

Something very special:

1967

Gala Holiday Cruise

Something to give
to Somebody Special
(...and don't forget yourself!)

13-Day Christmas Cruise

Dec. 15, 1967—Santa Paula Fares: \$595-\$1330

Christmas in the Caribbean—and the stars never looked closer! Then home for New Year's Eve.

New York	Fri.	Dec. 15	5 P.M.
St. Thomas	Mon.	Dec. 18	
La Guaira	Wed.	Dec. 20	
Curacao	Thurs.	Dec. 21	
Aruba	Thurs.	Dec. 21	
Kingston	Sat.	Dec. 23	
Port-au-Prince	Sun.	Dec. 24	
Fort Lauderdale	Tues.	Dec. 26	
New York	Thurs.	Dec. 28	8 A.M.

**SELECT YOUR STATEROOM
FROM A WIDE VARIETY OF
SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS**

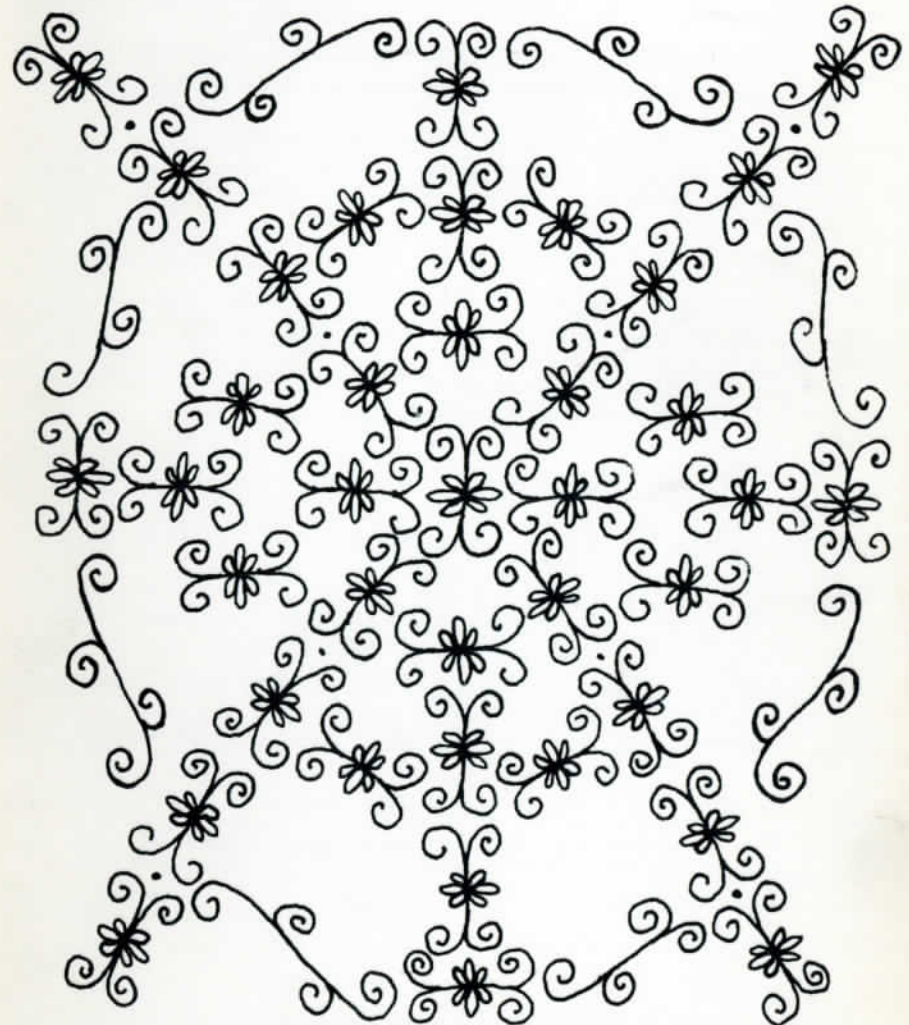
WRITE DIRECTOR OF SOCIAL
SERVICE, FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION. WOMEN WELCOME.

ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

15TH YEAR
MAY 1967
FIFTY CENTS



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

A non-profit corporation chartered by the State of California May 27, 1953. Its Voting Members elect the Directors to direct the affairs of the Corporation. Elected to serve until the 1969 Annual Meeting are:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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Chuck Thompson, Vice Chairman
Monwell Boyfrank
Robert Earl, Secretary-Treasurer
W. Dorr Legg

ONE CONFIDENTIAL NEWSLETTER: Marvin Cutler, Editor
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"To promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems . . . of all social and emotional variants." (Articles of Incorporation).

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"To sponsor, supervise and conduct educational programs, lectures and concerts . . ."

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Thomas M. Merritt, Ph.D., Dean (Emeritus)

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY of Homophile Studies

W. Dorr Legg, Editor

"A magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . ."

II. PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

Monwell Boyfrank, Manager

"To publish and disseminate magazines, brochures, leaflets, books and papers . . . pertaining to socio-sexual behavior."

Book Publishing Department • ONE Magazine, Richard Conger Editor

III. RESEARCH DIVISION

"To stimulate, sponsor, aid, supervise and conduct research of every kind and description pertaining to socio-sexual behavior."

Baker Memorial Library
William F. Baker, Librarian
Research Council
J. M. Underwood, Research Assistant

IV. SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION

"To aid in the social integration and rehabilitation of the sexual variant . . . and to aid in the development of social and moral responsibility in all such persons."

Bookservice
Chuck Thompson, Director of Social Services



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

Carlyle

magazine

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Number 4

May 1967

POEMS BY:

- 4 Paul Mariah
- 5 Wayne Douglas
- 6 Ian Young
- 7 Manuel Boyfrank
- 8 Paul Mariah
- 9 W. K. N. (Aug., 1953)
- 10 William Shakespeare (July, 1953)
- 11 Ian Young
- 12 Adrian Stanford
- 13 Adrian Stanford
- 14 Adrian Stanford
- 15 Sten Russell (June, 1960)

EDITOR RICHARD CONGER

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klyptic seventy-two
by Paul Mariah

buggy, buggery, buggerboo,
I can't have sex without the government too!

buggy, buggery, buggerwomb,
where did you do it? what? and to whom?

buggy, buggery, buggerroo,
Sssh! Do not disturb, having sex----with you!

ALL HOMOSEXUALS ARE DISTURBED.

Among you we've walked hand in hand,
How SAD-- no one ever knew;
This fight we fought to make our stand,
To live, to breathe-- just like you.
False Gods, Morals, Prudish Faces,
Made our loves seem so unclean;
But we stood and watched our paces.
Acceptance-- our only dream.

At last you started to relent
And to your cities we did flock
To work and play, as heaven sent
These small freedoms that we sought.
But then you saw our ways of life,
Our homes-- immaculate and clean.
Those Old Jealousies-- hate and strife,
Ripped apart our new found dream.

Will you--our loved ones-- ever learn,
That we're really just like you.
Although we love ourselves, in turn;
Our numbers, are not so few.
We ask for very little though
On this, you can rest assured,
Just give us all the right to know,
That we can live--UNDISTURBED!

Wayne Douglas

the MOTH BOY

'Moths were made for the pleasure
of candles' - Julian Orde

Your eyes flitter constantly.
Your boy's body hovers, but cannot keep still,
A shuddering whiteness, fixed on one object,
A cold trembling, drawn to the candle flame.
From my shade I see you, and know there is no saving.
No man can keep you from that dancing flicker.
Did the flame create you, Moth Boy,
Or some flame-obsessed moth-maker?
Who made you needing that light destroyer,
Your pale beauty pulled by a twist of fire?
Moths, I think, were made for the pleasure of candles.
Drawn by someone else's idea of love,
You will perish in that devouring brightness,
Leaving only a white powder that was your wings.

Ian Young

My Grave

Should paltry I, who hold a fleeting lease
Upon this mortal flesh presume to will
Its future circumstance at my decease,
Who cannot then bestow for good or ill,
Who have no worthy purpose that will thrive
At my desire save when I am alive?

'Twas given me and freely, this poor shell,
And freely I shall leave it where chance wills.
From hence I go for all we know to hell,
To heaven or perhaps my form fulfills
The simple earthly process of decay--
Earth claims my mind as night absorbs day.

No, let me lie wherever I may be
When I my race on this old earth have run.
Cart not my carcass over land or sea.
Here let me rest when I my work have done.
If I from watchful friends have wandered far,
The friendly, constant stars my sentries are.

I dwell with admiration on those men
Who give their cause all that they have to give,
Who fall in course of duty and are then
Abruptly buried where they cease to live.
Pray, then, when I shall have to give up all,
At your convenience lay me where I fall.

Manuel boyFrank

klyptic seventy-five
by Paul Mariah

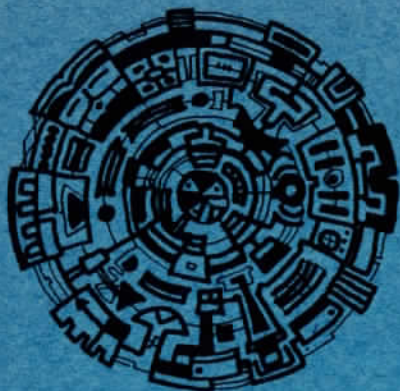
I wonder why
among all the stars
there had to be one
as granite as you.

DISSENTIENT

*So you would fill your jails
with likes of me?
But how can you discover
What hopes at heart we cherish,
such as we,
And whom we seek for lover?*

*You may forbid what you
consider wrong
And threaten me with jail;
The laws of church and state
are strong
And who's to go my bail.*

*But if I keep the law that
you decree—
Or if I choose to break it,
This image of desire is
part of me—
Your laws cannot remake it.
W. K. N.*



*So, oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : . . .*

Hamlet Act 1, Sec. IV.

EARLY WINTER MORNING

Early winter morning -
I climbed the back stairs,
past the raincoats
and the sleeping cat,
and sat on the bed beside him,
waking him up.
Smiles,
and my fingers through his hair.
Our silences
have been together often, like this,
but are not quite lovers.

Ian Young

Sacrifice

had my father known
when he cast forth his offering
to the sea of my mother's womb
what creation their joy would bring
would he have welcomed the man-she child
its birth
heralding my duality as natures zenith
in human form
and blessed the son he held for all to see
keeping my sister self obscured, until
i understood my second destiny
or would he have shuddered
at the fate his loins possessed
and retracting from those clashing thighs,
let the seeds that bore such strains
meet their end upon the ground

Adrian Stanford

birth is the climax of pleasure

turned to pain

life is the beginning of many sorrows

death is the dark wisdom

of uncommunicative souls

Adrian Stanford

were i to die suddenly,
leaving behind many small mementos
some precious, some not,
i would expect you to hold my memory
sacred, always;
keeping at least one tangeable thing
we both held dear-
that would please me, ease my situation,
(knowing that you cared)
but then, after reasoned time,
(paying respect to my vanity, and our curious
neighbors)
you must put me with the past,
for mourning will not make me whole again-
lock away in lavender
all that's left of me,
then take to home and bed another,
strong and wild as me-
forget me, go on, it must be done

Adrian Stanford

I'll Still Love You

..... when all the Iloveyou's
have been trampled over
spit upon . . . abused beyond recall
I'll still love you
..... be seeking
new-words
to tell you how I feel
like all lovers do . . .
when they're in love
and it's so real they
could bite themselves for joy
go mad and roll in dust
. . . and foam . . .
for words to tell their
beloveds how they feel
that this is different . . . somehow . . .
thatttheyareone
with earth with sun.



Sten Russell