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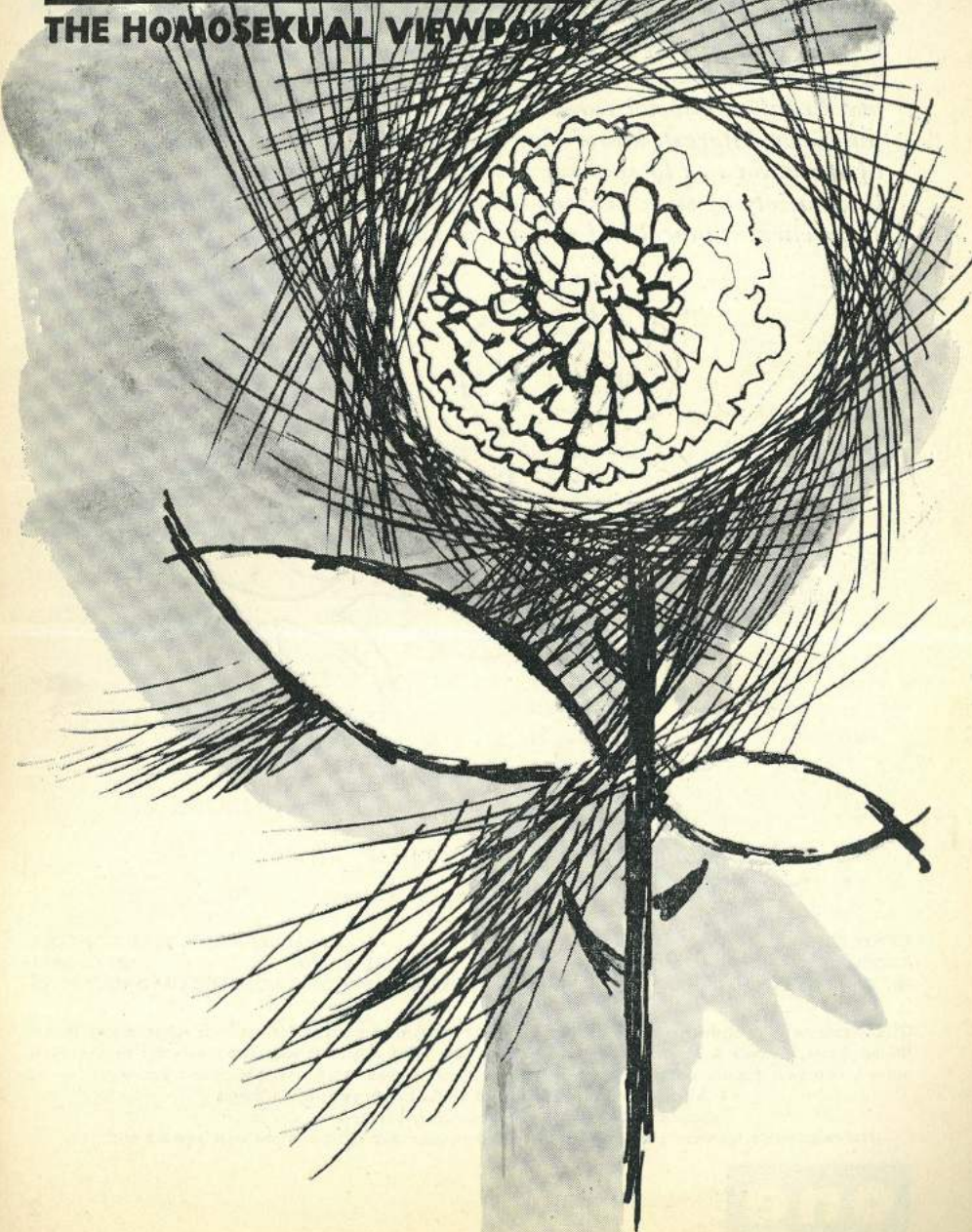
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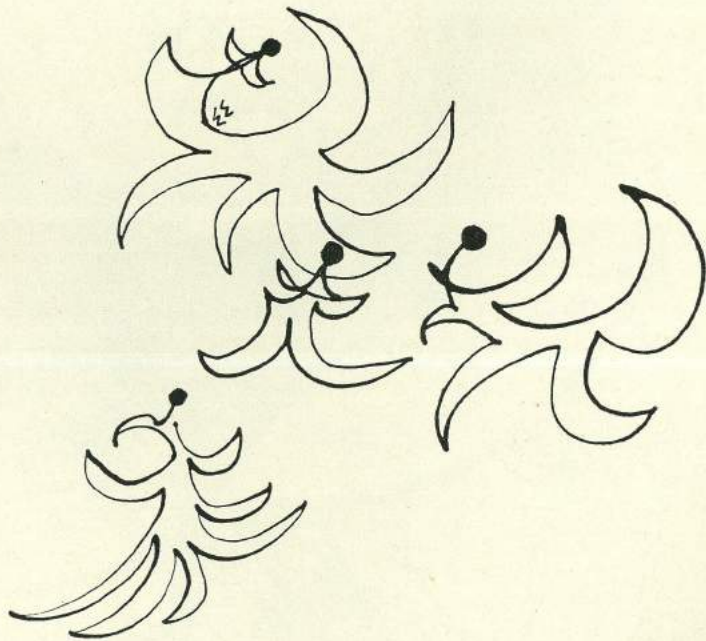
THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



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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EDITORIAL

Many minority groups have found themselves compelled to wage their battle on several fronts, internally as well as externally. Homosexuals have been no exception to this rule. ONE exists as a public service organization working in the interests of homosexual men and women and uses various methods for doing so, i.e., monthly and quarterly publications, lectures, classes, social service activities.

These might be said to serve as positive forces in educating the homosexual himself and the general public, but are of themselves not sufficient to do the job. Another activity equally needed is the negative one of countering the misinformation and outright lies continually being foisted upon the public via radio, tv, books and the daily press concerning homosexuals and homosexuality.

ONE has maintained just such a department for the past ten years, its Bureau of Public Information. This Bureau has sent hundreds of corrective letters and much printed material over the years to mayors, judges, police officials, psychiatrists, university administrations, newspapers, magazines, writers and everyone who has made false or abusive statements in print and over the air. On a number of occasions these corrective letters have mercilessly exposed the public irresponsibility of such persons and brought about at least some improvements in their behavior.

The time seems ripe for pressing the charges of libel and slander now that courts seem to be particularly active in this direction. Where such charges may most effectively and strategically first be pressed is a question to be determined by the particular circumstances, but pressed they will and must be one day soon.

Homosexual American men and women are citizens and taxpayers quite the same as others. There is no reason either in law or in morality for their sitting idly by while their hirelings—in the police, Army, Navy, or other civil service sanctuaries—disgorge slanderous and libellous offal upon the homosexual who helps to pay their salaries. Nor is there any reason in law or

morality why homosexual American citizens should sit idly by and permit their elected officials, judges, congressmen or others to ventilate their twisted prejudices upon the public while hiding behind the cloak of official privilege.

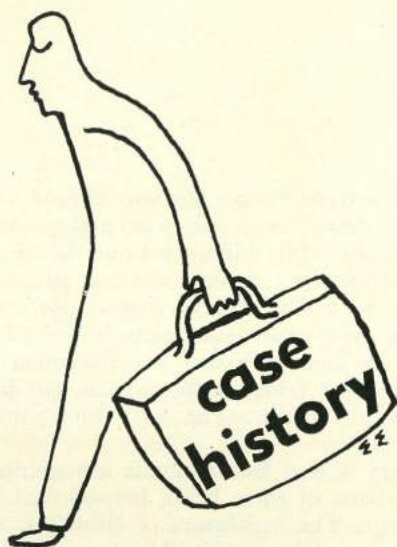
Recent quotations from two newspapers are given here, not because of being unusual, but because they are so typical. Referring to a park in one large city, a morning newspaper said that it served "as a magnet for a criminal element, mostly homosexuals." Its afternoon counterpart said that parks are "not for itinerant felons, homosexuals, mashers, drunks and other undesireables" and went on to speak of "the criminal element and sex perverts."

The simple legal fact is that homosexuals are neither criminals, undesireables or perverts by reason of their being homosexual. No court ever has or can prove such a charge. The legislature of Illinois is the first in the United States to recognize this simple constitutional principle and to acknowledge the moral standards placed upon the states by the prestigious American Law Institute which recommended the placing of homosexual acts between consenting adults on precisely the same legal footing as applicable to heterosexual acts between consenting adults.

By so doing Illinois has forced the legislatures and the courts of all other states into the unenviable position of supporting law which is both unconstitutional and immoral. Upon this sound legal platform notice is served upon public figures and especially the press, to mind its language or to risk action for slander or libel. Citizens and taxpayers have no obligation to endure silently the smears upon their characters and status which have for so long been considered the perfect right of every blatant attention-seeker, confident that no homosexual would ever dare strike back.

It is unfortunate that human nature is such that rights must not only be demanded but taken forcefully, in so many instances. This is exactly what homosexuals are prepared to do these days and will continue to do with increasing severity in all cases of published falsehood or other irresponsible behavior directed against themselves.

Richard Conger
Associate Editor



There are two statements which I have personally often heard made by homosexuals, and which I have often seen in case histories cited by physicians and psychiatrists. These are:

1. The homosexual's condition is the result of a seduction in earlier years by an older man; and,
2. The homosexual has absolutely no opportunity for gainful employment.

As a practicing homosexual from pre-adolescent days and one whose experience has been wide and varied, I find that both of these statements are, for the most part, indefensible.

Generally speaking, and I, myself, know of no exception, a single overt experience does not "fix" one's sexual desires upon his own sex. Kinsey bears this out by reporting that an extremely large number of men have had one or more such experiences during their lifetimes without be-

coming homosexuals. It is entirely possible, and even probable, that when an individual is bullied or forced into homosexual practices, as frequently occurs in prison life (but seldom elsewhere) and because of pressure or environment is unable to terminate such relations, he may become "conditioned" to such behavior and will begin to find himself deriving a certain pleasure therefrom. Man is an adaptable animal and soon learns to find pleasure in situations from which he cannot escape. After a sufficient period of time, such an individual will, in all probability, remain homosexual throughout the rest of his life.

Undoubtedly there are instances in which a seduction or even rape of a youth by an older man or boy has been instrumental in bringing out an existing but previously latent predilection on the part of the victim. Similarly, and just as surely, there are instances in which an initially in-

nocent and harmless affection, mutually displayed and mutually responded to, may lead to sex play and sexual relations which were neither anticipated nor desired in the beginning. In my opinion this is more apt to develop in the case of a boy whose home lacks an emotional display of love or who may come from a broken home, and who finds a measure of understanding or affection in an older boy or man. Even the slightest kindness can foster love in the heart of a boy who finds little or none at home.

Children are far cleverer and more conniving than we like to give them credit for being, and a boy may quickly learn a great many tricks designed to elicit display of the affection he craves. One of these tricks may be to develop the feminine characteristics which exist, as they do in even the most masculine men, within him. His purpose, as a love-starved and consequently lonely and unhappy individual, is to obtain an increasing amount of affection from the one who might previously have accorded his affection only to a limited degree. If such a relationship continues for any period of time, innocent though it may be in the beginning, it is quite apt at some stage to excite the sexual feelings of one or the other or both to the point where they cannot be denied. To judge from my own experience, and from my discussions with others, it is quite likely to be the younger of the two, rather than the older, who is the more aggressive and who becomes the actual seducer.

I shall come back to this, the first of the two premises stated at the beginning of this article, after a few remarks upon the second.

In the matter of finding and keeping employment the average homosexual would find his life much easier if he would only realize that most other people care very little about

his personal life so long as his life does not infringe on theirs. Most people are like the traditional ostrich—quite willing not to see what they are not forced to see. Many people care little what their fellow man does and may only smile indulgently at what they term their fellow's "queer" behavior provided this behavior is not forced upon their attention in such a way that it cannot be overlooked, or provided they are not forced to explain to others their own indulgence or forbearance. The average employer is no different. So long as the employee's sexual proclivities do not become so obvious as to be annoying or do not produce too much talk, do not interfere with job performance or do not result in the molestation of other employees, customers or clients, many employers are happy to pretend that they know nothing at all about the matter. Assuming that a homosexual can control his desires at least to the same extent that the average heterosexual with good taste is expected to control his, and assuming that he has real ability, he may compete with everyone on an equal footing. To me, my own life demonstrates that even when homosexuality is aggravated by other matters one may still succeed if one has ability and acts with some measure of decorum.

When I was a child both my mother and father worked in order to support a family of four children of whom I was the eldest. Consequently, I was to a large extent left on my own. As we were of a minority group in a rather strongly and religiously prejudiced neighborhood we had few friends or associates. As a matter of fact, from the time I was eight years old I had only one real friend, and my younger brother and I spent almost all our time at his home. My friend's father had died when he was an infant and his mother, like mine, worked. Conse-

quently, he, too, was without parental supervision, but was watched over after school by his brother, Ken, who was about six years older than we.

Ken was an athletic kid; extremely well developed for his age he had the physique of a Greek god. He had built for himself a kind of gymnasium in one room of their house, and as both Billy, my friend, and I were rather underdeveloped, he frequently gave us a workout in the gym, trying to teach us wrestling and boxing in order to develop our bodies. He was a fine boy, full of life and laughter, and was extremely kind and tender to us kids. It was not difficult for me to develop a hero worship for him.

I soon grew extremely fond of Ken and greatly admired his body which was so much better developed than my own. I used to seek every opportunity to throw my arms around him and hug him, frequently kissing his side or chest before he could disentangle me, throw his arm over my shoulders and press me to his side. I loved to play at wrestling with him. We usually worked out in the gym with only our shorts on, or sometimes even nude, and when I felt his naked flesh against mine I was thrilled immensely. Whenever we wrestled I would always let him throw me, and then, before he could get up, I would relax and gently caress his back with my fingers as long as he would permit. That he obviously enjoyed this was proved by the fact that sometimes it took him quite a while to get up. This kind of play, which I now realize was essentially homosexual, went on for a long time, and many is the time he would suddenly pull himself from me, jump up and run to the bathroom and lock himself in for quite a while. Often I tried to follow him but he would never let me in.

One afternoon when Ken was

about sixteen or seventeen, Billy went off to play baseball with some other boys. Ken had said that he had to study and I had said that I had to go home. I started toward home, but as soon as the other boys were out of sight, I went back and slipped quietly into the house. I found Ken in his bedroom sitting at his desk, completely nude, and already studying. I stood in the doorway for a while without Ken's knowing I was there. Then I slipped up behind him, threw my arms around him and began kissing him on the neck. He was startled, of course, and asked what I was doing there. I said that I had come back because I wanted to be with him and begged him to let me stay, promising to be quiet and let him study. He started to put some clothes on but I begged him not to, and told him that I liked to see and admire him as he was. For a time I sat quietly on the bed and Ken quickly became so engrossed in his studies that he appeared to forget that I was there. Then I slipped my own clothes off, and I don't think he even knew it. Finally, I got up and slipped over to the bench on which he was sitting and sat down beside him. We sat there for about half an hour, during which I had begun to caress his spine with my fingers which I knew he enjoyed and which had frequently excited him when we were wrestling. I did not know then exactly what I was doing, but I did know that what I did seemed to give Ken pleasure and frequently produced a rather surprising effect. Finally, as he began to fidget, I threw my arms around him and buried my head in his lap, kissing him on the abdomen and thighs.

This did not take long to produce the usual effect, and he thrust me away, saying: "Now you've done it!" I asked what I had done and he said it was none of my business. I asked him if that was why he always ran

into the bathroom, and his reply was: "Kitten (his pet name for me), you sure are a dumb one. Don't you know by now?" I asked what and he said if I didn't know yet, he certainly wasn't going to be the one to teach me. Meanwhile, he was gently stroking himself. He started to the bathroom, and I ran after him, begging and pleading with him to tell me what it was all about. He finally told me to sit quietly on the bench while he went over and lay on the bed and began to masturbate. I watched awhile and then asked him what he was doing, and he said: "Just finishing what you started, Kitten!" I got up and went over to the bed and lay down beside him and began to caress his body. By this time he was so far gone he could not stop me. I finally succeeded in persuading him to let me "officiate," while I kissed his beautiful body wherever I could reach. He just lay there and writhed in ecstasy.

Afterwards, we got up, and he said: "You shouldn't have done that, Kitten, and I shouldn't have let you. Now get dressed." I did, and told him that I had enjoyed it as it seemed to give him so much pleasure. He said: "Still, it's wrong." He then proceeded to give me quite a lecture on sex. He discussed procreation, heterosexual relationships, homosexual relationships, which he said were all wrong, and the pleasures derived from sexual contact. He told me that I was too young yet to enjoy it, but that one of these days I would find a girl I liked, and would get over "this foolish play." He warned me that I should not even touch a man's body again as it might lead to something which might ruin me for life. I asked him if he had ever had such an experience, and he said no. I then asked him if he ever would and his answer was: "I don't know—I might, sometime, just for the thrill, to see what it feels like." Young as I was

I determined then and there that, if I had anything to do with it, his first such experience would be with me!

For a long time thereafter Ken made every excuse to prevent our being alone together and I, just as energetically, sought opportunities to be alone with him. He had tried to frighten me, but had only succeeded in arousing my curiosity and my desire to experiment with him. For a while I managed to be alone with him on only a few occasions and for only a few moments at a time, which he devoted to "fatherly" talks and an effort to answer my many questions. Never would he let me touch him.

Eventually, however, after much pleading and begging on my part and even a few tears, we resumed our former playful relationship, and I immediately began to take advantage of the slightest opportunity to excite him. I had learned a lot in a few weeks!

He scolded me and often sent me off home, but eventually my dogged persistency won and the episode of the afternoon in his bedroom was repeated. And repeated. And repeated—until it became a regular thing and both Ken and I were conspiring together to find ways to be alone together. Still, Ken always stopped me before there was anything more than "play." By this time I really adored him. He gave me the affection and love I missed at home, and I worshiped his beautiful healthy young body.

With constant teasing and caressing I had learned how to excite him more and more, and had taught him to lie quietly and give himself over to my caresses. Finally, one afternoon, I decided to risk all and after he had begun to quiver with excitement, just when he tried to push me away, I grasped him all the more tightly and refused to let go. Finally

he threw his arms around my head, pulled me closer and closer to him and relaxed completely in my arms. He moaned: "What you're doing to me! Stop it, Kitten, stop it!" I raised up just enough to say: "I want to. Make me stop if you can!" He replied—and there was true agony in his voice: "I should—I must—but, dear God, I can't."

After several minutes of intense and passionate play, Ken grasped me real tightly, squeezed me to him, and said: "Kitten, dear boy, I didn't want to do this, but now I've got to. Don't you ever forget you made me do it." With that, he tensed and quivered all over, and, for the first time, really gave himself to me completely. At once, he sagged and lay back like a limp rag. As for me, I had experienced, and thoroughly enjoyed, my first full and complete homosexual intimacy. Previously I had been only an instrument of masturbation whereas this experience was one which probed the depths of desire; it awakened in me, and at the same time taught me how to satisfy, an ecstatic passion I had never dreamed existed. Twice, before the end, Ken had tried to stop, warning me of the consequences, but he was in such a throes of passion that I, though much younger, had been able completely to control his body and his mind, and he could but lie there and let me do what I was determined to with him.

Yet the law would say that it was I who had been seduced!

Afterwards, he lay for quite a while completely exhausted, while I put my arms around him and cuddled up to him. He started to talk to me, and told me that I must never do that again with anyone. I told him I did not want to do it with *anyone*—only with him. He said we could not do it any more either because he could be sent to jail if anyone found out, and that we must

not see each other anymore. I told him we couldn't do that because then everyone would know something was wrong and would wonder what had happened. He finally agreed to let me come back to his house, but only with my brother or when Billy was home. I readily agreed, because I knew that I could eventually get him to relent.

The next week I begged him to let me see him again, and when he refused I told him, with devilish cunning, that I would tell my father on him if he didn't. I was sure that he really wanted to see me again but was afraid. However, desire, and perhaps fear that I would tell, overcame his reluctance and he consented to "just once more." But "once more" became "once more" and "once more" until it was a regular and frequent affair of at least once a week or whenever we could steal an hour or so by ourselves—in the attic, in the cellar, in his bedroom, or even, on occasion, in a deserted house down the street. He said to me once, "Kitten, you don't know what you are doing to yourself and what I'm helping you to do, and I shouldn't let you, but I can't stop myself." And on another occasion he made the statement which I realize now to be very true, "my only excuse is that if you hadn't met me, I really believe you would have eventually found someone else—someone who mightn't have cared as much for you as I do, and might have been brutal with you." He kept cautioning me not to have an affair with anyone else.

As I have grown older I have come to realize that Ken must have known what was happening long before it did, and wanting it, perhaps as much as I, did not have sufficient will power to prevent what he really believed to be wrong. He did have sufficient will power, however, to let me develop in my own way. He was

willing, but never eager, and I do not in the least blame him. To this day I worship his memory—he was killed in action during the war—for he was tender, loving and kind, which many others I might have found would not have been.

Living next door to Ken was another boy of about his same age and with whom Ken occasionally went to the movies or other affairs. He never knew anything about Ken and me, but eventually became either suspicious or jealous and began to tease Ken for always playing with a baby. Ken explained the time he spent with me by saying that he was teaching me to be a checkers champ. One day, while Ken and I were "playing" together, we suddenly looked up and saw this boy, Joe, and a cousin of his, standing in the bedroom doorway watching us and leering. Ken immediately jumped to his feet but Joe said, "You're too late now. Go ahead and have your fun, and if you don't I'll have you both in trouble." Ken went over to him as if to fight, and Joe said, "You can lick me all right, but if you touch me, I'll have you and your little friend in jail before night. So go ahead and finish your fun, and then Jim and I are next!"

I had visions of Ken's and my going to jail and begged him to agree, but he said no, whatever happened. Finally, however, he gave in, especially after they said that if we didn't agree willingly, they would force me anyway. I didn't realize then that we were all in the same boat. Joe insisted that Ken and I finish what we had started while they watched. Then they came to me one at a time and had their pleasure with me.

Neither was at all rough, and I soon found that whereas with Ken I had done what I had done from love and adoration I was now enjoying sex for its own sake.

Once the boys had found this outlet they did not intend to relinquish it. While Jim soon returned to his hometown, Joe, over Ken's objections, continued to join us in our fun. Eventually Joe began to introduce other youths, some in their late teens, others in their early twenties, to our group. By this time, I had been introduced to a variety of practices and would let them use me in any manner they desired.

It was not long before there were some thirty boys, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-two, involved in our fun. As an excuse to get together the boys organized a glee club and I attended their meetings ostensibly to hear them practice. Gradually, the novelty wore off and the group began to diminish. Ken, himself, moved away, but I continued to hear from him occasionally until his death.

As another excuse for having me with them, Ken and the other boys had made me sufficiently proficient at checkers that I became the local champion and held the title for nine years. It is ironic to point out that the newspapers praised Ken and a few of the others for taking such an interest in me and for devoting their time and energies to training me so well. How little people know about the relationships of others! The group itself jealously guarded my reputation lest their own be spoiled.

Life moved on. By the time I was in High School the group had pretty well fallen apart as some moved away and others married. I began to have some clandestine affairs with one or two of my "chums." Otherwise, my contacts became fewer and fewer. After I finished school I went into teaching and, with the exception of one or two friends, had no contacts at all in my hometown, but occasionally went to a city about two hundred miles away to seek an occasional outlet.

Then came the war and I was inducted into the army with the National Guard. I was at first very careful, but I found that one's passions must be satisfied in some way and, I suppose, grew somewhat careless. During a homosexual purge it fell to me to serve as a reporter at a trial of some thirty officers and enlisted men, quite a few of whom I had known, but not one of these mentioned my name. And then a man, with whom I had had absolutely no contact but who knew of my contacts with others, stated that I had seduced and practically raped him. He gave the names of several of those already convicted who, when questioned, were forced to admit having had relations with me. I, too, was tried, and although at my trial I proved by the sworn testimony of a full colonel and others that at the time I was alleged to have been having the affair of which accused, I was actually working in the colonel's Office. Still I was convicted, dishonorably discharged, and sentenced to five years' hard labor. The trial took place in my hometown! Many friends, some of whom knew and some who didn't, tried to come to my aid, but without avail. Two United States senators plead unsuccessfully for a review. I went to Fort Leavenworth and tried to die.

The prison chaplain, God bless his soul, gave me back a will to live, and with his help, I was able to help others. The prison psychiatrist was, himself, gay, and had had affairs with several inmates. As I rejected his advances he became persuaded that I was not gay and that my conviction was a mistake. Of course, the charge upon which I had been convicted became general knowledge among the prison inmates and I was forced to allow myself to be "adopted" by a pair of the inmates who, while using me at will for their own satisfaction, protected

me from the inmates at large. This is one of the horrors of prison life. One young chap I knew was raped at knife point by fourteen men and was hospitalized with a ruptured anus.

After two years of my sentence I was offered a chance at rehabilitation; I accepted and, after a period of several months in which I had been given much more freedom, I was restored to duty and my dishonorable discharge erased. During this period of comparative freedom I was able to have several affairs and I learned that homosexual practices were rife among those who were permitted more freedom than the general run of inmates.

After a time, during which I served at various posts including one where I was a chaplain's assistant and which I enjoyed very much, I was discharged and was given an honorable discharge which, however, showed a certain number of days "lost under A.W. 104"—the provisions under which I had been offered and accepted rehabilitation. I had been offered, and could have accepted, parolee status over a full year prior to my release for rehabilitation.

After my discharge I found that the date of my original enlistment in the National Guard had been misstated and I very foolishly sent my discharge back to the War Department for "correction of the typographical error in the date." What was returned to me was an executed dishonorable discharge plus a "limited" (not recommended for reenlistment) discharge covering my tour of duty subsequent to restoration to duty. My congressmen fought for three years to have this perfidious action withdrawn, but the noble War Department blandly stated that a dishonorable discharge was not subject to review.

For over a year then I worked for the Navy Department in Wash-

ington on a very important project, and, despite the fact that my superiors were aware of my army history, I was scheduled to receive an advancement of several grades, when I was obliged to resign because of ill-health. For the next several months I was undergoing medical treatment, but I, and those attempting to help me, continued to bring pressure upon the War Department to review my case. At this point my records conveniently "disappeared." I still have my dishonorable discharge, and this I have ceased to fight. For a while I was disgusted and bitter and, throwing caution to the winds, became quite well known among the sailors in the seaport city where I was undergoing treatment.

I did get hold of myself, however, and having come to the city where I now live for reasons of my health, I began to look for work. I, a gentile, soon found it with a Jewish businessman who was interested only in ability. Once having persuaded him to try me out it was not difficult to prove satisfactory. My employer soon became interested in furthering my ability and he urged me to study and to take the examinations which would permit me to extend my usefulness

and greatly increase my earning power. I appreciated my employer's interest in me and so I told him my whole story. I also told him that I still, but quietly and circumspectly, engaged in homosexual activities. He continued to urge me to take the examinations, which I did. Today, with his help and encouragement, I am a well-respected member of my profession and have many friends in business and professional circles, some of whom know my inclinations, others most certainly suspect them, and some, of course, remain ignorant of them.

I make no secret of the fact that I am unmarried, that I do not go out with girls, nor that I am buying a home with another man my own age with whom I have been living for several years. Today, despite my homosexuality, I am one of the highest paid employees of one of the most important firms in my area. I will undoubtedly remain homosexual the rest of my life. I do not deny it if asked, but I do not flout it. To me homosexuality is as natural and right as any other expression of one's personality characteristic with which man may be either blessed or cursed.

A.L.H.S.

CAMPOGRAM

T KQXCWE ITWA DTWATWH EBZE IZCY KBQQJBQXY T
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THE BIRD'S SONG

by

Dirk Vanden

He was fourteen at the end of winter; and the long nights of snow and wind had pushed him out of last year's clothes; his arms grew out of the sleeves, and the denim trousers reached high above his ankles. Each night he would stand before the mirror, his head tipped with a frown or sometimes laughter at the stranger in the glass. His mother behind him, near the fire, shook her head and pulled the needle through the new denim of his summer trousers. And sometimes she laughed with him.

And nights, in the long cold winter nights, as the moon shone through the midnight glass, throwing the window pattern across the patchwork quilt, he would stand looking down at the sparkling snow, out across the woods, over the valley and the quiet chimneys, feeling the surge of life within him and only remembering the child who had left his deep footprints across the ice—a child with red bright cheeks and shining eyes at the wonder of icicles and frozen sprays, and naked trees with new soft coats of fluffy white that flashed as sparrows shook it down in fanning showers—a child who watched the cake-frosting clouds that galloped, antelopes, and prowled tigers, across the blue upside-down world. But now, in the moonlight, the prints were filled and crusted, almost gone; and the child was gone. But the clouds were geese across the moon.

And in secret times he would close the door, shivering with the stove cut off, and look in his own mirror at his new body, amazed, delighted and yet

saddened with the fresh life that was sprinkling him all over with soft hair like a man's. These were sorrow times, for he remembered other mysteries—and his father, unremembered, could not explain them to him. Death and life came quickly, and always to those who did not understand.

But spring came; the cold snow hardened first as though to protect itself, but it sank lower and lower until the grey of the ash heap came through and the chips around the woodpile stuck up to dry. Then it was gone and the grass started, then the flowers; and finally the trees became green and blossomed with shining leaves. The woods behind the house thickened with deep green, spreading their thin winter shadows into wide velvet summer ones. The birds came back to the woods; at night, the frogs and crickets took up the songs they had left off last autumn when the first ice came onto the watering pond. There was a new calf in the corral and three new lambs in the pasture.

One morning he stood by the fence, looking into the corral and laughing at the calf trying to walk. Last year he had stood on the lowest pole to look over, but now his long arms rested firmly on the top. He could hear his mother singing in the kitchen, and the birds calling from their secret trees. He looked at the garden plot and the little field beyond the corral. Tomorrow, he thought; he would start to work tomorrow. Today was a day for the woods, for the new flowers, for the frogs leaping into the stream as he walked. Today was a day to lie in the glen and count the clouds and listen to the sound of the birds' songs.

The woods were warm with soft shadows. The birds welcomed him back, and the squirrels raced up the trees and blinked. He knew them; he knew them all. But today, something had changed. Today he felt a sadness as though something had been taken away from the woods. He counted every tree along the path, but none were missing; there were birds everywhere. And the water in the stream rushed down as it had always done. But he felt a sadness.

In the glen he lay upon the warm grass, looking up into the sky, hearing the splash of the water and the quarreling sparrows among the willows, thinking of God and gods, of life and living. None could know, he thought, of change and growth. The singing birds were new birds; the frogs were younger and the trees had grown new branches. He was sad, thinking of the unknown that would come.

His eyes were closed when the whistling came—a melody that was new to the woods; it had a sad tune, but he remembered it; he had heard it before but in a happier way. It was the bird's song he had always loved; but it was sad today. He waited, as though he knew who would soon come through, listening to the song as though he whistled it himself.

The shadow came out across the grass—a shadow that looked almost like his own. And then a man stood at the edge of the glen; he smiled and stopped whistling. But it seemed that the tune went on, wandering lonesome through the trees. The man came close and they smiled like old friends who had never met.

They talked about dreams, and seas, and winds that would come bringing angry clouds, and willows, snows and frozen streams.

And all the while, the birds kept them company, singing the new sadness. "There are so many dreams," he said to the stranger. "So many things to dream about."

The stranger smiled and understood.

He looked at the familiar face and frowned as he had frowned at mirrors. "Where do you come from?"

"There." The stranger pointed back to the pathway.

"Where are you going?"

"Why, there again to wait."

"For what?"

"Another time."

He nodded solemnly, not understanding. Then, looking up, he said, "I love the clouds . . . the peppermint and ice-cream clouds. . . ."

"And tigers, antelopes, cake-frosting clouds?"

"Why, yes. Yes."

The stranger smiled.

He frowned. "You are not like the others; they cannot see the antelopes, the tigers." There was something more, he knew, that must be said, more words. The stranger said them:

"I too have dreamed while others laughed. And long, my son; longer than you. When my own arms reached the top of the fence, when my own mirror was moonlit, and I was young. They laughed, or frowned, at me."

"We are much alike," he said gravely.

"Yes, my son, much alike."

The day had gone; the shadows came out from hiding places and crossed the glen, weaving through the grass.

The stranger spoke softly: "We are the dreamers, my son, the searchers, the builders, the singers of truth. Our ways are not the ways of the world—they are lonely ways. Your days will be lonely and your nights will be long with walking, listening for the song I was whistling today. Always you will wander after it, hoping it will come again. You will follow it through the smouldering heaps of cities, and hear it from a spire or churchbell or the fireburst of a bomb or a gun; or wandering near the seaweed you will hear a note in the waves. Your youth, my son, is past, and the song of the bird as a happy song is past. Others will hear the song as you have heard it in your youth, and they will tell you to follow their questionless ways that you may hear the happy song again. But that cannot be. Smile to them and tell them of the song you hear. Make them understand a dream and truth." He looked toward the woods. "I must go now."

"Don't go."

The stranger smiled and shook his head. "I must. Some day we'll meet. Some day." And he walked across the glen into the shadows.

Walking back by the path, he knew what it was that had changed; it was not the woods, not the birds or the frogs—as the water laughing near his feet was new water after the old had gone, so was he, a stranger to the youth that had flown. Now the snow was gone, and the child's footprints had melted with it. And tomorrow, the dew would have straightened the grass that was pressed down now.

It was moon time, with the geese-clouds drifting, waiting for the night, and blue mountains turning shadows. The path stretched, opening to the warm windows and his mother's call; but it stretched beyond—it was longer than the world, longer than memory; it followed the beacon path of the moon, followed the stranger and the sad song of the bird that he still could hear, growing farther and farther away.

tangents

news & views

FIXED SLEEP

If there is anything to be said in favor of Guy Burgess, who died in Moscow, August 30th, at the age of 53, it is that although he chose to fly from his country, he stood by his homosexuality. It is no easier for the homosexual in Russia than in England. In fact, homosexuality is strictly against Soviet law. Little wonder then that Burgess, during his 12 years of self-imposed exile in company with his diplomatic colleague Donald Maclean, was never able to adjust to his new environment. Burgess was a traitor in only the one sense, we now see. To the American homosexual whose choice in such a matter has long ago been whittled away by English spurning founding fathers, Burgess' remaining allegiance would appear to be basically worthy.

But no one likes a traitor, and Guy Burgess was a weak sister generally. It is a pity to have to admit that the man was one of us. The background of the story is common knowledge. When Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess vanished from England in 1951 after passing official secrets while in the foreign service, the scandal created a sensation. By the time the absconders turned up in Moscow in 1956, their homosexual proclivities had become well publicized. To this conspiratorial pair probably

more than any other source goes the linking of homosexuality and the question of security risks.

How far Maclean's homosexual interests extended is not known, although he had at one time been bosom buddies with Burgess. Once in Russia he was quickly able to adopt to his new home. He learned the language fluently and has for many years now been joined by his wife, two sons and his mother-in-law. But as Maclean had fled from his native England, he soon fled from his old friend Burgess and any association with homosexual life. Whether this was the result of mother-in-law or of Soviet influence remains a question.

Etonian Guy Burgess on the other hand, who had once had everything, position, money, good looks, entree anywhere, etc., preferred to live on the fringe of the Soviet world around him. He let it be known that he came from the upper stratum of British society. He avoided the Russian people, and refused to learn more than a few words of Russian. The accumulating years seemed to add only a burden to Burgess as he lived out his years as a stranger in new surroundings. He seemed to acquire nothing except an aggravated heart condition.

He did have one solace in a boy-friend (see tangents, ONE, Au-

gust, 1962) who shared his modest apartment in the outskirts of Moscow. The boy, Tolya, was an attractive, curly-headed musician. The two lived together amidst a clutter of English books, magazines, and newspapers—for "in spite of all temptations . . ." Burgess remained an Englishman at heart.

Some weeks before his heart attack he was admitted to Moscow's Botkin Hospital under his Russian name Jim Andreyevich. For many months prior to his hospitalization he had literally been living on injections administered by a nurse who came daily to his apartment for this purpose. No one was surprised by his death.

Only a handful of people attended the funeral. Tolya was not present among the mourners. However, Burgess' brother Nigel flew in to retrieve the ashes for the sake of his mother, who had continued to be his main support. Doctors had forbidden his mother to make the trip from London. Also present and dry-eyed at the funeral was Donald Maclean, who in hushed, hollow tones, as though performing a distasteful duty assigned to him, declared in the nearly empty crematorium, "Guy was a man who devoted his life to the cause of making a more peaceful world for all men."

The London Daily Express reported early in September that Guy Burgess "left a will bequeathing about \$6,000.00 to Harold Philby, his 'most faithful friend.'" Philby was granted political asylum by the Russians in February this year. The British Government has said that Philby was the "third man" who tipped off Burgess and Maclean that the British intelligence agents were closing in on them.

Burgess' story is sad. But the object lesson suggested is whether

it is any worse to betray one's country than one's self, as thousands of homosexuals do every day.

CANDID CAMERA, 1984 Style

The American Telephone and Telegraph Co. certainly believes in getting the job done, despite any such trivialities as civil liberties, privacy and common decency. In New York AT&T installed a camera in the washroom to take a picture every 15 seconds to see who had been writing dirty things on the wall. It was installed in a ventilator. (In the Long Beach Bielicki case it was the vice squad in the ventilator so if AT&T has gone into automation, the vice squad had better start worrying.) But Local 1150 of the Communications Workers of America, AFL-CIO, charged that the camera was an invasion of privacy and got the other 39 locals across the nation to authorize a strike if the company didn't promise not to use the cameras. AT&T has not made the promise. It's strange that the Local should take it unkindly when its members are spied upon without reason to believe that they are guilty, the Local and the rest of our citizens don't apply the same thinking when it is a queer who is being spied upon. We know of many cases where the presence of queers is given as the reason for using such means of so-called law-enforcement.

If Peter J. Masterson, chief steward of the 2000 member N.Y. local, had been reading ONE he would know that there is a precedent set in the California Supreme Court in the Bielicki case to stop such invasions of privacy. But then homosexuals are often found to be ahead of the majority in even such things as believing and practicing the Bill of Rights. This makes it difficult for the FBI

and local police who want to have life easy, without the complications of things like privacy. It reminds you of the thinking of the man in SMITH AND JONES, who found that he preferred the other country because his country's embassy and staff wouldn't give him cooperation unless he threatened to use his secret service position to threaten them personally, McCarthy-like.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES AND QUEENS

A TANGENT's fan from Baltimore suggests we warn anyone thinking of vacationing on The Riviera after reading the campy "Nice Is Nice For Nudes" in THE YOUNG PHYSIQUE to first see page 38 in the 8-63 CONFIDENTIAL MAGAZINE . . . An Episcopal priest, Rev. David B. Wayne, at the Church of the Epiphany in N.Y. in a sermon said that homosexuals "must be accepted fully into the fellowship of the church" . . . Waldo Reesink, Jr., that former SF police sgt. who in 1960 pleaded guilty to receiving payoff (which the press dubbed "gayola") from a gay bar owner and who was sentenced to one year, is out after serving 9 months . . . TIME's review of the new novel THE WHISTLING ZONE says its "superspectacular sexual fantasies—an underwater coupling, a 30-ft.-high phallic symbol, a necrophilic stripper, a mass rape of a midget" are "almost enough to bring HETEROSEXUALITY into disrepute" . . . "Troy Harris," tough cigar-smoking bellhop in Asbury Park NJ, got arrested for robbing a hotel night clerk—and the police medical examination revealed 33-year-old Dorothy Wilson . . . The VS finally has been called into Yosemite to clamp down on the tearoom set . . . Psychiatrist Michael Miller claims he used hypnosis and turned four homosexuals into hetero's . . . Intourist,

the official travel bureau for foreign sightseers in Russia (which is so fierce against homosexuals that it hasn't even one homophile organization), announced it has arrested American Bernard Koten in Kiev for homosexual acts . . . CITY OF NIGHT is now number four on the bestseller list for the country . . . A rehabilitation leader, Rev. David Wilkerson, says Denver is the U.S.'s second largest center for homosexuals, behind only NYC, "because the climate is good for them here—and I don't mean weatherwise" . . . NY TIMES had a photo of famed playwright Edward Albee "at his summer home on Fire Island" working on his play version of Carson McCullers's "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe" . . . THE WALL STREET JOURNAL frontpaged a column on the boom in sales of men's cosmetics, so boomy that it is "clear their appeal isn't limited to males whose masculinity is open to question" . . . TIME had a column on Anglican Historian Williamson's claiming homosexuality had nothing to do with the destruction of Sodom and that the misinterpretation is of the Hebrew word for "know" (yadoa) . . . That Samuel Barber Piano Concerto is due to be waxed when John Browning plays it with the Cleveland Symphony this winter . . . Can the remarkably high degree of masculine good looks among '64 presidential candidates—Kennedy, Goldwater, Scranton, Romney, Hatfield & Rocky—be just coincidence? . . . That autobiographical gay bit by Dorothy Thompson in the Oct./63 HARPERS was a surprise . . . James Colton, whose popular short stories often appear in ONE Magazine, has a book coming out in January that will very much interest our readers. It is entitled, of all things, **Lost on Twilight Road** . . . —S.M.

GIRASOLE

Of my very nature, as a flower to the sun,
I turn toward beauty. Let beauty be
In the form of a woman, I am undone
At once, beyond reason, and utterly.

They are silly—women—and slanted toward men,
Lifeless mirrors which can only shimmer
As some man passes, then smooth empty again,
While I elicit no slightest glimmer.
They are shallow, giddy, frivolous, vain,
With almost nothing to talk about
But men (if they have one, they complain),
Of how they are sought and singled out,
And clothes, and the motley devices of charm—
All matters which to me are a deadly bore.
Imagine seeing the bracelet, not the arm!
It is not the make-up but the face I adore!

I know her as she is, no measure of my dream,
And it does not matter. I only care
That when I am near her, her woman's gleam
Tears my darkness like a sudden flare.
Of a hundred subjects I prefer,
I have no mind for aught but her.

— Gabrielle

THE INQUISITION

The day had been long and hot. Flies buzzed in and out of the open windows. Nothing moved in the room except the fleshy man whose pencil drummed an endless tattoo on the file folders stacked in front of him. He licked his lips and lit a cigar. A piece of tobacco hung on the corner of his mouth. Sweat streamed down his swollen, red face; it ran down the back of his neck into his collar, already wet and brown with dirt and sweat. Only minutes had passed since I had been shown into the room, but I was already hot and restless. I wanted to be anywhere but there, facing Clayton Javits, the head of a southern state committee investigating communism and homosexuality. From where I was sitting, I could see my name at the top of the folder over which Javits was hunched. Finally, he looked up. I could see the glint of malice in his eyes as he leaned toward me. I recoiled in disgust from this ill-mannered, illiterate hog-thief who had set himself up to investigate college professors and students.

Javits' mouth curled into an ugly leer when he saw my revulsion. He looked like a vicious animal, cowering and snarling in a cage. But I was aware at every moment that I was the animal in the cage, and Javits my tormentor, who watched my every reaction with malicious delight. He rolled the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Heh. Well now, I know what you're here for, eh?"

I thought to myself: "So this is the man who will base his political reputation on the ruined lives of college students and professors. This is the man who will eventually base his bid for the Governorship of this state or, worse, his bid for a seat in the U.S. Senate on a string of discredited intellectuals." "Well, I'm waitin'. Y'all goin' to cooperate young lady, or do I have to git nasty?"

"Mr. Javits, I don't know what you want, so instead of wasting my time, why don't you come right to the point?"

"Ha!" He leaned back in his chair. "I sorta thought we might sit and have a nice little titatit. Ha ha ha!"

"I have nothing to say to the likes of you."

His chair slammed forward and he wasn't laughing. "Whatsa matter? Think you're such hot stuff, eh? Goin' to college. Learnin' fancy ideas. You think you can outsmart me, eh?" Well, we'll soon see."

Javits went back to shuffling papers, chewing concentratedly on his cigar all the while. Every few minutes he glanced at me from the corner of his eye, like a dog sizing up an adversary, waiting for a sign of weakness. It was he who broke the silence.

"I'll tell you what. You and me'll make a deal. You be nice and cooperate with me and the 'vestigatin' committee, and then we'll pretend we don't know you're here. You give me the names of your queer friends here at school, and we'll leave you be. How's that?"

"No deal, Mr. Javits. I don't understand."

"'You don't unnerstan'. Who you tryin' to kid? You know why you're here,

and I'm tryin' to help you, and you go and git smart." His voice became confidential. "You know, some of the goin's-on at this here school is scandalous. I'd hate to see a nice, well-brought-up kid like you mixed up in these doin's. Think of your poor parents, working hard back home for you to git a college education. They's gonna be mighty hurt. I know I would if you was my kid. We'd have to ask you to resign from the University, and once something's on your record, there's not a school in this country that'll take you in. You can save yourself trouble and spare your parents, jest by tellin' me about your frien's. Now that's fair, ain't it?"

"Mr. Javits, that's how I got here—one of your 'deals'. And I know what happened to the boy who gave you my name and a hundred others. He left this afternoon with his father. Make your deals with people you can scare and leave me alone!"

"Leave you alone, you says! Ha!! We'll *never* leave you alone!! When I git through there won't be a queer left in this lovely state! This is jest the beginnin'. Now, is you, or ain't you queer?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you though? Don't you? I know you are, so sittin' there an' sayin' you ain't, ain't goin' to do you a bit of good."

"Isn't it, Mr. Javits? That's a bold accusation, and it'll take more than one scared boy and your blustering to prove it in court."

"Court? Who're you kiddin'? Even if your parents had the money to take it to court, they wouldn't dare stick their necks out that far. No doubt they're good Christian folk, who wouldn't go near a court in this land to defend you. Scandal's dangerous you know."

"Keep your venom and righteousness to yourself! *You*, you who can't even speak correct English, have the gall and the audacity to dare insinuate that I'm queer! You're the one who's queer, Mr. Javits!"

"Is that so? Is that so? We'll see about that!"

He picked up a stamp, inked it, and slammed it down on a sheet of paper in front of him, then held it up for me to see.

"See there? See those big red letters? Now who's queer and who ain't? You're so smart. You know what they spell, eh? Homo . . . homosex . . . queer! That's what they spell! And that's what you are!"

It was clear that with these words my interview with Clayton Javits had ended. I knew from other sources that that was the way all interviews with Javits ended. To offer denials did the accused no good. The stamp was affixed no matter how he might answer. And whether also, he were to cooperate or refused to, it was all the same to the "Javits Committee."

Many people I have told my story to cannot believe it. Here, in the United States, they say? Yes, and it has happened to many others besides. And there will be many more to come unless the Javits Committee is stopped. But in order to stop this persecution homosexuals must refuse to be intimidated. Few persons as yet have appeared to have this type of courage. If Javits had a court suit filed against him for every one of his arbitrary accusations, such proceedings against the homosexual would soon stop. Most of this man's threats are based on hearsay information—not on concrete evidence of criminal acts.

This state must be made to dismantle the monster it has created. At the time of my interview there were 63 other persons scheduled for hearings. They should all file counter suits against Javits and his committee. It is up to us to see that this intimidation and discrimination is stopped.

J. S.

BOOKS



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.

BOSIE by Rupert Croft-Cooke, W. H. Allen, London, 1963, 406 pp., Index.

This often laughable and often horrifying biography of Lord Alfred Douglas is written in a furious white heat, mostly against that "vindictive little queen," Robert Ross.

That Douglas has been overly blamed for Wilde's downfall is obvious from *The Letters of Oscar Wilde*. Wilde's ethical code was a mess, and this book shows that Douglas' was also—and even worse. Living longer, into an over-ripe old age, Douglas brazened through life with his child-like personality, his vicious anti-semitism and other hatreds, renouncing and denouncing homosexuality, marrying a rich wife who pensioned him off, suing for libel right and left. Our present biographer, Rupert Croft-Cooke, himself convicted almost a decade ago on homosexual charges, and Boise's friend for 25 years, has unintentionally written a damning chronicle. However, this book is a gold mine for literary homosexual name-dropping and gossip of that period that will be found no other place.

A. E. Smith

SEX-LIFE AND THE CRIMINAL LAW by John Roeburt. New York, Belmont Bks., 1963. 157 pp. \$50

I hope that many a reader, seeing

this paperback at the corner drug-store, will be led to question: "What am I doing here, among adulterers, fornicators, miscegenators, prostitutes, rapists, sadists, murderers, psychopaths, exhibitionists, voyeurs, fetishists, pedophiles, necrophiles, nymphomaniacs, abortionists?" I hope you will ask this question, reader, and be shocked into awareness of the fact that in the eyes of the law (in all but two of the fifty states in our country), that is where the homosexual, per se, belongs: among the criminal classes, the maladjusted, the sick, the guilty ones.

I hasten to add that such is not Mr. Roeburt's attitude toward the homosexual community. But, I have the impression that I am dealing with two books here: one a serious attack on judicial inequities, the other a somewhat more sensational and therefore more "marketable" product. As an example, the chapter dealing with sadism and lust murder may be a little too graphic in its description of acts which are virtually insane.—Yet their perpetrators are, after all, human beings: a fact which many jurors and judges overlook in their eagerness to cry, "They deserve to die!" This inhuman attitude should be unthinkable in a moral (or, for that matter, Christian) society.

Mr. Roeburt makes a strong case for reform in the area of legal juris-

prudence, as well as the many other areas he deals with in concise yet essentially judicious and certainly compassionate manner.

In regard to the still controversial subject of sexual relations with minors, Mr. Roeburt's thinking reflects, disappointingly, the attitudes of the unenlightened "general public." Psychiatrists are in agreement with what anyone of normal insight can observe, that the human being is a sexual creature from the cradle to the grave. Only those who believe that sexual activity in itself is "nasty" or "dirty" can consider it an area of life from which the innocent must be protected at all costs. For the unformed, malleable adolescent, the tender example of a beloved older person can be a positive value for good, a truly educative experience, and not the traumatic nightmare some bogeymen would have us believe. It is a theme as recent as Colette, Gide and Peyrefitte, and as old as human time.

Perhaps in a future generation, more thoroughly emancipated from the family and its ingrown habits than the present, lies the hope of an enlightened attitude. For only when the child is encouraged to participate without fear or restraint in every kind of sexual activity, can we hope for a society of truly free individuals. Of course, this is a subject of primary concern to all thinking people, not alone the homosexual.

The author prefaces his "Case for the Homosexual" with a quotation from Dr. Harry Benjamin (from the American Journal of Psychotherapy): "If adjustment is necessary, it should be made primarily with regard to the position the homosexual occupies in present day society and society should more often be treated than the invert." Limitations of space permit the citation of only one example of society's need for therapeutic treatment, and this as reflected

in the thinking of a so-called vicar of Christ, one of the leaders in an anti-homosexual crusade. His argument against homosexuals may be reduced to this statement: "The homosexual has no children to come back. He is referring to the resort town of Provincetown, Mass. We have no financial future in them." Two thousand years after Christ, we see that prophet's radical yea-saying practically ignored, and the Hebraic tribal codes he repudiated still subjecting most of civilized Western man to misery and guilt.

Mr. Roeburt is to be congratulated on showing us how justified we may be in jesting at the present state of justice in America. Widespread reforms are many years overdue, and the legalistic approach has much to recommend it in the way of affording minorities of all kinds some measure of protection from the tyranny of the majority. Homosexuals, already seriously limited in the exercise of their rights as citizens and human beings, may wake up too late to the truth that no group has ever gained its freedom by ignoring the fact of oppression, by self-centered pursuit of pleasure, by attempting to "pass" in an alien environment.

Of course, the problem is much deeper than the legal approach suggests. Homosexuals, by acquiescing in attitudes of American society which are inimical to the full development of human nature, undermine the very foundations of their being. The individual homosexual must free himself of those guilt-feelings which afflict Americans *en masse* and which are reflected in our laws. The homosexual must examine his conscience and decide whether he can in honesty subscribe to the anti-sex bias which is the basis of the American ecclesiastic, educational, as well as legal, establishments. Must we not all, in Auden's words, "look shining at New

styles of architecture, a change of heart?"

In the meantime, we can be grateful for this little book.

Paul Cordell

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN by Morris L. West, William Morrow and Co., New York, \$4.95, 374 pp.

This remarkably fine novel, by a writer skilled in the delineation of character, puts human beings in real relations to each other—even the leading figure, a Pope of the Church of Rome, in West's rich and provocative story the first Pontiff elected from Russia.

What will interest readers of One is the contrast between the Italian official who says, "I am drawn to men. Why should I be ashamed?" and the Pontiff himself who can say, "You should not be ashamed," and offer a reason why. The book has much more to it than this homosexual theme—so much, that it gives this theme a certain dignity.

L. F.

LOVE IS LIFE, a Catholic Marriage Handbook by Francois Dantec, (translated from French), University of Notre Dame Press, Indiana, 212 pp. \$5.00

To some it may seem out of place to be reviewing a heterosexual marriage manual in a magazine professing to be the "Homosexual Viewpoint." I disagree. This has been for me one of the most enlightening, if frightening, books I have read in a long time. Those of us who are homosexuals often tend to forget just what our opposition is. A consideration of what this Catholic book says and implies is frightening to me as an American. And I would like to think that the more devout a Catholic is, provided that he is also intelligent, the more worried he will be about the harm this book will do to the ecu-

menical movement of the late Pope. It is in the light of some proposed changes within the church—Mass in English, marriage for lower priests, no more forced signing away of the non-Catholic partner's rights to educate the child, etc.—that this book is to be judged. And in such light we can only wonder why the book was translated and printed in this country. There is no doubt in my mind that within 5 years this book will be as outdated as the dinosaur. If it is not, then the homosexual will, along with those holding Catholic opposed beliefs, either be eliminated or be under great tribulation.

The book itself immediately lets you know that it is more of a plea for more babies than a marriage manual. It says at the very first, "The first purpose: To Have Children and to Educate Them." It is the church's desire for control of child birth, down to and including how it should be brought about, that worries most non-Catholics.

We are told, in flowery, old-world language that; "Catholic moral teaching forbids solitary pollution." Then the author proceeds to say how we can get around this teaching thus producing, disrespect for the church's teaching. I stand in amazement at the idea that, if it's necessary to check a man's sperm, the doctor stands around while the man has sex relations with his wife, then rushes in and takes a sample from the woman's body.

When after about 75 of the 200 pages the subject of babies is left, the language stays flowery and consists of clichés which, in these days of clinical examinations found in Kinsey and printed in "true confessions" and the ladies' journals, make the book almost unbelievably childish—childish, not child-like. I do not believe that this book has any worth in 1963 to young adults contemplating or entering marriage, I find

such phrases as "The positive good of bodily embraces in marriage," of early puritan vintage, indicating that the church is out of date, or at least has lost contact with modern man. Most married couples I know, homosexual or heterosexual, would only smirk at such other-worldly phrases as, "If you have made your life into a thing of beauty and greatness, a common ascent towards the light in love-in-charity and the joy of Christ, and will have merited to join in the everlasting song of praise and thanksgiving in the *House of the*

Father, the eternal homeland of unending love." This is what it said verbatim! The final sentence isn't even a sentence!

As much beauty as there is in two people sharing the adventure of life together, the good and the bad, and the freshness that a son or daughter can give to life, how some one could have written a book that made the whole thing seem unreal, I will never know. A few more books like this one and people will give up marriage.

W.E.G.

SAILOR

conspicuous with crushed cap on the hand
the head leans in a crown of wide blue collar
trimmed with triple stripes of frayed white color
one five pointed star for fatherland
in either corner. the brown finger spanned
eyes close upon another blue or greener
shifting changes of deep pool demeanor.
listen to the sighing sea sound and
remember dreamer fields of illinois
with blackbirds musical with crows in corn.
another weeps among the weeds and water
who was lover, athlete, grandmas boy,
an honest friend, hope of his farmer father.

— S. Bronstein

BOOK SERVICE

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... here at last is a piece of homosexual literature of true artistic merit, written by an admitted homosexual.

Why did James Barr Fugate create the personality of Jasher in such a pattern ... just prior to his whipping, which he certainly expected since the father was holding a belt, the youth embraced his father's knees.

I rarely read a book a second time, but I feel sure I shall read this one many times.

I enjoyed the comment on Mr. Barr on the book jacket as well as his Random Thoughts in the preface.

... a compelling presentation of a theme which ought to burn itself into the heart of every American.

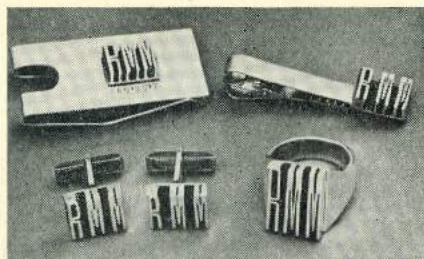
Above—only a few of the tremendous number of comments that have come to ONE since *GAME OF FOOLS* was printed. Each year, as the remaining copies grow rarer, the opinion of the work grows higher. Some have said that a third reading was necessary to really start to comprehend the importance of the ideas in the work. Today, finally, the public and churches are beginning to talk about the things that "A PLAY, OF THOSE FOOLS, BY THOSE FOOLS, AND FOR THOSE FOOLS, WHO STUBBORNLY REFUSE TO PERISH FROM THIS EARTH". *GAME OF FOOLS* was talking about in 1954. From the opening scene, the secluded lake cabin where four young college students have gathered for food and pleasure, to the hotel suite, four years and much hilarity, heartache, brutality, failure and success later, you will find this the most thought-provoking drama of our time.

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ONE INSTITUTE
2256 Venice Boulevard
Los Angeles 6, California

Letters

The views expressed here are those of the writers. **ONE's** readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

THESE UNITED STATES

Dear Friends:

Is Denver going to become the next "hot Spot"? It has been so nice there and we have enjoyed going there for the weekend, though it is a long way to drive for a few short hours. There are two very gay bars there, neither of which are fancy, but very, very gay. Hope they will still be there, though the enclosed clippings look bad.

We liked those drawings in the August issue.

Mr. C.
Sheridan, Wyoming

Friends:

Cherry Grove has a dark side too. The community is attracting more and more squares interested only in gaping at and ogling the boys.

A surprise police raid netted not one person, thanks to advance notice of one queen, nicknamed "Pauline" Revere. He saw the police boats in the harbor, covered with tarpaulins and ran about ringing out the alarm.

Even darker is the ever-increasing amount of dope being used this year. "Pot" parties are common and it is used very overtly. Irresponsibility seems to be the code this year. Oh well, I suppose all good things do come to an end.

Mr. G.
New York, N. Y.

Dear friends:

I read in the Magazine (June, 1963) the letter of Mr. B. about the sordid story of persecution in Philadelphia by the police, especially the lower form of police called the Vice Squad.

Persecution of the sex "offender" is the opposite of democratic government. Lawyers took the Bible reading in public schools case to the Supreme Court and won a decision that it was against the Con-

stitution of the U.S. This same action should be started against the laws now in effect against homosexuals in Pennsylvania.

New Orleans is like Philadelphia except that the most you can get is five years in the penitentiary. The Vice Squad here is everywhere, like the Gestapo was in Germany and just as filthy.

I was entrapped here in this city and arrested. I was arraigned in court and pled not guilty, but after spending five months in prison I changed my plea to guilty and was released as time served.

Mr. E.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear friends:

Here in Boston police problems are rather rare, and generally only those who seek trouble seem to encounter any trouble at all. Many of the problems you have mentioned as occurring regularly in other cities seemed miraculously remote to us until just recently. Our unsolved "Boston Stranglings" have turned the somewhat less vigilant eyes of the police in all directions — including that of the gay set. The bars are still pretty much the same, but the parks are being carefully watched.

Special congratulations on Randy Lloyd's article on "Homophile Marriage" (June, 1963); that entire issue was masterful, both in content and your skilled presentation. Any of my straight friends enjoy the Magazine each month. They seem to feel acceptance is not far off for such a responsible minority as is pictured in our Magazine.

Mr. M.
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Gregory:

Father Newman's article "Path of Truth" (July, 1963) is greatly encouraging. Don Slater's Editorial in the same issue strikes the right note when he says we cannot afford to be exploited. Neither should we exploit ourselves by improper behavior.

Returning to San Francisco after some years I am appalled by the growing number of hustlers. It is hair-splitting to say they are not necessarily homosexual because they are male whores. I sometimes wonder where all this pother about homosexuality being unnatural crept into our culture.

If memory serves me, fifty years ago all discussion of sex activity was not nice. I cannot recall having heard homosexuality discussed or condemned. It certainly existed, to my personal knowledge. Many of my childhood partners in bed and haymow drifted into heterosexuality and marriage, or at least bisexuality and marriage. Perhaps this would be the same today if society didn't make us so selfconscious about being criminally "different."

Personally, I am persuaded all of us are basically bisexual and that the pressures of hypocrisy force us to patterns we would not naturally follow. The absolute homosexual is created, not born. Thanks for your comment on my "Conversation".

James Ramp
San Francisco, California

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

Dear sir:

Thank you for your sample of ONE. It is the type of thing we would like to have in our bookstore, as we feel a bookstore should be a meeting place for all types of ideas. However, we will not sell something that we ourselves do not consider worth reading. To be honest, the two stories in the August issue contained some of the most trait (sic) writing that I have ever read. The story line was poor, and the conversation so badly done that it was a job on my part to read both of them.

If at any time you feel that you have something that we can honestly sell, we would be more than happy to carry it, but until then, we cannot sell anything that we would not read ourselves.

D. H. Mead,
Coffee Corner,
Denver, Colorado

Gentlemen:

Please! Use a little discretion in your magazine mailing wrappers! They get thinner and more transparent as time goes on.

Please add some camouflage or color of some kind to disguise the contents at least partially. And leave off your return address. That is another dead give-away. Even a half-blind and half-wit mail handler can

easily detect what your package is. Please help us to remain anonymous until such time as it is safe to show our hand.

Mr. A.
Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Lambert:

The letter from Mr. C., of New York (July, 1963) just doesn't make sense. How can local police and postal inspectors come into possession of, open and read first-class mail? Even if they do and try to use the information so received against either the writer or receiver they openly admit a violation of U. S. Postal laws and are subject to prosecution under them.

Just how ignorant are some of the boys? How easily intimidated? The only thing I have to confess to any minion of the law is my name and address, and I can refuse to reveal that if I choose. Won't someone enlighten these dumb clucks on their legal rights and protection under the laws of our country?

How about a few editorials on legal rights, as well as civil rights to educate some of the lily-livered belles? It just might put a bit of starch into a few willowy spines and strengthen the entire movement, as well as themselves. Hope this gripe will produce some beneficial results.

Mr. M.
Hollywood, California

Dear friends:

"It may well be," writes John Burnside (August, 1963) "that the curses flung at the homosexual are really part of a struggle to reclaim the bisexual." I am reminded of what a friend said years ago about the bisexual: he denied the existence of such a creature, asserting that the bisexual is a person becoming heterosexual or homosexual.

If this is true, clinical observation suggests that many people never quite make it, or not in one lifetime. The person who is becoming something makes a poor ally, which explains why the "bi-s" give little support to the cause of justice to the homosexual. But when civilization has reached a certain stage of development, they might dare express themselves.

At this stage in our national decline we might do well to look at the ancient Spartans, who knew how to condition their youth for military service. The male part of the population was segregated from the female in an austere homophilic way. The bisexuals must have enjoyed Spartan life, but it was rough for the heterosexuals and

homosexuals. The heterosexual man couldn't spend much time with his wife and the homosexual who never married was ridiculed.

Those were the days when one type of man, the bisexual, lived a splendid sort of life, simple and honest. Our machine age allows no type of man to live a splendid life — no man in his entirety.

Edward Denison
... , Texas

Dear Mr. Slater:

I must protest when some people venture to preach that a homosexual cannot love a female physically or spiritually. I have heard this mouthed many times but have myself loved many people of both sexes, therefore I am labelled a bisexual. Does this "erotic-psychic schizophrenia" (my own quaint terminology) connote my being classified as not a true sexual variant of the gay set?

True, I am not a transvestite. I'm not a swish or a nelly. I look and behave just like any other man, but I still enjoy having sexual intercourse with a woman.

All in all the gist of the problem lies with the individual. I totally agree that the homosexual must come to grips with the necessity of developing a sensible and practical code of ethics in order to battle the legions of the malicious and ignorant anti-homosexual prudes; it is a do-or-die sine qua non.

Mr. C.
Bryan, Texas

Gentlemen:

"Let's Push Homophile Marriage" (June, 1963) was excellent, but those cover sketches! It is evident that the artist M. H. issued little discretion in picturing the limp-wrist fag on the back cover. In the name of all that is good, please never use such indecent and degrading covers again. I am chagrined that the editorial staff lacked the foresight to see the degradation. Would you dare show this cover and back page to those in society? The sketches are of the type you yourself have been telling, through your Magazine, to behave and stop flaunting homosexuality on the Boulevard.

If possible, I would like to suggest another section in your Magazine entitled "Helpful Hints for Those Who Don't Know," for example:

If you go to gay bars to cruise, get to know your bartenders or the waiters. Then if you see someone you would like to invite home for a night cap, and if you have any doubts, merely ask the bartender if he knows him. If he doesn't, forget it.

Watch out for crowded bars as the management cannot always know what's happening on the floor, which breeds much promiscuous physical action, which in turn is an open invitation for the vice squad. Don't be resentful when the employees caution you against certain actions, as it is for your own protection. Be thankful when you leave a bar and see a sign warning you "Don't Jay Walk." A sign like that is for your own protection for if they can't pick you up on one charge you can be sure they are outside waiting to pick up those who violate another law.

Another thing which puts the heat on a bar is the individual who doesn't find a partner before closing time and seems to feel that twenty or thirty minutes of walking around the area will suffice. This causes the neighbors to complain and naturally the blame falls on the bar. If you must walk the streets after 2 a.m. (foolish ones) don't do it in the area of a gay bar. Protect your meeting places and their reputations, even if you don't care about your own.

Would a filibuster in Congress be of any help. I understand this method was used in England. If qualified, and a homosexual ran for councilman in his district, how much help could he be to the movement?

Mr. B.
Hollywood, California

FREEDOM MARCHING

Dear Mr. Slater:

The interview with the teenager (September, 1963) was rather interesting but there should have been more of it. I think that there should have been more details as to the type of homosexuality this person indulged in. The cover, by Korf, was good. The boys pictured appear to be part of a soccer team. I wondered if any of these lads had had homosexual experiences, but of course I will never know.

All intelligent homosexuals should have been interested in the Freedom March on Washington by the Negroes. Perhaps the gay people can learn something from them. If homosexuals and those who sympathize with them wrote to their state legislators asking for changes in the laws pertaining to voluntary, adult homosexual behavior perhaps some changes for the better would come about.

After all, homosexuals, like other groups pay taxes and have a right to be heard. The Negroes have a song, "We Shall Overcome," which the homosexuals could adopt also. Perhaps the gay people will indeed overcome some day.

Elliott Castor
Sarasota, Florida