deep content.
 The beaded hours are told and each recalls
 Moments of passion and of merriment.
 God grant, My Love, that I may somehow keep
 This bright dream with me even in dreamless sleep.

If I could love you less I think that there
 Would be protection and a planned retreat
 From this pursuit of deepest passion where
 My hunger leads me down a lonely street.
 I cannot knock on any stranger's door
 And ask direction back to whence I came.
 I must go on until there is no more
 Sign of a dwelling that might bear your name.

One sign of habitation in the night:
 A clock speaks harshly of the age of time.
 Above the stars in their uncaring flight
 Wheel through the silver chill of winter rime.
 My voice reechoes in a cry of pain:
 "When will you take me to your heart again?"

It was not pity and it was not scorn
 That locked my throat upon a soft reply
 And earned your anger. Then, somehow, forlorn,
 Love fell, a spent bird from a frozen sky.
 I had no quarrel with you—but with Fate,
 Who cannot walk with mortals for a mile
 In amity, but fosters fiendish hate
 And pays no tribute to a tortured smile.

Men have no healing language which the heart
 Can hear or comprehend when the blind blood
 Of jealousy beats brazenly, and sharp
 And noxious tastes frustration's bitter cud.
 The days of our desire are blown like chaff . . .
 I loved you . . . let that be an epitaph.

James Ramp

One Institute Quarterly

THE FACTS AND THE CONTROVERSY

Have you seen issue Number 14? A study of homosexuality in 17th Century France; the so-called "homosexual conflict," cornerstone of psychoanalytic thinking; the role of the hormones in sexual behavior; cruising patterns among male homosexuals. COMING, in Number 15, a vigorously challenging examination of "Biological Factors in Sexual Behavior, with Special Reference to Homosexuality," by Ray Evans, Ph.D.; later issues, "Homosexual Behavior in the Bible," by Rev. Robert W. Wood; chapters (first time in English) from Hirschfeld's famous **Encyclopedia of Homosexuality**, Berlin, 1914. Back issues still available from Number 4 to date, containing invaluable articles and data.

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As for me . . .

I am a new subscriber. I almost said a new "member"—but that would be misleading. For I have always been one of you, though I did not discover you until just lately, after a long search. So that this opportunity to speak to my own kind (if the editors see fit) is a significant thing for me, and there is much I would like to say. But I am not a writer nor a poet, and it will be best to be matter-of-fact.

Here, then, are some of the things I have been thinking about over the years. I speak mainly to other women, but as you will see some of what I say applies to men as well.

1. There must be thousands of us who are isolated. Women, I think, must inevitably have a harder time finding one another than men. (I do not say that men do not have other problems.) Think only of these facts: (a) A woman cannot roam the streets alone at night, if she is not interested in taking what goes with that; (b) women do not usually form attachments so quickly or easily as men. They need congenial, lasting contacts, and these are harder to come by. The consequence: if they're not miraculously lucky, they could spend a lifetime alone, living among strangers, ignorant of who and where their own people are.

What is the answer to this? I think local clubs and correspondence groups. Not just in New York and Los Angeles, but everywhere. And I wonder if it is not up to those who are already "in touch" to point the way. The most determined lone individual is up against a hopeless task if he or she does not know even where to begin to look. I see the problems and the risks.

2. More bitterly than any other one thing now, I resent the moral

mutilation that we inflict on ourselves—through the need to conceal the truth, or to deny it, or just to be quiet in the face of outrage. How many had integrity once, and prized it—and no longer have it? I think the answer is this: a *group* can talk where an individual may have to remain silent, or anonymous. And what is the group to say? Not just emotional protest, not just bitterness for bitterness, no matter how much relief that may bring, but *facts*. And that brings up my next point:

3. Much job and other discrimination, while no doubt really based on "moral" or emotional prejudice, is rationalized as being due to the "character defects" of the homosexual. I for one believe that prejudice can be fought *over the long run* by exposing false rationalizing, wherever it is false. I suggested above that we probably do have, perforce, some "character defects" as a group—but that does not mean the whole popular stereotype is valid. And now popular stereotypes are reinforced in the name of science, for the doctors have developed a clinical picture—based on what they see in their clinics. When Dr. Edmund Bergler states that homosexuals are characterized, always and everywhere, by "general unreliability of a more or less psychopathic nature," hypernarcissism, defensive malice, flippancy, pseudo-aggression (whatever that may be); when Dr. Frank Caprio finds them, among other things selfish, extremely jealous, unscrupulous, emotionally immature, intimately associated with crime—is it any wonder that both government and private employers will not hire those who can be detected?

The answer to this, I say, is that trained psychologists and psychiatrists must investigate the homo-

sexual personality—objectively and comprehensively. I have no naive faith in present-day methods of studying personality—tests, surveys, profiles, inventories, etc. They are sadly imperfect. But they are the tools now available, and they must be used. Only by studying the *whole* population—not just those who get to prison, or to the analyst's couch, or to the burlesque stage—can we ever begin to dig out the facts.

My uneducated guess would be that a very wide *range* of personality traits would be found—probably as wide as among heterosexuals. So that there would turn out to be no "homosexual personality," any more than there is a "heterosexual personality." But there might be a different *distribution* of traits among homosexuals, and very possibly the facts might be unflattering. It would then be part of the student's job to ask "why." And of course that means considering all possible reasons—not ignoring, or sneering, at any of them. One need not reject all of psychiatric theory, but if homosexuals believe that their outcast status contributes to make them what they are, one need not automatically reject the hypothesis, just because it comes from them—as too many of the doctors are doing. It is now held in the most respectable circles that the inferior performance of Negroes on intelligence tests is largely to be explained by the kind of lives they lead. Yet "scientific" circles have not taken this sort of factor seriously with regard to the homosexual's personality.

But the facts themselves have yet to be found. They are not for your guess or mine. They will be studied properly sooner or later. We must find trained people among us to begin, or else interest trained people from outside. I do not believe that heterosexuals are incapable of all objectivity about this, any more than I believe that we are incapable of it. *Justitia*



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Revelation at Love's Purple Lounge

by Talmage Buchanan

I thought I was walking from a chilled, almost deserted street into a bar, nothing more. I had seen the neat neon sign—Helen Love's Deep Purple Lounge—from my hotel room window, across St. Charles street, soon after my arrival in New Orleans the night before. This night, after a tiring, rather monotonous day of seeing the sights that tourists are supposed to see, I felt strangely lonesome and in need of warmth—a drink and, perhaps, some music. I studied the picture of Helen Love on a poster in the curtained window. It assured me that she was “appearing nightly.” Another neon sign warned “It's Different.” I pulled open the purple leather door and went into what I later realized was another world.

Instantly, it all seemed inviting, though I had no knowledge of the essence of the invitation. It was December and jazz and Christmas carols alternated from the three instruments on a platform behind the bar. Helen Love, a lusty redhead, recognizable from her picture, blurted her rendition of “Jingle Bells.” The bar giggled and smirked and roared at paraphrasing I did not understand. I smiled in a way that I thought was pleasantly appropriate.

While I was on my second bourbon and water, I became aware of a confidentially-toned voice at my elbow.

“Lonesome?”

The man appeared to be in his early or middle twenties, about my own age. His hair was thick and blond, his eyes dark. He stared earnestly from a thin, pale face craned beyond a yellow wool muffler tucked in a navy blue coat.

“Hello,” I said.

“You're new around here, aren't you?”

“Do you mean New Orleans or this bar?”

“This bar.”

“Yes. This is the first time I've been here, but in either case you'd be right. I've been in New Orleans only since last night, this time. I've visited here before.”

“What took a nice looking kid like you so long?”

“Pardon?”

“Why haven't you been in here before this? Most of the kids make for this place as soon as they hit town. Helen Love's is known the world over.”

“Why?” hesitantly.

“Come now. Don't be like *that*. Not with your mother, here.”

“What?” puzzled.

“You *are* gay . . . aren't you?—Oh, pardon me! My error!”

He walked off to the other end of the bar, bouncing and waving long, slender hands. I didn't know whether he was waving farewell to me or greetings to the willowy young men he was approaching. Placing an arm around the two he stood between, he spoke confidentially, then squealed a laugh in conclusion. The three of them looked in my direction.

Though I was puzzled and somewhat embarrassed, strange as it seemed, I was not angry. Annoyance had crept over me and was hastily extinguished by the prevalence of friendliness throughout the boisterous little bar. I was swaying on cloud nine, fueled by bourbon and anticipation. A thrilling fear of discovering an unknown was lurking everywhere.

“Give me another bourbon and water . . . and give the boy down there in the yellow scarf one, too—whatever he is drinking.”

Before I had become fully aware of what I was doing, I had beckoned the bartender and given the order.

“Trying to fool me, huh?”

The young man was back at my side.

“I guess so.” I still wasn't quite sure of what he meant.

“You know the saying ‘it takes one to know one.’ I didn't think I could be wrong. Thanks for the drink. Where are you from, Honey?”

“Florida. Pensacola. Florida.”

“Oh, Navy! Love that seafood!”

His leg was pressing mine, under the bar. He had called me “Honey.” So this was what I had heard whispered, for as far back as I could remember, as “queer.” This was what Mr. Whatshisname, the old photographer back home, was. Everybody talked about him and pulled their little boys in off the streets when they saw him coming. He had gotten into some kind of trouble in a theatre toilet and there had been a big stink. This was what my brother Bill hated so intensely and mocked unmercifully. A “fairy!”

“My name is Wally, Honey. What's yours?”

“Ralph.”

Wally was “queer,” yet he looked little different from Bill or the boys I had gone to school with. He was not radically different in appearance, except for exaggerated lip and hand movements, from me, myself. A pang of shock, then nausea seized me.

“Where's the men's room?”

“Straight to the back. That's the only straight thing around here.”

As I dabbed cold water on my feverish, throbbing brow, I was scarcely conscious of my surroundings. I didn't want to think. I shoved a Lifesaver in my mouth and decided that I was drunk. I would try not to think about all of this . . . this strangeness, but when I had dried my face and hands on a paper towel and turned towards the door, reality came vividly back. Wally was standing in the men's room with his back blocking the door.

Though paralyzed with anxiety, I was quivering in my head, my heart, my powerless arms. He came and stood directly in front of me. Our heights were about the same and his eyes looked steadily and deeply into mine. A smile parted his full lips, revealing even, white teeth that gleamed brilliantly in the light of the unshaded electric bulb above the wash basin behind me. Gently, his arms encircled me and he kissed me full on the mouth. . . .

I think I must have recalled some of the “fairy” jokes that had had little meaning when I had heard them from Bill, because everything else blacked out.

I don't remember that first kiss, really, but I do remember remembering the trend of those jokes while there, in the toilet. Actually, when I had first heard them I hadn't thought them funny. I had been a bit embarrassed in Bill's presence when he talked like that. And they certainly WERE NOT funny when they had meaning. I felt like doing almost anything but laughing. It must have been about that time, too, when I remembered Bill's telling about him and his buddies in the Navy rolling "goddamnqueers" and kicking the whoring hell out of them.

The next thing I remember I was back at the bar. Helen Love was singing "Saint Louis Blues." Wally's leg was pressing mine, under the bar, again. I should hit him, I thought. That's what Bill would do.

I drank my drink.

"Where are you staying?"

His tone was casual, though suggestive.

"At the hotel across the street."

"Want to get a bottle and go up to your room for a drink?"

"Yes," I said. I thought: and I'll hit you across the face with it. I'd remembered that he had implied that I was like he was . . . "It takes one to know one." . . . And Bill's words came back to me: "We couldn't let those broads get away from us, money or no money. So, you know what we did, Ralph? We found ourselves a goddamnqueer, rolled him and kicked the whoring hell out of him. We got the dough for some genuine ass. Yes, sir, Ralph, that's what we did, all right. That's the only thing that a real, full-blooded he-man can do."

We'll get a bottle and I'll hit him across the god—across the face with it, I told myself. I would be as much of a man as Bill was.

We had gotten out of the elevator on my floor, the seventh, and he had clutched my hand as we walked down the deserted hall before I remembered that we had forgotten the bottle.

Inside my hotel room, I locked the door and he embraced me as he had done in the nightclub restroom.

Only this time it was different. A strangeness came over me in a way that made it seem familiar. At the same time that I was becoming sexually aroused more intensely than I had ever been before, I felt relaxed as though for the first time in my life. An opposing combination, creating satisfaction—no, gratification. A weight that I hadn't known I carried was lifted from my shoulders and I thought I would burst with an unimaginable, demanding surge of emotions, freshly freed from the captivity of repression. My arms went around him in return and our bodies pressed hard together.

I vaguely thought: what would Bill think! To hell with Bill!

Undressed and in bed, I knew that if there was to be any "hitting" involved it would be that I would hit it off with Wally and, perhaps, with all of the other uninhibited inhabitants of this special society which would be, from that time forward, my world.

BE SURE TO READ

in March *Harper's Magazine*, "New York's 'Middle-class' Homosexuals," by William J. Helmer, a fair-minded article with a sociological slant. Full review in April ONE.

one

BOOKS



NAKED LUNCH, William Burroughs, Grove Press, \$6.00, 255 pp.

This is a series of rambling, self-indulgent fantasies, mainly involving drug addiction, with homosexuality running a close second. It is probably the most dirty-worded fiction ever published in this country and will be banned. The homosexual material is purely pictorial, descriptions of sexual scenes. There is no character portrayal, no portrayal of any homosexual society. Aside from the anti-censorship blow struck by the publication of this book, I can see no merit in it, for the literary value is minimal. It should be said, however, that a few critics have found it of great interest from a literary standpoint.

The "beat" (and much could be said on the self-pity and masochism indicated by the choice of that word "beat") writers, it seems to me, substitute shock value for talent, discipline, and art. But shock value gives diminishing returns, especially standing alone, unadorned by any plot, character portrayal, or insights. The mere piling up of the usually forbidden printed words gets boring. I had trouble finishing this book because it kept putting me to sleep. Shocking sexual scenes can be used very excitingly in fiction (and need not be homosexual to shock, of course, as witness the heterosexual scenes in Updike's *Rabbit, Run*).

It is now an unfortunate fact that in the literary world the three writers most famous for drug addiction are also famous for homosexuality (Coc-teau, Genet, and now Burroughs). Whether or not this is by accident, I am not sure, but I am sure many minds will make a connection that will be used as one of the attacks on the homophile movement.

A. E. S.

TWO NOVELS: THE FLOWER BENEATH THE FOOT & PRANCING NIGGER by Ronald Firbank, New Directions, 1962, \$1.90.

This is not a review. It is an appreciation. Firbank's brilliant, subtle gymnastics cannot be reviewed. A handful of quicksilver cannot be grasped for analysis, but held, cupped in the palm, one can see one's own image in it—grown somehow mocking and mischievous. Such is the magic of Firbank. He was the gayest homophile ever to write—a blythe and scandalous camp. Yet you will find no four-letter words, hear no rustle of libidinous sheets. He is master of innuendo, of double meaning. He leads the reader to the brink, then *** !!! ????. His style is brittle, inverted, precious. His characters cast no shadow in the sun of reality. His women are mostly ambisextrous, his men faery-fey. His stinging satire is meaningful now only to those of his generation.

To savor and appreciate the wit, charm, humor — Firbank's novels must be read carefully with a watchful eye for nuance. Those involved move and talk in seven shades of lavender, and few but the knowing *know*.

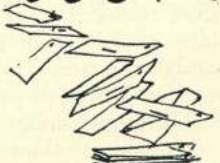
FBF: The Queen's eyes had been attracted to the dimpled cheeks of the British Ambassadress. She says: "Is your daughter as sympathetic as her Mama?" "She is shy — of the Violet persuasion, but that's not a bad

thing in a young girl." "Let us go away, by and by, my dear Gazelle," the Queen exclaimed with a primitive smile, "and remove our corsets and talk. . . ."

Again: (FBF) Lionel Limpness, Lord Tiredstock's third (and perhaps most *gifted* son) is speaking to the only son of Lord Intriguer: "And so you are off to Chedarlahomor, Old Darling. I wish I was going too." "It would be charming, of course, Lionel, to *have* you, but they might appoint you Vice-Consul of Sodom, or something?" "Why *Vice*? Besides . . . ! There's no Consulate there yet. Turn over, Old Dear, while I chastise you! On your knees, Sir!"

Or: The punch line to an episode in a becalmed boat: "Tell me, Olga

Letters



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

MATTERS LITERARY & OTHERWISE

Dear ONE:

Would you please announce that I would appreciate "leads" to any information in articles and books indicating homosexuality of any man of the Italian Renaissance, including the following: Vittoria Colonna, Cardinal of Mantua, Poliziano, Julian II, Varchi, Boticelli, Mirandola, Ficino, Verrocchio, Verugino, Pontormo, Benivieni, Politian, Buoninsegni, Cavalcanti, Cotrigiani, Boltraffio, Casio, Rustici, da Sesto, Niccoli, Agostino, Beccadelli, Fra

. . . is my hat all sideways?"

PN: . . . a masterly marble group depicting a pair of amorous hermaphrodites amusing themselves. . . . A study of a Parisian — a painting of a man elegantly corseted, with a Viollet in his moustache.

PN: Ever so lovely are the young men of Cuna-Cuna — Jaurez, Jotifa, Enid — but none so delicate, charming and squeamish as Charlie Mouth. "Attractive Little Rose . . . what a devil of a dream!" the avid Belles would exclaim when he walked abroad.

Firbank can be a delight — or a bore. It all depends upon the agility of the reader's mind, his imagination and his appreciation of the *mot juste*.

J. R.

Bartolmeo, Albertinelli, Sodom, di Credi, Beccafumi, Parmigiano, Bronzino, Bellini, Allori, Vasari, Giambologne, Tintoretto, Borghini, Leto, Signorelli, Donatello, Ghiberti, Bessarion, Pletho, della Robbia, Correggio, Brunelleschi, da Conti, de Fredis, di Cosimo, Squarcione, Manegna, della Francesca and Caravaggio.

I would also be grateful for any gifts (anonymously, or any other way) of reproductions of paintings, or of books, magazines, or clippings which might be useful in preparing the article on which I am working (it may take years to make ready) on homosexuality among the great names of that period. Any such materials donated will, of course, go to ONE's Library, from which I am also drawing much material for my studies.

A. E. Smith

c/o ONE, Incorporated

YELLOW JOURNALISM REFUTED

Editor's Note:

The following reply sent by a Los Angeles father to a writer of some of the most irresponsible and

misleading of the articles recently appearing (February 1 to 14) in the Hollywood Citizen-News was also sent to ONE. We reprint it herewith as one example of the up-rising of public indignation which greeted the rabble-rousing attacks upon homosexuals launched by the Citizen-News. Happily, ONE's vigorous exposure to public officials, judges, legislators and hundreds of others (fully described in January ONE Confidential) appears to have put a stop to a campaign which had been expected to continue until March 1.

Miss Carol Collins
Citizen-News
1545 North Wilcox Avenue
Hollywood, California
Dear Miss Collins:

I have hesitated long and thoughtfully before drafting this letter to you with regard to your recent series of articles in your newspaper about the sexual deviate.

I have hesitated because I have never before been moved to write a letter to an author or a publication. I have hesitated thoughtfully because I fear that you desire reaction — and in writing I am demonstrating a reaction, and I fear your encouragement because of reaction — any reaction.

I do not like your articles. I do not agree with their accuracy or intonation, and I do not believe in your stated motivation. But you will read no caustic ranting and raving in this letter. What you will read, and I hope you read it carefully, is a categorical comment on your series — a comment that is born of objectivity.

I am the father of four, the oldest being a most handsome sixteen year old son. I am no more desirous of having him attacked or molested than I am in having my

arm cut off, and I believe that my position in that regard allows me to "straddle the fence", so to speak, and feel objective about the problem. Nor am I a complete stranger to the homosexual society. A number of my friends and acquaintances are so inclined, and I am forced because of my knowledge of them to speak out with a certain amount of objectivity—prejudiced neither for nor against.

So much for that. I hope my comments will bear me out.

First of all, it seems to me that you have not brought anything new to the subject. Your articles are full of the same old stereotyped observations which have been made for years by those who do not really know their subject. For the sake of brevity, I'll comment on the most glaring.

Your two reporters who observed some Hollywood street corner got an eyefull all right. But what they saw was the action of a group that the majority of homosexuals would find just as repulsive and foreign. In any group of race, creed, color, or sexual proclivity, there are dregs. There are people and places to which the well bred and astute of any group look with disfavor. Your reporters might have found a more representative homosexual, and probably in just as great a percentage, at the opera, for instance, or any legitimate theatre, or Bullocks Wilshire on Saturdays.

For here you have failed to expose the fact that homosexuals are everywhere — in every occupation — living seemingly normal lives and behaving themselves in public.

Your Dave Heyler has quoted the case of one Carl Armstrong. I hope Mr. Heyler does not feel that these are the actions of a typical homosexual, although they are stated as such. No one can deny that Mr.

Armstrong is a very sick person, and very definitely untypical. The same column intimates that other missing children are similar victims. Perhaps so, but just as likely prey to other kinds of sick minds—none of which is typical to the society it moves in.

You quote Mr. Rankin, police psychiatrist, as saying that cure of the homosexual is possible. This is the greatest untruth of all. In all the annals of psychiatry you will find probably only one other psychiatrist who agrees with him—a doctor in New York who made a fortune on a book in which he says so. This man and his theory have been categorically refuted by the findings and writing of countless medical men, including doctors at the Jung Institute at Zurich and no less than the eminent psychiatrist Karl Menninger.

But what else is Mr. Rankin to say? His responsibility encompasses the cure of the criminal, and it would be admitting defeat for him to say otherwise.

Homosexuals are not homosexuals because they wake up in the morning and decide to go be lewed in public, as one decides to rob a bank or cash a bad check. They are as they are for very basic and deep-seated reasons that, so far, psychiatry has not been able to determine.

Your assumption that something can be done is correct, but your approach bespeaks ignorance of the unalterable fact that homosexuals have, do, and will exist and practice whether there are laws or not, and whether or not those laws are enforced with severity and dauntless persecution.

You suggest closing the bars. How ridiculous. Will homosexuality vanish from the scene? No. They'll move elsewhere — onto the streets if necessary—if driven there.

You suggest a ghetto-type arrangement. Areas specifically designated for these people. Well, let me tell you something. Areas are set aside, or selected rather, by these people, and pretty soon they become so elegant and expensive and in demand by the normal people that you can't get **into** the areas. Examples are Greenwich Village and Fire Island in New York; the International Settlement in San Francisco; Bourbon Street in New Orleans; Laguna Beach in California. You and I can't **afford** to live in these places because the normal people are clamoring at the gates, so to speak, to reap the "smartness" and beauty the homosexual makes of his home and neighborhood.

Gathered together, the reaction is far from the "martyrdom" which Inspector James Fisk fears.

You intimate that strict law enforcement and maximum penalties will deter the homosexual—make him vanish from the scene. But that is not true—history has proven that, even in Los Angeles. I had to smile at your reasoning that if the Hollywood Vice Detail had more people they could arrest four times as many violators therefore only 25% of violators were being apprehended. I'd wager the percentage arrested is far less than one tenth of one percent of the incidents. If there were only four times as many violations as you list, there's really not much of a problem, now is there?

What has to be done is that homosexuality must be recognized, and having resolved themselves to the fact that it is here to stay, authorities must work to control the dangerous part of their activity, and deal with the lesser offense of "just being" with understanding and tolerance. In this way, much of the scourge could be eliminated.

Disease is an example. Granted, the homosexual VD rate is skyrocketing (although it does not even approach the staggering VD statistics on the American Negro in percentage).

But how about encouraging the homosexual to have himself checked, rather than driving him underground to breed and rebreed the germs, and perhaps to pass them on, someday, to your son or mine?

Socializing is another example. Being a care-free and promiscuous group, the homosexual **will** intermix. Shut down his place of meeting, or frighten him away by police action and he will not disappear like a bad dream. He will simply move elsewhere.

But how about allowing him his place? Let him fraternize and mingle in peace and quiet—where the law and other interested people know where he is and can keep an eye, if not control, on his behavior.

No one could agree more than I, and my thoughts are echoed by responsible homosexuals I know, that the child molester is a menace—homosexual **or** heterosexual. But how do you and I know that some youths don't **want** to be molested, or propositioned. The way I hear it, Hollywood High is a notorious neighborhood because there are students there that openly offer themselves to passing homosexuals. With that kind of "Lolita-ish" encouragement, it is no wonder the area is popular.

Mr. Heyler's column speaks of a clergyman who has a friend whose son is propositioned "in the pursuit of his career." Well, I'll just bet that boy enjoys it, and has offered the above pat excuse when discovered. Either that or, you can rest assured, he recognizes it for what it is and, doing so, cannot be hurt in the least way by it.

I'm not saying that's right, or good, mind you. I'm saying look to the parent for training and education as keenly as you look to the homosexual for seizing upon his opportunity. My son knows all about the "Third Sex", and is able to laugh off, or extricate himself gracefully from situations that youth in this city get into, unaware. He is not terrified, he does not run. He is able to look a man in the eye and say "no" peacefully, calmly, rationally.

There has long been the plea to legalize homosexual activity among consenting adults. Church leaders, psychiatrists, almost every profession in which there are lucid and objective thinkers have discussed the possibility—even gone so far as to recommend it, in some cases. The proposition falls dead, unfortunately, on the politician's ear, for he is more concerned with the possibility of political suicide with such a suggestion.

But look at Europe where, in most countries, such activity is not against the law. Europeans view the homosexual with a detached dislike, or curiosity, or approval, or laissez faire, or what have you, and nobody worries about it. And it is no more prevalent or obvious, or disgusting because of its legality. Indeed, it is less so, because one tends to flaunt disobedience of a law one cannot or will not obey.

And no one can deny that the breaking of other laws is minimal in the homosexual society. These are not bad people — they are happy with their lot, and wish to be left alone, for the most part.

Your banner for this series has been "Dishonor, Disease, Death". Now—let's take a look at this bit of headline sensationalism.