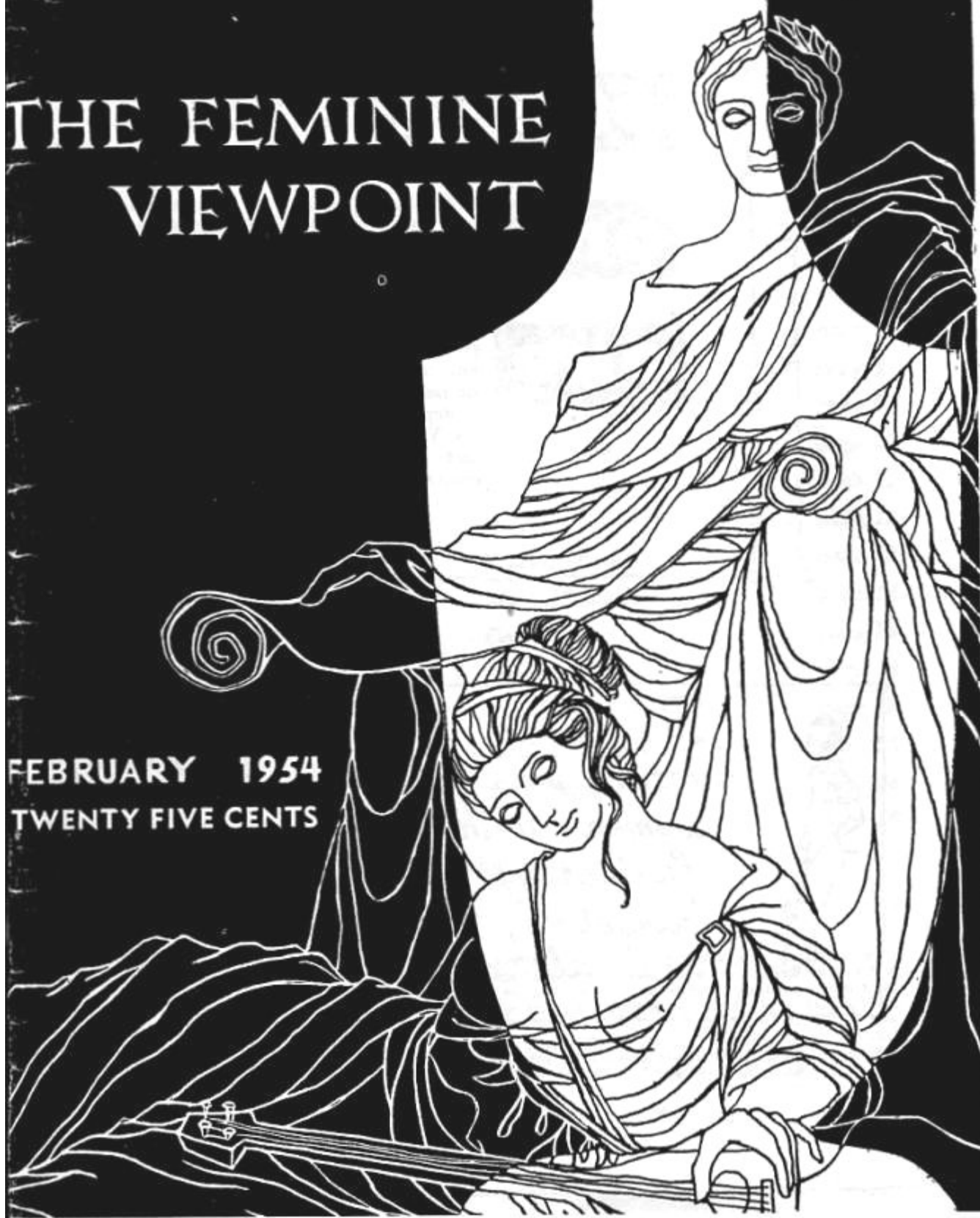


The Homosexual Magazine **one**

THE FEMININE
VIEWPOINT

FEBRUARY 1954
TWENTY FIVE CENTS



one

does not claim that homosexuals are better or worse than anyone else, that they are special in any but one sense. And in that one sense ONE claims positively that homosexuals do not have the civil rights assured all other citizens. ONE is devoted to correcting this.

one

means to stimulate thought, criticism, research, literary and artistic production in an effort to bring the public to understand deviants and deviants to understand themselves as the two sides are brought together as one.

one

advocates in no way any illegal acts, condones none in the past, incites none in the future. This magazine is not and does not wish to be merely an erotic publication.

one

is frankly at odds with present unjust laws pertinent to deviation and with present authorities who abuse their offices in unjust treatment of deviants.

one

is backed by no political or social group, leans toward none, is wholly and completely unfinanced. ONE has no paid employees yet and its growth is dependent entirely upon its readers. Your manuscripts, contributions, and work are welcomed. ONE is entirely yours.



The entire content of this special issue was prepared exclusively by women with the intention of furthering understanding among ourselves, and between ourselves and all others.

one

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

Carlyle



THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

Volume Two

Number Two

February 1954

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WHO'S

SICK?

On Wednesday, January 13, 1954, the weekly forum was held at the First Unitarian Church of Miami, Florida. The topic - **Homosexuality: Cause, Society, and Crime.** It is not unusual for the Unitarian Church to sponsor the discussion of problems facing minority groups, but the attendance at this particular session broke all existing records. It shows that this much hidden subject is finally coming out from behind the clouds and being sanely evaluated by responsible persons.

The panel was composed of the Honorable Abe Aronovitz, Mayor of the City of Miami; Dr. Svvil Marquit, Psychologist; and Dr. Jack Kapschan, of the psychology department of the University of Miami. Moderator was Dr. Alvin Winder, Psychologist, Veterans Administration.

It's a Symptom

The discussion was opened by Dr. Kapschan's definition of homosexuality which included the phrase: sexual relations between members of the same sex. He quoted Dr. Kinsey's statistics which maintain that 37 to 50 percent of Americans have had **some** homosexual experience, then referred to a study of three New Guinea tribes, in the first of which both sexes were found to be predominantly feminine, in the second both sexes were masculine by our standards, and in the third tribe the male was passive and performed the household chores, while the female was aggressive and performed the heavy work. Although homosexuality is forbidden by law, according to Dr. Kapschan, it is a quite common practice; not a disease, but a symptom.

Short Line at the Clinic

The second speaker, Dr. Marquit based his statements on observation and case histories of his patients. "I have a disease. I don't like it, but I can help it. Life is intolerable" was the general attitude of those coming to him for help, but that many others, who do not go to the clinic, say "I'm happy the way I am and don't want to change." He also stated that he has seen definite homosexual tendencies in a three year old child, and that the human child left alone would develop naturally to be predominantly masculine or feminine **unless something entered to direct the child in a path of homosexuality such as love or fear of a parent or fear of authority.**



Whose Rights Shall We Consider?

The third speaker, Mayor Aronovitz first professed his ignorance of the subject and explained that, in his desire to please, he had instructed his secretaries to accept all speaking engagements. He said that there are three or four places in Miami where homosexuals gather, but that the proprietors were not in business to help these people, only to profit monetarily from their suffering. He said that he didn't want Miami known as a haven for homosexuals or divorce getting or any other criminals, but that homosexuals should not be persecuted or hounded, because they were undoubtedly suffering from a sickness of the mind. To conclude, he added, "They certainly need kindly understanding, but whose rights shall we consider?"

A Sick Society?

The discussion was then opened to questions from the audience. The first question was "How can we cure homosexuality?" Dr. Kapschan answered with this question, "Is it not possible that instead of sick homosexuals, we have a sick society?" Dr. Marquit added that we must have a wider acceptance of homosexuals. "In other words," he said, "your sex life is your own business."

Heredity, Hormones and Hounds

To the question "Is homosexuality predominantly environmental?" Dr. Marquit replied, "Yes, and to our knowledge hormone treatment has not proved satisfactory." "Do not all individuals have both male and female characteristics?" It was asked, and Dr. Kapschan answered that it was a waste of time to argue heredity versus environment, that tendencies were only potential and had to be developed. When asked why we don't do away with our out-dated laws, Mayor Aronovitz answered that we cannot do away with hatred by having a law against it. Dr. Kapschan added that there would be great objection from religion and business. "Also," he said, "there must be a tremendous amount of research, and a change in minds. Michigan is making a study of the possibility of changing laws."

A Mule is Not a Horse

Another question concerning a cure for homosexuality brought this response from Dr. Marquit, "The most important factor is that the person wants to be cured. Please remember that homosexuality is only one aspect of an individual." Dr. Kapschan added that if a person does not want to change, we can aid him very little. He said that the problem dealt with getting the panic homosexual to accept himself, and that we must realize that there is no cure for the confirmed homosexual.

Fifty-Two Is Still a Deck

Then Mayor Aronovitz asked, I would like to know if there are any individuals who have had the glorious experience of normal sexual relations who prefer homosexual relations?" "I'm sorry to disappoint the Mayor," answered Dr. Marquit, "but it has been proven that a large percentage of confirmed homosexuals have experienced 'glorious' heterosexual relations." Then it was asked "If these people are to be driven from the bars, beaches, and other gathering places, where would you have them spend their leisure time?" Mayor Aronovitz answered that if society accepted this, it should not be persecuted.

Scepters into Swords

To the question "Is prejudice against homosexuality related to intolerance?" Dr. Kapschan answered, "Yes, research has proven that prejudice is generally against a number of minority groups, not just homosexuality. The authoritarian personality that condemns persons for their homosexual behavior is much more of a threat to society than the homosexual himself. They are psychoneurotics who need psychiatric treatment, not the harmless homosexual who varies from the so-called normal, criticized only in so far as what he does in bed. Prejudice against the homosexual makes an especially good scapegoat for the authoritarian personality."



The forum was brought to a close after the two hour discussion amidst a forest of raised arms, and would undoubtedly have gone on indefinitely. This lively interest in the homosexual and his problems is encouraging. We hope this review will lead to more stimulated discussions by qualified people, sponsored by churches and other civic-minded groups.

This episode from a forthcoming novel reveals the seldom understood relationship of two women. The author must remain nameless until her work is published.

AN EPISODE

Merritt lay on her back listening to Johanna and her father as they talked about the Spanish war, but she heard only their voices and she noticed how like Johanna's his voice was. The same smooth gentleness, the same unaffected experimentation with tone. Delightful to listen to as sound, blotting out the meaning of the words. Over her head the summer breeze sifted through the leaves of the huge sycamore, turning the light on them, shifting them away from it and she lay watching the light, listening to the sound. Listening to Johanna.

Between them, spread on a cloth over the grass was the remains of their picnic lunch. She raised up on one elbow and took an olive from the jar and lay on her back again, sucking the red pimento from the center. She looked into the empty hole in the olive, wondering how olives were stuffed.

At her feet, Mrs. Seiber leaned against the dappled trunk of the sycamore, a section of the Sunday paper across her lap. She was smoking a cigarette and as she read, her eyes quickly scanning the columns, her hand that held the cigarette swept across the paper occasionally, brushing away the ashes, scattering more. Merritt watched her, framing her in the space between the outline of her shoes. She was small and dark; attractive in a sharp, uncluttered sort of way. Brisk in her movements, with a light clear ring in her voice.

Johann Seiber had found her in Paris and he married her there. She would be the mother his child needed. She was a charming, self-sufficient woman who granted the same self-sufficiency to her husband, to his daughter and to everyone else she knew. If they turned up lacking, she chose to ignore them. She disliked dependency in people. She liked Merritt because she was self-contained. She felt young people in America were too independent for their lack of responsibility, lack of self-sufficiency. Because she frequently compared Johanna with the children of others, she found good reason to be satisfied, but she left it to her father to spoil her.

She folded the paper on her lap and then threw it aside, looking about for the package of cigarettes. Merritt shoved it toward her with her foot and then she sat up, her hands clasped around her knees. Lili Seiber lit her cigarette and without looking up, offered the pack to Merritt, holding the matches on top of the pack with her thumb. For an instant Merritt stared at them and then she reached out and took them in her hand and Johanna's mother became less Johanna's mother and more of Lili Seiber, a woman who was charming and who treated her as an equal. And she felt she had grown up a little more; in a sudden spurt like a graph extending its line, indicating something.

"My grandmother would be shocked," she said.

"Don't you smoke at home?"

"She doesn't know I smoke at all."

"A little bit won't hurt."

"I don't much."

"I overdo it," Lili said looking at the cigarette in her fingers. "It's all right if you don't overdo it. I think anything's all right if you don't overdo it," she added suddenly and she looked at Merritt, smiling. "Like those two over there. They've been talking nothing but politics since they got up this morning." And Merritt looked at them, at Johanna with her dark head in her father's lap and she felt envy and pride and she wanted to tell him that Johanna's hair was no longer his alone to stroke.

"Couldn't we discuss the archeological wonders of the world or Lana Turner's impending divorce," Lili said. Johann Seiber looked up at his wife.

"Good heavens. Who's getting a divorce?"

"Lana Turner."

"I don't know her," he said.

"Too bad," said Johanna. "Too bad." She laughed at the confusion in her father's face.

"Of course, she's probably not as nice as I am," Lili went on, "but she'll be a free woman soon."

"What are you talking about?"

"She's teasing you, Father. Lana Turner's in the movies."

"Of course," he said, knowing no more than he did before. "Ridiculous," he added emphatically. "To think that you would be an accessory after the fact. My own flesh and blood." And he pushed Johanna away, smiling at her. "You and Merritt better go and find something else useless to do. I have work to get ready for Monday. We can't all be merry vacationers, alas."

Merritt sat in the stern, her ankles crossed under the little wicker seat. She pushed the canoe through the narrow, willow-fringed channel between the two lakes smoothly and deftly, watching the paddle as the water streamed down its blade-like edge, watching it cut the water and turn flat against it as her wrists turned. And in the dusk the little willows stirred in the willow fringe and blinked hollowly at them as they passed.

Johanna watched them and loved them for the indifference in their blinking and when she smiled at Merritt, think of Merritt's indifference; of how unaware she was of the people around them who turned to look at them as they walked together, their hands clasped between them; who stared at them as they were now in the canoe, like lovers. She felt the disdain in Merritt, the conscious aloofness, but she knew that it stemmed from an ingenuous purity Merritt could not reconcile with the human frailty that had shaped it. Johanna stood guard over her vulnerability.

"You're so quiet," she said.

"I was just thinking."

"About what?"

"About your mother. She's very charming."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes, but I'm glad she's not really your mother."

"Oh."

"If she were, I couldn't feel about her as I do." She paused for a moment, watching the water, thinking of what Lili Seiber had said. "Johanna, have you ever wanted to tell her?"

"Have you?"

Merritt smiled. "I suppose I've wanted to tell the whole world," she said. "Why haven't I, Johanna? Why haven't we?"

"Don't you think that we do in a way?" Merritt thrust the paddle deep into the water, pulling hard on it, held the blade, pulled it short just back of the stern, turned her wrists and turned the canoe out of the end of the channel along the shore of the other lake.

"I think of it. But never until afterwards. When I'm with you, whatever I do comes so easily to me. I never stop to think how it looks to anyone else. When I hold a door open for you, when I buy the tickets at the movies and you walk in ahead of me, when I pay a check at dinner; when I took your arm and helped you into this canoe I was doing something that is right for me. To me, it's nothing to question. It's nothing to be stared at. I don't want to have to feel guilty about it."

"Do you?"

"No. Not yet. Only angry; and it makes me want to do things that ordinarily I wouldn't think of doing."

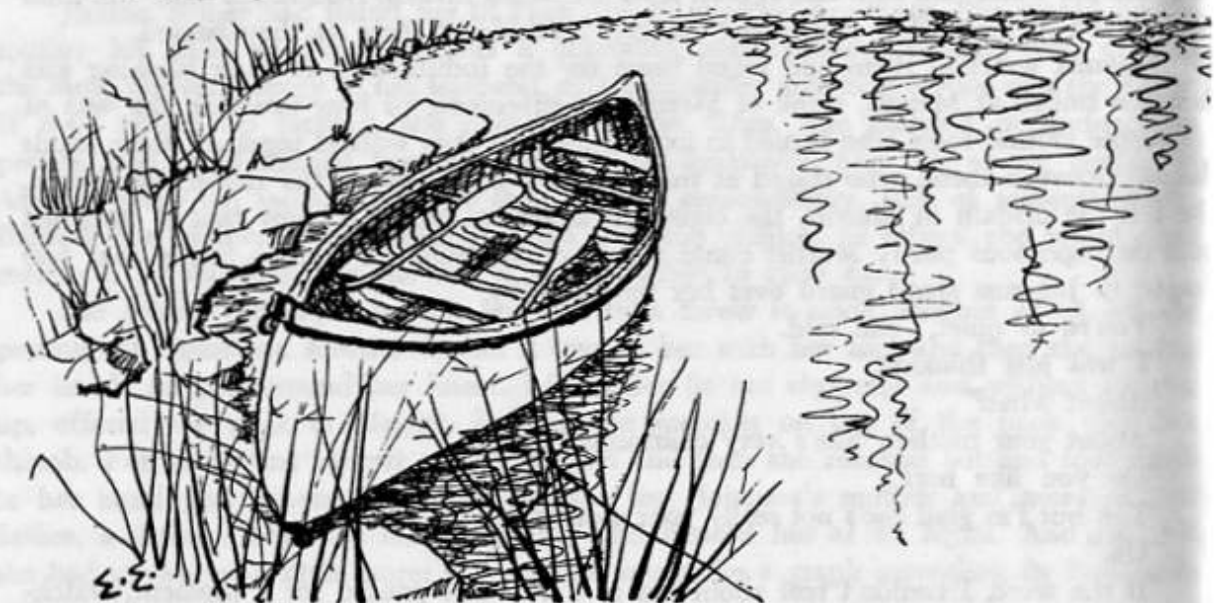
Johanna smiled at her and flicked the smooth surface of the water with her fingers, showering Merritt with tiny drops.

"Desperate things?"

"Wild things. Like stopping in the middle of the street and kissing you and passing out handbills about it. Like telling Lili and your father how much I love you and that I'm taking you away from them. That I'm sorry, I won't be able to marry you as there's a law against it and we shall just have to live in sin." And she stopped talking for a moment, the paddle resting across her knees, lightly, her hands lightly on it, because there was no tension now, no doubt, no shame, no guilt. "Like telling you how lovely you are, here at my feet. How lovely it would be to lie beside you, Johanna. Shall I confess to you that I've waited for it to grow dark? That I love the darkness around us." And she ran the canoe close beside the grassy bank until she reached the little inlet she knew was there. She stretched out her hand to Johanna and they stepped onto the clean, fresh grass and it crushed soft beneath their feet, beneath them as the sank down to it.

"May I get the blanket?"

"Yes," Johanna said.



I Met Her..



I met her at the beach, as slowly sifting
The shells from hand to hand,
Absentmindedly, like a game
That fascinated and yet bored her,
She dropped them back again into the sand.

It was the same with us—fate from the start,
Doomed us to be together, and bored yet fasci-
nated,
She gave her love without reserve
But when her glance went through me and
beyond me,
I knew she never wholly gave her heart.

I learned to fear those moments when she'd
stare
In quiet rapture, listening
To something I could neither see nor hear,
And she, forgetting me, was lost completely,
Lost to a memory I could not share.

Then was the loneliness around her like a tower
Which first I sought to scale or penetrate
And overpower—but had to quit in vain
Because her eyes, though looking at me,
Were living in a different hour.

And now I fail again, as in my hand
I sift the very sand that cuts her off from life;
I never could possess her—nor will she set me
free,
Her tragic smile, forever beyond my reach,
Still beckons through the sand.

—By CHR. HILSUM-BEUCKENS
Translated from the Dutch
by ANNA VERGELEGEN

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schap, Holland.*

What are we? Do we have a biological function and purpose? If not, is reproduction the only criterion for judging the individual? One of our readers gives you her well considered answer.

The Human Hybrid

Psychological science as a science has evolved rather rapidly and close behind it have come the other ologies of the past half century. Unfortunately each scientist treats a subject from his orientation only and sometimes this interpretation is too narrow for ultimate social application. So it is with homosexuality. There is so little understanding of what it constitutes, so many versions of its cause and treatment, if any, by scientific and legal representatives, that an individual is at a loss to evaluate its true significance. *Since neither natural selection, legislation nor prejudice has significantly affected its incidence, it is perhaps logical and necessary to presume a purpose in its persistent existence.*

Developmental sex theories have come about full circle and it now appears well established that virtually all individuals encounter some form of the homosexual development stage, and that it is passed by most without permanent effect. What of those who do not abandon this manifestation as a growth stage but seem to evidence a pre-disposition to homosexuality? The mere biological fact that there is represented in life the egg and sperm forms does not preclude the existence of other evolutionary forms of equal importance. Within the two biological separations of male and female arise many hybrids, with no sexual representation pure in the scientific sense. The primary divisions of male and female exist for the purpose of propagation, and since secondary sexual characteristics have no direct role in reproduction, the only real

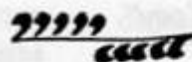
sex division is in the primary characteristics. *All others then have no true sex determinism save what societies have placed upon them.* The homosexual represents simply the individual in whom the secondary characteristics of sex, all sex, are manifested to the apparent exclusion of the primary sexual characteristic of reproduction. This does not conclude that all individuals who do not reproduce are homosexual. What it does conclude is that although the attractions of sexual experience and expression do exist for the homosexual, they are not limited or confined to a rigid male-female definition. As reproduction is incidental to a sexual relationship, so is male-female determination incidental to sex, even though much of the world lives out its social patterns playing strict roles as man or woman.

What is the ultimate objective of social integration of homosexuals? Is the homosexual problem singular or merely one obvious example of a society whose entire sexual pattern needs examining? Since it has been established that western society pays lip service to one type of sexual behavior while in practice indulging in quite another sort, it is obvious some reconciliation must be effected between the two patterns. Dispensation of the homosexual by his society has always been influenced by a more or less universal determination to consider homosexuality at best an anomaly within, again, the accepted male-female sexual doctrines. Analysed and considered within these confines it does and always

will appear an enigma. What is suggested here is that the problem inevitably becomes one of sexuality, rather than its poses in a homo or heterosexual form. *Any real integration of the homosexual will emancipate not only him but the heterosexual as well.* It is postulated that many of the presumed incompatibilities stem from the conscious and unconscious pressures relative to the conventional male-female relationship.

The ultimate objective of any analysis is a true picture of the existing condition, devoid of the emotional prejudices of either long accepted attitudes or traditional practices no matter how esteemed. *Homosexuals do not desire an especial place in society but merely the assurance that they too belong and may function within its just laws and make their contributions as human beings to that society.*

D. M. Woods



DISCUSSION, ANYONE?

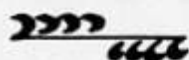
My opinion of ONE is in general of a positive nature. I have in my possession many of the issues and I feel with each edition there has come improvement, culminating in the December issue, which was to my way of thinking the best yet.

However, I have one complaint—and a strong one it is. What place does the "gay girl" hold within the covers of your mag? Until the forthcoming February edition, she would seem to have been pretty much ignored. I can assure you that, therefore, a pretty large percentage of the "gay population" is being left out needlessly.

The "gay girl" is neither in temperament or in action much like the gay fellow. In general she is rarely to be seen in bars or other night spots, nor is she frequently even in large groups. Rather the girls come in two's, or at most five or six at a time. She is a stay at home, or if of the barring type, inhabiting small mixed bars. She is the exact opposite of the promiscuous variety so often found among the males. Within my own acquaintance, the pairs of girls have been with one another from three to eight years and longer. The alley-cat that is within all of us is forced to the background in favor of the more stable kind of home life. In other words for some one or another of psychological reasons, pairs of girls would seem better able to make a go of living together. (This is not to say that fellows can't do it—for I know plenty who have!) It is interesting too, to notice that the gals rarely utilize the notion of "keeping another". Even to financial arrangements it seems that a 50-50 deal was preferable.

So to make a long story short, the point of view from the "gay girl" is rather different from the fellow, thus making a very good argument for the necessity of including their element more in future issues of ONE. The inherent differences between the gals and the fellows should be kept in mind, along with the remembrance of the existing close similarities. Therefore a discussion of these differences in and of itself would make interesting reading for the subscribers of ONE.

M. F.



The editors were particularly gratified when the following arrived in the mail. It presents with startling clarity one of the problems facing those who wish acceptance of the homosexual by society.

THE VERY FINE LINE

The attitude of normal people toward homosexuals is of real value to the readers of **ONE**. It is this group of so-called normal men and women that creates and maintains the great block of social prejudice concerning "gay" men and women.

Before I was aware of the existence of a gay society, I had an indifferent attitude toward people in my community who were tagged with the label of "homo." Since my introduction to a society, into which I do not fit and do not understand, my attitude has changed to a great extent. I'm no psychologist and do not claim to understand the intricacies of characters and personalities so different and yet so similar to my own. I have learned, however, that those people who are homosexuals (with a few exceptions) exhibit characteristics which are desirable in any general society. Some "gay" people of both sexes I am acquainted with are of a highly intellectual nature, love the arts and assist in their promotion. They are loyal to friends, dependable and sincere. These human bits of gold cannot be ignored by normals without making hypocrites of those people professing to normality.

Those of us who profess such normality do not generally realize the very fine line which prevents us from being homosexuals. Indeed, if it were possible to define such a demarcation, we would still continue to ignore it, so blind are mortals. There are many scattered and varied instances of personality differences which are tossed off with a shrug of the shoulders - yet one particular

difference, regarding a sexual variation from the norm, immediately condemns a fellow man.

I do not think it fair of the normal men and women to condemn homosexual activity without adequate analysis or serious thought. If we are all made from the basic mold, which is proven by physical similarity according to the scientific method, we should not consider ourselves in a position to condemn others. But, neither are we in a position to condone an activity which we do not and cannot comprehend. I believe that normal people should attempt to veer away from either condoning or condemning - we are not so great that our judgement should ruin lives and reputations of our fellow men.

But don't fail to consider the fact that some of the prevalent social attitudes of accepted society stem from the presence of those men (more so than women) who flaunt themselves before the public eye as differing from others of the same sex. Difficulties which arise from such "swishing around" are almost impossible to alter or repress as far as public opinion is concerned.

I have been told that one ultimate aim of "gay" people is to be socially accepted. Some of the basic constructive steps to be taken toward this goal must be agitated from within "gay" society itself. One of these steps might include the following: an intensification of the intellectual participation in the arts and by the curbing of what is recognized by normal society as superficial indications of homosexuality from within.

At present, some of my most cherished friends are "gay" men and women and have found that no change in my personal affairs has resulted from this association. I continue to date normal men under usual circumstances (which I enjoy extremely) and occasionally attend small gatherings with my "other friends." The latter I usually enjoy because of the amazingly high quality and quantity of conversation which is a regular ingredient of these occasions. However, I do have a serious objection to one type of conversation at these "gay" gatherings. Those centering on the subject of sex - I feel they are unnecessary and undesirable and tend to corrupt rather than

construct a sound basis of friendship.

My experience with homosexuals, with one or two exceptions, has been rather gratifying. I have discovered that a repressed and socially unacceptable group has the ability to exhibit tendencies which are important character-builders; that my normal existence, in accepting such a society, has not altered appreciably. I cannot honestly say that I understand the "why" and I probably never will. But I can accept the existence of "gay" people and can attempt to approach the entire problem (and I do believe a problem exists) with a degree of clearness and objectivity.

B. L.

SUBWAY FACES

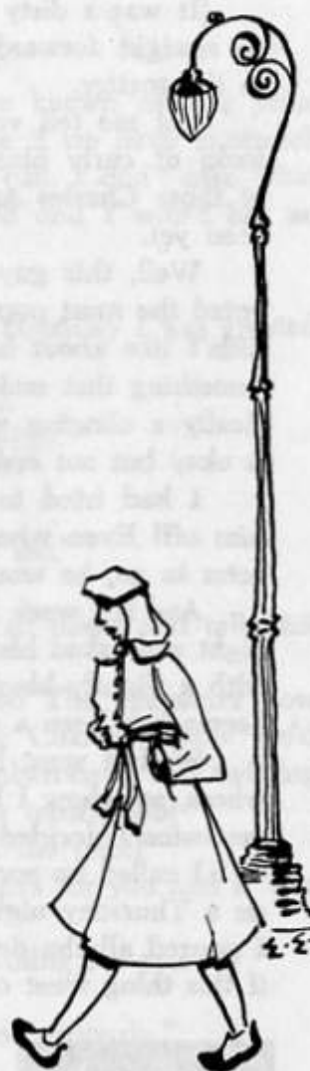
I see a girl walking.
In the pool of electric glow
that has the strange
ambiguity of water
Her face is Lilith's.

I see a policeman stalking,
in the shadows, a shadow
of a million shadows . . .
Black, diaphanous.

They all flash by . . .
Lights from different worlds.

I see them only once
And they are mine.
Lonely pictures
To ponder
through sleepless nights.

PAULINE BARNES



There comes a time.

It was a dirty deal and I knew it. Not the kind of thing a girl like me, usually so straight forward about things, would do to a man. But I really had no choice in the matter.

Let me tell you about this man. He was tall, in fact, almost a giant and good locks of curly black hair fell over his forehead. Looked like something out of one of those Charles Atlas ads where most of the models have muscle they haven't earned yet.

Well, this guy was nice enough all right, even temper and probably had been voted the most popular boy in school. But somehow there was something that I really didn't like about him. Maybe it was because I once caught him lying to me; that's something that makes my blood boil. Just can't see it. Another thing was his attitude. Really a clinging vine type. This love-you-madly and I'll-give-you-the-moon business is okay but not *every* night in the week!

I had tried to shake this guy for at least six weeks now. Nothing could shake him off! Even when I had got my sort-of-regular man of the hour to tell this character to go, he wouldn't take the hint. I ended up losing the regular.

And last week I pulled a dandy! Met an old boy friend of mine in a restaurant one night and asked him to do me the favor. Well, it turned out this old friend went home with a slightly black eye and The Character was back beaming at me in ten minutes. Seems he's been a spare-time boxer for years now.

Well, I went home and pondered over the whole situation all last week. Somewhere, somehow I had to lose this guy! Even though the old friend routine had failed me twice I decided to give it another try. Never say die is my motto.

I called up another friend of mine and made arrangements to meet in a restaurant on a Thursday night, when I'd walk in with this character on my arm. For an hour I poured all the details over the phone, even in my desperation, offering a small bribe if this thing went over all right.



"Now listen," I explained, "make it good! Act like you've known me for years and loved me twice as long. Even tell him you're living with me if we have to stretch it that far. And don't worry, I can keep a straight face if you can. I don't care what you tell him! You can invent the greatest love story on record and I won't bat an eye lash."

Everything was fine. When I walked into the restaurant on Thursday I was greeted by a hearty "Jennie, darling! What are you doing here?"

I looked real surprised of course, and so did The Character.

"He's only a friend". I said demurely to my willing accomplice.

"Well, he better toddle off because I'm taking over now!"

It was firm. Even I was surprised.

"Look here", The Character said, "the young lady's with *me*."

"That's what you —"

I quickly interrupted. "Listen," I said, "why don't we all sit down and talk this over nice and quiet like?"

We did. I listened with open mouth while my friend told The Character how madly in love we were. I blushed while my friend told The Character how we'd been living together for years. In the end I was sitting there embarrassed and twisting my purse around when The Character got up and left. It was a terrific job!

"I congratulate you" I said, "That was superb! It sure did the trick!"

I took \$20.00 out of my purse and laid it on the table. "That's for you and it was worth every penny of it."

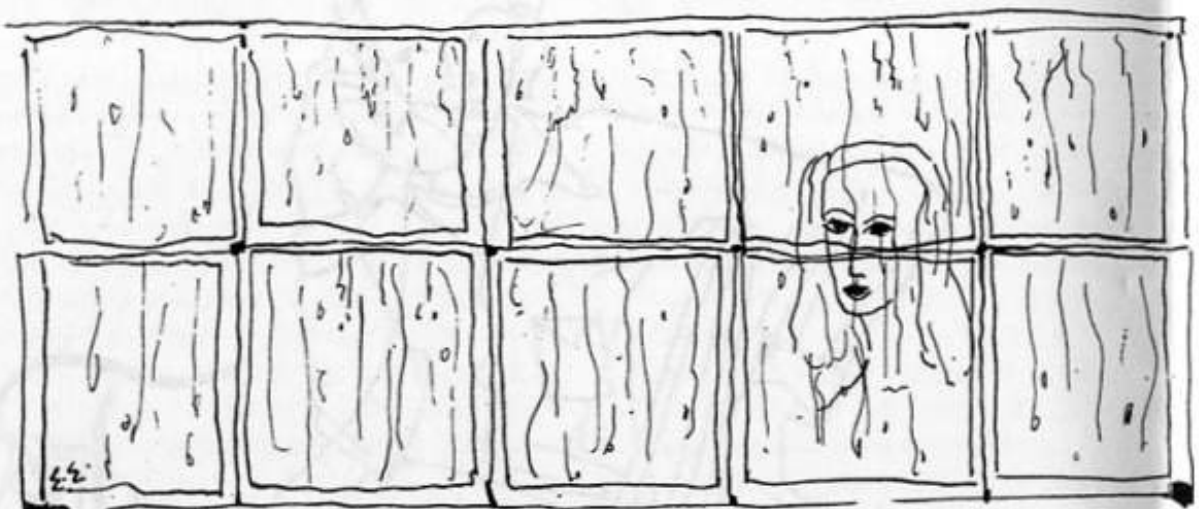
"No fee," my friend answered taking my hand, "I'd do anything for you."

My mouth dropped open for the second time that night.

"Theresa," I said, "I think you've taken this whole thing too seriously."

Marta D'Angelo

CONFESSIONS TO A WINDOW



The rain washes my window very clean. I've watched it all morning, yet I've not seen through it. I've seen only your face, smiling at me on the pane—your red lips, your kind eyes, your soft, brown hair.

A rainstorm in Autumn is always so solemn. It seems always to say: "I mourn the Summer and wait for Winter to cover you in a white shroud."

... Yesterday I fed the sparrows in the Square. I knew they were not hungry and that they had no need of warmth and comfort, yet I thought: how lucky it is to be human! Then I laughed, feeling a sort of hollow, because I didn't really know I was alive.

It was by the same bench—the bench on which we always sit. The wind was sweeping the last remnants of popcorn bags over the yellow grass. They swished as they passed, humming your name—Sssssaaarraahhhhh—Sarah. I turned, looking to see if you were there, but met only the cold air that reddened my face. I turned again to the sparrows, an emptiness in my chest.

The emptiness reminded me of the first time we had spoken together at school. You'll not remember, I suppose, since it meant little to you. Yet when you smiled at me and said: "Pleased to meet you." I guess I stammered pretty badly and blushed quite red. It was so obvious! — the way I flushed when you turned towards me. It was so strange — the chill that you inspired, and the warmth, and also that empty feeling — when I'd said something I wasn't sure you'd approve of. And you must have known I couldn't look you in the eye. And even at times the nastiness you brought out in me—so that I could have bitten my tongue not to have been so sharp — and yet afraid to say nice words to you.

I would lie awake in bed at night, thinking of reasons why I could call you in the morning, just so you wouldn't forget me. And yet there were nights when I tried to forget *you*—to drive all want of you out of me. It was wrong, all of it, all the feeling I had for you. But I couldn't be right, because I didn't feel right. I thought and I felt and I was earnest. No unbalanced world could make me be a liar!

I'd known you three years, and for three years I'd thought of ways to tell you how I felt. In the Winter — when we studied at each other's house — in the Spring — when we took long walks and visited museums — and in the Summer — when we lay sunning ourselves at the beach.

The beach — you remember how we stayed till twilight one day, just lying in the sand and listening to the tide. You were building a castle while I quoted Eliot to you. It was gibberish yet I poured my soul forth in it, then turning abruptly to Millay. I began "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare—" then I stopped for I saw the poem was to a woman.

"Can women love women?" I asked you suddenly.

"Sometimes." You smiled.

"I love you," all at once I heard myself saying, and that first cold flash having pierced my chest, I felt a little braver as I waited for you to speak.

You laughed, a bit embarrassed, and patted my hand.

"I love *you*," you answered, yet it wasn't said in the same way.

"I've loved you since I've known you." It was too late now, I had to say it all. "I know it's wrong, but I want to hold you and kiss you, and I curse myself for not being a boy!" I took your hand then, and kissed your fingertips, tasting the sand and the salt.

You smiled, but it was a grown-up smile, as if you had been my mother, and your hand went over my cheek, caressing it so tenderly, and all at once I found I had brought my lips to yours and had kissed you full on the mouth, hearing you gasp and feeling your body quiver under mine. And then you pressed my head to your breast and kissed my forehead, and all at once I started to cry — cry because I didn't know what to do — I had you in my arms, and I loved you, and everything seemed all mixed up, and all I could say was "What shall I do?"

And then you sat up, letting me cry on your lap, and I could hear your voice was shaky as you said you didn't know.

And I cried for a while longer, until it was very dark and the wind was growing cold. You put my jacket over me and we got up to leave. All at once I had you in my arms again, kissing you as a boy had once kissed me. I felt you pushing me away, and all at once you tore loose and looked at me in a frightened way, but not frightened of me.

"It's not right," you said, "It's not natural!"

And I looked at you and nodded.

We were silent after that, all the way back home, and when we got to my front door you gave me your hand and said good night. It was such a final good night — and I knew you'd avoid me at school!

Inside my house I felt cornered, ashamed, sorry that I had ever spoken, beaten, chagrined to tears! I swore I've never speak to you again.

Yet now I miss you as I watch the rain wash my window. There is nothing past that window. I'm trapped by the walls around me, trapped by the rain, the sky, the street — trapped by the distance between life and death — hope and resignation — love, sleep, and soul — trapped by myself! And always I see your face smiling at me on the pane. I cry out, wanting to smash the window, but when I call your name you turn from me.

I want now so much to die—but I'm afraid to die—so instead I'll be ill—ill for a long time. I shall force myself to think of the school prom and the basketball game, and how I shall refuse to go. When Dad comes home from work he shall find me like this — pale, feverish. He shall think I have the grippe a little early in the season. And he'll come and put his hand on my shoulder and say: "What's wrong, Nan?" — and I will answer:

"Nothing, Dad."

Carle



Letter to a Newcomer

We do not wish to disillusion you, nor to dim any first happiness, but if possible, to forearm you against deeper and more harmful disillusionment. We are sorry we do not have a more honorable, nor a more equitable society to launch you in—perhaps you will help us to build one. Such societies must exist, but I have yet to spring their hidden doors. We know a number of people who rate high in our esteem and will introduce you to them as the opportunity presents itself.

In line with our recent conversation of the need for a "home" for "babies" and people in general — I guess I meant a "good society" and not a home. The longer you live, the more imperative, I believe, you will see the need of this—if it is not already uppermost in your mind. I have studied no sociology and next to no psychology, gleaning such social concepts and ideas as I have from the study of the teachings of Jesus and the critical analysis of a wide variety of books plus a mighty thirst for justice which I can't remember having ever been without. I guess men have dreamed of their "good societies" since before recorded histories—and it is no different today.

I shall never forget my shock at finding myself alone among my own people; after the first baptism of ecstasy at having found myself at all. I could no easier fit into their half-baked stupidities and artificial "society" than I had ever fitted into any society. I could see the reason for much of the nonsense, but

"reasons" do not help when you have no place else to go and your tolerance of others is small comfort when your very existence is scorned by your own. So . . . it comes as something of a shock and amazement to a gentle rebel, sitting on the bottom step of despair, to realize that if anything is done to better conditions, she will have to do them, and if any leading is done she'll have to do that too—at least till she can find a better and stronger one than herself to help her out.

The biggest crime is against the "babies", who come in through the sewer, as there is usually no other route. They come in wide-eyed and eager—full of hope. They all too frequently get knocked into artificial mockeries of themselves. They have nothing to hang onto but themselves and that usually is not enough. They don't understand why things have to be so lousy, but, since they are, they often decide that no one and no thing is any good—ergo they live for the moment. This shouldn't be too hard to understand since one mistake of trust in this life can easily be your last one.

From Patterson's "Scottsborough Boy" we have, "You put men in a sewer, they will get muck on them." (Speaking of corrupt prison systems). If there's a truer statement than that, I don't know it. I am thinking of something I've been told exists in other cities—but I've never been there nor seen it work: namely, introductions via house parties.

Bars are shunned like the plague they are. From here on my own feverish brain works. House parties are fine if they are clean—so there must be a nucleus that sees that that's the way it is. The thing would naturally have to be built on trust and honesty. With a large enough group of friends, many "babies" could be spared the pain of ever having to enter life through a swinging door. As for the ones who will forever keep stumbling in through this door, something should be done. All that can be done, I suppose, is going to them occasionally with eyes and ears open and straining them through a sieve—catching those who want what we want and leaving those who don't.

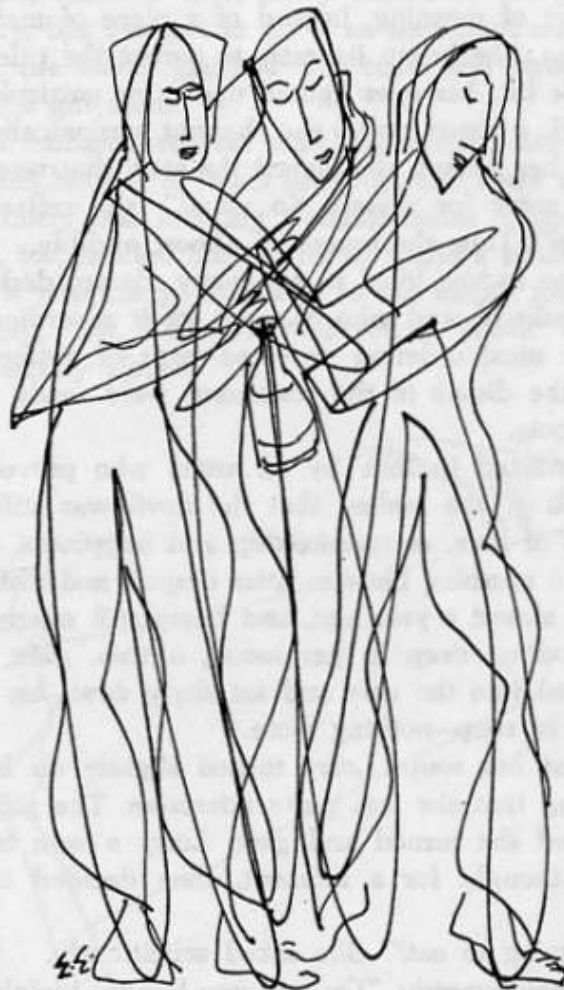
Alcoholics Anonymous could teach us a lot I'm sure, and in a funny way I think we have a lot in common with them—namely the need to find inner

security via our social life to strengthen us against a hostile society.

As for standards and morals, that's a problem. I think maybe this needn't be worried about unduly if the leadership (or nucleus) simply keep their own vows of decency and honor and judiciously pick people to join them who want the same things and who seem able to attain them, given a chance.

One tragedy of the bar wasteland is to see creative genius be made impotent. Bars are nice, sometimes, for diversion but, they do not have the prerequisites of a home. They may be, for some, better than no home at all, but for me they are just slightly removed from Hell. I would like to see a better meeting place for those who wish more from life than a nightmare of whiskey and sex, brutality and vanity, self-pity and despair.

STEN RUSSELL



The Lonely Ones

It was evening, a little after 6:00 when Lorry sauntered into the small cafe where she had eaten her solitary dinners for almost a year. She was a handsome woman with rather a stocky build, short wavy brown hair, about 30 years old. She wore a smartly tailored suit of navy blue, with accessories to match.

Lorry was tired — very tired. She was tired of work, being alone, and even of life itself. Solemnly, she sat down on the stool at the counter and ordered her solitary meal.

The food was undisputably lousy, but she ate there night after night regardless, because at least this little restaurant afforded her a semblance of peace after an irksome day.

Absently she watched the waitress as she set down the silver and placed the unappetizing meal before her.

Picking up her fork, she thought morosely, "Just where am I heading, and what am I doing in this stinking world?"

In this frame of mind she began and finished her meal.

As she lit a cigarette to accompany her after dinner coffee, Lorry suddenly became acutely aware of her surroundings. The juke box that sat in front of her on the counter became an object of meaning, instead of a piece of metal with buttons and a slot as it had always been. She began listlessly to peruse the titles of the various selections. As she scanned the list, her eyes lighted upon one particular song—"Paper Doll".

"That's what I need, a paper doll," she thought sardonically.

Taking a coin from her pocket, she played the song that would only torture her all the more. "I'm feeling sorry for myself. So what!", she reflected. "Who's going to care about me if I don't?" This, she mumbled almost audibly.

Loathing to go home as she lived in a gloomy, damp, dark, ugly tomb that was called a room by her landlady, and who charged for it accordingly, Lorry lingered on for some time after her meal ordering repeated cups of coffee, and playing "Paper Doll" until the rest of the diners in the restaurant were ready to tear the wires out of the juke box by the roots.

Lorry had been thwarted in love by an angel who proved to be a devil. Yet, Lorry couldn't rid herself of the feeling that the devil was still an angel. They had taken her to the heights of love, companionship and happiness, and then had thrown her down—bitterly—with a crushing blow to utter despair and disillusionment.

That had happened almost a year ago, and Lorry still mourned.

While she was brooding, deep in her mood, a thin, pale, yet well-dressed girl about 25 years old walked into the cafe and sat shyly down on the stool next to her. The girl ordered a bowl of soup—nothing more.

As she started to eat her soup, Lorry turned slightly on her stool and glanced slyly at her profile, noting that she was quite attractive. The girl somehow seemed to sense Lorry's feelings, and she turned and gave Lorry a wan friendly smile.

Lorry smiled back—thought for a moment, then decided to engage the girl in conversation.

"Is that all you're going to eat?" She asked solicitously.

"I think so," the girl said sweetly, "I'm not very hungry tonight."

"For cryin' out loud, how do you expect to keep your health by only eating slop like that?" Lorry grated at her.

"I don't much care one way or the other", the girl said sadly, toying with her soup.

"Why not?" Lorry said, still irritated. "What's bothering you?"

The girl kept her eyes on her soup. "Nothing," she said almost inaudibly, "except that I'm so very unhappy."

"Unhappy!" Lorry looked at her. "You? Don't make me laugh," she said sneeringly.

"Yes, me," the girl said, annoyed at Lorry's apparent lack of understanding. "All my life I've been trying to find just a little happiness — but it's all been so useless."

Lorry looked softly at her. "Oh, come now," she said, feeling a little more compassionate. "What's standing in your way? You're young, pretty and you seem to be level-headed."

"It doesn't appear to be any lack exactly," the girl confided, "but I never seem to find anyone who is decent and fine. Someone who will love me for myself alone — someone who will let me love them — someone who will need me the way I need them." Her eyes seemed to cloud over with emotion. "I'd give my very soul to be able to find that special companion and be loyal forever." Openly tearful now, she gazed hopelessly into Lorry's eyes.

Lorry sat very still. She was experiencing a thousand emotions. She realized only too well that the girl had struck the very source of *her* unhappiness. However, instead of warming toward the girl, Lorry's heart chilled. It was cold with self-pity.

"Just another sob story," Lorry thought cynically. "All she wants is someone to sympathize. To heck with her!"

Having made up her mind to that, Lorry turned to the girl and snapped curtly and rather loudly, "Sorry, but I've got to go — an important engagement."

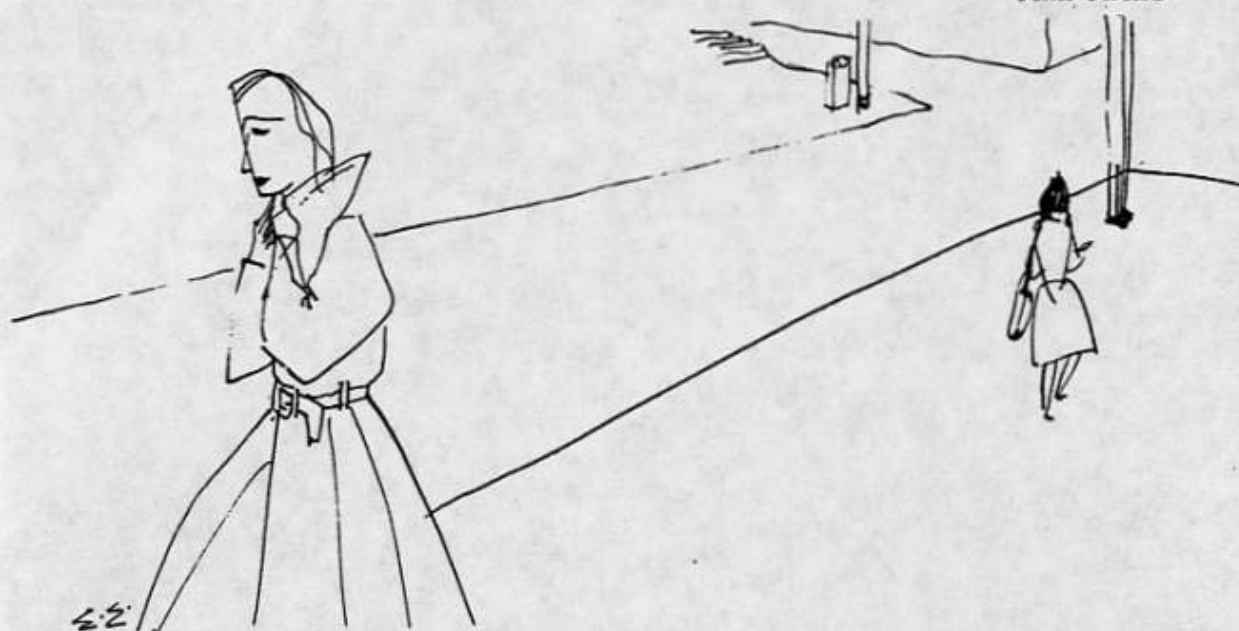
Then she slid off the stool, grabbed her coat, and strode out looking neither right nor left, leaving the girl alone.

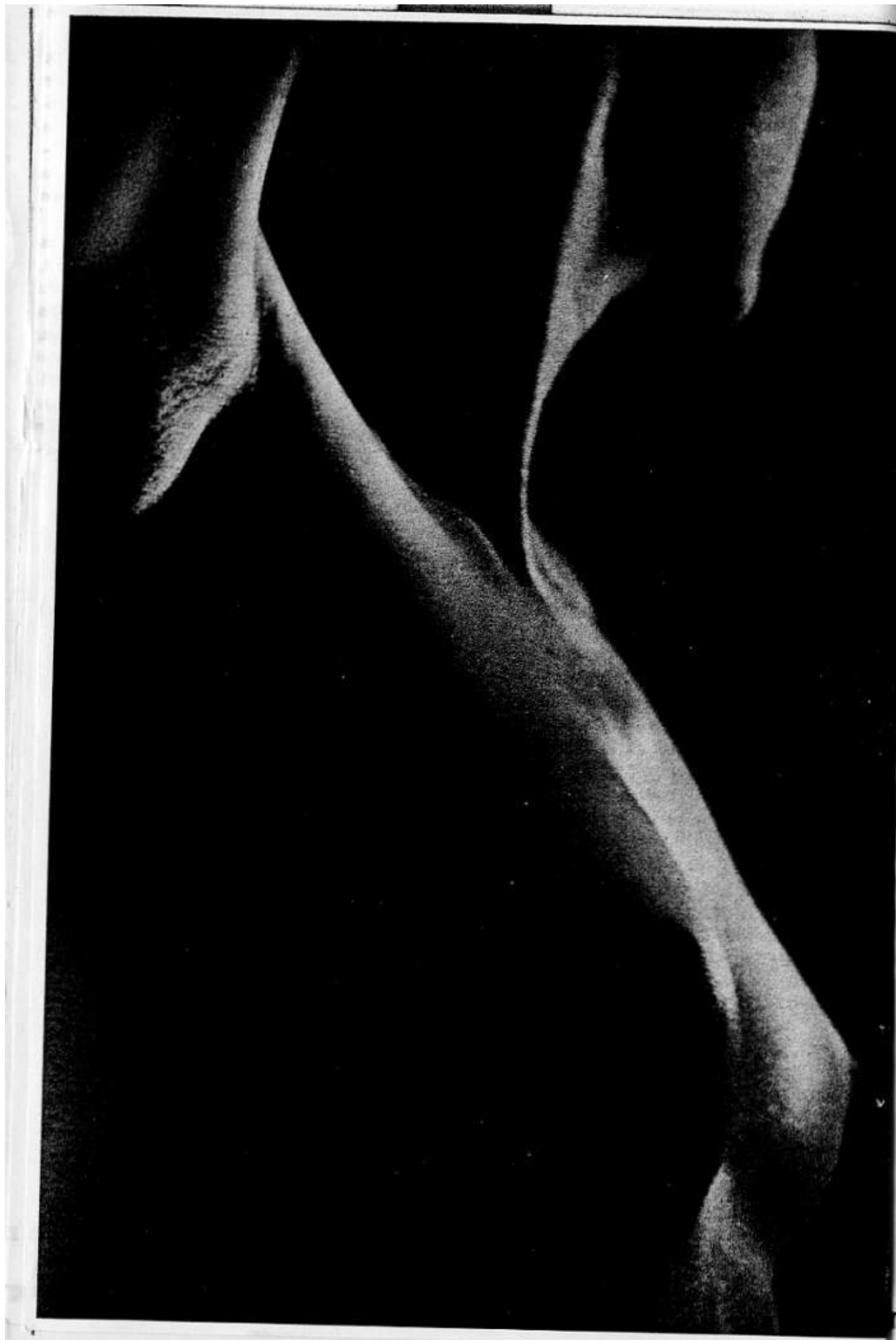
The girl, hurt and embarrassed, sat watching Lorry until she was out of sight, then turned and continued bravely to finish her soup, and leave as unnoticed as possible.

In the meantime, Lorry was moodily walking home to spend another depressing evening alone. The girl, too, headed homeward, to spend a similar evening.

But, of the two — it was Lorry, who later in her empty room, cried out to herself profoundly and miserably, "Oh, God, why are you so cruel? Why do you persist in allowing me to be so terribly alone!"

Ann Arthur





I Built A Castle



I built a castle in the sand
at ebb tide
built it big and beautiful
my hands cupped the grains
the grains fitted tight under
my hands

took form
I watched my castle
I loved my castle
And when the tide turned
I fought the waves
standing before my castle angry and afraid
but it went down and there was
only flat sand again
now I have gone far inland
to a new strange place
to hammer myself a castle
out of rock and granite
where no waves can
wash it over
no wind blow it to dust
But the tools are clumsy
my hands
slow

and faltering
and I sometimes wonder if
I want another castle
doubt
if I can build one
in this new strange land.

NOEL H. BUSTARD



photograph by Maria Werder

Cafe Saturday Night

You, standing by the booth over there, you can't hear these thoughts—and if you could you'd be ready to fight. But, I'm wondering about you and the many gals like you who are here tonight—and nearly every night!!

I could ask questions; I've talked to many like you, but I'd only get the same "standard" answers. None of you wish to be honest about yourselves—not even with yourselves.

For instance: "Why the fly front pants, the men's shorts (you brag that you wear them) and the men's jackets that always look too big in the shoulders?" Your answer—a hundred times over from 100 different people—would be. "I'm more comfortable this way. I never could stand women's clothes. I've always dressed this way!" (You must have looked adorable at age 7 in your bow tie and long key chain!)

O.K., I'll accept your answer, even though I'm familiar with many many gals who do not feel it's necessary to don such extreme attire for comfort—or for any other reason. They may wear such clothes on certain occasions, but not in public as a badge!

Next question: "Is it really necessary to make statements about 'not having shaved this evening'? Is it necessary to pass out cigars because the cat had kittens? And why, when introduced or greeting a friend, do you shake hands as though you were wrestling two out of three falls?"

These questions keep coming up as I glance around the room. What about the girl who is presently standing by the juke box? She's attractive, intelligent looking and seems to have a fine sense of humor—but the way she's table hopping makes you wonder if she wasn't bitten by a frog when a child! In fact, not 10 in the place seem to stay at the same table or booth for more than one drink! (Musical chairs, anyone??)

Now we've reached the point where no answers would be forthcoming—where the person being asked would reach for a beer bottle and take careful aim at the questioner. Now is the time for the 'big brawl' to start. You want acceptance and equal rights, but no one **dare** criticize your attitudes and actions!

You're wrong there. A few people have a right to say something about it. And these people aren't the so-called "straight" people whom you always suppose are "persecuting you." They are people just like you—you're the persecutor! In your insistence that you become accepted, you're persecuting the many many Lesbians who do not feel it necessary to be flamboyant, who do not scream "Look at me, accept me—damn it, you've got to!"

And you'll fight anyone who dares suggest that you are making acceptance impossible. O.K.—go ahead, fight—you may win, but the cause of the homosexual to prove that he or she is a decent citizen of good character, that **IMPORTANT** fight takes the 10 count for the umpteenth time!!

It's too bad these are just thoughts. We're all in the same position—we'd all like to see society a safer place for us. I believe many of you have fine intelligent minds—minds that could understand and make the next person understand these ideas. We **ARE** accepted or not, **THRU OUR CONDUCT!** Our homosexual **SOCIETY** **can** be accepted and approved—it's up to **YOU!**

INEZ WAGNER

A

plan has been worked out whereby ONE'S readers can take active part in its progress and expansion. ONE, a California non-profit corporation now offers to you, and to all of its friends, five different types of non-voting corporation membership. From these each person can select a means for supporting ONE'S aims and ideals

We are confident that you want to help us make ONE a better magazine, a more fearless and exciting challenge than ever before. We have great plans and high hopes for the coming year. Won't you join with us?

Please Check Category Desired

Annual Membership: I wish to become an Annual Member of ONE, Inc. for 1954 and receive a year's subscription to ONE magazine for 1954, plus a first edition of a book selected (or to be published) by the corporation. I enclose check or money order for \$10.00 for that purpose.

Contributing Membership: I wish to become a Contributing Member of ONE, Inc. for 1954 and receive a year's subscription to ONE magazine, plus a year's subscription to one of the similar European magazines (choice of languages), plus a first edition of a book selected (or to be published) by the corporation. I enclose a check or money order for \$25.00 for that purpose.

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Life Membership: I wish to become a Life Member of ONE, Inc., and to receive ONE magazine during the remainder of my lifetime. I enclose a check or money order for \$100.00 for that purpose.

Name.....

Address.....

LETTERS

The Great Reticence

Gentlemen:

As a reader-to-be I would like to comment on the fact that almost every statement or publication dealing with the topic of homosexuality, except those whose specific concern it is, tends to omit the feminine aspect of the subject. Gide was the cardinal offender in this respect. The reason for this is somewhat obscure, but perhaps has something to do with the great reticence of the women themselves. Reticence, however, does not imply disinterest on their part, nor does it call for neglect on the part of those engaged in the illumination of others. Women, it seems to me, are as interested and numerous as the male audience.

Bronxville, New York

Enclosed Please Find

Dear Friends:

I decided that perhaps the most welcome contribution I could make towards your February issue would be the enclosed check. I feel sure you can put it to good use. I shall look forward eagerly to the February issue. Bonne chance!

New York City

Very Complex Oedipus

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing money for a subscription to ONE magazine. It is not for me but for my mother who needs it more than I do.

Oakland, Calif.

Short Story

Gentlemen:

Everything (of a positive nature) that I'd like to say about your magazine has already been said, so I'll have to settle for a short but sincere phrase. I like ONE—I think it's a tremendously promising publication and hope it thrives.

Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri



The Quiet Ones

Frankly I am somewhat disappointed with your magazine. I have studied and searched hoping to find something concerning the female homosexual with very meager results. Aren't women people, too? Your magazine is not much help.

Decaturville, Tennessee

We Must Be Strong

Dear Friends:

I take this opportunity to commend you for your courage in beginning and continuing in your publication of a much needed magazine. If I were located in your section of the country, I would gladly give as much of my free time to aiding you as you could use. If there is anything I can do, at a distance, please feel free to write and ask me. The cause you are fighting is mine, also, and I feel my share of the responsibility very strongly.

I am a little puzzled by all the commotion being made over the use of one's proper name. When you give in to the pronounced shame others would like to put upon you, you can not but cheapen yourself to some extent. Hiding is an admission of guilt; fear is weakness; and we, of all people must be strong if we are ever to win this fight.

So if we are still a free enough country to allow a writer the right to be published in any publication he desires, by all means if you decide to publish any of my manuscripts you may use my name. Society cannot cheapen the honesty of my emotions unless I allow it to do so—I have no intention of letting this happen.

New York City



The Best Place to Gripe

Dear ONE:

Nothing makes me madder than people who are prejudiced against abnormal sex in any shape or form, and I think the main cause for this is downright ignorance. It would astound you to hear some of the things some of the people I've talked about homosexuality to have come up with! To think that homosexuals are communists, as some people do, is certainly strange, but I've heard even better ones than that! So it seems to me, more important than any fiction, is to give the people the facts. If your magazine is on the stands in the States, a good percentage of readers must be normals who seem to know hardly nothing about the subject, and sure could use the knowledge. Nothing seems to spread hate faster than ignorance.

If I may give my comment on your subject matter here, I think James Barr's story, "Death in a Royal Family," fell way short of his usual high quality writing. Even though it was only a short-short, comparing it with Quatrefoil, I can hardly believe it was the same author. I suppose this is an impossible request but I'd certainly like to know the author of "The Greenhouse," in the November issue. This story, in my opinion, was about the best you've published to date, and for weeks now I've been pondering who the author is.

one

Before closing, I must give you my pet gripe against homosexuals, since this is the best place to gripe about them. Even though there seems to be such a vast amount of discussion from gay people about the persecution and humiliations that they are subject to, on the other hand there are a great many homos who seem to think that being homo is the greatest thing in the world. This, after all, isn't any better an attitude than to feel they are the underdogs. Why talk about normals meeting gay kids on a common ground when a lot of homos are going to act superior to us? It isn't any more justified to say that homosexuals are the greatest people in the world, than to say that normals are.

Toronto, Ontario



We Shall Be Mocked . . .

The Mattachine Society
Office of the Coordinating Council
Post Office Box 851
Oakland 4, California
To the Staff:

Attached is a criticism of statements made on the back cover of the December issue of ONE, in which you pointed out the wide gap between the magazine and the Mattachine Society. Opinions of a dozen or more members of the Society at San Francisco have been sought in this connection. They unanimously agree that the issue was a low point in ONE's first year, and further implore that your statements about the ideology of the present Mattachine Society be made with accuracy. I can only say that I am disappointed that you have taken steps to do what can only be interpreted as taking a b---h fight to the pages of One for airing to all your readers. So much more would be accomplished if this were not done. And please remember that it is just possible that the staff of ONE is NOT comprised of ALL the capable leaders in an effort to solve a social problem. True enough, you have the publication, and the sole power to print in it whatever your conscience dictates. But please call upon your conscience to dictate what is said—and not your emotions.

It is a fact that many of us in the Society think we can stay in it and carry out its program without having to shout from the top of L.A. city hall that we are homosexual. Further, it is a fact, that we are attracting the attention and aid of many influential persons who are positively NOT homosexual. This we consider a healthy sign.

Organizations which know of the existence, aims and purposes of the Mattachine Society at San Francisco now include the following: The

U.S. Public Health Service, the San Francisco City and County Mental Health Society, the Northern California Mental Health Society, the Langley Porter Clinic of the University of California, and persons in city offices concerned with probationary work, criminal prosecution, and so on. In addition, you know that we worked with Dr. Kinsey and his staff with marked success. Kinsey's own 20 years of study in this field caused him to remark to us that the policy adopted by the last convention was the best thing by far for the Society to do. He, incidentally, is sharply critical of ONE.

Please look beyond the limits of the City of Los Angeles in establishing the tone and policy of the magazine. Your greatest help is far removed from the entrapment cases of such immediate concern down there. And ONE nor the Society alone will never shatter that situation anyway, the graft is too far reaching for even the State to do anything about it. Or did you know? Don't worry, others (not homosexuals, either) outside of Southern California would very much like to see the situation cleaned up. They know how rotten and graft-ridden it is. But they also know that a lot of what happens is asked for. And Los Angeles isn't the only place where arrests of that type are being made. L-----y cruisers up here get it, too.

Much better to report, however, is this piece of news which came out in the Hearst and other papers up here this morning. I'm referring to the clipping about the arrest of two persons, one of whom is being charged with operating an extortion game against deviates since 1936. And you want us to antagonize a police department which has the attitude of ours in San Francisco? No. Thank heaven, they know sex laws are not enforceable, so long as it doesn't take place in public, doesn't involve minors, and doesn't include assault.

Seriously, I hope the gap I fear exists does not. If we all get involved in a b---h fight, then our cause is lost, and we shall be mocked by those people who have thus far turned a sympathetic ear and open mind to our project. "You can't organize a bunch of you-know-whats," they'll say—and I'm afraid I can't challenge the truth of that.

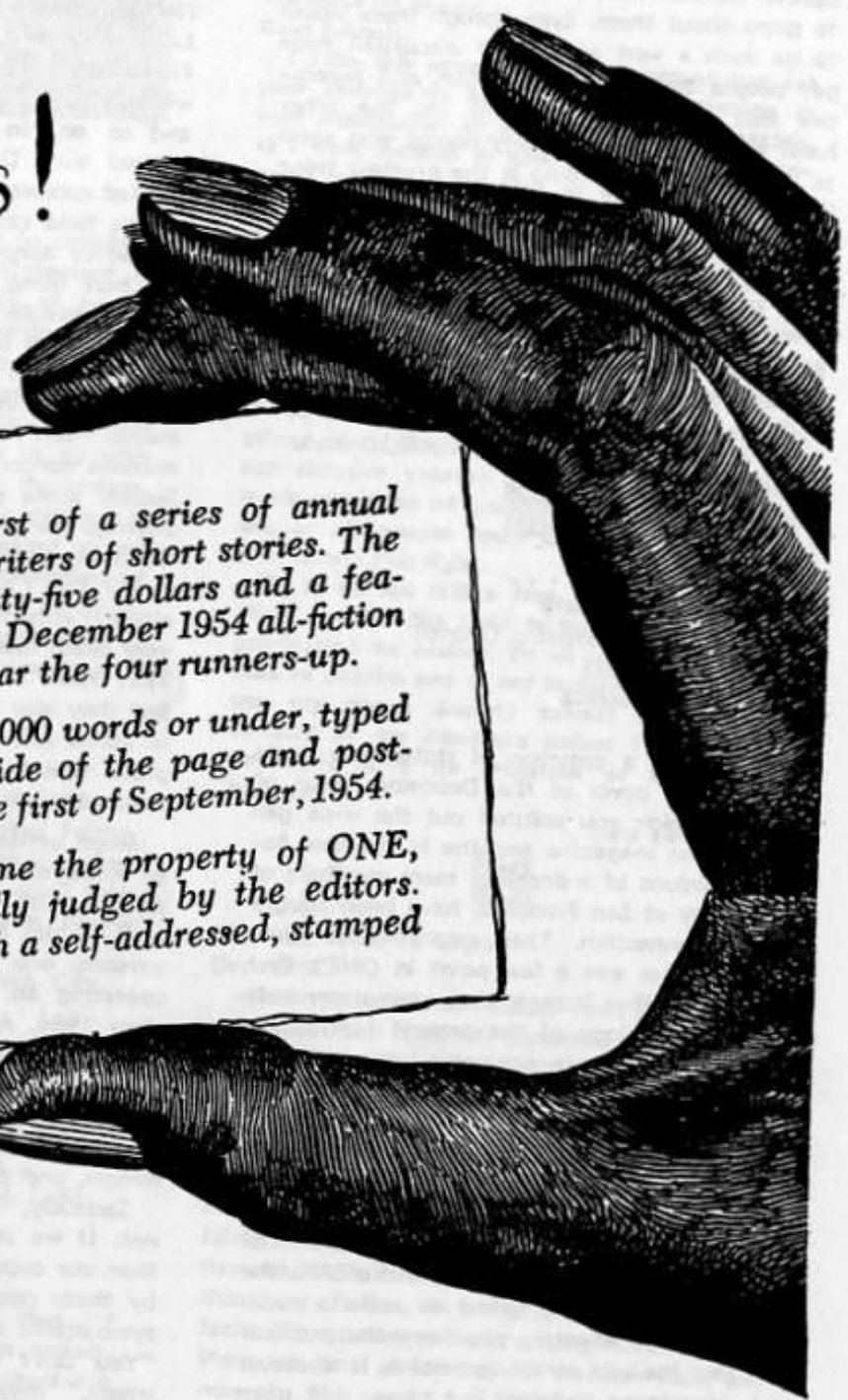
Sincerely,

(I do grant permission to reveal my name to individuals who request it.)

ONE does not share the above Mattachine opinion that our American government is hopelessly graft-ridden. Would it not be more loyal to advocate improving our system rather than changing it? The criticism referred to was late for this issue's deadline, will appear in March, should make the Mattachine viewpoint very clear.



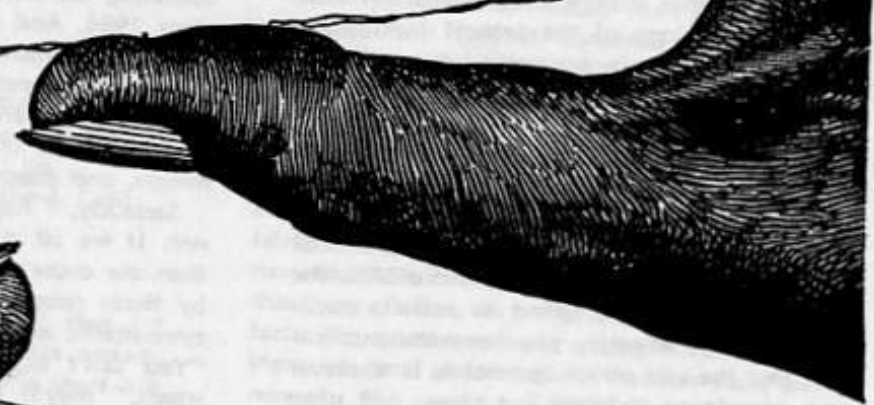
Writers!



ONE announces the first of a series of annual competitions open to writers of short stories. The first prize will be twenty-five dollars and a featured appearance in the December 1954 all-fiction issue. With it will appear the four runners-up.

Manuscripts must be 5,000 words or under, typed double-space on one side of the page and postmarked on or before the first of September, 1954.

All manuscripts become the property of ONE, Inc. and will be finally judged by the editors. Please accompany with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



on or before the first of September, 1954.

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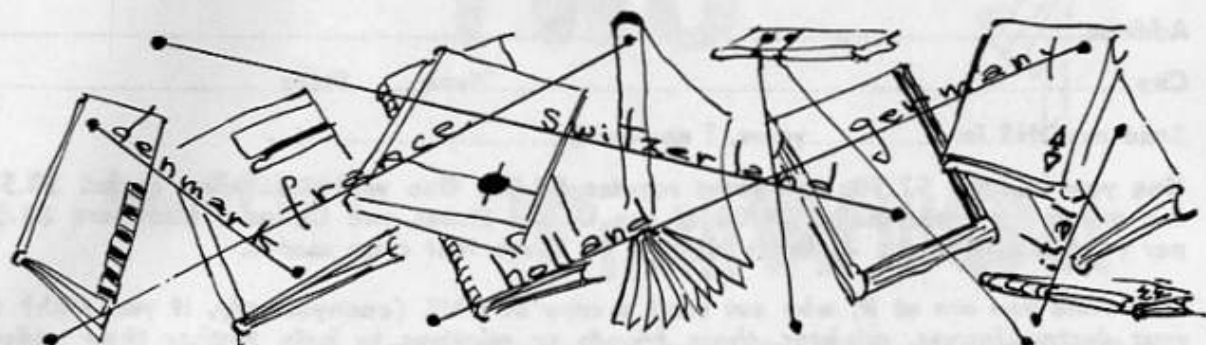
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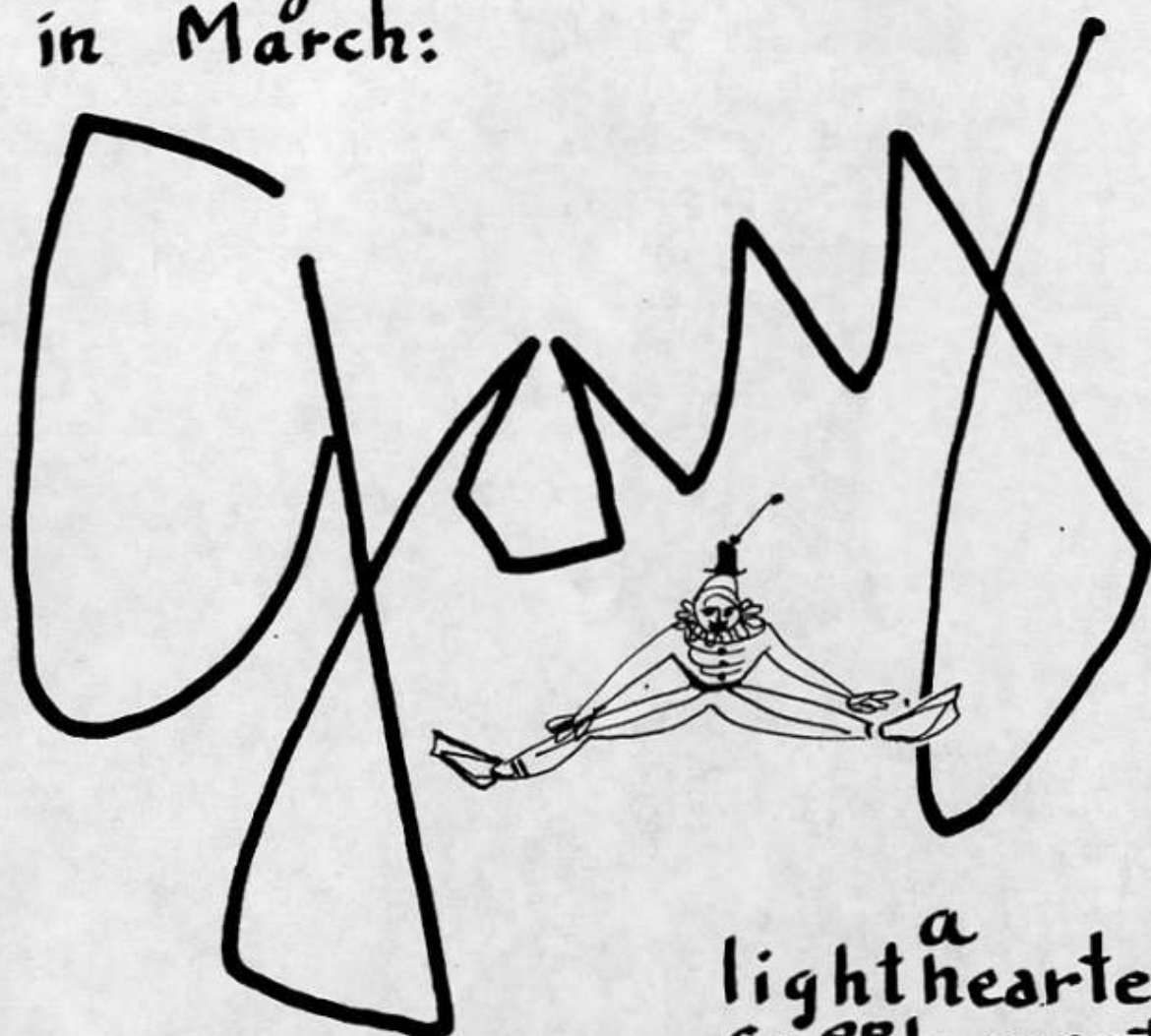
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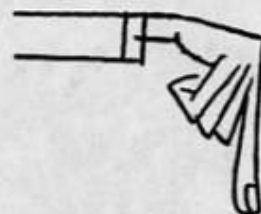


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