

eighty-seven years old and have wisdom, though this takes time.

Mr. R.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear ONE:

A personable male homosexual frequently comes across the eager young female (or not so young either) who thinks every male is her meat as the churches have ordained and when there is no response turns about in bafflement and rage.

They are the products of a completely contemptible and wholly immoral religion which pretends to moral authority and teaches the most cowardly maxims. The world indeed sustains terrible loss because of religion when you consider the excessive valuation it has put on one particular sexual mode and has thereby abandoned and foregone the development of intellectual power.

If you destroy the body because of sexual deprivation, then you destroy the mind, as well.

Mr. H.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Alexander:

I have just been given a copy of the Magazine (October, 1962) with your article about a homophile monastery. I was quite impressed with the idea, to say the least. You are no doubt wondering what my background is. It is religious, in that I have tasted the joys of living in a spiritual environment for a year in a Benedictine Monastery. I was later accepted by the diocese as a candidate for the priesthood and sent to another college to complete my studies. However, I withdrew by taking a leave of absence and have not yet returned.

Do you really believe such a community as you outline could exist? How would you go about finding others like yourself, who love God but find a certain pressure in so-called Christian circles? I must admit the whole idea sounds very exciting and I would certainly want to be part of the community, if one is getting under way.

Unfortunately, it seems that most persons we meet in this life are not too interested in preparing for eternity or in trying to know or love God. Perhaps the church is not particularly interested in the happiness of the homophile. Perhaps during the span of two thousand years some of Christ's teachings have gone by the board—I am thinking here of his doctrine of love, which as you know is the basic virtue of the three theological virtues, and upon which the others depend. Perhaps an early Christian would not recognize Christianity as we have been indoctrinated today.

Mr. M.
Somerville, New Jersey

POTPOURRI

Dear friends of ONE Organization:

I wonder if it might not be a good idea for those of us who periodically become unemployed to let you know about our status; and conversely, would it not be a good idea to notify you when positions become available in firms with which we are now employed?

I feel that the above-mentioned "big brother act" should be carried out by all of us who are employed, for if we do not take care of one another who will? The strong ones among us will help. I believe there are many on our side, especially do I think that the real Lord, the One who has no sectarian name, is on our side.

Mr. B.
El Monte, California

Dear Editor:

I've been reading those scandal newspapers published in Canada in which the editor is always striking out at homosexuals. It just burns me up. My personal opinion is this: I feel Homos are not ruining a girl for a happy marriage and they are not bringing a baby into the world. Back in ancient times a married man wasn't considered proper unless he had a male lover. Mark my words, in time—if society accepts it, homosexual acts will replace this birth control they're talking about.

Another thing, show me a Homo and I'll show you a kind, clean, neat fellow. I've seen too many stern bachelors grow old, and what a mess of filth they live in. Their clothes are rotten, bodies smell and their shacks are a pig-pen.

Mr. S.
Deposit, New York

Dear Mr. Slater:

Thank you for your letter to the Hollywood Citizen-News. I too was quite alarmed and shocked over the irresponsible articles. Not being myself a homosexual I allow myself the liberty to consider that question as an entirely personal one which concerns no one but the person himself.

To me there is no need to explain that homosexuals are not more criminally inclined than say redheads, or icecream vendors.

Mrs. F.
Hollywood, California

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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

MAY 1963

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

Carlyle

magazine

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COVER: Korf, Germany

EDITORIAL

Very recently a handsome book, published by Stein and Day, New York, arrived in ONE's offices. The book is pleasingly bound, printed on high-quality paper and the type is beautifully set; anyone interested in printing as an art would be pleased to have this book in his collection. To judge from its appearance one might expect the book to be a first edition of some bit of exotica or erotica, or a reprint of some old and treasured classic. And yet, although it has already become something of a classic in its own way, it is neither of these. Someday it may be more important than either. It is *The Wolfenden Report*.

The book was sent to ONE for review. But the "Report" itself needs no further review—it was so widely commented upon, and in such detail, when it first appeared, not only by ONE but by almost every other responsible and responsive literary or social agency, that to analyze or summarize its contents here would be tautology to an extreme.

We, as did other interested and affected persons, read the report when it first appeared with amazement, admiration, and deep respect. Now, several years later, as we thumb through the pages of the new book, we are, if possible, even more impressed. Never has there been a more comprehensive, a more exhaustive, a more deliberately thorough, nor more emotionally detached examination of homosexuality and society, in general, and homosexuality and the law, in particular, than is contained in this report. Its findings are so nearly accurate, its conclusions so logical, its recommendations so eminently fair and just that it seems inconceivable that it could fail of adoption by all thinking peoples. And yet, in England where it was sponsored and written, it remains just a report. Politicians remain politicians and all but the most courageous fear that to think fairly and without prejudice is to condone, advocate, or, worse, to appear to be not without personal interest.

In some ways, perhaps, the "Report" has not been without harmful effects, for we are reminded almost daily here at ONE, that many of our friends have failed to distinguish between fact and wish. It is appalling how many believe that the report is now British law, or perhaps even, general law. Alas, the "Report" was not adopted by the British law givers. Some day it may be, but that day has not arrived.

It is, indeed, ironic that the intent of the "Report" in essential matters, should have been adopted only in an area long and traditionally considered to be the very heart of United States conservatism, our state of Illinois.

This leads us once again to denounce the belief, so cherished by many of our adherents, that Europe is the land of social and sexual liberty. With every passing year it becomes more evident it is the United States which will take the lead, belated though it may be, in this area of man's life as it has already done in so many others.

We congratulate the publishers of this new book. It is incredible that anyone in this day should attempt to speak or write on the subject of homosexuality and the law without having read the "Report."

MARCEL MARTIN,
Associate Editor

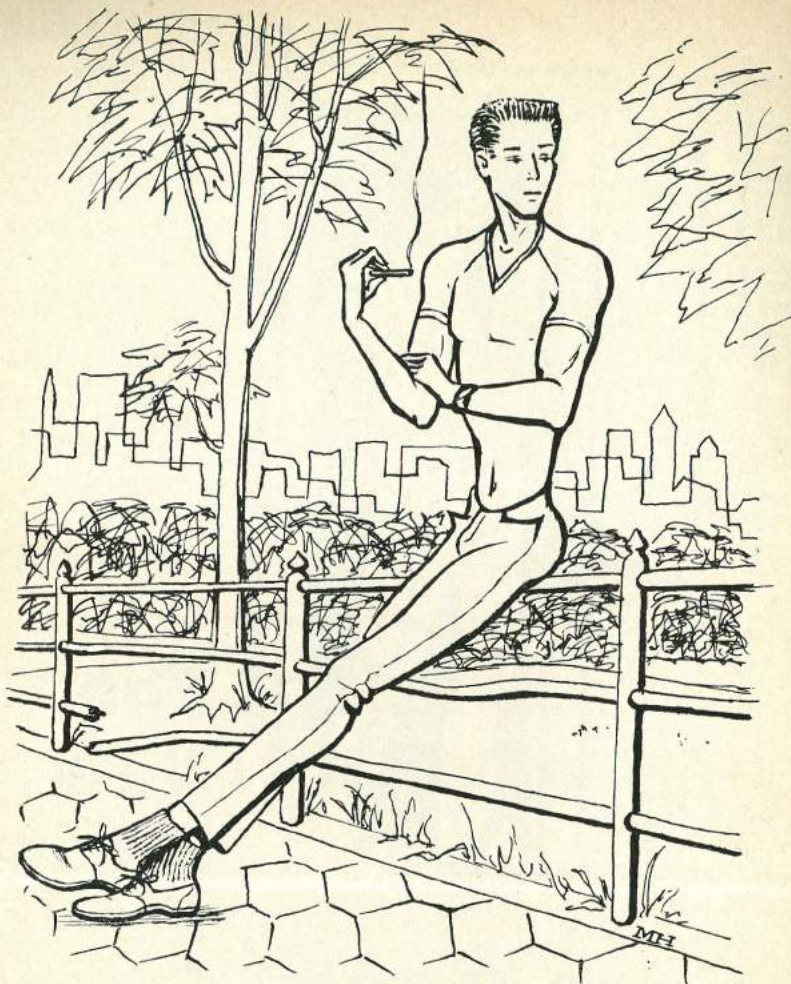


The New Nazism

by James F. Kearful

In September, 1959, the New York City police swooped down on Central Park West in one of the most despicable and irresponsible hate campaigns of recent times. Within a year virtually every gay bar in New York was closed through revocation of liquor licenses; police raids on Central Park and other areas were continued; and the West Side Y.M.C.A. had "cleaned house," using tactics fully as foul and rotten as those used by individuals and groups which do not pretend to any virtue.

Here are the facts, as we, the people of New York, saw them: summer came early in 1959 and lasted long. It was very hot. Practically everyone spent as much time out of doors as possible in order to avoid the stifling heat of apartment houses. These "sit-outs" frequently continued far into the night, the people sitting on public benches, on door-steps, and on windowsills looking for the evening breezes which somehow never came. With the many nights of idleness came a certain restlessness. And



then the crime rate began to soar. Murder stalked the streets of New York as it had not done in decades. Practically every week someone fell a victim. Some murders were only a few days apart. The police, it would seem, were at a loss as to how to cope with the situation. There are some neighborhoods in New York that are inhabited by people of ethnic groups who make it a habit to settle their differences by putting a knife in someone's back. Why should the police get involved? Policemen like to live, too, the same as anyone else. But the public wanted

action and the police had to provide it. At last the chance came.

One of the murderers was found to be a young schizophrenic who went about in a long cloak and who, among other things, was homosexual. He admitted having met others along the wall on Central Park West. This was enough. A few days later, on Labor Day weekend, 1959, the police swarmed onto Central Park West and arrested virtually everyone who was sitting on a bench or standing against the wall. Thus began one of the most frightful and appalling persecutions

of recent years.

The New York Times reported simply "125 persons arrested." One would automatically suppose that the paper was supporting the campaign of the police. But a closer look showed that the *Times* had merely reported the facts without comment. Some of the other papers did comment, and carried letters praising the action of the police. Others, myself included, sent letters of censure which were never published.

The campaign of the police to make the streets of New York safer continued. The next weekend another large bunch of "vagrants" was arrested in Times Square (traditionally one of the safest parts of New York.) Again, newspapers lauded the activities of the police. A few days later someone was murdered on Third Avenue. A few days after that another was murdered on Tenth Avenue.

Anyone could see the facts. Murders were being committed because people were sitting around outside late at night. The enforcement of a curfew would have eliminated this danger easily enough, but Mayor Wagner was against such a measure because it "resembled too much a dictatorship." In order to avoid the obvious methods of a police state, the people were subjected to a less obvious one: that of persecuting a minority group to make the public think that its evils were being mitigated.

It was obvious to anyone who cared to think about the matter that the arresting of large numbers of people in heavily travelled districts was not solving the crime problem. The murders continued while the neighborhoods in which they occurred continued to be free from any additional police surveillance until eventually the heat wave broke, people went back into their houses, and the crime rate fell back to normal.

Thus the 1959 crime wave died a natural death. It was not stopped by

the police. And who had paid the bill? The homosexuals. But the police, having once tasted of blood, continued their persecution campaign against homosexuals and other defenseless "undesirables" — more particularly those poor alcoholic devils who sit on their newspapers in Central Park imagining themselves about to float away on their raft in a sea of liquor. The police, naturally, are not the least bit interested in enforcing justice. They are interested in mollifying the public and in keeping their jobs.

By the next winter the Campaign to Eliminate Homosexuality was extended to the bars in Greenwich Village. One by one they all closed. Mary's was the first to go. After fifteen or twenty years as the symbol of the Gay Life on Eighth Street, it was snuffed out of existence. Next went the Old Colony. The Main Street held out a little longer, but it too succumbed after a few months. Lenny's, Ce Soir, Mais Oui, The Grape Vine, The 415, the Annex, not to mention the Bagatelle for girls, — all disappeared. New York would never be the same.

The summer of 1960 was very different from that of 1959. It was cooler; there were not so many sitting on benches and leaning against the wall on Central Park (understandably!). Everywhere a grim, tense atmosphere of waiting for the worst seemed to hang in the very air. Plain-clothesmen stalked the fifties and sixties with the old, sordid routine:

"Come up to my place for a drink?"

"Sure."

"You're under arrest."

In gay circles the fellows warned one another not to speak to anyone they didn't know. The benches in Central Park provided perpetual bait for frequent and unexpected raids by uniformed officers.

"Are you gay?"

"No."

"Come along with me."

By autumn the benches were virtually empty every evening. But long before that season arrived the West Side Y.M.C.A. had decided to "clean house."

In order to be a resident in the Y.M.C.A. one must have a social membership. This costs less than the regular athletic membership but enables residents to use the athletic facilities and other advantages, the same as outside members can. It was against these residents — their own members — that the executive staff of the Y.M.C.A. sent plain-clothesmen who rented rooms and then hung around the showers enticing fellows to come to their rooms where they would then be arrested.

Mr. Maurice Taylor, Executive Secretary of the West Side Y.M.C.A., admitted to me personally that the police were in the Y. As Mr. Taylor put it, he wanted the West Side Y "to be the kind of place where my son can come." I dare say that after 1960 — after hundreds of young fellows had been terrorized by the police — the West Side Y could be declared safe for Mr. Taylor's son. But even while this police campaign was still going on within its walls the West Side Y sent out an appeal for contributions — a copy of which went to each resident — which began: "Isn't the 'Y' a wonderful organization? . . ." In protest I did not renew my membership and I wrote a letter of complaint to Mr. James Tobey, Chairman of the Board. I was not given the courtesy of a reply.

In 1961 I left New York and came to Miami. I found here the same police terrorism that I had left behind. I should say it is even worse here, for the Miami police are more conscientious while the people are more narrow-minded. I was shocked to find that anyone seen walking on the streets at night was likely to be stopped by the police and asked to

produce identification. This, I was told, is a "precautionary measure" to stop thievery which is very high in this area. It is also, I am certain, directed toward suspected homosexuals. Some public rest rooms have two-way mirrors. We read about these contrivances about fifteen years ago in Orwell's 1984. No one at that time thought that such things would soon be used in America.

Even at the height of the anti-homosexual campaign in New York City I had not seen nor experienced the complete and universal disregard for human rights with the brutality and stupidity with which this program is carried on in Miami. It is revolting that an American citizen cannot take an evening's stroll without being stopped and questioned by the police. I was told by one Miami policeman that they do these things because "we are more modern here."

I have read in the pages of ONE Magazine that the same kind of police surveillance goes on in Los Angeles. And upon a visit to my old college town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, I found, again, the police engaged in the same kind of pestering activities. This would have been unheard of in Ann Arbor when I attended school there in 1956. More and more cities and towns in recent years seem to have been adopting these methods of a police state. This is "modern," and this is frightening.

Along with the increase in number of police-state communities has also come an increase in various "investigating committees" whose purpose it is to stamp out "Communism, homosexuality and other undesirable activities." We in Florida were subjected not long ago to one of these committees which had been created by the State Legislature in Tallahassee. The Johns Committee swept through the State of Florida like an evil wind, stirring up all the dust of fear and suspicion in practically every major in-

tellectual group. The University of Florida, being a state institution, had no choice but to succumb to this fine-tooth comb, but the University of Miami, a private institution, was able to decline the "invitation" of the committee "to be of service." Needless to say, the committee did little besides create a climate in which a sturdy army of muck-rakers was able to conduct its smear campaigns; but the objective of the committee had been achieved: Americans had been properly notified that Florida was "cleaning house." Americans, who seem to have a perpetual "housewife's neurosis," are, I think, under the impression that if we "clean house" often enough the rest of the world will see in us a spotless and shining civilization which cannot help but win the Cold War.

The recent wave of persecution of homosexuals seems definitely to be nation-wide in scope. I have read about crack-downs in practically every large city. Only Chicago (long noted for the inaction of its police) seems unchanged since the good old days before 1959. Moreover, homosexuals are not the only ones who are hurt by crack-down campaigns. Americans cannot live indefinitely under a Crack-down Regime without becoming permanently conditioned by it.

There were undercurrents of gossip going around New York in 1959 and 1960 that J. Edgar Hoover and the F.B.I. were behind the nation-wide crack-down. This could not be proved (and still cannot); nevertheless, it is open to reflection that the F.B.I. does have some very real — if only spiritual — influence over local police departments, and it is common knowledge that Mr. Hoover has given strong support toward the increase in numbers of police throughout the United States, even going so far as to campaign for it publicly and to allow his signature to appear in full-page magazine ads which beg for more recruits for law enforcement.

The really serious threat is that the great increase in numbers of the police in American communities is occurring simultaneously with a growing political trend toward the Right, coupled with an intense anti-Communist campaign. There are certain marked similarities between what is now going on in the United States and what took place in Germany during the early 1930's. The Nazis, before they came to power, achieved great popularity by posing as the champions of national unity against the "dangers of Bolshevism" (Communism) from without, and against the "rot and decay" (Jews) from within. This same concept of the need for national unity is being fostered by governments and pressure groups in the United States at this time. It lacks a definite political party and it lacks a *Führer*, but these institutions are not long in coming once the basic ideology has been firmly established.

In the United States the average person is not aware of the creeping Nazification of American thought because he is barraged with a constant stream of paper-backed literature about "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," "The Death of Hitler's Germany," "The Last Days of Hitler," and countless others. The screen too has fostered the campaign of patting ourselves on the back for having defeated Hitler. We are given, for instance, lurid accounts of the Nuremberg Trials. Every time Rockwell's American Nazi Party (a lunatic group which is of little real danger) gets into trouble with a local police department the incident appears with the usual ballyhoo in the daily papers. Books, newspapers, and films scream at us constantly that we will not tolerate the Nazi way of thinking here. Unquestionably some of this anti-Nazi propaganda comes from Jewish interest groups, but most of it is not the result of Jewish influence, but rather of the woeful igno-

rance that is at the heart of American thought at the present time — an ignorance based upon the idea that America can do no wrong (which has been fostered by decades of irresponsible freedom-propaganda accompanied by much flag-waving) and which encourages an almost savage intellectual campaign against any group or nation which America, in her self-righteousness, has defeated.

Simone Weil, in her remarkable book *The Need for Roots*, warned the French people in exile in England in 1942 that they must not campaign too vigorously against Nazism, for that in itself could easily become a kind of Nazism. This plea, this clear insight, ought well to be heeded in America at the present time. But it is not being heeded. Everywhere the arrogance of Americanism is being pushed forward more determinedly. The campaign of verbiage about our freedoms and our civil rights is becoming louder and more insistent. And this empty prattle is being accompanied by the shabby behavior of the police and of legislative investigating committees, and by a growing intolerance toward all who are not conventional thinkers.

Hitler persecuted the Jews as scapegoats. It cannot be said that the government of the United States treats the Jews in such a manner. Oh, no! In America we persecute not Jews, but homosexuals. In the growing Nazification of thought in this nation homosexuals are finding themselves in much the same position as that of the Jews at the beginning of the Nazi era in Germany. They are despised for being liberal in thought as well as for living what is considered by many to be a reprehensible form of existence. Further, and more important, they have no allies.

The Church, for example, is no more inclined toward the protection of homosexuals in this nation than it was disposed toward the protection of Jews under the Nazi regime in Ger-

many. Certainly the Church disapproved of the Nazi regime, but not at first. The Nazi propaganda that National Socialism would save the nation from "Godless Communism" flattered the ecclesiastics into giving it a passive acceptance; and while the Church may not have been a staunch ally of National Socialism, still it did not oppose it until a later date when the horrible persecution of the Jews forced the Christian Church to oppose the State on a matter of principle. But by that time it was too late and opposition was of no use.

Similarly, the Church in the United States is, by its attitude, encouraging the Nazification going on at the present time. While local governments become little police states and while the F.B.I. and national government cry continually about the high crime rate, the same spiel is echoed from pulpits all across the land. The danger is that most priests and ministers are inclined to support the police because, out of ignorance, they think the police are interested in the public welfare. And, as anyone knows, the Church has always been Rightist in outlook.

What is the attitude of the Church toward homosexuality? Most churches have not taken a definite stand on the issue (Catholic Church excepted), but if homosexuals were to be persecuted more severely than they are at present, would the Church do anything to help them? It is doubtful. The Church might preach against persecution on general principles, but it is unlikely that it would take any active opposition.

The social position of the homosexual in America is in many ways worse even than that of the Negro. The homosexual is frequently discriminated against, is bait for the police, and is in danger of losing what few civil rights he may be said to possess. Unlike the Negro, he has no allies who will campaign for him the way many

ecclesiastics preached for so long against racial discrimination. But, still worse, *he will not fight for his rights*. The Negro has won civil rights in the last few years not because the United States Government is freedom-loving and benevolent (which it is not) but because through agitation, sacrifice, and organized effort, Negroes have forced society to recognize them and give them their rights. Homosexuals could do the same if they would put their minds to it.

However, the chances of this happening are not great, for homosexuals are not much inclined to go to bat for themselves. It does not speak well for homosexuals as a group, for example, that the New York chapter of the Mattachine Society, an organization dedicated to the furthering of homosexual interests, failed when it was most needed during the terrible persecutions of 1959 and 1960. There is, perhaps, a certain truth in the observations of some psychologists that homosexuals are by nature self-destructive. This maxim cannot easily be proved, but it is evident from an observation of recent events that homosexuals are much more inclined to be

timid than are other minority groups. The case of the West Side Y.M.C.A. again illustrates this well. If all homosexual members of that organization had canceled their memberships and boycotted the Y.M.C.A. in protest of the police tactics used by the executive staff, the West Side Y would probably have had to close its doors. There simply would not have been enough non-homosexual members to keep the place open and pay the bills. Homosexuals were numerous enough to have forced their will had they so desired. But how many would have been willing to make that simple sacrifice? Not many, I will wager. Most would have been more disposed toward playing footsie with the bigots who ran the place, thinking it easier to say nothing, to weather the storm, and hope that it would soon blow over.

Individual police campaigns do blow over, to be sure. But each successful campaign makes the next one that much easier. And with the trend of thinking that is going on in America at the present time, if the homosexual continues to acquiesce as he has done in the past, his future in this nation will be grim indeed.

DER KREIS / LE CIRCLE

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THE DARK THORN FLOWER

Gay and mad are the ones who wear
The twined red rose with a raffish air;
Glad the ones who may twist a wreath
Of roadside clover or gypsy heath;
Proud the brow that may boast the laurel
Wreath of silver or red carved coral;
But they are doomed who are born to wear
The dark thorn flower in their hair;
They are cursed who must always mourn
Scars that betray the dark harsh thorn.

The touch of clover is clean and cool
And cool the lilies plucked from a pool;
Sweet the breath of a strand of May
And sweet a ribband of August hay;
Ginger petals are white and smooth;
Fern fronds heal and poppies soothe.
But dark thorn flowers are red as shame
And the barbs are cruel as blades of flame.
Those who smile while a sick heart grieves
Know the scourge of the dark thorn leaves.

One will lift his chin with pride,
And callous his aching flesh to hide
The wounds that mark where a faith has died
 Crucified by the thorn.
The brave will laugh to still the pain.
The bitter mock and turn insane
While weaklings die with a festered brain
Stabbed by the jagged thorn.

Theirs a crown of bleak despair;
Theirs a sorrow they may not share,
And none may know so none may care
That they bear the dark thorn flower.
Whom may they turn to . . . whom may they trust?
Why should they suffer the rankling thrust?
God, I suppose, knows why they must.
He made the dark thorn flower.

—Bill Badger

tangents

news & views

by w.e.g. mcintire

HOLLYWOOD, SAN DIEGO, MADRID, BERLIN

The U. S. Supreme Court now has the appeal of the Hollywood book dealer accused of selling **Tropic of Cancer**. The decision will affect censorship of future books. The major problem of enforcing censorship is the problem of who is to decide what is obscene. In San Diego it is suggested that a committee of churchmen should decide. Which churchmen? The Black Muslims? The Quakers? I notice that all the newspapers are quoting a report by the Quakers on sex. ONE reported the same thing years ago; where were the newspapers then?

What ONE can't print and others won't is often printed by **The National Enquirer**. For instance: Tallulah Bankhead's face turned crimson with anger when, at a social soiree, a nasty remark was made about her mannish voice. Tallulah answered with such tones and words that the Big Mouth couldn't make further reply. Cary Grant caused quite a furor when he and 3 young men with bleached hair, plucked eyebrows (2 were wearing

lipstick and makeup) and wiggles in their walk, made the rounds of the notorious bars on the left bank. While in Madrid, Laurence Harvey caused a stir in one spot when he and his young male escort hugged each other. In Berlin, Barbara Hut-ton's ex-husband, Baron Gottfried Von Gramm, was arrested in a raid on a late-night party at which several men were found in drag.

IN THE COLUMNS

Readers of **Dear Abby** saw a letter from a man whose wife went on a rampage when he and their son took a shower together (child, age 4). Abby replied that the wife should have a talk with her doctor about her unnatural ideas, which should be traded for some enlightened, healthy ones.

Dr. Crane, writing in the **Akron Beacon Journal**, claims to have talked a boy into curing himself of homosexuality. I have never seen the proof of such a claim. I hope Dr. Crane doesn't think that marriage is proof. . . . Up in Oregon they have what appears to be an insane female osteopathic physician: waving

scalpels around, she says that the best way to treat sex offenders, particularly those guilty of sodomy, is to "cut out their illness." And people say we should let the "experts" do the investigating and pass the laws!

But back to the columnists, we find in the **New York Standard** that Peter Cook of "Beyond the Fringe" doesn't like homos, and complains about the number of them in New York City. And all those magazines for homos on sale!

NOTE: Homosexuals aren't welcome in the Virgin Islands! !

I find very interesting that report by Jack Mabley of the Chicago paper in which a psychiatrist, a youth counselor, and a priest (Catholic) unite in an appeal to parents to educate their children against the dangers of homosexuals. The reason given is that it's unnatural. Now I find it difficult to follow such logic. If nature has a law against something why do we need man-made laws? If being heterosexual is so natural, then why all the big deal to convince the children that being homosexual **isn't**? Maybe being heterosexual doesn't come naturally. I'm waiting for a similar statement asking parents to warn their children against violating the law of gravitation.

STRAIGHT LOGIC!

Example #1: Try following the thinking of an Air Force Colonel who is reported to have handled the case of an Airman accused of murdering a woman in Idaho. The situation made the Colonel think the man was homosexual and he thus set out to **get** the man. It is reported that the same Colonel has caused several suicides with his methods of investigation.

Example #2: Dr. John P. Dunn is asking that he not be barred from practicing in the only hospital in his

area of Texas. The medical board just might have gotten the idea he wasn't interested in practicing medicine since he is reported to be spending so much time practicing detective for the FBI (he claims he tipped the FBI to the activities of Billie Sol Estes) and acting as hatchet man with the reputations of other MDs. He gave "evidence" that one young MD was homosexual. The young man killed himself.

Example #3: William Higgs was scheduled to be honored by such men as Lt. Gov. Anderson of California, Pulitzer prize winning editor of the **Arkansas Gazette** Harry Ashmore, and Burt Lancaster. He graduated from Ole Miss at the head of his class when he was 19. He attended Harvard Law School. He was state chairman of the Kennedy - Johnson ticket. He holds a Lasker fellowship in Civil Rights. **Life** Magazine included him in its list of 100 rising young men and women in the United States. The first of February of this year Higgs asked the Federal Court in Jackson, Mississippi, to admit a second Negro to the State University. The people of Mississippi had to find a way of destroying this man before he succeeded in educating the Negro, before he brought decency to Mississippi and exposed their ignorance and sins. They found a way of stopping Higgs. Three hours after he spoke to the court, he was in jail, charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor — a 16-year-old runaway from out-of-state. You can always accuse your enemies of being homosexual. Even if they prove you lied, the doubt is always there for the future.

Example #4: A man who claims to be the nephew of Atty. Gen. Mosk of California is arrested on a morals charge. Mosk recently made a protest that he is against sex deviates. No comment.

Example #5: You discover that about 1 out of every 6 persons in America is homosexual. What do you do to understand the problem or to adjust to the idea and fact? Do you want to change this situation or do you find that it is not worth worrying about? Scientific solution: study the problem and all of its suspected causes, proposed cures, and implications for the individual and society. And after all the evidence is in, draw a probable answer. Solution of the professors in our colleges, the preachers in our pulpits, the vice squad men in our toilets: Shout fire. Don't investigate — you may be proved wrong in claiming that you are doing a job by locking up homosexuals — and need a pay raise for doing this dangerous work. Don't waste time on this, you can't get a grant for studying queers. Study the depths of the ocean. They can't accuse you of being a fish, or can they?

Along this line of thinking, we have the case of the young marine who jumped into the ocean to save a buddy who had slipped off ship. The marine didn't use his head. Doesn't he know that this will make people think he's too **friendly**?

MORE EXPERT THINKING?

The English people sure advance fast. They've been talking about the Wolfenden Report for how many years now? Illinois did less talking, but now has the law in effect.

An item in the **London Daily Mail** presents a different British attitude towards homosexuals and their traits. "How many homosexual traitors since the war? Two. How many normal ones? Forty-odd. Let's purge the **heterosexuals**." But the bureaucrats of England have other problems. They are afraid that if England enters the Common Market it will have a VD problem due to "greater mobility" among the peo-

ples of the various countries. They don't say which country they fear.

SAME PROBLEMS: DIFFERENT GEOGRAPHY

In Texas, as well as in other states, they are trying to pass censorship laws. One man writes the **Houston Chronicle** concerning the proposed new bill covering obscene movies as follows: "... Drowning men catch at straws. Unable to explain or to cope intelligently with the increase of crime, such persons revert to ancient taboos which have never accomplished one iota of good in behalf of society. . . . Such legislation is in itself un-American; and its very nature creates an unusually high degree of irregularity in enforcements." But few people in a democracy are willing to put forth this effort of thinking, much less acting. How many people in California even know, for instance, of Bill #3? All too often the reply is that one person just can't do much, what with working, etc. Yet the same person seldom contributes to or joins a group or organization which could work for him.

MAGAZINES

It would be interesting to know how well the **Ladies Home Journal** checks the facts in an article before printing it. In the case where it quotes a Los Angeles doctor saying that statistics show how much homosexual VD in LA has grown, we at ONE could have told them that, based upon the word of the Public Health officials themselves, no such statistics exist. The article later speaks of homosexuals being cured through "psycho-therapeutic intervention", whatever that is. We know of no experts, psychological or medical, who have proved that homosexuals can be cured, or that there is anything to cure.

In the **National Review**, November, 1962, there is a very humorous

article titled "What Ever Became of Bachelors?"

But one of the most eye-opening articles of recent date is found in the **Michigan Quarterly Review**, Winter, 1963. Titled "The Supreme Court — 1937": it will certainly be a shocker to the people who feel FDR served democracy, and to those who believe that our Congress and law enforcement agencies are "serving" the people. Some quotes: "The courts are the ultimate protection of the people against tyranny. There is no worse tyranny than that of a majority over minorities, and every citizen is at some time or other a member of a minority. 'Arbitrary power exists nowhere in a republic,' says the constitution of Wyoming, 'not even in the largest majority.' " " . . . a great arsenal of ammunition, in the form of factual information and of wholly or partly written speeches, was in storage . . . for the final battle, to be used by Republicans and Democrats alike. Perhaps this ammunition may never be needed. Perhaps some of it may serve in a battle yet to be fought. We have just begun to realize that the war between democracy and despotism never ends, and that every victory should be followed by preparation to meet the next attack." To which ONE adds, AMEN!

RECOMMENDED READING

New to the stands is **The Genetic Code**, by Isaac Asimov (Signet, 60¢); **Dictionary of Erotic Literature**, by Harry E. Wedeck (Philosophical Library, \$10.00) has been added to our Library. **The Wolfenden Report**, mentioned previously, is now available in hard cover from Stein & Day Publishers, as is **Consenting Adults**. And while you are reading, notice the article on psychiatrists and the courts in the March issue of **Pageant Magazine**.

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The Secret

by
Pat Higgins

I didn't have too many friends that were married. I used to watch couples step into their sleek convertibles on summer nights, poised and secure, glamorous in the mystery of their reciprocal possession, and they seemed to own the warm, scented night air, as they owned many other secrets, in their lives that were closed to me, in their dark rooms at night. I thought, they must savor their lives, knowing no one has the right to disturb them in their beds, and they must want to giggle as children do who are allowed, as a special treat, to spend the night at each others' houses, in the snugness of their physical love. Sometimes I would look up at their dark windows, and wonder. And in the daytime, what fun it seemed, to have a house together, to make love with the curtains blowing, the sun shining on the furniture — smoking cigarettes together, afterwards, an ashtray beside them on the bedtable. . . .

In a way, that was what started me off. I wanted to know what it was all about. I wanted to share in the mystery, the cult of those who belonged. I wasn't the only one, of course. Most of my friends went out with boys, or men, and went to their houses, or rooms, or parked in their cars in deserted spots. I don't know what the others wanted, but at least they were company.

It didn't do any good. I didn't find what I was looking for. I found moments of pleasure, thinking for a while this person was mine, we could be together, afterward, smoking cigarettes, while I played house in my mind. I searched relentlessly for affairs, because beneath those snug-bound moments a great black abyss lay, waiting to draw me down and down. Only the warm island of lamplight could save me, and only those momentary affairs could bring me into it. And I knew, all the time, it was guilty and sordid. My heart would leap like a frightened deer when a branch creaked, or a car passed.

But even then, I had no choice. And I never discovered the secret; going through the motions wasn't enough.

As I grew older, many of my friends got married. It was strange, visiting them in their kitchens and living-rooms, seeing them with their new-found mates. I used to watch their faces, searching for a sign of what they knew, what they had discovered, what was between them. I couldn't discern anything. I tried to take an interest in their problems, to feel akin to them through my sexual experiences, but it seemed so different from what theirs must be, though it was physically the same. I knew nothing about house-keeping. I knew less about jobs. Children seemed small people from Mars.

I never knew what to say to children.

When June lowered her eyes, the revelation began. She was knitting booties for her second baby, we were in her livingroom, among prints of French impressionist paintings, books, end tables, and coffee cups. Jensen was reading the paper, in a big leather chair in the corner. He wasn't listening. June was telling me about her visits to her doctor, how considerate Jensen was with her, doing the dishes and heavy housework, how he let her go to bed early at night. "Of course, I've had plenty of sleep since I've been married," she said. She looked at me. I hadn't thought there was anything strange about what she said. She lowered her eyes, and took up her knitting again.

It made me wonder.

And then I noticed the silence of other couples when it came to the subject of sex. I was willing to talk about it, though it embarrassed me to know too much; still, it was something I could have in common with the others. But when I talked, they hardly answered. Once, I saw the two women I was with look at each other. Then we talked about other things.

Even Anita and Arnie, whom I had known for years, and who were sleeping together for at least two years before they got married, were quiet about sex. They went steady for four years, and they were very close, emotionally and physically. I envied them that. But since they were married, I never saw them put their arms around each other, or Anita sit in Arnie's lap, like in old times. I was very close to Anita; she seemed to be the only one of my friends I stayed really close to after she was married. She seemed to me more original than the others.

One day I came right out and asked her: why couples I knew didn't refer to sex at all, and always avoided the subject. I asked if it was a matter of married propriety. She seemed to want to change the subject. But I kept at it,

using the example of her and Arnie. And finally she let herself look me in the eye, and said, "I don't know that I can tell you. It's an unwritten law. I'd be afraid. . . ." I guess she saw I was hurt — she sensed my feelings about marriage, and how I felt left out — and she thought for a moment, then said, "You have to promise not to tell anyone. This is something it would be bad for others to know. You may be shocked, or surprised. Promise?"

"I promise," I said. My heart was pounding, but I tried to appear calm.

"We don't . . . married people don't have sexual relations. There is no sex in marriage. None at all. Arnie and I . . . when we were married, we didn't know. No one knows. I've talked with others, and none of them knew. There just isn't any sex. Arnie and I were so happy when we went together. We were so close, and sex was a way of getting closer, and it was joyful to both of us. When we were married, we were so happy, we thought we would have years of joy, of physical union. The ceremony was so lovely, we were so happy. And then . . . the wedding night. . . ."

I tried not to show any reaction. I was afraid she wouldn't go on. But she smiled bitterly, and went on:

"Marriage was a consummation of our love, a confirmation that we would make love for years to come, and it would all be right, because we were married, and we were right to make love before, because marriage made it all right, because we knew we were going to get married before we did. Do you know what I mean? After the wedding, at the hotel, he took a shower, and I did, and it meant so much to us, and then we lay down together on the bed, and, well, nothing happened. There suddenly wasn't anything to do. We were married, and we were together, and we loved each other, and we were lying together on a bed. That was all. We couldn't understand. We were afraid to look at

each other. I would have hidden it, and so would he have, but we couldn't even begin, even to pretend. We just lay there, hoping it would change, talking about how we loved each other, each hoping it was just the newness of being married, or something. But it wasn't. After a while we looked at each other, and I asked him. He asked me. It was the same with us both. I felt we were in some awful nightmare, lying there so peacefully, so married, as we would when we were old, past our time. The peace was like a nightmare, we were so calm and close. We weren't disturbed by our failure, it seemed natural! That was what frightened us so much. The next morning, we got up and felt old. Not old in our bones, for we felt relaxed and healthy, but old because we hadn't come together in a rush of desire, our bodies wild for one another, and because we hadn't the wonderful fulfillment of our love, and the sweet sleep in each other's arms, afterwards. Because we hadn't even wanted to!

"That day we went to a doctor. We asked him what was wrong. I prayed we could take some medicine, or see a psychiatrist, or something. My heart lifted with hope, as if we were coming to the end of the nightmare. And the doctor just looked at us. He looked sad. He said, 'I'm sorry . . . it's something we all find out . . .' And that was it. They don't tell anyone, because they're afraid it will discourage people from getting married. It might cause a panic, a national emergency, or something. We're not sad, really, now that we're used to the idea. We're not really old. We don't feel old. We're happy together. We've almost forgotten what it used to be like. And we have the kids . . ."

I didn't know what to say. I thought she might be insane. Then I thought, and said, "Kids? What do you . . ."

"It's a form of artificial insemination. The doctor showed us. It's very simple. I won't describe it."

I felt sort of sick. She was very sweet, told me not to tell anyone, and I went home, because it was late.

I checked with my other married friends. It was true. They never had sex. From the time of their marriage, there wasn't any sex. And they all had their children by that same process.

Then what about the secret of marriage, the wonder of summer nights and dark windows, the couples in their sleek convertibles, close in the warm, perfumed wind, the couples in poorer houses whose curtains stir in the soft night air, the sunshine on a turned down quilt, the languid hours of late afternoon sun in a back yard, among garden flowers lined with fat, hovering bees, the crackling orange flame in a fireplace, flickering orange light among plates and cushions, where a white blizzard of snow sweeps past the warm window, the dusky curtains, the fire-warmed love. . . . What about me?

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O, I should hate myself, I know —
A leering wolf, a peeping Tom.
A common corner-character, I wait
On crowded curbs for one to come
To rape my greedy eyes upon,
A form or face to carry back
As meagre mental image for my solitary snack,
Companion in my chilly cubicle.

Uninterruptedly they pass,
Shuffling, striding, pushing, idling,
Ugly, self-contained, alert or brash;
Alone, in couples or in boisterous groups—
It's all the same to me who only ask
To stare.

Take that pair
Just stepping off a bus.
She, a beauty-parlor product, chic, well-made,
From blond coiffure and manicure
To tilted toe and nylon leg.
This I notice in a glance,
As one marks a straying dog
When craning at a plane.

Her companion is a man
In late twenties, lithe and agile,
Dressed in casual shirt and slacks;
Soft brown hair slung loosely back
From chiseled features, fine, intense,
Glowing with intelligence and humor.
This and more I see or sense
In the walk from bus to corner.

Luck is with me! Stop-light red,
They wait—and the unhoped-for happens.
Glancing swiftly back, blue, anguished
Eyes sweep me from toe to head,
Then bore into my own,
Lingering on a lifetime.
Yellow light, then green—and they are gone.

Shattered I sink against a window ledge,
Crushed by the secret shared across a crowd:
The well-made blond, a front, a wish—
And he another ship-wrecked male
Beating about his barren isle,
A gull on shorn wing.
I stagger home with this for fire and light,
To warm my chilly cubicle, another night.

Pierre Foreau

The Homosexual and the Police

by

Frank C. Wood, Jr.

Part Two of an address on Search & Seizure
given at ONE's 1963 Midwinter Institute

I would like to speak for a moment about the police practices in the State of California, and especially in the Los Angeles area, as I know them. I think that all citizens should know what is going on. There are several areas—you might call them hot areas—where concerted drives are being made against homosexual persons. One is the Long Beach area, the site of the Bielicki case. Another one is in the Hollywood Blvd. area, in the vicinity particularly of Selma street, where there are alleged to be many homosexual bars and where, I think, there are sometimes more vice officers than other persons. I really believe it would be difficult in that vicinity to ask a man for a match or to strike up a conversation with a stranger and not at least run a fifty-fifty chance that you were really talking to a police officer.

Be the situation as it may, we know that a great many arrests come from the Hollywood Blvd. area. The usual practices followed go something like this: someone will strike up a casual conversation with you and then try to get you to say one of the magic words — maybe a nice old Anglo-Saxon word — or some word which we all know pertains in one manner

or another to sex. All you have to do is say the magic word and that someone who struck up the conversation will be transformed into a vice officer and his brother officer will startlingly appear from nowhere and swear that with his excellent pair of ears he was able to overhear everything that went on. And these two vice officers will stick together, and they will arrest you, and they will take you down to the police station and book you on Section 647 Subsection A or 650 and one-half, both of which are acts outraging public decency, the first being a sex registration offense and the second not. The police will generally book you on both counts in the hope that you may be persuaded to "cop out" on the lesser of the two charges, 650 and one-half, because you believe that your troubles will be over by so doing.

Let me assure those who may think that this is the end of the trouble, that it simply is not so. I have one client who was—and "was" is the word—a doctor. He has left the country and left a federal grant involving a very vital type of work in medical research, due to the fact that he plead guilty to 650 and one-half. As a result of his plea his grant was taken from

him, and he was also forced to leave the hospital where he had been in residence. I recently represented a school teacher who in all good faith and upon the advice of counsel entered a guilty plea to 650 and one-half, and ninety days later we had a hearing scheduled for revocation of his teaching credentials and of his real estate license. We had to fight a hundred times harder to save these two licenses than if he had fought the original charge. The particular situation was such that I was able to convince two different hearing boards that the credential and the license should not be revoked; but the case could easily have gone the other way. If you plead guilty to one of the charges of outraging public decency untold damage can result. Your record is checked upon later if you apply for federal or state employment, and it can be checked for many kinds of private employment especially where a bond is necessary. If the check on your record shows 650 and one-half, they will look up what it means, and there it is. The only proper defense is to fight the charge as it comes. Get the best attorney you can and make the best preparation possible and take care of it before other unthought of difficulties arise to haunt you in future years. The city attorneys themselves don't realize what they do when they take these pleas, and I have attempted to inform each of them wherever opportunity has permitted. Some of them are aware of the chaos and heartache that these pleas can cause.

Now, I am often asked what about entrapment. Most of you have heard that there is something called entrapment, and that if the police entrap you that this then is a defense. In virtually every homosexual case, entrapment is a potential defense. Let me give a couple of real cases to best illustrate what entrapment really means. The first case begins a few months after prohibition went into effect. A nice

old druggist who ran an old country store was standing behind his counter one day when a guy comes along who obviously needs a drink: he is shaking all over, and he is the type who is an alcoholic. He has to have a drink so he approaches the druggist and says, I've got to have some liquor, can't you give me some? The druggist replies that he can't do it, that it is against the law. But the guy pleads and pleads so convincingly that the old druggist gives in and says, all right, I've got a little alcohol left, but remember only this once. So he sells the guy the liquor, and immediately the guy pulls out his credentials. It's a police officer, and he makes his arrest. Now, let's take another case. A man is engaged in bookmaking—taking bets on horses and ball games and anything else. The man is booking 50 or 60 or 70 bets a day and has been doing it for a long period of time. A police officer hears about it and walks into the man's premises and says that Joe sent him. The man doesn't know the officer and doesn't want to take his bet. They argue a while and finally the officer convinces the man it is all right. The bet is placed, the man takes it, whereupon credentials are shown and the officer reveals himself and places the man under arrest.

Let us examine these two cases. It will show us what is and what is not entrapment: in the first case, the criminal idea originated in the mind of the government agent who visited the old druggist. The druggist did not want to sell alcohol. He was definitely reluctant. The last thing he expected to do when the guy came into his store was sell him a bottle of whiskey. In the case of the bookmaker, however, it will be remembered that bookmaking was his business. The only reason why he didn't want to take the bet was that he was afraid of dealing with a stranger. He was afraid he might get caught.

So here is your defense against entrapment. If the idea of the offense originally belonged to the police officer, and you reluctantly were talked into it, why then, you have a proper defense of entrapment. But if you are a gentleman hanging around a public toilet, and if the police officer should strike up a conversation leading to one of the magic words or an overt act, it would not be entrapment. This definition creates a problem. How does one know what is in another person's mind? Was the suspect at the toilet for a legitimate purpose or was he there to make a pickup? Here we run into the problem of the unbiased judge or jury. If it happens that you are a man with 5 or 6 children and that you have never been arrested before, and, perhaps, you have a witness of your own, or there are other circumstances in your favor, you may well raise the defense of entrapment. And you may win. But if you are a single man with a record of arrest and it appears that you may have been at the scene for no good purpose, as it were, then the defense of entrapment will get you no place. In this state there have been mighty few cases in which the defense of entrapment was raised and was successful. The appellate records show failure after failure. Still, in many cases this type of defense should be raised but isn't, simply because persons are afraid of the notoriety that will attend a public trial. The defendant does not want to have to tell what went on. Few persons could stand the embarrassment. Public prosecutors seldom object in these cases to a clearing of the courtroom even though in municipal court matters there are few spectators — frequently no more than 2 or 3. Frank parts of any discussion will be held at the bench or in chambers and won't even appear on record, and if they should be placed on the record, no one will read it because the record will never be trans-

scribed unless an appeal is taken. So persons should not be afraid of a court trial.

The failure of persons to fight their cases has given the police a feeling of confidence in these matters. And as I have pointed out, it is the duty of each citizen to fight any unlawful or improper infringement on his liberty. The police have become more and more emboldened. Many lawyers have discussed this problem with district attorneys and police officers. Only a few days ago I talked to an old sergeant of detectives. He had worked vice for many years. I said, - - -, you know that many of your officers who wouldn't think of framing anybody for a burglary or a robbery or some other kind of charge, will on morals cases, twist the facts and say the magic words to get a conviction, don't you? The sergeant nodded his head in agreement. He knew what I was talking about all right. My school-teacher case was very like that.

So often the circumstances depend on whether the vice officer speaks the words and you repeat them or whether you first utter the words. More depends on how the meaning can be interpreted later. But, in some way, as it frequently turns out, when the vice officer writes his report, it all comes out that you were the aggressor—that it was your idea—and the report will be damaging. Customarily the report might start out, "While at the intersection of Hollywood Blvd. and Las Palmas, and while investigating alleged homosexual activities..." which type of beginning immediately alerts the judge to the idea that the area you were found in is a hot-bed of activity. So I repeat that when a person has been arrested for one of the charges mentioned here he has a duty not only to himself but to all others who may have a similar problem, not to lie down and just take it. If the person is honestly being abused, if the facts are not as represented, he must

go out and fight the thing and protect his own good name. It is not morally right for you to go to court and plead guilty to something you didn't do. No one would think of pleading guilty to burglary or robbery, yet they do go in and plead guilty to 650 and one-half or 647 Subsection A.

We are all acquainted with a minority of persons who are homosexual or, maybe, bisexual who persist in activity that is so immoral and so flagrantly abusive to the good taste of most people that they generally cast discredit on all others. The greatest blow for good that an organization like ONE can make is to educate this minority within a minority to a more wholesome and orderly approach to life. In the courts I see the same old faces again and again, and when I look at the police reports I notice that they are the same persons who have been arrested for the same offense. Now this is nonsense. You might get burned once, but not twice in the same place. Perhaps such individuals are seeking to punish themselves. Perhaps they are incredibly stupid. But most of them are not. They do, however, need professional help—not to change their homosexual tendencies—but to keep them from again and again placing themselves in jeopardy. When a person who is a repeated offender comes into my office, he is the man I try to send to a psychiatrist, not the man who is a happy, practicing homosexual.

I would not care to have someone tell me to change my sex life. In fact, I would not permit it. It is nobody's business what the next person's private life is like. If any of us becomes a public nuisance in this direction, however, we make trouble for everybody. The man who openly solicits in the streets and outrages public decency is the kind we ought to help—and this is something, I believe, ONE is trying to do.

But in spite of all the education in

the world there will still be genuine abuses and some unlawful arrests from time to time. And when a person finds himself so persecuted, because there is a drive on by vice officers, or for some other reason, that person has two very good moves he can make: one is a suit directed against the city, and the other is a suit filed under the Civil Rights Act. And when a person is abused it is really his duty to take one or both of these remedies. By so doing, he will not only help protect himself but all other persons who may come along after him.

An important thing that must be attempted by organizations such as ONE is to get persons of authority on sexual and related matters and those who understand the problems to push for a law change. Certainly we will never in the world get the legislators to take the obnoxious sections out of the Penal Code because these men are even afraid to talk too much about the subject. The only way is to get a new Penal Code, like Illinois, and simply not put the undesirable sections in.

The original founders of our code system here in California had a splendid idea. They wanted all of our laws to expire either every 10 or 20 years, and those that were not specifically reenacted would thus die on the books. I think it was a good idea and one that we might consider re-introducing—not only in the field of criminal law. Every state has such a mass of laws that it is extremely difficult for an individual to know his legal rights or where he stands before the law.

But since we can't change the law today, we must live with it, and we must recognize what our rights are and also what our duties are to society. A right is not an open license. No. We have freedom of speech, but we cannot scream "fire" in a crowded theatre. But we do have the right, I should think to behave sexually as we please in our own bedrooms and be-

hind closed doors and drawn shades. What consenting adults do with one another in private, barring force, certainly must be their own business.

Let us all see if we can't in our own way do something to prevent persons that we know from getting into trouble. Especially let us urge them to keep from making any public dis-

plays. Let us not, however, be bigots. We need to try to combat the problem that exists in the law on the matter of homosexuality and we need to help our friends with their adjustments. This state could be a much better place for the homosexual and all of society if we were able to combat this problem on these various fronts.

One Institute Quarterly

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Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



WINGER'S LANDFALL, by Stuart Lauder, London, Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1962, 272 pp.

Why did Danny Sparrow, bellboy on the British passenger liner *Cyclamen*, jump or fall over the stern rail to his death just a day before the ship docked in England after a voyage from Australia? His half-brother Harry Shears wants to know. Shears, a Merchant Navy winger (steward), boards the *Cyclamen* for its next trip to ferret out the answer. The voyage is a long one, complicated by a tangle of human relations, and Harry's search is confusing and confused. Does he find the answer? He thinks so. Does he avenge Danny's murder? In a way. But the story is bitter and the ending is bitter.

The book's tone is set, as it should be, by Harry's own inner nature. He is a man capable of considerable self-loathing, and therefore of disgust with, and distrust of, others. Yet he has a wry sense of humor and is a shrewd and sometimes compassionate judge of human nature. The harsh realities of his existence — born and raised in a ferocious London slum — have so warped him that he is not always capable of grappling with the complexities of the problem he has set himself. This is only natural: each of us has his limitations.

However, Stuart Lauder has not controlled his story and for this there is not the same excuse. Common sense tells the reader, very early in the book, that Harry's fumbling, tension-ridden

search is needless. By taking his suspicions to admiralty authorities and asking them to question the crew of the *Cyclamen* concerning Danny's disappearance overboard, Harry could have solved his problem neatly and with dispatch. What prevented his doing this? That he was a relation of the dead boy would have been ample justification. But, of course, then there would have been no story to tell.

And admittedly the story of what goes on in the stewards' and bellboys' quarters aboard a big British passenger liner is quite a tale. In the first place, homosexuality is rife. There are, to begin with, the flaming queens. Several of these — always referred to by author Lauder as "she" — are very successfully drawn. Diamond Lil — nee Derek — is especially vivid as the ruling queen who is also an intelligent and well-read man, the victim of his own sexual maladjustment.

Then there are the beefy, brawny toughs who sling the heavy loads of food, dishes, and garbage, in the kitchens, and enjoy the attentions of the faggot group. There are the boys like Marty, an ex-Guardsman, good-looking, clean-cut, who keep up a pretense of heterosexual adjustment while actually getting more than just laughs from association with the gay crowd. Then there are the lone wolves, like Harry Shears himself, who is homosexual, but keeps quiet about it. Finally, of course, there are the bellboys, supposedly protected by strict com-

pany surveillance, but actually fair and open-season game for all comers.

The day-to-day duties of the waiters and kitchen crew on board the *Cyclamen* are expertly handled. The relations of wingers with the passengers they serve and with the supervisory personnel are told with a fine ear and eye for class distinctions and human foibles, winning and otherwise. The atmosphere below decks of the great luxury ship as she wallows through the changing seas of this long, long voyage from one remote corner of the British Commonwealth to the other is vividly conveyed.

And so is Harry's affair with Princely, one of the bellboys. There is no overlaying of the relationship with phony romanticism or sentimentality. It is told with dignity and rueful sympathy for all the hazards and heartbreaks implicit in such an episode — the long waits in the showers in the hope that the room will clear, the clandestine meetings in the small hours on the forecastle deck where the crew goes to sleep in equatorial weather, the carefully simulated indifference to each other when going about the daily grind, and finally a chance encounter in a stall in the head.

Isn't this the end, though?

Harry thought grimly, holding him tightly and closing his eyes. . . . *The absolute rock bottom?*

But for all the ring of truth in so much of the background sketching, in the minor characters, in the leading character's thoughts and emotions, the plot of *Winger's Landfall* is at best second-rate — a sort of queer boy's Howard Pease adventure — and the presence of a character named Bernard Norrie just about wrecks the book completely.

Norrie is so obviously a cardboard character, and his function is so obviously symbolic, and the conflict set up between him and Harry Shears so obviously contrived, one is embarrassed

to write about it. Supposedly, Norrie, a wine steward, about forty-five, has made looking after the moral welfare of the bellboys his special province. This in itself is acceptable enough. A certain stuffy type of auntie sometimes takes on this sort of role. But Lauder has overplayed the matter, attempting to make us swallow Bernard as founder of a new religion, a mish-mash of East and West, with headquarters in a sort of Shangri-La at Colombo, and a little chapel on board the *Cyclamen*, where the bellboys not only do Yoga exercises, but have extra-sensory experiences in trance states, yet! Lauder makes Harry Shears' sour cynicism about this convincing, but even that cannot save the contrivance.

There is heart and humanity in *Winger's Landfall*, and there is suspense. But the rounding off of the story is dismally unsuccessful. A new element in Harry's character is dragged in at the last moment and though scenically well-handled, the final episode of the book is not legitimate. It would appear that author Lauder has attempted at the last moment to make of Harry Shears a figure of evil. If so, he quite naturally fails because of the sympathetic role Shears has filled throughout the book. The attempt to elevate Bernard Norrie to the Christ image — if that is what Lauder has meant — is pretentious and out of keeping with the book's basically naturalistic tone.

The failure of this novel is especially distressing because one feels that there is so much worthwhile about it. The author has considerable talent. One looks forward to Stuart Lauder's next with real anticipation.

—James Colton

THE CENTURY GOD SLEPT, by David Chagall, Thomas Yoseloff, Pub., 1963, 255 pp.

If *The Century God Slept* is not a "beatnik" book, and the publisher claims that it is not, then at least it is

a modern book. The story has a coffee-house setting, and the only other places mentioned are the park and the bed. The characters are mainly concerned with sex, not unlike most people. And the book seldom gets beyond this subject despite the claims of the publisher that it is an attempt to probe the world of the drifters—an attempt to look into the minds of young men and women caught in a trap not of their own making.

The trap in this case is supposed to be that the characters were bred in the midst of the Great Depression, grew up knowing the terror of the Second World War and face a future where global destruction is the goal of society. We might ask, if this is the problem then why didn't the author ever seek a solution?

Out of this new "lost" generation we meet Mitchell. He wants to be a writer, but he doesn't want to work. He bums off women because he is good in bed. He is, naturally, neurotic but not in comparison with the other persons in the book. They all meet at the coffee-house and discuss trivial things while they think about their sex problems. Barry doesn't have any sex life because he is living with his mother, and she controls his behavior. Herman is so busy hating queers that he thinks everyone except himself is in need of a psychiatrist. This is partly

true. He finally goes to one himself and spends his time outwitting the doctor on the matter of his latent homosexuality.

So much for the homosexuals. The heterosexuals come off little better in *The Century God Slept*. Beth finds she can't enjoy sex anymore since she let herself be raped by a handsome football player when she was still in high school. She wants to be punished for every sex act. Peggy, for another reason, prefers to have sex only with men she doesn't know. On these characters the story hinges. Not much of a story? Most of it consists of conversations in which various persons discuss their sex attitudes.

If this is the way people behave, and probably some portion of our population falls into this picture, then I suppose we must face the fact and try to do something with what we have, no matter how unlikely the outcome. The alarming part of it is that there is something real about every one of the characters.

The Century God Slept is a hard book to read not only because of the writing but because of the many different type faces used: capitals, bold face, and italics are strewn on every page to no purpose. It all causes one to wonder if the author and publisher did not take a nap along with their God.

—W.E.G.

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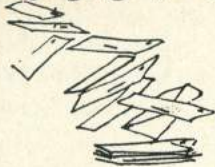
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Letters



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SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

Dear Don Slater:

I am working on a newsletter in which I shall record many of the interesting experiences I have had lately. There have been a number of breakthroughs in this area. One must seize every opportunity to speak at public meetings, etc., if anything is to be accomplished.

Prescott Townsend
Demophil Center,
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wish to tell you something about myself. I've been practising the Gay Life for the past ten years. I'm twenty-three years old, born in New York of Puerto Rican parents. It's true I have had happy days and sad days in those ten years.

I've met people when I was the first to explain to them something about the homosexual world, and went through a great deal of pain and persecution as a result, but I must say I had victory because of my testimony.

The biggest problem was with my father and mother and the girl I was supposed to marry. I am sure you can picture the complete story in your mind. It was real painful, but through my behavior there came a time in which they were able to try to understand my way of life. They still love me as their son and I respect them as my parents.

I've met boys and girls and told them the story. It has been a help to them in their everyday life. There are people who do not understand and we must set an example in our daily life which they can look at and see that there is still good in us and it's possible some day they'll sit down and think to themselves.

Mr. C.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Slater:

The homophile movement must have people within its ranks who are homosexuals who have become recognized leaders within "society proper." I realize that this is a difficult proposal but I think I have seen a recognizable shift toward this within my own lifetime.

When I was in high school the teachers who were Gay would not even try to help the young homosexual understand himself, but only a few years later, I find that Gay professors I have come into contact with will do all in their power to aid the promising homosexual in a move upward.

Of course, this is only within the range of the profession of educators but I am sure that you will realize the social implications, perhaps even better than I do.

Miss S.
Brooklyn, New York

Gentlemen:

In spite of the slight increase in the degree of acceptance by the public no man (or woman) who desires to live any sort of respectable and full life can allow himself the liberty of proclaiming his homosexuality to the world.

Let's face it; it's going to be an awfully long time before we can ever hope to be fully accepted by society as a whole whether or not their denial of our way of life is hypocritical or bona fide. What we need, then, is not a courageous bombardment upon society of our rights to a place in that society or to see worldwide embrace of our activities in ten easy lessons. What we need is a subtle, definite and genuine beginning.

Before we can expect greater acceptance by straight society we must first of all be capable of accepting ourselves. The true homosexual has little use for the faggot, and in fact recognizes this type as the real destructive force which impairs any hope for progress in the quest for acceptance. So long as we live in society with other people we cannot inflict upon them such behavior as to warrant their intolerance. I feel it is necessary to show the world that we are not necessarily a degenerate lot.

Mr. D.
Los Angeles, California

YOUNG BUT FOR A DAY

Dear sir:

I have no quarrel with the beauty of the female form, but do believe that the male physique has many esthetic perfections also. There are, as you know, unique qualities and quantities to each. Also, only when they have matured to the year of eighteen and beyond do they fulfill these esthetical perfections.

Mr. E.
Iowa

Dear sir:

I would suggest that every homosexual ask himself these questions: what of my future? after my youth and beauty are gone, will I live a life of rejection, despair and loneliness? what is more important, a brief sexual relationship with a different partner every week, or a life of love and affection with one person?

Homosexuals are apart from society, but even more tragic, they are apart from each other. The majority of their relationships are brief and sordid, in the sense that I believe any sexual relationship in which love and affection are not involved is sordid. The majority are either unable or unwilling to form a lasting relationship with a loved one.

Of course I realize that the homosexual is at a disadvantage in opportunity for finding a mate. Heterosexuals can find a mate at dances, church work, parties and many other ways. Generally, the homosexual has only the streets, certain bars and parks, and similar places that are not conducive to finding love.

My prayer, dear Father, you have made so many of these fine young men, surely there must be one for me, as I am for him; one who will love me as I must love him.

Mr. S.
Omaha, Nebraska

Gentlemen:

I believe that most of us will have to admit that sex relations between men, like sex relations out of wedlock with women, are a moral sin. While these affairs are morally wrong, they are of real physical benefit in several ways. 1 — They provide a safe and satisfactory outlet for men unable to control their desires. 2 — They have doubtless saved innumerable innocent girls from being raped, abused or even killed by men crazed with desire for sex. 3 — They have been the means of preventing the birth of countless unwanted offspring.

If boys want to sell the use of their bodies and older men are willing to pay for this service it is no one's business but their own. When employed in the city I have been approached by a great number of these young men. Some quite young boys were very eager and most capable. The large majority of the young men interested in this sort of affair were not bums, drunks or other undesirables, but clean respectable and pleasing sort of fellows, many of them as fine a type of youth as anyone could ask for.

I believe that many people think of fellows like this as the very dregs of the race. While there doubtless are many who are just that, my limited experience has shown the majority as quite different.

Mr. L.
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Dear sir:

I have been attending college for the last three years and have made many friends. However, when I show affection for my boy friends they do not want to go to bed with me. How can I find friends who enjoy the things I do?

If there is any way you can help me please send me information concerning my problem. Your help will be greatly appreciated.

Mr. J.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Dear sir:

That was a fine article in March Harper's Magazine, and I'm glad you mentioned it. There is also a good article in the March Rosicrucian Digest. It is a very fine philosophical coverage of the sex impulse in all directions with a tolerant view toward homosexuality. It shows that the thinking minds of today are backing up the homosexual and the least we can do is to spread this information around.

Mr. H.
Jefferson City, Missouri

Dear brother ONE:

I admire the work you are trying to do. You are falling in line with Galatians 6:1; also, I would advise these medicines to those who are discouraged, Matthew 9:10-13; Romans 7:14-25, 8:1-39. Keep up the good work. Victory through Christ.

Mr. H.
Prospect Park, Pennsylvania

Dear sir:

The answer to it all; the reason for existence—not to be found in the forbidding doorway of orthodoxy. Metaphysical revelation comes through New Thought. Christian Science began it; next, Religious Science; Theosophy; Divine Science; Astara; Agasha Temple; Temple of Mentalphysics, and so on.

Most of the Truth Research is in the West. Reincarnation will cause more controversy and fireworks as this century wanes. It is the flaming truth that the Church has tried to crush since Constantine. It cannot be stopped. The wheel of existence turns and we are many people with many loves.

Anon we shall know enough never to return to this sad plane of existence called Earth. Perhaps it will not be long before we cease to cheapen the word Love. As Walt Whitman grew beyond physicality so may we. He was as wise as the Magi.

People are tiring of dry banalities. They want answers in keeping with the colossal revelations of science. Medieval encrustations hang like barnacles on antiprogessive religion. It is time for a housecleaning. I am