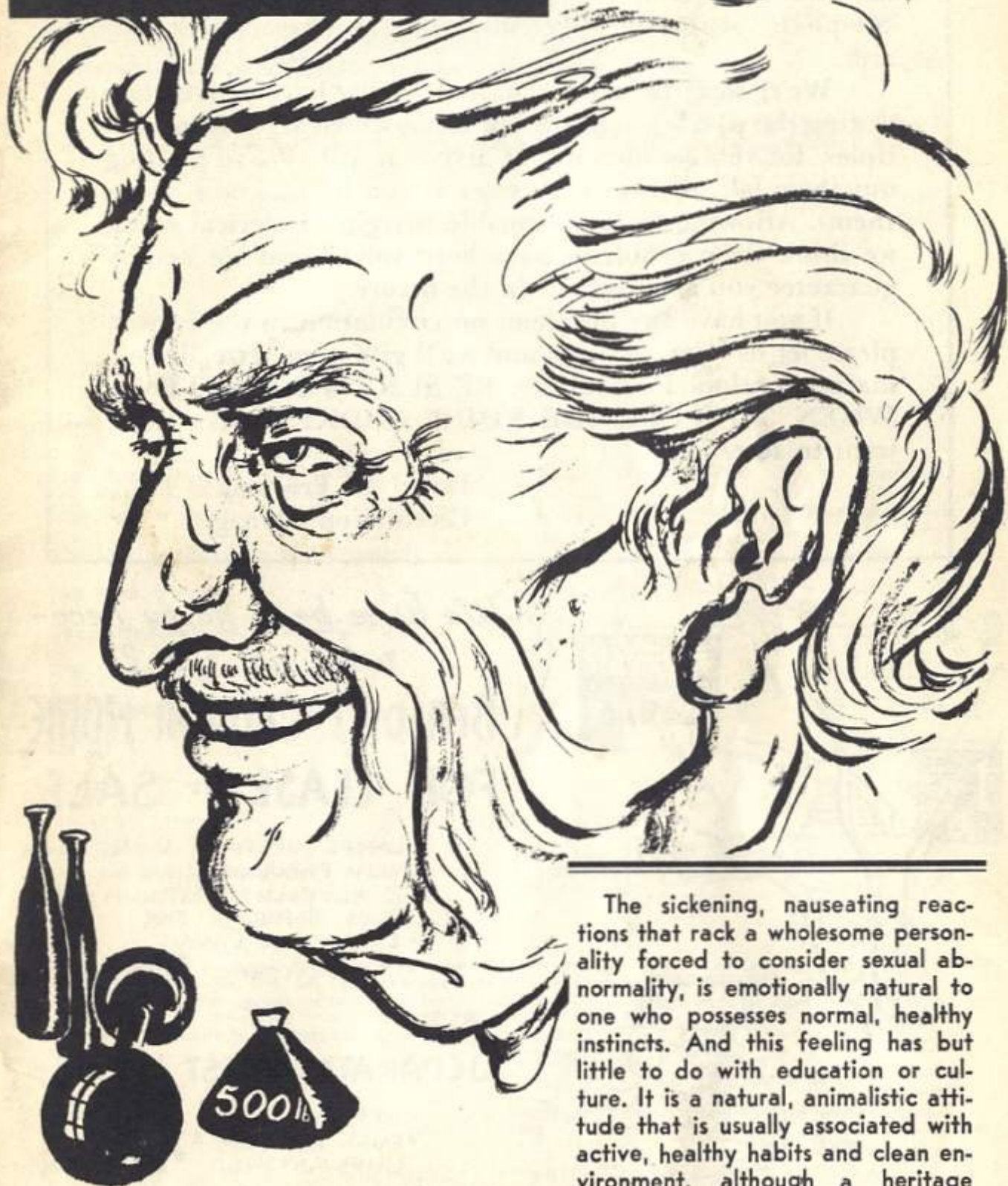


one



The sickening, nauseating reactions that rack a wholesome personality forced to consider sexual abnormality, is emotionally natural to one who possesses normal, healthy instincts. And this feeling has but little to do with education or culture. It is a natural, animalistic attitude that is usually associated with active, healthy habits and clean environment, although a heritage from a fine, strong parentage is certainly important.

— BERNARR MACFADDEN

APRIL 1954
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

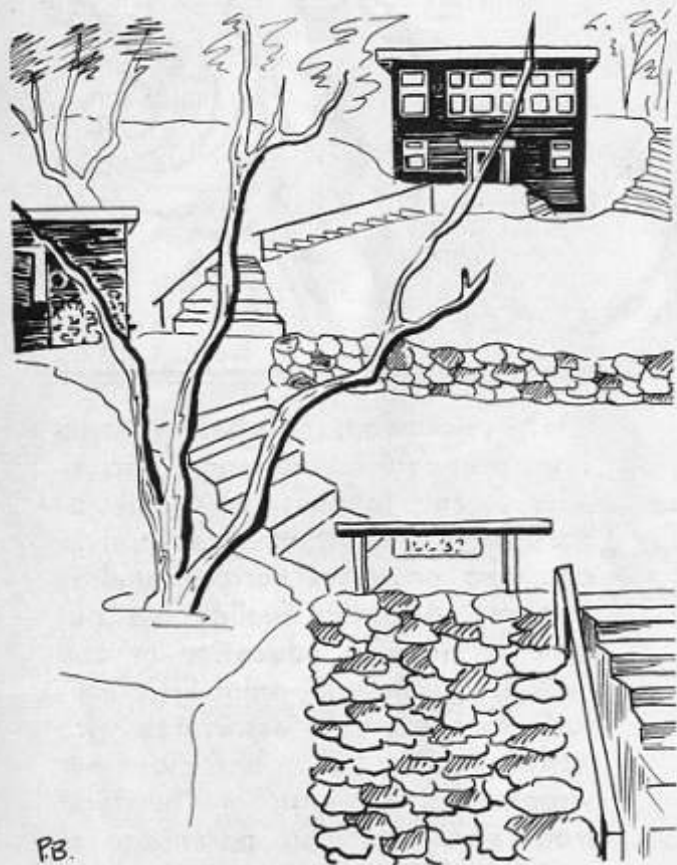
Report from Circulation

We don't think it will make any of our subscribers mad to hear the good tidings that ONE's Circulation Department has been completely reorganized. Now we have a **SYSTEM**, complete with addressing machine equipment and a full staff.

We're sorry for all the magazines that have arrived late during the past few months, for those which arrived in multiples, for those which didn't arrive at all! (We're mailing out these last, of course, as soon as you let us know about them). Allowing for a reasonable margin of clerical error, we think these problems have been solved and we hereby guarantee you good service in the future.

If you have any problems on circulation in the future, please let us know at once, and we'll give your letter immediate attention. Particularly, **BE SURE TO WRITE US WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS.** We don't want to lose you!

David L. Freeman
Circulation Manager



*We have been happy here—
why not you?*

BENEDICT CANYON HOME FOR LEASE or SALE

- LARGE UPSTAIRS LIVING ROOM WITH FABULOUS VIEW—
 - 2 BEDROOMS • KITCHEN • BATH • PLUS SEPARATE BAR
 - & TROPICAL LANAI.
- UNFURNISHED \$135 MONTH

ALSO:

SEPARATE GUEST HOUSE •

- APPLIANCES
 - FULL KITCHEN & BATH
- UNFURNISHED \$80 MONTH

• MICHIGAN 6983 •

one

one

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume Two

Number Four

April 1954

CONTENTS

The Third Choice	Herbert Gant	page 4
Sea-Urge, a poem	Bryn	page 6
The Law, a discussion of Entrapment		page 7
The Wall, a story	Carl Masters	page 9
Queer Happenings on Capitol Hill	James Barr	page 12
TWO, news supplement		page 15
20th Century Cavemen	Martha McClain	page 27
Letters		page 28

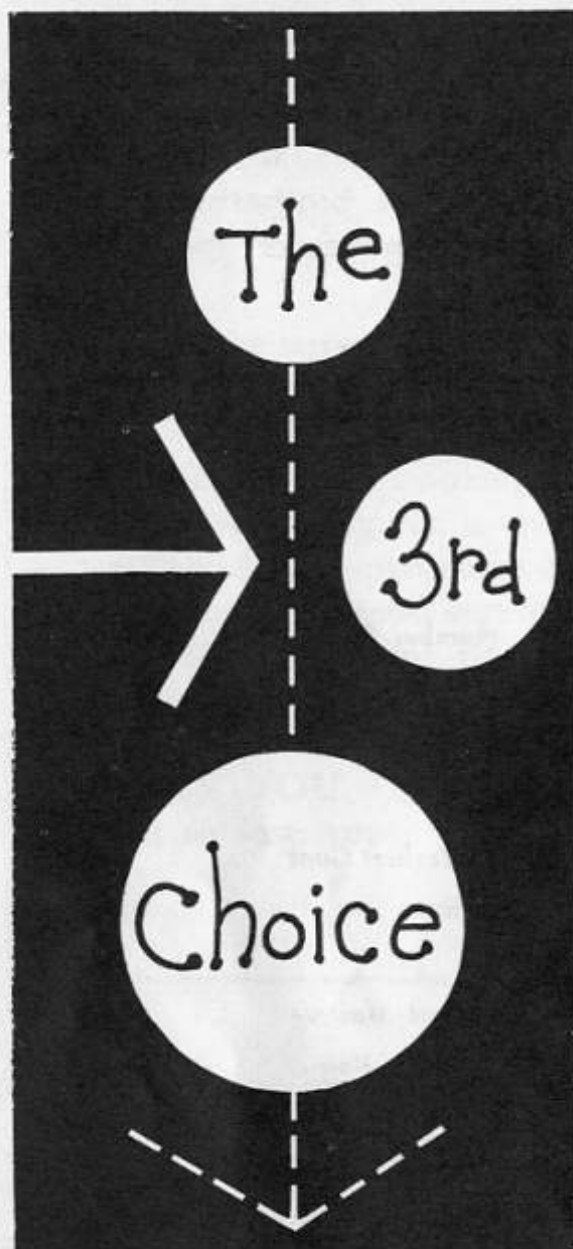
Cover by Ponchelli

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.

Eve Ellore
Editorial Staff: Ann Carl Reid
Ben Tabor

James Barr
Contributing Editors: Donald Webster Cory
Donald Slater

Business Manager: William Lambert. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Copyright 1954 by ONE, Inc., Los Angeles, California.



For the last decade it has been the fashion (particularly in analytic circles) to regard homosexuality as a form of play, a frivolous, immature or experimental manifestation, an avoidance of adult responsibility. This school of thought posits heterosexual marriage at the opposite pole as the example of the assumption of adult responsibility. Heterosexual marriage, they say, is a **serious relationship** involving the care for a family and the creation of a home, with a (more or less) stable life in common. At first glance, there would seem to be much truth in this attitude. Throughout the

one

The opinions expressed in "The Third Choice" are not to be construed as necessarily representing the views of the editors, but merely one opinion on a many-sided problem.

centuries marriage has, despite flagrant failures, achieved an aura of great respectability and mystical sanction.

Despite certain remarks made in your magazine* by a writer E. B. Saunders, the marriage relation has nothing to fear from a more open acceptance of homosexuality and is in no need whatever of being "protected." History and psychology demonstrate that the world is large enough to accommodate the most extraordinarily diverse, delicate, kaleidoscopic relationships.

Most of the difficulties raised by Saunders would be resolved if, instead of dichotomizing heterosexual and futuristic homosexual marriage, he would train his concern on the need for establishing good lasting personal relationship of any sort. The art of strong relationships is difficult, requiring as it does much compassion, love-management and patience. Wherever a good lasting relationship occurs (whether between members of the same or different sexes) one should give thanks. The legalization and widespread acceptance of homosexuality (as projected by E. B. Saunders into the year 2053) would not necessarily create more such relationships.

Today the marriage relationship has attained, it is true, legal status and impressiveness but, if we look into the dawn of history, we will see that the origins of this relationship were savage, questionable and ambiguous.

At the present time homosexuality, as a recognizable set-up, possesses more dignity and stature than did the marriage relationship in its dark beginnings but we must grant, I think, that homosexual-togetherness is still partly unformed, still furtive, still controversial.

*the August issue

The aforementioned school of thought attempts to contrast heterosexual marriage with the present state of homosexuality (inaccurately equated with "promiscuity"), a contrast impossible to support, as any examination of divorce conditions in this country would immediately show. But let us further look into their case. If homosexuality "grows serious," they say, it takes on the burdens of heterosexuality which in turn tends to undermine the "pleasure" of homosexuality, that being based on the release from the binding nature of adult responsibility.

But we see how fallacious this is if we objectively investigate these two relationships as entities in their own right. With widely diverse origins and histories, with divergent aims, characteristics and presuppositions, these two patterns of relationship have, over many centuries, come into being and in one way or another left their imprint on the mind of the race. How can anyone, moved by the superficial strength of social convention or personal prejudice, take one relationship, so uniquely formed, and forcefully fit it into the shape of the other? No, this cannot be done. Nor are homosexuals themselves innocent of the attempt to do this.

In his life a certain type of homosexual mimics heterosexual marriage. It is my belief that this leads to a distortion, even more to a despair of relationship. Homosexuals have a different role and they must create for themselves individual goals and purposes. To adopt children, take out insurance on each other, set up bourgeois house does not represent, for them, a solution. My opponent will counter with: What is the alternative? You say you want us to achieve recognition and dignity . . . How else do you expect us to do so? Not surely by barflitting?

We live in this year of grace 1953. As a type of relationship, homosexuality remains at the troubled dawn of history. In the past the homosexual's role has been the shaman, the witch doctor, the interpreter or intellectual midwife. And in direct inheritance an accepted role for him today is the artist (magician), the interior decorator, the analyst. Not as parent or pseudo-parents does the homosexual best relate himself to the child but rather as teacher.

In the years of grace to follow, and by means of love and grace, individual homosexuals must discover what they are and what they can become. To a certain extent they remain "uncreated." In 1903 the Wright Brothers built a machine that would go off the ground but they had not yet invented an airplane that would fly. By means of love, concern and self discipline the homosexual must construct for himself a relationship that will "fly."

What holds many heterosexual marriages together is, I suggest, a basic male-female polarity, largely biologic in nature. Whereas in homosexual relations, although a polarity does exist, it is not of this obvious male-female sort, no, it remains a polarity of temperament, of interests, of character. To cement their relationship, two homosexuals must discover the nature of the Likeness-in-difference between them.* In a heterosexual relation, the focus of attention will be thrown on instinct. In a homosexual relation, on character.

If he looks ahead, as immense spectrum of relationship confronts the homosexual—a spectrum of possibility out of which—in order to find himself—he must **choose!**

In this connection what do I mean by "choice"? The homosexual (hard-pressed and unillusioned as he is apt to be) can learn a great deal, I think, from the existentialists. In a certain

*See Plato's *Lysis*

inward sense the homosexual must **choose** (fully confront and assume) his function, (artist, businessman, politician.) Secondly, he must choose the sort of relationship with another human being possible and rewarding to him. But more important than either of these is the third choice:

To create his salvation the homosexual must accept his homosexuality.

I claim, in other words, that he must completely take on himself the responsibility for what he is. The role that environment and heredity play in the formation of life needs less emphasis than the necessity for the individual to confront his life, to assume his life in a naked direct sense, as the Ancient Greeks did. From the point of view of practical action and decision it is unhelpful for the homosexual to constantly refer his difficulties to a confused parental situation. Essentially whether his mother loved him too much or did not love him remains trivial and unimportant. Nothing is to be gained for the homosexual by paying obeisance to the magic powers: "social pressure" and "economic conditions." As soon as the homosexual positively accepts his homosexuality, a new ele-

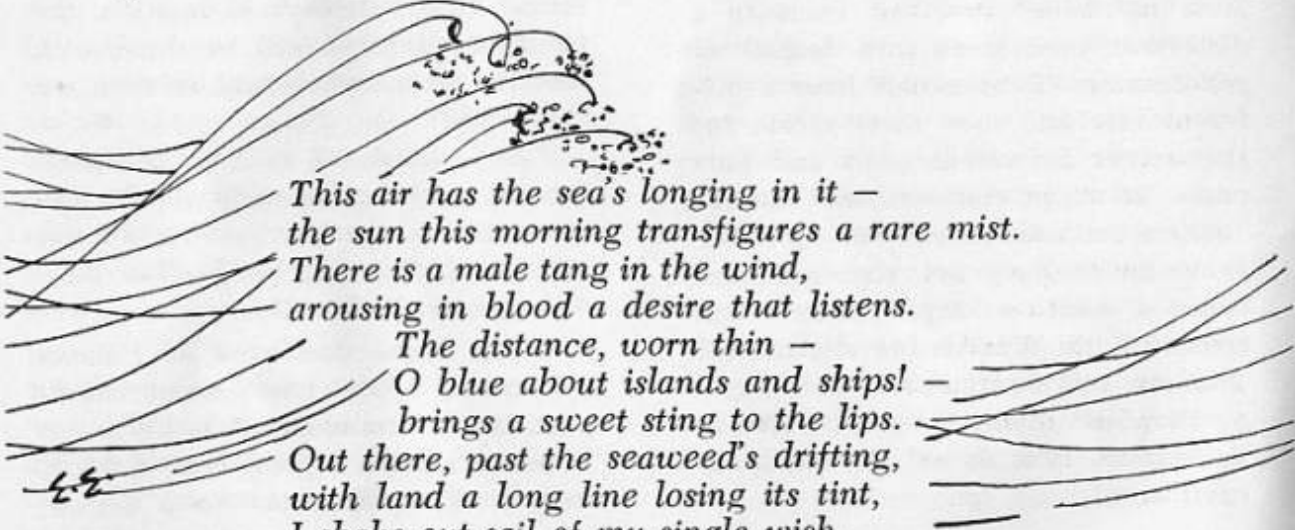
ment of freedom will enter his life. And thenceforward in a cumulative way he himself—not mystic materialistic forces—will tend to determine the direction of his life.

To return to a point made at the beginning: the analytic school places homosexuality in distinction to heterosexuality, regarding the former as "play." But this attitude disregards the fact that sexuality (homosexual and heterosexual) is play. More consequences of a certain sort have developed from heterosexual play (conception, the code of chivalry, legal marriage) but this really only freights it with a baggage of pseudo-importance. Who can say which is more "serious"? The individual may play for fun or for keeps in both situations. Of its own unique sort homosexuality has its deep reverence and its faith, its endurance, its profound love. Throughout history it has created subtle situations and relationships; it has been the motivation in back of such incidents as the story of the Theban Band, the Peter Doyle-Whitman comradeship, the death of Achilles, the friendship of Maximin and Stefan George.

Herbert Gant



SEA - URGE



*This air has the sea's longing in it —
the sun this morning transfigures a rare mist.
There is a male tang in the wind,
arousing in blood a desire that listens.
The distance, worn thin —
O blue about islands and ships! —
brings a sweet sting to the lips.
Out there, past the seaweed's drifting,
with land a long line losing its tint,
I shake out sail of my single wish.*

BRYN

one

The following is the second in a series of articles by ONE's legal counsel on aspects of the law deemed by the Editors to be of interest and importance to ONE's readers. Other articles in this series will follow in subsequent issues.

THE LAW

A DISCUSSION OF ENTRAPMENT

"Police officers are empowered to capture criminals, not to **create** them."

These words, used in an early leading case on entrapment, have formed the basis of much subsequent legal discussion on the topic. The law of entrapment is one which is still not fully clear in the law; it has many contradictions; and it is particularly baffling to and subject to misunderstanding by laymen.

It is important to grasp first one fundamental concept: that "entrapment" is **not** a crime. With certain exceptions an officer who entraps a defendant into the commission of an offense he would not have otherwise committed is not guilty of a crime, at least under State law. He is merely overactive in procuring arrests. Perhaps, under such circumstances, he may be liable to the defendant in a civil action for money damages; but he has committed no **crime**.

What, then is the much-discussed "entrapment"? It is a **defense**, to be raised by an accused. One who has committed an offense is permitted to raise as a defense the fact that the idea of the offense did not originate in his mind, but that he was lured, persuaded, duped or seduced into acts he did not intend to commit by an over-zealous police officer.

The defense of entrapment is an old one in the law. It existed in common law in England, centuries ago, and has

always been a part of American law. A famous series of "entrapment" cases in American history arose during the last century, when over-zealous liquor-enforcement officers used the following device: they swore in as a deputy and one of their number a full-blooded Indian, but one who was indistinguishable from a white Caucasian. The Indian deputy would go into a bar, order a drink, and, having been served, arrest the bartender for having sold liquor to an Indian in violation of law. These convictions were reversed.

A statement of the general rule in modern law is: "Where police officers incited, induced, instigated or lured the accused into committing an offense which he otherwise would not have committed and had no intention of committing, entrapment exists and the defendant, though he has committed the offense will not be convicted."

On the other hand, this statement of law is always qualified with another: "It is not a defense that an officer has set a plan to capture a criminal, and to secure evidence of guilt against him, or has created circumstances in which the criminal can commit the offense."

Or, as it has sometimes been stated, the critical point is: **In whose mind did the crime originate, the officer's or the defendant's? If in the mind of the latter, no entrapment exists.**

It will be obvious to the perceptive reader of these statements that the question of where the line is to be drawn is a very difficult one indeed, and often not capable of determination except by the intuitive feelings of a judge or jury. Perhaps an analysis of the types of cases in which entrapment claims are frequently made will illustrate the problem more clearly.

- 1 — The first situation is that where an officer offers to buy a prohibited article, and the defendant is willing to sell. This can arise in narcotics cases, liquor cases, or in prostitution. In these cases, it is no defense that the officer disguised his identity. Where the defendant is motivated by a desire for money, there is no entrapment by an officer who offers money.
- 2 — The second type of case involves more active activity on the part of the officer. He may secure the confidence of a thief and loan him a gun with which to commit a robbery; he may pretend to be an accomplice; he may take narcotics into a city and thereby attract narcotic peddlers anxious to buy. In these situations, the officer creates situations which make it easier for a criminal to commit an offense which he seeks an opportunity to commit. The idea for the offense has, however, originated with the defendant.
- 3 — In the third situation, the officer suggests the commission of the crime. He overcomes the defendant's unwillingness by threats or appeals to sympathy, pity or friendship. In this situation, entrapment exists. (For example, in a famous case, a prostitute induced a man to live with her outside of wedlock. She had been hired to do so by police, who arrested the man for violation of a morals law. It was held the man had been entrapped.) But in this situation, the proof of the

defendant's reluctance must be clear and overwhelming. CASES ARE EXTREMELY RARE IN WHICH A CLAIM OF ENTRAPMENT IS SUCCESSFUL AS A DEFENSE.

In situations of homosexual life, we can apply the law as obtained from the above situations and lay down the following general rules, dependent in each case, of course, upon the particular facts:

It is obvious that, for instance, a homosexual who makes the acquaintance of a strange man, perhaps in a public place, and proposes to him the commission of an illegal act, cannot urge the defense of entrapment, even though the stranger was a vice-squadder "staked out" as a decoy to attract such defendants.

If, in the same situation, it was the vice-squadder who proposed the illegal act, the same would be true. A MERE SOLICITATION BY A VICE SQUAD OFFICER DOES NOT CREATE ENTRAPMENT. These cases are similar to situation (2) above: the officer has merely created a situation in which a defendant can commit an act with more ease.

Only in the third situation can entrapment truly be claimed: If the officer "picks up" the defendant, gains his acquaintance, proposes the act, and proceeds to overcome the defendant's genuine reluctance and unwillingness by appeals to sympathy, pity, friendship, etc., entrapment exists, but IF, AND ONLY IF the defendant was in fact unwilling, and the officer's appeals were such as to leave no doubt that he was the procuring party.

To prove such a state of fact requires a strong degree of proof; obviously, the defendant is forced to take the stand in his own defense, and his version of the facts must be so strong and believable as to convince a judge or jury of its truth and validity.



THE WALL



I found a note recently, one of my own, in an army jacket, along with a buck and three books of matches. It contained the words "the wall." I was really thrown, although I was glad to retrieve the buck which I had more or less forgotten about. I had trouble remembering what the note was supposed to stand for, what I had had in mind. Eventually, I did remember, although it took some doing. The note was a Third Avenue bar note, written to myself in a moment of drunken unhappiness and subjectivity. A memo denoting some sort of insight, self-awareness, written while I was thinking through some relationships, some people I had known.

It seems that when I first knew Louie—first met him on Third Avenue in a bar which wasn't quite chi-chi, wasn't quite as friendly as a neighborhood bar, wasn't quite in the Bowery, wasn't the sort of bar which is ever likely to get into a *New Yorker* short story—that I wasn't supposed to like his friends, wasn't supposed to be liked by them. There were walls galore which Louie wanted to build, his walls, in a rather pathetic attempt to dramatize his life. I think that he had one in particular in mind, a wall between myself and my immediate predecessor with Louie, a guy named Joe.

The amusing thing that happened was that I did like the "ex," did like Joe, really liked him considerably better than I did Louie, for all of my moving in with Louie, having a hectic three or four months before we decided to do our drinking and shopping for groceries and other things separately. A funny business, but Joe and I—while all of this was happening—were able to talk together. He was from Brooklyn, but more British than some of the birds of passage who spent little interludes in Brooklyn Heights. We talked about books and records and cats and politics and interior decorating—the mainstays of Third Avenue bar conversation—and I remember a wry dissatisfaction on Louie's part when he discovered how well Joe and I were getting along. We talked about a helluva lot of things, were able to talk about almost everything except my relationship with Louie.

It wasn't long before Louie and I were fighting up and down Third Avenue, with and without Joe, and looking, in the process, for partisans and father-confessors and people to share the sadness and excitement of a relationship clearly destined to do nothing except fall apart but good. Rather naively, I thought Joe might be helpful, in terms of his experience with Louie: someone to talk to, someone to ask for advice. And that was where I hit the wall. Joe and I continued to talk about books and cats and records and politics. We drank together, lent one another money, and compared observations about the shifting clientele of this Third Avenue bar and that one. It remained impossible for me to discuss Louie with Joe, impossible to discover how he had moved out of his relationship with Louie, impossible to discover what meaning the break might have had, might still continue to have. Joe wasn't talking, didn't want to listen. On this frontier, Joe was about as impassive as a wooden cigar-store Indian, and about as helpful. Utterly impossible, I found, for me to get whatever I thought I wanted from Joe.

So I moved out, solved my own problem, went my own way. I became rather pleased at my success at avoiding entangling alliances. Gradually, I became less concerned about my failure to get along with Louie, my inability to talk with Joe about Louie. Probably, I wouldn't be thinking about walls, about Louie, about Joe, about any of this, if I hadn't scribbled the drunken note to myself.

The real key, I now know, is Tommy, who became my successor with Louie, who made an "ex" of me in a somewhat officially recognized Third Avenue fashion.

There was a parallel, latter-day ritual, almost everything except printed announcements. Tommy met me, as I had met Joe, with Louie presiding over the introductions, with my knowing who Tommy was, with his knowing who I was, with the ghost of Joe somewhere in the offing, enjoying the fun. No pulling of punches. Louie was enjoying the dramatic possibilities of the new situation as much as he had enjoyed the older one. Honestly speaking, I wasn't jealous. I wish I could have been. Basically, instead, I was rather glad that Louie had Tommy. Tommy was necessary, if I was to feel emancipated. I was curious to see how Tommy would operate when it came to diverting the thunder and lightning, when it came to playing his part in the production. I was glad that Louie had someone else to try to make a go of things with.

So time went on, and I became fairly adroit and cagey about avoiding bars where I was likely to run into Louie and Tommy. Louie and I were likely to become bitchy, likely to argue about the way we had mismanaged house-money, failed to keep this cat from getting knocked up. Joe, who had always been a wise and sensible guy, simply moved away. Was doing his drinking uptown the last I heard, as unwilling as I to be part of a quartet.

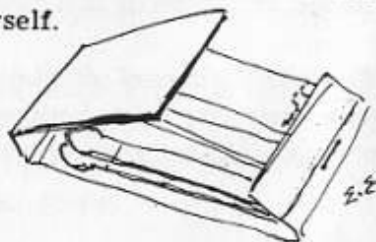
I still remember the Saturday night when I ran into Tommy when he was alone. He and I had had no chance, no inclination, to become friends, as had been the case with Joe and myself. I was a little surprised to see Tommy by himself. I don't believe that I had ever seen him drinking in a bar without being well chaperoned by Louie. I remember asking about Louie, out of expediency chiefly, because I didn't want him tearing out of the john, furious at me for even speaking to Tommy, wondering what in hell I might say to Tommy. Tommy, I remember, was evasive. He didn't really say **where** Louie was. There was no suggestion of what was happening with them.

So I asked Tommy to go down the Avenue to another bar with me, which we did. There was little difference between the bars; simply a geographic move. I asked about Louie, asked what had happened to the kittens, and paid for our beers, wondering why I felt it necessary to do so. I remember asking Tommy how he was coming with a new job. I remember standing in the crowded bar with him and thinking what a dull-tool he was, about as colorful as a sheet of typing-paper. I wondered if it took a quiet and unobtrusive person like Tommy for Louie to get along with, dominate, run. I wondered what their relationship was like. I wondered if Tommy were happy. I realized that I was thinking about my own unhappiness, my own quarrels, with Louie.

Somewhere along the way, in the process of having a private tizzy, it occurred to me that Tommy had a rather quizzical expression on his face, a question-asking look. I found myself remembering my old attempts at conversation with Joe, when I was trying to understand my relationship, my quarrels, my differences with Louie, when Joe did nothing except freeze politely and politely make it evident that he wasn't going to help. I remember the odd wall that I've already complained about. I suddenly found myself understanding the need that Joe had for the wall. It was a means of protecting whatever was left over from his relationship with Louie.

I suddenly knew that no matter how things were going with Louie and Tommy, whether they had quarrelled on this evening, whatever need Tommy might have to quiz me, that I could never be a Dorothy Dix, could never do anything except build another wall, one that would make it impossible for me ever to discuss Louie with Tommy. It suddenly became quite vital for me not just to build the wall, but protect it. I found myself understanding Joe for the first time.

The funny thing about that Saturday night, which I cut short about the time I realized this, was that I didn't even try to tell Tommy what I was thinking, didn't try to encourage him to talk, if he felt like talking. Solve your own problems, buster. I thought. Slam your own doors. I just bought another round of beers, tried to talk some more about Louie's cat and kittens, and then rather abruptly told Tommy that I was meeting someone and had to be going along. It was a damned lie, of course. I must have scribbled the note to myself about the wall later that Saturday night in the process of hanging one on. I did hang one on, which may explain why it took me a while to be able to remember what a wall meant to me in the first place. Glad now that I found the buck, the three books of matches, and the note to myself.



CARL MASTERS



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?

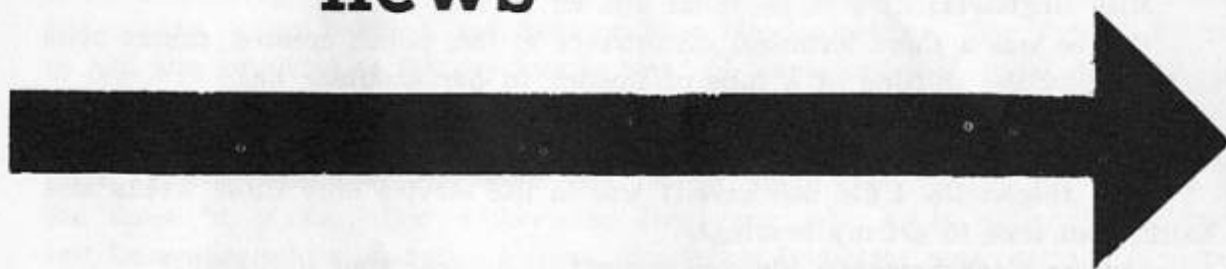
Miss Jingletree: That you head is as full of butterfat as the state you represent, your honor.

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

**our new
news**



supplement

one

TWO

TRUTH WILL OUT

Vol. 1

April 1954

No. 1

ONE has an undying faith that TRUTH WILL OUT. ONE's Bureau of Public Information is a department of the corporation charged with the specific assignment, (1) To find and expose public mis-statements, and; (2) To find and praise correct statements concerning sex deviation.

Alert readers in all parts of the world, as well as its own trained observers, pour an unending stream of clippings, references and reports into the Bureau's files.

From this mass the editors select the news items, exposés, and plaudits they think you all would like to see, offering them to you in TWO, a hard-hitting, crusading supplement. TWO will challenge ignorance and bigotry in high places or low, as well as applauding moral courage and honesty, with all the vigor and fair play to be found in that good old-fashioned American battle-cry—TRUTH WILL OUT!

In TWO (Truth Will Out) you will find an exposure as promised of "Dr." Arthur Guy Mathews.

As many of you already know, the ever wordy Mr. Mathews has for some time attacked the self-respecting homosexual minority in America with a vehemence we thought suspicious even for one so obviously ill-informed.

We sent a letter to Mr. Mathews asking for a statement of his background and qualifications and checked other sources of information as well. The following response speaks for itself.



**ARE BERNARR'S BOYS
REPPRESSED HOMOS?**

FROM
 BERNARR MACFADDEN'S
 VITALIZED
 PHYSICAL CULTURE

"HOMOSEXUALITY—STALIN'S ATOM BOMB

Can you imagine what would happen to a regiment of pansies confronted by a hardened enemy of masculine brutes?? It would be worse than a group of pignies meeting the bayonets of marines. They are useless as defenders of the nation.

to Destroy America"
 says:
Bernarr Macfadden
 WHO DARES TO CRUSADE
 TO SAVE AMERICA
 FROM THIS DEBAUCHERY

It is a known fact that sex degenerates and homosexuals are cowards who shriek, scream, cry and break down into hysterical states of psychoses when they are called upon to carry arms to defend our shores from the enemy.

HOMOSEXUALS ARE DANGEROUS!
 by Dr. Arthur Guy Mathews

But did you ever see a pansy get excited? He screams like a woman—pounds his cheeks and trembles with hysteria and emotional delirium. He is a menace to society for that quality alone, for he is a potential criminal.

True, some pansies marry and have children. But what kind of a marriage—what kind of children?

HOMOSEXUALS RUIN NORMALS
 By Dr. Arthur Guy Mathews

How-
 ever, if a doctor or psychiatrist "approves of homosexuality" whether it be in the course of his practice or in his publications, it means that the approver is a "queer" himself.

LESBIANS PREY ON WEAK WOMEN
 by Dr. A. G. Mathews

In a nationally famous broadcasting company, I found so many homosexuals, that literally they were "hanging from the chan-

WHAT CAUSES HOMOSEXUALITY
 By Bernarr Macfadden

chemicalized food and drink is contributing to juvenile delinquency—and that with pasteurized milk they are contributing to growing homosexu-ality.

I'm not a blue-nose reformer.

There is no in between or "latent" homosexuals.

They say that homosexuality is on the increase in the United States. If this is true then we can blame our educators and sexologists for allowing so many pseudo-scientific reports to be published on the sexual behavior of Americans.

We have checked the progress of homosexuality in the U.S.A.

HOMOSEXUALS HIDE BEHIND KINSEY

one

incorporated

post office box 5716

los angeles 55, california

January 13, 1954

Dr. Arthur Guy Mathews
Bernarr Macfadden Foundation
New York, N. Y.

Sir:

Enclosed find a copy of ONE, The Homosexual Magazine. As long ago as our June 1953 issue the lead article: "Magazine Goldmine" 'Run an Article on Queers,' took notice of your efforts along this line.

Millions of self-respecting and respectable men and women, homosexual American citizens resent the scurrilous type of thing to which you sign your name, and will not tolerate its going unchallenged any longer. It is the intention of ONE, and its Bureau of Public Information, to investigate and expose fraud of any kind, so long as the welfare and interests of the homosexual American public is threatened.

Naturally we cannot assume fraud unless it be proven, but we shall mercilessly publicize any we do find, as certain public officials in a large city are discovering to be the case, following their illegal attempts to persecute homosexual Americans.

In the interests of fairness then will you kindly supply us the following information for our columns: At what university and in what year you received the degree of doctor, your subject of specialization, your doctoral thesis (published, or unpublished - on deposit in what libraries) we shall of course check with whatever university; are you a practicing physician and where licensed; member of AMA; you are "Fellow in Science and Research" with what institution; kindly supply details as to "Kings Bureau of Investigation and Psychotic Research," its staff, age, endowment, etc.; you are author of what "Books and Articles on Psychotic Ills", names of publishers, dates of publication, editions; bibliography of periodical articles.

one

Surely "Dr." (you will, I trust pardon the use of quotation marks until we have authentic information) Mathews you cannot have been so naive as to suppose that you would be permitted to issue page after page of misinformation and calumny unchallenged. ONE and its Bureau of Public Information hereby challenge you to prove yourself honest.

Yours very truly,
Marvin Cutler, Secretary
Bureau of Public Information

reply:

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS - Dir.
BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION
KINGS BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Feb. 10, 1954

ONE MAG.?
Marvin Cutler.
Box 5716
Los Angeles, Calif.
Dear Sir:

I have just been informed that you have sent me some sort of threatening letters, AND A CONDITION, that unless I prove I am a member of the A.M.A. or an M.D. that you are going to expose my "FRAUD" or something to that nature.

For your benefit, you pip squeek, I am coming to L.A. soon. I am a property owner right in your own back yard, and you know GOD-DAMN WELL who I am, and where I am officially registered.

And for your further information, I am a graduate ENGINEER, PHYSICIAN, LIFE MEMBER and FELLOW in National and International Medical Societies, Life member and Fellow in the Naturopathic Physicians and Surgeons Association, and in several STATE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS SOCIETIES. I have been a feature writer and exposé "criminologist" for most of the top notch slick magazines. I am the founder and former "CHIEF OF DETECTIVES" of "THE KINGS DETECTIVE BUREAU" formerly registered with the N.Y. STATE DEPARTMENT, and now privately operated by

my self as a charitable investigation bureau. And I am the best-seller author of the books "Conquer Your Nerves" and "Take It Easy", now combined in one book, recognized as an outstanding study in neurosis by the A.M.A. the book of the month club, the many A.M.A. State medical societies, the psychiatric quarterly, and above all, it HAS WON 17 outstanding medical awards.

I could tell you more, but I don't see why I should be bothered with the likes of you. If you have anything to say of any importance, tell it to Mr. Macfadden, who ordered the articles and also put in the boxes on my articles the things he thought ought to be done to homosexuals. I write scientific stuff, I can't help what titles the editors used, or the additional material which might have been offending to your kind. We are forward- in your correspondence to the proper authorities in L.A. And you better be prepared for a damn good libel suit if you dare publish anything about me which YOU KNOW IS NOT TRUE. I have made this info available to you, to for- warn, that whatever you say or publish against me, which is a lie or untrue, will be used against you criminally, and for libel.

I shall now look you up, and I'll present to you per- sonally YOUR PAST RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENTS.

And don't get any ideas in your head that we will give ONE SOME PUBLICITY by mentioning it in our magazine.

Yours Truly,

A.G. Mathews

Dr. A. G. Mathews, Director of Research
and The Macfadden Foundation.

P.S. Oh, by the way, I am also a world recognized physicist, having invented two major secret war weapons as described in AMERICAN MAGAZINE Oct, 1944 and under secrecy orders 700, U.S. War Department. I also write under 5 different pen names - so what!

"Schizoid characters, who to a marked degree have the capacity for using the mechanism of projection, exhibit their tendency to prove that the other fellow is worse than themselves by seeing notes in their neighbors' eyes. If this projection succeeds, the guilt feeling is turned into a moral campaign against the scapegoat. Many persons combat homosexuality in society instead of feeling guilt about their own unconscious homosexuality; or they are intolerant of some kind of behavior in others, while unaware that they, too, manifest it."

"The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis"
by Otto Fenichel, M.D.

W. W. Norton & Co., 1945

Bernarr Macfadden

FOUNDATION INC.

Headquarters:
News Bldg., 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-4221

February 11, 1954

P.O. Box 5716
Los Angeles 55, Calif.
Dear Sir:

Your unnatural letter to Mr. Macfadden was forwarded to Dr. Arthur Guy Mathews in Long Island, who has replied to your organization stating his qualifications and membership.

Yours very truly,
BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION Inc.

Edward Bodin

Edward Bodin, Vice President

EB/FC

February 12, 1954

Editor of "ONE" Magazine
Los Angeles, Calif.

Since you addressed your letter to Bernarr Macfadden, trying to blackball, blackmail and expose a world famous authority, who is now in my office making preparations for your indictment, I might as well tell you about me too.

My name is Jos. A. Moretelling. I am a police reporter. I, too, write for Bernarr Macfadden, and I am the person who thinks that you should all be put to death for defying the laws of God and nature. It was I who started the idea of exposing your kind and the likes of Fraden, Wepman, Lonergan and hundreds of other queers who commit treacherous crimes and pretend insanity after they are caught. It was I who told Bernarr Macfadden that homosexuals are cruel, sadistic, dangerous and spiteful and that they would do anything to degrade an honest and clean person. Mr. Bodin and Mr. Macfadden agree with me and they added to the homosexual series of articles in Physical Culture by inserting those nice little comments in boxes ahead or in the middle of the articles.

Who do you think you are, do you really believe that you are an editor "of note", or that you have the authority to attract Mr. Macfadden's attention? Why don't you address your letters to me, a police reporter, or Mr. Bodin, editor-in-chief of Physical Culture Magazine, who wrote the strongest language against you.

I did all I could to denounce you and I will continue to do so. I now challenge you to attack me and other writers in Physical Culture - or Confidential Magazine which is really exposing your kind, names and all included, like Willie Sutton and others.

Mortelling is my name, it is real, Brother, am I going to look you up for this challenge of Who's Who in abnormal or normal fields. Enclosed my exposé of fairies. You sure seem proud of the fact that you are a sex pervert or deviate and you seem to believe that your kind is superior like the Nazis or the Communists.

Joshua Moretelling

Feb. 11th, 1954

Box 5716

L.A.55, Calif.

Sir!

Your letter dated Feb. 4th, 1954, addressed to Mr. Macfadden was naturally forwarded to me. I am the director of the Macfadden foundation and also in charge of all researches - have been for the last 20 years.

Naturally - what exposé writer, or for that matter any writer who is in the public eye, continually wants to be known or listed in any community? or why should I be listed in N.Y. Who ever said I was from New York? Your office has received a previous letter from me stating most of my qualification. Now it's my turn to expose you all for attempting to black mail -- me purely for the reasons indicated in most of your publications - to silence any publications which expose such people as "the killers of homosexual fame."

You ought to be ashamed of yourself for attempting to pull such a cheap act with Mr. Macfadden. I suppose you thought I was a small fry writer instead of one of the PHYSICAL CULTURE DIRECTORS, and of course, in your feminine mind, like a catty woman, you thought he would fire me off his publication list !!!!!

Naturally, all of your mail has been photostated, and turned over to the L.A., N.Y. and Postal authorities. And I am sure from now on you will not attempt to black-mail or blackjack writers out of jobs. You sure stuck your neck out.

Yours truly too!
Dr. A. G. Mathews



cc/Bur.Atty.

° "Hundreds of thousands of men have marked homosexual tendencies in their make-up. The violence of their denunciation represents a desperate repudiation of their own homosexual tendencies. Moralistic indignation and an urge to punish are signs of a projected homosexual tendency." °

"Society and the Homosexual"
by Gordon Westwood,
Dutton, 1952

WHOSE



CAMPAIGN?



For many years Bernarr Macfadden and his retinue have been entertaining the public with a diverting, if slightly incredible series of tableaux, richly furnished with all of the grotesqueries of some medieval peep-show.

ONE is not the only publication to turn a spotlight on these vivid characters. In its issue of August 22, 1953, our distinguished colleague The New Yorker gave a delightful account of an episode from the recent mayoralty campaign in New York City, telling of a visit to the Macfadden campaign headquarters in the Hotel Woodstock. The reporter there encountered the worthy Dr. Mathews himself, who said,

"I am Dr. A. G. Mathews, the noted research expert,

I have been associated with Bernarr Macfadden for eighteen years, and during that time I have attained a certain fame of my own by exposing the dreadful fact that the jails and mental hospitals of this country are crowded to the rafters with innocent people who have been railroaded into them by unscrupulous doctors and district attorneys of unspeakable venality—"

Now that he had an audience he might have gone on indefinitely, but it was Macfadden who really was the political candidate, wasn't it? Despite valiant attempts to assume a more suitable public relations stance and hew strictly to the line of politics, Dr. Mathews apparently could not long keep away from that most interesting of topics, Dr. Mathews. Somehow, things got out of hand again.

"I myself was in Florida at that time, though on another matter, trying to secure the indictment of a sheriff, a district attorney, and a judge," Dr. Mathews said. "The run-around I—"

We will never know what revelations might have come out of this verbal autobiography, which gave promise of rising to some great climax, for again there was rude interruption. But don't sell Dr. Mathews short — you can't keep a good man down.

"I believe I forgot to tell you that I am the author of that popular book, 'Take It Easy,'" Dr. Mathews said. "A delightful—"

Here, we entirely lose his voice. Perhaps it is still talking, talking, talking...

one



DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

Author of "Take It Easy"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"Director— Kings Bureau of Investigation, Science & Research"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"Author of Books & Articles on Psychotic Ills"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"Fellow in Science & Research"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"World Recognized Physicist"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"PHYSICIAN"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"Fellow in The Naturopathic Physicians & Surgeons Association"

DR. ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

"Fellow in National & International Medical Societies"

A. M. A.'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

"The Bureau of Investigation is one of the educational activities of the American Medical Association and has, for its primary object, the collection and dissemination of information on the "patent medicines," quacks, medical fads, and various other phases of pseudo-medicine."

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

535 NORTH DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
OLIVER FIELD, DIRECTOR

April 1, 1954

Mr. Dale Jennings, Editor
One, Incorporated
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 12, California

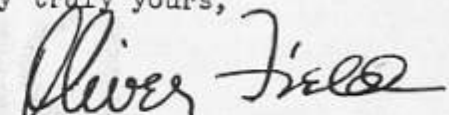
Dear Sir:

This is in reply to your letter of March 2, asking whether or not Arthur Guy Mathews is a Doctor of Medicine.

We maintain biographic files which are the most complete extant of Doctors of Medicine, medical graduates and students, but nowhere in these records does the name of Arthur Guy Mathews appear. We have record of him as being affiliated in some manner with the National Medical Society, an organization of cultists, quacks and faddists which at one time issued a journal. In one of these Mathews was described as a "Psycho-Neuro Research Scientist." There was no claim that he had any medical education.

If he has sent you material wherein he claims to be a Doctor of Medicine, would you mind sending it to us for copying purposes, whereupon it would be returned. This is the first indication we have had that Mathews poses as a Doctor of Medicine.

Very truly yours,



Oliver Field,
Director.

20th century



cavemen

The basis of our civilization's religious teachings can be put in these few words, "Love one another". It does not say, "You shall love only men," to one group and "You shall love only women," to another. It makes no sexual distinction. We are all one: where is that difference of the soul? Where is that boundary line so clearly defined to some and so nebulous to others?

There is no boundary line, only in the eyes of the beholder. Wherever he wants that dividing line to be, there it is. However, from the other side that boundary is always the same. An insurmountable barrier to a complete life. Who among us chooses to suffer? Who chooses to live in an unending agony of fear, hiding and always running from the prying eyes of the world? Surely not you or I, or thousands upon thousands like us.

We would like to face mankind as we really are, command respect and honor for our minds and talents. Show our true faces to the world and cry—"See me, I am no monster, no spoiler of little children. My thoughts are like yours. My body is the same as yours, my blood as red, my nerves as sensitive. Why am I kept inside this wall of prejudice and hate? I am no freak but human as you are human."

We must escape this torture of living by stealth in the daylight and hiding in smokey caves at night. Insofar as our personal lives are concerned we have not advanced beyond the caveman. Every person we meet is an enemy out to destroy us until he proves himself another caveman or at least a caveman sympathizer. We have cultivated a certain extra sensory perception in regard to one another. Always we know our own *but to what purpose?* We remain divided. Until we can present a united mind to the rest of the world we will continue to live as cavemen with fear and hatred our companions, love and trust our goal.

How does it feel to find love unmixed with hatred, joy untouched by sorrow, comfort undiluted with pain, laughter without tears and trust without misgivings? Would you like to know? I would.

We live in the shadows. Each one of us is like the moon. One side eternally turned to the earth and light, the other to darkness and secrecy. All of us are masters of deceit, lying about trifles, hiding behind meaningless words and artificial smiles.

They say that all the great artists and lovers have suffered. If this is true, who among us is not a great artist and immortal lover? Why should there not be titanic genius among us? Who has suffered more? Surely not the men and women that starve for their Art. They at least could beg for their subsistence or steal if they so desired. Yet we who are just as human must hide our hunger—and it is a great hunger—from every eye, muffle our voices and deaden our heartbeats from a misunderstanding world. Still the voice cries out though silently. The eyes shed bitter, hidden tears and our hearts break. Break at the cruel words and deeds of the civilized, normal world. The laws of the world say we are lost, condemned to the lowest God and man-made hell. Is it a sin to love? Is it sinful to want someone to love you? All civilization frowns on our love. Is *this* their interpretation of "Love one another"?

Martha McClain.

LETTERS

Gentlemen:

As one who has been sharply critical of ONE and its content, I want now, after reading the January and February editions, to extend my warmest congratulations. Your art work, which has been improving steadily, is really superb. Format is greatly enhanced by the larger page. The January cover was really fine, and that for February a close second.

I liked Sam Kidd's story, "Anyway They Asked For It," in January. It deals with real people in real life situations—people and situations close enough to any American Dorian to make it both powerful and infuriating. "I Built A Castle" (February) is, in my opinion, one of the very best poems to have been printed in ONE. Sten Russell's "Letter To A Newcomer" struck me as sensitive and deeply moving.

Finally, I shall look forward to reading the entire novel from which "An Episode" was excerpted—and to all the splendid, forthcoming editions of ONE, TWO, and GAY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The "all-girl" edition just published puts all earlier editions to shame. Being a male, I am a bit ashamed. Some of the articles in the edition are full of good heavy material and that is wonderful for all of us. But here once again we strike a snag—for when such a worthwhile edition comes out, we are naturally anxious to spread the word. How can you spread the word to nonsubscribers to pick up a copy when there are no copies on the newsstands to pick up?

New York City

Dear Editors:

I have just read the Feb. issue of ONE, and I would like to congratulate the fine job of "feminine editing" done. The artwork in this issue I thought particularly effective, although the quality certainly varied, as it did in the fiction and poetry presented. I would especially like to thank ONE for introducing Maria Werder to me in the very striking photograph of hers. May I say that now that you have presented an all-feminine issue I hope you will stop printing those letters-to-the-editor asking for a feminine influence in your magazine.

Berkeley, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Although Dr. Kinsey has done much to expose the essential hypocrisy of our sexual mores, I am very doubtful of seeing, in my time at least, any sane approach to the problem on the part of the State or the Church. One cannot be done without the other. All that one who lives as a homosexual can do is to conduct himself discreetly and hope against hope that he will not come within the grasp of the vice squad.

By and large we as a nation need to grow up, not only in matters of sex, but culturally. In contrast to other nations we are still in our adolescence, which may be responsible for much of our hypocrisy. Only when we have reached the maturity of such countries as France, Switzerland and Sweden, can we expect a radical change in our laws. This is not meant to discourage any propaganda toward that end, but merely a warning to those who might indulge in wishful thinking.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

George Kennan, former Chairman of the State Department's policy planning staff, has recently sounded off in a way that I think merits acclamation from ONE and all its readers.

Speaking at Princeton last December, Mr. Kennan at first requested that his remarks be kept off the record. He repeated the address very recently, however, at the annual Christian Conference on the Relevance of Religious Belief to Problems of Everyday Living, and changed his mind about no publicity, permitting the Princeton Alumni Weekly to print his speech in its issue of February 12th.

The pertinent part of Mr. Kennan's address follows: "Let us, for the love of God, keep out of the ranks of the finger-pointing holier than thou—the people who sublimate their own sex urge in the peculiarly nasty and sadistic practice of snooping on others and exploiting the failures and embarrassments of others in this most excruciating of problems.

"In particular, let us not fall into the sort of immature Philistinism that seems to have taken possession of our government in its latter-day preoccupation with the morals of the public servant. What has gone on in Washington in these recent months in this regard has brought the greatest dismay and disgust to many of us older civil servants, not only because it seems to us to rest on a very faulty understanding of human nature, but because it implies the existence in our midst of angels, disguised as security officers, equipped to pass judgments on the sinful remainder of mankind. Surely nothing could be more un-Christian than this."

And later:

"It seems to me that the greatest sin to which Christians are susceptible in questions of sex is really the sin of intolerance and lack of charity. Whoever makes other people's personal problems more bitter, and by holding these people up to ignominy, is the man whose conscience should really burn him . . . He is the man who has the most to fear for the safety of his soul . . . He is guilty of the deadly sin of pride, and I suggest there is none deadlier in the eyes of our Maker."

Whatever our religious beliefs—or lack of them—and whatever our cavils at such phrases as "failures and stumblings"—we who are homosexual should commend Mr. Kennan. Such words from a man until recently very high in public life are of tremendous significance, it seems to me a tremendous step in the right direction.

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

ONE is the medium which has long been needed to establish in intelligent manner and with steady, honest determination, a bridge of understanding between ourselves and the more conventional society we seek recognition in.

This reader is impressed with all efforts thus far, and though not in accord with all items published, the possibilities are virtually unlimited.

In the last italicized paragraph of "The Human Hybrid," February issue, D. M. Woods sums up, I believe, the main purpose behind your publication. (A fine article, too!)

ONE's acceptance by the **National Officials** concerned, proves that America is Democratic by LAW.

Therefore, can we not conclude that ONE's acceptance and ultimate understanding for us as homosexuals, by the **Masses**, would eventually prove beyond shadow of a doubt that America truly can be wholeheartedly Democratic?

ONE is a good wedge, but each individual must help spread our cause by leading intelligent conversation or discussion in heterosexual groups. It is said that the greatest advertisement method is by 'word of mouth.' Properly interpreted and tactfully used, this means can be our greatest asset for understanding.

Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I want to commend the staff—ONE is a welcome ray of light penetrating the darkness of public ignorance on a vital issue. When will ONE appear on the newsstands? This will help enlighten the public, and should boost sales and subscriptions. I do hope ONE stays with us. It's the only **one** of its kind and would be sorely missed. In fact, it's the only medium of expression some of us have ever had.

Honolulu, T.H.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Please notify circulation department of address changes. The post office does not forward or return third class matter.

The new mailing labels contain the expiration date of your subscription.

BACK COPIES AVAILABLE

Orders still being taken for January and February reprints @ 0.50 each; delivery when 500 orders received.

A very lucky break brings to light a few of the April, May, June and July copies; these rare issues @ 1.00 each, as long as they last.

New subscribers can still start their subscriptions with the August issue; for others this controversial number is priced @ 0.50.

October, November and December issues are still to be had at the regular price, 0.25 each, plus postage.

MR. RAOUL
SHAMPOO FOR MEN

Ladies Use It Too!

Send \$2 to:

Raoul, Ltd.
Artist's Artists
Radio City 126
New York City 19

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.

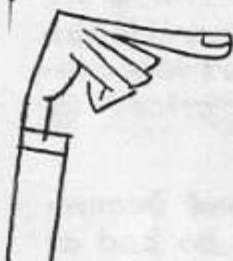
Manuscripts must be 5,000 words or under, typed double-space on one side of the page and post-marked on or before the first of September, 1954.

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

WIN \$25.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY

one



Berkeley, Calif.
Cleveland, Ohio
Copenhagen, Den.
Copenhagen, Den.
Gardiner, Maine
Los Angeles
San Francisco
New York

The Phoenix Books, 2449 Bancroft Way
Kay Book Service, 1374 E. 9th Street
Bladcentralen, Fiolstraede 28
Dansk Forretnings-Tjeneste, Postbox 108
Uranus Books, Box 62
Phone Michigan 6983 for information
City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue
Phone ORegon 3-4945 for information

one

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

ONE, Inc., 232 South Hill, Los Angeles 12

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Send me ONE for..... years. I enclose \$.....

One year regular \$2.50, two years regular \$4.00, One year first class sealed \$3.50, two years first class sealed \$6.00 in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere \$3.50 per year. Single copies 27 cents regular, 31 cents first class sealed.

And while you are at it, why not send a copy of ONE (anonymously, if you wish) to your doctor, lawyer, minister, those friends or relatives to help further their understanding?

I inclose..... for..... copies.

one



**FOREIGN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
THAT WILL INTEREST YOU:**

Arcadie, 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris
13, France
Sesso e Liberta, Via Spartaco 17, Milan,
Italy
Die Gefahrten, Arndstrasse 3, Frankfurt
am Main, Germany
Hellas, Neustadter Strasse 48, Hamburg
36, Germany
Der Weg, Colonnaden 5, Hamburg 36,
Germany



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.

RENDEZVOUS CLUB

the bar with that continental atmosphere

5907 E. Second St.

Long Beach, Calif.

phone 909196

WINING

DINING



"WHY MALES WEAR FEMALE ATTIRE"

and

"SEX TRANSMUTATION - CAN ONE'S SEX BE CHANGED?"



Strange stories, weird confessions, historical data and scientific explanations.

Both books only \$1.25, sent sealed.

Unusual bulletin included.

URANUS BOOKS, Box 62, Gardiner 9, Maine



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.

Associate Membership: I wish to become an Associate Member of ONE, Inc., for 1954 and to receive a year's subscription to ONE magazine, plus a year's subscription of one of the similar European magazines (choice of languages), plus a first edition of a book selected (or to be published) by the corporation, plus Volume 1, 1953 of ONE magazine, indexed and attractively bound. I enclose a check or money order for \$50.00 for that purpose.

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.....

City..... State.....