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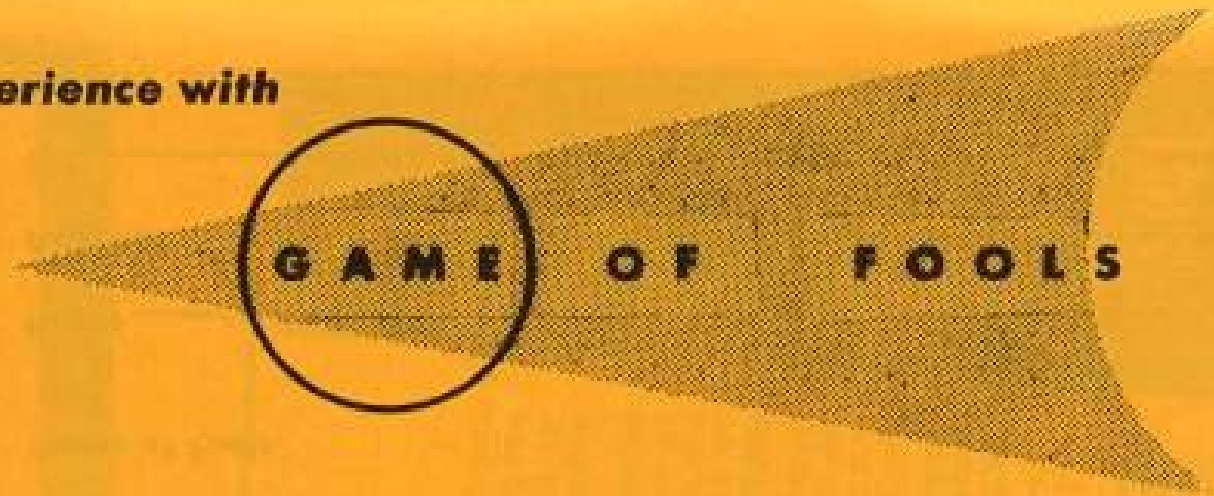
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**one**

# one

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

Carlyle

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Volume III  
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June 1955

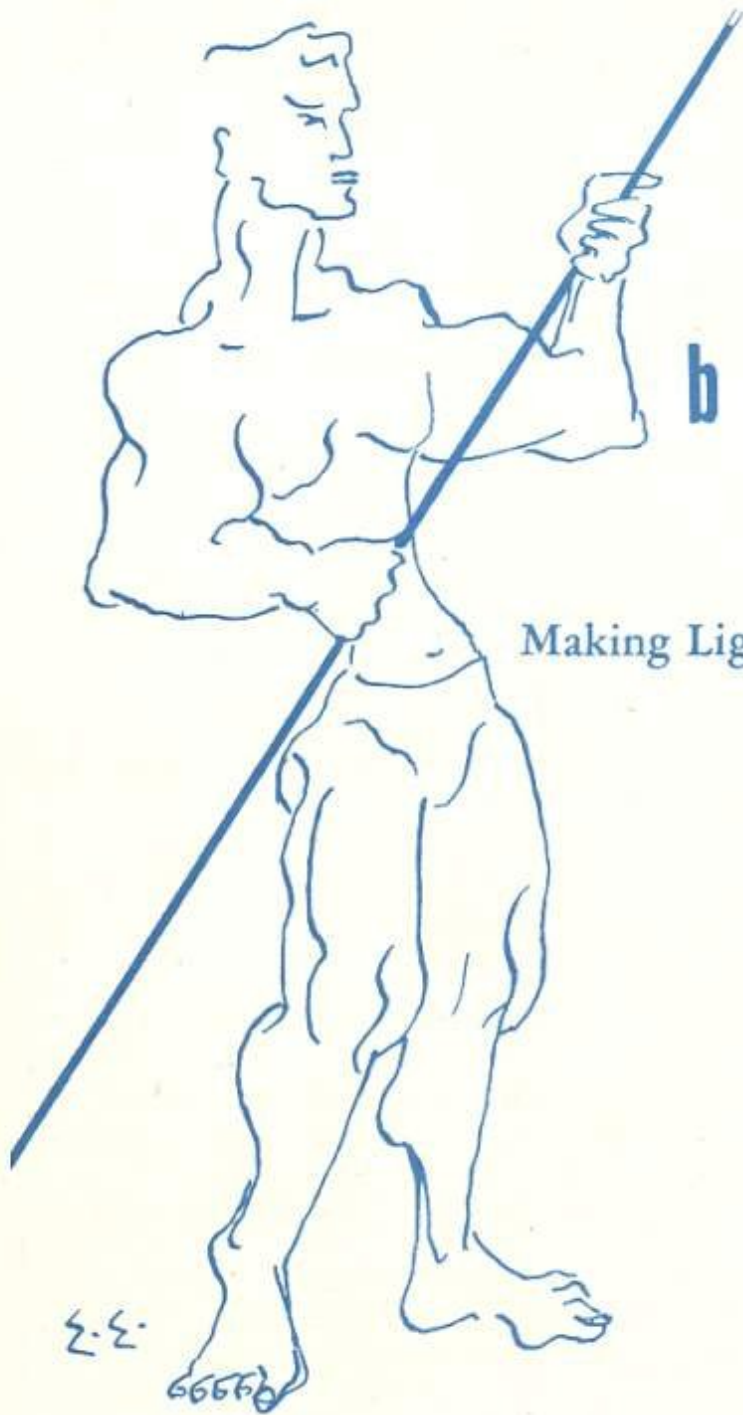
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# the body beautiful

or

Making Light of a Weighty Matter

by

Steve Whitney

(A One-Act Play)

**O**ur scene is laid in the editorial, mailing, subscription, and clerical offices of ONCE, monthly magazine devoted to Higher Homosexuality. The scene, though inclusive, is not crowded. ONCE bears out the maxim that good things come in small packages: its offices are all found in a room large enough for bridge, but scarcely for ping-pong.

Behind the desk, occupying one of two straight-back chairs, sits Norm D. Plume, a pale, thinnish man in his early thirties, one of ONCE's dimmer editorial lights. Enter Melvin Musclebound, a mountainous youth whose face and undraped figure loom on countless covers of America's leading physique magazines. He is now draped in an expensively-tailored, pearl gray number with pegged cuffs and what ancient slang called a "drape shape." His face, resembling a genial snowplow, registers considerable astonishment as his stare travels about the office of ONCE and eventually lights on Plume.

PLUME: How do you do. May I help you? (They shake hands. Plume is seen intermittently rubbing his, until feeling gradually returns.)

MUSCLEBOUND: Greetings, pal. Saaa-ay, Man! You never been to a gym? You oughta do great in one of them Self-Improvement Contests.

P: (Flattered.) No—I've *always* wanted to work out, but never had the time. I might start one of these days, though.

M: Maybe you wonder why I came around. Well, I figured there's a couple of things I could tell you how to fix up your mag better.

P: (Glances sadly at enormous stack of correspondence marked "Rush" and sighs inaudibly.) Sure, go ahead.

M: First off—you ONCE guys got guts, all right. But I ask myself—Have ya got any sense? For instance, how long you been in this—this hole in a wall?

P: You'd think this is pretty good if you had been publishing out of the upper right drawer in a filing cabinet until a couple of months ago.

M: I say it's no office if it isn't big enough for a workout. (He notices a curtain rod in the doorway.) Look—hardly room to chin yourself. (He leaps upward, gripping the rod with both hands. There is a rending sound as he lands back on the floor, still clutching the now-bent rod. Bits of plaster and lath clatter to the floor. Musclebound looks at Plume accusingly.) You shoulda had it in better.

P: (Watching, transfixed.) Don't apologize. It was just a little something our Woman's Editor was going to hang some drapes on.

M: (Dusting the plaster off his pants, and looking cheerful once more.) If you really want to see a classy joint, come on over for a look at the MIGHTY MUSCLE place. Some layout! Covers a whole block—magazine in the middle, John Barbell's gym at one end, and Pierre's Photo Studio at the other.

P: We couldn't use that much—

M: (Flexing biceps absent-mindedly.) And you know how they built her up? Health! Exercise! Work hard, play hard, eat good, sleep good—that's what John Barbell says will make you go places. For instance, look what it's done for my pecs here in the last eight months—(He begins to loosen his tie and unbutton his shirt.)

P: (Hastily.) No, no. Don't bother. I really do believe you. This isn't a gym, you know.

M: Well—all right. (Disappointment is written over his face, but he rebuttons shirt.) But like I was saying, this health stuff pays off a lot better than the hard-to-read business you put in your sheet. Take my advice and switch over to the weightlifting game—you know: yeast pills, suntan oil—the works. Maybe you even got people to put on your cover. Is there anybody else around that's a little more the—ah—model type?

P: (Thinks a moment. Brightening.) There's Alfred. He can lift the whole run of one issue in his right hand. Would he do?

M: I bet he would! (Enthusiastic.) Tell you what—you have this guy go over and get Pierre to take a picture of him lifting the next issue—you know, put him in a Roman helmet and he can wave a sword around with the other hand. You'd sell so many that he'd need to use both hands the month after! (Whacks desk with fist so that the piled papers leap and twist, dervish-like.)

P: Yes, but I think—

M: (Carried away.) Another thing—if you go for health you can put pictures, *any* kind of picture, right through the magazine. You're showing all these guys getting healthier and healthier, and that's good for national defense. Even the President says we need national defense.

P: I'm all in favor of national defense too, but—

M: Why do you guys go on printing stuff that it takes a dictionary and aspirin to read? Just look at MIGHTY MUSCLE—they still put in the same stories they had in the first issue. Nobody reads them much anyway—they sort of lace up the pictures. If you change over to health and good physique you can fire all those expensive cornball writers and just crib stuff out of medical books. (Musclebound picks up a copy of ONCE which is lying on Plume's desk and flips through it. He finds a title, places a forefinger the diameter of a garden hose on one line and traces out the words with his lips. Plume has furtively taken the top letter off his correspondence pile and begun reading. He hastily replaces it as Musclebound starts in again.)

M: Lookey here! "The Lawyer Reports"—something else you could toss out! You don't *need* a lawyer to prove you got a right to be healthy. Trade the lawyer in for a doctor. (He leans over and thumps Plume resoundingly on the chest.) You ever read "Dr. Hjalmar Slushpump's Advice To Young Men" in MIGHTY MUSCLE? For a guy got his degree over in one of them foreign countries, the Doc's sure up on his health. Maybe he'd write stuff for you.

P: (Visibly shaken.) Well, you see, I think your advice is very good, but we just don't have enough money to do all those things. But thank you for all your help and—

M: Jeez—! that's what I've been trying to get across to you. Take a look—here's how John Barbell makes *his* dough. (He pulls a copy of MIGHTY MUSCLE from his coat-pocket and folds it to a back page. Passes to Plume, who takes it in the manner of one receiving a wet diaper.)

P: (Reading aloud.) WHIFF—The Manly Fragrance For Those Who Work Out—Giant economy size: Five Dollars. SQUEEZE PLAY—Best Pimple Remover You Can Buy. DR. SLUSHPUMP'S FORMULA—Weightlifters' Muscle Food With Natural Bran, Sodium Chloride and Other Healthy Minerals. (Plume, a copy desk man at heart, perfunctorily pencils out "Healthy" and adds "Healthful" before returning magazine.) I'm afraid these wouldn't exactly meet our readers' needs.

M: Well, if they like to read so much, how about something like John Barbell's Five Foot Shelf of Sex Classics? Your writers could put out something like that. And don't forget model catalogues. Just line up the boys at the gym and I bet Pierre would throw in a plaster pedestal and a couple spears for free.

P: Well, thank you very much, Mr. Musclebound. I'll talk to the staff about all these excellent ideas.

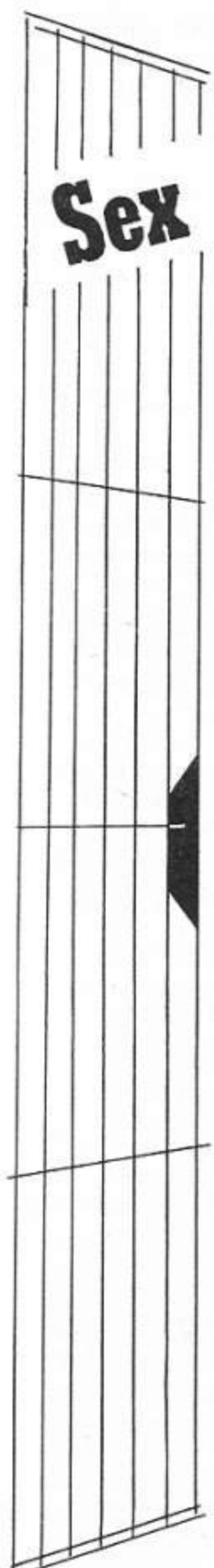
M: I sure wish you luck. I'm straight as a weight bar myself, you know, but I can figure how you guys feel. We have to stay away from women too—they spoil your training worse than anything. If you spoil your training, you're dead. But like I said: work out with the boys, eat good, sleep good, and stay away from women—it's a great life.

P: Exactly.

M: Say, if you get the chance, take a look at next month's MIGHTY MUSCLE. Me and Albion Simple, he's Mr. Expanding Universe, we're on the cover in a real good wrestling pose. Quite a lad, Alb! (Musclebound throws back his head, extends his arms in an Atlas pose, and rotates his shoulders a few times—a look of complete bliss on his face.)

P: *Thank you* for all your help, Mr. Musclebound. And come in again sometime. (He walks around desk and, finding that he can flex his hand, takes Musclebound's still-rotating arm and firmly escorts him to the door.) Well, goodbye.

M: Well, goodbye: And pleased to meetcha.



# Sex Urge In Prisons Abnormally Active

## Other Forms Of Emotional Intellectual Expressions Are Blocked, Reason Given

**Editor's Note**—In this article in a brief and general way the effect of our penal system on the mind of the prisoner, the prison and the public at large is described by a contributor. His views are not necessarily those of "Justice Weekly" but are published in compliance with the paper's policy of giving everybody expression of his or her views.

Our present prisons bring into play a large number of disastrous influences constituting a vicious circle. This system would put the most severe strains upon even a thoroughly normal person, but its savagery actually operates in most cases upon those who are physically or mentally abnormal upon commitment. Normal sociability is severely curtailed; self-assertion is practically denied even though the sex urge is rendered abnormally active, due to the blocking of other forms of emotional and intellectual expressions which might otherwise drain off or sublimate sex desires.

Hence, it is but natural that the prison walls. Nor can prison life should result in much sympathy be hoped for various types of explosions, from those outside the walls, sex perversions and general as the prison supplies the physical and moral disintegrations. No understanding the law's machinery for vengeance through which society can be expected from the average warden, as his function gets a vicious satisfaction as well as experiencing a pleasant indirect and symbolic release of the cruel and sadistic impulses which most citizens who must keep a certain number of humans herded within

could scarcely apply in personal contact with another individual.

In addition to the general atmosphere of fear, isolation and hopelessness produced by the architecture and psychology of the prison, there is the even worse situation generated by the usual method of handing over much of control and operation of the prison to certain selected prisoners or "trusties," with the resultant cliques, favoritism, corruption and cruelty which this system produces. The results are bound to be evil in any event.

If the prisoner "plays the game" and aligns himself with one of these inner gangs based on special favoritism and on "snitching" or "squealing" on his fellow prisoners, he may get along fairly well in prison, but instead of being trained to become a decent citizen he is getting the most effective anti-social, and contemptible—even criminal conduct.

On the other hand, if he refuses to co-operate with the scheme of prison politics he is helpless, unprotected, and the legitimate prey of any who desire to secure favors by passing on false stories about him to the prison authorities, who are usually themselves involved in the system of intrigue and conspiracy which honeycombs the whole institution.

Our penal system, then, far from promoting reformation and rehabilitation, results either in the most efficient training in crookedness, corruption and intrigue or in the gradual but certain breakdown of the body and mind of the prisoner.

The sexual results of prison life have been practically ig-

nored by criminologists, penologists and reformers. If sufficient space were afforded I could describe in detail the numerous and varied psychoses which psychiatrists have demonstrated to be the result of our penal system. If one were to plan an institution designed to promote sexual degeneracy he would arrive at our present prisons.

If the criminal's art is irrational, then society's instinctive reaction to it is equally irrational. The old-time criminologists accepted the current scheme of punishments, but tried to purge it of revenge. They found out quickly that revenge is an essential part of our present justice, for no criminal would ever be brought to court if there were not somebody in the background full of strong feeling against him.

Properly planned and administered a prison could be a good thing, but it should not be the institution which has passed under the name of prison to the present time. We are not, we hasten to add, contending that society can afford to ignore criminal conduct. But we are endeavoring to make clear that our present penal system is ineffective.

Years ago in England, they hanged men for a large number of crimes, among them pocket-picking. In "Crucibles of Crime," Fishman states: "Executions were public, and so many persons engaged in picking the pockets of those who attended hangings for pocket-picking that the authorities were forced to abandon public executions."

When men pick pockets while watching others being hanged for the same offence, what little deterrent effect punishment has, can easily be seen.

Reprinted from JUSTICE WEEKLY

## **INTERNATIONAL**

News from other countries; translations and selections from homosexual magazines abroad.

# THE HOMOSEXUAL IN **GERMANY** TODAY

When the allied powers had conquered the Nazi ideology of Germany and had begun to erect a democracy after 1945, many people in Germany were filled with a new hope. Among the famished sacrifices of the Nazi regime returning from the concentration camps were many homosexuals. But this group of the suppressed were to be shamefully disappointed: the Western Allies would not revise the laws against homosexuality. Only the Russians within their occupation-zone changed the laws and reduced them to the status they were before 1933. In West-Germany the Germans themselves were responsible for changing the laws or not, but nobody expected what happened: the laws under Hitler intensified, were more intensified by the Federal Republic. A complaint before the supreme court on a constitutional question has not been decided or even answered in four years—a request which quotes that paragraph 175 StGB disagrees with the new German constitution.

Germany in the 1920's was very gay and almost licentious. But this was followed by the cruel and inhuman "1000 years of Hitler-Regime." The present era is neither moderate nor licentious; it is instead full of tension. The question is whether we are to return to barbarism or move forward to the long desired and fought-for freedom. It would have to be the subject of a special article to show the historical developments of the different reform movements in Germany. Here, only a few words can be said about the social attitudes toward homosexuals in Germany.

Those who have enough money, or behave cleverly and choose the right employer may successfully prevent, for a long period of time, conflict with the law. Thus it follows that the homosexual of superior station, such as businessmen, academicians of the higher grades, and artists are in the safest positions. If one of these people takes too many liberties, he can always find a good lawyer to save him. Because of their money or reputation based on efficiency, they are tolerated and looked on benevolently. But the man of the street, the average-German, has a hard time. He must try for self-employment as quickly as possible, or as employee, he wants to be as independent as possible. If he does not succeed in doing this, his chances of protecting himself are small. He will be watched and investigated by his neighborhood. The press in Germany is doing a bad job by presenting this outcast group as criminals. A general scientific discussion on homosexuality in the press is almost impossible (Kinsey's work has been heavily criticized). The papers fear protest from their readers if they take a more sensible view of this situation

—they fear losing subscribers. Based on press reports, the opinion of most people is that homosexuals are always offenders and tempters of the youth. The so-called "Strichjungentum" plays an important role in Germany. While the number of male prostitutes is decreasing on the one hand, the actual number grows with newcomers out of the field of high school students and college students who are curious and seek extra earnings. Erroneously, adults think that homosexuality starts through corruption and is not based on inclination. There is so little numerical data that there are many misconceptions about homosexuality and its practices. Churches, first of all R. C., are against any reform. The new law, so-called "Schmuts-und Schund-Gesetz," has practically shoved all homosexual publications off the newsstands.

Several groups of German homosexuals recently united in the "Gesellschaft fur Menschenrechte" (society for human rights) in Hamburg to work on ways of getting the laws changed. Social studies have been made and are to be published soon. The GFM looks at the question as a part of the summary of human rights and hopes that the public will be stimulated to accept it that way. On May 19th there was started the first German Congress of the GFM in Frankfurt/Main. The GFM also has become a member of ICSE (International Committee for Sexual Equality) in Amsterdam recently.

Jack Argo  
GERMANY

## **IN FREEDOM'S TRAP**

george matthewson

Prehistoric man dwelt among alluvial rocks without clocks  
and ruled his home where'er he roamed  
perturbed little by life's baffling riddle.  
Medieval man's habitat was in shacks built by ax; he toiled  
as slave to a feudal knave and prayed for light  
to end his dismal plight.  
Modern man, proud, perplexed and fraught with what he's got  
is now enslaved by cultural wishes and  
gripes as he wipes the family dishes.

## "Above Average Risks"

We were very happily surprised when our attention was called to the new revised edition of *Risk Appraisal* by Harry Dingman, M.D.

In the past, the general insurance practice has been to flatly decline or highly extra-rate suspect or known homosexual applicants. There are so very many Inverts—those with "records"—who just cannot acquire insurance coverage for this reason.

Most people would not have any interest in the matter or even be aware of it, unless directly connected with the field of life insurance. But we would like to point out that this is a book which might easily be called a literal "Bible" for many insurance underwriters.

True, the author's comments may seem rather typically hackneyed and "corny-sounding" to us; but accepting that, this is still a tremendous advancement.

The fact that such an authority as this man should establish a comparatively "unprejudiced" trend, we believe, is a most favorable sign.

▶ Quoted from *Risk Appraisal*, by Harry Dingman, M.D.  
Vice President Continental Assurance Company.  
Revised Edition, 1954 ◀

### Chapter 17, Morals: (Last four paragraphs of Chapter)

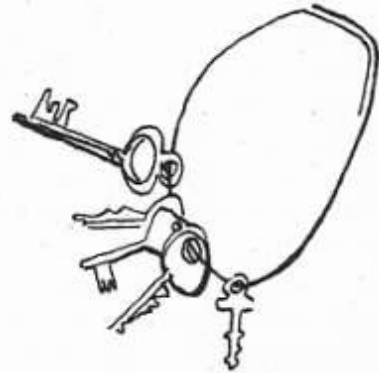
Sex urge, normally, is male for female and female for male. Abnormally it is male for male and female for female. Sex deviation is more prevalent than generally realized and ordinarily is a subject taboo for discussion. So was syphilis not so long ago. Today we are more realistic and discuss conditions as are, not as we wish they were.

Many sex deviates are bisexual with 50-50 urge, 50 for one sex, 50 for other. Others may be 60-40, 80-20, a few 100 per cent. They are unfortunate. They are born that way, and they have no more control over their sex desires than over their temperaments. They have blue eyes or brown, blond hair or dark, and their sex urge is as it is. They learn to control themselves socially, but physically! their sex urge is as is. Male-male type is called homosexual. Female-female, lesbian.

Insurance companies are insuring sex deviates every day. They are being insured without company awareness of their peculiarity. Inspection companies seldom get the story for the simple reason that informants, even as applicants, don't talk. Sex deviation is considered a hush-hush matter. Which might make it appear that dangerous risks are being put on the books. Apparently not. Death by violence because of sex is seldom recorded in insurance claim files. Perhaps we may conclude as Army has concluded, that they are good soldiers, law-abiding, hard-working, and above average in education, intelligence and rating.

From insurance standpoint sex deviates who are safely adjusted in social life are satisfactory risks. It may be desirable to hesitate to accept them in their 20's, especially if frequenters of night clubs and saloons. Jealousies often arouse frenzied passions. In their 30's adaptation is usually achieved. In 40's adjustment is almost surely established with promiscuity eliminated. So also in 50's with caution in this age group that there is no infatuation for teen agers.

# the KEY



by John Paul Tegner

"Hintonville," I wrote in my diary at an early age, "an ugly name for an ugly town."

A tourist might have found it neat and charming. An artist might have called it picturesque, with its shady streets and its old-fashioned brick storefronts. But to me it had an ugly, twisted soul. I was born in Hintonville. For the first eighteen years of my life I was trapped there.

Our house was a gingerbreaded monstrosity on the proper side of the tracks. Father worked in the local bank. Mother was an invalid. She had never been well after I was born.

She spent her days sitting up in bed, a colorless wisp of a woman with her hair in a long, thick braid. Sometimes she sang to me. There was a pathetic air of gaiety about her.

Alone with my mother, I was allowed to make as much noise as I liked. With my father at home, it was understood that the house must be quiet.

"We mustn't disturb your father, Jimmie," my mother would say. "He works so hard."

I think she was afraid of him, as I was. He was a big man, tall and very straight, with a curiously rasping voice and piercing eyes. I felt that he could see through me and that he despised what he saw.

The first time he ever punished me I must have been six or thereabouts. He had just come from the bank one evening, when the telephone rang. Dropping his keys on the hall table, he hurried to answer.

I had the keys in my hand when he returned. He gave me a box on the ear that sent me reeling.

"Don't ever touch my keys again!" he said.

Screaming with pain and fright, I ran upstairs. Mother tried to comfort me. "Was there a little brass key on the ring?" she asked.

I nodded.

"That's why he was so upset," she said, her voice darkly bitter. "He was afraid you might take it and get into his precious secret drawer."

"What secret drawer?" I asked.

"The one in his desk. He doesn't know I know about it, but I do."

"What's in the secret drawer?"

She shook her head. "Stocks and bonds, I suppose. Something I'm too stupid to know about. Sometimes I think I might as well be—" She stopped.

Smiling, she held out her hand. "Here. Sit by me, and we'll cut out pictures."

Afterward I asked her, "Where *is* the secret drawer?"

She laughed. "There isn't any. That was a joke."

I didn't believe her.

My mother died not long after that, and Miss Annie Hodge came to keep house for my father and me. She was a wheezy, slack-jawed old woman with a face the color of suet pudding. We loathed each other on sight.

I remember her cackling laughter the day she came into my room unexpectedly and found me sorting my box of paper dolls. Later my father ordered me to bring them down to the living-room. "A boy your age playing with these!" he said in a tone of searing contempt, and he burned the box in the fireplace.

It was in the living-room with its grim, mahogany furniture and liver-colored wall-paper that we had most of our "talks." He must have thought of them as man-to-man talks.

He said a good deal about being manly and mixing with the crowd and playing the game. Beneath it all was the implication that I'd somehow failed to measure up to his expectation, although he was never clear as to what his expectations actually were.

"What do you intend to make of yourself?" he asked.

"A writer," I said, and he struck his forehead and groaned, "God! I might have expected that!"

Once he came home and found me reading by the fire.

"The fellows are down on the corner playing ball." He demanded sharply, "Why aren't you out playing?"

"I don't want to play," I said.

"They were teasing you, weren't they?"

"No."

"Don't lie to me. I always know when you're lying. They said you threw like a girl, didn't they?"

I didn't answer.

His mouth twitched. "For God's sake, keep your hands down at your sides! And don't stand like that!" He jerked me erect. I shrank away from him. Instinctively I lifted my hands again. It was a defensive gesture. In a fury, he struck me, and I fell . . .

An odd boy, people called me. Wherever I went, it seemed they were watching, whispering, laughing. I didn't know why.

"You have no friends," my father flung at me, in a kind of accusation.

"I don't want any friends!" I shouted back.

It wasn't true, of course. Sometimes I thought I couldn't endure the crushing loneliness of another day.

To help fill the hours, I kept a voluminous diary. Writing became a part of my life. Sometimes I lived in a world of fantasy. I was a famous author surrounded by admiring friends. Hintonville was forever behind me.

Father talked darkly of sending me to military school, but nothing ever came of that, and I continued in Hintonville High. A week after graduation I went to work in the bank. From the first, I hated it. I was trapped. I could see no way out.

And while I dreamed of freedom, Fred Zimmerman was "making his territory." Fred Zimmerman in his old green car was coming nearer to Hintonville.

I was sent to the hotel one day with some cancelled checks the manager

had asked for. I delivered the checks at the desk and as I started out, a man in the lobby spoke to me.

"I'm a stranger in town. Can you tell me anything about an old covered bridge in the neighborhood?"

"Yes," I said. "It's six miles south."

He kept me there, talking, asking questions about Hintonville. He was neat, rather fleshy-faced, probably thirty-five or forty. I liked his friendliness and his odd, one-sided way of smiling.

"I'm going out for a look at that bridge," he said. "Like to go along and show me the way?"

"I'm due back at the bank now," I said.

"No hurry. We could make it this evening."

"All right," I said.

He asked my name and introduced himself. He was Fred Zimmerman, a brush salesman, passing through town.

I met him at the hotel that evening. We drove down the highway in his old green car. The sky was turning pink, and I told him we'd have to hurry if he wanted to see the bridge before sundown.

But he seemed in no hurry. A few miles down the highway he turned off on a side road.

"This isn't the way," I said.

He parked and turned toward me, smiling a little. "I saw the bridge this morning . . . not mad at me, are you?"

I was bewildered. The idea flashed through my mind that this was all a joke, that somehow he was making fun of me.

"I'm lonesome, kid," he said. "That's the plain truth, and when I saw you today I got the idea you were lonesome, too."

Still bewildered, I could think of nothing to say.

"Don't be mad at me," he said, his voice husky and warm. "We're all human, after all."

He picked up my hand and held it. I began to shiver.

"Cold, kid?" He put an arm heavily around my shoulders and drew me toward him.

Hours later he let me out at the edge of town. I stumbled home in a daze. Now I knew. Now I knew.

"Fred—Fred—" I said over and over. It was the most precious name in the world to me.

Father was waiting in the hall. He took out his watch and looked at it. "Where have you been?"

I could feel my face burning. "Out. Walking."

"Where? Who with?"

"Out—along the reservoir—by myself," I stammered.

"You're lying. Who were you with? What were you doing?"

"I don't have to tell you everywhere I go," I said.

He took a step toward me.

"And don't you touch me, either!" I said.

I edged past him and ran upstairs.

I didn't see Fred again before he left the next morning, but he had promised to write and give me his next address.

For a month I watched the mails for his letter. I began a long letter to him, writing a page a day. I told him how I loved him, missed him, longed for him. I was seventeen.

I hid the letter under the paper lining in my dresser drawer. One evening my father called me. He was in the living-room with my letter in his hand.

White-faced, he lashed out at me, "Who is Fred?"

I wouldn't tell.

For a long time he raged at me. I was a filthy degenerate, not fit to associate with decent people. It was God's mercy that my mother hadn't lived to see this day. I could leave this house the first thing in the morning. I was no son of his, and he never wanted to see my face again.

I was frightened and shaken. I had no plans, no idea of how I was to live. I had wanted my freedom, but not like this.

Instinctively I headed for the nearest city. I worked in a restaurant, a hotel, a furniture store.

Fred became only a vague memory, as other men drifted in and out of my life. Faceless men, mostly. Some of them kind, but men who didn't matter.

In my spare hours I wrote. One of my stories grew into a novel. I sent it to a literary agent whose name I found in a library. Larry Framingham was his name. Why did I choose him from the list? Was it the merest accident, or was fate bending over my shoulder?

Larry Framingham found a publisher for my book. I hoped my father and the rest of Hintonville would see it and perhaps recognize themselves.

The book was not a success. Neither was my second.

My agent wrote to ask how my next book was progressing. Depressed and discouraged, I answered that there would never be another book.

A letter came from him. "Why don't you come to New York? I'm almost sure I can find something for you to do here—something that will be a cushion until you can finish your next book."

I went to New York. I met Larry Framingham. He was older than I. His hair was gray at the temples. He had the kindest face I had ever seen.

He found me a room overlooking Washington Square. Every evening for a week he dropped by. Then he told me, "It's time you settled down to work. You won't be seeing me for a while."

The next evening stretched interminably ahead. Try as I would, I couldn't write. I gazed out across the Square. I paced the floor. At last I called Larry.

"Something's the matter," I said. "I got so used to you last week, I can't seem to do anything without you."

"A funny thing," he said. "I was just feeling the same way."

Larry found a larger apartment, and we moved in together. My next book was a success, and my first play ran six months on Broadway.

For all we meant to each other, Larry was my severest critic.

"You're bitter, and it creeps into your work," he told me. "All the time you're fighting back at life."

"I'm not fighting now," I protested. "I'm perfectly happy as long as I'm with you."

He shook his head. "Sometimes you're miles away from me, Jim. You're still trying to get even with Hintonville."

Forget the past and let it go. That was Larry's creed.

I tried to forget. Most of the time I succeeded, but sometimes I *was* back in Hintonville, hating it, hating my father.

One day a telegram came to me, in care of my publishers. It was from someone in the Hintonville Bank. My father had died suddenly of a heart attack.

"It's been fifteen years," I said, "There's no reason why I should go back."

"It couldn't do any harm, could it?" said Larry.

"It couldn't do any good."

"It might lay a few ghosts," said Larry.

I thought that over. Perhaps Larry was right. He usually was . . .

I arrived in Hintonville the evening before the funeral. There was a light in the old house, and Miss Annie Hodge was waiting to meet me.

"Oh, Mister Jimmie!" she panted, peering at me with rubbed, red eyes.

*Mister Jimmie . . . .*

I said, "How do you do?"

"I've been getting everything ready for you," she said.

"I'll see that you're paid for your trouble," I said.

She was gone at last. I sat in the living-room, lonely for Larry, depressed by the chill mustiness of the old house.

Idly I looked at the keys Miss Annie had turned over to me—her "house-keeping" keys and those my father had always carried. Here was the little brass key. "To his precious secret drawer," my mother had said. ". . . the one in his desk."

I wondered about the drawer—if anyone had ever found it, if it had been opened since his death.

As far as I knew, his only desk was the one here in the mahogany secretary. I dragged it out a little way from the wall and looked at it. I could see no place where a drawer might be hidden.

I ran my hand over the wood. There was a rough spot in the ornamental moulding just below the desk-top. It was the head of a nishing-nail. A curious spot for a nail, I thought.

With a kitchen knife I pried at the moulding. I loosened the nail and pulled it out. A strip of the moulding swung back on a hinge. Behind it was a keyhole.

I tried the brass key, turned it, and pulled. A small drawer slid out.

On top was a yellowed photograph—the picture of a young man I had never seen. It was a wistful face, delicate, yet strong. On it was written, "To Jim from Arne."

Under it was a letter addressed to James Hendricks, Esq.—my father. The postmark on the envelope showed that it was thirty-odd years old.

I unfolded the thin, brittle paper and read:

*Jim, my darling,*

*Let me call you my darling again. Let me tell you how much I love you and long for you. If I could make you understand . . . Jim, that night at the cabin when you . . . Afterward you said it was the liquor. You tried to pretend it had never happened, but you loved me then, as I loved you . . . Jim, I'll go away. I'll do anything you say, only don't marry her just to prove . . . don't destroy yourself . . . I love you. I love you.*

*Always your own  
ARNE*

I sat numbly with the letter in my hand. This was my father . . . *this*.

Some of the old bitterness stirred inside me, but there was something else. There was the beginning of compassion.

He had had his poor, warped shell of self-righteousness. Little more than that. And I had had so much.

I went to the telephone and placed a call to New York. I sat in the silent house, waiting impatiently for the sound of Larry's voice.



## BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

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.



### BOOK SERVICE ANNOUNCED

With this issue ONE's Book Department announces the beginning of a limited Book Service for its friends and subscribers.

As a result of the printing of James Barr's play *Game of Fools*, we have received inquiries about other recent books homosexual in nature: titles in fiction, science, biography, etc.

The Book Service is designed primarily to accommodate the Western resident who may have difficulty in turning up some titles in his local book store. Fresh listings will appear each month, though not all available titles will be noticed. If you wish some book not listed, please inquire.

*Remittance must accompany all orders.* Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California. Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

- THE MISSING MACLEANS** by Geoffrey Hoard, Viking..... 3.75  
A factual discussion of the diplomats whose disappearance was one of the causes of the purging of Homosexuals from international diplomatic circles.
- THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT** by Rodney Garland, Coward-McCann..... 3.50  
A novel based on the Maclean case by the author of the very successful **THE HEART IN EXILE**.
- THE OUTER RING** by Audrey Lindop, Appleton..... 3.75  
An extremely able novelist tells the story of Jeremy Stretton who conquers his homosexual impulses only when he discovers that even as a homosexual he may be accepted as an ordinary human being.
- ONE ARM** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 4.50  
Accepted as classics since their first publication in 1948, this is the first popular edition of these scarce stories made available.
- HARD CANDY** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 8.50  
More short stories by Mr. Williams, with the same limited appeal. Only a small edition has been printed at this time.
- CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 3.00  
In his explosive Pulitzer Prize play Mr. Williams explores a dying marriage in the light of a doubtful masculinity. Possibly his best play.
- THE HOMOSEXUALS** Ed by A. M. Krich, Citadel..... 4.00  
An anthology drawn from case histories and from autobiographies that reveals much of the confusion and contradictions rampant today.
- ALL THE SEXES** by George W. Henry, Rhinehart..... 7.50  
A monumental study of sexual variance by one of the world's leading specialists in the field of clinical psychiatry.
- FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY** by Frank S. Caprio, Citadel..... 5.00  
The most thorough work on lesbianism which has yet been published.
- GAME OF FOOLS** by James Barr Fugate, ONE Inc..... 3.95  
A forceful new play by the author of the very popular **QUATREFOIL** and **DERRICKS**.

**A**NOTHER "inside story" of crimes and penitentiaries which will have its own special impact in bringing to public attention the medieval, not to say barbaric, attitudes involved with our present penal systems. The book recounts some of the actual experiences of a man twice-committed to the penitentiary for theft. The homosexual theme recurs frequently, and there is much to suggest that Paul Warren's predilections towards theft came about as a result of repressed homosexual tendencies stemming from early youth.

Homosexuality, however, is far from being the main subject of this narrative. Of principal interest is the apparent effort of modern penologists to institute a new and more humane approach to the problems of anti-social behavior on the part of those individuals now called "criminals," and of the opposition to their efforts on the part of the "eye-for-an-eye" school, who use our laws and our penal institutions to wreak a vicarious and sadistic vengeance upon those whose lives develop in anti-social patterns. Unfortunately this theme is not dwelt upon at any length, yet it is boldly suggested in one part of the story, and strikes the single optimistic note in a book which is otherwise filled with the most depressing and morbid circumstances.

The book closes, perhaps by necessity, in a disappointing and indeterminate way. One is left wondering whether the writer, just released from prison a second time and barely in his twenties, will reach a solution to his sexual maladjustment, whether he will commit suicide, or whether he will return to his thievery and find himself in prison again, where "next time is for life."

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# 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.

Dear ONE:

Anent the many moral implications involved with homosexuality, I submit that the chief fallacy in traditional thinking lies in the assumption that all deviates are heterosexual who, via immoral thought, become homosexual, and who, via moral thought can become heterosexual again. By developing this assumption it is easy to claim that all deviates are self-made, and unnatural.

Fortunately, many persons look twice at this notion, and sense its untruth. We are gradually coming to understand that nature produces homosexuality, as well as heterosexuality, by making the components for the former predominate in some mortals. Against the background of this idea, it is recognized that homosexuality is natural for some persons, and that, as with heterosexual attachments, homosexuality needs to be refined rather than frustrated.

Toronto, Canada m

Dear ONE:

Please, wha' hopen? I subscribed to your magazine in January. I got the January issue, was delighted with it — and the rest is silence. Have you abolished February, or are you sending said issue by carrier snail? Whatever it is, please snap out of it — I'm lonesome for you!

New York City m

Dear ONE:

I've just finished reading "Well of Loneliness" and was deeply touched; so much so that I'm composing my first poem which I will send to you in the hope that you will think well enough of it to print it in your marvelous little magazine. Since I live in a very small town and seldom have time to journey to a larger community....I become very discouraged at times. I can't express what relief your magazine has been to me since I recently discovered it. Whenever I start getting the blues, I pull out an old copy of ONE and it cheers me up immensely.

Kansas m

Dear Friends:

Congratulations on introducing the Classics, as illustrated by the extracts from Plato's SYMPOSIUM, beginning in your February issue. While it is true that many of us, both homosexual and otherwise, have some acquaintance with the Greek and other philosophers, it does us much good to be reminded of them. For those whose reading has not taken them in this direction, your reprints will be a source of much intellectual and moral stimulation. It is quite refreshing to see the SYMPOSIUM presented without circumlocutions or apologies.

Minneapolis, Minn. f

Sirs:

First Whitman and now Plato and Socrates...! I'm sick and tired of your "he was 'one' too" approach to the thinkers and artists of history. After all, does it really matter...?

Lexington, Ky. f

Dear Friends:

Please be sure to put me on the list for a copy of James Barr's "Game of Fools" to be published June 20th. I'm glad to see that your magazine is becoming progressively better and better. The only thing I missed in this issue was some "comedy-relief." "Gaylord Pedestrian" and "The Gay Menagerie" are the only two issues which I've refused to part with. How about more? After all, who are we if we can't laugh at ourselves occasionally?

Columbus, Ohio m

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed sample copy so much that am sending money for a 2-year subscription. I sure think it is the most interesting magazine I have read in many a day. Keep up the good work and bring light to so many who deserve to be helped, and release the loneliness of so many.

Quebec, Canada m

Dear Friends:

The indifference manifested by many homosexuals, not only to their own kind but to humanity in general, is lamentable. It tends to support Proust's general contention, voiced in *SODOME & GOMORRHE*, that homosexuals, as a class, are incapable of basic human sympathies. I am struck by the small number of actual subscribers to ONE, compared to the potential market. I hope that those who are subscribers are steadfast. I would like to see Proust's generalization proved wrong.

Butte, Mont. m

Dear ONE:

"I REMEMBER," in your excellent February issue, moved me greatly calling forth some almost-forgotten recollections from my own earlier years. The principal in this brief story (and I have seen many like him) is indeed to be pitied. As for myself, I revolt so drastically against tradition as to believe that in this modern age not even women need to be "kept" by men, even when the men happen to be their husbands. So you can judge my reactions to the spectacle of a man being kept by a man, or a woman by a woman. With Twentieth Century educational advantages, and with all professional and most non-professional occupations open to either sex, it seems incredible that any person could be so wanting in pride and a sense of personal freedom as to be unwilling to stand on his own two feet, in economic matters. Evidently something is seriously lacking in our social leadership.

Seattle, Wash. f

Gentlemen:

Norman Mailer's piece . . . . highly commendable.

Brooklyn, N. Y. m

Dear Sirs:

Your announcement of the new book, "Game of Fools," by James (Barr) Fugate arrived this morning. Please accept my check for a copy to be mailed as soon as you can.

The February issue of ONE was as interesting as usual. I'm glad to be a subscriber and will subscribe to any books which are recommended by your Book Department. It's nice to see ONE growing up. The story of ONE's birth was interesting, and my admiration and thanks to those stalwarts who made it all possible.

San Francisco, Calif. m

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## Belgium

Centre Cultural Belge, Postbox 30, Ixelles 1, Brussels  
(No Publications)

## Denmark

Forbundet, Postbox 1023, Copenhagen  
**PAN** (monthly) address as above

Ganymedes Samfundet, Postbox 848, Copenhagen  
(No Publications)

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Vennen, Homofil Organization, Postbox 809, Copenhagen  
**VENNEN** (monthly) in Scandinavian languages, also a few pages in German and English; photos; \$3.50 yearly, first-class sealed \$4.50. Postbox 108, Copenhagen (may be ordered through ONE)

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Cercle de France, 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris 13

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Gesellschaft Für Menschenrechte, Neustadter Strasse 48, Hamburg 36. **HELLAS** (monthly) photos; address as above

**HUMANITAS** (monthly) address as above

I.F.O. Auszer der Scheifmuhle 67, Bremen

**DER WEG** (monthly) photos; Colonnaden 5, Hamburg 36

Verein Für Humanitare Lebensgestaltung, Arndstrasse 3, Frankfurt am Main. **DEI GEFARTEN** (monthly) address as above

Independent Publications:

**DEIN FREUND** (monthly) Kleine Freiheit 25, Hamburg-Altona

## Holland

Cultur en Ontspanningscentrum, Postbox 542, Amsterdam

**VRIENDSCHAP** (monthly) drawings and photos, also articles about women; \$4.00 yearly; address as above; (may be ordered through ONE)

International Committee for Sex Equality, Postbox 542 Amsterdam  
**NEWSLETTER** (every other month) articles in English, French and German (no translation-duplications) \$3.00 yearly; (may be ordered through ONE)

## Norway

Det Norske Forbundet Av 1948, Postbox 1305, Oslo  
(No Publications)

## Sweden

Friends-Club, Box 1710, Gothenburg  
(No Publications)

Riksförbundet För Sexuellt Likaberättigande, Postbox 850, Stockholm. (No Publications)

## Switzerland

Der Kreis/Le Cercle, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22

**DER KREIS/LE CERCLE** (monthly) published since 1936, in German; also articles in French and English (no translation duplications) drawings and photos; \$7.00 yearly, first-class sealed \$10; address as above. (May be ordered through ONE)

## United States

Mattachine Society, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53

**NEWSLETTERS:** Southern Area, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53; Northern Area, P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1; Long Beach, P. O. Box 1232; Chicago, Merchandise Mart, P. O. Box 3513.

**MATTACHINE REVIEW** (six times a year) articles, poetry, news about Mattachine Society; \$2.50 yearly, first class. P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1, Calif.

ONE, Incorporated; Education, publishing, social service; 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

**ONE** (monthly) The Homosexual Magazine; address as above

**GAY** (occasional) Pictorial supplement; cartoons, fiction

**T.W.O.** (occasional for the present) News supplement

National Ass'n For Sexual Research, P.O. Box 750, Los Angeles 28  
(No publications)

Address all changes  
and corrections  
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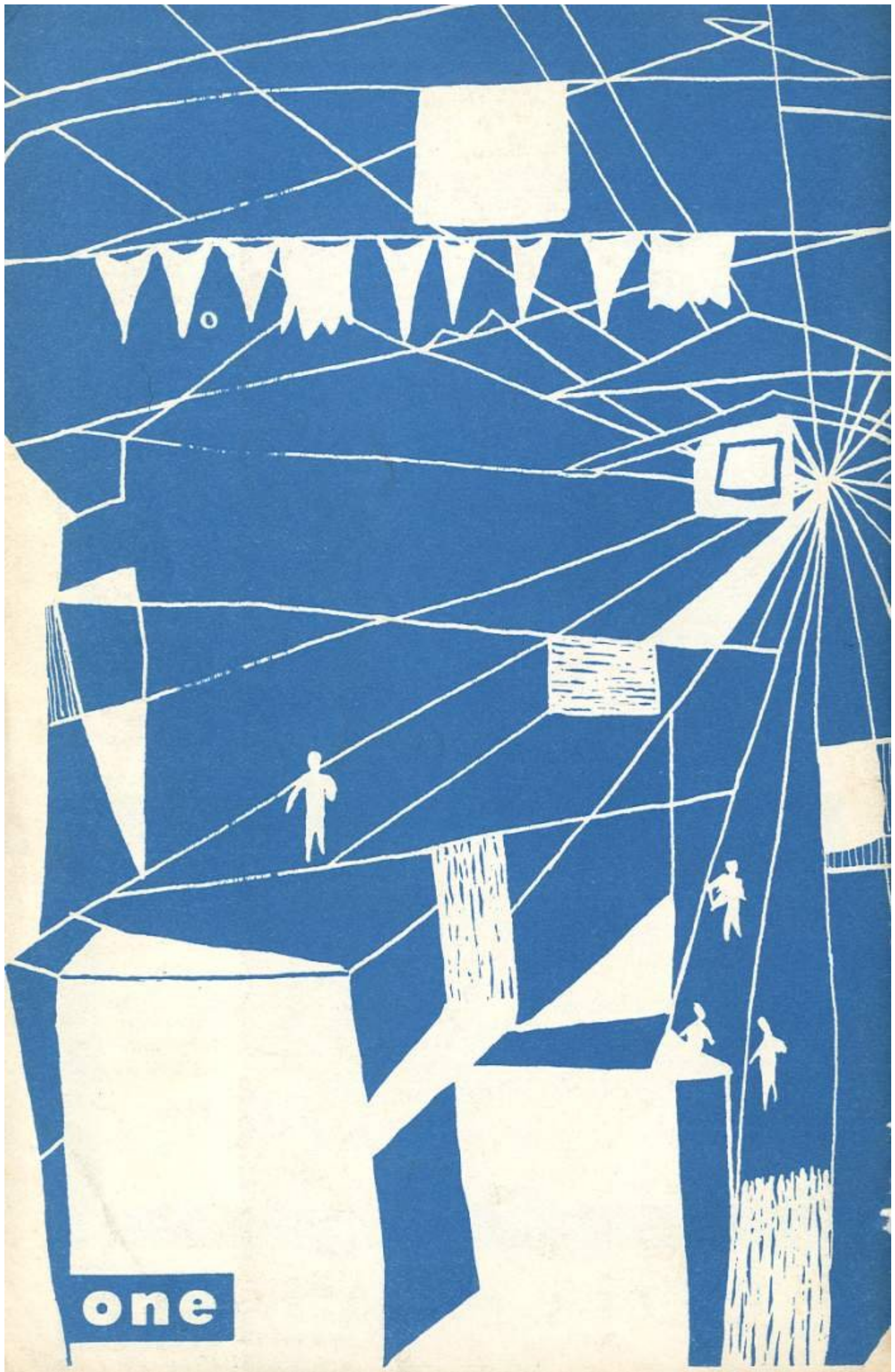
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