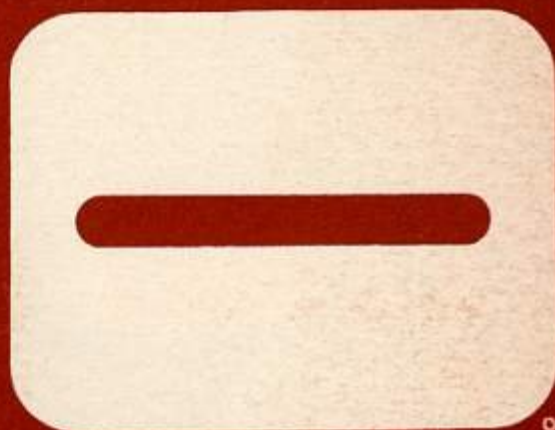


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The
Homosexual
Magazine



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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume III

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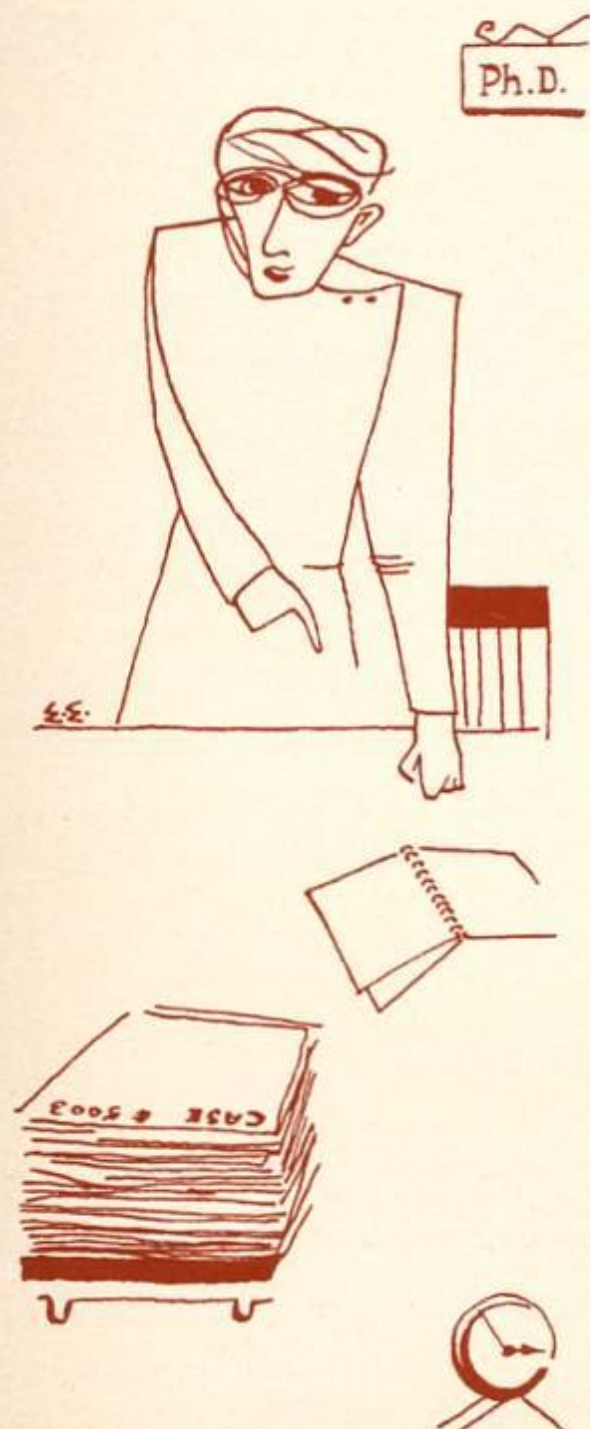


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Neurosis and the Homosexuals

by Ronald Anderson, Ph.D.



When Dr. Ellis advises persons whose sexual interests are exclusively homosexual to "run, not walk, to the nearest psychotherapist," his words seem to me to be less than wise. From the days of Socrates up to the immediate present, the essence of wisdom in things sexual has been rather: "Walk, do not run!" In the present state of development of psychotherapy, one can only regard the claims of its practitioners with reserve. They have no "psychopenicillin" which can magically rid their patients of neuroses. Those with much experience of psychiatrists know that Dr. Ellis' question may also be asked of them: "Are [Psychiatrists] *Necessarily* Neurotic?" And one is forced to give much the same answer: "Although all [psychiatrists] are not *necessarily* neurotic, the great majority of them indubitably are." The nearest psychotherapist may very well be fighting a war within himself to suppress his own homosexual tendencies. If so, Lord help his "gay" patient!

Terms that need clarification in Dr. Ellis' article are "neurosis" and "pervert." When he attempts to define neurosis in terms of criteria of "illogicality, irrationality, childishness, fixation . . ." etc., he implies that he is in possession of some valid standard of logicity, rationality, maturity, versatility, etc. I think that we can properly take a short-cut around a huge literature on this subject in Psychol-

ogy, Anthropology, and Sociology by saying that he has no such standards to offer. This is not to say that the notion of neurosis is foolish or that Dr. Ellis' definition of it is entirely unusable. We can shorten and paraphrase his second definition (p. 11) as follows: Neurotic behavior is a specialized form of activity which is compulsively or obsessively fixed in one pattern. "Compulsively" and "obsessively" imply strong emotional support for the behavior pattern, coupled with a resistance to rational consideration of the pattern. Nobody can say that the behavior is or is not irrational. The point is that the neurotic refuses to consider the matter.

With this, we can put the concept of neurosis into some sort of perspective: as Dr. Ellis uses it, it is absolute. He equates neurosis with perversion and concludes that persons with a homosexual perversion should rush to the nearest doctor. The fact is that the various philosophies and sciences are only just beginning to come to grips with the problem of neurosis. There are those who argue that all of culture is an essentially neurotic phenomenon (though not for that reason dispensable). A culture pattern, such as one's native language, for example, is certainly neurotically "specialized" in the sense that the people on whom it is impressed in childhood "arbitrarily narrow down a potentially wide field of action into a very limited act which they feel, out of irrational fear, that they must perform if they are to be comfortable or satisfied." (p. 10). This neurotic side to language, for example, becomes very evident when we consider the tremendous importance which we attribute to certain phrases and words in our political and religious life — or the

sacred aura with which we invest our own language. One could enlarge this line of argument at great length. Suffice it to say that for better or worse, neurosis plays a very large role in our lives, and there is as yet no science which can tell us what we can and should do about it. When we demonstrate that a particular bit of human behavior is neurotic, we have not said very much.

Given this understanding, it seems to me that Dr. Ellis' main point is sound: an exclusive sexual orientation, either homosexual or heterosexual, probably has a neurotic origin and is probably maintained by neurotic fears. I think that the invidious term "pervert," however, is misleading when applied to a person with such a neurosis.

He has not willfully and evilly turned from some "true" path, but finds, rather, that for him some paths are neurotically blocked. The paths that remain open to him become reinforced (whether by a channelling of sexual energy, or by the developing of a set of social ties and obligations, is a problem which we need not attempt to settle here). We can also agree with Dr. Ellis when he says that, as such, a neurosis is a bad thing. It is not, however, an evil of absolute proportions. It is by no means immediately obvious what should be done about a particular perceived neurosis, either in oneself or in someone else.

Dr. Ellis is downright misleading when he implies that all exclusive homosexuals can be released from their neurotic blockages by psychotherapy as it exists today. He knows very well that, with respect to the exclusive homosexuals about whom he writes, the prospects for a change through psychotherapy are poor. Like

many psychiatrists, he is careful to leave an "out" in his statement, when he says that homosexuals can *all* be "cured . . . if they really want to be cured and will work, in a psychotherapeutic relationship, for such a cure." (p. 11). With such a formula, the blame for failure can always be put on the patient: he didn't "really want" to be cured! And the poor patient is once again clobbered over the head with an implied or open accusation of perverse, sinful desires. We must seek to understand this sort of thinking, for it brings otherwise intelligent and kindly psychiatrists to insult their homosexual patients by using the word "pervert" in therapy: They are trying to make the patient "want" to be cured. But the verb "to want" may speak for a very complex set of motives, arising out of a long and elaborate history.

Dr. Ellis' discussion, like that of most psychiatrists, takes place in a very rarefied atmosphere, into which real life seldom intrudes. He does not consider, for example, the important question of self-knowledge: the fearful struggle which most homosexuals go through to admit the fact of their homosexuality to themselves. Anyone with much experience in the "gay" world knows that this is a problem of tremendous proportions. Denial of an important fact in this situation may well lead a person to a general denial of reality in other situations. The psychiatrist's patient will either be in the midst of the struggle, or he will have resolved it by finally admitting the truth to himself (and perhaps to his friends). In the first instance, a condition of the sound development of the patient's tormented personality is to help him find the courage to face the facts.

It will not help to call him a "pervert." He is already tearing himself into shreds; the first problem is to get him to stop. In the second instance, the patient who has admitted his homosexuality has won a real personal victory, and that of no mean proportions. (See, for example, the very interesting letter on page 7, just before Dr. Ellis' article). Whatever other problems such a person may still have, he has already solved a difficult and important one; and he is in some sense "one up on" a vast number of people who lack his courage. He has achieved a kind of stabilization in which the basic neurotic blockages have become, as it were, encysted and limited in the role which they play in his personality. One should not lightly tell him to upset this balance and begin all over again to restructure his personality. He is probably a more responsible person than is the man who calls him "pervert." (There is also the person whose admission of homosexuality is related not to his courage but rather to masochistic, despairing self-depreciation. In a handsome or notably clever person, the same basic state of mind may take a sadistic turn and express itself as a general defiance of society. Both these well-known types seem pretty sick to me. The despair which underlies both attitudes is not helped by insults).

Another basic phase of a homosexual person's motivation with respect to psychotherapy is his history of loves and friendships and the structure of mutual interests and obligations which these entail. These attachments and relationships may cover many years and be deeply felt. The accepted opinion in America is that they are of no validity, being tainted with an immoral, sexual side. I

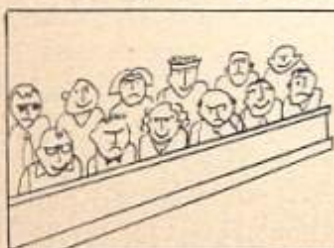
believe that this is far from the case, even apart from the question of the morality of sex acts. These relationships are as intricate as human relationships usually are, and they cannot be rudely broken off without doing serious damage to the personality of the patient — and to his friends.

Finally, there is the matter of telling a homosexual person to reject emotionally his entire youth, to regret experiences which may have been as rewarding as any that human beings ever have. The notion that homosexuals do not “really” love, have fun, and work creatively together is simply silly. To make the rejection of half a lifetime the condition of successful therapy is to foredoom the treatment of the more intelligent, imaginative, warm-hearted, creative, and sincere section of the exclusive homosexuals.

We may sum up by saying that an exclusive or nearly exclusive homosexual orientation probably results from a neurotic emotional blockage of some sort, usually learned in childhood. A neurosis as such is in some degree harmful; and if it can be opened up to the light of reason, it should be so opened. A homosexual who has had the courage to face the essential fact about himself should have little trouble facing this one. It does not follow from the neurotic nature of his inhibition that he is perverse, “bad,” any more than such a conclusion would follow from the fact of any of the others of the thousands or neuroses that make up the personalities of most

of us. It likewise does not follow that a reasonably well adjusted homosexual should rush to just anybody in the psychiatric business to begin re-weeping the tears of childhood and clawing apart his personality at great and expensive length. At least not without considering whether the same three or four thousand dollars and three or four years of effort might not be better spent on education, research, travel, a better house in a more appealing place, or some other constructive project.

I am not arguing against homosexuals undergoing well-conceived psychotherapy — even the imperfect therapy of our own day. I do argue that it is possible, in ill-considered treatment, to raise three neuroses where one grew before and to upset an adjustment which limits the effects of a neurosis so that the neurosis may affect, cancer-wise, the whole personality. I do think that if one considers therapy it is more reasonable to approach it with the idea of releasing an inhibition produced by some unfortunate childhood situation than to think that one must face one's doctor in full conviction of sin and perversion, the better to generate the necessary hysterical “desire” for salvation. And I agree completely with Rodney Garland, in *The Heart in Exile*, that the selection of the proper psychiatrist is of crucial importance. If the proper psychiatrist is not available, then a reasonably well-adjusted person had best heave a sigh and forego therapy.



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tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

In Santa Monica, Cal., a beach-front block between a bathhouse and two gay bars has been a hot issue. Gordon Macker, columnist for a weekly paper, decided in January "Queers" were giving his city a bad name. "Close Queer Alley!" became his battlecry. Many a matron, offended by youths who ignored her cascading bosoms, joined ranks. Election in offing: three insurgent candidates for City Council got into act. Hardpressed police said can't close a place just because homos gather there, added they'd made 200 arrests in ten months.

Macker, thinking gay bars were dope dens and sites for seduction of local juveniles, investigated, found to surprise this was untrue.

Political campaign got hot. A civic leader called one candidate "lying bastard," and candidate called incumbents dishonest. EVENING OUTLOOK printed evidence that vociferous insurgent, Rev. Judson, sworn enemy of gambling, homosexuality and offshore oil, had accepted loans and gifts from a top gambler.

Macker, hammering away, began to change tone. Stung by charge he was persecuting homos, he said "the boys" were sick and oughtn't be harried, "but why don't they stay inside their bars instead of parading around outside?" Such tolerance infuriated his followers. They turned on him. Letters suggested "some-

thing" must have rubbed-off on Mr. Macker (they said Mrs.? Macker—or Mackerel) during his tour of "Queer Alley."

He then did full about-face: "I wouldn't be too impulsive about closing Queer Alley;" suggested crusaders first find out about subject. "Closing one block won't solve problem." A reader hinted "Mrs." Macker either owned part interest in one of the bars, or was planning trip to Denmark.

Election Day: Three insurgents in. Old mayor out. Vice Squad out. Heat on. Police Chief out and half force ready to walk when outsider got the job. But new City Councilmen settled down in their seats and things returned to normal. The heat was off.

Only the shrill old ladies (male and female) who first considered Macker a hero and now suspected his masculinity, remained unhappy. Macker, who once said he didn't want to know any "queers" personally, now expected to study the matter and write about it for a national magazine. Suggest he also study that intolerant wolf pack that formerly worshipped him.

One other thing changed: New state law effective in September: taverns becoming homo hangouts stand to lose liquor licenses. How this will affect State Supreme Court ruling to contrary remains to be seen.

SURVEY

Asst. Atty. Gen. of Wyoming, at meeting in Caspar on sex offense laws, said such laws may need strengthening. Longer periods of confinement urged. Noted "peeping toms" not covered at present.

Veteran Pittsburgh cop, fired on drunk rap, held on morals charges concerning eight teenage boys. Police later went all-out, prodded by County Supt. Ketchel, to rid parks of sex deviates. Golf caddies, park workers ordered to report suspicious activities. Steward of a Northside Legion club arrested, charged with improper advances toward a 15-year-old. Police denied arrest at first.

Pittsburgh mayor, in July, said problem less serious than formerly, but new law might help. "Society has fallen down on job, failing miserably to meet this problem. It certainly isn't being solved by tossing these people in jail." Suggested use of Behavior Clinic instead.

Magistrate Wm. Redmond said in many borderline cases his court lacked power to refer offenders to Behavior Clinic. Director of Parks and Park Police Chief both said complaints and arrests had fallen sharply in recent years.

MANS CONQUEST, 6-55, ran an anonymous "confession" by vice squaddier (of Pittsburgh?) whose testimony smashed vice squad in his city. Told entrapment and frame-up techniques, and shakedowns in which certain lawyers, vice cops and others arranged to drop charges "for a price." Of course, one mustn't suspect police in other cities of such practices, must one?

Two Egyptian judges recently caught in love nest to which they lured women with cases pending, promising favorable judgments for special favors.

MIDNIGHT, (Canada's liveliest tabloid) new lurid weekly from Montreal, campaigning against hustlers who victimize homosexuals.

After Johannesburg surgeons performed a successful sex-change, hundreds all over South Africa appealed to doctors for such operations. Some are women with masculine traits developing; most are physically normal men who believe they have male bodies by mistake.

TV & SUCHLIKE

With CONFLICT, THIS IS PSYCHIATRY, etc. TV turns more to mental themes, often stripped of sexual content. Some psychiatrists fear sensational approach may do more harm than good. MEDIC plans one on homosexuality, previously banned by show's special censors (acting for LA County Med. Assn.)

Note Gore Vidal's TV success (NEWSWEEK 6-20) with adaptations, DEVIL'S THEATRE, TRIP TO A SMALL PLANET, etc. Says "You can say and do things in television that you never could on stage or screen. You just have to be ingenious."

Judith Anderson to do Hamlet (Bernhardt did.) "I think" Hamlet "is feminine in some aspects, but not effeminate. If he was a masculine brute he would not be as sensitive as he is."

NYC at Open Door Theatre: "LONELINESS IS MY SHADOW . . . a woman's off-beat love." Some reader should tell us more . . .

Roger Peyrefitte (SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS) had latest book seized by Italian police after state prosecutor began criminal libel proceedings. Vatican Radio called KEYS OF ST. PETER "offal" refusing to honor it by Indexing.

Spokane TV station got request for date of CLIMAX program she'd seen about January, to determine date of "our blessed event which will be due sometime this fall."

Dutch censors banned Picasso's odd and only play, *DESIRE CAUGHT BY THE TAIL* (Printed in Mentor's 2nd NEW WORLD WRITING.)

Critic Harry Schein, in *AMERICAN SCHOLAR*, psychoanalyzing trends in Westerns, says of Hughes' *OUTLAW*: "In a priceless homosexual castration fantasy, father figure of the film shoots off the ear lobes of the young man when he dares to defend himself. The pistol in westerns is by now accepted as a phallic symbol." (What isn't?)

FOURTH ESTATE

From Wiggam psych column: "Are tomboys more masculine than other girls? According to Johns Hopkins Psychologist Knight Dunlap, tomboys are most feminine of girls. The Stanford research team found the same thing. This apparently is an expression of their femininity — not masculinity — their desire to be with the opposite sex and create a good impression. They are less conscious of sex than other girls. The notion that tomboyishness is a cause of later sex perversions Dr. Dunlap calls nonsense."

James Fugate in *WICHITA BEACON* letter answering lady who wanted to ban "degrading" films like *STREETCAR* and *WATERFRONT* . . . "If Mrs. Young cannot appreciate the artistic merits of realistic movie treatment, let her at least admit that the knowledge of evils they expose makes us more understanding and capable of protecting ourselves when we meet them on the streets of our own cities . . ."

Columnist George Crane, still giving trite analyses of homosexual "cases" recently answered a mother worried at son's atheism by explaining son had guilt feelings because of masturbation or something, sent her

a booklet (you can get it for a dime) which cured Horace's atheism and presumably his masturbation as well.

A MOTHER'S ORDEAL WITH HOMOSEXUALITY, True Confessions-type yarn in *PAGEANT*, 6-55: a mother goes on warpath when very-romantic neighbor shows interest for son, not her. Angry at end to find she couldn't get him long enough jail term to mollify her vindictiveness.

Who was original "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi?" Song's composer, in *Sig centennial newsletter*, says "There was none. The sweetheart is the symbol for the spiritual ingredient in brotherhood."

Not unusual for Westbrook Pegler to go off on weird kicks. I sometimes find his narrative style hard to dig, so the following may have gone awry somewhere between his account and mine: A Mrs. Miller of Vermont indicted for draft violation because she hated Jews, even tho G. Sokolsky, who is one, didn't mind. So Attorney General Brownell gassed her home one night, snatched her away from husband and kids and put her into "St. Elizabeth's Hospital, a terrible old fire trap where she is compelled to associate with terrible people." Columnist Dorothy Thompson wanted to investigate but Pegler vetoed it since subject already defies all efforts of science, since a reporter recently showed a McCarthy-drawn doodle to a psychiatrist who said it was like Hitler, and another psychiatrist (Pegler says they're pro-Communist) told the Democrats in 1952 McCarthy was effeminate because he was so markedly masculine, which means late Gen. Hugh Johnson "must have been a prinking patsy and Patton an old-fashioned Broadway chorus-boy." . . . You follow?

OTHER VOICES . . .

Beverly Hills' Dr. Hacker attacked theory of Chicago psychiatrist Maurice Krout that certain gestures betray hidden emotions (finger on nose — fear; fingers at lips — shame.) Joking off explanations, (such gestures have many meanings, mostly culturally determined) Dr. Hacker said popular acceptance of this theory would induce conscious use of such gestures for concealment . . . i.e., "psychology of poker players."

Calif. AMA meet: Dr. Coleman Harris of SF criticized psychosomatic approach to allergies, etc., as more admission of scientific ignorance than proved point of view. Noted certain allergic conditions, commonly credited to psychosomatic causes such as parental rejection, actually may appear less among problem children than average.

When NY Civil Liberties Union submitted copy of forthcoming pamphlet YOUR RIGHTS IF ARRESTED to Police Commissioner Adams, Mr. Adams felt something should be added about police rights and "when to go along quietly." Following added to text: "It is unwise to be insolent to a police officer or to cause a disturbance or disorder or to resist an arrest by a police officer even though you know that you are innocent. Such behavior tends to lessen the respect of the community

for law and order, which the police officer in the legitimate discharge of his duties represents."

Recalling Christ and the adulterous woman: "Let him without sin cast the first stone," the Rev. Joseph Huntley of Broadway Congregational Church said, "I wonder how many of us would have thrown the stone. When are we going to quit throwing stones at those who fail to measure up to what we believe are good rules for living? . . . The treatment of sexual deviates is especially disgraceful. When are we going to be more concerned about the sinner than the sin? I hate to admit it, but I am afraid the church is too hidebound with a rigid moral law to make progress."

RECOMMENDED READING

Bavarian Fantasy, The Story of Ludwig II, by Desmond Chapman-huston, John Murray, 25s . . . Wagner's homosexual patron who was forced from throne on insanity charge (which this biographer accepts too easily) died by own hand.

Holstein and Eulenberg, Harold Nicolson, in August HISTORY TODAY (Brit.) Scoops this columnist who had similar article half-written. Recounts near forgotten 1907-9 trials of top German officials.

The Crooked Man, highly descriptive 1984 short story of future day when vice and security police hunt heterosexuals, by Charles Beaumont in August PLAYBOY.

PRICES CHANGED

For the past two years or so scarce copies of ONE have been priced at \$1.00. This discouraged the casual buyer and kept these issues available for those wishing to complete their volumes of the magazine. Limited storage space now makes it necessary to clear these out and make room for current issues.

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out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals. ONE believes that the public as a whole is quite unaware of the great and decisive contributions made to civilization by homosexual men and women in every age, as a result of much suppression of the truth, distortion of facts and ignorance indulged by certain critics, historians and biographers.

Extracts from

THE SYMPOSIUM by Plato

(as translated by W. HAMILTON)

A party of revellers is heard approaching Agathon's home and finally Alcibiades appears in the doorway, much worse for wine, and surrounded by a party of noisy companions. He does not at first notice Socrates, seated with Agathon at one of the small serving tables, and after paying his somewhat tipsy respects to the latter, and receiving an invitation to enter, he seats himself by Agathon, Socrates having moved to make room for him. Then, twisting himself so as to see his other table companion, he observes Socrates, and leaps to his feet, crying, "Good God, what have we here? Socrates? Lying there in wait for me again? How like you to make a sudden appearance, just when I least expect to find you . . . You ought to be next to Aristophanes or some other actual or would-be buffoon, and instead you've managed to get yourself next to the handsomest person in the room."

"Be ready to protect me, Agathon," said Socrates, "for I find that the love of this fellow has become no small burden. From the moment when I first fell in love with him I haven't been able to exchange a glance or a word with a single good-looking person without his falling into a passion of jealousy and envy, which makes him behave outrageously and abuse me and practically lay violent hands upon me. See to it that he doesn't commit some excess even here, or if he attempts to do anything violent, protect me; I am really quite scared by his mad behaviour and the intensity of his affection."

"There can be no peace between you and me," said Alcibiades, "but I'll settle accounts with you for this presently." He then begins to urge more wine upon Socrates and the other guests.

"This is no way for us to be going on, Alcibiades," Eryximachus chides.

"Are we to have neither conversation nor songs over our wine, but just to sit drinking as men do when they are thirsty?" He then explains the rules of the evening, and that Alcibiades must now deliver a speech on the subject of Love.

"An excellent idea, Eryximachus, but it can't be fair to make a man who is drunk compete in speaking with men who are sober. Besides . . . you surely don't believe a word of what Socrates has just said? . . . If I praise any person but him in his presence, be it god or man, he won't be able to keep his hands off me." It is at last agreed that Alcibiades will be permitted to speak a eulogy of Socrates, and he begins by saying that he will praise Socrates by the use of similes. He first begins by comparing the appearance of Socrates to that of Silenus, a bald, flat-nosed old man who, according to legend, was a companion of Dionysius and the Satyrs. He then begins to compare the charm of Socrates' speech with the music of Marsyas, a Satyr, who, in legend, enthralled all his listeners by the melodies he contrived upon the flute.

"But you, Socrates, are so far superior to Marsyas that you produce the same effect by mere words without any instrument. At any rate, whereas we most of us pay little or no attention to the words of any other speaker, however accomplished, a speech by you or even a very indifferent report of what you have said stirs us to the depths and casts a spell over us, men and women and young lads alike. Whenever I listen to him my heart beats faster than if I were in a religious frenzy, and tears run down my face, and I observe that numbers of other people have the same experience. That is the condition to which I have often been reduced by our modern Marsyas, with the result that it seems impossible to go on

living in my present state. He compels me to realize that I am still a mass of imperfections and yet persistently neglect my own true interests by engaging in public life. So against my real inclination I stop up my ears and take refuge in flight . . . otherwise I should sit here beside him until I was an old man. He is the only person in whose presence I experience a sensation of which I might be thought incapable, sensation of shame; he, and he alone, positively makes me ashamed of myself. The reason is that I am conscious that there is no arguing against the conclusion that one should do as he bids, and yet that, whenever I am away from him, I succumb to the temptations of popularity. Many a time I should be glad for him to vanish from the face of the earth, but I know that, if that were to happen, my sorrow would far outweigh my relief. In fact, I simply do not know what to do about him.



"But listen and you shall hear how in other respects too he resembles the creatures to which I compared him, and how marvellous is the power which he possesses. You may be sure that none of you knows his true nature, but I will reveal him to you, now that I have begun. The Socrates whom you see has a tendency to fall in love with good-looking young men, and is always in their society and in an ecstasy about them. Besides he is, to all appearances, universally ignorant and knows nothing. But . . . he wears these characteristics (of Silenus) only superficially, (and) once you see beneath the surface you will discover a degree of self-control of

which you can hardly form a notion, gentlemen. Believe me, it makes no difference to him whether a person is good-looking—he despises good looks to an almost inconceivable extent—nor whether he is rich nor whether he possesses any of the other advantages that rank high in popular esteem; to him all these things are worthless, and we ourselves of no account, be sure of that. He spends his whole life pretending and playing with people, and I doubt whether anyone has ever seen the treasures which are revealed when he grows serious and exposes what he keeps inside. However, I once saw them, and found them so divine and precious and beautiful and marvellous that, to put the matter briefly, I had no choice but to do whatever Socrates bade me.

“Believing that he was serious in his admirations of my charms, I supposed that a wonderful piece of good luck had befallen me; I should now be able, in return for my favours, to find out all that Socrates knew; for you must know that there was no limit to the pride that I felt



in my good looks. With this end in view I sent away my attendant, whom hitherto I had always kept with me in my encounters with Socrates, and left myself alone with him. I must tell you the whole truth . . . I allowed myself to be alone with him, I say, gentlemen, and I naturally supposed that he would embark on conversation of the type that a lover usually addresses to his darling when they are tête-à-tête, and I was glad. Nothing of the kind; he spent the day with me in the sort of talk which is habitual with him, and then left me and went away.

Next I invited him to train with me in the gymnasium, and I accompanied him there, believing that I should succeed with him now. He took exercise and wrestled with me frequently, with no one else present, but I need hardly say that I was no nearer my goal. Then . . . I resolved to make a direct assault on him . . . and invited him to dine with me, behaving just like a lover who has designs upon his favorite. He was in no hurry to accept . . . but at last he agreed to come. The first time . . . he rose to go away immediately after dinner, and on that occasion I was ashamed and let him go. But . . . (the next) time I kept him in conversation after dinner far into the night, and then, when he wanted to be going, I compelled him to stay, on the plea that it was too late for him to go.

“So he betook himself to rest, using as a bed the couch on which he had reclined at dinner, next to mine, and there was nobody sleeping in the room but ourselves . . . Well, gentlemen, when the light was out and the servants had withdrawn, I decided not to beat about the bush, but to tell him my sentiments boldly. I nudged him and said: ‘Are you asleep, Socrates?’ ‘Far from it,’ he answered. ‘Do you know what I think?’ ‘No, what?’ ‘I think that you are the only lover that I have ever had who is worthy of me, but you are afraid to mention your passion to me. Now . . . I feel . . . that it would be very foolish of me not to comply with your desires in this respect as well as in any other claim . . . The cardinal object of my ambition is to come as near perfection as possible, and I believe that no one can give me such powerful assistance towards this end as you . . .’

“He listened to what I had to say, and then made a thoroughly characteristic reply in his usual ironical style.

"You must be a very sharp fellow, my dear Alcibiades, if what you say about me is true, and I really have a power which might help you to improve yourself. You must see in me a beauty which is incomparable and far superior to your own physical good looks, and if, having made this discovery, you are trying to get a share of it by exchanging your beauty for mine, you obviously mean to get much the better of the bargain; you are trying to get true beauty in return for sham; in fact, what you are proposing is to exchange dross for gold. But look more closely, my good friend, and make quite sure that you are not mistaken in your estimate of my worth. A man's mental vision does not begin to be keen until his physical vision is past its prime, and you are far from having reached that point."

"... From this answer which he made, I judged that I had wounded him; so, without allowing him to say anything further, I got up and covered him with my own clothes—for it was winter—and then laid myself down under his worn cloak, and threw my arms around this truly superhuman and wonderful man, and remained thus the whole night long... But in spite of all my efforts he proved completely superior to my charms and triumphed over them and put them to scorn, insulting me in the very point on which I piqued myself, gentlemen of the jury—I may as well call you that, since you have the case of Socrates' disdainful behaviour before you. I swear by all the gods in heaven that for anything that had happened between us when I got up after sleeping with Socrates, I might have been sleeping with my father or elder brother."

Here, Alcibiades follows with many descriptions of Socrates' mental and physical strength, his cour-

age, his fortitude, his endurance, his powers of mental concentration—all drawn from his observations of Socrates when they served together in the army campaign against Potidaea.

"One might find many other remarkable qualities to praise in Socrates," he concluded, "which singly might be equally applicable to other people... But our friend here is so extraordinary, both in his person and in his conversation, that you will never be able to find anyone remotely resembling him either in antiquity or in the present generation... Anyone who sets out to listen to Socrates' talk will probably find his conversation utterly ridiculous at first, it is clothed in such curious words and phrases, the hide, so to speak, of a hectoring Satyr. He will talk of pack-asses and blacksmiths, cobblers and tanners, and appear to express the same ideas in the same language over and over again, so that any inexperienced or foolish person is bound to laugh at his way of speaking. But if a man penetrates within and sees the content of Socrates' talk exposed, he will find that there is nothing but sound sense inside, and that this talk is almost the talk of a god, and enshrines countless representations of ideal excellence, and is of the widest possible application; in fact, that it extends over all the subjects with which a man who means to turn out a gentleman needs to concern himself."

There was general laughter after Alcibiades had finished, partly because of the frankness of his expression and partly because he still seemed to be amorously inclined towards Socrates. The latter then took up the conversation, and when Alcibiades moved to resume his place at table, there was a humorous exchange of remarks as to who should sit next to Agathon.



BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

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



BOOK SERVICE

- THE MISSING MACLEANS** by Geoffrey Hoard, Viking..... 3.75
A factual discussion of the diplomats whose disappearance was one of the causes of the purging of Homosexuals from international diplomatic circles.
- THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT** by Rodney Garland, Coward-McCann..... 3.50
A novel based on the Maclean case by the author of the very successful **THE HEART IN EXILE**.
- THE OUTER RING** by Audrey Lindop, Appleton..... 3.75
An extremely able novelist tells the story of Jeremy Stretton who conquers his homosexual impulses only when he discovers that even as a homosexual he may be accepted as an ordinary human being.
- ONE ARM** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 4.50
Accepted as classics since their first publication in 1948, this is the first popular edition of these scarce stories made available.
- HARD CANDY** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 8.50
More short stories by Mr. Williams, with the same limited appeal. Only a small edition has been printed at this time.
- CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** by Tennessee Williams, New Directions..... 3.00
In his explosive Pulitzer Prize play Mr. Williams explores a dying marriage in the light of a doubtful masculinity. Possibly his best play.
- THE DEER PARK** by Norman Mailer, Putnam..... 4.00
An outstanding new novel by the author of **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD**.
- FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY** by Frank S. Caprio, Citadel..... 5.00
The most thorough work on lesbianism which has yet been published.
- GAME OF FOOLS** by James Barr Fugate, ONE Inc..... 3.95
A forceful new play by the author of the very popular **QUATREFOIL** and **DERRICKS**.
- THE HOMOSEXUALS** ed. by A. M. Krich, Citadel 4.00
A "rummage sale" collection, with some old materials, now badly shopworn; mostly oddities, so cracked and chipped nobody wanted them. Well worth reading — for laughs.
- ALL THE SEXES** by George W. Henry, Rinehart 7.50
The sage of Cayuga dishes up some of his oldest (and moldiest) platitudes, newly spiced with the language of bebop and trade. O science, what crimes are committed in thy name! Then again, you might be just perverse enough to enjoy this unique serving.
- THE OTHER MAN** by Donald J. West, Morrow 4.00
A study of the Social, Legal, and Clinical Aspects of Homosexuality.

Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California. Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.



first reactions to **GAME OF FOOLS**

— "but don't quote me!"

by James (Barr) Fugate

The writing of the first draft of my first play, *Game of Fools*, was not unlike driving a lancet into the painfully swollen flesh of a malignant sore on one's own body. The first frantic stab of pain was almost nauseating, but as the corruption rushed out, relieving the pressure that had built up to such a crescendo of agony, the resulting ease and relaxation were very nearly drug-like in quality. I did not need to examine what I had done to know that it was an ugly, unprofessional job. I did not need to be told that a trained technician could have done the thing much better. But a trained technician hadn't seemed handy at the time. I had to act for myself, and as might be expected under the circumstances, rather than brood upon my own handiwork, I opened a new bottle of Bourbon whiskey, drank half of it and slept the clock around. Later I faced the job of cleaning up.

Here in America where our precious pioneer blood of individuality is being bred out of us so rapidly by the forces of utilitarian conformity, and the practical, usable grasp of our new situation in civilization not yet spread down from those few intellectual peaks lofty enough to view the direction and pattern of our movement as a people, it has seemed to me for some time now that the art of fiction, as many other arts, is rather in a state of suspension, a point where the tide of general creation pauses to turn, and then to flow strongly with revealed purpose once

again. As the Roaring Twenties understood the significance of the death of Victorianism with World War I, and produced the glorious Wolves (Virginia and Thomas,) and the Hemingways, so perhaps the Sixties or Seventies will be the first to see in the round the full artistic possibilities of ideas as new as atomic usage and the United Nations. Or maybe, since all progress is so painful, it will take longer. At any rate, it strikes me repeatedly that today's writers are like a group of Sleeping Beauties. The thorn forests around them still have to be penetrated more effectively by someone yet to come. In the meantime, troubled by embarrassing dreams of the past and indistinct visions of the future, probably the best they can do as a group is to keep breathing as audibly as possible to prevent a mistaken interment with those even less quick than they are at present.

Game of Fools has been out six weeks now and so far the small, but still excited, buzz is not unlike that of a sixth-grade classroom while the teacher has stepped outside to cut a good, stout, hickory switch.

"Have you heard? Little James Barr just spit in the teacher's eye!"

Of course, everyone is delighted at the spectacle of teacher's offended dignity—and needless to say, like all good kiddies everywhere, bubbling with anticipation of the spectacle of James getting his comeuppance publicly.

School is sure to let out early today!

So far the comments on the book by wire, mail and word of mouth, have been Favorable to Enthusiastic. So far, I have not received one bad comment on the book itself, or the play, which is a quite startling cry from some of the furious blasts that reached me from readers of my first two books and many of my articles both here and in Europe. Of course, "*Fools*" has had a rather exclusive circulation. By design, the book stores have not yet been used. But the one piece of information that we wanted to present to prospective buyers seems to be penetrating slowly at last: that is that here is not only a book but a collector's item that may well be worth many times its original price, (which was deliberately kept below five dollars,) in the next few years. Slowly, the average buyer is beginning to realize that this publication may indeed be most significant handwriting on the wall, and has returned to buy additional copies with this idea in mind.

I have mailed several dozen complimentary copies to a selection of theatre and literary people, medical men, lawyers, jurors, policemen, legislators and clergymen of more progressive beliefs. The comments have been heartening to say the least.

From a theatre producer in New York, "I don't believe I've ever seen the technique of the battering ram used more effectively . . . but you must know you are . . . twenty years before your time. The play is not for amateurs, of course, and could make an outstanding production . . . however, I am sorry to have to ask you not to quote me at this time."

From a famous American author, "... a moving, hard hitting piece of drama and sure of a place in the history of the stage—however long may have to pass before public performance can be given. The mere

fact that it exists in print—and in very fine print and format—will help prize open the theatre, suppling up that arthritic proscenium arch until it can admit the parascene within its compass." Again, no permission to quote by name granted.

From a second author, equally well known, "It is a fine thing to have dared give it a tonically happy ending. There's a short story in the *New Yorker* this week which raises the point . . . that Tragedy now begins to look like inability to write beyond a second act . . . but don't quote me, please!"

From a psychiatrist whose name is a household term, who (to my complete amazement, for I had thought homosexuals were the underdogs,) suggested that I discuss and try to engender more homosexual toleration for the lack of understanding among heterosexuals in future articles, "You have made an important point that, unfortunately, has remained too long neglected, and that is the fact that because homosexuals are persecuted as a whole they tend to gather in what is really a very heterogenous and unintegrated group." Alas, no permission to quote by name.

And so it goes, on and on. Everyone seems to like what we've tried to do, but no one is willing to go out on the limb of approval until a good look at the ax-men has been provided, and the distance to the ground carefully measured.

(Ah, for just one more Susan B. Anthony!)

In closing this report, I would like to avail myself of this opportunity to thank publicly ONE Corporation for one of the most satisfying and enlightening experiences of my life. The success of its first publishing venture is of small importance indeed in comparison to the questions it has answered in bringing the book out.

ALL THE SEXES
By George W. Henry
NY, Rinehart, 1955



The author of this work, George W. Henry, is associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College and is in charge of the George W. Henry Foundation.

He has used case histories to illustrate the five parts of the book dealing with Causes and Conditions, Personality Development, Social Problems, the Law, and the Past and Present of sexual variation. These section headings would indicate a thorough treatment of the subject of sexual variation. However, the book fails to prove this to the reader.

Unavoidably, Mr. Henry must be called on his statistical sample. His observations are based on a sample of 4040 male variants and a smattering of females. All of these cases were associated with the George W. Henry Foundation as patients. They had been either in trouble with civil authorities and referred to the foundation, or socially maladjusted and in therapy. He uses this sample as the foundation for his generalizations on all sexual variants, i.e. bisexuals and homosexuals. His interpretations and generalizations based on these case histories are as peripheral to sexual variation as his sample is statistically unsound. Unfortunately, he presents a skewed generalization of sexual variation.

There is an abundance of case histories included in the work. Although they are shortened the important outline is included. They are easily the most interesting part of the book.

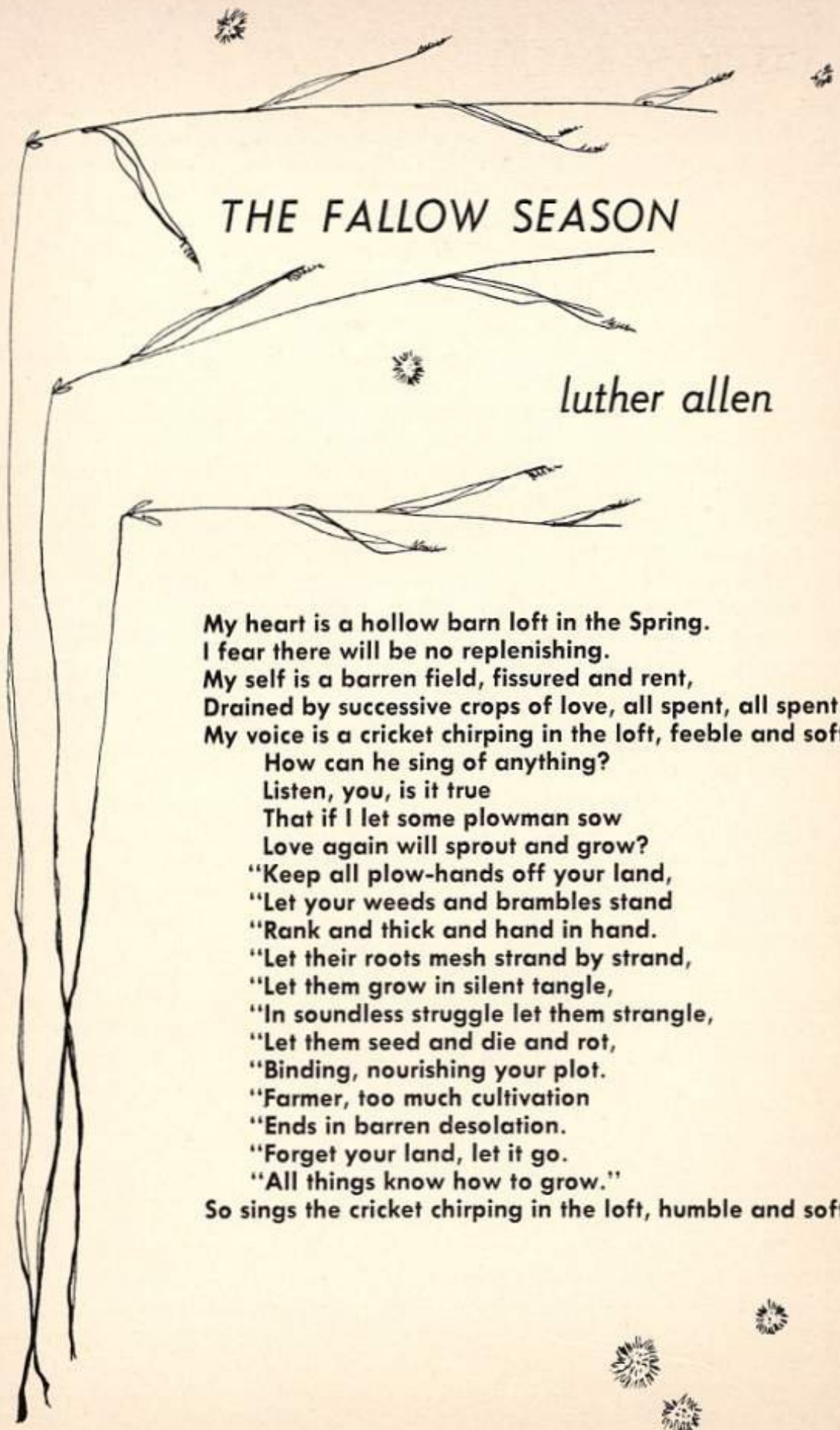
Henry, in light of the whole book, unwittingly or courageously includes a short discussion of research done by Frank A. Beach on A Cross-species Survey of Mammalian Sexual Behavior. This research by Beach is part of a larger work, *Psychosexual Development in Health and Disease*, edited by Paul H. Hoch, NY, Grune & Stratton, 1949.

After citing evidence from mammalian sub-species, Beach concludes, "The results of a comparative survey tend to favor the belief that exclusively heterosexual or homosexual behavior in human beings is a product of individual experience and learning. It appears probable that in the absence of cultural channelization many if not all men and women would possess the capacity for complete erotic response to members of either sex."

Henry finds it necessary to reply as follows. "It may be true that all humans, in the absence of cultural patterns would possess the capacity for bisexual response, but it is unlikely that there would be a preference for bisexuality on the part of the majority as long as there was adequate opportunity for heterosexual relations. The survey of mammalian sexual behavior shows increasing flexibility and freedom in sexual adaptation with ascent in the scale terminating with the manifold sexual potentialities in humans. Nevertheless, there is no certain evidence that the majority prefer bisexual to heterosexual adaptation."

The Beach reference and one other are the only ones in the book citing actual research on sexuality. Henry's other references are strongly religious. This lack of reference to other research is the book's most serious shortcoming. His work lacks the information to stand alone as material to be seriously considered. It suffers from the author's set of mind which is more religious than scientific. Henry asks the reader to listen to him as an authority when in fact he is no authority. His writings are popularizations based on inadequate research. It seems he is the defender of the sexual status quo.

J. G.



THE FALLOW SEASON

luther allen

My heart is a hollow barn loft in the Spring.
I fear there will be no replenishing.
My self is a barren field, fissured and rent,
Drained by successive crops of love, all spent, all spent.
My voice is a cricket chirping in the loft, feeble and soft.
How can he sing of anything?
Listen, you, is it true
That if I let some plowman sow
Love again will sprout and grow?
"Keep all plow-hands off your land,
"Let your weeds and brambles stand
"Rank and thick and hand in hand.
"Let their roots mesh strand by strand,
"Let them grow in silent tangle,
"In soundless struggle let them strangle,
"Let them seed and die and rot,
"Binding, nourishing your plot.
"Farmer, too much cultivation
"Ends in barren desolation.
"Forget your land, let it go.
"All things know how to grow."
So sings the cricket chirping in the loft, humble and soft.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homo-file magazines abroad.

with the circle in switzerland

One of the older—and better—of the European homophile magazines is the Swiss DER KREIS (*The Circle*). This magazine had its genesis in 1932 when a mixed group of Swiss friends (Schweiz. Freundschaftsverband) began the publication of an eight page pamphlet under the title SCHWEIZERISCHES FREUNDSCHAFTS BANNER (*Swiss Friendship Banner*). The title was changed, in 1937, to MENSCHENRECHT (*Rights of Man*). By 1939 it became apparent that the continuation of the sponsoring body as a mixed group was no longer desirable, so the present editor took charge, backed by an exclusively male group. In 1941 articles in French began to appear on occasion, and in 1943, after the name of the review was changed to DER KREIS (*Le Cercle*), they became a regular feature of the publication. An important addition to the worth of the magazine was made in 1944, with the publication of well chosen illustrations in each issue. Currently about eight full pages are devoted to photographs, reproductions of paintings or statues, or drawings. Finally in 1952 articles in English were added, and now the magazine appears regularly as a tri-lingual review of about forty

pages (At present about half German, with the remaining pages divided equally between French and English.)

In the first few issues of 1955 are found poems of Walt Whitman, translated into both German and French, a German article dealing with "Our Friends in the USA," a French review of a recent book "*Les amours de l'enseigne Froelich*" (more familiar to readers of ONE as James Barr's *Quatrefoil*), a rather interesting English short story, "Odd Man Out," as well as articles by friends of ours from the staff of ONE, William Lambert and Lyn Pedersen, commenting on the American scene for the benefit of our European friends. From the many fine reproductions I can single out some drawings of Thor of Chicago, drawings and photographs by Quaintance, and some extremely compelling photographic studies by Robert Rolf of New York.

But subscribers to DER KREIS receive more than the monthly issue. Since 1940 members of the group in Zürich, where the review has its headquarters, meet weekly to exchange ideas and information, and subscribers from other lands are welcome to these meetings. It should be noted that no group considers

itself the exclusive proprietor of DER KREIS, the review belongs equally to all subscribers alike.

One of the most interesting of the activities sponsored by DER KREIS is the series of "get-togethers" which are held several times a year in Zürich. To these gatherings homosexuals from all Europe come for a long evening of fun and sport. Each festival is built around a theme and prizes are given for the best costume or the best act.

DER KREIS has also collected the best photographs printed during its life, and published them in two volumes of one-hundred each. A

third volume of drawings is planned for future publication.

Finally, in addition to all its other services, DER KREIS publishes each month—for subscribers only—a sort of "personals" column, which is much appreciated by those who make use of it.

This is a publication which can be highly recommended, for even the mono-lingual American reader will find much of value, while to anyone with any knowledge of French or German a subscription is a must. (Bound copies of recent issues are available at \$7.00 a year).

ANTON LORENZ

I.C.S.E.

From time to time mention has been made in these pages of the International Committee for Sexual Equality. This organization was founded at the first International Congress for Sexual Equality, held in Amsterdam, Holland, in May, 1951.

A 2nd Congress was held at the University of Frankfurt, Germany, in September 1952, and addressed by distinguished scientists and public figures from various countries. In addition, the development of the Committee itself was carried further.

The 3rd Congress, September 1953, was again held in Amsterdam. The series of addresses given was published in several languages—in English as "Homosexuality and Mental Health" 88 pp. Statutes were adopted, setting forth as formal aims: "Furthering objective scientific studies of . . . homophily . . . exchange on an international basis of the results of these studies . . . furthering the legal and . . . social position of homophile man."

As means for realizing these aims, "international congresses or other meetings . . . a plurilingual information bulletin (German, French, English—sometimes Italian) . . . other periodical or non-periodical publications . . . addressing directly the appropriate persons or authorities," are all authorized for use. In addition, organizations and individuals throughout the world are invited to participate.

The Congresses are now scheduled for alternate years, the 4th to be held in Paris in November, with "Human Rights and the Origin of Morals," as the theme. The French publication ARCADIE will act as host organization. The alternate business session for 1954 was held in Copenhagen last October.

Delegates and participants from many European countries and the near East, England and the United States have attended the various sessions. An address given by Donald Webster Cory at the 2nd Congress was published in ONE, February 1953.

Dear Friends,

We herewith have the pleasure in presenting to you our Newsletter in its New Look. As you know, the purpose is to inform you about the activities of the International Committee and about events in other countries. This issue contains mainly the activities of our friends in Holland and the United States. It shows that contacts have been made with different groups of people to inform and enlighten them concerning our aims and ideals. The results are encouraging, and it may be expected that public opinion will grow more tolerant and understanding. If you can, please let us know about occurrences and activities in your country which might be of interest to all of us.

The next issue will contain full information about our International Congress, which will be held in Paris (France) in November, next, from Friday 11 to Monday 14. The subject to be discussed will be "The Origin of Morals and Human Rights." It is hoped that a new wave of understanding of our problems will emanate from it, to the benefit of both the homosexuals and society at large.

FOURTH ICSE CONGRESS, 1955

As it was most important that the Latin countries should receive full attention of the ICSE, the French groups have accepted to organize this year's Congress in Paris. The dates will be: at night on the 11, 12, 13, and 14th of November. Main theme of the Congress: "Human Rights and the Origin of Morals." The Congress will have a slight emphasis on the Latin aspects of the theme. There will be 2 or 3 speakers from France, 1 from Italy, 1 from Scandinavia, Germany and Holland. It is the Arcadie-group chiefly which will have the task of host. There will be at least 6 important lectures, followed by discussions and interpretation into English and German. Names of speakers, subjects and registration formalities with all further details will appear in next month's issue, which will be devoted entirely to the Paris Conference.

Holland Week-End Study Group

On November 13 and 14, 1954, a week-end study-group met in Amersfoort in the building of the International School of Philosophy to discuss the subject of methods to be applied and tactics to be followed in making contacts with groups and people

who know little or nothing about the C.O.C. Organization. Some 70 members, representatives of the several groups, were present. The subject was introduced by two speakers, each of whom discussed it from a different point of view. Besides the general discussion which followed each of the two speakers, the meetings of the 10 committees gave ample opportunity to bring forward the different points of view of the members which resulted in the drawing up of several suggestions to be carried out in the near future. It is expected that when realized they certainly will contribute to strengthen the organization to a considerable degree and to put it in a position facilitating propagation of its aims and ideals, thus creating a stronger basis for being better understood by outsiders.

One of the first expressions of a greater and more vivid activity of the Dutch C.O.C. organization was the contact established with a group of probation officers and other people interested in the subject, on November 26, 1954, in Amsterdam. The difficult and delicate problem of these officers being confronted with homosexuals whom they do not understand was thoroughly introduced by two speakers, each of whom approached it from different standpoints.

A most interesting discussion followed, during which many points were elucidated; objections brought back to exact proportions or refuted and, in general, opinions enlightened. So great a success was this first meeting that a second one of the same nature was decided upon for the near future with another group of officers and people doing the same kind of work.

The New Year's Message

After having given a review of the activities performed in 1954, and an outlook for 1955, the Chairman of the Dutch National C.O.C. Organization wondered whether it would not be opportune to institute a "World-day of Friendship" dedicated to positive aid for the lonesome and sick among our people. "A day," Bob Angelo continued, "which should be held every year in our own characteristic way and which should symbolize in a lofty manner our unity. I suggest that March 21st, the date of the rebirth of Nature, be taken as such a symbolic day. Though, I admit, this is of secondary importance." In fact, another suggestion has already been made, viz., the third Sunday in September . . . the argument being that the beginning of Autumn introduces also a kind of intimate social life.

◆

"A lighted candle in a deserted room is useless."

Gabrielle Ganelle

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

THE IRONING *jody shotwell*

Just enough dusk had gathered in Willa's garden to bring out the beauty of the other woman's face. Deb was daylight-ugly. But here, and now, with the sun-rusted skin toned to honey, the worry-sharpened features softened, Willa saw what she had always suspected was there.

The two little ones, Deb's Bim and her Tommy, played for the time, peacefully. It had been a hot day, but now a new breeze touched Willa's neck and lifted her friend's white-streaked hair.

"You know," Willa said, "I feel that I'd like to make a sketch of your head." She was voicing a thought she'd had before, when she had first met Deb. Then it was for the ugliness, now for the beauty that looked through it.

"Oh, do you draw? I didn't know that."

"I don't really," Willa replied. "I can't . . . but now and then I see something, or someone, that makes me feel I want to."

"Why would anyone want to draw me?" Deb said, deprecatingly. "Of all people!"

The little boys broke into a quarrel over a toy, and when peace was restored, the mothers settled again in their chairs. It was growing dark,

so that only eyes were clear and the flash of teeth. Willa took a cigarette and offered one to Deb. Their hands touched around the match-flame.

"Well," Deb sighed. "I'll smoke this and ramble along. You'll want to get Tommy to bed . . . and I have ironing . . ."

"You're going to iron tonight? Why?"

"I always do my ironing at night. Sometimes until one, two o'clock in the morning."

"Every night?" Willa asked, curiously.

"No, I don't iron every night . . . but I always find something to do . . ."

Willa suddenly sensed that the moment was pregnant with untold confidences. She and Deb had been neighbors, living within shouting distance of each other for a couple of years now, but only lately had they become backyard visitors. Just the same, from the beginning she had felt drawn to this woman. It was not only that Deb was obviously more perceptive and articulate than the other neighbors, but that she seemed to need a friend. Willa had been waiting for her to acknowledge this need.

"You mean, something to keep you up until two in the morning?" she led.

Deb reached out and touched Willa's arm quickly. "How can I tell you?" she whispered. "Willa, he's a brute. He won't let me alone. He drinks, and . . . God, are all men like that? Is your husband like that?" Her unshed tears glistened in the dark.

Willa thought of Roger, so far away. No, Roger was not a drunken brute. Whatever was wrong between them wasn't his fault. He didn't even know there *was* anything wrong. He could never understand, in a million years, what was happening to her. At first she used to wait, tremulously, for his returnings . . . full of the desire accumulated through the enforced frustrations. But there had been too many good-byes. Loneliness had built itself a shell of numbness. Out of self-defense it hardened and hardened . . . until now, even his homecomings could not break through. She had grown to live within her woman-body . . . chaste and inviolate . . . and how could Roger know that when he came to her now, in love . . . that she felt sickened and revolted?

"No. Roger's not like that. But I understand, Deb. I don't know why, but I had an idea something was bothering you."

"I've never told anyone. I didn't even plan to tell you . . ." She laughed, shakily. "It must be the atmosphere."

"Oh," Willa said, pretending injury. "And I thought it was my sympathetic face!"

"Darling, no!" Deb exclaimed, not comprehending the jest. "I didn't mean that like it sounded!" Again

she leaned forward and touched Willa's arm, this time her thin hand sliding from elbow to wrist, and not leaving.

With a sensation of unreality, Willa withdrew her arm until her hand found Deb's. Then, as if they had simultaneously encountered a high-voltage wire, they separated. Their eyes ate into each other in the darkness.

Going through the ritual of Tommy's bath and bedding, Willa tried not to think of what had happened. She left the child's darkened room and went automatically about the task of mopping up, picking up toys and towels.

Downstairs again, she turned on the radio and tried to read. She put down her book and wandered through the rooms, restlessly. In the kitchen, she fixed herself a highball, altho she almost never drank alone. Then, suddenly, she had to face it. Something had brought her alive again. Real blood was pounding in her veins, and forgotten manifestations possessed her body.

Back in the livingroom, she stared at the telephone. "I could call her!" But what could she say? It could be a withering mistake. Suppose Deb were to be horrified, indignant?

The front door was open to the summer night. Willa arose and looked through the screening at her neighbors across the street, laughing on their patio and tinkling ice in tall glasses. She would run over there, for a few minutes. She went back to pick up her cigarettes, and when she turned again, Deb was at the door.

"Hello," Deb said. "I came down to do my ironing." But her arms were empty until she stepped into the room.

"The greatest tyranny of man's mind is fear --- the fear to be oneself among one's neighbors."

Paul Hoffman

LETTERS

The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

Gentlemen:

Since first coming in contact with your magazine I have looked forward to receiving each issue. The articles contained therein achieve a steady balance of appeal to the different types amongst our group. In a field such as you cover there is bound to be much disagreement as to the merits of each issue's content.

I know for myself I don't find the real "Swishy" stories of much interest but looking at it from the view point of those who do like them I think that you do manage to get out an informative, interesting and thought provoking booklet.

I hope and trust that your efforts on our behalf will continue to be strong and bear fruit for the more complete understanding of our problem by our fellow citizens.

MR. T.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Two letters appearing recently in your "Letter" section have prodded me into getting a few things off my chest. So here goes:

First, may I address San Francisco's letter appearing in your April issue? I assume the writer here refers to the article "In Defense of Swish" and I heartily agree that this was a most unfortunate and ill-advised item. Aside from the falsity of its premise, the results of such an article are unfortunately not amusing or humorous but, as the San Francisco letter so aptly states "tragic and dangerous." Not only does this type of drivel philosophy disgust and estrange and thereby cut off the interest and support of the better type of invert who believes inversion can and should be invested with dignity, masculinity and high ideals of conduct and character, but it serves to further prejudice an already dangerously warped concept and attitude of a neurotically biased heterosexual majority toward the homosexual minority, and this is the most "tragic and dangerous" effect of all.

And now may I address New York City's letter which appeared in the March issue?

To this I would say "Amen! Amen!" It so thoroughly incorporates all of my own ideas, feelings and convictions on the subject of the gay bar element and the thrill-seeking crowd whose entire orientation is on the physical.

I, too, care little for gay bars or for the type one inevitably meets there. I, too, would infinitely prefer the company of the thinking individual whose mind is not constantly racing along the groove of an evening's pleasure. But I, too, cannot be irrevocably condemnatory of the gay bar element or their attitudes because, in asking myself "why is it so?" I inevitably am convinced that these conditions exist to the extent they do largely because of the untenable and chaotic position of the invert in a society where the antagonism and persecution of a neurotically biased heterosexual majority make his life almost unbearably desperate at times. I am convinced that many of these gay-bar habitués were not always thus. Perhaps the majority began with high ideals and standards. They wanted and looked for something better but could not find it through legitimately accessible ways and means. Scratch beneath the surface of many and you will find a succession of disillusionments, heartache and suffering brought about primarily by the stupidity and intolerance of an unsympathetic society in which they have found themselves lost and confused. The inevitable result is the acceptance of what they consider irrevocable, an ever-growing cynicism and the "oh what the hell, devil may care" attitude of taking pleasure as it comes and "what more can you expect in a world such as we have to live in" philosophy. This does not mean that I condone or approve this way of life or attitude, but let us at least be partially fair in placing the major blame where it belongs, namely on a society which sins against the invert more than the invert sins against it and which, in its ignorance and prejudice, breeds the very conditions it so stuffily and hypocritically persecutes.

MR. D.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

My dear Mr. Editor:

When I saw my first issue of ONE a few years ago in San Francisco, I was curious, to say the least, to discover what a magazine of this type would attempt to do. I made a point of picking up newsstand copies several times in New York City, and recently became a subscriber. My original question in regard to what ONE is attempting to do remains unanswered.

Let us take a look at the group ONE aims for, and try to see just what ONE gives this group. It would appear, from the issues I have read, that the audience is almost completely a homosexual one, save for a few persons who receive gift subscriptions from known or unknown homosexual friends. ONE presents to this audience medical and psychiatric views on their "abnormality;" poetry of a vague and sentimental type which repeats over and over the theme that homosexuals are more "sensitive" and "intellectual" than others; fiction which reiterates the well known fact the individuals of the same sex can be attracted to each other mentally and spiritually and physically; reviews of books with a homosexual theme, in order, perhaps, to make known that there are such books and that many of our writers are aware of this theme; news of persecution and pleas for pity presented with almost hysterical fanfare; and an insignificant amount of advertising, offering to the reader objects which should appeal only to the more obvious and rebellious homosexual. ONE seems to be trying to impress the members of this homosexual audience with their own "different" qualities, and, having thus impressed them, offers no suggestions at all as to how they can better adjust to this "difference" or how they might lead richer, fuller and more useful lives!

It would seem that, for instance, when reference is made to a great literary or public figure, ONE could be of service by demonstrating how this man rose above any "hindrance" (imagined or real) brought about by his homosexuality to be of service to mankind, and in serving others, enriched his own personal life. But unfortunately ONE's tendency seems to be to urge the homosexual to feel sorry for himself, to feel downtrodden and persecuted. In the state of mind so induced the homosexual is not likely to achieve the fullness in his public or personal life which he might otherwise have. I believe it is necessary for each of us to realize that although we may be classified as "different," there is no excuse for us to let down in any way in our efforts to be real persons, even leaders in our professions and communities. I think perhaps that ONE

is encouraging the homosexual to feel self pity, and is neglecting completely the missionary work it might accomplish within our own ranks of encouraging us to forget stupid persecution and to concentrate rather on playing our full social role. Certainly the public likes nothing better than to hear of a homosexual who is shiftless or irresponsible, or to see a homosexual dressed as a member of the opposite sex and acting like a "fairy," at whom they can point with scorn and so dislike all homosexuals.

If the audience to which ONE is directing its efforts is this homosexual audience, then ONE had better find some real objectives which will improve the moral and spiritual outlook of this audience, and improve its public behavior. ONE can do this. I would guess that your mailing list includes homosexuals in almost every state of the union, and I am confident that if you would establish and clearly state an editorial policy of helping this audience of subscribers to adjust, and encouraging them to greater effort along reasonably acceptable standards of behavior, that before very long your mailing list would not only increase many fold, but would contain the names of many of our political, social and educational leaders who are members of your "mystic Brotherhood." I think that the days of patting the homosexual on the back and telling him that all he needs is sympathy and understanding and tolerance are past. True, he does need such solace, but from my personal experience the best way to get it is to show the prejudiced public that the homosexual is not a pervert lurking in dark places, but more often is a decent, hardworking, reliable and often courageous individual who does not inflict his "differences" on anyone. When the individual is liked for himself, and when he is respected because he is doing a good job, it matters not whether he is black or white, Jew or gentile, "queer" or "straight." Let us as a group set about to earn our understanding and tolerance, rather than whine because we do not have it. Let us educate our "neurotic fringe" group to be men and women who deserve the respect of the community. I am quite sure that so long as we have "flits" and "pansies" who want sympathy, we will not have tolerance and understanding. Here then is the job for ONE. Here is a mission that will help the public want to accept us, rather than put it in a position where it is forced to tolerate us.

MR. P.
RICHMOND, VA.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Have you "told" your employer lately?

Gentlemen:

I am not one of your subscribers, nor am I a homosexual. I am an elderly married woman. But I am a friend of a number of homosexuals, and so am fairly acquainted with their unique and special interests.

Your magazine came to my attention, and I cannot fail to be impressed with its aims and objectives. From the standpoint of both a minority group, as well as the majority, they are certainly good.

From what I have gathered from your magazine, it appears that practically all angles and phases of homosexuality are being dealt with as progressively as possible. However, there is one factor which, so far as I have ascertained, has been omitted. This omission, I surmise, is due to almost complete lack of knowledge in this department. I refer generally, to the spiritual factor—but specifically, to the esoteric and occult aspects of homosexuality. Here is a field, vast, vital and utterly important to every homosexual, as well as to every member of the normal society which he or she contacts.

My personal experience in this field, over a period of many years, has been intensive and extensive. In America, unfortunately, there is still almost complete unawareness of these matters. So far as I know, no psychologist, psychiatrist, or member of the clergy of any denomination, has admitted availing himself of the available information. Abroad, the case is different. There, the knowledge of which I speak, is made excellent use of, by people qualified by education, labor and sincerest interest, to employ it.

May I offer the names of five authoritative textbooks, containing this information? They are:

Sane Occultism, by Dion Fortune
The Problem of Purity, by Violet M. Firth
The Esoteric Side of Love and Marriage,
by Dion Fortune
Psychic Self-defence, by Dion Fortune
The Perennial Philosophy, by Aldous
Huxley

The first four are published by RIDER and Co., Publishers, Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, London W. 1, England. The last named by Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York. Incidentally, for the happiest results, they should be read in the order named. Any reputable and enterprising book dealer in this country can furnish copies of all these books, if they do not already have them in stock.

In your most worthy effort to be of greatest possible assistance and encouragement to your readers, you cannot, in all faith, fail to offer this opportunity for this extended and specific understanding to these same readers.

I trust that you will, at some time, publish this letter, letting those who avail themselves of the information given, make their own choices and decisions.

MRS. E.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Dear Sirs:

Having been away through the summer, I have just returned to find in my mail your letter of June 28; I'm sure the enclosed \$2 will be as welcome now as it would have been in June.

I have also just received my copy of "Game of Fools" and want to congratulate both you and the author on a fine job. I hope the venture has proven to be successful, one which may encourage you to repeat it.

Keep up the good work on the magazine.

MR. J.
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Hello again—

Since Game of Fools was such a good job all around, I hope you plan to go on in this field. May I make a suggestion? If you do, and I imagine you will, publish additional plays or books in the future, why not alternate between male and distaff efforts? As you've just published a male play, I think the females side should be represented next. My personal favorite among the female contributors to ONE is Jody Shotwell. I don't know if she goes in for play or novel writing, but her stories are darn good. A volume of short stories by her would hit the spot with this 'normal' critter and I believe the female 'minority' would be nothing short of delirium!

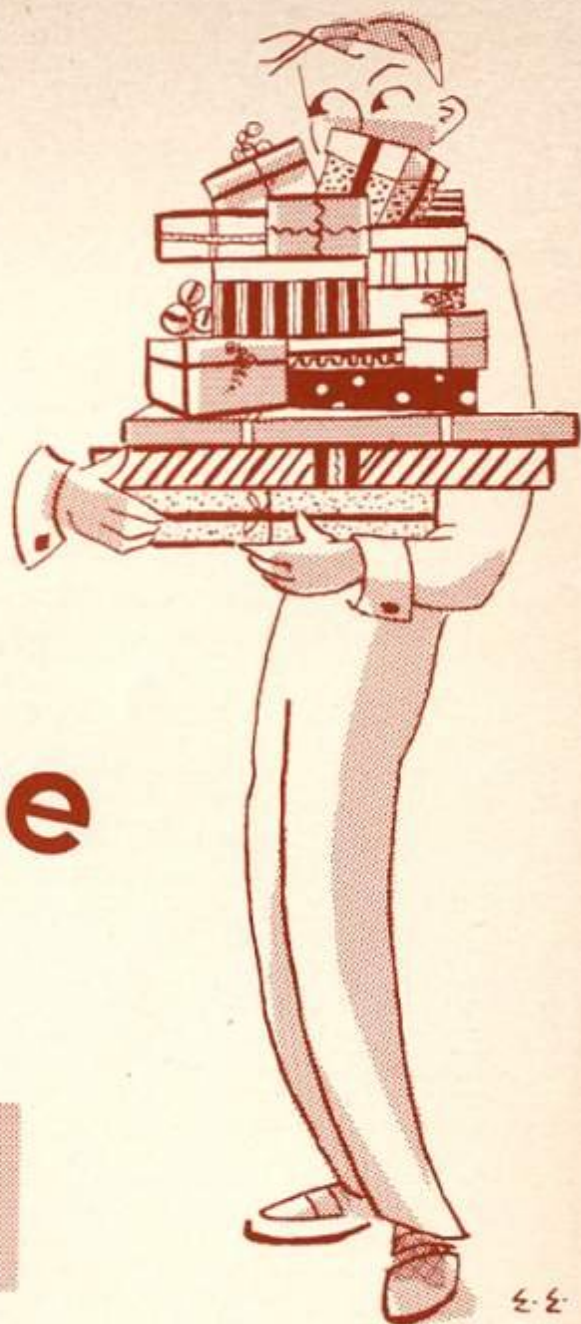
MISS D.
HUDSON, N. H.

Dear ONE:

Just finished reading your May issue. When first glancing thru it I was somewhat disappointed by the absence of many of the usual departments. However, after close reading, I found that there was no cause for such a feeling. Jim Margin's story was fine. I think every one of us can learn a great deal from it. While some may argue "why should we hide what we feel compelled to do?" the masking of effeminate traits is essential to the ultimate acceptance of the homosexual by heterosexual society. Besides, most of those "compulsions" are really one's own desire and will—they can be controlled.

MR. F.
ITHACA, NEW YORK

but
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reads
one



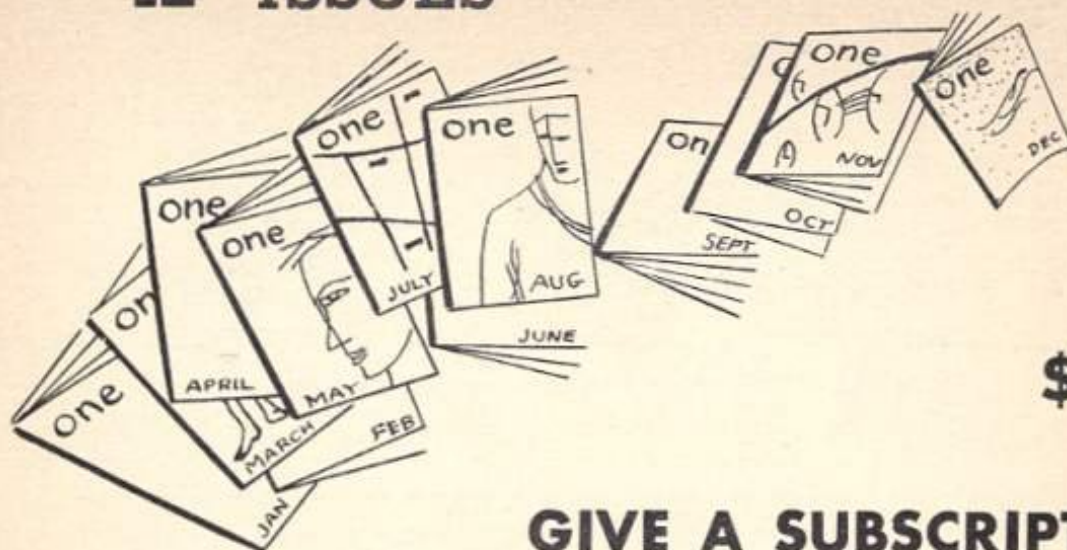
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