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

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume III
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A CHANGE IN AMERICA'S SEX LAWS

by ONE'S legal counsel

The American Law Institute has voted to drop sodomy from the list of "public offenses" in its forthcoming Model Penal Code.

This is a step of the greatest magnitude in the struggle of the homosexual minority in America for equality under the law.

Sodomy—broadly defined as intercourse conducted orally or anally—has been a crime in every State of the Union since Puritan days. It is a crime even between consenting adults or man and wife.

The American Law Institute is a group of this country's leading jurists and scholars, founded by Elihu Root. For 30 years, the Institute has been compiling Restatements of American law that have become landmarks in jurisprudence. The Institute, to put it briefly, has been bringing our laws up-to-date.

This year, the Institute began work on its Model Penal Code. It was only natural that the question of the inclusion or exclusion of sodomy as an offense would be one of great difficulty for the drafters of the new Code.

Some have felt that sodomy should remain a crime as a "deterrent" or expression of public morality. Not so Judge Learned Hand, 83-year-old-dean of American jurists, who said to the meeting of the Institute:

"Sodomy is a matter of morals, a matter largely of taste, and it is not a matter that people should be put in prison about."

The Institute agreed, voting 35 to 24 to exclude sodomy as a public offense, unless it is committed by force, or with a minor.

The Institute said:

"The code does not attempt to use the power of the state to enforce purely moral or religious standards. We deem it inappropriate for the Government to attempt to control behavior that has no substantial significance except as to the morality of the actor. Such matters are best left to religious, educational and other influences."

The action of the Institute will not have much effect on the lives of the homosexual minority for some years to come. It is the expression of what the law *should* be. It does not change the law as it exists: sodomy is still a crime in every State in the Union.

But in other fields of law, the opinion of the Institute has come to be the law. In the field of criminal law, its opinion will eventually prevail. Together with the forthcoming work of Dr. Kinsey on obsolete sexual laws, the old concepts of "deterrent" will be subjected to strong blows in the near future.

The main ingredient and moving power behind legislative change is public sentiment; a new climate of opinion, created in part by the existence of such organizations as the Mattachine and a magazine such as ONE, is responsible for the change.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

That intrepid hunter, Sen. Kefauver, heading several Senate sub-committees, is rarely publicity shy. Since Disney stole the Davy C. act, Senator has reverted to his other favored pose: Fearless Guardian or Public Morality. This role insures almost daily frontpage coverage for his Juvenile Delinquency sub-committee, and incidentally, for himself.

During hearings, papers often banner Page One with several "natural poses" showing Senator pursing lips, picking at ear lobes, sticking fingers in mouth, otherwise looking thoughtful, resolved, or shocked.

In recent NYC and LA hearings he flayed "salacious films, publications and other pernicious influences on US youth." Stormy New York sessions, catering mostly to nude photos, featured several contempt citations. A Franciscan priest avered that youth crimes result from indecent literature deluging the nation. Senator paraphrased this line frequently for press, but subsequently admitted being unsure if pornography and delinquency were connected.

Next he went west to investigate film violence and "G-string" stag movies. Resenting this coupling, movietown

flared angrily, and Keef, who as presidential timber is chary of making needless enemies, tamed his investigation. The filmmakers came, to defend their right to realism. But where Kefauver chose to go easy with these "perverters" his audience snatched up the task. One visitor charged that years ago a boy smacked his sister with a half grapefruit just like Cagney did in a film. Another visitor (incidentally a Senator's sister) complained one degrading film showed a drunk Senator. Others charged films depicted smoking and drinking, but movie-makers denied inventing the vice.

Committee reserved hottest fire for very films made to counter delinquency (BLACKBOARD JUNGLE, recently banned in Atlanta) while Keef had personally endorsed a blood-thirsty potboiler he'd never seen. Complaints levelled at proposed filming of TEA AND SYMPATHY and unfinished REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE.

Finally, everyone except looneyfringe in the bleachers was pacified, everyone conceding everyone else was real nice.

Another day, a nude "art photo" dealer rocked committee with charge that her volume of business was eclipsed by LA Police who resold photos seized in raids.

Press chimed in with cautious suggestions for censorship (even old-socialist Norman Thomas added his two-mills-worth) and a humane columnist Inez Robb suggested reviving "Branding of criminals convicted of traffic in pornography, whether lewd books, films, recordings, so-called comic books or stage productions." (Her recent columns put most currently popular books, plays and songs in this category.)

So the King of the White House Trail, assuring one and all his hearings were non-political, replaced his coonskin cap and hit for fresh huntings, promising Hollywood a return engagement.

OTHER MORAL GUADIANS

Earlier, Cardinal McIntyre had blasted growing indecency in films. Eric Johnson denied any increase. Seventh-Day Adventists announced campaign to purge smut from newsstands: Depends on what they call "smut" and what methods they propose. Seems to us no single sect has right to determine what rest of us can see or read.

Along this line, new Varga-girl has nothing to do with *ESQUIRE* pics inflating mammary glands. More like blackmail foisted on clothing dealers, soaking them 3¢ each for tags which retailers are "encouraged" to display on dresses "approved by the Blessed Virgin" (acting thru her self-appointed agents, Fathers Funkel and Varga and their Purity Crusaders) for feminine modesty. Crusaders admit they don't know what type bathing suit the Virgin would wear. In this writer's opinion there's nothing wrong with any Church campaigning for modesty among its own. But this Commie-like method of putting pressure on retailers who must serve people of all

faiths, or none . . .

Kansas' Supreme Court, on presumably technical grounds, outlawed a legislative ban on film censorship. Legislatures have recently been busier instituting than banning censor bills. Texas recently outlawed lewd literature and Massachusetts passed to the House the following: "Whoever publishes, sells" etc. "any book, pamphlet" etc. "which contains any nude or semi-nude pictures of any pornographic" etc. "words or pictures or combinations of words or pictures, or which portrays lust, illicit sex or perversions, or portrays crime or criminals in a manner which exalts or makes them attractive to youth" etc. "shall for a first offense be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years" etc.

Michigan's governor Soapy Williams, who's also eyeing the White House, recently signed into law police-state type bill for constant surveillance on sex offenders.

NON-CONFORMISTS

Adlai Stevenson, on a different note, told Smith College graduates this century needs more unpredictably ornery characters with courage of convictions, fewer adjusted personalities, warned that loss of independence of judgement leads to totalitarianism.

Ardis Whitman in *A NEW IMAGE OF MAN* (Appleton-Century, \$3.50) rips into notion of conformity, calls halt to tendencies to nip individualism in bud.

In *SATURDAY REVIEW* John Steinbeck offers suggestion juvenile gangs may fill needs not satisfied elsewhere, and that very acts labelled delinquent would be considered heroic in other contexts.

ODD BITS

PAGEANT article on prisons depicts men stripped to waist, wrestling, with subtitle: "Violent exercise is encouraged as means of sublimating pent-up sexual desires." Which sexual desires?

Milwaukee man arrested, ordered out of town after his ghostlike face frightened bevy of cops. Explained he hadn't known powder on face was luminous, wore it because it gave him more finished look.

After calling police to arrest peeping Tom, an Ohio stripteaseur gave cops autographed nude photo of self, inscribed, "What the Peeping Tom was peeping at." Ought to've been grounds to get Tom freed.

PASSING OUT ORCHIDS

Orchids to Winchell for recent column on history of censorship . . .

And to British filmcensor Watkins, who while decrying film violence, long since dropped taboo on married couples bedding together, with query, "Where else would you expect them to sleep nights" . . .

And to American Civil Liberties Union, answering Postmaster Summerfield's charge they confuse license with liberty. ACLU, not defending actual obscenity, criticized PO's many attempts to usurp a court function, citing ban on *ESQUIRE* mailing and recent ridiculous *LYSISTRATA* affair . . .

And to Tom Cullen for excellent summation of British homosexual fuss in April 25 *NEW REPUBLIC* . . .

And to US Court of Appeals for ruling gov't. can't arbitrarily and without due process restrict freedom of travel . . .

And to Warden Heyns of Michigan for statement that one third of nation's quarter-million prison inmates should be released immediately, as they were confined for minor reasons, and could adjust easily. He denied prison can be deterrent to crime, called for wider use of parole and probation . . .

And to Erle Stanley Gardner who told Pennsylvania Prison Society today's prisons are "crime factories" . . .

And to Sidney Wachs of LA Probation Dept. for excellent explanation of dept's. work at Mattachine Society's Second Annual Convention . . .

And to James Barr, now finished with *MAMA DOLL*, his second play, even stronger than *GAMES OF FOOLS* . . .

And finally to American Law Institute for far-sighted decision to urge basic changes in laws regarding adultery and homosexuality.

RECOMMENDED READING

THE OUTER RING, Audrey Lindop, (Appleton-Century, \$3.75) account of conditions producing homosexuality in most moral of families.

Alfred Duggin's fine new biography of *JULIUS CAESAR* (Knopf, \$2.50) recounts how Caesar outraged patrician Romans by sleeping with King Nicomedes as part of military bargain. Caesar's fellow Romans didn't object to act—but to prostitution.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN TRADITION (Longmans, \$3.50) by Derrick Sherwin Bailey, chief lecturer for Church of England's Moral Welfare Council. Painstaking but quite readable account of development of Church's attitude on homosexuality. Attacks many conclusions of Westermarck, Ellis, et al.

THE SUMMER

I WAS

TWELVE



by
Rick Davis

The summer I was twelve, Dad and Mother let me go to Washington all by myself to stay with Uncle Richie over the Fourth of July. It was the first time I was ever on the train by myself. All the people on the train were swell.

Uncle Richie met me at the train in Washington. Boy, that's about the biggest depot there is, I bet. I bet you could put the biggest building at home there in the waiting room. Gosh, but it's big.

Uncle Richie had this beat up old car parked down by the big post office next to the train station. I didn't even know he had a car, but he said it belonged to him and his roommate together. Gee, I didn't know he had a roommate either, and, boy, was it ever hot outside that train station. I asked Uncle Richie was it this hot every summer and he said he guessed so and that part of the city was built on a marsh, kind of.

Anyway, we drove out in front of the station where all these streets came together and ran around in a circle around a flagpole or something. There was an awful lot of

taxicabs driving around there. I bet two out of every three cars we saw was a taxicab. We drove out a street where Uncle Richie pointed out the Senate Office Building and the Capitol Building and we went down Pennsylvania Avenue past a lot of hotels and government buildings and by the White House. Then Uncle Richie said he better take me to his apartment and get me settled since it was so late and we had a big day ahead tomorrow. Besides, his roommate ought to be getting in from work and we could go out and get some supper after I got washed up. Boy, we must of driven two miles or more to get to where Uncle Richie's apartment was—up on top of this big hill. He said it's called Columbia Heights.

You never saw anything like the traffic in Washington. I bet everybody in town was going out that way. Uncle Richie got on this street where more cars and taxicabs was going out—five or six lines of cars all one way solid all the way out. He said it was everybody going home from work; most of them work for the government like him he said and

they all got off work at about the same time it looked like. Well, anyway, we kept on going out this street where all these cars were and all of a sudden he turned off on another street. It was a one way street, too, only not as wide as the other one and we found a parking place that Uncle Richie said it was lucky we found because with all those cars it's hard to find a parking place at all.

We didn't have to walk so awful far to get to the house. It was an old looking house that looked almost exactly like the other houses on this street and they was all touching each other mostly except where there was an alley between some of them.

Uncle Richie took me down under the front steps of this house and there was a door he unlocked and said here we are. Well we went in and he turned the light on and said he guessed Jay wasn't home yet. I asked what should I call his roommate and he said he guessed I oughta call him Uncle Jay even if he wasn't my uncle for real because it would sound kind of silly for me to call him Mr. Jay or Mr. Leathers, so I said it was o.k. with me if Mr. Leathers didn't mind.

Uncle Richie showed me where the bath room was and told me to get washed up and maybe I'd better put on a clean shirt since the one I had on was pretty dirty from the train trip and all, so I did. While I was in the bath room, I heard somebody come in that I guessed was Mr. Leathers or Uncle Jay or whatever I was supposed to call him, and it was.

After I put on a clean shirt, I came out of the bath room and Uncle Richie called me to come in the living room and introduced me to Uncle Jay. Mr. Leathers thought this was real funny, but Uncle Richie told him it wouldn't sound right for me to call him Mr. Jay or Mr. Leathers, so he said all right. Then he looked

at me and said where did I get those long eyelashes and I said from heaven and he said oh, this is too much and was Uncle Richie going to bring me up to be competition. Uncle Richie said shut up, Jay, and get washed up, we're eating out. I didn't much like Mr. Leathers or Uncle Jay like I was supposed to call him at first. He was sort of tall and thin and had blond wavy hair and looked sissy like, kind of. He was making fun of me I think.

Uncle Richie asked me was I going to wear a coat to supper but I told him I didn't ever wear a coat hardly except to Sunday School and to go see Grandmother and Granddad, and he said all right we won't wear coats either, so they didn't. We walked to this little restaurant and this lady in a white dress came over to our table and Uncle Richie and Mr. Leathers, I mean Uncle Jay, said Tom Collins and the lady said what do you want little boy. I told her I guessed I would wait and see Mr. Collins too, and she laughed. I don't like people who call me little boy. Uncle Richie said no, bring him a glass of ginger ale. I guess Mr. Collins must of been busy but he sent Uncle Richie and Mr., I mean Uncle Jay, big glasses of lemonade and we ordered supper then. Gosh, it was fun and all but it's not at all like the food when we eat out at the restaurant at home. Everything all tasted the same without any real taste at all except the ice cream which tastes pretty much the same anywhere, and Uncle Richie said he didn't even know they served ice cream there. I guess Uncle Richie hadn't eaten in this restaurant much and when I asked him, Mr. Leathers said before Uncle Richie could answer, no they didn't eat there at all. Then Uncle Richie told me that he and Jay had a little kitchenette in their apartment and fixed a lot of their meals there and we would eat

there some time while I was there and I could tell Mother and Dad what a good cook he was when I got home, and I did.

After supper Uncle Richie said would I like to go to the movies; there was a double feature playing, and I said sure. We went up the street about two or three blocks and he bought me a ticket. I asked him wasn't he going with me and he said no and pointed to another restaurant with a big neon sign and said for me to come in there when the movie was over and he would be there.

One of the movies was a western with Vaughan Monroe in it. He was the good guy, and it was all right with shooting and horses and all and he sang, but the second feature wasn't so good. It was with Tab Hunter and how he and some lady got cast away on some desert island off of a marine troop ship that got torpedoed by a Jap sub and how they got all mushy and started to kissing and that kind of stuff until a man crashed his airplane there in the war and loses an arm and had a fight with Tab Hunter and they got rescued. It was awful gooney with a lot of old love stuff.

After the movies I went to the place Uncle Richie said he would be and he and Uncle Jay were there. They were drinking lemonades. Uncle Richie asked me if I wasn't tired and hadn't I better go to the apartment with him now and go to bed. I told him yes because Mother said if I didn't mind Uncle Richie she had told him to send me home on the next train and I didn't want to go home. Besides I was kind of tired. While he was walking back to the apartment with me, Uncle Richie said he was going to take me sight-seeing tomorrow and to see the double header between the Senators and the Yankees on the Fourth which was on Saturday. I asked him didn't

he have to work tomorrow and he said his boss had let him off this afternoon and tomorrow both. While I was getting undressed and ready for bed, he set up an army cot for me in the living room and asked me could I sleep all right there did I think, and I told him sure I could. Then he showed me where he and Mr. Leathers slept and the kitchen. There wasn't but one bed there, in the bedroom I mean—not in the kitchen—but it was a double bed and Uncle Richie said they were going to buy another bed when they saved enough money, but they were saving money to buy them a better car right now. They sure did need another car.

When I was in bed in the cot, Uncle Richie said he was going back out for a little while and would I be scared there by myself. Huh, I'm twelve I said and there's nothing to be scared of and he wasn't going to be gone long anyhow was he, and he said no.

I woke up when he and Mr. Leathers, I mean Uncle Jay, came in. They were laughing and talking and Mr. Leathers couldn't walk too good. I mean Uncle Jay. I keep forgetting. I didn't let on I was awake and they kept on talking even after the lights were out, only I couldn't hear what they were saying real good. I dropped off to sleep then.

I woke up early the next morning and went into Uncle Richie's bedroom after I went to the bath room. Mother tells me always to go to the bath room first thing when I get up, and I do. I woke up Uncle Richie and he said my god what time is it and I told him the clock said six-thirty. He asked me to hand him his bathrobe and did I know how to light a gas stove. We've got a gas stove at home I said and Mother lets me light it for her sometimes. Go light the burner under the water kettle he told me and he came in dressed

in his underwear in a couple of minutes and said I had lit it just right. Boy, Uncle Richie has got a smooth build with wide shoulders and big muscles and no pot belly like Dad.

I went into the bath room and watched Uncle Richie shave and brush his teeth and wash his face and he went and woke up Mr. Leathers while he sent me to see if the water was boiling yet, and it was. He asked me did I like fried eggs and I said yes, fried hard and he said how many; so he fried me two eggs hard just the way I like them and one for him and one for Uncle Jay and told me to pour the orange juice and put some bread in the toaster, so I did. Uncle Jay came in and said oh, my head; so I told him Mother always took salts in some warm water whenever she woke up with a headache, and he said that was all he needed. I was real glad I could help him.

After we finished breakfast Uncle Jay said was there anything in the house. I didn't know for sure what he meant, but I guess he meant something for his headache and Uncle Richie said yes, there was some ah—mineral water in the refrigerator; so Mr. Lea—, I mean Uncle Jay, poured some in a glass out of a funny shaped bottle in the refrigerator and drank it. Uncle Richie said we would wait and take Jay to work and then go sightseeing since none of the places opened up before then anyway. I listened to the radio while Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay were getting dressed and Uncle Jay drank some more mineral water before he went to work. It looked just like plain water but it smelled like perfume, kind of.

After we let Uncle Jay off at the office Uncle Richie drove down to the Washington Monument and we walked all the way up but we took the elevator down because Uncle Richie said he didn't want me to

get too tired. And we went to the Lincoln Memorial and the Jefferson Memorial and the Capitol Building and the Smithsonian Institute and I don't know where all. I really liked the Smithsonian Institute because there was Lindbergh's plane he flew the Atlantic Ocean in like Uncle Richie told me about and a lot of old World War I planes like in some of the magazines I read sometimes: Spads and Fokkers and all, and they've still got the machine guns on them. We ate lunch uptown, and Uncle Richie said we would go out to see Arlington and Mount Vernon Sunday morning before my train left; and we went to the White House after dinner and went in but we didn't see the President. Then we went to the place where President Lincoln was shot, but it's a new building and a museum and not like it was when he got shot and the house across the street where he died and that is like it was.

We drove around the city some and is it ever big. We drove out through some kind of park, I think Uncle Richie said it was Rock Creek Park, right in town and he said they went on picnics there sometimes. I asked did he and Jay ever take girls with them on these picnics and he said sure, some of the girls from the office went with them and we'd better get back to the apartment if we were going to be in time to cook supper. We had to go by the grocery store and pick up some food. Hamburger and a can of peas and a loaf of bread and some soda water.

Uncle Richie wasn't such a good cook but I told him he was to make him feel good. He burned the hamburger and anybody can hear canned peas but it was better than eating at that restaurant. I asked Uncle Jay did he like the picnics Uncle Richie was telling me about with the girls from the office and all and he said something like girls beat

'em in the head with a stick, I'm asking for a transfer to the State Department. Hush, Jay, be serious, Uncle Richie said.

That night Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay took me out bowling duckpins. We bowled three games and Uncle Richie bowled 102, 111 and 98 and I bowled 78, 74 and 90 and got two spares in my last game that Uncle Richie said was real good. Uncle Jay bowled 94, 86 and 84. I beat him the last game. Uncle Richie took me back to the apartment and went back out again after I went to bed. I woke up again when Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay came in making a lot of noise and neither one of them could walk so good. I guess they must of been sore and tired from all those games we bowled. They closed their door and I went back to sleep.

After breakfast Uncle Richie asked did I want to play some catch with him and I did. He and Uncle Jay had these two gloves and a ball he said he caught at a game out at Griffith Stadium and we went out in the alley back of the house and played catch. Boy, Uncle Richie throws a swell curve and he taught me how. Uncle Jay sat up in the apartment and drank mineral water. I guess he must have a lot of headaches. After a while Uncle Richie and I quit catching and had sandwiches for lunch and went out to Griffith Stadium. Uncle Jay went to the game too. He must of got over his headache because he was real funny and happy like and I started liking him better. Uncle Richie bought me a real professional baseball cap with a white W that cost a dollar and a quarter. Boy, it was real swell. It got cloudy after we got to our seats and Uncle Richie showed me Yogi Berra and Billy Martin and all the Yankees, and the President was there too. The ball game hadn't been going long when

it poured down. We were sitting in the grandstand but it blew in so bad that we got just as wet as if we had been sitting in the bleachers and the President left. And the rain stopped and they got ready to play again and it rained again. Uncle Jay said he'd be darned if he was going to sit there all cold and wet and miserable to please anybody or their nephew when there was a bottle and a hot bath available at the apartment. I guess his headache must of come back and he was talking about the mineral water. Well then go home Uncle Richie said and he sounded kind of mad. And Uncle Jay went. Then Uncle Richie asked me didn't I want to see the rest of the double header. I was pretty cold and wet but I guessed Uncle Richie wanted to see the games pretty bad, so I told him yes. When they got ready to play again the water was so deep in the outfield they had to open up some drainpipes. The men who went out to open the drains up had to wade knee deep in the water. Finally they started playing again and the Yankees won both games. I didn't enjoy it much. It must of been after ten o'clock when we got back to the apartment.

Uncle Jay said he was sorry he said and did what he did at the ball game and he had some sandwiches and a hot bath ready for me and I bathed and ate. Uncle Richie said he was real nice to be so thoughtful of me, and they made up. After I got out of the tub I heard Uncle Jay saying I don't know what the heck gets into me, Richie, imagine being jealous of a kid like that. I don't know what he meant but a lot of times I didn't understand what Uncle Jay was talking about. Sometimes he could be real nice though. I went to sleep real quick that night and when I got up Sunday morning Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay had breakfast already ready.

We went out to Arlington early and saw Robert E. Lee's home and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and Mount Vernon where George Washington lived. That was on Sunday and we just got back to the train station in time for me to catch the train.

I told Uncle Richie and Uncle Jay what a good time I had and Uncle Richie said maybe I better not tell Mother and Dad about him and Uncle Jay living together and maybe I could come back to Washington to see them next year if I didn't. Uncle Jay said be sure to look him up in five or six years and maybe he could fix me up down at the State Department and Uncle Richie said oh, shut up, Jay. Half the time I didn't know what Uncle Jay was talking about but he was real funny. I think maybe he was making fun of me but I didn't mind

much.

I told Mother and Dad what a good time I had but I let slip about Uncle Jay living with Uncle Richie and Dad got me to one side and made me tell him everything I could remember about what happened at the apartment and while I was in Washington. Then Dad said I couldn't ever go back to visit Uncle Richie and I cried. Dad said someday I would understand but I don't see why.

After I went to bed that night, I heard Dad and Mother arguing. He asked her did she know about Richie and she said what did he mean. And Dad said your brother Richie's a homo and Mother cried.

I looked up the word homo in the dictionary the next day and it means man so I guess Uncle Richie is.

I love Uncle Richie. He taught me how to throw a curve.

I THOUGHT I SAW . . .

by Brother Grundy

I thought I saw my late espoused
Douglas
Leaning across the bar, so debonair,
The angle of his cigarette—the T-
shirt, yellow—
As gay as May. The same conniving
stare,
The jaunty eye, the lips for easy
hello,
The mouth so generous and geans
so spare.
I thought I saw my late departed
Douglas
Standing across the bar, so thin and
fair;
God's dusty mill boy, worn exceed-
ing small,

Ghost boy. Gone boy. You who
never were.
What does he here I thought? Re-
leased from Limbo?
(He gabbles now with guys with
arms akimbo.)
Whose dreamer now I wonder? Now
whose boy?
Blue smoke—Blue geans—True blue-
mood Boy.
(But we were half a universe asun-
der.)

Someone pays for drinks. They nod:
They smile:
They go. And I, undouglased, sit
on a while.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

One fact the homosexual often overlooks in his struggle to adjust to a hostile society is that the average heterosexual is as ignorant of the nature and characteristics of homosexuals as he is of the nature and characteristics of the inhabitants of Mars. This is particularly true in the case of lesbians. An astonishing number of reasonably well-informed persons could not tell you what a lesbian is without first consulting a dictionary. And to those who do know the meaning of the word, it usually conjurs up an absurd caricature composed of bits and pieces of gossip and heresy, weird ideas gleaned from biased and misleading novels, and perhaps a furtive peek at some of the more unusual case histories in Kraft-Ebing. If asked to describe a lesbian, the average heterosexual would picture a woman who looked, acted, and probably dressed more like a man, and made a career of luring theretofore happy and contented wives away from their husbands and seducing innocent juveniles. And the tragedy of it is that it is impossible to blame the public for its ignorance, for where is it going to learn the truth? Even if the average heterosexual were interested enough to want to learn the truth (and why should he be?) there are simply no sources of accurate information available.

Knowledge gained through personal observation, always the most reliable, is not available to the general public because lesbians are not

allowed to live openly, as such. The mask of outward conformity they must assume to escape ostracism renders them indistinguishable from their heterosexual sisters. This unrecognizable group, to which most lesbians belong, would change the hostile public attitude to a marked degree if it were not forced to remain hidden, for it is composed of women who lead decent, useful, perfectly respectable lives which differ in no appreciable way from that of the childless heterosexual woman. They establish and maintain homes, hold responsible jobs, take part in community activities, and behave in a manner that is in no way offensive to anyone. But since they must remain unidentified in order to be allowed to continue to live decently, the public is almost totally unaware of their existence. Only the worst element among lesbians dares come out in the open and be counted—the rebels, the phonies, the embittered and cynical, the angry and hurt and hopeless—those who, usually because of unjust treatment at its hands, feel only contempt and resentment for society and all its edicts, and express it by offensive or anti-social behavior. And it is on the basis of these exceptions, because they are visible, that all lesbians are judged.

Books, generally considered a reliable source of information on any subject under the sun, are almost entirely devoid of unbiased, objective, accurate information on lesbianism in general. They deal, almost ex-

clusively, with the exception rather than the rule. The novel, which probably has more influence on public opinion than any written medium outside the newspaper, almost invariably depicts the "typical" lesbian as a "villain" who preys on an innocent society, a predatory creature utterly devoid of either morals or conscience, if not a downright freak. This purposely distorted caricature is, of course, no more typical of all lesbians than Amber is typical of all heterosexual women, but, quite naturally, the public believes that it is because it has no basis whatsoever for comparison.

There are two reasons why only descriptions of the very worst examples ever appear in print (and even these are usually grossly exaggerated). The first is that a novel, no matter how great its literary merits, which presented a sympathetic, or even an unbiased picture of a lesbian would stand no more chance of being published than a book in which an axe murderer was depicted as a basically nice fellow who was allowed to live happily ever after in spite of his aberration. For, face it we must, in our enlightened society, homosexuality is still a crime, and crime *must* not pay, at least not in literature and the theatre.

The second reason it is impossible to read about any but a "depraved" lesbian is that the life of the average, normal, ordinary lesbian is simply not sensational enough to bother writing about. Authors do not build novels around the hum-drum, unexciting, uneventful life of the average, normal, ordinary housewife, either mentally or emotionally disturbed.

And the books written by doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists and penologists contain information that is no more typical of the average homosexual than it would be of the average heterosexual if their "cases" dealt with him, for the sick, the

the anti-social and the criminal elements are not typical of any group—they are the exceptions.

For the information of the general public, then—what is a "typical" lesbian? There is no such thing, of course, anymore than there is a "typical" heterosexual woman. Lesbian "types" are as many and varied as the types found among all women, and, incidentally, are identical. Some lesbians, to be sure, are masculine in appearance and manner, aggressive, dominating, decisive, and totally disinterested in "feminine fripperies" of any kind, whether they be of fashions, mental attitudes or social graces. But so are a great many heterosexual women, career women who successfully compete with men on their own grounds in the business and professional world, and strong-willed, self-sufficient wives who rule and dominate their homes, husbands and families completely. Other lesbians are as completely feminine in appearance, manner and nature as a debutante at her coming out party. And there are all the graduations and combinations in between, just as there are in all women.



If you wish to know what a typical lesbian is like, look at any woman. She is like any one of them and all of them. There are good women and bad women and a great many women which are a little of both, and this is true regardless of race, color, creed or sexual preference.

In the final analysis, homosexuals are, after all, just people.

—Marlin Prentiss

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.

THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT by Rodney Garland Coward-McCann 3.50
THE MISSING MACLEANS by Geoffrey Hoare The Viking Press 3.75
DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS by Roger Peyrefitte Vanguard 3.50
DIPLOMATIC CONCLUSIONS by Roger Peyrefitte Vanguard . . . 3.50

In 1951 two British diplomats disappeared; two years later they were followed into limbo by the wife and children of Donald Maclean. All that has appeared since is a growing library: magazine articles, newspaper stories, endless editorials and, more recently, several books. The season's additions are two: Geoffrey Hoare's *THE MISSING MACLEANS* and a novel by Rodney Garland called *THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT*.

The brouhaha that followed the disappearances were legitimate: Donald Maclean had held several positions of considerable and growing authority in the British Foreign Service; Guy Burgess, who vanished at the same time, had shown signs of increasing instability and unreliability to the point of being forced to resign from the same service. Either could have had access to secret information which could do the Western powers damage from a propagandistic if not a military vantage point, and it was fairly apparent from the moment they disappeared that the gentlemen had slipped under or flown over the iron curtain. Mrs. Maclean's disappearance implied that the British were not keeping the watch they should have been.

It is easy to understand Mrs. Maclean vanishing, with her three children, after her husband. We do not need the letters which Mr. Hoare reprints, to verify the very real feeling she possessed, as much for the idea of a family, per se, as for her husband. But, while this explains Mrs. Maclean it also serves to complicate the mystery, for Mr. Maclean was as dual in his sexual activity as he was in his political life. Presumably he was as much attached to Guy Burgess on the one hand as he was to Melinda on the other.

In reading both books it is interesting to compare the conjectures made by Mr. Hoare and the pseudonymous Rodney Garland; to flavor the speculations of fiction with the awareness of the libel laws all British journalists must have at their finger tips. Both gentlemen write with competence and with that special pleasure that infects all Monday morning quarterbacks; if Mr. Hoare is more successful in the long run than Mr. Garland it is because the limits imposed by reality are capable of more excitement than the leeway of legend; it is the reason reports of true crimes often outsell the mystery novel of the moment. The exigencies of fiction require a climax that is often lacking in life; what is trite in invention may be terrifying in its reality.

THE MISSING MACLEANS summarizes both disappearances, puzzles about the circumstances and reasons and finishes. *THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT* runs

parallel until the first disappearance has taken place and then provides a new and melodramatic conclusion which is not implausible. Together the two books furnish a clue to the constant juxtaposition and intermingling of modern society in all its facets and contradictions; together they act as a key to what has become a tangle of politics, pressures and passions. As works of art they are infinitely inferior to those urban and delightful novels of Roger Peyrefitte, *DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS* and *DIPLOMATIC CONCLUSIONS*, but as a footnote to the *crise de nerfs* which succeeded the second world war they are invaluable.

M. Peyrefitte is a complete joy. He writes with a cynicism unalloyed by such expediences as patriotism or its substitutes, by pretense or by what might be called the formalities of fiction. Whether he is concerned with pre-war Athens or occupied France and Germany, he is always aware of the niceties of scandal and the verities of diplomatic illusion. He is often shocking, but only because he is never shocked. One reads M. Peyrefitte as one breakfasts on strawberries in champagne: one is aware of the elegance and the special occasion—one pretends the fare is customary.

M. B.

ALLEH LULLEH COCKATOO and other poems by Storm De Hirsch
Brigant Press 2.00

An exciting new book of verse for the poet lover—rich in content, and powerful—exquisite and challenging symbolism—esthetic and sensuous. A beautiful addition to any library.

G. G.

THE CHARIOTEER, by Mary Renault (Longmans Green & Co., London)
(Available in the U.S.A. exclusively from The Cory Book Service, 799 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.).

In the first place, please do not be misled by the sex of the author: this is a frank and perceptive novel about male homosexuality that no male author could improve. Now, the number of novels dealing with homosexual love is so pitifully small that to say that "The Charioteer" is one of the finest would be almost meaningless. Let us say instead that, if there were hundreds of excellent novels on the subject, "The Charioteer" would still be among the best.

The story takes place in an English military hospital shortly after Dunkirk and involves a triangle composed of a convalescing soldier who slowly becomes aware of his homosexuality, a deeply religious and gentle—but far from spineless or effeminate—conscientious objector, and an officer who, at least since adolescence, has accepted himself as a homosexual and has lived his life accordingly.

The entire subject is handled with remarkable insight and with perfect taste. There are no hints, no double meanings; everything that should be there *is* there in black and white—and without recourse to pornography.

Even if the book were not so extremely well written, so sensitive, and so understanding, two points would make it unusual and most welcome: it has a logical and meaningful "happy" ending (I'm willing to bet that they actually do live happily ever after!) and the reader is spared the obscenely detailed *heterosexual* scenes that apparently are de rigueur in novels about homosexuals.

ANTHONY FLAMEN

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.

When Dr. Ellis submitted his manuscript "Are Homosexuals Necessarily Neurotic?" which subsequently appeared in our April issue, his accompanying letter asserted, "print this and let the fur fly."

Of course Dr. Ellis was right; the response has been vigorous and of such tremendous volume that we are devoting almost all of the allotted letter space this month to comments by our readers on Dr. Ellis' article. More recent replies will appear in later issues.

Dear Sirs:

I think you have an excellent magazine and to keep it so, you must continue to print all angles and ideas.

I never, in my life, read such a mixed up idea on neurosis. I've been reading Dr. Albert Ellis' name for some years but hadn't happened on too much of his thinking. God help me if this article he wrote in the April issue is supposed to be good sane thinking and is representative of thinking done by people who are supposed to be leading psychologists. All I can say is if this is good sane thinking I'd sooner be neurotic. This is not an admission that I think I am. It seems to me that this type of thinking would greatly upset the majority of heterosexual people, as well as the homosexual majority. I think this type of thinking should make us realize that psychologists and psychiatrists are just human beings and just as capable of erring in their thinking as anyone else. It seems to me that if you glean carefully you can read an excuse that Dr. Ellis is carefully setting up for himself.

Why don't we just accept harmless action without always thinking we must build up some kind of excuse if they think someone else won't understand and tolerate their action. An excuse, to me, always spells out a guilt complex about our action. I definitely agree with David L. Freeman and Chris Rezak and even though none of us are infallible in our thinking, I think these two authors are 90% closer to the truth than Dr. Ellis.

Why don't some of our supposed to be great psychologists and psychiatrists take the word of some of the homosexuals in their theorizing on homosexuality. They

might come closer to some true facts about homosexuality than they are. It wouldn't be fair for homosexuals to theorize on the heterosexual world and I think the opposite holds true also. I think it's time for psychologists and psychiatrists to stop thinking homosexuals would all just take a selfish attitude in their thinking when theorizing on homosexuality.

I have always been much impressed with "The Feminine Viewpoint" and hope we can encourage our feminine counterpart to do more writing.

Mr. C.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen:

Herewith a layman's rebuttal to Dr. Ellis' article "Are Homosexuals Necessarily Neurotic?"

One wonders just what is the norm on Dr. Ellis' scale which appears to slide from neurotic to neurotic. He states that an individual is neurotic if "his sex desires are exclusively oriented toward members of his own sex." My dictionary tells me "to orient" means to adjust or correct by referring to first principles. If we go along with Dr. Ellis, there are no first principles since he calls the exclusive heterosexual neurotic also. Therefore, away from what first principle is the homosexual oriented? How do we recognize or diagnose the neurotic if we have no constant by which to evaluate him?

Dr. Ellis envisions a neurosis-free adjusted being as one capable of all feeling and experience, with no exclusive interests or desires. In short, an individual completely obscured by experience and environment.

Phoocy!

I think he presumes much in calling homosexuality a neurosis. There is a homosexual neurosis to be sure, just as there could be a compulsive neurosis to close doors but door closing itself is not a neurosis. Furthermore, I doubt if many "exclusive" homosexuals feel it is necessary to "adjust" to their homosexuality and thereby lose their "guilt" about it. In fact, the homosexual has to "adjust" to his homosexuality no more than he has to "adjust" to the color of his eyes.

I conclude from Dr. Ellis that to be a well integrated, adjusted and normal individual, one's personal life must be cluttered with all psycho-sexual experience from A to Z and in equal portions. There is nothing quite like compounding a neurosis to send an individual "running to his analyst" to be adjusted out of his adjustment.

It seems to this writer that therapists who advocate individual adjustment as the panacea for all psychic ills in one breath and speak of "this neuroticizing society" in the next are a little less than certain as to what exactly is at fault.

Since the fact of being alive includes a continuing inter-action between the individual and his environment, and since neither is static, it seems a shame that we view man's variety so negatively. Should all the mountains become hills and all rivers ponds because it is arbitrarily decided that these are the better or even the desired forms of environment?

The problem (if one exists) which the homosexual has is no different from the need every human has for identity. But, to achieve a personal and social identity does not require life-long subservience to society-conceived, unproven theories of what constitutes a normal, adjusted human being; all this being based on the probability that there is or should be such a thing.

It is a waste of effort to pursue the study of human vagaries and behaviors without considering the social, intellectual and probable sexual evolution of the whole human species. All else is indeed "wishful thinking."

Miss D.
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:

While I like Albert Ellis' article—"Are Homosexuals Necessarily Neurotic?" very much, I cannot agree with him on some points.

I agree with him that every human being is essential bisexual—capable of having all sorts of relationships with both sexes. Yet, if there are many "exclusive" homosex-

uals as well as very many "exclusive" heterosexuals, they will always be very neurotic and rather impossible to get along with because of their dogmatic perspectives and of their refusal to accept the others' rights to be very different. Most of them will always continue to be so much unaware of their immediate need to find their real selves because of many factors operating within and without—that I can not see how a skilled psychotherapist could ever be able to help such persons—finding that many people (heterosexual) as well as (homosexual) come out of their psychotherapy still very much unaware of many essential factors in life and in society.

Ellis says, "Those exclusive homosexuals, in other words, who most loudly proclaim that they are not necessarily neurotic are, by their very head-in-the-sand attitudes, conclusively proving how seriously neurotic they actually are." He is one hundred per cent right. This goes as well for those exclusive heterosexuals who claim that they have no problems. I smile when a friend declares that he has no problems at all. Problems are very essential in our lives; they challenge us to do something about our lives and about the world. Life would not be worth living if we had no problems. I have much more respect for persons who acknowledge their problems openly and naturally. . . .

In a sense I can not agree with Ellis that existence within a gay world could be a fetishistic sickness because there will always be very many homosexuals who can never be aware outside of their selves for many excellent reasons for which they could not help. Thus, let them be happy in their own world—otherwise, they would break down much sooner.

However, we have to accept the possibility that psychotherapists can not help such persons who are overwhelmed by their personal problems on the grounds that it is our society that is largely responsible for such persons' inability to cope with their own problems. We know far too well that society is largely responsible for our difficulties; thus, it is up to us who are being much more aware of many factors operating within and without to assert ourselves as individualists—as a means of making contributions to the betterment of society—on our own.

I have to commend Albert Ellis for presenting his views very clearly and do hope that homosexuals in general would understand what he is driving at although I fear that the exclusive homosexuals and heterosexuals are going to be very angry with Ellis as well as with me but it is the truth.

Mr. S.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Sirs:

I fear that ONE may be publishing some material without having to do so, that discourages homosexuals or leaves them depressed. Perhaps, homosexuals should learn to take "slaps" from people with courage, but does ONE, "The Homosexual Magazine," accomplish much more than to confuse and hurt homosexuals by printing very many "slaps" against them? Albert Ellis' article "Are Homosexuals Necessarily Neurotic?" in the April 1955 issue is an example.

Mr. E.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Dear Ones:

Are we to assume that the major part of our society today is composed mainly of neurotic individuals because they are "fetishistically attached to one particular mode of sex activity?" or, to put it another way, not promiscuous? Oh—come, come, my dear doctor, what of the societal golden wedding anniversaries? (Sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal?) And, indeed, is one to seek a "cure" for his lack of promiscuity? Never yet have I found a normal healthy love affair in search of a "cure" unless that cure were by way of sexual satisfaction with the beloved.

Of the homosexuals about whom Doctor Ellis writes,—who have sought to gain heterosexual satisfactions,—of these we can be sure that their homosexual tendencies were tendencies merely and nothing more; surely not the healthy coupling of two people in love. It is here, Doctor Ellis, where you have failed to see. You have used logic as your device and have failed to reach where logic cannot go. And because you are NOT homosexual I can *understand*, Doctor Ellis; it is *here* I have the advantage.

Miss W
DENVER, COLORADO

Dear Sirs,

"Are Homosexuals Neurotic," an article by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., appearing in your April issue was, I believe, interesting and largely true. However, I feel many homosexual readers are going to think that something important was left unsaid, essentially because Dr. Ellis is speaking as a non-homosexual.

Dr. Ellis' article was clear in explaining his particular theory that all homosexuals by his definition are neurotic. However, he left unclear, in fact totally unexplained whether or not being neurotic (by the terms of his article) is to be bad, good, happy or unhappy.

I can only wish that Dr. Ellis could meet

and know the countless thousands of homosexuals who have attained happiness, self-respect and socially desirable attributes. But alas, it is through his profession that he has come in contact necessarily with unhappy and often socially undesirable people.

Since my knowledge of the psychology of human behavior is limited I am very likely to be of those to accept the words of an acknowledged authority. However, how can he expect to convince those homosexuals who are content with their non-sexual pursuits or experienced fulfilled happiness in a deep emotional love attachment with someone of their own sex commensurate to a heterosexual one, that they are neurotic and hence should "run, not walk to the nearest psychiatrist."

Who can argue that a mono-sexual activity is not neurotic, but can Dr. Ellis argue that in all homo or heterosexuals it is undesirable?

This question, I believe, makes the article highly provocative and should evoke further comment from ONE and I hope from Dr. Ellis.

Mr. W.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editors:

I have been homosexual all of my life and have never run FROM anyone—therefore I see no reason now to run TO someone—a psychiatrist for instance. But, I'll humor Dr. Ellis—I'll RACE him to the nearest one. Then, to humor him a bit further, I'll let him win the race—he *needs* to get there first! After Dr. Ellis' first session on the couch, I'm sure the psychiatrist will have no time for (nor interest in) someone as little confused as I.

Miss A.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

This is to Marlin Prentiss, re "The Feminine Viewpoint." Damn you! You said some things in April ONE that I've been wanting to say . . . you said some other things I'm sure I would have said, given a little more time. However, you said them probably better than I would have. I'm very glad you spoke. Your insight is sound (i.e. I agree and sense similarly) . . . more so, your insight is broad, and generous, and with validity.

. . . mostly though, appreciation and respect for a good piece of writing. Self-centeredly the more massive restraints men live under hadn't occurred to me. ONE, I believe, does teach one to reach out to other ones.

Miss C.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Dear Sir:

As a foreign writer—of small importance—I wish to express my sympathy and admiration to Clarkson Crane for his "PASSING STRANGER."

I like this story especially because it transcends the limitation to a homoerotic theme. Two feelings separated by a window-pane; they will never converge although their substance is identical: frustration. Excellent!

Many years ago a book of homoerotic stories was published in Germany. Quite tender and witty stories, better than their stuffy title: "Bittersweet love stories." In one of them a man takes a stroll about a popular Parisian suburb. Suddenly a very handsome young "apache" comes his way. A moment of hesitation; shyness, fear, social pride perhaps. It is too late, the boy has passed by and disappeared. But from now on the man is haunted by the image of the "apache," who has become the object of all his yearnings. He walks daily hours up and down the crowded street. Many handsome young apaches come his way, never the boy he is looking for.

The similarity of the motive is striking. But it seems to me Mr. Crane has handled it with still more artistic finesse. The regret of the painter is expressed in parenthesis only. "(Just a red splotch in the raining dullness)". O hesitation! I do not want to hesitate this time. Herewith I am breaking the window-pane separating human from human, to shake brotherly hands with CLARKSON CRANE, an important writer and amiable man.

Mr. G.
WOODSIDE, L.I., N.Y.

Huh:

I can't get over your letters of praise. ONE perhaps is doing a lot of good for a certain type, but I don't think your doing much for everybody.

Why is it only your letters express the different economic, educational, etc., point of view, why not your whole magazine.

Diplomats, artists and scientists may find your magazine helpful but it makes me sick. What are you doing for dumb people like myself who drive trucks, sweep streets, and carry garbage for a living, and can't appreciate classics like Plato and such?

And don't think there ain't none, because there are lots. Maybe we can't even sign our names, but were just as human and need just as much acceptance as the smart ones who just love this and just love that as long as its smart and expensive and lets them keep thinking their alright because they appreciate the finer things and not in it just for sex.

Why don't you give us something that will help? Like an article asking gay people who own business to hire men who have "gay" discharges from the army or are discriminated against because feeling like the army didn't want them wouldn't lie to get into it.

An article on the parent relation from our point of view, whether to tell them or not if your not even a suspect, from a moral standpoint.

And why not an article calling us so to speak to arms. I don't know what we are but if we are neurotic let us fight like neurotics flinging our fists, fighting biting, kicking and if we be cases of arrested development like children let us be like children, direct, frank, cruel, and if we be degenerate let us fight as they do, but let us fight.

You have a large enough magazine why not a full page (begging if necessary) for money and more money and more money and more money. (Or are we too proud to have drives like it seems almost everybody else does). For such things as taking the "Miami Bar-Law" to court.

All of these things I think and wonder why you don't have them because I know you people are smart enough to think of them.

Does this sound like the ravings of a lunatic? I guess maybe it is, it is and that's what makes it so bad. I guess I expected too much. Have read four issues of your magazine and have fallen a little more with each.

Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm the only dumb one. But can that be possible, can that actually be possible. If so then it would be a lot to ask these things for me alone. And you should just tear this up, throw it out the window, and let it flutter to the pavements like my heart, soul and being has long ago done.

Mr. D.
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

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