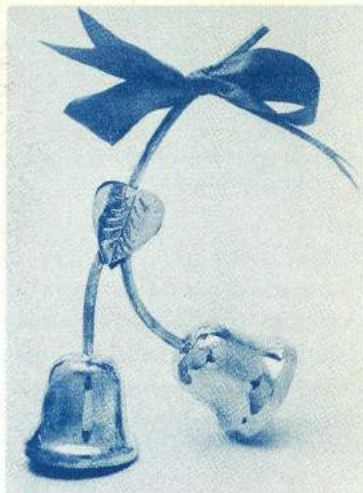


G A Y B E L L S

Sweet-sounding little bells imported from Mexico -- one copper, one brass -- highly polished, sturdily welded to copper stem with leaf design. Lovely as decorations for festive occasions, charming conversation pieces. Overall length about 7"; each bell about 1-1/2" across.



Satisfaction or refund plus postage. Pre-paid in U.S. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. (In California only, add 3% sales tax; in L.A., 4%)

Specify Stock No. FOLK-3734 ..... \$3.98

Allow Three Weeks.

Make checks or Money Orders Payable to:

ONE, INCORPORATED  
232 South Hill St., Room 328  
Los Angeles 12, California

FOREIGN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES  
THAT WILL INTEREST YOU:

**DER KREIS / LE CERCLE / THE CIRCLE**  
International monthly magazine  
in three languages  
(German, French and English)  
with beautiful photos  
published since 1936  
regularly every month

Kindly write to: Der Kreis, Postfach 547,  
Zürich 22, Fraumünster, Switzerland  
Subscription: A years' subscription, sent  
by printed matter \$7.00, by letter \$9.00

Bound volumes 1950-53 available at  
\$7.00 each. Interesting articles and  
beautiful pictures.

**VENNEN (THE FRIEND)**  
Scandinavian Homosexual Magazine.  
Appears monthly. Subscription rates per  
year, \$4.50 (in sealed envelope). By  
regular mail, \$3.50. Send orders to:  
ONE, Inc., 232 South Hill St., Los  
Angeles, Calif. or Vennen c/o D. F. T.,  
P. O. Box 108, Copenhagen K, Denmark.

**VRIENDSCHAP**  
Dutch Homosexual Magazine Illustrated  
monthly. Send orders to ONE, Inc., 232  
S. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12; or,  
Vriendschap, P. O. Box 542 Amsterdam,  
Holland.

« ARCADIE »

162, rue Jeanne-d'Arc, PARIS-13<sup>e</sup>

one

one

The Homosexual Magazine



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

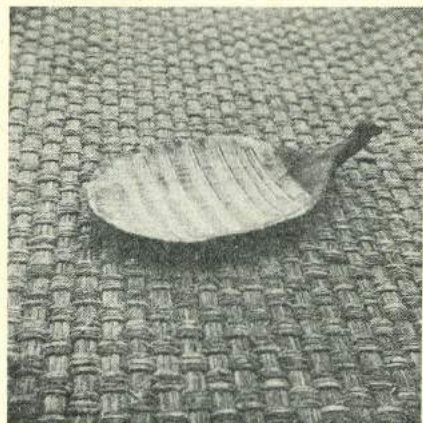
mill valley stoneware  
tam-paddles



#2 Length—seven inches

In brown stoneware with trailed mat glaze designs in black. Suitable for candies or tid-bits; may be used for ash trays.

Price \$2.50 each



#1 Length — nine inches

BOX MV, ONE, Incorporated, 232 South Hill St., Los Angeles 12

Make checks or money orders payable to ONE, Incorporated. In California add 3% sales tax.

## BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Reputable book publisher is willing to consider for publication, on subsidy basis, book manuscripts on controversial themes PROVIDED THEY POSSESS LITERARY MERIT. Query, or mail your manuscript directly for editorial evaluation to:

GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS, INC.  
489 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.  
Atten. Mr. Oberon

ONE Magazine is published monthly at twenty-five cents per copy (plus postage for mailing); subscriptions are two-fifty per year, two years for four dollars, one year first class sealed three-fifty, two years first class sealed six dollars in the United States and Canada; all other countries three-fifty per year. Single copies are twenty-seven cents by regular mail, thirty-one for first class. Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Copyright 1955 by ONE, Inc., Los Angeles, California. "Application for entry as second class matter is pending."

one

# one

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

Carlyle

## The Homosexual Magazine

Volume III

Number 11

November, 1955

### CONTENTS

- 4 HOW MUCH DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE HOMOSEXUAL MALE? *David L. Freeman*
- 6 THE TEMPORARY TIGER *a poem by John Myron Patrick*
- 7 AT THE WHIPPING POST *James Douglas Margin*
- 8 TANGENTS news & views *Dal McIntire*
- 12 DINNER FOR THREE *a story by Flint Holland*
- 16 PLATO Concluding Extract
- 18 BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS
- 23 6:45 A.M. *a poem by R. L. B.*
- 24 AN ORCHID FOR HENNIE *a story by Gabrielle Ganelle*
- 27 FUTILITY *a poem by Genevieve K. Stephens*
- 28 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
- COVER: *Eve Ellore*



### STAFF OF ONE MAGAZINE

- |                      |  |
|----------------------|--|
| Managing Editor      | Ann Carll Reid   |
| Associate Editors    | Lyn Pedersen - <i>Research</i><br>Robert Gregory - <i>Fiction</i><br>Kay Reynard - <i>Womens' Dept.</i><br>Armando Quezon - <i>International</i> |
| Contributing Editors | Donald Webster Cory  |
| Art Director         | Eve Ellore   |
| Circulation Manager  | David L. Freeman   |

(Recently LOOK magazine has been running a series on "human nature." There have been such articles as "How Much Do We Know About Men?" and "How Much Do We Know About Women?" ONE's editors do not know what other articles are planned for the series, but they are sure it will not include one with the above title. Here Mr. Freeman makes some points omitted by the Cowles publication.)

how much do we know about  
the



omosexual male?

by david i. freeman

Homosexuals have existed in all parts of the world, among all peoples and all cultures, since man's emergence in the watered valleys of our young planet. The roles they have played in the history of our Earth have varied greatly. At one time we find they were revered, at another hunted down like beasts of prey, at yet another more or less tolerated. Somewhat like the Eternal Jew, the homosexual has lived in all parts of the world, been a part of all cultures while maintaining an identity of his own. It would take a thousand treatises to discuss his life in all the cultures in which he has participated. In this article I shall devote myself to some observations on the male homosexual in the United States today.

Whether the American homosexual was brought up in a rich family or a poor one, whether his father was the owner of a grocery store on Main Street in North Platte, Nebraska, a street railway motorman from 145th Street in East Cleveland or a yachtsman with a 100-foot boat docked at Balboa, California, it's a safe bet that the homosexual son of this father had experienced more of the gamut of human emotions at the age of eighteen than the father had in his entire life.

Let us imagine a case (typical of thousands reported by researchers in the field) of a boy who realizes at the age of fourteen or fifteen that he is homosexual. He may not know the meaning of the word, but he knows that he is "different from the other boys" that, for reasons he couldn't explain if asked, his orientation to life is different from that of the people around him. Undoubtedly he has a Great Love Affair at the age of fifteen or sixteen. It may or may not be consummated, but it is almost invariably with a heterosexual boy of nearly his own age. It almost always ends disastrously, and at a very tender age he knows both the joy of love and the bereavement of rejection (or—even worse—discovery by a disapproving society).

While the heterosexual of the same age plays around (in a way completely approved by society) with many members of the opposite sex, experiences success here, failure there but maintains his masculine confidence undisturbed because he knows he's doing the socially-acceptable thing, the homosexual is very unsure of himself. In his earliest childhood he has experienced rejection—on the school ground, in a Boy Scout camp, among boys everywhere

who called him a sissy—and it is in the light of this experience that he approaches his first love affair (perhaps it's the captain of the football team). The homosexual boy, of course overcome with gratitude, loses his perspective and either exposes himself to society's wrath or is eventually rejected by the object of his dreams and hopes.

Inevitably there follows a long, sad period of disillusionment. In one way or another the homosexual usually discovers during this period other members of his own kind. He is simultaneously overjoyed and dismayed. He is overjoyed, because he had hitherto supposed himself to be the only one like himself in the world. He is horrified, because he almost always discovers his own people first in the bars of the skid rows of a big city, in the public toilets or at the Turkish baths of some sordid district. Before this his feeling for other men has been an exalted one. (Has he not identified himself with all the greatest actresses in all the greatest love stories—stage, screen, opera?) The reality he first encounters is more than he can accept—the dream and the reality are too far apart.

Eventually he finds his own kind of people. Perhaps they are the kind with good jobs and who live in nice districts of town, people who are "married" (but the serious homosexual puts no quotes on the word), people whom one's mother could respect "if she were able!" Perhaps they are male prostitutes or bar-hoppers. But when he reaches this point the average homosexual is a man of twenty-five or thirty with a lifetime of experience behind him. What he does with the years yet to come have sociological import.

At this point it is possible for the astute homosexual to perceive

that homosexual society splits into three main groups which I call the Revolutionaries, the Tories and the Liberals. They are essentially the same but use deceptively opposite forms in expressing themselves. They are the same, because they are all in revolt against a society which simultaneously persecutes and steadfastly refuses to recognize them. The Revolutionaries can be found swishing down Hollywood Boulevard or Constitution Avenue. They have rejected society, because society has rejected them. They tell themselves that they don't care what the world thinks of them and that they think the world stinks. Actually they care very much about society and its opinion of them or their way of life would be utterly meaningless. The Revolutionaries can also be found (if their orientation is intellectual) among the ranks of the social workers, the labor leaders, the left-wing political or religious organizations.

The Tories are the elegant ones who have decided to express their social hostility by being more correct than the foremost representatives of the dominant (and dominating) culture. They work for TIME magazine or the NEW YORKER. They are in the diplomatic service; they occupy key positions with oil companies or the FBI (it's true!). But perhaps most of them sell men's accessories in the Campus Shops of large department stores and ostentatiously vote Republican.

Between these there is another group, the Liberals. Despite their social oppression, the Liberals are able to view the world with an element of detachment. Such are the movie actors, the dancers, the playwrights, the artists, the musicians, the psychiatrists, the doctors and lawyers, the great creative

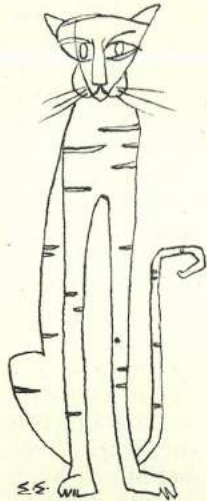
element of the homosexual minority. It is inevitable that the homosexual male should be concentrated in the arts, for here is all the romance, the glamor, the Dream which society has denied him. Here is the Greater Reality which can be expressed only through the medium of art. Here is the Healer, the Curer, the man of understanding in a world of chaos and hatred.

Thus in all walks of life we see the American homosexual leading, directing, following, planning,

hoping *exactly* as are all other men.

Who knows that it will not be the homosexual who leads the world into an era of international understanding and world peace? Is it not fitting that what the world calls "the least of these" should point the way to salvation for the world? Who has known more of its sorrow, more of its anguish, its sordidness, its beauty, than the homosexual?

## THE TEMPORARY TIGER



Somehow  
A housecat  
Has become a tiger.  
One day I looked  
Into the glass  
All meekness and propriety  
And when next  
I chanced to mirror-front,  
I saw confidence,  
Napoleonate,  
Enthroned upon the pane.  
Today  
Heads will fall,  
And weeks of long consideration,  
Ravished of their fruit,  
Lie still.  
Today I am an army  
By myself,  
My face and body  
Dressed in braid  
And aspect of command,  
Words  
Pour through my pen,  
Sing rich harmonies  
Into my ears.  
Today, crowned with confidence,  
I rein invincible,  
Tomorrow  
I may sleep till noon.

john  
myron  
patrick

## AT THE WHIPPING POST by james douglas margin

Every now and then, some journalist, straining for smart effect in his writing, uses the word "homosexual" to conjure an image of abject decadence. Happily for America's millions of homosexuals, other writers — clear-thinking, fair-minded, and articulate — continue to nail this use of the term for what it is: a vicious (or perhaps just ignorant) inaccuracy.

Life Magazine, for instance, recently blasted the state of U.S. fiction, declaring it sometimes read as if it were written by an unemployed homosexual living in a packing-box shanty on the city dump. The editorial said the reading public deserves something better than the papaya-smelly, overripe school of the Truman Capotes and the obscenity-possessed school of 'new realism.' The latter, Life added, is exemplified by a parade of war novels that mostly read like the diaries of professional grievance collectors with dirty minds and total recall.

Harvey Breit, distinguished staffer for The New York Times, called the piece a mishmash based on a total misconception of what art is. He said the editorial was a demagogic anti-esthetic tirade and that it was calculated to make war on all that, as Nietzsche put it, "is rare, strange, or privileged."

Mr. Breit then made five observations:

First, that you have to leave writers alone or you get no literature; second, that writers have proven to be our best ambassadors and most popular export; third, that America is a democracy and writers are not political pawns; fourth, that homosexuals are people, including Marcel Proust ("or," he interposed, "do we now have to make the phrase 'regardless of race, creed, color or sex?')", and fifth, that when you demand a specific literature, you get a specific mediocrity.

Mr. Breit also quoted the great Gerard Manley Hopkins:

**Glory be to God for dappled things  
All things counter, original,  
spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled  
(who knows how?)**

This answer to Life's spurious judgement was too neatly turned to need additional comment. Had Mr. Breit so desired, however, he could have pointed out one more interesting fact: that the undisputed leader of all war novels from the obscenity-possessed school is "From Here to Eternity" by James Jones — an author that Life enthusiastically endorsed with an almost unprecedented (and favorable) publicity boost in its issue of May 7, 1951.

# tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

James Dean, who deserves posthumous Oscar for powerfully sensitive Caleb role in film of Steinbeck's mighty EAST OF EDEN, and who according to rumors had done as well in REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE and GIANT, reputedly wanted Bdwy. return before his sudden death. He'd gotten Bdwy. start in Gide's IMMORTALIST and was considering lead in Van Druten's new DANCING IN THE CHECKERED SHADE . . .

In Sadler's Wells repertoire recently: version of Greek Tiresias myth: man who changed to woman and back . . . Speaking of which, a Silver City, N.M. pet hen this year became a rooster, crowed so lustily and long owners gave it to Farmer's Market, which displayed it till noise complaints landed it "where most normal chickens go—in the pot."

Bums' hero, Johnny Podres, after final game, on TV dolled up as Revolutionary War heroine Molly Pitcher . . . Judge Luther Youngdahl recently squashed Postoffice censorship of CONFIDENTIAL, tho not giving mag clean bill of health . . . Dotty Kilgallen says Kinsey may sue over Dave Shefrin's filmcartoon REPORT ON LOVE. Could be DK planting publicity plugs, and not for Dr. K.? . . . Few days before MORE DEATHS THAN ONE, latest novel by Stuart Engstrom (SLING AND THE

ARROW) appeared, 60-year-old author who'd been despondent, walked into Westlake Park here and drowned self . . .

## SURVEY

More than 40 sodomy arrests recently in Dallas (no one there sent us clippings) with usual press-pulpit noises. Arrests chiefly at Fox Burlesque Theatre and public rest rooms. Article 524 of Texas' Penal Code defines sodomy as felony—2 to 15 years . . .

Galveston's Red Lights are out, despite high hopes of new "reform" mayor who'd promised to turn them up. But in Galveston, lot can go in dark. Town closed down with no arrests made . . .

Wash D.C. man acquitted on assault charge after testifying "victim" drove by his house, saw him in Bermudas, shouted, 'Hey, there, who's the sissy wearing his mother's panties?' . . . Teen-age girl charged with immoral soliciting of policewoman in D.C. nite club powder room . . .

No. Car. reader, quoting from state laws, notes homosexuality, bestiality and miscegenation characterized by adjectives like abominable, are felonies while fornication and adultery are misdemeanors . . . 18-year-old Negro airman executed in Parchman, Miss, gas chamber for alleged rape of white woman while white man begins two year sentence there for admitted rape of 13-year-old Negro girl . . . Miami

politics still run hot: Mayor still trying to bounce City Manager if latter doesn't toss out Police Chief, whom Mayor blames for gambling scandals involving cops, and for fact there are still some homosexuals in Miami. HERALD's Pulitzer-Prize prober now probing (for grand jury) Sheriff Kelly's conduct of office, outside personal interest and personal conduct . . . Reports inmates Florida School for Girls, Ocala beaten by State patrolmen, had tear gas used on them, and abnormal sexual behavior prevailed; that many girls cut initials or names of girlfriends in own flesh . . .

Baltimore homosexual slaying which shortly preceded hot and heavy cop scandals there, with 2 grand jury probes: police divert attention from own malpractices by mass raid (162 persons) on bar on Gay Street. Details next TANGENTS . . . Viers Mill, Md., upset by masked man who sexually attacked a boy and a girl, each 13, in same week . . .

Plainfield, N.J., pizzeria held up by men in women's clothes. Said proprietor: "They didn't have the outstanding points women have." . . .

22-year-old sailor held in Rhode Island in connection with 2-year-old slaying of Philadelphia soccer official . . . Pottstown, Pa., wife sues for divorce blaming mate's homosexuality, tho admitting she knew that before marrying and adding he was in most ways ideal husband, good provider, loved children, etc. . . .

Kansas City man arrested for allegedly impersonating officer, making "arrest" in public rest room (apparently with two confederates) then shaking down victim for \$2500 right inside police station . . . Indianapolis: World War Memorial Plaza: 24-year-old unemployed typist charged with fatal shooting of man he said made

indecent proposal then tried to rob him. Killer, toting shoulder-holster revolver, formerly arrested but not convicted on sodomy charge. Dead man had long police record. Reader tells us Plaza is scene of lucrative shake-down by vice cop . . . Sioux City, Iowa, police roundup of alleged homosexuals follow unsolved kidnap-murder of young boy. Several got 3-year "treatment" at Mt. Pleasant sanatorium . . .

Pasadena chiropractor, with woman's dress over suit, arrested on charge of setting fire to house . . . Pasadena judge, attacking vague local law forbidding two persons of opposite sex to be alone together in same room (unless brother-sister, parent-child or man-wife) suggests arrested couple challenge constitutionality of law . . . Arcadia Teacher's Club discussing group policy on morals issues, following hung jury in case of teacher accused of molesting pupils . . . Fuss over Sacramento teacher who gave sex-facts book to pregnant student . . .

Howling headlines in England over missing diplomats, Burgess & Maclean; charge both were homosexual. Vladimir Petrov, Red diplomat who skipped to Australia awhile back, said they'd spied 20 years for Russ. MP's on both sides of Commons demanded gov't. account, were promised White Paper telling all releasable facts on case. Press charged Foreign Office still held perverts and traitors, asked who'd shielded and tipped-off Burgess and Maclean, and why 2 hadn't been arrested when first suspected. (A village chemist claimed warning M.I.5 of irregular activities by Maclean year before disappearance.) Govt. replied there'd been insufficient evidence, decried vile attacks on F.O. White Paper appeared; widely labelled whitewash, one Tory MP charging "brotherhood of perverted men" in F.O. still hoodwinking public, called for rooting out

homos and traitors. Names of alleged homo friends of missing pair dragged thru press.

Lord Montagu back in news—fined for parking violation . . . Amateur Swimming Assn. official suggests drawn diagram accompany law on modesty standards for swim attire . . . 34-year-old farm worker arrested dancing (detective was dance partner) at Evesham Public Hall in woman's attire . . .

**TAILOR AND CUTTER** predicts more colorful men's styles . . . A canon preached at St. Paul's against statement attributed to Archbishop of Canterbury seeming to say God likes white people better'n black . . . Representatives of 9,000 British magistrates voted 41 to 33 to recommend homosexual practices (in private, between adults over 30) no longer be considered criminal offense, and prosecutions for major homosexual offenses be accompanied by medical report. Recommendation later met defeat as magistrates themselves voted 256 to 91 against. Northumberland vicar admitted possession of books and photos described as obscene, after detectives (who got address from London studio where he placed orders) threatened search . . . Newcastle scoutmaster arrested after having photos developed showing scouts swimming nude . . .

Glasgow **SUNDAY MAIL** ran wild alarm by Lionel Daiches warning of vile homo practices sweeping normality from Scotland. Mentioning 2 recent murders of homosexuals, he predicted fire and brimstone around corner, decried "arrant and vicious nonsense, so popular today, which issues like stream of sewage from so-called enlightened psychiatrists and law reformers." In many arts and professions, normal man has no chance against sodomites; said magazines and journals filled with sodomitic propaganda.

Sidney **MORNING HERALD** called for common-sense realistic revision of Aussie laws on homosexuality, in interest of justice rather than prejudice and superstitions. Minister of Justice promised to introduce more humane and effective bill . . . Letter in **MORNING HERALD** from Director of Father and Son Welfare Movement urged liberalized law . . .

Canadian Mountie in plainclothes nearly picked up several times by Montreal police on "vag" charge while tracking alleged drug-trafficking lesbian . . . 2 Toronto doctors currently facing morals charges . . . Ammended Criminal Code in Canada a bit improved: under old law, "buggery" with "any living creature" got life imprisonment; now down to 14 years, with clearer legal definition.

#### THE ARTS AND SUCH

Tho few Angelenos know it, LA is now the poorer for loss of Sam Radilla, an illiterate, immigrant stone mason, who for 33 years had been building a monument, a fantastic, primitive grouping of filigreed spires, made of bits of broken glass, tile, 7-UP bottles, hub caps, sea shells, wire and tons of cement, rising in unorthodox style vaguely suggestive of Cambodian temples. Unlikely these fabulous towers, hidden among the worst slums in So. Calif., will ever feature as standard tourist sights. Old man was strange, unwed, held non-conformist, disconnected views. "I had in mind to do something big and I did it."—monument to Giordano Bruno, Buffalo Billy, Columbus, Lincoln and to human freedom and dignity. His work has now stopped. Recently he handed property lease to a neighbor and left, possibly to return to Rome. No one knows what will become of his creation . . .

Revised **TEA AND SYMPATHY** script okayed by Production Code Administration, with hints of homosexuality presumably erased. Story now highlights boy's unorthodoxy and illicit love for married woman. Robt. Anderson did own rewrite. John and Deborah Kerr (no relation) retain roles from stage . . . Ingrid Bergman doing play in Paris . . .

Many British critics irate at Bette Davis' quaint old-waddling-duck performance in **VIRGIN QUEEN**. Said one: ". . . once again displays her unequalled talent as a female impersonator." Others cheered her as always . . . Japanese critics and censors angered by showing of **HOUSE OF BAMBOO** (understandable) and **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE** in Japan . . .

#### RECOMMENDED READING

**DEER PARK**, Mailer's novel of Hollywood decadence, because of references in his Jan. '55 essay in **ONE**. Putnam, \$4.

**BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ**, Thomas Gaddis, Random House, 334 pp, \$3.95. Not a gay book either, but sympathetic account of "lifer" who makes self authority on bird diseases, bucking opposition of prison officials.

**YOUNG TORLESS**, Robert Musil, Pantheon, 217 pp, \$2.95. 1st Engl. Transl. of novel of Viennese prewar decay; aristocratic military school.

**SEX IN CHRISTIANITY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS**, Wm. Graham Cole, \$4, Oxford University Press, says Christian sex mores came more from Mystery Cults than Hebrew tradition; urges return to "real" Biblical tradition, opposed to Freudianism.

**SHAKESPEARE'S BAWDY**, Eric Partridge, Dutton, \$7.50, study of sex and bawdiness in Bard; antidote to old Bowdler, who cut from his home edition of Shakespeare anything that might

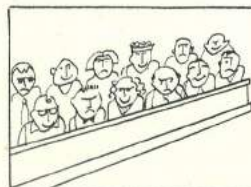
make a fair maiden blush. Partridge concludes Shakespeare knew too many heterosexual words to have been homo. On all other counts he stretches words to invest them with sexual meaning; here he reverses.

**THE ROARING BOYS**, Robert Payne, 316 pp, \$3.95, Doubleday, novel of Shakespeare's middle life, touching fully on homosexuality.

**THE DESERT AND THE STARS**, A Biography of Lawrence of Arabia, Flora Armitage, illus., 381 pp, \$4, Henry Holt, avoids both hero worship and naive debunking.

**HERITAGE**, Anthony West, 309 pp, \$3.75, Random House, novel suggesting autobiography, by son of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West (unwed) of problems of son of two unorthodox geniuses. Father accuses son of homosexuality.

**THE OTHER MAN** (title in England, **HOMOSEXUALITY**), by D. J. West, \$4, Wm. Morrow, fine, frank treatment of general subject, perhaps best to date.



DO YOU KNOW AN ATTORNEY? If so, please send us his name and address. We often have inquiries from those needing legal services, and would like to have names in ALL areas.





## DINNER FOR THREE

by *flint holland*

Her hands were in the biscuit mix when the phone rang. She heard Ray put down his newspaper in the living room and stomp into the hall.

"Hello . . . Hello . . . Who? . . . Sherry! For the love of Pete! What brings you to Hollywood? . . . Which studio? . . . Imagine that! Where you staying? . . . Well—not sure we'll be home. I'll ask Necia."

His wife came to the kitchen doorway. "Invite her to dinner, Ray. I've always liked the girl-friends you had before we were married."

He put a hand over the mouth-piece. "Sherry is a man. Young fellow I roomed with when Detroit was overcrowded during the war. Sheridan Woolley. Maybe I better say we won't be home."

"That would be unfriendly. Tell him to take a taxi and he'll be in time for dinner. Fried chicken and hot biscuits. That'll fetch him." She returned to the kitchen and heard her husband pass along the invitation with somewhat less enthusiasm.

She smiled as she assured herself that it was still necessary to push Ray out of his bachelor shyness.

From her fifth floor window she saw the taxi when it stopped in front of the apartment. She was setting the nook table with a lace cloth and her best napkins. The bell rang and she heard Ray faltering to the door. Heard the forced joviality in his greeting. It almost made her laugh to hear him struggle at it. She took off her flowered apron and went into the living room.

Ray began clumsily, "Necia, this is Sherry. Been four years since I knew him in Detroit. Says he's here for a screen test with Empire Studios."

She gave her hand cordially. "How very thrilling! I'm happy to know you, Sherry. Ray hadn't told me about you." She was pleasantly interested in this blond young man with large blue eyes and a complexion as smooth as her own. His sand-color suit brightened his blond-

ness to a startling degree. No wonder he was trying for the films!

Ray was fumbling for cigarettes on the table. "Smoke, Sherry? . . . Oh, no, of course you never did . . . How about cocktails, Necia?"

Sherry was still holding her hand. "Old Ray did mighty well for himself," he voted. The voice was soft and possessive.

Smilingly she removed her hand and returned to the kitchen. With the three cocktails on a small silver tray she returned to the living room. Ray was awkward at what to talk about. She couldn't remember his being this way with other men. She helped:

"How did Empire hear about you, Sherry? I mean, did you have theatrical experience in Detroit? The studios send scouts everywhere."

The smooth white hand which grasped the stem of the cocktail glass was emblazoned by a large

pigeon-blood ruby on the ring finger. It was synthetic but it gave fire and value to the young flesh. More than one girl must have laid awake in the night and thought about that hand.

He was answering her question. "Not a scout, no. Empire never heard of me till I bruised my knuckles on their famous door."

"I hope they were impressed. Have you seen the test?"

He took a swallow from the glass. "They liked my response to color photography. Had to admit it was tops. But they said I lacked heroic qualities. And my voice, it seems, is nice but juvenile." His eyes glinted resentfully as he took another swallow. "And oh yes! They said I had too much fat on the buttocks."

She heard Ray choke slightly on his drink. Her laughter carried the right note of sympathy. "What nonsense! You're not fat at all. What was the final verdict?"



He finished the cocktail. "Oh, the usual letdown. Extra parts for awhile if I cared to register with Central Casting. Always a possibility that a small character part might arise."

"I hope you registered."

"I did not. I haven't come all the way from Detroit to play in a mob scene now and then."

"What a pity!" she consoled. "Ray, don't you think he was treated rather shabbily? I mean, an attractive personality deserves some recognition."

Sherry snickered. "Don't ask Ray to praise me. It's the hardest thing he ever did. I'm not complaining of their treatment. They were kind and thorough. The young cameraman took no end of trouble when he posed me for the closeups. The most gorgeous eyes! I think some of the technicians are better looking than the actors."

Why was Ray so glum? She set the plates of chicken and mashed potatoes and peas on the table and was passing the hot biscuits. Sherry was willing to talk if Ray wasn't.

"Honestly, I don't mean to imply that the studio was stupid, but I do think I rate a small part. Besides, I want to live in Southern California. I liked Detroit well enough at one time—especially when Ray was there." He wagged his head in amused memory at something. "We were both doing war work which was too heavy for us. The steel plates nearly ruined my hands. Ray didn't mind so much because he's strong, but he was plenty weary when we staggered into our room in the evening. It was the housing emergency which brought us together."

She poured tea and sat down. The bored expression on Ray's face puzzled her. Sherry chattered on.

"The room was small and had a

weird smell, I remember. One small clothes closet, if you please, for all my clothes and Ray's few. We never knew where anything was. One night we were reduced to a single pair of pajamas between us. I slept in the pants and Ray wore the shirt." He burst into laughter. "It was too unbearably funny when he forgot and jumped out of bed at six o'clock to take the morning paper from the startled chambermaid."

Ray's expression remained sober. She couldn't figure it. Of course Sherry was overacting a little, but it was all in fun. She was glad when the dinner was over and she had declined Sherry's demand to wash the dishes. They went back to the living room with a noticeable vacuum in the air. She tried to break it with another question:

"You won't take the verdict of only one studio, will you?"

"I'm afraid I will," Sherry admitted. "The test was expert and I've swallowed the big bad medicine. Lost confidence in my acting. Never had much anyway. No, I'll just trot home to Detroit. I suppose I can still have fun in the old town."

Ray said solemnly, "You can always jump in the lake."

Sherry giggled without offense. "Why, you rat! I can't swim and you know it." He turned back to Necia. "Ray was carrying a torch for a sort of war-time sweetheart and I guess he was having dreams about her, because sometimes when I woke up he had both arms—"

"Sherry!" Ray's tone was a stop-signal. "Let's leave out silly dreams."

Sherry grinned at his hostess. "Oh, well, it was a good story while it lasted."

She urged, "Why not find some other kind of work here?"

He reached out and patted her hand. "Thanks, my dear. If I stay, will you give Ray a free night occasionally?"

Amusedly she began, "Well, I might be persuaded—"

Ray cut in sharply. "Sherry, I think you'd better go."

She felt a small shock in her nerves. She knew Ray didn't mean Detroit. Sherry knew it too. He looked long and reproachfully at his host. Then he turned back to Necia.

"So I'm dismissed, my sweet. I told you I'd lost my confidence, and this is the way it shows. I always say the wrong things in the right place."

She was flushed with embarrassment. "I'm sure Ray was joking."

Sherry shook his head slowly. "No joke." He stepped close and pressed his cheek against hers in response to her sympathy.

"You—you don't have a hat?" she attempted.

"No. I'll just run along without calling a taxi. I'll need a long walk now. Goodbye, dear girl. I—I know what I've missed in life when I see the likes of you. Goodby, Ray. Sorry I live so much in the past."

She waited till the door closed before she marched before her husband with blazing eyes. "I don't think I have ever, in all my life—"

He stopped her words gently with a hand over her mouth. Endearingly he grasped both of her upper arms.

"Don't say it, Necia. Wait till sometime when you know better. Sherry was an emergency in my life. A war-housing emergency, yes, and another variety also. I'm glad you didn't understand. There are things a man wants to remember

always, and there are things he wants to forget completely. You've made me forget wholesomely—until tonight."

Her anger was melting fast before his implied wisdom which she did not comprehend. "Sherry was only clowning," she protested softly.

"Let's call it that. Native clowns never mature. That's the fairest criticism I can offer for him."

"Darling — are you sure you weren't a little jealous of his small pats and praises of me?"

Her tall husband smiled at her for the first time this evening. "Could Sherry ever take my place with you?"

She laughed in a whisper at the ludicrous idea. It was her admission of error. "But I *would* like to paint his picture in oils, and perhaps sew on his buttons, and even scrub behind his ears."

"Exactly. He hasn't grown up. So he's still a boy."

She admitted, "I never wanted to grow up. No woman does."

"Now you're closer to the truth. Sherry isn't equal to responsibility. He likes to attract attention. He wants breakfast in bed, and a pressed shirt ready for him, and theater tickets on the dresser."

"But he's really not a fool," she insisted. "Anyone can see that."

"He's not a fool, no. He can't help being the way he is." Leaning down he kissed her lips.

She whispered impishly, "I can understand that kind of a fool, because I'm one myself."

# out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals.

Extracts from

THE  
SYMPOSIUM  
by  
Plato

(as translated by W. HAMILTON)

Socrates has previously established certain of his views concerning love, good, immortality, and beauty. As to the first three, it was asserted that love is love of the perpetual possession of the good. Then, since immortality for mankind involves procreation, which can be consummated only in association with beauty, it was further asserted that the object of love is to "procreate and bring forth in beauty." Now it is brought forward that, with mortal creatures, procreation is of that sort which brings forth mortal progeny; but with man, who lives a mental and a social life distinct from the physical, procreation has also a spiritual aspect in which individuals seek immortality in terms of social reputation and renown. Great personages of Greek history and legend are cited — Lycurgus, Achilles, Homer, Solon, etc. — who immortalized themselves in man's memory through deeds of courage, displays of wisdom, or accomplishments in the arts. Diotima continues:

"Those whose creative instinct is physical have recourse to women and show their love in this way, believing that by begetting children they can secure for themselves an immortal and blessed memory hereafter for ever; but there are some

whose creative desire is of the soul, who conceive spiritually the progeny which it is the nature of the soul to conceive and bring forth. This progeny is wisdom and virtue in general (and) far the greatest and fairest branch of wisdom is that which is concerned with the due ordering of states and families, whose name is moderation and justice. When by divine inspiration a man finds himself from his youth up spiritually pregnant with these qualities, and desires to bring forth and be delivered, (he) goes in search of a beautiful environment for his children; for he can never bring forth in ugliness . . .

'(His search) begins in contemplation of physical beauty, and one who is properly guided will first be attracted to one particular beautiful person, and beget noble ideas in partnership with him. Later he will observe that physical beauty in one is closely akin to that in another, and therefore it would be folly not to acknowledge that all such beauty is one and the same. Then he will relax the intensity of his passion for one particular person, seeing this to be beneath him and of small account. The next stage is for him to reckon beauty of soul more valuable than beauty of body, and from this

he will be impelled to contemplate beauty as it exists in activities and institutions, and to recognize that here, too, all beauty of soul is akin, and that next to it physical beauty, taken as a whole, is a poor thing in comparison. From morals he must be directed to the sciences and contemplate their beauty also, so that . . . gazing upon the vast ocean of beauty to which his attention is now turned, he may bring forth in the abundance of his love for good many magnificent sentiments and ideas, until at last, strengthened and increased in stature by this experience, he catches sight of one unique science, whose object is the beauty of which I am about to speak.

'This beauty is first of all eternal, neither coming into being nor passing away; it is not beautiful in part and ugly in part, nor is it beautiful only at certain times or in certain relationships. Nor again will this beauty appear as the beauty of a face or hands or anything else corporeal, or as the beauty of an idea, or as any beauty having its seat in something other than itself. It will be seen as absolute, self-existent, unique, eternal, all beautiful things partaking of it, yet itself remaining changeless.

'When a man, starting from this sensible world and making his way upward by a right use of his feelings of attachment to youths, begins to catch sight of that beauty, he is very near his goal. For this is the right way of approaching the mysteries of love, to begin with examples of beauty in this world, from one instance of physical beauty to two, and from two to all, then from physical

beauty to moral beauty, and from moral beauty to the beauty of knowledge, until from knowledge of various kinds one arrives at the supreme knowledge whose sole object is that absolute beauty, and knows at last what absolute beauty is.

'This above all others, my dear Socrates,' Diotima concludes, 'is the region where a man's life should be spent. Once having seen that absolute beauty, you will not value it in terms of gold or of rich clothing, or of the beauty of young men, the sight of whom at present throws many like you into such an ecstasy that, provided you could always enjoy the sight and company of your darlings, you would be content to go without food and drink, if that were possible. What may we suppose to be the felicity of the man who sees absolute beauty in its essence, pure and unalloyed, who, instead of a beauty limited to human flesh and color and a mass of perishable rubble, is able to apprehend divine beauty where it exists apart and alone? Do you think that it will be a poor life that a man leads, who has his gaze fixed in that direction, who contemplates absolute beauty with the appropriate faculty, and is in constant union with it? Do you not see that in that region alone . . . he will be able to bring forth, not mere reflected images of goodness, but true goodness itself? Then, having brought forth and nurtured true goodness, he will have the privilege of being beloved of God and becoming, if ever a man can, immortal himself.'

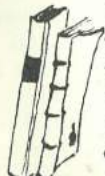


Concluding Extract



## BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



### BOOK SERVICE

- 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 DEER PARK** by Norman Mailer, Putnam..... 4.00  
An outstanding new novel by the author of **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD**.
- 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 HOMOSEXUALS** ed. by A. M. Krich, Citadel ..... 4.00  
A "rummage sale" collection, with some old materials, now badly shopworn; mostly oddities, so cracked and chipped nobody wanted them. Well worth reading — for laughs.
- ALL THE SEXES** by George W. Henry, Rinehart ..... 7.50  
The sage of Cayuga dishes up some of his oldest (and moldiest) platitudes, newly spiced with the language of bebop and trade. O science, what crimes are committed in thy name! Then again, you might be just perverse enough to enjoy this unique serving.
- THE OTHER MAN** by Donald J. West, Morrow ..... 4.00  
A study of the Social, Legal, and Clinical Aspects of Homosexuality.

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.

## HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN TRADITION

By Derrick Sherwin Bailey  
Longmans, Green & Co.,  
London & New York,  
176 pp. \$3.50

Two years ago, a party leader in the British House of Lords warned hysterically of a new onslaught of the "vices of Sodom and Gomorrah," and while stating he didn't expect the nation to be directly punished by earthquakes and brimstone, he obviously would not have been surprised by such consequences.

A few months after, the Church of England's Moral Welfare Council (see **ONE**, June '54) released an interim report indicating that though homosexual acts were sinful, they were perhaps less so than adultery, and homosexuals per se, neither immoral nor unnatural, could often be valued members of society.

One of those who worked on that report, D. Sherwin Bailey, Central Lecturer for the Council, recently published this scholarly but readable history of the Church's attitude toward homosexuality. The first thing he upsets is Lord Samuel's notion, shared by most Christians, that Sodom was punished for homosexuality, and that a similar fate awaits any nation giving free rein to this vice. With painstaking etymological analysis, tracing differing texts and backgrounds, he concludes that homosexual implications in the Sodom story were late accretions, current during the first century, or just in time to be borrowed by early Christians. Comparing the story to that of the Watchers ("The sons of God" of Gen. vi. 2) in the Apocrypha, he argues that aside from the general sinfulness of Sodom, there was the sin of Orders: illicit relations be-

tween men and angels, considered more serious than what since came to be called Sodomy.

Likewise he denies the homosexual interpretation of many other Biblical passages. (Almost he makes so good a case of this it might seem homosexuality was phenomenally rare in those days.) Aside from Lev. xviii. 22, and xx. 13, Rom. i. 26-7, I Cor. vi. 9-10 and I Tim. i. 9-10, he discounts most passages as not specifically or specifically referring to homosexuality. He rules out such implication in the Sodom-like account of the Benjaminite outrage at Gibeah (Judges xix) and discounts as well the imputation of sexuality between David and Jonathan. (Ruth and Naomi are not mentioned in this context.) He dismisses as groundless Kinsey's view that the Hebrew anti-homosexual bias (and by derivation, our own) dates from the Babylonian captivity.

Against the charge that Christianity, thru Paul, imposed its anti-homosexual bias on a more tolerant Pagan world, he cites Roman laws and interpretations to show that the Romans were less than generally tolerant (but these laws, as he notes, deal less with homosexuality per se than with prostitution and rape of minors) and that in fact, Medieval laws were often rephrasings of earlier Pagan laws, with references to Sodom added. Contrary to Ellis and Westermarck who felt the Church was unduly hard on homosexuals, he argues that in clerical writings and canon law, mentions of homosexuality were surprisingly rare and recommended

punishment no more severe than for comparable offenses, and less harsh in secular sources.

“... it is noticeable that those who demand justice and sympathy for the homosexual frequently attribute his treatment by society and the law to malign and obscurantist ecclesiastical influences . . . The anti-ecclesiastical, and sometimes anti-Christian prejudice which unfortunately seems to have animated so many writers on sexual topics inclined them to attribute instinctively to the Church every idea or development of which they disapproved . . . Let me at once make it clear that the Church cannot be exonerated from all responsibility for our present attitude . . . This responsibility, however, the Church cannot bear alone; it is not as if, throughout the last two millenia, reluctant legislatures had been forced by spiritual authority to enact laws and to prescribe punishments which they secretly detested. The Church taught and people universally believed, on what was held to be excellent authority, that homosexual practices had brought a terrible Divine judgment upon the city of Sodom, and that the repetition of such ‘offenses against nature’ had from time to time provoked similar visitations in the form of earthquake and famine. It was understandable, therefore, that by means both of ecclesiastical discipline and of the restraints and penalties of the civil law, steps should be taken to ward off the wrath of God . . .”

Particularly interesting, though sketchy, was his account of the Church's reaction to the Manichaean cults, who, thinking it a cardinal sin to bring children into this wicked world, allegedly condoned homosexuality as a lesser sin.

After carefully tracing the development of canon law and other Church writings on the subject, Dr. Bailey follows the history of the law in England (taking time out to argue with Ellis' account of homosexuality among the Norman kings) and makes several specific recommendations for liberalizing that law.

Dr. Bailey regards the Christian tradition as essentially right in emphasizing the duty of the law to protect the young, and in its emphasis that the homosexual offender is a sinner for whom justice needs to be tempered with mercy, and as a guide to treatment of perverts and perversion. He feels that tradition to be quite erroneous in its ignorance of biological and psychological causes, in ignoring lesbianism, and in unjustifiably considering homosexual acts more serious than socially harmful heterosexual acts.

This is an important book, and altogether, a good one. Yet it seems to this reviewer, who admits his own amateurishness as a critic, that Dr. Bailey is far too much concerned with explaining away the Church's long-gone responsibility for the origin of a bias, where contemporary responsibility remain clear. It matters little if some Medieval rulers were more intolerant of homosexuals than their clerical counterparts, so long as most segments of the Church still have not learned to temper justice with mercy. Ellis' and Westermarck's slander against the Church retains more than a little truth and Dr. Bailey's study is badly cramped in its defensive position. But to a degree he does manage to correct the widely current notion that the Medieval Church reacted always with one (malevolent) mind. The wrenching struggles constantly taking place within the Church, and the pervading secular influence, are all too easily lost sight of by those who desire to damn the Church.

He tries to prove that there is little or no ground for the theory that God especially condemned homosexuality. Yet he must not shake loose his cornerstone premise that all sexual acts not intended as procreative are sinful. He must demonstrate that the Church is not primarily responsible for public hatred of homosexuals, and at the same time exhort the Church to a degree of reformation. He does surprisingly well at so complicated a task.

It is, however, a little astonishing to find a sincerely moral cleric apol-

ogizing for historic sins of the Church by saying that some secular figures of times past were worse.

Perhaps it is unfair for a reviewer not to simply accept an author on his own premises, particularly where those premises are forthrightly stated, as here. For any student of homosexual history, this book is invaluable. For the intelligent religious reader, to whom it is primarily directed, it is perhaps the most important book yet published on homosexuality.

—reviewed by  
lyn pedersen

#### THE GROTTA

By Grace Zaring Stone (Ethel Vance)  
Harper, 1951

This novel, with the skillful craftsmanship and sure hand of the experienced writer, approaches the homosexual theme from a somewhat new angle—that of the mother of a homosexual. The inner duels between the two are delicately delineated, as the mother desperately tries first to deceive herself, then, to run from the facts, then, to battle with the man whom she suspects of having designs on her son.

The whole action is picturesquely set against a backdrop of Italian mountains and seascape with the waves dashing against the walls of the grotto which symbolically honeycombs the villa foundations and the drama being played out above.

The climax reveals the strengths and weaknesses of the author's philosophy and perhaps thereby the inherent weakness of all philosophy which finds itself incapable of accepting homosexuality as a fact of existence, therefore in some way “valid.” Mrs. Stone's subtly designed plan, whereby the mother schemes to win by losing, is but the measure of the customary heterosexual inability to squarely face the issue. Would it be cruel to hint that the mother's victory was outward only and that she could no more “win” her battle than could Canute command the tides?

Yet this book deserves its place as a serious attempt to face a problem which surely is found wherever there are parents and a homosexual child. Countless families must face the problem whether or not they relish the prospect. It may take a whole literature to chart the way. A salute then, at least, for a good beginning.

W. L.

## CREEP INTO THY NARROW BED

By Leonard Bishop

Dial Press 1954

Since stark realism, undistorted by sentimentality, bitterness or preaching is the special forte of this author, whatever his subject, perhaps it should not come as a surprise that he is able to handle the lesbian theme in the same objective, matter-of-fact manner. Nevertheless, after the reams of morbid nonsense that have been written about this subject, it is both surprising and refreshing to find a fictional account of lesbianism that bears some resemblance to actuality. The primary theme of "Creep Into Thy Narrow Bed" is the abortion racket, and a real shocker it is, but it is with the secondary theme, the story of Patricia Michaels, sister of Adam, the protagonist of the novel, that we will concern ourselves here.

In Pat, we have a lesbian who is neither depraved, vicious, neurotic, bitter, cynical, morbid nor given to wallowing in self-pity. Except for the one small "twist" in her nature (as she calls it) she is simply a normal, decent kid trying to live a normal, decent life, a task made somewhat more difficult by her "twist," but by no means impossible. In the beginning, when she tries to seduce a latent male homosexual (unsuccessfully) in an effort to determine whether either of them are capable of a heterosexual relationship, and shortly thereafter when she initiates her first homosexual affair with a roommate as a combination test, experiment and conviction that she must begin somewhere, she is perhaps a trifle too detached and objective to be believable for one so young and inexperienced, but thereafter her actions and reaction are remarkably authentic.

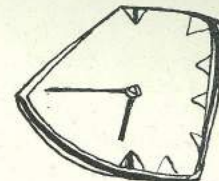
For her first love affair she is fortunate to find Linda, a young sculptress, who, like herself, does not believe a decent, productive life is impossible for the homosexual. Linda is far more sophisticated and worldly-wise than the inexperienced Pat and her knowledge

and realism are of enormous help to the girl who has yet to learn all that being a lesbian in a hostile society involves. Pat is introduced to the extreme "types" of gay society, so dear to the heart of the fiction writer; without catastrophic results she manages to reconcile herself to the fact that not everyone will knowingly accept a lesbian as a human being without turning anti-social or committing suicide, she neither glamorizes, despises nor pities herself—in short, she behaves much as any reasonably intelligent, self-respecting citizen does when faced with his own unique set of problems. And she and Linda succeed in building their relationship into something very strong and fine—an unheard of accomplishment in fiction dealing with homosexuals heretofore.

But, welcome though a fair treatment of the lesbian theme is, the real value of this book lies in the fact that it is coupled with a real moral horror such as the abortion racket. No matter how strongly prejudiced he may be, no person reading this book will be able to avoid making moral comparisons, and it will be an obtuse individual indeed who does not conclude that human degradation is in no way dependent upon sexual preference. A most telling blow is struck when Adam, a moral weakling whose activities would have revolted a Borgia, discovers his sister is a lesbian. His furious outrage and shame (of all things!) would be laughable were they not so plausible. And I do not believe that there are many readers who will be proud of sharing an attitude of Adam Michaels'.

It is rather startling that the first unbiased and fairly accurate treatment of the lesbian theme should be written by a man, but perhaps that is the very reason a fair and objective treatment was possible. He had no ax to grind.

—Marlin Prentiss



6:45 A.M.

Coming home  
At 6:45 a.m.  
On a Sunday morning,  
Alone,  
Through snow,  
Is like sinking  
Through the dark, cold channel  
Of madness  
And melancholy.

(all night  
the gay voices—  
shrill laughter—  
music from a nightmare—  
and a strange assortment  
of penny-candy eyes,  
and penny-candy lips.)

Coming home  
At 6:45 a.m.  
On a Sunday morning  
Is like being very, very old,  
And very, very wise,  
Yet still in the womb—  
Dead though unborn—  
Complete but unbreathing—

R. L. B.



ΣΣ

# THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

## AN ORCHID FOR HENNIE

by gabrielle ganelle

It hadn't been easy. Nothing was ever easy for Hennie. Now they had it fixed. Why not? What was there to lose?

"It's almost too perfect, Baby," Joe said, springing slowly up and down on the balls of his feet, sliding his hands into hip pockets. "We've got it made. All we gotta do is play it smart. When you go on tonight don't get scared, Baby."

He pulled a hand from his pocket, leaned partly backwards to knead the muscle behind his right knee. "Make like any other night . . . then, 'Blue Moon' . . . our song, Baby. And sing your heart out because this is gonna be the last night you sing for peanuts." He brought his heels down with a thud, his face tightening up as it often did when rage was getting hold of him. "Look . . . Doll . . ." he said, hammering the last letter of each word into the air, "you back out of this thing now and I'll—" He

stopped; chewed on the tip of his tongue. "So help me I'll give you what Jan got." He screwed a fist into the palm of his hand. "Don't talk like that, Joe." Hennie shuddered. "Sure. I'm gonna get her for all she's got. Why not? People like Paula Winters ought to get took."

"You *know* it," he said. "Her old man's worth enough . . ." he slapped big hands on his knees and swung around to face the bare yellowed wall, "we shouldn't have no trouble in getting you on Broadway . . . or better, Doll." Hennie watched him through the mirror. Sometimes he could make her feel so good—important. He had a startlingly triangular face with wide apart eyes: eyes intense blue—like a saint or a killer, she thought, and shuddered at her comparisons.

"Wait'll that father of hers finds out what she *really* is," Hennie said and laughed: curly, not-happy laughter.

It was five o'clock when she got back to her dressing room. She snapped the lights on around the old-fashioned mirror so that all the little light bulbs made a cheap necklace around it. She smiled to see her image in that frame. It was right when the smile came back to her, filling her with a confident pleasantness that women know. She breathed deeply to feel the smell of grease paint in her lungs. Paula Winters should be here in another five minutes.

Hennie lifted the lid of her traveling trunk, wrinkling her nose at the faded aroma of orchids—perhaps twenty-six in all. One for every night. She closed the lid of the trunk carefully. 'My treasure chest,' she thought, and patted the trunk. Glancing over at the clock again she fumbled for a cigarette; held it between her lips for a moment; snatched it from her mouth then threw it on the dresser—it fell close to the edge and rolled off to the floor.

"All you have to do, Baby," he'd said, "is sing our song when she gets back here with that orchid. Then," he'd snapped his fingers, "the signal, and I'll do the rest. It'll be a cinch. 'Blue Moon'—our song, Baby doll. Never thought a song would pay off so good and so easy. Give it all you got. It's gonna give right back."

'What's there to be nervous about?' Hennie thought. 'There's none of the dirty work for *me* to do. Just *sing*. God, how I'm gonna sing! No more one or two week club engagements and no more endless weeks looking for them.' All she needed was the breaks. 'Without half trying' she thought, 'here it is, right in the palm of my hand.'

She walked to the chair, put her knee on it and leaned over to reach for the window behind it. Raising the window all the way up she breathed deeply of the night air. It

seemed always to help stifle any rousing tension she might have, as on most opening nights. But in the midst of completing this function she stopped; held her breath. She might have known. The cricket sound, like the winding of a cheap pocket watch—ceaseless, timeless. She shuddered and slammed the window shut; turned abruptly so that she was sitting on her leg. "Damn," she muttered. "Those *damn* crickets." Long ago she had promised herself not to think why the winding of a pocket watch gave her the creeps—as when her father wound his watch before one of his sudden fury-outbursts.

When the knock on the door came, Hennie jumped, walked quickly to the dresser; fumbled to pick up her



hair brush—set it down again heedlessly—glanced at herself in the mirror; loosened a tight curl expertly at her temple—"Come . . . come in," she said, and took a long pull of air.

Paula Winters opened the door; closed it softly behind her and slipped onto the stool beside the door. "Hi," she said. "Thought I'd never get out of there. A party, Dad and his parties." "How did you manage?" Hennie pretended to complete an eyebrow with a pencil, leaning over close to the mirror and wondering if Paula noticed the fear in her eyes. 'Not now,' she thought frantically, 'I must not bungle now!'

"How did I manage getting out? Darned if I remember," Paula laughed, and stopped. "If I didn't think you were perfect last night I'd say you were more beautiful tonight."

"Not so," Hennie tried levity, "if I were perfect I could *keep* my men."

"That wouldn't help." Paula laughed again. "A man doesn't want perfection. He wants a woman. You look lovely."

Hennie tried to smile. "You've quite the knack for using words, like a sculptor using his hands," she said with a darting look at the trunk in which were the orchids. "If I'm not lovely before you use them, I am when you're through."

Paula smiled, getting to her feet. "We have a half hour before you go on," she said.

"Yes," Hennie said. "And when I'm out there singing my heart to you, will you go out to get me an orchid again? and be back? be back with an orchid for me?"

"But don't I always, foolish girl? Don't I always have an orchid for you? Half an hour," she said, walking slowly toward Hennie, and looking at her watch.

Hennie jumped. The sudden blast of a police siren was going by: a shrill nerve of sound.

\* \* \*

The crowd clapped mechanically. It was early yet. Hennie looked for Joe. He was sitting at the table on

the right from the stage. He nodded; winked with a smile; gripped his big hands so that each elbow reached out from both sides of him. Hennie smiled back and wondered if the smile was as dry as it felt in her throat. In the middle of "Stormy Weather" Hennie turned to watch Paula leave the dressing room. According to expectations Paula should be back in about twenty minutes with the orchid. A beautiful trap.

Hennie finished her song and wet her lips mechanically. The crowd was warming up. She nodded her head with thanks and introduced her next song. The drummer had the spotlight. A blue light was trained on him. Hennie watched him. His face, loose and hanging, was tightening gradually as he entered the feeling of the number. She had to look away quickly. He was pushing the pulsing rhythm, a furious heart-beat, into the air. She clasped her hands together and pressed them to her. 'Laryngitis,' she thought, 'what if suddenly I should get an attack of laryngitis when she gets back?' Through the song she watched Joe flip a coin significantly, the only link needed to reach the place she had dreamed of since she was a kid. The telephone booth was right behind Joe.

'A party, Paula had said,' Hennie thought, 'What if her father isn't there when Joe calls? What if Paula doesn't get back?' Her thoughts shuttled between the two possibilities. She knew Joe's blind rages. She was sure he'd blame her.

In the middle of "Sonny Boy" Hennie spotted Paula re-entering her dressing room with the orchid. She was amazed that not one note betrayed the excitement she felt. Was it fear? nervousness? He'd kill her if anything went wrong. What *could* go wrong? Her voice was better than ever tonight. Everything was going as planned. The song was over. She

nodded and smiled at the growing responsiveness of the Saturday night crowd.

An icy fear suddenly burst inside her: a cold stream, forming tributaries in her arms, her legs. 'What is it,' she thought hurriedly, 'what is it I'm supposed to sing?'

Our song—our song—our song . . . stumbled through her mind—overlaid. "Birth of the Blues"? "Moon Over Miami"? Too late now. She had to think of something quickly.

Then, with a whispering giggle growing inside her, she said, "My next number will be: 'I Surrender Dear.'" She turned to Joe and smiled with a relief she hadn't known in years. He returned the smile hesitantly; twitched his shoulders as though to drive away a growing impatience.

She watched his jaw revolve as he chewed on the end of his tongue and flipped the coin too regularly, like a man who winds his watch.

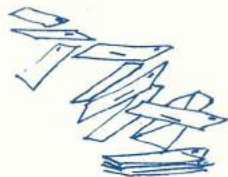
## FUTILITY



Hunted I have  
But have not found  
The spool with the scarlet thread  
Fate wound;  
Nor seedlings  
Planted before the frost;  
All things I see  
All things are lost;  
And ever and ever  
The shining lure  
Turns in my hand  
To a dust dry burr.

—Genevieve K. Stephens

# 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 Sirs:

Recently a friend handed me a Feb. copy of ONE, explaining it was a homosexual magazine. Expecting a lawless, vulgar publication I was completely taken by surprise when I discovered it to be highly interesting and very informative. My outlook on homosexuality, I'm ashamed to admit, had formerly been that of a very narrow minded, prejudiced and almost totally ignorant (in this matter) layman who put his thoughts and opinions above actuality.

Your magazine has caused me to seek out information about the causes and conditions of homosexuality and by doing so my whole views on the subject have been radically changed. In fact I must thank you for making such a magazine possible. My own son is a homosexual and my new views on the subject will, I believe, lead to a reconciliation with him.

The article which impressed me the most was the one which told how ONE began. It showed to me the courage and determination of your minority to gain equal rights and privileges enjoyed by the rest of this free America. I'm sure if such a spirit of this kind continues and grows stronger and stronger your battle toward freedom from hostility will be a winning one.

MR. K.  
OSAWATOMIE, KAN.

Dear Sirs:

Hope you pay attention to Mr. D's letter — but, don't go overboard. I, too, believe you've been a little "heavy" in the past — but only at times. The Mattachine Review is published expressly for the intellectual and the scientist. ONE is attempting to reach and help us ALL! Keep it that way. Appeal to us all! How many intellectuals, scientists do you suppose are going to carry the banner and fight the battle with us and for us? Make no mistake — they just aren't going to show their faces until the little guys have the ball rolling — SAFELY rolling, that is! Take a "heavy" issue of ONE — then take a "light" issue — find your balance — then NO ONE can do MORE for ALL of us than you!

MISS S.  
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Friends:

Received current copy yesterday, and, as usual, was grateful to get it. Was touched by the letter you printed from Mr. D. of K. C., Kan. That guy isn't nearly as dumb as he says he is. Think he has a good point.

Why is the mag shorter in content? Enclosed find \$10.00 to be used to further your work. If you are low on funds for gosh sake mention it in the mag. We'll support you!

MR. G.  
MERRIAM, KAN.

Dear Friends:

I wish to compliment you on the excellent poetry you have been using in your recent issues. As a staff worker on a poetry magazine it has been of interest to me to see the constant improvement in your choice of poems.

MISS C.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have not renewed my subscription because I frankly felt that the magazine did nothing for those of our particular world. The articles were ambiguous; you seemed afraid to discuss some of the injustices that plague us such as being branded "Security Risks" by the Federal Government. One of the greatest needs of the type we represent is social contact with those of us who speak the same language by means of clubs, pen pals, etc. You provide none of that. Anyhow, would you be good enough to supply me with the address of the Mattachine Society?

MR. A.  
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Editors Note: Mattachine Society, P.O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53, Calif. Glad to oblige!

Dear Sirs:

Thanks so much for giving us such good book reviews. Your is the only magazine we can depend on to mention the new and old books we would care to read.

MR. S.  
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my deepest respect and gratitude for the sincere way in which you all have tackled the big job you're doing.

During five years of happily "married" life we have had to think out some of our problems such as how we were to live together. The decision to do so openly and without dissembling was made easier by your moral support. As usual, with these decisions, the fear of the consequences was grossly exaggerated in relation to how simple life has become since the decision was made.

MR. P.  
VICTORIA, B. C.

Dear Editor:

Mr. D. of Kansas City, Kansas is most righteous in his letter to you. And it is to him that I would give this month's bouquet. Not all of us can employ four syllable words with ease. But this does not mean that our very simple language does not carry equally important messages. If your magazine represents every homosexual, regardless of education, then it is your duty to prove it. Let your readers decide whether the articles are meritorious, whether or not they deserve praise! May I also suggest that in readers like Mr. D., you will find the courage and the backbone, the voice and the strength of those who are willing to stand up and be counted.

MR. S.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Why oh why do you insist on printing so-called "modern" poetry? What ever happened to "June" and "Moon"—or don't WE people stop crying long enough to look up and notice the moon or what month it happens to be? Write some stuff that we can understand—and feel a LIFT when reading it!

MISS K.  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Dear Ones:

A little note to Mr. D. "I enjoyed your letter very much and agree with your point of view. It's true as you stated, 'ONE is doing a good job for a certain type, but I don't think you're doing much for everybody'. I agree with this statement very much. But ONE is not entirely to blame. People like myself, the reading public, are also to blame. I write — so do other subscribers. Why don't we write the articles and stories wanted by you and countless others. After all, ONE is our magazine. Blame me, Mr. D., as well as you blame ONE."

MR. G.  
DETROIT, MICH.

Dear Editors:

I'd like to compliment you on your very balanced magazine. At first the feminine viewpoint was sadly lacking and many of us felt "out in the cold." Thanks to you all for dedicating a portion of your magazine to us, wherein we may share our views and fight the battle with you.

MISS. G.  
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Dear Sirs:

I live in a small town, the near ..... It seems impossible to meet anyone with whom I may make friends. Living completely alone with no one to talk with, no one who would understand is like not living at all. I wonder if you would be so kind as to print this letter and ask some of your other lonely subscribers if they would like to correspond with me. I am 25 year of age, interested in books and plays, like hiking and hunting and would appreciate hearing from people who have the same interests. Also, if you know of any places in ..... where I could meet understanding people, please let me know.

MR. T.  
(TOWN DELETED)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above letter is printed as a sample of hundreds we receive monthly. We have tried, when possible, to answer these letters personally and explain our position in this matter. However, time and the press of work make it impossible to give all letters personal attention. ONE, Inc., according to its Constitution and By-Laws, and ONE magazine in accordance with its policies cannot in any way assume the duties of a pen pal club or an introduction center. Each subscriber is guaranteed privacy in his association with this corporation. No agency, nor private individuals other than those employed by ONE, shall ever have access to our mailing list. A Supreme Court decision banning the confiscation of mailing lists for any purposes protect each and every subscriber.

The staff of ONE understands the sincerity of the letters received. We know, too, that foreign publications offer such services to their subscribers. It must be realized that ONE, the first publication of its kind in this hemisphere, is patterned after no other publication. The Corporation was established for far greater service than publishing alone.

When the homosexual may live in dignity, meet in freedom and contribute his talents and energies towards a better world as does the rest of society, without hiding the fact of his homosexuality, there will be no need for pen pal clubs and the introduction centers. ONE must not lose sight of the big picture and we hope our readers will understand—it's YOUR fight we are fighting.

**ONE** takes notice of The National Association for Sexual Research Postoffice Box 750, Los Angeles 28, California, which announces itself as a non-profit corporation, "organized for the purpose of conducting research programs, both medical and legal, into the problems of the individual and his sexual life adjustment, and also for the purpose of education and enlightenment of general society to promote a better mental health and family-life adjustment."

Its activities include discussion-group meetings, lectures, and the publication of informative leaflets. Membership is open to men and women of voting age.

With the addition of this organization there are now three groups having headquarters in Los Angeles, including One and the Mattachine Society, each of them concerned with some phase of socio-sexual problems. In addition, there are several professional research teams and individuals quietly at work on their own related projects. It would thus appear likely that Southern California is today leading the field in serious study of such problems, as one eastern scientist recently said.

#### A CITIZEN'S RIGHTS IN CASE OF ARREST

1. An officer cannot arrest you without a warrant unless you have committed a crime in his presence or he has reasonable grounds to believe you have committed a felony. (Calif. PC 836.)
2. If he has a warrant, ask to see it and read it carefully. If you are arrested without a warrant ask what the charge is.
3. You are not required to answer any questions. You may but do not have to give your name and address. If you are accused of a crime of which you are innocent, deny the charge. Go along but under protest. Do not resist physically.
4. Do not sign anything. Take the badge numbers of arresting officers.
5. If you are taken to jail, ask when you are booked what the charges are and whether they are misdemeanor or felony charges.
6. Insist on using a telephone to contact your lawyer or family or the number of the answering service on the reverse side of this card, leave your name and where you are held.
7. You have the right to be released on bail for most offenses. Have your attorney make the arrangements or ask for a bail bondsman.
8. After an arrest without a warrant, a person must, without unnecessary delay, be taken before the most accessible magistrate in the area where the arrest is made. The magistrate must hear the complaint and set bail. (Calif. PC 849.)
9. Report any instances of police brutality which you observe to your attorney.
10. If you do not have an attorney by the time you are brought before a judge to plead, ask for additional time to obtain an attorney; or if this is not possible, plead not guilty and ask for a trial by jury.
11. You are entitled to a written statement of the charges against you before you are required to enter a plea.
12. You are not required to testify against yourself in any trial or hearing. (Fifth Amendment, U.S. Constitution.)
13. If you are questioned by any law enforcement officer including the FBI, remember that you are not required to answer any questions concerning yourself or others.  
(Fifth Amendment, U.S. Constitution)

N.A.S.R., INC.

HOLLYWOOD 2-6416

LEGAL DEPARTMENT  
Post Office Box 750  
Los Angeles 28, Calif.

**one**

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.*

#### I EDUCATION DIVISION

#### II PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

Don Slater, *Manager*

Book Department  
ONE Magazine

#### III RESEARCH DIVISION

#### IV SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION

Charles Rowland, *Director*

Bureau of Public Information  
*Marvin Cutler, Secretary*

Business & Accounting  
*William Lambert, Manager*

Library  
*Leslie Colfax, Librarian*

Lecture Bureau

## SUBSCRIBE TODAY to ONE MAGAZINE

Copies mailed in plain envelope.  
Subscriber's names absolutely private.  
No "authority" can obtain them for any purpose.  
(U. S. Supreme Court decision)

In United States, Canada, Mexico: One year, \$2.50; two years, \$4.00; single copies twenty eight cents. First class (sealed), one year, \$3.50; two years, \$6.00; single copies thirty five cents. Airmail, one year, \$5.00.

Rates for all other countries: One year, \$3.50; first class (sealed), \$5.00; single copies, thirty five cents. Airmail rates on request.

**one** incorporated

232 SOUTH HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I am over twenty one (Sign) \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed Find \_\_\_\_\_ For \_\_\_\_\_