

*"These, I singing in spring,
collect for lovers,
(For who but I should understand lovers,
and all their sorrow and joy?
And who but I should be
the poet of comrades?)"*

Walt Whitman

one

THE MYSTERY
OF
WALT
WHITMAN



JULY 1954
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

one

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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.

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume Two Number Seven

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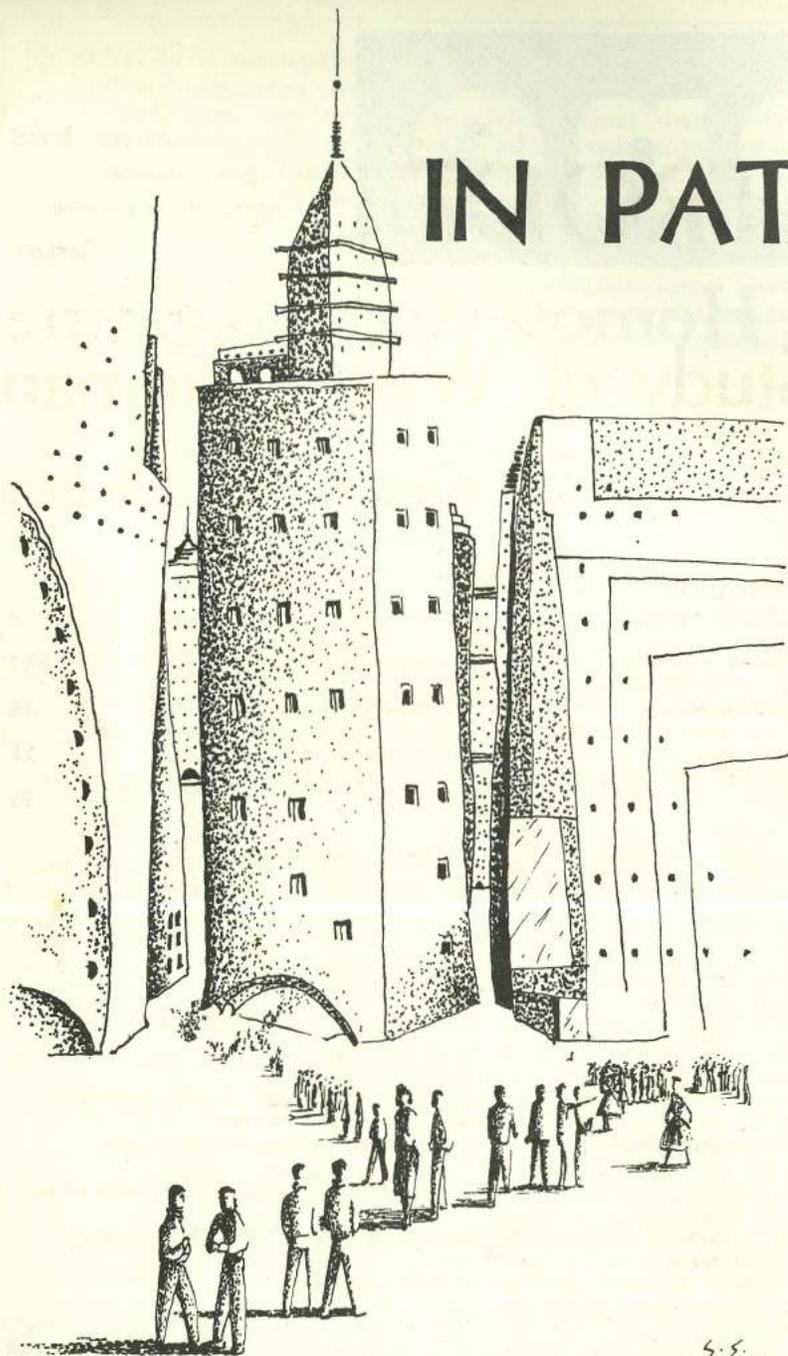
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IN PATHS UNTRODDEN

A Study of Walt Whitman

by David Russell & Dalvan McIntire

"I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that it was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words."

The question recently arose of Whitman's homo-sexuality. I maintained it was well-known; Dal argued Whitman had been fully manly — siring six children — and had denied that any of his poems implied homo-sexuality.

Reading from the *Calamus* poems in *Leaves of Grass*:

"Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking . . .
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate, chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me, or a girl with me,
I ate with you, and slept with you—your body has become not yours only,
nor left my body mine only,
You gave me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass—you take of my
beard, breast, hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you—I am to think of you when I sit alone, or wake
at night alone,
I am to wait—I do not doubt I am to meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you."

This was a poor first choice. Dal insisted that Whitman equalized man and woman as love-objects, and obviously wasn't dealing with erotic love, but a more spiritual affection. His use of sensual imagery was merely poetic license.



THE FRAILEST LEAVES OF ME

I found a dozen lines and bits in as many pages of *Calamus*, aside from such longer passages as BEHOLD THIS SWARTHY FACE. I SAW IN LOUISIANA A LIVE-OAK GROWING. WE TWO BOYS TOGETHER CLINGING, A GLIMPSE, EARTH MY LIKENESS, and others.

"Resolved to sing no songs to-day but those of manly attachment,"

"Come, I am determined to unbare this broad breast of mine—I have long enough stifled and choked:
Emblematic and capricious blade, I leave you—now you serve me not;
Away! I will say what I have to say, by itself,
I will escape from the sham that was proposed to me,
I will sound myself and comrades only—I will never again utter a call,
only their call,
I will raise, with it, immortal reverberations through The States,
I will give an example to lovers, to take permanent shape and will through
The States;"

"See the philosophies all—Christian churches and tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see—and underneath Christ the divine I see
The dear love of man for his comrade—the attachment of friend to friend,"

"And when I thought of how my dear friend, my lover, was on his way coming,
O then I was happy . . .

"For the one I love most lay sleeping by me under the same cover in the cool night,
In the stillness, in the autumn moonbeams, his face was inclined toward me,
And his arm lay lightly around my breast—and that night I was happy."

"But just possibly with you on a high hill—first watching lest any person,
for miles around, approach unawares,
Or possibly with you sailing at sea, or on the beach of the sea, or some quiet island,
Here to put your lips upon mine I permit you,
With the comrade's long-dwelling kiss, or the new husband's kiss,
For I am the new husband and I am the new comrade . . .

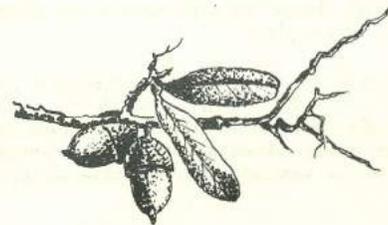
"Or, if you will, thrusting me beneath your clothing,
Where I may feel the throbs of your heart, or rest upon your hip,
Carry me forth when you go over land or sea;
For thus, merely touching you, is enough—is best,
And thus, touching you, would I sleep and be carried eternally."

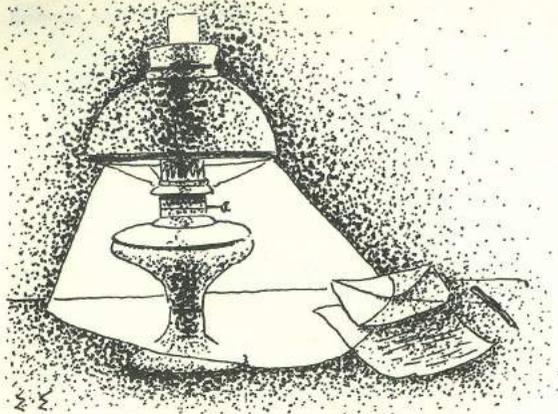
"But I record of two simple men I saw to-day, on the pier, in the midst of the crowd,
parting the parting of dear friends;
The one to remain hung on the other's neck, and passionately kiss'd him,
While the one to depart, tightly prest the one to remain in his arms."

"I believe the main purport of These States is to found a superb friendship,
exalté, previously unknown,
Because I perceive it waits, and has been always waiting, latent in all men."

The *Calamus* alone, I felt, left no doubt, and such lines were scattered throughout the *Leaves*. Dal said I was reading things into some lines and taking others out of context. One of the above quotes, he noted, continued with a reference to the happily-married man, negating, he felt, my interpretation.

I recalled articles in recent popular psychology magazines calling the poet homo-sexual. Both my *Columbia Encyclopedia* and Dal's *Britannica* avoided any direct references. In Cory's *The Homosexual in America* I found support . . . "There can be no question that Whitman was a homosexual. Whether he also had bisexual inclinations is doubtful . . ." Cory relates how biographers had often suppressed the evidence of Whitman's sexual inclinations, while other critics use his homo-sexuality to add fuel to their criticism.





THE QUESTION

In 1872, John Addington Symonds, the famed English critic and biographer, and a self-avowed Whitman disciple, wrote to the poet inquiring if the *Calamus* poems really meant what they appeared to mean. For years Whitman ignored the question, remaining the while on good terms with Symonds, an admitted homosexual. In 1890, Whitman finally replied. Symonds published only a portion of the reply, and failed to publish the text of his own request.

"... About the question on CALAMUS, etc., they quite daze me. LEAVES OF GRASS to be rightly construed by and within its own atmosphere and essential character—all its pages and pieces so coming strictly under. That the CALAMUS part has ever allowed the possibility of such construction as mentioned is terrible. I am fain to hope that the pages themselves are not to be even mentioned for such gratuitous and quite at the same time undreamed and unwished possibility of morbid inference — which are disavowed by me and seem damnable.

"... My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations."

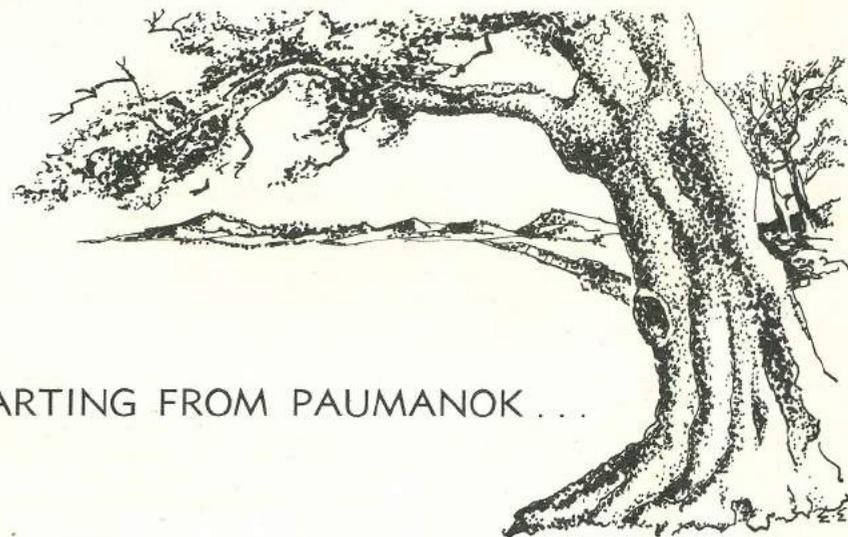
Symonds had been working on his little-known *Studies in Sexual Inversion*, in which he seems to have taken at face value the denial, so far as any imputation is concerned that Whitman *consciously* dealt with homosexuality.

But Horace Traubel, a painstaking Whitman biographer and the poet's longtime friend, says Whitman had frequently discussed Symonds' often repeated inquiry. According to Traubel, the poet, while expressing warm regard for Symonds, had fluctuated between amusement and annoyance at the following Symonds' request:

"What the love of man for man has been in the past, I think I know. What it is here now, I also know — alas! What you say it can and should be I dimly discern in your poems. But this hardly satisfies me — so desirous am I of learning what you teach. Some day, perhaps, — in some form, I know not what, but in your own chosen form, — you will tell me more about the Love of Friends. Till then I wait."

"Well, what do you think of that?" Whitman asked Traubel. "Do you think that could be answered? . . . You know how I hate to be catechised." Whitman's answer, written shortly before his death, was discounted by many friends as a public gesture. Like the poet, they preferred to let *Calamus* speak for itself. Symonds might have done as well.

"Here the frailest leaves of me, and yet my strongest-lasting:
Here I shade and hide my thoughts—I myself do not expose them,
And yet they expose me more than all my other poems."



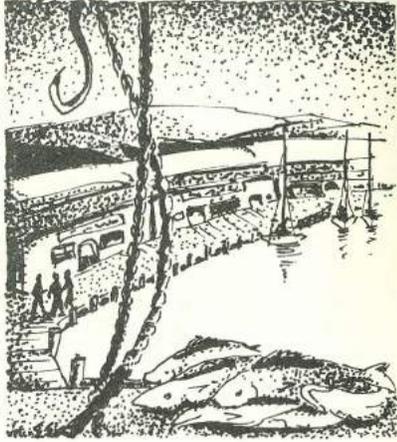
STARTING FROM PAUMANOK . . .

Born in 1819 on Long Island, where his family had settled two centuries before, he spent his boyhood in its meadows, creeks and hills (remembered in *OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING*, perhaps his most perfect poem.) His father became a housebuilder in the village of Brooklyn, where the boy went to school. Printer's apprentice at thirteen — three years later wandering about the country, teaching school — writing for papers and magazines — at twenty, editor of the weekly *LONG ISLANDER*.

Years becoming intimate with Manhattan and Brooklyn — composer, public speaker, carpenter, occasional poet in the traditional style. Operating bookstore. Editor of *BROOKLYN (DAILY) EAGLE*. (Here a special pleasure going to swim with young Sutton, the printer's devil.) 1849-51—wandering about — Pennsylvania to New Orleans — briefly editing the *CRESCENT*. (Later claiming to have had a mistress here, and offspring, but this is doubtful.) St. Louis — Chicago — Milwaukee — Detroit — Niagara — working his way. Back in New York — editing the *FREEMAN* — housebuilder — working on "a new type of poems" — testing, rewriting.

First edition of *Leaves of Grass*, 1855 — met with catcalls. Retreat to Peconic Bay, Long Island for summer and fall. Remainder of life revising, adding to the poems, expanding each new edition. Praise from Emerson, Alcott and Thoreau alone. Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and most newspaper reviewers shudder and squint haughtily at the wild, uncouth buffon.

Public generally ignores him, except as a "character." Imposing stature, beard and striking dress a common sight along Broadway. Fifth Avenue. Fulton Street and the Brooklyn Ferry. Often at Pfaff's restaurant with "the Bohemians" (SATURDAY PRESS editor, Henry Clapp, Ada Clare, Fitz-James O'Brien, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Fitz-Greene Halleck and later young Wm. Dean Howells.) Whitman often in another corner with "the boys", a less sophisticated circle of "comradship-pledging" tram conductors, seamen, dockworkers, "rough, bearded youths," those for whom Walt primarily wrote his poems, but who seldom read them.



Travelling to the Rappahannock in 1862 to nurse his war-wounded brother — stayed through the war, nursing the wounded — writing their letters, buying ice cream, distributing stationery, holding their hands, watching many of them die. "Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips," he later wrote. The war evoked his warmest, most sincere qualities, but wrecked his once splendid health, leaving him a serious invalid for the long declining years. At first horrified by the sight of the thousands of lonesome, often terrified youths, filthy, sometimes gangrenous, with faces shattered or limbs ripped away, he stayed to help them, and for many his frank love became the only substitute for the lack of proper or sufficient medical care. With not a few, the friendship continued long after the war. him as a national hero.

"SOME SPECIMEN CASES: June 18th.—In one of the hospitals I find Thomas Haley, company M, 4th New York cavalry—a regular Irish boy, a fine specimen of youthful physical manliness—shot through the lungs—inevitably dying—came over to this country from Ireland to enlist—has not a single friend or acquaintance here—is sleeping soundly at this moment, (but it is the sleep of death)—has a bullet-hole straight through the lung. I saw Tom when first brought here, three days since, and didn't suppose he could live twelve hours—(yet he looks well enough in the face to a casual observer.) He lies there with his frame exposed above the waist, all naked, for coolness, a fine built man, the tan not yet bleach'd from his cheeks and neck. It is useless to talk to him, as with his sad hurt, and the stimulants they give him, and the utter strangeness of every object, face, furniture, &c., the poor fellow, even when awake, is like some frighten'd, shy animal. Much of the time he sleeps, or half sleeps. (Sometimes I thought he knew more than he show'd.) I come often and sit by him in perfect silence; he will breathe for ten minutes as softly and evenly as a young babe asleep. Poor youth, so handsome, athletic, with profuse, beautiful shining hair. One time as I sat looking at him while he lay asleep, he suddenly, without the least start,

awaken'd, open'd his eyes, gave me a long, steady look, turning his face very slightly to gaze easier—one long, clear silent look—a slight sigh—then turn'd back and went into his doze again. Little he knew, poor death-stricken boy, the heart of the stranger that hover'd near."

The poet's admiration for Lincoln, growing steadily as the war progressed, produced some of his greatest, certainly his most familiar, poems.

But even after the war, his poems were poorly received in America. Damned by critics, denounced by clergy, totally ignored by the common people for whom he wrote. To his surprise, acceptance came in England where the Rosettis, Tennyson, Ruskin, Gosse and Carlyle praised him and such as Symonds, socialist Edward Carpenter (later wrote *LOVE'S COMING OF AGE* and *THE THIRD SEX*) and the widow Mrs. Gilchrist (one of the first literary figures to praise him — later came to America hoping to marry him) became his avowed disciples. The coarseness which American intellectuals rejected appealed even to the most effete Victorians, although as part of their not unsnobbish attitude toward America. For some, Whitman had finally set to music that wide utopia, that great experiment in democracy.

The poet began to receive pilgrims. Carpenter and Mrs. Gilchrist (who spent years at Camden), Oscar Wilde, the later famous naturalist John Burroughs, close friend and biographer — even the old Brahmin, Emerson, along with Thoreau.

Worked some time as government clerk (losing the job when a superior discovered his "vulgar" poems) — ten years in Washington, then settled down in Camden for remaining years, among friends — a quiet, sometimes vigorous, affectionate old man, seriously ill for long periods.

In Washington he met Peter Doyle, a young horse-car conductor to whom he was closely drawn. Doyle later described their meeting:

"You ask where I first met him? It is a curious story. We felt to each other at once. I was a conductor. The night was very stormy . . . Walt had his blanket—it was thrown around his shoulders — he seemed like an old sea-captain. He was the only passenger, it was a lonely night, so I thought I would go in and talk with him. Something in me made me do it and something in him drew me that way. He used to say there was something in me had the same effect on him. Anyway, I went into the car. We were familiar at once — I put my hand on his knee — we understood. He did not get out at the end of the trip — in fact went all the way back with me. I think the year of this was 1866. From that time on we were the biggest sort of friends. I stayed in Washington until 1872, when I went on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Walt was then in the Attorney-General's office. I would frequently go out to the Treasury to see Walt; Hubley Ashton was commonly there—he would be leaning familiarly on the desk where Walt would be writing. They were fast friends . . . talked a good deal together. Walt rode with me often — often at noon, always at night. He rode round with me on the last trip — sometimes rode for several trips. Everybody knew him. He had a way of taking the measure of the driver's hands — had calf-skin gloves made for them every winter in Georgetown — these gloves were personal presents to the men. He saluted the men on the other cars as we passed — threw up his hand. They cried to him, "Hello, Walt!" and he would reply, "Ah, there!" or something like. He was welcome always as the flowers in May . . . It was our practice to go to a hotel on Washington Avenue after I was done with my car. I remember the place well — there on the corner. Like as not I would go to sleep — lay my head on my hands on the table. Walt would stay there, wait, watch, keep me undisturbed — would wake me up when the hour of closing came."

A few lines from one of the many affectionate letters Whitman wrote to "Dear Pete, dear son, my darling boy" . . .

"Pete there was something in that hour from 10 to 11 o'clock (parting though it was) that has left me pleasure and comfort for good — I never dreamed that you made so much of having me with you, nor that you could feel so downcast at losing me. I foolishly thought it was all on the other side . . ."

Certainly the man who wrote that could not have meant quite what he said in his vehement denial to Symonds.



SOMETHING FURTIVE

The evidence still left considerable mystery. Was Whitman's disavowal a resort to the public mask almost all homo-sexuals must use? There is no *direct* evidence Whitman ever carried his warm friendships to the point of sexual union, or ever thought of his "special friendships" as homo-sexual.

Perhaps early biographers helped cover the traces. More likely that the old man, warm and affectionate, predominantly narcissistic, (and perhaps, as many think, sexually impotent) was so sublimated in his "masculine love" that he really did not think it quite like sexual love at all. That he was chiefly homo-erotic, there is no doubt. He tried to see this as a basic drive in all men, as, in fact, the drive that made democracy possible. There are many useful men socially who, however obvious their homo-eroticism, never permit themselves to realize the true nature of the urge.

Helen Price, daughter of a boardinghouse keeper with whom the poet often visited, wrote:

"He once said there was a wonderful depth of meaning in the old tales of mythology. In that of Cupid and Psyche, for instance; it meant to him that the ardent expression in words of affection often tended to destroy affection. It was like the golden fruit which turned to ashes upon being grasped, or even touched. As an illustration, he mentioned the case of a young man he was in the habit of meeting every morning where he went to work. He said there had grown up between them a delightful silent friendship and sympathy. But one morning when he went as usual to the office, the young man came forward, shook him violently by the hand, and expressed in heated language the affection he felt for him. Mr. Whitman said that all the subtle charm of their unspoken friendship was from that time gone . . ."

Many lines in the poems, many shadings in his life, indicate Whitman was disturbed over facets of this "manly love of comrades" he tried to purify and idealize. To Carpenter, he said:

"There is something in my nature furtive like an old hen. You see a hen wandering up and down a hedgerow, looking apparently quite unconcerned, but presently she finds a concealed spot, and furtively lays an egg, and comes away as though nothing had happened! This is how I felt in writing LEAVES OF GRASS . . . I think there are truths which it is necessary to envelop or wrap up."

Symonds had demanded one truth unwrapped. The poet had refused.

NO DAINTY, DOLCE AFFETUOSO I:



The most ensnarled question regarding Whitman's character concerns his masculinity. Examining him, we see that there is much unclear about masculinity itself. Highly assertive maleness often cloaks repressed homo-sexuality.

He seems to have discovered his homo-sexuality late, if indeed he ever understood it. But he made no connection between effeminacy and manly love. Biographers differ on the degree of womanishness in him. Friends described him robust, virile, swaggering in youth, manly gentle in age. Enemies not uncommonly charged his "manliness" was a literary pose, that he wore silk underthings, perfumed himself, etc. He seems to have been less masculine than he wished to be thought. This however, is common among homo-sexuals, and not a matter of dishonesty. It is natural to a class of homo-sexuals to over-assert the degree of maleness in their psyche, while another class caricatures the female. In both, wishful thinking appears the motive.

Malcolm Cowley borrows a line from Proust—"Their ideal is manly because their temperament is feminine," — and continues, "He praised male vigor and ruggedness like a devoted wife or like a lover celebrating the beauty of his mistress — not as qualities he possessed himself, but as those he sexually admired." This is somewhat oversimplified, as if Cowley felt impelled to prove homo-sexuality identical with unmanliness.

That Whitman was narcissistic is fully evidenced by frequent sensual descriptions of his own body.

Whitman's reaction to his urge for comradesly love is full of contradictions — on the one hand, he openly affirms — proclaims his nature as a new gospel; on the other, he resorts to the mask, the innuendo and even forthright denial. Peter Doyle said he "permitted no familiarities," yet his verses testify repeatedly to just such familiarities. Some critics find in his contradictions his very all-encompassing spirit which made him sing, "Omnes! Omnes! let others ignore what they may;" He did attempt to be all-encompassing, to commemorate vast catalogues, to express all thoughts and emotions, (making his shock denial peculiarly out of character, as if Christ had suddenly refused to associate with sinners.) Self-contradiction however is no unusual characteristic in a man, even a great man, particularly a poet. A simpler explanation appears in the unresolved contradiction (birthmark of the homo-sexual) in his own nature.



THE MANLY LOVE OF COMRADES

There were in Whitman's view two sorts of love. Amative love is that sexual (generally hetero-sexual) passion which knits families together. Adhesive love (manly love — "more than friendship") is the cement to a vigorous expanding society. How far he meant adhesive love to go is uncertain — how much phrased in symbols — how much poetic license. The notion of "homo-sexual marriage" would have shocked him, perhaps, as did "cruising" though he seems to have done the latter. Yet he did not envision manly love as stand-offish, purely spiritual.

*"As the hugging and loving Bed-fellow sleeps at my side through the night,
and withdraws at the peep of the day, with stealthy tread,"*

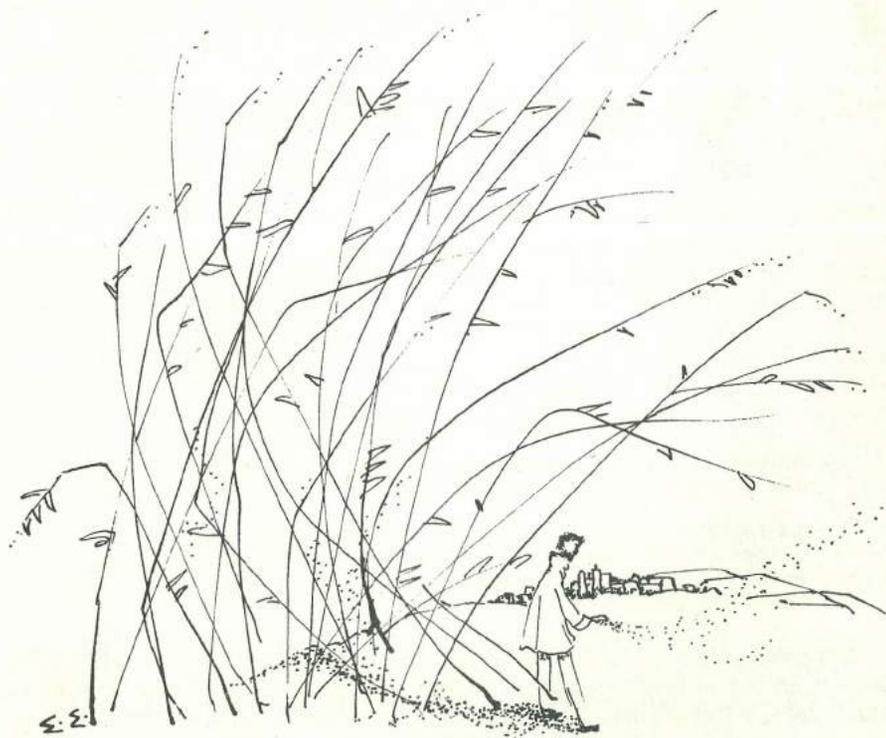
*"I mind how once we lay, such a transparent summer morning;
How you settled your head athwart my hips, and gently turned over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue to my
bare-stript heart . . ."*

Yet some of his private notebooks seem almost tormented as he strives to "depress the adhesive nature — it is in excess, making life a torment." Other times, letters assure "dear comrades" in New York he was "no backslider."

The emotional intensity of his declarations was clearly outside the purview of Western mores. Yet he felt his message natural and essential to Western society — and to democracy in particular. The adhesive nature, for him, was not such as to bind two men in indissoluble or exclusive ties, but a more general thing — not exactly in the promiscuous nature — a social binding force: comradeship as a principle — something more concrete than generalized love of mankind. An idealization of uninhibited association between men; the frank admiration of virility and masculine beauty; the love of fellow workers — and of strangers.

"But Whitman does not conceive of comradeship as a merely personal possession, delightful to the friends it links in bonds of amity," Symonds writes. Rather, he feels, Whitman saw in democracy a society that would raise the ideal of manly love to the level of a social virtue, just as Feudalism, with its chivalry, had dignified and refined "the crudest of male appetites." He sees a possible end to homo-sexuality as a morbid aberration in a boldly changing society where that which has "been always waiting, latent in all men" can arise to take its natural place among human emotions.

**"I will plant companionship thick as trees all along the shores of America, and
along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks;"**





KRAAKEN

forrest anderson

what shall be our particular answer for
the downwind? whose the significant whisper
others hear at once although we only guess,
before
plunging on down toward an obscure signature

until more than the indicated penalty be served
or stumbling along crooked corridors
of false promises
while continuing to feel the soft and foolish
stares
of others hard as we along the brutal street

eyes swinging wide the night, hearts sweating
white, cry out
"where is the meaning in the story we have lived,
can i reach through to your real consciousness?"
stars explode, then burn cold in the fading sight

who bared his feeling but to catch her forked
tongue
mention of a dear name got back a loud laugh
why do we forsake the true to chase down the false
stubborn man infatuate with his own conceited
curse

to place others under ban, himself observe none
nor any so saintly as to endure endlessly
disillusionment the sort of any who has dreams
you were at your best when speaking of the sea

now gone to make mysterious motions over water
none can well know what will come up soon
nor can i either drown too deeply ever
if i go on making lost motions toward you.

photo by maria werder

According to immemorial legend man and woman were once a single creature. This being was cut into two by an angry god, and since then the halves have felt drawn to each other because of the love which exists for the primary purpose of restoring the original sexless creature. The earliest traces of this legend are to be found in the Upanishads of the Hindus and the Old Testament. Plato also tells us of this in his book entitled *BANQUET*.

This legend is the earliest in man's attempt to explain the wherefore of the existence of the two sexes. In addition it gives expression to the thought that has been uppermost in many minds for many years that man is a bisexual creature.

Two-Sexed Individuals

Edward Podolsky, M.D.

Hermaphrodites, human beings in whom the elements of both sexes are to be found prominently displayed, have been known from the earliest times. Biologically this can be explained by the presence of both the male and female sex hormones in equal amounts. Sex is determined in the greatest measure by chemical means: in the male the predominant presence of the male sex hormone; in the female, the overwhelming amount of female sex hormones. There are both kinds of sex hormones in all human beings, but under normal conditions the male has much more of the male hormone than the female. Similarly, the female has much more of the female sex hormone than the male. But in the bisexual human both male and female sex hormones are present in equal amounts.

The conception of bisexuality was approved by religious authorities. Certain Egyptian gods were frankly bisexual.

Among the favorite Greek gods was Hermaphroditus, the god of two sexes united into one. He was a divinity among the Romans for many years.

Anthropologists have found that bisexuality plays a vital role in the cults, customs and folklore of primitive peoples. It is and always has been a belief deeply rooted in the minds of both civilized and primitive peoples.

About the middle of the 19th century it was discovered that the urogenital systems of the two sexes came from a common origin. Was this original tissue neutral or was it hermaphroditic? Research revealed the fact that this tissue contained cellular elements of both male and female sex glands and was for this reason bisexual or hermaphroditic.

In this way began the scientific attempts to explain bisexuality. The first modern explanation of bisexuality was given by Krafft-Ebing, the famous Viennese psychiatrist and sexologist. He explained it as follows: Since the sexual organs of man and woman are bisexual in their makeup, it must be true that the nerve centers that control these organs must also be bisexual in nature. Thus one must assume that the brain contains male and female centers whose antagonistic action and relative strength determines the individual's sexual behavior. Thus, according to Krafft-Ebing, homosexuality results from a victory of the wrong centers. But he realized that hermaphroditic abnormalities of the genitals and homosexuality are rarely found together. So Krafft-Ebing went a step further and said that the nervous system controlling sexual feeling is not too directly connected with the sex glands and that it could have its own disturb-

ances without affecting the genitals. This is just a theory. There are no biological facts to back it up.

However, this theory was accepted for many years. But in time other sexologists began to expound other theories regarding bisexuality. Magnus Hirschfeld said that bisexuality was an inborn characteristic brought about by a specific proportion of the male and female substances in the hereditary composition of the brain. Sigmund Freud believed that constitutional factors (factors inborn in the tissues of the body) are responsible for bisexuality.

Biologists have contributed the most significant findings in the riddle of bisexuality. For instance, one of the leading biologists of our day, Frank R. Lillie says: "There is no such biological entity as sex. What exists in nature is dimorphism within species into male and female individuals, which differ in respect to contrasting characters; it is merely a name for our total impression of the differences. It is difficult to divest ourselves of the pre-scientific anthropomorphism which assigned phenomenon to the control of personal agencies, and we have been particularly slow in the field of scientific study of sex characteristics in divesting ourselves not only of the terminology but also of the influence of such ideas. Sex of the gametes and sex in bodily structure or expression are two radically different things. The failure to recognize this elementary principle is responsible for much unsound generalization."

Sex is not a small bundle of cells and tissues within a larger one, but a component system of many systems in the individual. The relative significance of the various elements in each of the two sex systems has still to be established.

In order to have reproductive activity there must be reproductive maturity. Sex exists for the purpose of reproducing one's species. Sex also means two different kinds of individuals, male and female. In order that the race may con-

tinue, male and female must constantly reproduce more males and females.

In the ordinary course of events the process is interrupted until either male or female develops. However, there are occasions in which no clear-cut forces operate, the endocrines pour forth both male and female sex hormones in equal amounts and a bisexual individual is the result.

That sex is purely of chemical and hormonal origin has been proved time and again in the clinic as well as in the laboratory. Well known to surgeons is the fact that the adrenals, two flattened yellowish-brown glands about two inches in length which lie on the upper surfaces of the kidneys may bring about a reversal in sex. When diseased the adrenals may change a woman's skin to a roughish male texture and cover it with coarse hair. They may change her voice from a soft feminine cadence to the deep, gruff tones of a man; they may make her repellent to the male sex and pervert her loves and hates.

Dr. Lennox Ross Broster, at Charing Cross Hospital in London, England, has done much to probe the mystery of sex, bisexuality and sex reversal. He has long been convinced that back of all these mysterious processes are the hormones or chemical messengers of the ductless glands.

Some few years ago there appeared a woman at Charing Cross Hospital who began to show all the sexual characteristics of the male. Hair began to appear on her face. Alterations in bodily contour towards the male sphere such as broadening of the shoulders relative to the hips appeared. There was overgrowth of muscle and bone, and coarsening of the skin. Her voice deepened. There was immature development of the sexual organs; under-development of the breasts and an alteration in the psychological outlook towards men. In other words, she became a bisexual creature, with a tendency towards male characteristics.

An abdominal incision revealed an enlarged adrenal. This adrenal was pouring forth hormones which brought about the change in sex. The abnormal portion of the adrenal was removed. This at once removed the source of the hormones which were bringing about the alteration in the woman's sexual characteristics. In time the hair on the face and arms disappeared, the voice recovered its feminine tone, and she developed into a normal woman.

Another interesting case of pseudo-hermaphroditism was recently reported. This is the case of a 21-year two-sexed individual who is now attempting to assume the role of a male after having been reared as a female. This individual was tomboyish but never questioned his femaleness until secondary male characteristics appeared at the age of 13, breasts failed to develop and menstruation did not occur. He tried to act as a girl, had dates with boys, and even became engaged at the age of 16. His interest was increasing in girls, and he felt little grief when his fiance was killed. He was tormented by the thought that there was something abnormal about him as a girl, and was embarrassed upon overhearing others express the same opinion. For eight years he lived as a female and during all this time he was far from happy; he was confused, anxious and depressed.

At length he went to a doctor to have this state of confusion about his sex cleared up. The doctor concluded that he was anatomically more feminine than masculine and suggested further study at a medical center. The results of such study favored the change to the masculine role.

He was studied at the medical center and the following facts came to light. From early puberty on, his personality was that of a boy. However, his social attitudes and outlook was that of a girl. Sexually his feelings were that of a male.

He was treated surgically to correct his sexual organs, by means of endocrines to reinforce his male sexuality, and psychologically to help him adjust himself to becoming a male. In time he was able to assume his rightful place as a male and is now happy, well adjusted and emotionally free of anxiety.

Dr. Broster, tracing the steps which have led to the formation of the highly-specialized adrenal, found it appears first in fish, then increases in importance, and becomes essential to life in the higher animals. In man, the adrenals reach their maximum development at birth, when each is about one-third the size of the kidney above which it lies. In time the size of the gland is reduced to one-thirtieth that of the kidney.

Dr. Broster found that in sixty cases of virilism in women heredity played a definite part. In a quarter of the cases, family history proved the females all suffered from hair on the face, arms and legs. Among other interesting facts that Dr. Broster brought to light are the following:

1. Women with virilism are invariably sterile.
2. Virilism is not a disease, but a definite deviation from the normal evolutionary process.
3. Altered sex outlook which reverts to normal after operation has to be taken into consideration.
4. Its presence in man suggests a retrograde movement since it tends toward the intersex type.

Most interesting is Dr. Broster's speculation on whether virilism is on the increase. If such is the case there may be an evolutionary process drifting slowly and inevitably towards a neuter sex. Chemical trends and changes in the human body bring about many alterations in the physical and psychological makeup of the individual. Among the most important of these is his sexual constitution and nature.



The Triangle

jody shotwell

All right, so there isn't any conflict. What is this stuff conflict, anyway? Conflict, say the editors, is something that no good story should be without. Maybe I agree with them, I don't know. I guess I must though, because I'm lying awake nights, in this worldful of conflict, trying to think of some conflicts fictional enough to be believable. But this time I'm saying to hell with it. Like Saroyan says in *Twenty Thousand Assyrians*, I'm not trying to sell this story to the *Post*, or *Harper's*, etc., etc.; I've just got something I want to tell somebody, so that somebody will know it besides me. Even if it's only some little junior reader on some little *Quarterly*. He's got to read it, it's part of his job. Therefore I say, little reader, before you toss this in the Rejected basket, come with me to my wonderful city, and share with me a part of the past that I cannot forget.

Maybe it's just me. Maybe I'm one of these people who live in the past because the present has nothing to offer. But how is it that a city can hold such a grip on us that we are forever alien, wherever else we go? What miracle can be confined in a city with dirty streets, dirtier politics, rotten water, and cold and unfriendly natives, that I cherish even the heartbreak that I knew there? What would I achieve if I walked again through a little Square in the center of town, sat again on one of its iron benches, and relived a few of the more poetic moments of my life? It wouldn't create a new poem, nor would it subtract one calendar year from the accumulation of calendar years since those days. What if Philip, or Evan, or any of those others, with whom my memories are all tied up, would find me there and sit beside me? What could we possibly be to each other now, except perfect mirrors, reflecting the burden of Time?

Why should I look back with longing upon a one-room studio on Charteris Street that never belonged to me, where sometimes I wasn't welcome, and which I will never see again? Why should Philip, who hates me now, who maybe only tolerated me then, be so alive in my mind that I think of him constantly, ten years past the time I last saw him? Why do I even write this, if not in the ridiculous hope that some time, some way, Philip might read it, and know that as long as I live, he will never die?

The studio on Charteris Street was Philip's, and I don't care where you go, you will never find it. Because long ago Philip left it, and without him, it does not exist. How can a slew of books, an old upright piano, and walls covered with some good, some bad, paintings, create an atmosphere? Hundreds, there must be thousands of such places. In Greenwich Village, on Camac Street, Philadelphia, and the Latine Quarter, Paris. But none of them have Philip, and Philip's genius creating atmosphere.

How much can one room contain. Not in chairs, tables and beds. But in glamour, enchantment, and dreams. How is it possible, across the span of years, to smell, even to taste again, that steaming mess of chop suey, brought in from the Chinese place across the street; to reel again under the impact of too much tokay or muscatel? To laugh again, recalling Johnnie in the process of an excruciating imitation of a Wagnerian soprano in action? Or to weep again, as you once wept with Philip, tearing his heart out and yours, because his love was gone?

What would you see, if you saw Philip? A little fellow, with myopic eyes, grizzled curly wires for hair, and the look of Puck about him, ageless and indefinable. You would look at him, and look at me, and think, **this** is Philip? He would be wearing a plaid shirt, with lots of blue in it, open at the throat. Or maybe held together with some clashing gay-colored tie, altogether wrong with the shirt. From beneath his baggy trousers would peep his everlasting moccasins. His eyebrows would be flying out like wings and his nose swooping like Bob Hope's. His head would seem too large for his body, but his body would amaze you with its unexpected agility and power.

And what would you know if you knew Philip? You would know Methuselah and Peter Pan. You would know Percy Shelley, Omar Khayyam, and Noel Coward. You would know an artist who painted vigorously and often well, a pianist who played enthusiastically, and sometimes badly. And you would know a lover, who loved sorrowfully, foolishly, and eternally.

And what was I doing in this studio on Charteris Street? Seeking Philip, as I seek him today, through the years, the distance, and the passion that separated us. Many people sought Philip in those days. Some for music, some for talk. Some for wine, and some for shelter. If there were some who sought him for love, I do not know. I sought him for guidance, for inspiration, and for friendship. All these he gave me, and generously. And I repaid him badly.

Perhaps it is because I never really belonged, because I was a mere mortal, beholding the revels of a midsummer night's dream, that it all remains an unforgettable drama to me. And yet, maybe I was no more alien to these various assemblages than were some of the others. Philip always drew a motley group. Lawyers and sailors, doctors and prostitutes, painters, musicians and stenographers. Many times all of these present simultaneously. At these times I was always welcome. And when Philip was there alone, I was always welcome. But there were nights, when lonely and hungry for companionship, I would go to Philip's door, and he would say, sorry Janet, I've got someone here, you understand? And I would nod my head dumbly, and leave.

To me Philip cried when he was in his cups. Only then did I hear the name of Evan. Evan the evanescent, Evan the beloved. Deep in his wine and in his sorrow, Philip would bring forth the photographs he had taken, the paintings he had painted, the poems he had written. All of Evan and for Evan. And I would look, and I would listen, and I would read. And my heart ached for the presence of one I had never met, my eyes burned for the sight of one I had never seen. Strong for me, as well as for Philip, was the feeling of Evan in that studio on Charteris Street. For he had been there, and he was gone. But he will come back, Philip told me. He always comes back.

Yet, when there was no wine, there were no tears, and there was no Evan. Then we talked of other things, Philip and I. Together we read Proust . . . Remembrance of Times Past and Cities of the Plain. Crouched at Philip's feet before the fireplace burning with nothing but discarded cigarette butts, I knew, loved, and understood many things that seem today beyond my horizon. Or we sat at the piano and Philip would bang out the score of Madam Butterfly, while I screeched the female arias. His tongue would be in his cheek, because he hated opera. That was one of the few things we disagreed on. I loved the sound of the human voice raised in song, while Philip thought it should be confined to verbal communication. In this he was never able to convince me. Music, Philip believed, was the voices of instruments, either singly or in accord. He played records for me on his battered old phonograph, and there I learned to love Bach and Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Grieg. It is because Philip did not like Haydn or Handel that they elude me to this day.

Together we looked at pictures. Philip made no attempt to influence my opinion, but it is doubtless that because he preferred dark somber impressions of city streets at night, that I seek these out still. Such was the essence of my hours with Philip. But gone are the days.

Evan came back. I knew it when Philip turned me from his door that night. Joy had come to his eyes, and happiness quivered in his voice. And I ached for

Evan, that I might share the magic that was his. I went away from Philip's door, sad and tragic.

It happened accidentally. I know that Philip never meant it to be. They came in together, to where I sat with someone whose name is long forgotten. It was too late for Philip to pretend not to see me, although I knew he wanted to. And Evan sat down at the table opposite me. And I looked at his lean tanned face, at his sun-bleached hair, at his disturbing eyes, and I knew why Philip loved him. I didn't begin to love him then, because I had loved him forever. He was drunk. I knew it when he reached across the table before we had spoken more than the polite responses to introduction, and took my hand in his.

"And how long has this lovely lady been a friend of yours?" he asked Philip.

I drew my hand away, frightened at the alarm, the hurt, that chased the joy from Philip's eyes. This has happened before, I told myself. This is at the bottom of all his grief.

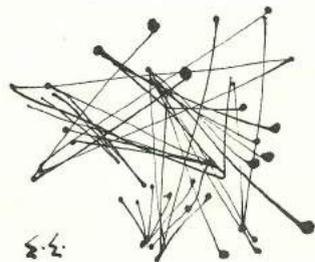
Dear Philip, sweet, whimsical, sometimes crazy Philip. How dreadfully I repaid you for your gifts, your generous sharing with me of the treasures of your mind. What a little thing it would have been, to have left you your love. What a small thing, to have given you Evan, in exchange for Beethoven, Shakespeare and El Greco. What a poor pupil I was not to have learned more thoroughly your teachings of unselfishness, generosity and appreciation. Wherever you are now, Philip, believe me, I know these things well today.

I shouldn't have let it happen, but I did. I should have gone then, and given Philip back his happiness, but I didn't. Loyalty, understanding, and all my one-ness with Philip fled at the touch of Evan's hand. I became in a spilt second uncomprehending, intolerant of the love of man for man. We are right, Evan and I, I thought. Philip has no part in this. He is perverted, twisted . . .

So then, I used the lures of womankind. So then, Evan left Philip and came to me. I lost Philip then, and Evan later.

And Evan, of the sinewy body and roving heart, where are you now? Who is yearning now for the sight of your odd blue eyes, the sound of your strange, husky voice? What new hand do you cover with your own, compelling, wordlessly, a love you do not want, have not earned, and will soon abandon? I have not forgotten you either, Evan, because you have been the third, the necessary part of that exotic triangle, now disintegrated, forever lost around the curve of Time.

This then, is what I want you to know, because it is what I cannot forget. And, as I say, to hell with conflict!



one

L E T T E R S •

Dear Sirs:

ONE for May was a very helpful issue. "England and the Vices of Sodom" by Lyn Pedersen was full of information that was new to me. As I am not in a position to do research, I appreciate clear, brief accounts of the results of someone else's study. I hope ONE will continue to present factual material.

Arthur B. Krell's "We Need a Great Literature", I shall often re-read. His point about our being unable to find guidance for personal conduct in literature, movies, etc. is one with which I agree. His own suggestions have helped my thinking and I am grateful to ONE for making this article available. Where else can we find such helpful thoughts expressed? Nowhere!

Best wishes to ONE for an ever-enlarging circulation.

HAMDEN, CONNECTICUT f

Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed money order for one year's subscription to your excellent magazine.

As I shall return to Stockholm, Sweden, in the near future, I shall forward my new address to you, to enable you to send me your magazine over there in due time.

I wish you EVERY possible success in your great task, but it won't be easy — not over here in America. I found it quite impossible to live in this intolerant, medieval atmosphere over here.

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA m

Dear Sirs:

"Life on earth today is a spiritual kindergarten with infants hurrying around trying to spell GOD with all the wrong blocks when the only letters you need are L-O-V-E."

As I remember it, this is a quotation (approximately correct) from E. A. Robinson.

It seems to me that the writers in the June ONE have also found out the truth of this idea. Their sincerity and clarity when writing on a complex, controversial subject impressed me very favorably.

I find it impossible to adequately express my gratitude for all that I am learning from the pages of ONE.

HAMDEN, CONN. f

Dear Ed.

Three Cheers for "Curtis White" although I don't see what he proved besides the easiest way to lose a job.

NEW YORK CITY m

Dear Mr. Freeman:

Thank you for the "Salute to Curtis White" in your issue of May, 1954. It is encouraging to know that so many are interested in my action on the show. I appreciate your kind words and enthusiastic opinions greatly.

You may be interested in knowing that I have received very few bad comments about the Society's portion of the show. Comments from both sides have been very favorable.

It may also interest you to know that, while I lost my job the next day, I am again employed and in a position somewhat better than what I had and at a salary nearly half again as much as I was making.

Thank you again for your thoughts.

CURTIS WHITE

Gentlemen!

Thank you very much for your sending me offer of your magazine! Myself, being broad-minded and loving tolerance, friendship and understanding between all diverse members of mankind, I welcome deeply the appearance and the really noble aims of "ONE"!

All the more however I am sorry to be not able, at present, to subscribe due to the present difficulties of exchanging German money into your currency. But I am happy to tell you that just a few days ago I came to know, that I can subscribe to "ONE" with Rolf Putziger, Hamburg, Germany, who is the editor of the German magazine "Der Weg Zu Freundschaft Und Toleranz", and that I can pay this subscription by German money. At once I shall take this opportunity, and so I am happy to be able to read "ONE" in the future, and if you would like, I shall, from time to time, give you my thoughts and comments about your magazine.

Once more, thank you so much, dear sirs.

**BERLIN (BRITISH SECTOR)
GERMANY m**

We welcome you as a subscriber and hope that you'll write us often. We want and need the comments of our readers everywhere! ED.

Editorial Staff, ONE:

Your May issue, in my opinion, is particularly fine and thought-provoking.

The art work, as usual, is beautiful — and stimulating.

I would especially like to commend Arthur Krell on his article "We Need A Great Literature". We do indeed. We are bloodless and have no direction because of this lack. That we must make one is apparent. How to go about this is something else again. Krell helps immensely: he points in worthy directions.

I, myself, do not believe really great books about what contributions homosexuals can make to society and how homosexuals can transcend their barriers to become finer people CAN or WILL be written by any except those who have succeeded in integrating themselves and are contributing in a vital way to society.

This is a call to homosexual (male and female) professional and non-professional workers to write—and tell us how they transcended their environments and psychological barriers to make useful and stable citizens out of themselves. What were their ideals—goals—aspirations? How did they get them? How did they hang onto them?

In the meantime, successful homosexuals lacking tongues, the neurotic homosexual will write.

And his writing is important, too—even if it does only tell us what the bricks are made of that comprise his prison—or what life is like in that prison.

But Krell has helped and I want him to know that I thank him from the bottom of my heart.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. f

The Editors:

Congratulations to ONE and to Lyn Pedersen for "England and the Vices of Sodom" in the May issue . . . an excellent job of reporting which could stand as an outline for a more extensive study.

I regret that Arthur B. Krell's feature essay, "We Need a Great Literature" was not tempered with the same objectivity and restraint that characterized Mr. Pedersen's article. Mr. Krell's enthusiasm is compelling, but his grasp of the relation of art to life and of the nature of literature is limited.

Literature is a direct function of living and although a particular work may share or exploit elements that characterize a social phenomenon, the writer is not a political leader, nor is it his function to provide models for behaviour. Mr. Krell is operating in the realm of political ideals and social psychology, as indeed was Plato. However, it is only fair to point out that Plato's ideal when rendered a social reality is a reality very much out of key with our democratic heritage.

It is a big wide world—much wider than those who are shocked by the "scandal" of homosexuality think and wider, I suspect, that Mr. Krell thinks when he states, "No worthy society would ever accept the sickly irresponsibles who live the schizoid life of promiscuity." Mr. Krell suffers from the besetting sin of idealists, intolerance. Does he actually think that a society which accepted "binary" homosexual relationships and rejected promiscuity and effeminacy would be better than the one we now enjoy? Promiscuity and effeminacy as well as "the love of two strong and loyal men", are ways of coping with the problem of man vs. the world. Who is to say which is the best.

I am also moved by the pathetic letter from New York City. If your correspondent's position is so perilous as to be endangered by "making (the jargon) available to scoffers," he is naive to expect respect where pity is due. We all have our strength and weakness and we all have our defenses. Please let us not be intolerant of those of others.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. m

Dear Sirs:

I wish to state the article "God and the Homosexual" which appeared in the June issue of "One" was beyond a doubt, the finest I have ever read regarding the subject.

Unless a person has gone through such a soul-wrecking experience, it would be difficult to grasp the full significance of the article. Believe me, I have, and to this day have not been able to overcome it.

COLUMBUS, OHIO m

Dear Sirs:

Please be kind enough to sincerely thank Arthur B. Krell for his straightforward article in May's issue of ONE.

It may be that I have been feeling a little depressed of late, maybe because I am one man in a thousand trying to fight the battle of near isolation by accepting and donning the garments of our society, whatever it may be; this article has certainly given me a new view.

Thanks also, to Lyn Pedersen for his splendid historical report. And, you, Mr. Freeman, for your salute to Curtis White.

I know that you folks in the literary field often wonder if the tho'ts that are portrayed thru the medium of your articles are honestly appreciated by your reading public; believe me, we in the field are very happy to know that there are men and women like you who are capable of such broadmindedness as to render this much needed lift.

Thank you, Sir.

WHITTIER, CALIF. m

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 its friends, four different types of non-voting corporation membership. From these each person can select a means for supporting ONE's aims and ideals.

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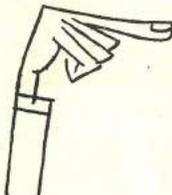
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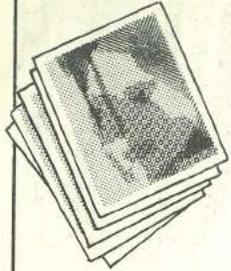
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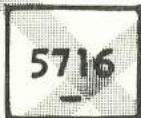
Please allow a period of one month for address changes and all other requests involving alteration of our records. Changing addresses or type of subscription entails a number of different processes and requires the careful attention of numerous people. Remember, **ONE** has no full-time staff, and even big publications with thousands of employees insist on a month to make address changes.

New subscriptions will begin with the oldest issue available unless we are specifically instructed otherwise. This decision is the result of many requests from our subscribers.

ONE DOES NOT solicit subscriptions from minors, and if any are received from individuals known to be under legal age, the subscription must be refused.

CANCEL THE P. O. BOX

ONE moved into its downtown quarters November 1, 1953. The postbox address that was used before that time no longer serves to do anything but confuse the mailman. Please address us **ONLY** at 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California. If you find us still using some of the letterheads with the old address, it's because we are extremely Scotch — from necessity, so pay no attention.



one

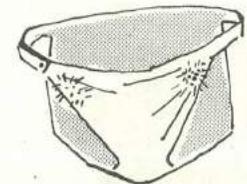
This page is dedicated to those who appreciate the ultimate in original design, fine quality in fabrics and superb craftsmanship. The designs are created by the fabulous ANON exclusively for "WIN-MOR of California". We offer these originals for your discriminating approval.



"MOON-GLOW"
Nights of comfort in sheer nylon with jeweled satin trim.
COLORS—Black Magic or White.
SIZES—Small, medium and large.
(Also available in jersey)
PRICE—The Top.....\$ 8
The Bottom.....\$14
Both.....\$21



"DREAM"
Here is our answer to the gay 90's nightshirt. They used flannel — we use nylon and satin!!
COLOR—Foam White only.
SIZES—Small, medium and large.
PRICE—\$12



"EASE"
In satin studded with rhinestone.
COLOR—Black Magic or White.
SIZES—Small, medium and large.
(Also available in Jersey or sheer nylon)
PRICE—\$4

NO WIN-MOR GARMENT IS SOLD EXCEPT BY DIRECT ORDER FROM:

NAME _____ STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____	WIN-MOR of CALIFORNIA P.O. Box 38311, Dept. 1A Hollywood 38, California			
	Size	Hip-size	Color	Price
	"Moon-Glow"			
	"Dream"			
	"Ease"			
Check or Money Order NO CODs please — We pay the tax.			Total	