

one

*some
personal
observations*

*on
HOMOSEXUALITY*

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded 1952

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

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one

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

Carlyle

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some personal observations



*Luther
Allen*

Human sexuality, all of it, is an obscure, Protean and complex affair. Beyond a certain point in our thinking the problems of homosexuality merge with the problems of sexuality in general. Consider the extent of the ramifications of sex in everyone's life. There is the raw sexuality which appears in our dreams when we are asleep and in our most unguarded day-dreams. There are the overtones and undertones of sex which appear in both our most casual daily contacts and our most idealistic works of art. There is the sexuality of the Song of Songs, which St. Bernard of Clairvaux interpreted as symbolical of the longing of the soul for the love of God, and the union of the soul of man with God. Physiologically, sex seems to involve one's entire nature; it works powerfully upon our endocrines, our sympathetic nervous system, our central nervous system, including the sensory and motor apparatus, neural and mus-

cular. Sexuality involves memory to its deepest layers, our faculty for the association of ideas in elaborate patterns, and that greatest of our psychic endowments, imagination. One's sexuality engages his moral feelings to the utmost and has deep effects upon one's social outlook, attitudes and behavior. Sexuality is woven through and through the fabric of our humanness. All this is true for homosexual and heterosexual alike.

I suppose mankind has been discussing sex ever since there have been languages to discuss it in. And of one thing we may now be sure—the last word never will be said. Sex is a complex, Protean, mysterious kind of thing. So let's not expect any simple formulae to explain away homosexuality.

Everyone in the past half century has been obsessed to discover the causes of homosexuality. There hasn't been nearly enough concern for its effects.

There is nothing good to be said in favor of the effects of cancer. Cancer kills. Cancer is altogether an evil. Therefore, science seeks out the causes of cancer in order to exterminate it.

Science has also sought for the causes of homosexuality in order to exterminate it. Somewhere Freud wrote that psychoanalysis is psychic surgery, or words to that effect. Now, homosexuality can certainly cause a man great unhappiness. But so can heterosexual love, and frequently does! On the other hand, although I have suffered much because of unrequited homosexual love, I have also known enormous happiness. I would not willingly permit my homosexuality to be amputated. A cancer patient could not conceivably feel that way towards his disease.

We can point to a few marvelous human achievements which were indubitably homosexually inspired. Whitman's best poems, Michaelangelo's most powerful and characteristic works, to mention a couple of well-known examples. It is at least possible for the homosexual, by means of those very homosexual emotions which society condemns, to enrich his culture greatly. It seems to me that such effects are quite the opposite of the effects of illness.

Who knows, at this stage of the game, how much of positive value in personal relations, and in social and cultural contributions unknown or disguised homosexuals have had the ability and strength to give. It is certainly important to seek for the causes of homosexuality, but it seems to me more pertinent to the larger human issues involved to study its effects. Questions of value do not arise when a disease such as cancer is concerned. There can be no question there. But questions of value must be raised and discussed before any social solution to the homosexual problem can be found.

It is of little importance to adult human experience or to our social and cultural life, to discover what happened to Walt Whitman when he was an infant causing him to be homosexual in later years. It is of great importance to evaluate Walt Whitman as an adult homosexual male.

To many a homosexual the very thought of heterosexual coitus is as repugnant as the various modes of homosexual intercourse are to the average heterosexual. Both homosexual and heterosexual forget one thing in judging one another, and I think I can make that thing clear by means of a neutral illustration which both homosexual and heterosexual can understand. To most of us the odor of a

baby who has vomited or otherwise soiled itself is quite unpleasant, but to the child's mother, not so. Her love for the baby is so strong that it largely obliterates the unpleasantness. Love of every sort invests its object with a powerful glamor and the greater emotion obliterates the lesser one. Where the details of physical love are concerned, no third person can rightly criticize two lovers' acts, from the aesthetic point of view, for everything depends upon the subjective vision of the two. At one time or another all of us have asked, or have heard others ask, "What in the world does he see in her?" or "How the hell can she see anything in him?" These are essentially aesthetic questions, and a young man might blithely paraphrase the cliché usually applied to art and reply, "I don't know anything about women but I know what I like!" and may well be within his rights. No doubt when the heterosexual male becomes aware of a pair of homosexual lovers he experiences a similar mystification, vastly intensified: "What in Christ's name does he see in him?" The objection is still predominantly an aesthetic one, and as in the other examples, irrelevant, immaterial and out of bounds. However, it might be possible for the protesting heterosexual to find an answer to his question were he to employ the psychic tools of intuition and empathy, just as he would do in achieving an appreciation of a work of art.

To me the very odor of anchovies or sardines is nauseating. It is utterly incomprehensible how so many other persons can devour those stinking little fish with such zest. I am forced to admit, however, that the delight of the fish-lovers is perfectly genuine, their taste for those edibles does me no harm, in short, it is none of my business what other people eat as long as they do not attempt to force their preferences upon me. And now, let's be frank for a moment and also admit that most of us have, at one time or another, felt that the religious beliefs and practices of persons whose faiths differed from our own were pretty ridiculous, and we wondered and marvelled that otherwise sane and responsible adults could be found engaging in preposterous pantomime which made no more objective sense than playing "Patty-cake". And what of the individual eccentricities of our neighbors? If old Mrs. Merriweather next door rises at dawn each day and stands on her head in the back yard for fifteen minutes, should we call out the Vigilantes? Mrs. Tucker is incensed because Mrs. Merriweather shows her legs.

Mr. Desborough across the street thinks something should be done because the old lady ought to *face* the sun instead of always turning her back to it. Dr. Snodgrass shakes his head and pulls his chin because Mrs. Merriweather is out of touch with reality. As for me, I think that Mrs. M. has contributed quite a bit to the enlivening of *my* reality. Of all my neighbors she is the one I shall be least likely to forget. But if, of course, Mrs. Merriweather kidnaps her neighbors' pet cats and disembowels one of them each time the moon is full, that is going too far. Although nothing in the world is more useless than a pampered cat, we love our cats. And Mrs. Merriweather's subjective life is getting out of bounds and encroaching upon our own subjective worlds. All I am driving at is that there are a great many things in the lives of all of us which are irrational and subjective in their natures and it is futile and inappropriate to apply objective and rational standards to matters which are properly subjective.

Although ideological and aesthetic issues are involved, the moral factor also emerges. We are a Christian nation, and even if we were not a Christian nation, most of the major religions of the world base morality on some principle very like Christ's law of love. Love thy neighbor as thyself. If a friend came to me for lunch, and I knew that he was mad for sardines, I'd give him his god-damned sardines because I liked to bring that smile of greasy bliss to his face—but on my side of the table I'd be eating Liederkrantz cheese to drown the stench! I'm perfectly willing to tolerate whirling dervishes because thereby I am helping to guarantee toleration for my own forms of worship. I will jealously protect Mrs. Merriweather's eccentricity because in preserving her liberty I am strengthening my own. But, on the other hand, we must, as gently as possible, but quite firmly, prevent the sardine lovers, the dervishes, the Mrs. Merriweathers from imposing their patterns upon the rest of us when their enthusiasm and zeal get out of bounds. Quite seriously, I believe that Christ's law of love is the moral touchstone by which to judge men's acts. I do not think it possible to take a stronger moral position than to submit all the issues of the homosexual problem to that law. The homosexual has the moral right to demand neighborly love from the heterosexual. The heterosexual has the right to demand the same of the homosexual. I believe that Christ's law of love

—and, as I have pointed out it is not peculiar to Christianity but is recognized as imperative just about everywhere—is the moral Constitution of the human race to which every code and custom must conform if it is to deserve our obedience. We have every right to refer every conflict and controversy to that supreme law, and, on the other hand, our own consciences must acknowledge it supreme, for ultimately it is in terms of that law that we know ourselves to be guilty or innocent. In the final analysis it is of little importance what type of sexual intercourse a man finds most satisfying and meaningful, but the quality of emotion that he bestows upon his love is all important. To consider homosexuality in the light of the law of love startlingly transforms all the issues.

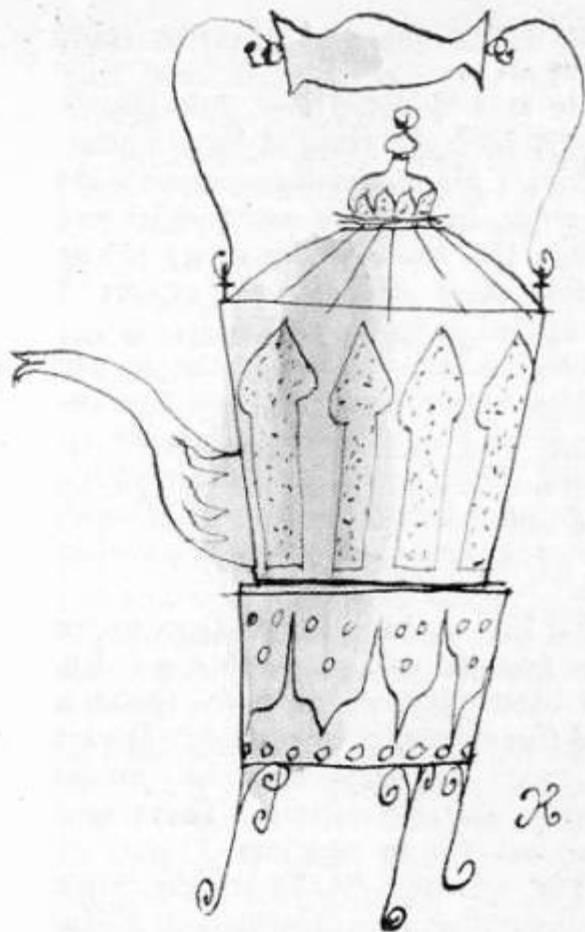
It seems to me that it matters very little, really, whether a man goes to bed with a woman or another man. It matters little what they do together in their bed. It matters much whether a lover is an honest man or a cheat, whether he is vain or modest, whether he is loyal or faithless, whether he is charitable and compassionate or ruthless and cruel, whether he is brave or cowardly, whether he is sensitive or callous, whether he is generous or mean. These are the things which make the difference between a good man and a louse. Whether one is homosexual or heterosexual has nothing to do with the case. Everything depends upon what kind of a homosexual one is, or what kind of a heterosexual a man may be.

Speaking for myself, I am not ashamed of my sexual pleasures. The things that trouble my conscience are my dishonesties, my vanities, the ruthless things that I have sometimes done, my cowardices through the years, my failure to understand my friend when he most needed understanding, my pettinesses. When I stop and soberly take inventory of my life and what I am it is of such things that I am ashamed.

It seems to me that most of the serious problems arising in homosexual relationships do not concern the erotic aspects but the sado-masochistic elements in them. The desire to hurt and the desire to be hurt, the desire to dominate and the desire to be dominated, the guilt of one's sadism and the shame of one's masochism, those are the great stumbling blocks in homosexual and heterosexual relationships. It seems to me that merely to recognize the truth of this is to make a long stride forward.

Four o'Clock Tea

by John Paul Tegner



Well, Lillie! Lillie Murphy, of all people! . . . Let me look at you, dear . . . Yes, you *have* changed. But gray hair is so much more becoming when you get to be our age. It softens the face . . . Unless I miss my guess, I've changed a little myself. After all, thirty years . . .

Why didn't you phone me? George could have picked you up at your hotel. . . . He'd have been glad to . . .

Oh, he's fine, Lillie. George is just fine. I don't think he'd remember you. He was such a little boy the last time— No, I'm not working. George keeps us both very nicely now. It's such a satisfaction to him. I always feel he's trying to make up for the years when everything was such a struggle. It's not easy, being a widow with a boy to bring up.

Let me make you a cup of tea . . . No, really I'd love one, myself. It's just time. I usually have a cup of

tea about four, while I'm sitting here waiting for George. He works for an insurance company just down the street . . . It is convenient. I can run in any time.

It's a good steady position. I said to him, "George, you can make up your mind to like it," and after a while he did. He never mentions teaching any more

Yes, he did. He talked about teaching in a different place every year so he could see the country. Can you imagine! I used to laugh and say, "George, how would you expect your poor old mother to keep up while you went flying around?"

He never would have made a teacher. He was always too high-strung. Of course, I didn't say a word when he started to college, but I knew it was a waste of time

No, he went only a couple of months. That was the year I had the

heart condition, and he came right home

He *is* a devoted boy, but then I always took the time to be a mother to him. I planned things we could do *together*. Little trips and picnics and things like that. While other young people were running the streets, I never had to worry about George . . .

No, he isn't, Lillie. He never got serious about any girls, and just between us, I was always a little bit relieved. You know how most young girls are. I told George, "There's time for that after you get settled in life."

I'd like nothing better than to see him married to a nice girl some day, but after all, he's only thirty-three, and there's plenty of time. It's always so much better when both parties have a mature outlook. There *is* a practical side to marriage

Yes, all these books are his. Most of them are plays. He used to be interested in a theater group

It wasn't the Little Theater. They never put on any plays. George said it was a discussion group, but it always seemed to me more like a secret society. They wouldn't allow any outside visitors. I used to worry when he went out to the meetings, and I was awfully relieved when he gave it all up

Oh, no, that isn't what I meant at all! I never felt the meetings were subversive . . . Yes, I know. But what I meant was—Well, he met that Walter there, and if any of the other members were like *him*—! . . .

It's a long story, dear, and not a very pleasant one. You see, I was cleaning George's dresser-drawer one day and I found this man's picture. I asked George who it was, and he said it was Walter. So I said if he wanted to, he could bring Walter home to dinner—because he looked all right in the picture. George said he didn't suppose he could get him to come, and he never did, and now

I'm certainly glad of it.

Every now and then this Walter would phone for George. His other friends always talked to me a while first, when I answered, and we had a friendly little chat. But Walter would say, "I want to speak to George, please," as if he didn't even know who I was.

Anyway— Excuse me. The water is boiling

It *is* a lovely teapot, isn't it? I wish I had the cups to match it was a gift . . .

If you must know, it *was* from a gentleman friend. Someone you know, too . . . Edgar Neff

Oh, you *must* remember him. He visited around home the summer before I was married. Then we sort of kept in touch, through his sister Ada, until his wife passed on. After that, we wrote back and forth, and he sent me this teapot There's nothing very personal about a teapot. I didn't think anything about it until he asked me if I'd come East and meet his family That was three years ago I talked it over with George, and he thought I should go. He said I'd earned a vacation if anybody had.

So I went East and saw Edgar. His children were grown up and married, and they were lovely to me, and Edgar had the loveliest little home on a lake

Yes, he did, Lillie. Yes, he did. The second day I was there. I got George on long distance and asked him what to do, and George said he'd never stand in the way.

So—I said yes

Wait till I tell you, dear . . . All the time I'd supposed George would be living with us, but Edgar said no. He said there wasn't room enough, and besides, he thought George was old enough to have a home of his own

Sometimes I wish I could take back some of the things I said. He was a

kind man in so many ways, and we could still have been friends. Now I know I'll never hear from him again.

But don't misunderstand me. If ever again I'm called on to choose between my son and someone else, I won't hesitate any more than I did then.

I took the next train home. I was so upset, I'd forgotten to let George know. You could have knocked him down with a feather . . .

He just sat there looking stunned, when I told him what had happened. He was so sure it was all settled that he'd made arrangements to move out and live with Walter . . .

Yes, the Walter he'd met in the theater group. They'd planned to go out that evening and look at an apartment. I'd come home just in time

Well, he called Walter right away. I heard him say over and over, "No, I can't! I can't!"

I never knew what all the fuss was about, but I have my own ideas. That Walter probably wanted to move into some fine place, but he couldn't manage it without George. Whatever it was, I could see he'd hurt George's feelings.

So when the phone rang a little later, I surmised it was that Walter, and sure enough it was, and I told him George was upset and didn't want to speak to him.

George *was* upset. He acted so strange—I realize now he was all broken up, feeling that *he* was the reason I hadn't married Edgar Neff.

I tried to tell him everything would go on just the way it had before, but somehow I couldn't seem to get *through* to him.

In the midst of it all, the bell rang, and who should walk in but this Walter.

He looked at George and said, "Are you coming?"

I said, "No, he's not," and I ordered him out.

He kept looking at George, and he said something about "For the last time—"

George said, "I can't," and Walter said, "All right," and then he looked at me for the first time. Mind you, that was the first time he'd ever seen me, and he looked me straight in the eye and said, "You old bitch!"

And then he went out. We heard him going down the stairs, and George started after him.

Thank heaven I had my wits about me. I got to the door ahead of him, and I wouldn't let him out. I held to that door-knob, and I wouldn't let go. In the state he was in, he might have killed that Walter. I really think it might have ended in tragedy—

After a while George broke down and shut himself up in his room, and I heard him crying half the night. It was terrible at the time, but he was soon over it.

That Walter never called or came around again. I almost wish he had. I could have said a lot of things to that gentleman

More tea? . . . Are you sure? . . . Oh, you must stay till George gets home . . . I think I hear him now.

George? . . . You're a little late this evening. Throw back your shoulders, dear. You're getting so stooped Come on in. This is Lillie Murphy, an old friend of your mother's

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

The guttersnipe magazines, netting fantastic circulation by libelous smears of public and private lives, are themselves now under fire.

They've operated on three ideas: that millions get vicarious sex thrills from titillating scandal mongering; that gullible average readers fall for pseudo-bold innuendo, which hints at more than it says, but is legally safe; and that few victims dare sue, even against lies.

Several of these proliferating pornography sheets, thinly disguised in reversible Puritan cloaks, have labelled ONE as smut.

In mid-July, the pseudo-exposers were themselves exposed by TIME, NEWSWEEK, Exposé (a magazine legitimately so named) etc. Letters to editors began debating their demerits in the nation's press. (About this time, CONFIDENTIAL's ex-communist editor grabbed some publicity by a faked disappearance.)

Libel suits in seven figures were brought against CONFIDENTIAL by Robert Mitchum, Lizbeth Scott, Errol Flynn and Doris Duke. Sammy Davis, Jr. sued HUSH-HUSH and Humphrey Bogart got a retraction (and a promise never again to mention him or his wife) from RAVE. James and Pamela Mason also settled with RAVE (apparently almost without funds) for \$1000 and a complete retraction. CONFIDENTIAL is not expected to get off so easily.

Famed movietown lawyer Jerry Giesler (handling the suits) vowed a

concerted effort to break the mags, hoping to get help from certain congressmen.

CONFIDENTIAL then tried a reverse, suing a newshen for recommending a horsewhipping party. Meantime Dallas' Neiman-Marcus won their libel suit against Mortimer & Lait's U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL for "fairy colony" crack—public retraction & considerable cash.

Spread of such filth raises ticklish problem; not as trash (there's plenty elsewhere) but as damaging individual reputations. Easy remedy, widely favored, is suppression, a cure worse than the disease. Freedom of press must extend to publications that seem false, evil, perhaps harmful to majority. Right of honest expose is basic to freedom.

Yet we know, hard as it would be to prove in court, that these "journalists" are not honestly exposing vice, but are after the fast buck. It would be risky, though, for judges to rule on legitimacy (in light of intentions) of an exercise of free press.

Better the attack via libel action. The press assumes responsibility to insure citizens against unreasonable defamation and invasion of privacy. Damage suits now in progress (though notoriously hard to press) could well cut the profit from such publications. Hope this matter will not fuel the personal ambitions of those congressmen only too ready to heap on needless, hasty legislation.

SURVEY

Fuss over Galveston's "red-light district" recalls time a former high official of town entered a brothel with friends and by chance got into room occupied by his teenage daughter. Repercussions flew all over town. Another time a local Ladies' Auxiliary boldly invaded a lush house on Post Office St. to call their fallen sisters to repentance. Prayer meeting went off sweetly, till, during tearful singing of YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION, patron barged in, calling lustily for favorite *fille de joie*. Singing stopped. Leader fainted. Patron was her husband.

Chief Air Force Chaplain, astonished that some recruits were not church members, ordered recruits to specify faith (joining church and taking lessons) or label selves atheists. In most faiths, church joining is by free will. Nor is it government function to impress men into church.

Provincetown Police Chief Rogers promised "Every effort to drive undesirables out of Provincetown and the Cape," after raids on Atlantic House netting 20 men on "morals charges." Barnstable Unitarian minister Kenneth Warren, forgetting his church's liberal modernism, warned his flock of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Recent KEYHOLE bit on Baltimore cops who booked prostitute, discovered things are not always what they seem. She was a man. Arithmetic in story puzzling: This boy hadn't had piece of manly attire in 6 years, had spent 2 in army, is now 22. WAC maybe?

Frisco millionaire "Bunny" Breckenridge, who wants to become woman, nabbed as "vagrant" in raid on Embarcadero bar, Sea Cow. Case dismissed. "Vagrant" with so much money?

California changeling Tamara Rees, who wanted apology for statement she's fathered two children, recently

wed to burlesque promoter. Daily papers still call her father. We apologize anyhow.

Third LA man in year and a half suicide by hanging, blindfolded and chained before mirror dressed in feminine undies. Police baffled as two were wed and third popular with women. None had sex-deviate records.

Vancouver, BC, police upset by exposé in sensational weekly FLASH. Police chief put on indefinite leave. A detective committed suicide. Canadian Senate Investigating Committee digging into charges of corruption, vice, dope.

Ten arrested in raid on San Jose's Midway Cafe. Described by Police Chief Blackmore as "only known meeting place here of members of the 'clan'." . . . Radio-TV writer claimed in court "strange passions" made his wife unfit mother . . . Florida cops quizzing California sailor who killed D. C. army doctor after latter allegedly made advances . . . Similar California case involves Seattle man . . . 16-year-old Vermont girl told police her rape charge against salesman was fabrication. If she hadn't confessed, how possibly could he have proved his innocence?

GLINTS OF LIGHT

Dr. Laretta Bender of NYC's Bellevue called juvenile delinquency fuss mostly nonsense. Real wonder is why so few are delinquent. "Children have an amazing capacity to tolerate bad parents, poor teachers, dreadful homes and communities." "At turn of century we had the same types of youth crimes as today, and proportionally as often . . . We have blamed the home entirely too much. A broken home in adolescence is a tragedy . . . but it takes a combination of several causes to push a particular child along the road to delinquency"

Dr. Benj. Karpman, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Wash., DC, says cheaper to treat sex offenders psychologically than to imprison them.

Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher, Children's Hospital, Boston, tells parents to worry if children are conformists, not if they rebel against authority.

From Albert Edw. Wiggam's syndicated LET'S EXPLORE YOUR MIND column:

Question: "Do pictures of pretty women tend to sell goods more to men than to women?"

Answer: "No. Both research and experience show that each sex is more attracted to pictures of its own members—directly contrary to popular opinion. A man glances at a picture of a pretty girl and quickly forgets her. But a picture of a handsome man tips him off to some product for men. He instantly identifies himself with the good-looking fellow . . ."

Question: "Is it good psychology to marry your opposite?"

Answer: "No. Most people imagine that because there is a North and a South Pole, an up and a down, etc., that people must seek their opposites in friendship and marriage. We like people who are like us. Lovers, and husbands and wives, tend to be alike, physically and mentally. That is why cousins so often fall in love, and in many cases would do well to marry."

Broadway columnist Leonard Lyons, answering a reader's query, "Why don't you campaign to oust sex deviates from Broadway, the way they were ousted from the state Dept.?" answered, "Because it's none of my business, and because Broadway isn't like the State Department, and because a work of art should be judged solely on merit and not on the private life of the artist. Otherwise we would lose some of the most gifted contributors to the treasure of our theatre." In another Lyons' column: "The night clubs of Paris are thriving, including those featuring female impersonators.

This type of club has been barred in New York, but is most popular in Berlin. To find a queer joint in Berlin all you have to do is throw a stone."

Let him without blame throw first . . .

ODD BITS

Miami police arrested John McElroy for being nude in streets, got explanation that McElroy stripped because he felt too conspicuous in prison uniform he was wearing when he escaped from city stockade . . . Elderly Ohio man jailed for signing over 500 smutty letters with names of six enemies . . . Montebello, Calif. girl barred from graduation ceremonies and called non-conformist for wearing attractive pink dress unlike style dictated by school.

Navy in San Diego upset when water taxi operator told SP's passenger he'd taken aboardship had un-masculine outline. Navy dropped charges against woman stowaway who just wanted to meet the boys.

Mobile, Alabama hypnotist who told mesmerized woman he was her husband and was raping her was not indicted by grand jury . . .

OTHER LANDS

True love and racial propagation supposedly twin justifications for hetero sex, but British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, questioning 11,000 Britishers, found that one-tenth (of those married) had never been in love; one-half had, but not with their mate, and almost half approve of extra-marital affairs . . . Church of Scotland surprised at loose morals indicated by poll of members—50% of men approve pre-marital sex . . . A Scotsman living in London is busy hunting fairies—the supernatural kind. In response to a newspaper request, he found that sightings of traditional elves and gnomes, still looking as they did in old storybooks, outnumbered sightings of more up-to-date flying

saucers . . . Recent English scandal concerning brother and sister, adopted in infancy by different families, who became man and wife . . . English mother and daughter ordered by court to stop trying to rape male church organist . . . Levant Islanders near Cannes, France, complain French Navy misfiring rockets which are hitting their beaches, because sailors

distracted by nearby nudist colony . . . Marceline Marne, finding Paris police had identified a dead body as her, tried to stop funeral, was told papers had already been signed, ceremony must go on . . . Chancellor R. A. Butler, when asked at Manudsen, Essex, if he could give more relief to bachelors, replied, "The best remedy is to get married."



THE SERPENT

by
MARY DREW

There lay along the soft ridge of her arm
Color, alive and warm.
Life that she loved and held in her heart's embrace
Darkened her cheek to rose,
Gentled the classic contour of her face.

The junco walls, the strayed gardenia
Caught by the loom, imprisoned in the drapes,
The dim, conventional shapes
Of chair and lamp, brocaded chesterfield,
Secured this modern Helen to her day
So that she seemed as relevant as they.

Our words were free. For what had we to hide
Who hadn't had the time to peer within?
The English china cups were bright and thin.
We laughed. The tea was good. We were so wise.
Then through the pure retreat I saw the serpent glide.

My heart rebelled. My heart denied its eye,
Stormed, wept, entreated.
"Go wretched thing. Elsewhere your evil ply,
And leave me golden friendship unalloyed."
We laughed again together. Even so,
Sensing the loathsome shape about my feet
I dropped my eyes and knew myself defeated.

Her gaze must still be candid and serene.
The room as inoffensive as before.
She teas her friends
And wonders, or perhaps she has forgotten,
Why one so counted comes to her no more.
And I, banished from Eden by my shame,
Harangue the serpent but cannot quench the flame.



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.



"MEN INTO BEASTS"

By George S. Viereck

Bridgehead Books, Inc. N.Y. 1955

A prolific and talented writer of both prose and verse turns his pen to a subject which has received much public attention during the past few years. But unlike many "inside-prison" books, which concentrate chiefly on the sadistic and brutal elements of prison life, Viereck's story of his own imprisonment contains as well the many elements of pathos, humor, satire and fact necessary to present a realistic picture.

As a creative writer interested in sexology in all of its mental and emotional ramifications, Mr. Viereck brings into considerable prominence the erotic aspects of prison life, and the factors of homosexual behavior which inevitably dominate any scene where persons of the same sex undergo long confinement together; and his keen and sensitive insight into the varied qualities of human emotion have produced a documentary whose personalities have all the dimensions necessary for a convincing portrayal.

MEN INTO BEASTS is a book which must be thoroughly read in order for its objectivity and understanding to be appreciated. However, this objectivity and understanding is suggested in the author's own introduction, when he says, "I could not have won the esteem of men like Havelock Ellis, the foremost pioneer of sex knowledge in England, Magnus Hirschfeld, head of the Institut für Sexual-wissenschaft in Berlin, Sigmund Freud, explorer of the dynamics of sex in the unconscious, and Alfred Kinsey, who stripped away the hypocritical pretenses with which we Americans

attempt to conceal the facts of life from ourselves, if I could not look truth in the face without blush or snicker." Mr. Viereck's presentation of sex life in prisons is truly free from prurience, from apology, from sanctimony, and from any of the other inventions by which (in Cory's terms) this "anti-sexual" age deceives itself.

Readers of MEN INTO BEASTS will be gratified that Mr. Viereck's story does not harp continually upon the sexual theme. Running like a thread through the author's account are the circumstances of his own imprisonment (on political charges) and, interspersed liberally among the erotica are the personalities of prisoners themselves, carefully drawn and full of the tragedy, and the occasional humor, of anti-social attitudes and behavior.

ONE shares with both the author and publisher of MEN INTO BEASTS the hope that this book will make a deep and wide impression upon the public mind. There is certainly no social absurdity more glaring than a penal system which leaves men and women worse off than when they were subjected to it, nor any psychological absurdity more glaring than the notion that punishment will rid a person of his anti-social tendencies. ONE congratulates Mr. Viereck and his publisher for their courage and candor, and for a book which will do much to bring rationality into the sexual morals of the modern era.

ROBERT GREGORY

"THE NUDE IN THE MIRROR"

By George S. Viereck

"The Nude in the Mirror" is based on the author's theory that women are sexually superior to men. The author of a trilogy commencing with "My First Two Thousand Years," "The Invincible Adam," and, recently, "Men Into Beasts," continues on his

phallic tangent in the present novel. The story concerns one Adam Greenleaf, a young professor in a well-known girls' college, who takes a Mediterranean cruise aboard the "MUNDANIA," a luxury liner. Aboard, he meets Stella de la Mar, a very volup-

tuous, modern Scheherazade, and falls madly in love with her. It should be mentioned that the purpose of his vacation is to have a fling at the "grand passion." Initially, it looks like this is about to ensue, but Stella manages, for a time, to forestall his amorous intentions by plying him with mysterious liqueurs and relating pseudo-realistic episodes in the bedrooms of historical personages, such as: Hercules, Socrates, Don Juan, Casanova, etc. In each tale, she implies, or actually asserts that she was the "femme fatale" in each case. At first, Adam disbelieves her, but as her stories be-

come more convincing, he comes to accept her as a reincarnation of Astarte, Venus, Salome, et al. The actual, and not mythological, gentlemen who appear in this farce are, fortunately for the author, unable to sue him for misrepresentations of their erotic ardor, about which he can only conjecture.

Adam's explosive reactions to the tales and an unbelievable denouement bring the story to a close. This book is solely for those who can take their authors *cum grano salis*.

PAUL de GARDE.

BOOK SERVICE

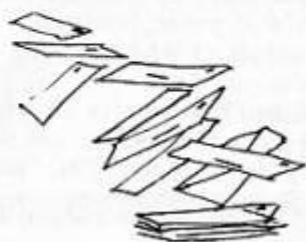
As a result of the printing of James Barr's play *Game of Fools*, we have received inquiries about other recent books homosexual in nature: titles in fiction, science, biography, etc.

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**.
- THE DEER PARK** by Norman Mailer, Putnam..... 4.00
An outstanding new novel by the author of **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD** appearing October 14th.

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 Mr. Slater:
I have enjoyed ONE for many, many issues, and have wanted often to compliment the magazine on the fine job that it has been doing. Your devoted staff of volunteer workers who have donated their spare time to see that ONE was available to persons such as I all over the world, truly deserve congratulations for their hard work and exceptional interest in this social problem.

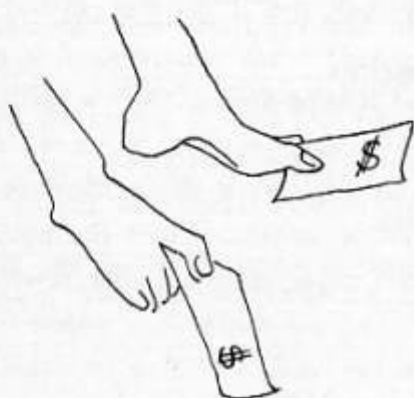
No one knows better than we, your readers, what your *big* magazine ONE is doing in education.

Keep up your good work, I am proud of my subscription; enclosed is a small donation to help a little over the rough roads ahead.

Mr. P.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dear Sir:
I can hardly afford to make a contribution, as I have done so only recently. However, ONE has been such a great help to me, I can hardly afford not to.

Mr. P.
DALLAS, TEXAS



Dear Sir:

It doesn't bother me that your magazine comes out late and I wish I could afford to help you more than this small token. But college expenses this summer frustrate this wish.

May your Corporation, ONE, prosper. We admire your courage and appreciate what you are trying to do.

Mr. D.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Copy of Letter sent to Subscribers



one, incorporated
232 south hill st.
los angeles 12, california

June 28, 1955

Dear subscriber:

Many of you have written to ask us why the magazine comes out late, why letters go unanswered, why subscription records sometimes get mixed up, etc. The simple truth is ONE doesn't have enough money to do any differently right now.

Month after month our devoted staff of volunteer workers have donated their evenings and weekends so that ONE might come out at all. Since the very beginning improvements have been undertaken - pages added, various expensive features included, but the price stays the same. It is a well known fact that many magazines that have started out with both capital and backing have failed, yet ONE which has neither, is now in its third year and getting better.

Hundreds of you have also written to tell us that you enjoy reading ONE, that it has helped you, that it is doing a big job. ONE is throwing a light on one of the biggest social problems of the day. We hope you feel that it is your magazine.

The task this little corporation has undertaken is of staggering dimensions. For nearly three years we have labored on, doing the best we could with what we had. We have never made any general appeal for funds. Now we do. We must have a few paid employees if the magazine is to come out on time and continue at 48 pages.

Paying advertisers do not flock to ONE; nor do we have access to the ordinary methods of circulation building. That is why your support is needed. Many of you have already given generously. This is deeply appreciated, even though we probably have not found time to write and tell you.

We ask the rest of you today to give a dollar - the price of a movie - whatever you can spare. ONE must build up the capital it has never had. You, its friends and loyal readers, are our capital. We are sure this asset is a good one.

Enclosed is a mailing envelope for your contribution.

With sincerest good wishes.

Don Slater

Don Slater, Secretary-Treasurer
ONE, Incorporated

Dear Mr. Slater:

Enclosed is a contribution—I wish it could be much more.

The only asset I have a surplus of, however, is advice, and I trust you will forgive me for enclosing some of this as well. What your readers cherish you for is not accurate subscription records or "expensive features," but rather your very existence and your vigorous spirit. Whether you print forty-eight pages or four, we will support you as long as you keep faith with us. Therefore, while undergoing this financial difficulty, would it not be wiser to stabilize your position, even if it should mean a cheaper format? Then, as your support continues to grow—and it will—you can expand gradually and with greater security until ONE becomes the powerful and imposing agent we all desire and envision.

Please do not consider this a direct criticism of your current appeal, however. ONE is food and drink to me, and if the question should ever arise of its shutting down for lack of funds, whatever I might have would be at your disposal.

Mr. K.
AUSTIN, TEXAS

Dear ONE:

Sorry this is not more, but teachers don't make much in the way of money. Best of luck towards continued growth and circulation.

Miss J.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

One, Incorporated:

ONE ought to be supported by every homosexual in the United States,—but,—for the moment, anyway,—here is my contribution.

I'm sorry it isn't more—I'll always try to send you something,—whatever I can,—you're doing a fine job and more power to you!!

Mr. F.
MEDIA, PENN.

Friends of ONE:

Although many times the contents of ONE react upon me rather antagonistically, I, for one, want ONE to continue. Therefore, here is my dollar. I trust enough readers will respond with even its equal, which may help; at least you will know that there are many who have come to depend upon your magazine for a certain amount of strength and courage.

Mr. W.
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Mr. Slater:

I enjoy reading ONE and look forward to each copy. ONE indeed has helped me, and I do think you are doing a big job.

The amount I am sending you is small, but I will send you some every chance I have.

Mr. G.
RICHBURG, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Here is a small contribution to aid your work. Glad to help out even in this small way.

The magazine is worth waiting for even if things do get mixed up. It makes up for some of the suppressed emotions; to know there are others helps a great deal. If at all possible, keep up the good work.

Mr. G.
FOSTORIA, O.

Sirs:

Delegated to be of assistance because I believe in ONE and all it stands for.

Mr. C.
DES MOINES, IOWA

Dear Sirs:

'Tis true that I have wondered why the magazine comes out late, but since I could think of several good reasons why it might and since I was sure that many many subscribers were writing to ask, I haven't bothered you. I will admit, however, that I am frequently nagged with the fear that you may have folded or been folded. Unfortunately I can think of more than one reason why either of those fates might have befallen you also. I use the term "fear" advisedly as I certainly wouldn't want such a fate to befall you.

Though I have only been a subscriber since the first of the year, I have seen a number of earlier issues and have read many articles in them that I considered interesting or valuable or both. I strongly feel that the magazine is a step in the right direction and say, "More power to you!" I realize perfectly that, though my well wishes may help to give you a good feeling, they certainly won't get the next issue printed. With this in mind I enclose a check which is all I feel I can spare at present. It is in excess of the dollar asked because I well realize that many readers won't feel able to contribute or, more likely, just won't get around to it.

You have my very best wishes.

Mr. D.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Sirs:

Enclosed is a "buck." I've been out of work since June 20, and had to sell my used car to pay bills. My TV went back—and I haven't been to a show (or bar) in nearly three years. I can't understand people tho! I've showed my copy of ONE to three friends; they give two reasons why they can't "see it." 1. They couldn't have it coming to them. 2. They "know" it's a money scheme.

But we—ONE and I—know better. These three friends have very good jobs and think me silly to be concerned about the progress of ONE. One of these friends paid \$200.00 fine for *entrapment* and was released. What does it take?

My burden is heavy. I'll send more later (I hope). You all deserve salaries in lieu of the complacency of those you work so hard for. Please don't think me lying about my inability to send more. I dare not, in my present fix. I can't even buy Mr. Fugate's play.

Mr. L.
DOVER, DELAWARE

Dear Sir:

I have no complaints. I hope my dollar helps a little. Here's hoping for your success.

Miss M.
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

Dear ONE Inc.:

The capacity which we humans have for postponing matters like seeing dentists, preparing income tax forms, paying less pressing debts or writing to friends!! And to these last two mentioned items relate the attached money order and these few words.

If ONE doesn't always receive the attention it increasingly deserves when it periodically arrives at my address, it also never goes unread, unthought over, or un-discussed by me with a growing circle of associates to whom I introduce such material for consideration.

I regret that I waited until I had to be rightly reminded of my debt owed to your efforts and steadily heightening achievement. Frankly you should in due time receive more from me if I act upon intentions of many months standing.

Best, I felt, though, that right away I indicate at least some response.

And may the general subscriber response put mine *well* into the shade!

Mr. R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

In reply to your appeal for donations, you will find enclosed my check, to be used as you see fit. I am only sorry that I cannot send you more at this time.

Wishing you the best in everything which you attempt and congratulating you on the aid which you must be giving to many, I remain, in anticipation of this month's issue of ONE and my copy of *Game of Fools*, yours truly,

Mr. P.
STUTT GART, ARK.

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a small contribution for your fine magazine, with the promise that I will send more in the near future.

I wish to congratulate you on the content and art work of ONE. Both have been consistently good until April and Dr. Albert Ellis. I hope his article got the response it deserved. His opinions are obvious examples of muddy thinking and his approach is far too dogmatic. I am interested in intelligent theories, whether or not I am in agreement with them, but how can Dr. Ellis put forth his ideas on deviations of the human mind and then flatly state that "THIS IS FACT!" I may be poorly informed, but as far as I have heard, the only FACT that is known on the subject of homosexuality is that it exists. I am sure that Dr. Ellis has stirred many into doing some thinking and in this he has done a good thing.

On the whole I thoroughly enjoy ONE and I wish the staff all the success in the world.

Mr. H.
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA

Dear Sir:

Your appeal for funds for ONE is justified and I am enclosing my check.

ONE contains material not found anywhere else and should be self-supporting without being padded with advertising.

In my opinion, ONE should be sold at FIFTY CENTS per copy or one year for FIVE DOLLARS.

However, when you get on your feet, I particularly would not like to see the format changed in the middle of a year . . . larger, smaller, more pages, fewer pages. Nor do I think we need a newspaper such as was proposed a year or so ago.

Will you poll your readers in an early issue on their ideas in regard to raising the price of ONE?

Mr. J.
CLEVELAND, O.

Sirs:

Regarding May, 1955 ONE Magazine—
Really my Dears!

Mr. A.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Dear Mr. Slater:

With this enclosed \$25.00 contribution to ONE I wish you'd accept too my apologies at the delay in answering your appeal for funds. Believe me, if I hadn't been away for several weeks, I'd have sent you this before; since, in a way, I look on it as a kind of debt that I owe you and your group.

In all fact, it seems to me that the very existence of ONE creates this debt. I have no illusions either that the contribution of money is more than a token toward discharging it; a token in comparison to what you and the others who produce the magazine are doing.

What I've said isn't meant for a flowery compliment to you and the rest, Mr. Slater. You'd think it as silly to read that sort of thing as I would to write it. The fact is, though, that whenever I think of you people I have a sense of honest rock-bottom respect for you; for you as the producers of this magazine in this social scheme. Fundamental respect isn't something I can feel casually or express lightly. When it's there, I feel it's up to me just to say so. And that's what I'm saying now.

In happier circumstances, I suppose I'd feel entitled—or obliged—to make a few criticisms or suggestions as well. I would—if there were other magazines on the Continent to supplement if not exactly to compete with ONE. Then it would make sense to accompany a contribution with a more or less detailed comment about the editorial policy that I personally think ONE ought to adopt. I might ask, as it were, to have value—my own particular value—for payment given. As things are, though, this sort of attitude would be as presumptuous as silly. ONE exists. In these times, that very fact gives me all the value I sensibly can want. Within very wide limits, Mr. Slater—limits I know I can trust you people to keep to—you can adopt any policy you wish to in ONE. Just keep on, in short, and keep speaking up. The detail of what ONE says doesn't much matter. The fact that it's there to speak does; tremendously so.

You'll understand me then, Mr. Slater, when I say that these few dollars aren't so much mine to give as yours to take—or more exactly perhaps, ours to share. All the best to you and the others in the group.

Mr. B.
MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA

Dear Friends:

I received your letter Saturday asking for help. Am enclosing \$5.00.

I like the magazine very much, and want to help you all I can.

I appreciate the advertisement by Win-Mor and want to buy all the men's needs I can thru them. I like all of Anon's styles including the jewel-studded briefs.

Mr. H.
BELLEVUE, MICH.

Dear Mr. Slater:

I am enclosing a small contribution for the work of ONE in response to your letter received today. Your magazine provides not only interesting reading but is helpful to me in my work.

I wish you and the rest of the staff every success in this venture.

Mrs. P.
Psychiatric Social Worker
WORCESTER, MASS.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find a check. I want to take the opportunity to tell you how much I enjoyed every number of ONE. The magazine is of great help to me, and I hope you can keep up the good work.

Mr. P.
MIAMI, FLA.

Dear Sirs:

I received your letter asking for financial aid. No doubt you need it. No doubt I could scrape up ten bucks if I thought it was necessary and would show results. But to be very frank and honest with you I have withheld that ten bucks awaiting results from my past subscriptions. My last copy came late and was marked APRIL. Since then I have not received ONE. My conclusion is that your ideals and motives are high but that somewhere you have missed the boat.

Mr. F.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Have just received your letter soliciting funds so that ONE might be published and distributed with more efficiency.

Man, that is good news. I certainly am not complaining even though my ONE reaches me six weeks late since I realize the great handicap under which it is published and distributed. It is encouraging, however, to hear that an effort is being made in the right direction. I am inclosing herein my check.

Dr. P.
KENOSA, WIS.

Dear Friend:

I am not able at this time to be of much help, but I would like to make some donation in appreciation of the work you are doing. So please find enclosed a small sum that I send you with the best wishes for your continued success.

Mr. A.
EAST MILLSBORO, PA.

Dear Sir:

Here's \$10.00 and an order for the play. Come the end of the week and I can send another check.

I'm an optimist and believe the best years for ONE are still ahead. It will survive because we believe in it and *will* it to survive.

Mr. R.
SOUTH DUXBURY, MASS.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your appeal for funds I'm enclosing a check. I realize this isn't a lot, but every little bit does help, and if *every* subscriber sent a contribution this definitely would add up!

You folks are doing a fine job, and I do want to see ONE become a permanent success. I like your magazine although, naturally, some copies are better than others. So far your Jan. '55 issue was best of all (Just don't go too high-brow!)

Dr. W.
WASHINGTON, IND.

My good friends:

In response to your recent letter, I am enclosing my check in the amount of \$10.00.

This is a donation to be used however you see fit. I, for one amongst many, am most appreciative of the work you all have so unselfishly put forth and only wish that I were able to send a contribution many times the amount of this check.

However, in spirit and friendship I am behind all of you—all the way.

Mr. J.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Staff:

I am only too happy to be able to aid at least monetarily the cause for which I would gladly give anything. I would say my prayers are with you if I believed in religion any longer; as it is, I say—you have all my best wishes for your success as a financially secure magazine and organization!

Mr. E.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Dear ONE:

It isn't much, but every little bit helps! The only other thing I can do is say THANKS to all of you for all you've done and are doing to keep ONE alive and growing! Thanks a million and keep up the good work!

Mr. C.
SHOEMAKERSVILLE, PA.

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing my dollar—not the price of a movie because I do not see four movies a year—but because I want your magazine to continue to grow and reach others.

Mr. C.
LINCOLN, NEBR.

Dear Sirs:

You're doing, basically, a good job—though I'd like a little more fiction and a little less esoteric hogwash.

My wife and I enjoy reading ONE, and we're only sorry we can't leave the magazine out in plain sight in the apartment.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

Received your letter today re funds and am enclosing \$10.00. Naturally, I wish it could be 100 x \$10, but as things now stand, it just can't. To sort of make up for this, I'm setting up what I call my "ONE FUND." "Come rain or come shine," I'll send a dollar (perhaps more if I'm able) a week for as long as possible. Admittedly, this isn't much (I don't have much!), but I hope it'll help.

Miss D.
HUDSON, N. H.

(Editor's Note: This pledge has been kept each week. Many, many thanks!)

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a contribution towards your expenses.

As a practicing psycho-therapist I am grateful to ONE magazine for the deeper insights and the greater understanding I have gained concerning the problems of homosexuals and homosexuality. I only wish I could express my appreciation more substantially in a material way. I know there are many other non-homosexuals who have benefited as I have from your very fine efforts.

I wish you great success in your venture and continued growth of your influence in enlightenment.

Mr. L.
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

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