

they are "top man" (take the male role). They will permit oral copulation with their person and anal intercourse with yours. They will even reciprocate so far as kissing and caressing, and are, on the whole, understanding, considerate, gentle and loveable—but they cannot keep secrets. Talking too much seems to be an inherent Latin weakness. If you have an affair one evening, by the next noon all of your partner's friends will know about it, and in detail.

Generally homosexuality is accepted in these countries. There are laws against it, to be sure, but they are rarely enforced. It is considered one of the variations of life. Latin countries have their share of the effeminate and masculine homosexuals. The effeminate homosexual is known as "Mari-con" and the masculine type as "Patro." The effeminate type in these countries prefers to be kept. The masculine type usually successfully disguises himself as "top man" (especially with foreigners), but if you understand and speak the language and know the customs, it is possible to hold out and become "top man" yourself, if your desires should be so constructed; this type gets so excited that he cannot hold out and will give up and turn over . . .!

Basically man is the same the world over.

His only difference is in language and custom. Once you learn the language and understand the custom, you are in—if you know what I mean.

Mr. T. G. D.
Eau Gallie, Florida

Editor ONE Mag:

I enclose the cost of my weekly fifth of juice. Do with it what you will, but I suggest some intelligent, appropriate literature on the subject of entrapment. On June 1st, a man in Seattle was dismissed from a morals charge because our District Court judge, Bill Lewis, considered the arrest "entrapment." The judge is now in the position of defending his ruling against the opinions of the local press and some of his fellow judges. Judge Lewis appears to have established precedent in over-ruling what has become an "established principal" in this narrow-minded state that it is not entrapment to furnish an offender an opportunity to commit the offense with which he is charged. Don't make the mistake of assuming Judge Lewis to be one of our group. He probably made his ruling out of disgust with the sneaky gum shoe tactics of the local police.

Mr. F. O. O.
Seattle, Washington

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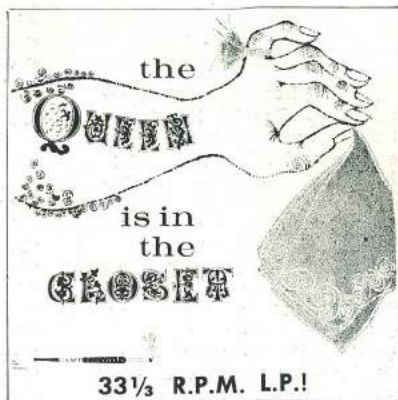
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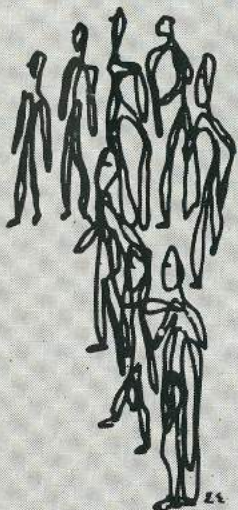
THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

12TH YEAR
JULY 1964
FIFTY CENTS



one incorporated

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



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one

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

Carlyle

magazine

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The 4th of July is when Americans celebrate because they love their country and are proud of it and proud of being Americans.

This deep feeling and this celebration do not depend on being rich or middle-class or poor—nor on skin color nor religion nor left-handedness—nor on sexuality. Patriotism is not reserved for the non-deviant.

I know that the press of our times has made much of “homosexual traitors.” This insinuates that an American homosexual has less reason to be, and is not, as patriotic as a heterosexual.

But I know that this is not true. I know this is only journalistic sophistry and part of the stigma coming from being a minority with a handy tag. I know that proportionately there are no more homosexual American traitors than there are heterosexual. Nobody remarks that Benedict Arnold was a heterosexual.

I, like many other American homosexuals, fought in World War II. My patriotism at that time had nothing whatever to do with my homosexuality. But, perhaps paradoxically, my patriotism now certainly does have something to do with my homosexuality. Because after working for ten years in the homophile movement in the United States, my feeling of pride at being an American, my feeling of having been just plain damn lucky to have been born and raised in this country, my admiration for the way things are done in my country compared to others—all these feelings of mine have increased tenfold.

Perhaps my “homosexual Americanism” is laughable to some, but never mind. For I have learned and seen things I think just plain wonderful. I know that only in America is a clearly labeled homosexual magazine sold openly on newsstands. I have seen that magazine fight for its existence all the way up to the highest court of my land—and win!—and I doubt that in other countries such a legal action would ever even dare to be filed. While others still merely whimper in a wake for the Wolfenden Report, I have seen already one state of my country quietly, efficiently, pass sane laws for adult homosexuals—laws that homosexuals in England and other countries would give their eyeteeth for.

Sure, things aren't perfect here. But those to whom the homosexual grass looks greener in foreign countries are, I believe, merely color-blind tourists. For I have learned that the American system for justice and freedom of speech is not world-famed for nothing. They are not just words. Because I am an American homosexual I can work and contribute and write openly toward proving that homosexuals are just as honorable and moral—and patriotic—as heterosexuals.

I believe we shouldn't spend all our time screaming about remaining injustices but should occasionally take stock of positive values. And being an American is certainly one to me.

K. O. Neal
Associate Editor

... AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

by Hollister Barnes

Americans have for generations believed France to be a land where *liberte, egalite, fraternite* flowered naturally out of an urbane tolerance of political freedom well blended with literary and artistic sophistication of great elegance.

A series of current events have badly tarnished this bright image, giving rise to the suspicion that it may all along have been one of those strange illusions which so many of us harbor from time to time. What current events have occasioned so dark a heresy?

They are a series of censorship actions, censorship in its specifically Continental form, wearing the mask of a pious morality while disguising political purposes, or so it would seem. In March, Paris publisher Maurice Girodias was sentenced to a year in prison, given a fine of almost \$20,000 and forbidden for the next twenty years to publish, on the accusation of publishing pornography.

Latin Quarter book-seller, Francois Maspero, was convicted and fined for putting allegedly pornographic books “within the reach” of French youth. The great publishing houses of Julliard and Gallimard both have had some of their books banned. Such instances, and a number of others, have impelled some French publishers to feel that whatever leadership they may once have had has now passed to British and American publishers and that the censorship clouds lowering over the French literary scene are today ominous in the extreme.

The French Commission of Censors which handles such matters acts administratively. This means that its decisions are arrived at secretly, need not be justified or explained and cannot be challenged. In fact, French courts have no choice but to prosecute and convict if the Commission has declared a book to be obscene. Once a publisher has had one of his books declared obscene he thenceforth must

submit all his publications to the Minister of the Interior for approval. The submission must be of the published book, not a manuscript, at which time the whole edition may be ordered destroyed and the publisher, under certain stipulations, forbidden to ever publish again. A healthy literary output cannot be sustained under such a system.

A certain legacy of authoritarianism, long manifest in French history, has been becoming increasingly manifest throughout French society since the debacle in Indochina and the brutal Algerian adventure. It even extends, as Peter Lennon points out in the *Manchester Guardian*, to the moralistic surveillance commonly understood to be exercised by Mme. de Gaulle over the behavior and dress of Cabinet Ministers, their wives and other high officials. A situation such as this would be quite unthinkable in a comparable American setting.

To continue with the censorship story: Once a book has been banned not even its title can be mentioned again. Publisher Jean-Jacques Pauvert was indicted for using the name of a banned book in a footnote. While in his case no conviction followed, that it should have been attempted illustrates the trend. Other publishers have been repeatedly harrassed by the police, a practice almost automatic since the Algerian War days it seems.

Christian Bourgeois, a director of the Julliard firm, believes that the aim is not really the reduction of obscenity as it is claimed, but rather the intimidation of publishers. Girodias himself has written (*Newsweek*, May 4, 1964) that it is "quite right to put moral and political censorship in the same bag . . . they always have the same purpose."

Speaking in Los Angeles a few years ago, psychologist Dr. Eberhard Kronhausen told of his experiences in Germany at the onset of the Nazi take-

over. He stated that their first maneuver was to censor books under the pretext of the protection of morality. From that starting point the moves step by step to the control of all publishing and the suppression of opposition opinion were as inexorable as the rising of the tide. Homosexuals are well aware that once the Nazi control was complete their fate was but little better than that which befell the Jews in Germany. Today the Nazi legal legacy still remains to oppress them both in Germany and in France.

It will of course, be asked if censorship is not found in the United States and if books are not seized and banned? Of course they are. In fact, *Evergreen Review*, the literary bimonthly published by Grove Press in New York, had its April-May, 1964, issue seized at the bindery. Prior to that an issue of the lavishly illustrated *Eros* was seized and its publisher, Ralph Ginzburg, convicted. This conviction is now being appealed to a higher court. Still earlier, the October, 1954, issue of ONE Magazine was seized by U. S. postal authorities. How are such occurrences in any way different from those in France?

The difference, while not really difficult to understand, at times seems to escape many Europeans and even some Americans. It lies in the unique, constitutionally-based structure of the American government by which the citizen literally is supreme. Each American has numerous irrevocable rights under the Constitution. No President, no Congress, no official may abridge these rights, however difficult it may sometimes be in practice to assert them.

As an illustration, in ONE's case no defense was made or even contemplated. On the contrary, ONE proceeded to require the high postal officials concerned to appear in court and to justify *their* behavior. The U.S. Supreme Court then, by its verdict

publicly humiliated the officials concerned and compelled them to back down. Furthermore, ONE at the same time was in the happy position of having made "case law" which was applicable and mandatory upon every public official and in every state where similar actions might have been contemplated. This same procedure is open to the publishers of *Eros* and of the *Evergreen Review*. Can M. Girodias avail himself of similar measures?

He may not. Girodias and his fellow publishers have no recourse. In consequence many American observers view with considerable scepticism the French claim that theirs indeed is a land of *liberte, egalite, fraternite*. What, Americans ask, of the unstable alternations of political situation found in France ever since the storming of the Bastille? What of the thousands of political executions, the various Napoleons, the series of "Republics"? Are these the mark of a nation truly mature in matters political, or do they indicate a people still stumbling toward the goal of a viable national identity?

What bearing do these questions have on the situation concerning homosexuality in France? For further light, the view of French sociologist Daniel Guerin (May, 1961) may be cited. He holds the trend toward the use of "plenary powers" to be equally disastrous whether in the hands of de Gaulle or of Petain and writes:

"On February 8, 1945, General de Gaulle, Chief of the Provisional Government of the Fourth Republic, repeated word for word . . . the decree of his predecessor," Petain. While this particular decree referred only to homosexual acts with those under twenty-one it introduced "without parliamentary debate into our law the entirely new idea of an act against nature with an individual of the same sex," a legal procedure quite impossible under the American system.

"In the armed forces," M. Guerin continues, "homosexuality is relentlessly ferreted out by means of informers and even well-paid provocateurs; considered a grave offense against morals it is punished after a veritable secret inquisition on the part of the security services which every day becomes more zealous and more invasive of personal liberties . . ."

While in some respects a description of American military procedures, the rights of homosexuals are painfully and slowly being established throughout American society, whereas what M. Guerin describes as being true in 1959 has now been brought up-to-date, a good many steps farther along the road toward dictatorship, in *l'affaire Girodias*.

Such melancholy observations cannot fail to arouse in American observers mystified inquiry as to the reasons for the decline from the *liberte* of the famed Code Napoleon. Could it have been that this Code was more of an historical accident than truly in the main stream of French tradition? Such a question cannot fail to occasion ironic reflection upon the disparity which so often exists between reality and ideology in human affairs.

Such reflections are not intended either as the disparagement or the condemnation of a whole people. Rather they are intended to arouse those American homosexuals who unthinkingly may have fancied that France was indeed the home of all freedoms for them into a more factual appraisal of the situation.

It is to be hoped that sentimental myths can in some degree be swept away and some quite practical Twentieth Century questions be raised. The time would seem to have long since passed when American homosexuals can afford to sigh longingly over the example of those expatriate Hemingways and Steins who forty years ago

fondly believed that intellectual Paradise was to be found somewhere on the Left Bank.

Let such embarrassing questions be asked as to whether a one-city nation is not closer to the ancient Greek concept of the city-state than to the modern view of a space-time continuum, in which centers are everywhere—or nowhere, as the case may be. Or, just how useful today are intellectual and cultural standards which are still committed to the class hierarchies of coterie and clique such as have characterized French intellectual life ever since the persons at the Court set all standards?

The present trend of creeping censorship may, it is hoped, awaken French homosexuals to the very imminent dangers for themselves in such a situation. Certainly it should turn

American homosexuals to a fuller appreciation of what it means to live under a governmental system based firmly upon the sovereign rights of each individual, whatever his private life may be.

If they will but tally up the growing number of homophile organizations now to be found in many parts of the United States and realize that social trends have always their causation, they will perhaps cease to sigh over dreamed-of pleasures somewhere "abroad" and come to look at themselves and their place in the world in the cold, clear light of today and of conditions as they actually are.

Having done this they then may be ready and willing to enter upon the stimulating, yet rewarding challenge of living as homosexuals in these United States.

The Connoisseur

The cold neon light flattens
The flask-hatched vermillion,
Dulls the burnished gold.
At the sunlit door
The lapis lazuli turns cold
In the pausing shadow,
And the connoisseur compares
The live and living colors,
Lays aside the leaf,
Thanks the clerk
And leaves.

— Brooke Whitney

Greens Leaves

by Kyle Mead

The sun was warm and friendly as Mike arrived at the Marina Greens that Saturday. He carefully chose the spot to spread his pallet—near enough to the "Queer's Corner" (as he mentally called it) to be noticed by the various homosexuals who regularly gathered there for weekend sunning, but not quite near enough to be identified with them.

This was the greater part of Mike's regular weekend entertainment. Mike the magnificent—with the dark good looks and excellent build—arrogant Mike, who loved to tantalize the homos with his postage stamp size bathing suit and posturings here and there—Mike the poseur who would notice one staring at him, catch the staring eyes in his own, then, with a menacing look, drop the stare. Mike the tease—who got a thrill from upsetting the queens and daring them to make a pass—wishing they would, so he could have a chance to use his fists.

Mike surveyed his gallery; two here, two there, a single—a group. One who stared hungrily at him, then turned away with a comment to his companion. All had covetous faces when they looked at him.

He finished spreading his pallet, then flopped down on his belly, flexing his buttocks, well aware of the picture he presented. He lay in this position for a few moments, basking in the warmth of the sun and the admiration from his audience. Presently he rolled over on his back, shielding his eyes from the sun and drawing his legs up so his knees pointed skyward. He could feel the flimsy bathing suit stretched taut, low across his hipbones, affording a tantalizing peek at his pubic arch and fine dark hairs that formed their thin sensuous line leading and pointing to his navel. He savored the feeling of the sun's fingers dancing up the edges of his belly and lingering just under his ribcage.

He stretched lazily and sensuously as would a cat, and quickly got to his feet.

After some elaborate adjustments to his bathing suit, he moved deliberately across the close-cropped grass toward the beach, feeling the eyes fastened upon him as he walked, and enjoying every lingering gaze.

Reaching the water, he plunged in and swam out—out—just far enough to be alone, yet not so far as to be in danger. He floated on his back for a time, staring at the sky, thinking his private thoughts, then he turned and swam for shore.

He walked briskly across the parking lot, but when he reached the edge of the grass, his pace slowed. The water had transformed the flimsy nylon suit into a second skin, clinging, revealing, outlining every curve and crease of Mike's most private secrets. Mike played the scene for all it's worth, inwardly jeering and daring those covetous bastards staring, mouths agape, at him.

Reaching his pallet, he flopped down, spread-eagled on his back, catching the drying rays of the sun, feeling the droplets as they tickled their way across his ribs to the ground, and revealing as much of his magnificent body as the law would possibly allow—knowing he was the center of attention and comment.

Thus continued the afternoon. Mike could hardly remain still half an hour before he was compelled to make his parade to the surf and back. Each time, it was the same—none of the thrill was lost by repetition—and Mike drank it all in.

When he returned from his four or fifth dip (he'd lost count), he found he had a new neighbor—a young man possibly a year or two older than Mike's eighteen years had spread a blanket very close to Mike's pallet, but was too deeply engrossed in what appeared to be a textbook to notice Mike's arrival.

Mike rested on his belly and propped his chin on his crossed arms. After awhile, he turned on his side, resting his head on one hand, regarding the new neighbor—a shock of pale blond hair above a high forehead where blue veins showed through; black brows and long black lashes shading deep violet eyes; thin, sharp nose and red, sensuous mouth; a lean body, slender and fine, about Mike's height; a bathing suit, form fitting and flimsy as Mike's . . .

Presently, the neighbor closed his book and started to turn on his back to rest a bit. In turning, his eyes were caught by Mike's stare. The great violet eyes widened for a moment, then the face dissolved into a warm, devastating smile.

"Hello!" the face said, and waited. Mike regarded the lean, well-formed body that flowed into slender, coltish legs, and murmured, "Hullo," then smiled.

As it so often will, conversation started of its own accord. There were many things to talk about, suddenly, all at once. All the while, Mike's eyes could not stop sweeping the cleanly built being before him. Finally, his eyes fastened on the thin line of black hairs that pointed as an arrow toward the navel of this being's body.

Presently all was quiet between them, and when Mike's presence returned to him, he glanced up to meet amused eyes lazily studying him.

"Excitable, aren't you?" the young man spoke.

Mike's mind had difficulty returning to reality, but when it did he glanced downward and found that his bathing suit was being hard put to conceal some rather basic facts of life. Quickly, he turned onto his belly as his face went dark crimson.

A peculiar droning, buzzing sound in his head held Mike pinned to the ground for a long moment, as the blond faun's laughing gaze continued. Mike finally faced the tormentor, face still pressed against the ground, great troubled eyes wondering.

Mike the magnificent, the tease, the arrogant, the unapproachable. Shot down? Impossible! He'd kill any queen who laid a hand on him. Still—what the hell was happening?

The blond made himself comfortable, lying on his back, then turned his head to face Mike again with a great questioning look. Mike allowed himself to boldly map the profile of this person—the slender, fine legs, the barely concealed masculineness, the delicate hairs on the belly, the fine bones of the chest and neck—that blond, blond hair. And then Mike's eyes again came to rest in the questioning depths of the great black-velvet framed violet pools facing him.

Big Mike, Mike the big man, inexplicably found himself wanting to cry. This emotion, so foreign to him, drained him of all his arrogance, cruelty and courage. He found himself wanting to be all alone with this creature—alone and abandoned to its whim—whatever it may be.

Mike shook his head as a dog would shake and managed a weak, apologetic smile for his tormentor. The sun was beginning to disappear behind the trees that border the greens alongside the Presidio. The blond boy rose to his knees, gathering his belongings and murmuring something about the long walk home.

"I have a car—" Mike blurted, then blushed. "What I mean to say is—I'll drive you home." His answer was a smile of gratitude.

As they pulled up near the apartment house, the young man asked Mike in for a cup of coffee. Mike had been over this scene many times before in his mind, and each time his fists had tingled at the thought of smashing into a simpering face, relishing the feeling of destroying a queer. Yet, when Mike heard the invitation, he could not refuse—in fact, he found himself eager to see how this creature lived.

So he found himself following up stairs as if drawn by an irresistible magnet, obedient as a puppy. The apartment was small, efficient and neat. The living room had a twin bed that had been fitted with bolsters so as to serve as a couch. There was a chair and a chest—little else.

The young man put the apartment at Mike's disposal. Mike's main wish was to shower off the afternoon's accumulation of sweat and salt from the bay. He disappeared into the shower, lingering, hoping to wash away the new confusion and uncertainty, feeling the water caress and cling to him. Finally, finding no more excuse to linger, stepped out, and having dried, went into the living room with only the towel draped about his middle. He sprawled on the couch, hands behind his head, staring at the darkening sky that just showed through the lightwell.

His host was busy in the kitchen when Mike finished his shower, and Mike didn't see him when he too went to shower. Presently, the shower noises stopped, then the young man appeared from the kitchen with coffee, also clad only in a towel.

Mike made no attempt to rise from the couch as his host sat beside him, resting his hand lightly on Mike's chest. Each finger made its own electric shock that ricocheted throughout Mike's being.

Their eyes met and held their gaze with a heavy silence. Mike's mind was grasping at bases to preserve his equilibrium—he thought of the coffee—beginning to get cold, those hypnotic eyes, the chill of the bay, that lean, perfect body . . . he felt cool, strong fingers loosening the towel from his waist . . . his head was buzzing again . . .

Eagerly, he awaited the touch of those lips that were now descending toward his own.

tangents

news & views

CHICAGO . . . HOW'S THAT SONG GO AGAIN? The Gay Bar Raid

About 1 A.M. Saturday, April 25, 1964, Cook County Sheriff Ogilvie's officers raided Louie's Fun Lounge, 2336 N. Mannheim Rd., Leyden Township, fulfilling one of the Sheriff's campaign pledges made when he was running for office. The officers claimed to find narcotics and arrested all 108 persons in the bar, including 6 women, the bartenders and the owner-operator Louis Gauger. The "accused" were held until 11 A.M. the next morning when they were released on 10 and 25 dollar bonds and told to appear in court on May 15th. Newspaper reporters and photographers were allowed to violate the privacy and civil rights of the accused and to treat them as "convicted."

Some of those arrested who were teachers proved that they still had a lot to learn by cooperating with the police under the belief that they would be quietly released to avoid publicity. Naturally the opposite happened and the teachers became the "whipping boys" and had their names, addresses, occupations and almost their pictures on the front page of the 4 newspapers in Chicago in what has

been called "conviction by publicity."

The newspapers played up the asserted discovery of narcotics and the fact that the bar was a known hang-out for sex deviates. The actual charge, which wouldn't have been so interesting or sell as many newspapers, was "disorderly conduct."

On May 15th those accused appeared in Judge Wayne Olson's court in Oak Park Branch of Circuit Court. Deputy Sheriff John Chakonis was the only witness called. He said he and other officers walked into the lounge at 1:30 A.M. on April 25th and that he saw couples dancing and embracing, but he could not identify them. With that Lawrence Genesen, assistant state's attorney rested the prosecution.

"You rest?" Judge Olson asked. "You have to do something to get tired before you rest." He then dismissed the charges against all the defendants except the alleged owner and the bartenders.

The owner and the bartenders are scheduled to be tried on June 26, 1964.

One of the accused had been brought in from an adjoining building, where he lived, and did not in any way participate in any-

thing that went on in the bar. He was also charged with disorderly conduct and was among those discharged. A lawsuit on his behalf is being filed against the Sheriff.

The Apartment Raid

On Sunday, May 2, 1964, E. Chicago Av. District vice detectives raided a "sex party" at 20 E. Goethe St. in the Gold Coast area. The party allegedly was in two adjoining apartments. 58 persons were arrested in the raid, including 8 women. 4 of the men were charged with operating a disorderly house and the others with being inmates. Narcotics were allegedly found in the apartment along with liquor bottles, empty and full. 2 minors were at the apartment. When the trial was held May 19th, Judge Nathan Cohen freed 52 of the defendants for lack of evidence, and the 2 16 year old minors testified for the state.

Freedom of the Press

The way in which the four Chicago newspapers conducted themselves and abused the citizens involved in the two incidents is appalling. It may have seemed like a Roman holiday to the press. Three of the papers gave headlines to the bar raid. Two carried pictures of the defendants on their front pages and a 3rd carried pictures on an inside page. All papers played up the news that the defendants were arrested in a "vice den," a sex deviates "hangout," and that narcotics were found and that some of the defendants had lipstick and wore wigs. No evidence of this type was indicated at the trial. Actually, the charge, which none of the newspapers reported until much later (and on inside pages) was merely that of being in a place where disorderly

conduct was taking place. Not one person was charged with lewd conduct or with being in drag, or with committing a homosexual act, or with taking narcotics. The owner-operator had a doctor's prescription for the Dexedrine in his possession.

Who Then Speaks The Truth?

There were a few brave souls who did not let the newspapers and the police get away with such behavior. Chicago atty., Paul R. Goldman who appeared with ONE's Dorr Legg on the TV show "Off the Cuff," and who acted for the defendants, wrote a letter which most of the newspapers later printed which said in part, "I cannot help but call to the public's attention what I consider to be a most deplorable type of publicity these unfortunate people experienced. As a result, they were tried by the press and the general public of our city with never an opportunity to answer the accusations.

"There were many important people with responsible jobs involved in this affair. With just one exception, each and everyone of the teachers lost their jobs; and then we have a finding of 'not guilty' with no attendant publicity.

"We question the outrageous behavior of certain public officials who, for the sake of publicity, effected the arrest of this group."

In a letter to ONE Mr. Goldman also said, "I have practiced law in Chicago for over 35 years. . . . I will say that in all my experience I have never seen as meager a presentation as in the instant matter. I will further say that it was the opinion of the 10 lawyers present that the so-called raid was motivated by something completely beyond what was revealed by the evidence."

The newspapers reported a connection between the owner of the bar and Tony Accardo, an old enemy of Sheriff Ogilvie. Gauger had testified for Accardo once, and the Sheriff had taken offense at this and had sworn to "get Louis Gauger."

Prof. Claude O. Sowle, a leading criminologist at Northwestern University, spoke out concerning the raids as follows: "It troubles me that police would release names of persons they know can't be held accountable to the law." He said that policemen should have known at the time of the arrests that many of the defendants were innocent of any crime. Wholesale raids are a misuse of the laws, he said. "Just being there is not a crime. It would probably take complaints from neighbors to 'provoke a breach of the peace as stated in the law. Without such complaints it is very difficult to make the charge stick.'" Prof. Sowle added that the motivation for the raid may have been harassment, or the police may have thought it would be good politics.

The Aftermath

The timing of the raid on the bar was such that the bar's license, which was due for renewal, may not be renewed. It might be salutary to point out some items which people might have used to suppose that raids like these would not happen. The apartment raid was of a private party where the guests had paid a \$1 to get in—like so many parties these days. In the case of the bar, it was an old, established place, perhaps 34 years in business, and it was considered by many to be one of the safest. Above all reasons why the raids were not likely to happen was the fact that the raids occurred in a state where the penal

code has been remodelled and the homosexual enjoys the same protections as the heterosexual. Apparently public officials and the newspapers of Illinois prefer to ignore this fact. We notice that some homophile organizations continue to ask homosexuals to cooperate with the police and to "get along" with the papers.

The final item in the story of the two raids is especially important to members of ONE. We have been often asked to print and distribute lists of gay bars, baths, and other places where homosexuals congregate so that our friends will know where to go when they visit strange towns. We have never felt it would be wise to print such a list. In the raid at the bar the officers found a copy of such a guidebook put out by a house in Minneapolis. Now the other bars listed in the publication are under investigation. Why should the homosexual always make it easy for the police? Why print a list that in the wrong hands can be used against us? Anyway, no self-respecting, enterprising homosexual should ever confess to the need for such a guide. On the other hand, it probably would be advisable to have a copy of the March, 1961 issue of ONE Magazine if you happen to be unlucky enough to live in Chicago. The March '61 issue contains the editorial telling you what to do in case of arrest.

SURVEY

In San Francisco an art gallery displayed metal statues based on the *Kama Sutra* in the window, but not anymore. The trial comes up shortly in that "enlightened" city. John Rechy, author of *City of Night*, has been rejected for membership in a Texas literary society. Anyone wonder why? The U. S.

Supreme Court has set a new Constitutional standard for libel in which actual malice must be proved to recover damages. The case in question was the suit against the New York Times by racial bigots in Alabama. The Oxnard Press Courier, California, and the Houston Chronicle, Texas, are among many newspapers carrying articles on censorship. Too bad so little research and thought goes into such articles. The blame for the failure of tv, radio, newspapers, and magazines to carry articles, honestly written, on homosexuality lies at the door, or feet of the owners and editors. Although they deplore curbs and controls, it is plain that they **do** let other people tell them what to print and say, such as sponsors, various church groups, decency leagues, etc. The head of the FCC told the broadcasters that he didn't feel they were quite honest when they complained about wanting freedom of speech when they did not come to the aid of the one station, or group of stations, actually being attacked by the FCC and pressure groups—Pacifica Foundation stations.

Sweden is in an uproar over a petition from 140 eminent physicians which is a plea for swift steps to stop sexual laxity because it "is a menace to the vitality and health of the nation." But it is not as bad to have private citizens attacking your ideas and beliefs as it is to have the whole weight and power of the federal government, as is the case in France reported in **Conf.** How absurd the French are, to be banning books they have been publishing and reading for decades.

In New York the State Liquor Authority has closed 5 bars because they catered to homosexuals. (Grove Bowling Inc., 17 Grove St.,

Brooklyn; Mike's Island Park Lanes, 256 Long Beach Road, Island Park, L. I.; the Staff Inn Bar & Grill, 150 Columbus Ave., near 67th St.; the Capo De Flores Restaurant, 2082 Madison Ave.). In Hollywood a newsstand is selling a small magazine about the size of the defunct Quick, called Homo. The price is only \$2.50. Justice Weekly, a Canadian paper, reprinted James Colton's Red Leaves. Physique Pictorial's latest issue mentions ONE. Playboy's April issue had a rather objective article on homosexuality—the editor's "Philosophy" series. Science Digest, April, gives its readers a synopsis of the Bieber book (see review in April, 1962 ONE) in an article attributed to Dr. Cornelia B. Wilbur, written by Flora Rheta Schreiber. Very unscientific. At least Harper's Magazine, February, '64, has an article by a psychiatrist (Szazy) who demands that we stop labeling everyone as mentally ill that is a non-conformist or different from others. The Saturday Evening Post carried a similar message from Dr. Karl Menninger a little later on the consequences of mislabeling people and the irresponsible use of terms. In California a study of children labeled retarded showed that about half of them were not and did not need special schools.

In Aix-En-Provence, France, Charles Trenet, one of France's most popular singers, was given a suspended sentence of one year in prison and fined about \$2,000 for unnatural sex relations with male minors. He was accused of picking up hitchhikers and taking them to indecent parties. The chief witness, Robert Derlin, 18, Trenet's secretary, was NOT convicted of the same charges. Newsweek of June 29th has a picture and article on Trenet's triumphant return to night

club entertainment. The "scandal" hadn't changed a thing.

Dr. Russell V. Lee, at a recent symposium on family problems in San Francisco said that for a normal husband to remain sexually faithful to his wife is expecting too much because monogamous marriage is a "bizarre and unnatural" state, that many men are not qualified for marriage (including homosexuals) and that the main problem is ridding society of the notion money as static than other human institutions. . . . let us build an institution that preserves and develops the great values in marriage and go on to something better fitted to human capabilities and human weaknesses."

Toronto now has its own homosexual viewpoint in the form of a 12-page tabloid offset on pink newsprint called Gay. This young paper is "gay" all right; it is also gaudy and frivolous. But there is nothing really wrong with presenting the lighter side of the homosexual viewpoint. And Gay is still a young paper.

Concerning his paper, the editor commented in one of the beginning issues, "Gay's life and direction are still malleable. . . . We intend to provide the homosexual populace with an outlet for individual expression.

"This publication will strive to present its material in an intelligent and rational manner. It will go half way to meet other schools of thought, but it expects to be greeted when it arrives." Sample contents, "The Middle Sex," "Diary of a Call Boy," "Home life of a Homo Marriage," "'Mothers' Advice." Gay is published twice monthly at 25c.

w. e. g. m.

one

Coming . . . in
September ONE

THE FABULOUS MISS DESTINY discussing **John Rechy, Pershing Square, and herself, of course**

Also . . . a new story by James Colton

DON'T MISS Life Magazine for June 26—showing the homosexual in America from the most immature, thrill-seeking, leather-wearing set to the average, garden-vegetable variety verging on the humdrum.

A remarkably open and frank disussion reflecting the sexual frankness of our times.

**THE WRITER OF THIS AD HAS DEEP,
DARK CIRCLES UNDER HIS EYES!**

He has lain awake night after night wondering why more of you were not subscribing to ONE Magazine. Surely you know that becoming a member of ONE is the only way in which the many features of ONE are made available to you. You already know how great the magazine is, but do you know about ONE Confidential? This is the special publication for members only, giving behind-the-scene news and gossip not suitable for the casual newsstand reader. And of course there is the Quarterly. This publication is for the serious homophile, the person wanting to know himself and greedy for whatever information the experts can give. The Quarterly covers homosexuality from every angle—medical, historical, and psychological. Perhaps the most important benefit to be derived from being a member is an intangible one, the sense of belonging.

Ah, you say you were just about to fill out the order blank when I interrupted you? Good. Sleep will be so wonderful!

An Annual Member, receiving (1) ONE Magazine each month; (2) ONE Confidential, "The Homophile World Today" each month, a magazine available only to The Friends of ONE; (3) the right to purchase books through ONE's Bookservice. \$15.

A Contributing Member, all three of the above privileges, plus (4) ONE Institute Quarterly four times a year; (5) the Annual Report of ONE, Incorporated giving details of the operations for the preceding year. \$30.

An Associate Member, all five of the above privileges, plus special features. Write for details. \$50, or may be paid \$5 per month.

Name

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ONE, Incorporated 2256 Venice Boulevard, L.A. 6, California

Tom Hunt

Late into the quiet night he sings,
winging up from a high moon-shadowed oak,
liquid clear in the moon's serene white shining,
while the wide Earth and the high stars listen.
I hear thee, bird,
thou and I awake.
My mind, too, is singing clear at last.
Silent the hills wait
while oak branches and enchanted shadows stir
around us.
Sing, mockingbird!
Sing of Love that shaped these stars, these hills, this oak.
O ancient voice!
My love is here
but only thou, bird,
thou and I
know.

I set my hands in the cold dirt
working, working from cloudy dawn till grey sundown
handling the chilled earth
with empty aching breast and aching limbs.
Clouds hung on the distant cedar-spotted frosty hills
where I had played all Summer.
I bent again to the heavy empty work,
craving, laden with a wordless hungry longing.
Then as the sun lowered
and the quitting bell had rung,
strangely the clouds were pierced
and light broke forth.
Strangely our hands were clasped and intertwined.
The cup was filled.
Quietly you said it,
"God, that's pretty!
Look how the sun has colored up those clouds."
I remember now the words I found
shaping on my lips that night.
I remember your answer
welling wordless to your lips,
your shyness, your own longing
articulated clear.

Bleak January's clouds coil thundering.
Cold naked branches toss in the wind.
In ashen desolation the fields lie
and a grey chill is over everything.
Fleecy tufts that stiff resist the wind
last Fall were Goldenrod.
Now I know no touch that cheers and strengthens,
no eyes that heal and quicken,
no quiet in my heart.
Under the wind that drives the black clouds lower
a thrush cries softly hidden in the trees.
Listen! He, too, is cold and lonely now.
Now, let me remember
the wave-lapped granite rocks,
Summer clouds white across the sea,
your hand in mine.
Not all these things are lost
though Winter dull them . . .
katydids singing in blown trees at night,
an hour beneath a cedar, a face against the stars,
distant darkened hills,
and kisses I could trust.
Now, let me be confident.
The Sun is turning North and Spring will come.
Let me be quiet, now,
quiet as the waiting Earth.
I hear the thrush again.
He's singing louder.

Now I remember
all I had waited for.
Even when I was young
I had already known you long, O strong young god!
Ancient one, flying into Chaos before the Stars were born,
righting sun and earth and stars to perfect order.
I have seen you in storm clouds rising in the dusk,
clouds towering in far-shot sundown glow.
I remember . . .
Once we stood by heaving loud rock-broken waves . . .
Came down a dewy mountain trail
where high trees hung their dripping rock-borne branches over our
parting kiss . . .
We walked on high hill ridges over moss and grass
while rain and sun passed overhead,
vistas of trailing showers where snow peaks and running white clouds
mingled . . .
Slept on wild moon-spotted leafy ground where tall trees reached above . . .
A whippoorwill in a sycamore across the whispering shallows sang
all night . . .
We followed the creek to its source,
sprang up huge tumbled rocks in that deep glen,
stripped our bodies bare and plunged in cool clear pools,
stood gasping under roaring waterfalls pouring heavy on our shoulders . . .
We slept by the lake, sheltered and warm from rain,
hearing water clash and run on the gravelled shore.
And I have seen you run across the night
trailing your radiance in one brief glowing streak
winging to the far and radiant Gulf that gave you birth.

While the green Ocean rammed the granite rocks,
splashing the quick drift up their crooked clefts,
and from wild fields a chill wind ran that tossed
the withered grass and our uncovered hair,
I remember how with your warm cloak
you took me from the cold. Near to our feet
the waters' noisy rhythms clashed, and clouds
moved Westward slow to shroud the sinking sun.
And there with that heaving sea and blowing sky
and hands beneath a cloak folded in one,
flowed in my soul the Earth-held tide of peace
that moves in clouds and seas and folded hands.
A mad song-sparrow in a windy bush
grew still. The sun was gone and Ocean darkened
But down the long uneasy years this grace
we can remember only, like a star
that runs across the emptiness of night,
one radiant flash before its light is gone.

Richard Chase

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.



MY DAYS AND DREAMS by Edward Carpenter, Scribner's 1916.

Nothing could have brought more forcibly to my mind the diversity among homosexuals than did the reading of this charming autobiography, written over 50 years ago which I sandwiched in between reading books on Wilde. The contrast between two contemporaries (though they never met) is startling. They both had the best education English universities could offer, but how differently they used it and how differently they viewed life, including the homosexual life! Carpenter bought a farm, where he lived with his lover, George Merrill, and unselfishly spent his energy writing and lecturing, not only on "homogenic love" but on his wide humanitarian interests, such as women's rights and, mostly, socialism.

Mainly, Carpenter's views on homosexuality will be found elsewhere, in his "The Intermediate Sex" and in his pamphlets, but this book will interest anyone curious about the life of this important forerunner of our current homophile movement. It also affords glimpses of other homophiles of that period, such as those who belonged to the "Whitman Club" that met and celebrated his birthday each year, of Mrs. Havelock Ellis, and of

Lowes Dickinson, author of the fine "Greek View of Life".

A. E. Smith

HISSING TALES by Romain Gary, N.Y., Harper and Row, 1964, 186 pp., \$4.95.

Romain Gary, French diplomat and ex-fighter pilot, has a considerable gift for story telling. That he has also an extraordinary imagination multiplies the merit of this book. Most important of all, however, he has intelligence, and while he looks sardonically upon human frailty and fatuity, he is never cruel, and even where he cannot be compassionate he is always just. Many of these stories are funny, some moving, some terrifying—some all of these things at the same time. This is attributable to the humanness of the characters.

Some of the stories are grotesque. "The New Frontier" deals with a world a few generations in the future, where science has tampered with the evolutionary process in man in the hope that laboratory-produced mutations will accelerate the capabilities of *homo sapiens* in the space race, but has succeeded only in creating clawed and scaly monstrosities whose human mentalities are jeopardized by the hideousness of their appearance, and whose offspring seem to be taking on

the characteristics of the crabs, spiders and serpents they resemble.

The matter-of-fact treatment, the gently regretful but fatalistic attitude toward man and his innumerable follies, make this story seem, for all its nightmarishness, not only a possibility but a probability. M. Gary seems to be saying three important things here. First, that fear of conformity can result in worse disasters, second that a mute acceptance of whatever alleged advances science proclaims can mean the end of us, and third that we ought to have worthy goals as a society if we are to be asked to make immense sacrifices to achieve them. The space race does not appear to qualify in M. Gary's judgment.

"Speaking of Heroism" might appear at first glance to be a slight story. Its central character is a successful lecturer who comes from France to address a Haitian audience on the subject of courage and then is asked to prove his own courage and—in a wryly oblique way—does so. This is a marvel of understatement on an important theme. Other interpretations are possible, but it seems to me M. Gary is gently deriding the exaggerated importance intelligent people in our time attach to physical courage, an attribute as natural as breathing among those whose daily life requires it.

"A Humanist" is Gary at his best. Irony is the heaviest element in this story of an amiable Jewish toy manufacturer in Hitler's Germany, who is hidden away by his two Aryan servants and carefully, even tenderly looked after by them throughout the war. But when the war has ended they do not tell him. They go on caring for him while they live in his handsome house and profit from his business. This in its terrible simplicity is not an indictment of Germans as a nation so much as of human vulnerability to greed and

of man's saddest genius, the ability to deceive himself, to rationalize his weaknesses into strengths, his cruelties into acts of mercy.

"The Lute" will be of particular interest to readers of ONE. It is certainly the most elegantly written piece in the book, and it reveals M. Gary's fine understanding of two subjects, which are sometimes one—love and loneliness. A diplomat in Istanbul, a man of sixty with four grown children, has a wife who loves him with her whole being. Outwardly cool and withdrawn, she has carefully managed his life and career for him, protected him from disagreeable contacts, prayed for him. His life has been good, his career successful—though as we enter this story he has begun to wonder if he might not have done something more worthwhile with his years and his abilities.

Always a connoisseur of fine art, the diplomat has lately taken to spending much time in the shops of antique dealers. But dissatisfaction, even with the most beautiful objects, a sense of incompleteness about them, mars his pleasure and prevents him from buying. At last, in fear that he will gain a reputation for stinginess, he forces himself to make a purchase. What he buys at last and how his feelings of incompleteness and dissatisfaction with beauty are brought to an end, must not be told here. But the curious love and devotion of the wife who has created this man whom she adores and who is not thanked nor understood by him, and does not even ask that she should be, makes "The Lute" a study in human nature of first quality.

Buy *Hissing Tales* and read it. You will find yourself drawn to it again and again. It performs the function of the finest works of literature—it makes more real and vivid and comprehensible the world around us and the lives we lead.

—James Colton

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

a new book to be published in the Fall of 1964—an important addition to the already select group of books from ONE's Publications Division which explore the world of the homosexual, namely: **Game of Fools**, 1955, **Homosexuals Today**, 1956, **The Keval**, 1959.

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

is a chilling, sensitive autobiography by Geoffrey Neilsen, who with absolute honesty and humility tells the story of his arrest and imprisonment, his loss of job and home and future, as the result of a homosexual act with another consenting adult behind locked doors.

Through his frankness and vividness, the author reveals himself as a pathetic victim—not only of antiquated laws, but—mostly of his own human frailty.

Concerning his "crime" Mr. Neilson makes this comment: "If the sexual act involves adults, and if these adults consent, and if they perform their act in private, and if the worst that can be said is that such a sex act offends the sense of morals or propriety—then how is that act a crime? Does the crime not lie rather in the restriction of these individuals, freedom?"

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

is a perceptive, unswerving indictment of the attempt of societies to legislate morals. It is a magnificent story on many levels, and it reads like a novel. On whatever level you may choose to share the author's experience, you will find this, truly, an astonishing book.

ORDER YOUR COPY of *Crime Against Nature* TODAY.

By ordering NOW, you pay only the special PREPUBLICATION price of \$3.50. Take advantage of this saving (price after publication will be \$4.50) and order a copy for a friend. Heterosexuals should read this book. See that they do by ordering gift copies. Complete order blank below and mail with payment to ONE, Incorporated.

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Books of interest to women:

- 
- THE GRAPEVINE by Jess Stearn, Doubleday, 1964, 372 pp,\$4.95
The Grapevine is subtitled A Report on the Secret World of the Lesbian. It is mainly a report on interviews with lesbians and a chapter on the DOB's 1962 convention and a chapter on Ladder and the organization. Those who have read The Sixth Man, also written by Stearn, will know what to expect.
- WHAT IS REMEMBERED by Alice Toklas (Holt) \$4.00
Reminiscences of the author's much talked about friendship with Gertrude Stein. Many Photos.
- GIVE ME MYSELF by Susan Sherman (World)\$3.75
"At college, at orgiastic parties in Greenwich Village, and finally in Italy, Nona cannot tear herself away from this woman . . . This is a subtle and compelling portrait of a child who is striving to become a woman."
- TOMBOY by Arline McNamee Hammond (Comet) \$3.00
A maturing woman looks back to her tomboy childhood . . . without a single overt act, she begins a harrowing period of morbid introspection, touching tangentially on the homosexual theme.
- WOMEN WITHOUT MEN by David George Kin (Brookwood)\$2.50
"True stories of Lesbian love in Greenwich Village," this is basically a dishonest and uninteresting book.
- VIRGINITY PRE-NUPTIAL RITES AND RITUALS
Dr. Ottokar Nemecek (Philosophical Library)\$4.75
This book elucidates the concept of virginity from the anatomical, moral and sexual points of view . . . both primitive and modern societies . . . explaining the wide range of forms of virginity (from the nun to the demi-vierge, from matriarchal times to our own day).
- FEMAL OFFENDER by Caesar Lombroso (Philosophical Library)\$5.00
Lombroso, with Bleuler, Kraepelin and Wundt, were giants of 19th century psychiatry and psychology. A classic in the field.
- ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY of Homophile Studies\$1.00
Numbers 6 and 7, containing articles on Lesbians: "On Gertrude Stein", "Research on Lesbians" (DOB with USC Psychologist Virginia Armon).

Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 25c for shipping costs, tax in Calif.

Mail orders to: ONE, Inc. 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California

THE SPEAR OF CYPARISSUS

by Eric Williams

Trembling, Ken closed his eyes as he parted the bushes surrounding the small knoll in the center of the park. He tried to dull any imminent disappointment by thinking, *He won't be there . . . he's forgotten . . . he's probably met someone else*, but when he opened his eyes Thad was there, smiling, and raising a hand in welcome.

During the first two months of his summer's stay with his father, he had dreaded the promised three hours in the park each afternoon. "Now, I can't send you back to your mother looking as if you'd spent the summer in jail. Three hours of fresh air and sunshine, that's not much penance to do for your old man, is it?" He had resented the familiar note of rivalry between his parents but had succumbed to his father's smile. Could anyone but his mother resist such effortless charm? For in spite of his mother's contempt for "that man," his father retained the magic of myth for Ken. Each summer he was as slim, handsome, and vital as the year before, which made the bitter questions of his aging mother all the more puzzling. "He didn't leave you alone with any of his friends, did he? I suppose he's as vain as ever about his hair? Did he have any guests spend the night?"

Ken had attempted to find his way through the labyrinth of his parents' relationship without success. Until he had met Thad two weeks ago, the dreary afternoons of wandering the littered park paths were a ritual he must fulfill to merit the presence of his father each evening. But now the park had become beautiful, enchanted, amusing, anything that Thad willed. Even the afternoons Thad failed to appear held the expectation that he might be around the next corner, on the next bench.

Ken had first seen him at the park entrance across the street from the apartment. It was almost as if Thad had been waiting for him: he had smiled, fallen in step beside him, and after the first soft "Hi," had captured Ken with the spell of his voice. There was a tone in his laugh, a way his hair caught the light, a certain rhythm in his walk, something intangible in Thad that reminded him of his father, although Thad could not have been more than five or six years older than Ken's fifteen years. Not that the age difference proved a barrier: Thad had created a special world of interests common to them alone. Already, they had given names to all the park regulars, providing wild, romantic backgrounds for even the greyest of old people dozing in the sun.

"Hi, Tiger! You're looking good this afternoon. That a new shirt?"

Ken grinned his thanks, and murmured the expected, "This old rag?", although he had spent half-an-hour trying on slacks to set off the shirt's intense blue. It was only this past summer that he had become clothes-conscious, and he was thankful for his father's guidance and generosity everytime he met Thad, who wore only subdued shades of fawn or olive to emphasize his blondness.

"I think I'll call you Cyparissus today. Yes, in royal blue, you're a young prince about to kill your beloved."

"Aw, Thad, I don't have any beloved."

"You may not have loved anyone at lunch, but even now, down the path or standing at the fountain, may be someone who's weak with love for you. You'll learn that love comes only to the unaware; those who search the streets for it awake cold and lonely. But don't you want to hear how your spear pierced the heart that loved you?"

Ken stretched out beside Thad and, looking up at him, relaxed in the knowledge that they were about to enter their own special world. With the sun behind his head, Thad's hair became a shimmering crown.

"Back in the days when men could find their gods walking among them, Cyparissus, loved by Apollo, was a young prince who had given his heart to an enchanted stag. Its antlers were of burnished gold, strung with pearls, and a silver crown and jeweled collar proclaimed its royal birth. All through the summer of their love, Cyparissus would lead the stag to the sweetest pastures, dressing its antlers with wreaths of violets and daisies, and sometimes mounting it with reins of purple silk.

"While his heart ignored the yearning glances of all who saw him, Cyparissus was in the first flush of his manhood, and his body sought release in the dangers of the hunt. Often, when the stag sought the coolness of a wooded spring to escape the noonday sun, Cyparissus would seize his spear and seek a foe to test his strength and drain his energy before roaming the Carthaeian meadows with his beloved in the mist of evening. One day, after circling far from home on the spoor of a wild boar, Cyparissus sensed a movement in the leaves before him, carelessly thrust his spear at the life within, and gave a shout of triumph as the blood spurted forth to greet him. But when he parted the branches to claim his victim, tears mingled with the blood upon his thighs, for there was the dying stag, the pearls of its collar gleaming like rubies in the flow of life from its wound.

"Not even Apollo could temper the grief of Cyparissus, whose only wish was to cry forever in remembrance of his love, and we are told that as the tears drained the manhood from his limbs, his slender body coarsened, and the hair that tumbled over his forehead began to grow upward in thick green waves. He became the cypress, eternal companion of grief and mourning."

Ken wet his lips, "I suppose the moral is the familiar one that each man kills the thing he loves."

"Not exactly. You see, Cyparissus didn't purposely kill the stag. It was the careless thrust of his spear, the vicious need to assert his strength, that caused its death: qualities he never would have exposed to his beloved but which, nevertheless, thrust through his heart."

"But, Thad . . ." Ken could not express the sadness he felt at the tale's end, and Thad's hand mussed his hair to break the spell.

"I didn't mean to banish your smile for the afternoon. Come on, display your pearls, O Stag of Carthaea!"

Ken laughed. "I thought I was Cyparissus. Now I'm the Stag."

"Now, you're getting close to the moral of the story. Each of us is both lover and beloved in one, and cannot be one without the other, or kill . . ." Thad paused, and Ken looked up, alarmed. Thad's melodious voice never faltered when discoursing. But he was smiling down at him, a little sadly, Ken thought.

Thad rose and stretched. "That's enough moralizing for a summer afternoon. Shall we see who's on guard at the newsstand, the Walrus or the Mouse?"

The afternoon raced down the paths ahead of them, and Thad had to remind him when it was time to return to the apartment. He would never leave the park with Ken, only walk him to the entrance where he would put his finger to his lips as a reminder that Ken had pledged not to reveal their friendship to anyone, not even his father. Thad had said, quite seriously, that if Ken even whispered of him to another, at that moment he would be invoking a curse condemning Thad to oblivion.

It was not until Thad suddenly froze beside him that he became aware of his father standing in the path before them.

"Ken, go back to the apartment. I have something to say to your friend."

The tone of his father's voice, one of icy control, had a quality which he had not heard since his parents' separation. As he looked at his father, too startled to comprehend his command, it was as if one of Thad's stories were being illustrated. His father was becoming older before his eyes; rage, hate, or some nameless viciousness making his face a cruel caricature.

"If you've laid so much as a hand on him, so help me, I'll kill you, I'll . . ."

To complete the nightmare, Thad had overcome his initial shock to assume an air of triumph that convinced Ken this must be a dream, surely he had fallen asleep on the hill.

"Don't worry. I haven't touched him. But don't pull that righteous bit with me. Did you think I was going to hibernate all summer while you played house, and then come out of hiding when you whistled the all-clear? I don't have any family to amuse myself with, remember? And I damn sure am good enough to meet yours after sharing your bed for six months."

"Stop it! Do you have to spell it out to the kid? Or have you done that already?"

"I don't give a damn if . . . Wait, Ken, that's not true. I didn't mean . . ." But the new note of pleading in Thad's voice made no impression on Ken. He knew that Thad was asking forgiveness for some nameless betrayal, but the situation was stifling him with its raw scent of unleashed emotions.

"You knew one another. You loved one another, and neither of you told me. Neither of you . . ." And then Ken knew. His mother's insistent questions about his father's friends, the ribald stories in the school washrooms, the curious epithets attached to certain upperclass boys, all fell into place. He had always had the pieces but only now did the puzzle have a meaning, one that he wished he could smash back into nothingness.

"You're queer. The two of you are nothing but a couple of queers, and . . . oh, God, I thought you were the two best . . . I loved you . . . loved, that's a laugh!"

While his father's hand drew back as if it had been slapped, Thad's rage took a new impetus from this rejection, and his voice became strident as he lashed out at the older man. "What are you looking so tragic about? Does the word seem so strange on his lips? Can't you see he's a natural? The product of a broken home, the entire bit! Christ, it's classic!"

Immediately, he turned to Ken, who could not sense whether it was Thad's voice or his eyes that were pleading, "Look, kid, I didn't mean it. Forgive me. Forget this entire scene. Remember what we had," for Ken was no longer listening. He was trying frantically to remember the train schedule home to his mother. Confronted with this horror, all he wanted to do was get away.

Running down the path, he was conscious of someone sobbing behind him, but as he turned an irrevocable corner, his tears prevented him from determining which of the two figures was kneeling before the other, clutching the hands of a figure still as death.

Letters



OPEN AND SHUT

Dear Editors:

I have watched ONE for sometime, much as one watches a flower of extreme beauty grow, bud, and blossom. All that I had sought to see, I find is now taking form or has already come into being. In the fact that I am a minister I was always a little flushed and nervous, when, at my favorite newsstand I bought my copy of ONE. It is now my pleasure to defiantly purchase and read openly on the street and public transportation ONE. I have found that no one but over zealous prudes even so much as take a second glance at me. I might add that I wear as my habit a Priest's collar, in accordance with my service of Christian Androgynous faith.

Rev. G. J. T.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I have just completed your complimentary copy of ONE for April, 1964, and have never enjoyed a "small" magazine so thoroughly before.

Please let me tell that I think the article on "Life and Art and the Homosexual" by Bob Waltrip should be read by every homosexual in the U.S. today, whether he be 16 or 60. I believe the author has hit the very core of plight for so many people. There are those among us who do not adhere to the word "accept and be accepted" in principle.

Mr. S. B.
Washington, Indiana

Dear ONE:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. R. A. for the editorial in your April issue, and to thank you for printing it. My Mother knows of my homosexuality and accepts it but not quite like Mrs. R. A. My lover's parents just recently discovered us and have tried desperately to separate us. At this point I don't think anything could separate us. I long for the day his parents will understand and accept.

We have sent Mrs. R. A.'s letter to them in hopes that her views will help them. God bless you, Mrs. R. A.

Mr. W. D. L.
Upper Darby, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I have just learned that I am eligible for the Army draft, and will have to join that branch of service within months. I let you know this because at the time of induction I must cease receiving any and all homosexual literature although I greet the arrival of ONE each month, and read it several times. I am grateful to those who edit and publish it—for I would be embarrassed at such an undertaking.

The situation is this: no one suspects me of being sexually deviant, and if it were to become known (I keep the issues of ONE in a steel safety box) I would completely crumble without defense. While I fully realize that others are trying to cope with problems perhaps more severe than my own, this realization does not assist me—unless I deliberately dwell on the handicaps of others in order to try to forget myself.

I am not a crusader or a martyr, and it is better that I shill and sham through life rather than supply grooming ground for the paltry ideas of those understanding individuals who are sympathetic on a part-time basis only. I cannot keep up pretenses very well if others find out about my reading ONE, therefore I shall be cancelling my subscription in the near future. I will let you know when the time comes.

Mr. F. G.
Azusa, Calif.

Dear Sir:

That did it! Accusing me of going straight—One who in a few days will be sixty. From my first experience at sex as God knows how young I have never known any other world, and wouldn't have changed one minute of it except to have lived without that damn guilt complex. Why must we always be so persecuted? Of course there are rascals in all walks of life, but to be eternally damned as a group is just not fair. And to my dying breath I will never admit that I am a social leper.

I have been neglecting you because I simply don't have the time to read all I want, and I am afraid my poor eyes are failing yearly. But my eyes have seen the glory of glories—the Hermes of Praxiteles. It was so dazzlingly beautiful I could hardly stand to look at it. Previously Michelangelo's David had enthralled me.

If possible every homosexual should see the statues in Athens as well as the architecture and then he will know there is no

greater group of men in the whole world than the homosexual.

Mr. L. C.
Ardmore, Pa.

AROUND ABOUT

Dear Bill:

I imagine that you have been receiving clippings on the Chicago raids. In the instances the damage was done by the publication of the names and addresses of all persons caught in the raids right after each raid. One of my friends wrote that there are an awful lot of people looking for new jobs.

Mr. H. B.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Legg:

Illinois took a giant step forward two years ago. We up-dated our laws in this state at that time. But the two raids and attendant publicity recently here in Chicago was a black eye for us. One of the teachers reported that he and the others admitted to being teachers after it appeared that they would be quietly released to avoid publicity. The reverse occurred, and the teachers became the central figures, the whipping boys in this most blatant "conviction by publicity."

The kind of reporting that was done, especially by the well-regarded Chicago Daily News, makes us take an even larger step backward. The law has come a long way in Illinois. Now justice must catch up through responsible reporting that makes it impossible for publicity hungry public servants to destroy the innocent before trial.

Mr. A. L.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear ONEs:

In a review taken from the NY Times concerning Lord Alfred Douglas I feel that much of what the reviewer has to say about Douglas is the same as Dr. Bunker stated in his Post Graduate Lecture on homosexuality (Grapho Analysis) written back in 1958.

In this election year I feel that a lot could be gained if it were possible for ONE to encourage its readers to support or resist the political activities of certain people on the basis of their objectivity in dealing with homosexuality. I don't know if the homosexual vote would make or break an individual, but the tide might show a significant flow, and statistics, for what they are worth, are very much watched these days.

In this year also of the Fair, things are tight here in NY Town. It was expected that the bars would be closed—they always are every election year. But with the addition of the Fair, things have really become hot. Not only are subway johns watch-

ed and people dragged away left and right, but the baths (always a favorite hangout) have come in for their share of persecution. One place, which for many was "home," was raided, as expected; but it was not expected that the management would allow the authorities to set up their photographic and sound equipment in air ducts so that by the time of the raid better than 200 photos were had. Quite a collection!

What seems a greater shame is that the management which knew what was going on made no effort to warn any of its long-time patrons—those that they have made plenty off of over the years. It is interesting to note that the Turkish Baths in this city are mostly owned by the Police Athletic League. We should stay away from these establishments, but the queens think it smart to be among the first to fill the vacuum at any spot where there has been trouble.

Even on the avenues, cars have been doing a land-office business in picking up walkers and then transferring them to squad cars a few blocks away. The practice is common knowledge on Third Avenue, yet the swishes will hop into anything on wheels, no questions asked. I have seen the whole rotten process.

What can be done—if anything?

Mr. G. S.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

I have just read with interest your La Vida Alegre in ONE. Excellent—however, I have just returned from a junket all around South America and have some thirty pages of notes on where to go and what to do in those parts. I gave a copy of my notes to the Grecian Guild which I hope they will find helpful when they publish their world list—because, as you say, so little is available on South America.

Mr. D. W.
Laguna, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I would like to comment on two articles: "La Vida Alegre" appearing in ONE and "Some Patterns of Living" appearing in ONE CONFIDENTIAL. I was under the impression that CONFIDENTIAL being confidential and sent only to trusted friends, was going to be really free! I am somewhat disappointed in the photos in the Photo Feature Section. Michelangelo and Rodin would never think of painting or sculpturing a male nude in a posing strap.

I might shed some additional light on Geo. Francis' "La Vida Alegre" by expanding on the article with my own observations. In ten years of being in and out of these countries my conclusions are: nearly eighty per cent of all males, from fourteen up, will accept sex with another male, provided