

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P: Exactly.

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

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

M: Well, goodbye: And pleased to meetcha.

one

magazine

THE HOMOSEXUAL
VIEWPOINT

14TH YEAR
NOVEMBER 1966
FIFTY CENTS

ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

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

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Monwell Boyfrank, Secretary-Treasurer
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" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XIV

Number 10

November 1966

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COVER by Greg Carr

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

All material in the June, July & August, 1966, was reprinted from early issues of the Magazine; full identifications will be given in the Index for 1966 when it is published. Material found in September 1966 issue is identified as follows:-- Editorial (March, 1961); "Victory" (February, 1958); "The Law" (April, 1954); "You and the Law" (April, 1957); "Registration Law" (July, 1958). Material found in October 1966 issue: Editorial (July, 1958); "The Third Choice" & "Sea-Urge" (April, 1954); all other material new.

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Here, from the work of Donovan Eklund, is the first picture of James Barr to be released publicly in this country. At the beginning of ONE's second year Mr. Barr joined our editorial staff and will henceforth contribute both fiction and non-fiction for our selection regularly. The opinions expressed will be his own and do not necessarily reflect the policies of ONE.

Queer Happenings on Capitol Hill

Recently, unexplained rumblings within the very bowels of The National Subcommittee for the Investigation of Coddling and Perpetration of Queer Happenings had many curious, Capitol Hill faces pink with consternation. Everyone knew something big was happening. Or about to happen. Rumors flew. Then, last month, when beloved, old Senator Moe MacSchmeedee, The Voters' Friend to All, was admitted to the psychiatric ward of Government Hospital, just outside Washington, D.C., hopes for a public airing of his dirty linen disintegrated like so many other things connected with the controversial N.S.I.C.P.Q.H. However, ONE, The Homosexual Magazine, has leaped again into the breach, thanks to the foresight of Ex-Sailor Wilberforce Jingletree, who made national headlines last December while changing his sex. Ex-Sailor Jingletree was carrying a secret recording apparatus in her shoulder bag during her interrogation at that short, now famous, but mysterious and fateful last session. Here is the true transcript of that hearing!

Mr. Platinumcradle (chief counsel of the Subcommittee): Mr. — er, Miss — er — Witness Jingletree, will you raise both your hands and be sworn?

(The witness reports she did so with what was later described as "extreme grace.")

Senator MacSchmeedee: Mister Jingletree, do you know who I am? Have you ever read about me in every important newspaper, magazine or periodical in the Civilized World? Have you ever heard one of my Freedom Broadcasts on every Major Radio Network on this Continent? Have you ever viewed my Face on my Famous Telecasts that cover this entire country and are applauded by every Right Thinking American Patriot?

Miss Jingletree: I do.

Senator MacSchmeedee: Then you know I don't waste time getting at The Truth! Are you, or are you not, a homosexual? A pervert?

Miss Jingletree: No, your honor.

Senator MacSchmeedee: No! You mean to sit there in your baubles, bangles and beads, a grown man with a beard, and tell me you are not a pervert, have never been a pervert, or never intend to pervert again? Don't you be coy with me, you turncoat you! I repeat the question, *et cetera!*

Miss Jingletree: I am not a homosexual anymore, your excellency.

Senator MacSchmeedee: Ha! But you were once! You admit you were once! And if you were once, why aren't you now?

Miss Jingle: If I had tonsils yesterday but don't have them today, can I have tonsillitis? Since December I've been a female, and am not interested in the female sex in any way, shape or form?

Senator MacSchmeedee: But you were homosexual at the time you were serving in the Armed Forces, is that not a fact?

Miss Jingle: That depended, your grace.

Senator MacSchmeedee: On what, if I may be so uncouth as to inquire of you?

Miss Jingle: You may. It depended on who was inquiring. Now, so far as you're concerned, sir, the answer would have been a definite no. I never cared much for the bestial in a man!

Senator MacSchmeedee: This is utterly ridiculous! Ridiculous, I say! I will cite you for contempt of Congress. I will —

(Here there were soothing sounds for almost two minutes before the Committee continued with Mr. Platinumcradle.)

Mr. Platinumcradle: But supposing, hypothetically of course, Witness Jingletree, that a handsome movie star had inquired, before you — er — before you changed your colors, if you were homosexual. What would have been your answer then?

Miss Jingletree: As a three dollar bill, sir.

(There was a short technical disturbance at this point; created, thinks Miss Jingletree, by the shifting of a tube of lipstick in her shoulder bag.)

Senator MacSchmeedee: Then you admit you had abnormal relations while a member of the Armed Forces!

Miss Jingle: No. I did not have. I was in the service only three weeks and I hardly had time to get my bearings.

Senator MacSchmeedee: Sir, you weren't fit to wear your uniform!

Miss Jingle: Well, I was forty pounds heavier then.

(Again there was a short disturbance, though Miss Jingletree recalls she was using her lipstick at this time.)

Senator MacSchmeedee: And what kind of dismissal did you get?

Miss Jingle: I don't think I can answer that, your honor.

Senator MacSchmeedee: Constitutional Privileges! You hear? The Fifth Amendment again! I told you so all along!

Mr. Platinumeradle: Do you mean, Miss Jingletree, that you cannot answer that question because it might tend to incriminate you?

Miss Jingletree: Oh no, your reverence, I just wasn't sure I understood what he meant by it.

Mr. Platinumeradle: The distinguished and beloved senator asked you how you left the Armed Forces.

Miss Jingle: Oh. By a back door in a big, closed car sometime after midnight. Escorted by two secret service men. They took me to **The Little Red Monkey** where I am at present employed.

(Again the same unfortunate disturbance. Examining technicians now believe the apparatus may have had a set of faulty batteries.)

(Whereupon at 10:44 a.m. Mr. Platinumeradle asked for a recess for the Committee. Before it was granted, however, Miss Jingletree made one more significant statement.)

Miss Jingletree: It seems to me that the rumors are true.

Senator MacSchmeedee: And what rumors would you be referring to, if you please?

Miss Jingletree: That your head is as full of butterfat as the state you represent, your honor.

It was at this time that beloved old Moe MacSchmeede was taken to Government Hospital, just outside Washington, D.C., for psychiatric examination and subsequent treatment. We express the hope of everyone that Senator MacSchmeedee, The Voters' Friend to All, will return soon to head once again, the N.S.I.C.P.Q.H., his rightful place in our society.



James Barr

FOR THE COLLECTOR

A Friend of ONE has two sets of volumes of ONE Magazine (1953 through 1964) bound in attractive red buckram with gold lettering which he will now dispose of, at \$100 for each set. Checks should be made out directly to ONE, Incorporated, which is acting as clearing house for this remarkable offer. It should be pointed out that Volume I, alone, brings \$35 whenever it is available.

The Gay Menagerie

by
Allan.



Copyright 1954
by ONE, inc.

ALAN



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ALAN

"Never saw that one before."



ALAN

Copyright 1954
by ONE, Inc.

"Excuse me. I see a friend at another table."



ALAN

Copyright 1954
by ONE, inc.

“Anybody want to go for a motorcycle ride?”



ALAN

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“For instance, in ancient Greece it was considered
the highest form of . . .”

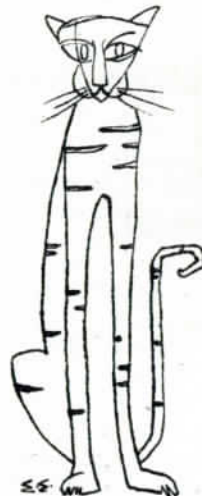


ALAN

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"I'm elegant"

THE TEMPORARY TIGER



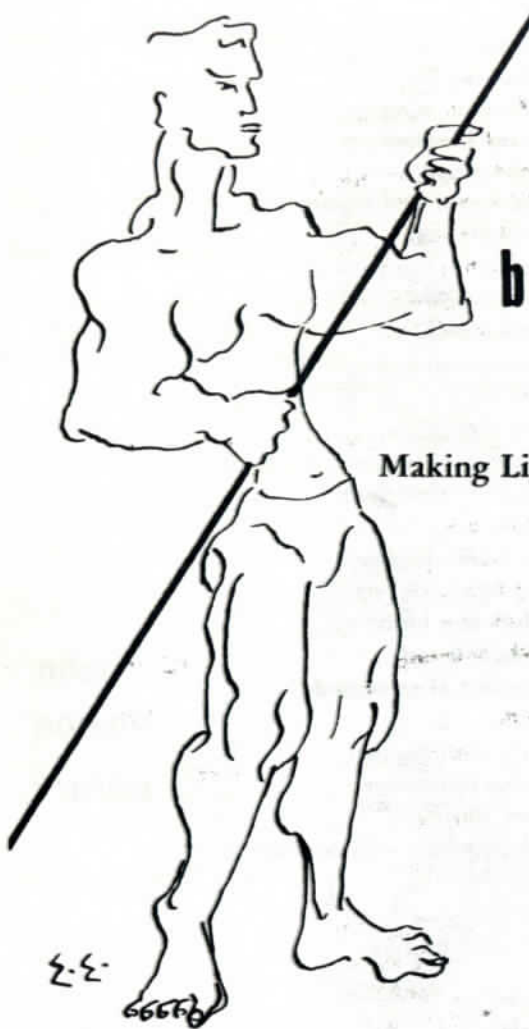
Somehow
A housecat
Has become a tiger.
One day I looked
Into the glass
All meekness and propriety
And when next
I chanced to mirror-front,
I saw confidence,
Napoleonate,
Enthroned upon the pane.
Today
Heads will fall,
And weeks of long consideration,
Ravished of their fruit,
Lie still.
Today I am an 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

PAN: publication of Forbundet av 1948

Pocket-size monthly, in Danish; articles, poems, and news.
Ninth year.

Postboks 1023, Copenhagen K., Denmark.



the body beautiful

or

Making Light of a Weighty Matter

by

Steve Whitney

(A One-Act Play)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P: We couldn't use that much—

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

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

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

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

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

P: Yes, but I think—

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

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