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**THE
HOMOSEXUAL
VILLAIN**

by

Norman

Mailer

JANUARY 1955
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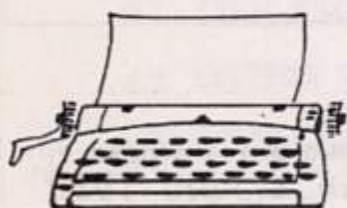


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"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

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three poems

by alden kirby

||

As giant trees
my aging gods are fallen now.
Their round-skinned fruit,
ripened long ago,
litter the careless ground
with their sterile seed,
the color and the harvest gone.
Even the branches lie
broken, bare.
Small loss if once stalwart trunks could stand,
but the roots, disordered, scrape the sky
and the hard-bitten bark
will rot in the softly bending grass.
Yet, as if aware of some undrawn truth,
these half hundred blossoms
while they last
prove how transient is the passing hurricane.

2

I make my way across
the tops of roofs,
skirt a smoking chimney pot
straddling asphalt walls
and in between the high strung wires
that thread the night
with shirts and rags
I kneel on rattling gutter's edge
and from my black, exalted height
I look down, unknown,
and see the shivering curtains of your
bright
windows
move.

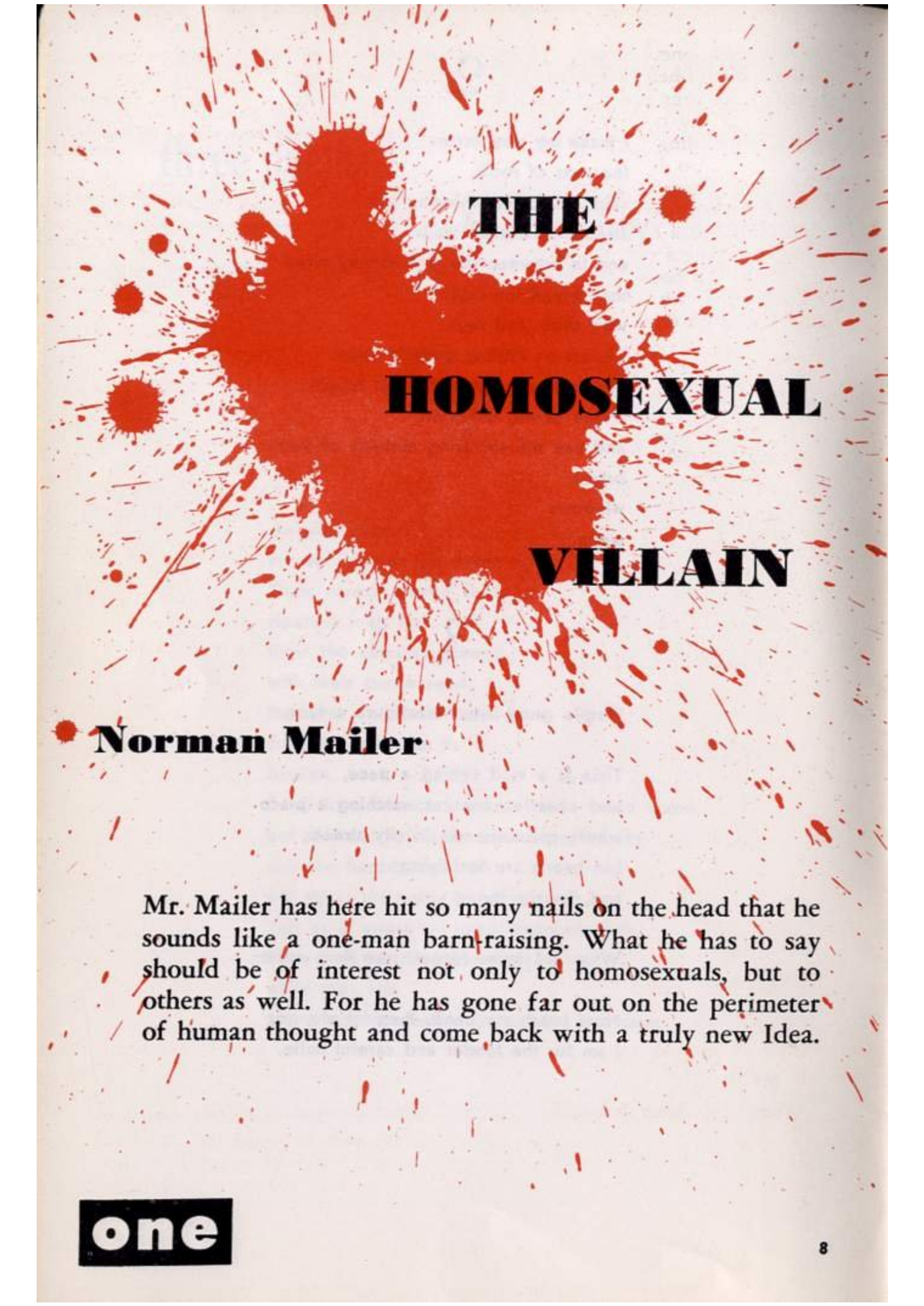
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Fragile good-byes transfigure a face.

Time is a wolf setting a pace,
and conscience a cat watching a place
where sparrows rest in city streets,
but hearts are for flying,
rest, for the dying.

What old loves forget, new love meets.

Now touch my hand, then let me go;
I am for the tender and careful hello.



THE HOMOSEXUAL VILLAIN

Norman Mailer

Mr. Mailer has here hit so many nails on the head that he sounds like a one-man barn-raising. What he has to say should be of interest not only to homosexuals, but to others as well. For he has gone far out on the perimeter of human thought and come back with a truly new Idea.

Those readers of ONE who are familiar with my work may be somewhat surprised to find me writing for this magazine. After all, I have been as guilty as any contemporary novelist in attributing unpleasant, ridiculous, or sinister connotations to the homosexual (or more accurately, bisexual) characters in my novels. Part of the effectiveness of General Cummings in *The Naked And The Dead*—at least for those people who thought him well-conceived as a character—rested on the homosexuality I was obviously suggesting as the core of much of his motivation. Again, in *Barbary Shore*, the "villain" was a secret police agent named Leroy Hollingsworth whose sadism and slyness were essentially combined with his sexual deviation.

At the time I wrote those novels, I was consciously sincere. I did believe—as so many heterosexuals believe—that there was an intrinsic relation between homosexuality and "evil", and it seemed perfectly natural to me, as well as *symbolically* just, to treat the subject in such a way.

The irony is that I did not know a single homosexual during all those years. I had met homosexuals of course, I had recognized a few as homosexual, I had "suspected" others, I was to realize years later that one or two close friends were homosexual, but I had never known one in the human sense of knowing, which is to look at your friend's feelings through his eyes and not your own. I did not *know* any homosexual because obviously I did not want to. It was enough for me to recognize someone as homosexual, and I would cease to consider him seriously as a person. He might be intelligent or courageous or kind or witty or virtuous or tortured—no matter. I always saw him as at best ludicrous and at worst—the word again—sinister. (I think it is by the way significant that just as many homosexuals feel forced and are forced to throw up protective camouflage, even boasting if necessary of women they have had, not to mention the thousand smaller subtleties, so heterosexuals are often eager to be so deceived for it enables them to continue friendships which otherwise their prejudices and occasionally their fears might force them to terminate.)

Now, of course, I exaggerate to a certain degree. I was never a roaring bigot, I did not go in for homosexual-baiting, at least not face to face, and I never could stomach the relish with which soldiers would describe how they had stomped some faggot in a bar. I had, in short, the equivalent of a "gentleman's anti-Semitism."

The only thing remarkable about all this is that I was hardly living in a small town. New York, whatever its pleasures and discontents, is not the most uncivilized milieu, and while one would go too far to say that its attitude toward homosexuals bears correspondence to the pain of the liberal or radical at hearing someone utter a word like "nigger" or "kike", there is nonetheless considerable tolerance and considerable propinquity. The hard and fast separations of homosexual and heterosexual society are often quite blurred. Over the past seven or eight years I had had more than enough opportunity to learn something about homosexuals if I had wanted to, and obviously I did not.

It is a pity I do not understand the psychological roots of my change of attitude for something valuable might be learned from it. Unfortunately, I do not. The process has seemed a rational one to me, rational in that the impetus apparently came from reading and not from any important personal experiences. The only hint of my bias mellowing was that my wife and I had gradually become friendly with a homosexual painter who lived next door. He was pleasant, he was thoughtful, he was a good neighbor, and we came to depend on him in various small ways. It was tacitly understood that he was homosexual, but we never talked about it. However, since so much of his personal life was not discussable between us, the friendship was limited. I accepted him the way a small-town banker fifty years ago might have accepted a "good" Jew.

About this time I received a free copy of ONE which was sent out by the editors to a great many writers. I remember looking at the magazine with some interest and some amusement. Parts of it impressed me unfavorably. I thought the quality of writing generally poor (most people I've talked to agree that it has since improved), and I questioned the wisdom of accepting suggestive ads in a purportedly serious magazine. (Indeed, I still feel this way no matter what the problems of revenue might be.) But there was a certain militancy and honesty to the editorial tone, and while I was not sympathetic, I think I can say that for the first time in my life I was not unsympathetic. Most important of all, my curiosity was piqued. A few weeks later I asked my painter friend if I could borrow his copy of Donald Webster Cory's *The Homosexual In America*.

Reading it was an important experience. Mr. Cory strikes me as being a modest man, and I think he would be the first to admit that while his book is very good, closely reasoned, quietly argued, it is hardly a great book. Nonetheless, I can think of few books which cut so radically at my prejudices and altered my ideas so profoundly. I resisted it, I argued its points as I read, I was often annoyed, but what I could not overcome was my growing depression that I had been acting as a bigot in this matter, and "bigot" was one word I did not enjoy applying to myself. With that, came the realization I had been closing myself off from understanding a very large part of life. This thought is always disturbing to a writer. A writer has his talent, and for all one knows, he is born with it, but whether his talent develops is to some degree responsive to his use of it. He can grow as a person or he can shrink, and by this I don't intend any facile parallels between moral and artistic growth. The writer can become a bigger hoodlum if need be, but his alertness, his curiosity, his reaction to life must not diminish. The fatal thing is to shrink, to be interested in less, sympathetic to less, dessicating to the point where life itself loses its flavor, and one's passion for human understanding changes to weariness and distaste.

So, as I read Mr. Cory's book, I found myself thinking in effect, "My God, homosexuals are people, too." Undoubtedly, this will seem incredibly naive to the homosexual readers of ONE who have been all too painfully aware that they are indeed people, but prejudice is wed to naivete, and even the sloughing of prejudice, particularly when it is abrupt, partakes of the naive. I have not tried to conceal that note. As I reread this article I find its tone ingenuous, but there is no point in trying to alter it. One does not become sophisticated overnight about a subject one has closed from oneself.

At any rate I began to face up to my homosexual bias. I had been a libertarian socialist for some years, and implicit in all my beliefs had been the idea that society must allow every individual his own road to discovering himself. Libertarian socialism (the first word is as important as the second) implies inevitably that one have respect for the varieties of human experience. Very basic to everything I had thought was that sexual relations, above everything else, demand their liberty, even if such liberty should amount to no more than compulsion or necessity. For, in the reverse, history has certainly offered enough examples of the link between sexual repression and political repression. (A fascinating thesis on this subject is *The Sexual Revolution* by Wilhelm Reich.) I suppose I can say that for the first time I understood homosexual persecution to be a political act and a reactionary act, and I was properly ashamed of myself.

In the positive side, I found over the next few months that a great deal was opening to me—to put it briefly, even crudely, I felt that I understood more about people, more about life. My life-view had been shocked and the lights and shadows were being shifted, which is equal to saying that I was learning a great deal. At a perhaps embarrassingly personal level, I discovered another benefit. There is probably no sensitive heterosexual alive who is not preoccupied at one time or another with his latent homosexuality, and while I had no conscious homosexual desires, I had wondered more than once if really there were not something suspicious in my intense dislike of homosexuals. How pleasant to discover that once one can accept homosexuals as real friends, the tension is gone with the acceptance. I found that I was no longer concerned with latent homosexuality. It seemed vastly less important, and paradoxically enabled me to realize that I am actually quite heterosexual. Close friendships with homosexuals had become possible without sexual desire or even sexual nuance—at least no more sexual nuance than is present in all human relations.

However, I had a peculiar problem at this time. I was on the way to finishing *The Deer Park*, my third novel. There was a minor character in it named Teddy Pope who is a movie star and a homosexual. Through the first and second drafts he had existed as a stereotype, a figure of fun; he was ludicrously affected and therefore ridiculous. One of the reasons I resisted Mr. Cory's book so much is that I was beginning to feel uneasy with the characterization I had drawn. In life there are any number of ridiculous people, but at bottom I was saying that Teddy Pope was ridiculous because he was homosexual. I found myself dissatisfied with the characterization even before I read *The Homosexual in America*, it had already struck me as being compounded too entirely of malice, but I think I would probably have left it that way. After Mr. Cory's book, it had become impossible. I no longer believed in Teddy Pope as I had drawn him.

Yet a novel which is almost finished is very difficult to alter. If it is at all a good book, the proportions, the meanings, and the inter-relations of the characters have become integrated, and one does not violate them without injuring one's work. Moreover, I have developed an antipathy to using one's novels as direct expressions of one's latest ideas. I, therefore, had no desire to change Teddy

Pope into a fine virtuous character. That would be as false, and as close to propaganda, as to keep him the way he was. Also, while a minor character, he had an important relation to the story, and it was obvious that he could not be transformed too radically without recasting much of the novel. My decision, with which I am not altogether happy, was to keep Teddy Pope more or less intact, but to try to add dimension to him. Perhaps I have succeeded. He will never be a character many readers admire, but it is possible that they will have feeling for him. At least he is no longer a simple object of ridicule, nor the butt of my malice, and I believe *The Deer Park* is a better book for the change. My hope is that some readers may possibly be stimulated to envisage the gamut of homosexual personality as parallel to the gamut of heterosexual personality even if Teddy Pope is a character from the lower half of the spectrum. However, I think it is more probable that the majority of homosexual readers who may get around to reading *The Deer Park* when it is published will be dissatisfied with him. I can only say that I am hardly satisfied myself. But this time, at least, I have discovered the edges of the rich theme of homosexuality rather than the easy symbolic equation of it to evil. And to that extent I feel richer and more confident as a writer. What I have come to realize is that much of my homosexual prejudice was a servant to my aesthetic needs. In the variety and contradiction of American life, the difficulty of finding a character who can serve as one's protagonist is matched only by the difficulty of finding one's villain, and so long as I was able to preserve my prejudices, my literary villains were at hand. Now, the problem will be more difficult, but I suspect it may be rewarding too, for deep-down I was never very happy nor proud of myself at whipping homosexual straw-boys.

A last remark. If the homosexual is ever to achieve real social equality and acceptance, he too will have to work the hard row of shedding his own prejudices. Driven into defiance, it is natural if regrettable, that many homosexuals go to the direction of assuming that there is something intrinsically superior in homosexuality, and carried far enough it is a viewpoint which is as stultifying, as ridiculous, and as anti-human as the heterosexual's prejudice. Finally, heterosexuals are people too, and the hope of acceptance, tolerance, and sympathy, must rest on this mutual appreciation.

In our May issue Arthur B. Krell ("We Need A Great Literature") introduced one of the biggest challenges ONE has ever offered to serious-minded homosexuals. Now one of our own staff takes up the discussion. Striking out boldly, he demands that you ACT—and predicts what might happen if you do!

LITERATURE AND HOMOSEXUALITY

david l. freeman

While society pronounces homosexuals degenerate and psychiatrists usually consider them emotionally unbalanced, many homosexuals believe themselves to be uncommonly gifted, intelligent or sensitive. Contemporary literature by and about homosexuals, however, seems to verify the general opprobrium, for almost without exception it is morbid, bohemian, introverted, unrealistically romantic and perverted. Without more than one or two exceptions it is also badly written. There are several reasons for this, but none confirm the belief that homosexuals are either degenerate or mentally ill.

In evaluating homosexual literature it is necessary to glance briefly at Western literature generally, for our homosexual writers, participating as they do in the dominant culture, inevitably adopt the conventions and styles of their contemporaries. Never in history have so many tons of pulp and slick paper as reach the newsstands daily been given over exclusively to malignant scribbling designed to sell but devoid of anything approximating elevation of mind or soul—classical goals of the artist. The so-called serious literature, while often on a high artistic level, seems afflicted with chronic emotional depression. Highly introspective, it concentrates its genius on rehashings of Platonic idealism, Korzybskyism, existentialism, Vedantism, neo-Catholicism, warmed-over Freudianism.

Where are the lusty humor, the honest tragedy one finds in the literature of young robust peoples—nations in birth, cultures struggling for survival or striving toward eras of their greatest flowering? We find this literary honesty—this author's identification with his audience—in Marlowe (rise of the Elizabethan Age), Hawthorne (emergence of a great, new nation), Dickens (flowering of British capitalism) and Dreiser (America as a world power). Whitman describes, lives and is part of the era of the American Civil War, one of the greatest conflicts for liberty in all of human history. What has happened to the simple but very moving beauty of poetry to life, nature and love? Where are our Wordsworths, de Maupassants, Sudermanns, Heines, Whittiers? Are there no more socially-conscious, poetically ACTIVE writers—Whitman, Zola, Dostoevski, Czechov?

It is true that most of these lights of Western literature were occasionally introspective, confused or downright morbid at one time or another. It might be argued, also, that many of them are inferior to or no better than some of our contemporaries. Why is it, then, that all the writers above were in some

way or another not just great writers but also great MEN of their times—great political or social leaders toward humanitarianism or political reform? Why is it that so very few of the writers today come into this category despite their literary excellence?

For the reason we will have to look to the times we live in, to this latter half of the Twentieth Century. It is not adequate to reply that all authors (and everyone else, for that matter) have lived in troublous days, times of stress. No previous generation of men has ever lived on so tiny a planet with its entire surface battered, flattened and welded into minutely defined areas of influence and control and armed to the teeth for defense or offense whichever seems most expedient. No, no one calling himself an artist could be insensitive to a world which, while provided with the means of supplying abundance to all, reels at the edge of cosmic destruction. It is quite understandable that our contemporaries—artists in particular—should be victims of the fear, the confusion, the desperate search for an answer—a way out. Hence the cults, the introspection, the moral disintegration.

Homosexual writers, being part of this frightful environment man has brought himself to, naturally turn out "literature" identical to that of the dominant culture with the superficial exception that it deals with homosexual subjects. And since few top-notch writers will risk their reputations with a homosexual subject, the field is left to the mediocre.

But there is a way out of the morass of degenerate mediocrity. Ideals of the original Mattachine, concepts eloquently set forth by Cory, and principles adopted by ONE magazine (all indirectly reinforced by Kinsey's researches) embrace an altogether new approach: Homosexuals are not necessarily neurotic and, when they are, their neuroses generally spring from their homosexuality in a heterosexual world. This approach provides an entirely new, optimistic rallying point for America's five to fifteen million homosexuals and should be a clarion call to all of them aspiring to do creative writing in the interest of their minority. As Arthur B. Krell pointed out in an earlier issue:

"The literature we need is not chiefly to serve the future; the need is now. When writers use their new freedom to show the homosexual impulse in man as like fire, neither good nor evil in itself, but applicable to good ends, and when they show such expression linking a man to humanity's noblest aspirations—then we shall be on our way out of the homosexual woods."

The homosexual writer is actually in a uniquely favorable position: By breaking away from the contemporary, morbid traditions he can write sincere, honest, realistic things which will not only be a guide and source of inspiration to other members of our minority but may actually play an important role in influencing the main stream of Western literature. If he is going to take advantage of this position he must emphasize positive qualities in the homosexual life and culture and avoid negative ones. While, for example, it is perfectly true that some homosexuals lead futile and degenerate lives, the constructive, forward-looking writer who believes in himself and what he is writing will not dwell upon these things but build his stories and poems and essays upon a belief in man in general and the worth and potential of the homosexual in particular.

But already I can see next month's mail full of condemnation and accusation: "David Freeman says homosexual writers should write, not about the way our people actually live but about the way he THINKS they OUGHT to live."

I can answer that right now, because I said no such thing. To EMPHASIZE the positive aspects of something is quite different from INVENTING them. The point is simply that negative aspects have been emphasized long enough—so long, in fact, that were society's judgment of homosexuality based upon the literature (which happily it is not) it would have considerable justification.

We homosexual writers must portray our lives as they are really lived—not jumping off cliffs on the French Riviera or committing suicide with jeweled sabres in the Taj Mahal or nurturing delicate neuroses at elegant cocktail parties on Park Avenue. We must show homosexuals as human beings, as very like their neighbors—working at dull jobs with inadequate wages, struggling to meet the payments on furniture from Sears for the sixty- or seventy-a-month apartment on unromantically-named streets like Sixth or Central or Main. Most of us, after all, are not sons or daughters of foreign diplomats, professionals or distinguished scholars who just happened to be wintering in Capri when their offspring were born. Most of us come from places like Rockford, Illinois or Minot, North Dakota, and were born to working-class or white-collar-class parents. These simple facts, these well-known settings, do not make our lives or loves any the less exciting, tender or tragic. If anything, portrayal of the ordinary life offers a challenge any writer should welcome; it is always more difficult to describe the familiar excitingly and convincingly than it is the distant or unknown.

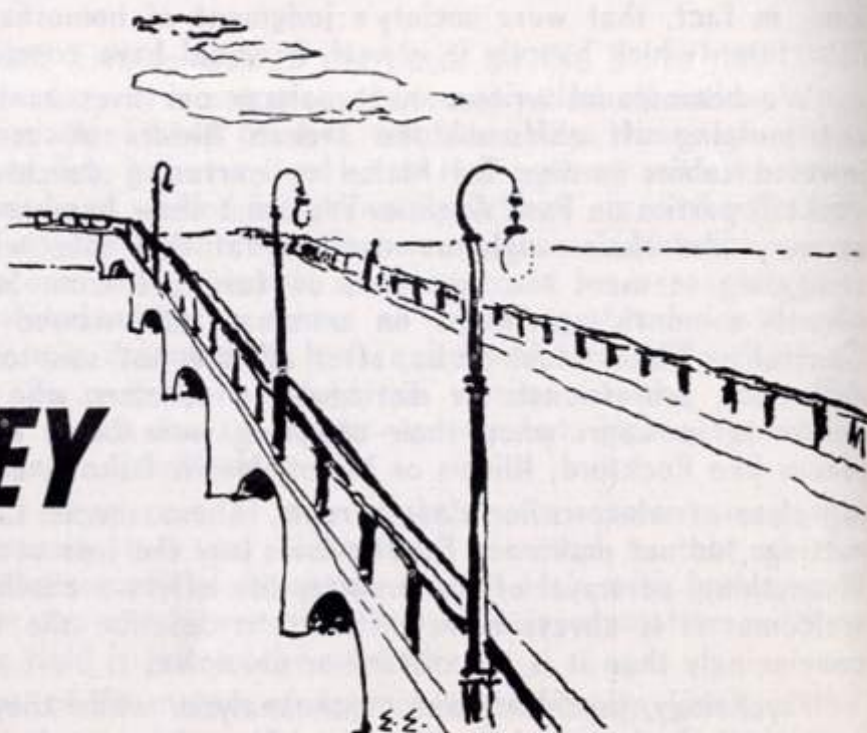
Psychology, psychiatry and psychoanalysis, while they have doubtless aided some individuals in solving their problems, have so far done little or nothing for the homosexual MINORITY. It is, further, by no means established that homosexuals generally are cases for treatment at the hands of these practitioners regardless of their professional interest or personal sincerity. I certainly do not advocate that we, as writers, ignore the advances of contemporary psychostudies, but to cast our creative writings in the mould they have fashioned for us would be the reverse of what we must do if we are to produce a true HOMOSEXUAL literature.

Homosexual love affairs (or marriages, if you will) are by no means always tragic—some go on until death brings about a separation. If an affair ends in dissolution there are usually constructive reasons for it or reasons which can be used constructively by a skillful writer. Many marriages end because of social pressures, parental disapproval, physical separation (going away to school, the Army, etc.) Some loves cease because one of the partners outgrows the other—a rich source for narrative investigation. Most probably end because neither partner to the alliance feels it is worth while going on in the face of the difficulties (whatever they may be) in view of the relative ease of separation.

What about a story, for example, of a homosexual marriage that DID work? What made it work, and what can society and other homosexuals learn from it? Why not a novel about a homosexual who didn't BECOME (a confusing commonplace in many homosexual stories) but always WAS homosexual and who had no guilt feelings about it, because he was a sane person who believed in love and kindness and honesty and never violated his beliefs despite his social oppression?

The material is there; the ability is available or can be developed. If we believe in ourselves we can produce a healthy, new homosexual literature in the interest of our minority and all of society.

SMILEY



That's me—Smiley, and I'm a regular guy. Or anyway I try to be. Funny thing about my name—Smiley—I never used to be a guy that name would fit. That's why I'm tellin' this story.

All my life I been livin' in a big city, not the same one always, but always big. And what makes a city big is people. People, I used to didn't like them. Funny thing, come to find out—ya know why? Because I wasn't happy. Simple, huh?

But I'm happy now—as a guy could be. I'm livin' over on the other side of town in a nice place—not new but it's clean—with a terrific guy, name of Bert. Naturally you're way ahead of me and figured it out already—Bert's the one that makes it so I can say I'm happy. So my name fits me—Smiley.

So I was startin' out to tell ya about what I was like before. I was a mighty sad character back then. And with good reason. I had one main trouble—I was lonely. Course I could never say that before. Me? Tough Guy Smiley—lonely? Hal! Anybody say that to me gets their block knocked off!

Yeah, I had a few fights. Seemed to make me feel better. But I shouldn't of, and I don't no more. Just makes things worse, fightin'. I remember the last poor slob pullin' that on me. Thought he was a tough guy—a Marine—took him a week to find all the pieces. There wasn't nobody in those days called me queer twice.

Anyway, like I say, that's all over. It's no good bein' in fights, bein' tough—not that way. When somebody tramples ya, that's different. Then fight. But there's better ways of doin' it than with your fists. Fists don't solve nothin'.

So, I'd go to bars and every time I'd wind up only takin' a hangover home with me. I guess it sounds crazy to say I was different, but I thought I was. But maybe not, maybe I was exactly the same as all the other guys and didn't know it—didn't admit it. Yeah, that was it. I'd meet somebody and they'd like me all right and want to talk, but it wasn't right. I don't know how, but I could tell, they weren't much interested in me—the guy inside, the lonely guy, and not the big fake front. I guess they thought I was a tough guy with no problems. Huh—that's a laugh!

No problems? That's all I had. I kept goin' back to the bars and always thinkin' that maybe somehow—just once—that's all it'd take, I'd meet somebody. Just somebody, so I wouldn't have to be so lonesome.

But it never happened. It just kept on gettin' worse. And the harder I'd look the worse it got. It was gettin' to where I started to hate everybody because there wasn't anybody there for me.

Id look around at the guys in the bars. They would be laughin and talkin—they werent really happy either, mind ya, but thyd try ta be, most of em, and laugh and talk. And there was always some in the place that seemed more like me. Sad, I mean. Lonely. Theyd have their face almost hangin on the bar or else lookin off into space just bein miserable. But that wasnt for me. I wasnt goin ta cry about it. I was just unhappy, and I didnt want ta be.

Then one time, I remember, I stopped everything and sat down and thought. First I tried ta think of a new bar. Nope. So I tried ta think of some place else a guy like me could go. Hal Ever tried that? There just arent any.

Ya can go ta a park or a movie or a place like that. Ya wont meet anybody though, not respectable. Ya know what I mean by meetin a decent guy? In a decent way? Come on now, Im no prude, a long way from it. But everyone wants a decent life, a decent place ta meet a decent guy. Yeah, even us.

Dont bother ta look, there arent any places. Ya get the feeling as ya look around the city—and any city—that youre a reject. Youre expected ta finally wind up by throwin yourself on some junk pile and lie there still like respectable junk should. Yeah, your hated. But keep pushin it—you know why? Because we arent understood. Keep pushin—people dont think we deserve it, and they dont know how many million of us there are.

But thats way off my story. Thats somethin ya should come back to, and think about.

So there I was—big unhappy Smiley. And there wasnt anything good about it. I mean but NOTHIN. My job was goin ta pot, I didnt feel like workin. I didnt feel like NOT workin—I didnt feel like NOTHIN. In other words, I was in sad shape. Finally I just got ta be a mope. Yeah, a brooder. Just sittin, and everything pushin down and gettin worse by the minute. I didnt go out any more, just sittin there in my room. That was last summer. And every night was hot. Heat that stuck ta ya and made ya feel sick so ya wished ya could shove it away and yell at it.

Well, I was a mess—and I knew it. It was goin on for weeks now—and serious—and there wasnt anything I could do ta stop it. I finally lost my job, I didnt care, and I had a little money for food, but I wasnt hungry. I was a couple a weeks like that—you know somethin had ta break.

It was in August sometime that it did. Like usual, I couldnt sleep, my stomach hurt. But I couldnt eat. The night was a hazy black and the heat was heavy and everywhere like greasy smoke. I sat up on the bed and I was hot 'n dirty. I looked around the room and I felt like a ghost, like not really bein there, not being human. Not wantin ta be there.

I felt weak and my head was dizzy. I sat there starin out for a long time, like I didnt have a brain anymore—it was a cloud, black 'n heavy with nothin there solid to grab onto. It was like I was in a dream, a dream that was sad, like dyin, and fearfulness I couldnt fight off.

Finally I could feel myself gettin out of bed. I wasnt doin it, my legs were just movin by themselves. I was already dressed and I walked out the door without knowin where and went into the hot streets. I walked past down town and out to where they were only a few lonely cars goin by, and then I saw up ahead where it was I was goin. The bridge.

Yeah, it had got that bad for Smiley. And soon as I saw that black bridge ahead in the hot wet smelly night, I knew it was that bad. Next thing I knew I was standin by the rail, and I wasnt arguin—there was nothin left ta argue about. I couldnt believe I was goin ta do it, but there I was standin by the rail.

It was dark, I couldnt see the water below but I could hear it. There wasnt anybody around and I could hear the water, washin by, lazy. I looked down the bridge. I didnt see him before but a guy was standin there, a ways away. I wished he'd leave. Cant jump with him there. I could hardly see him, but there he was, and just standin there by the rail.

And then, before I know it, crazy kid, he jumps up on the rail, and looks back a second. Before I could stop him—HE JUMPS OFF!

CRAZY KID! I yelled out after him. I felt part of the old Smiley come back, and I had to save him! Without thinkin' I got up on the rail and jumped in after him.

Well, funny thing, that was the last thing I remember. It was like the night soaked me up, I dont even remember hittin the water. But Im still alive and kickin.

First thing I saw with all those stars, and flat on my back, was Bert. Yeah, youre way ahead of me again. That was Bert—that crazy kid that tried ta jump. And I tried ta save him—Im just as crazy—and he wound up draggin ME out. IMAGINE. Me, Im so weak I can hardly walk and Im tryin to save some crazy kid!

It never even hit the papers. In a way I wish it had—to help other guys, if theyd broke down and told the story the way it really happened. And hered be a good place to end it not that its ended—its goin right on, and Bert and me, we're goin right on bein happy. We're not lonely, neither of us—we're not unhappy now. We couldnt be.

Its like a movie, ya say? My story, I mean. Well, maybe its not always like that. But its a funny thing, every day people are findin out how much they need each other, and how much they can do when theyre together and happy. Ya cant argue with me—ya know its true. Look at me. Now it makes sense when they call me Smiley.

science

Homosexuality & the sex variant: what anthropology, economics, medicine, psychology, sociology and other sciences say. Original articles and reprints or abstracts from material published elsewhere. ONE regards this department as a continuing seminar in the field of socio-sexual research and holds no brief for or against the views expressed by various scientific workers. Readers, as "students", are urged to pursue their own further study.

SEX IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

by george weaver

This article originally appeared in *Progressive World* magazine, and reprints of the article can be obtained for ten cents from Progressive World, Box 27, Clifton, New Jersey. George Weaver has edited two forthcoming books, *The Sexual Problem* and *The Courtesan in Modern Life*, which contains selections from the untranslated volumes of Guyon's *Studies in Sexual Ethics*.

It is an amazing story that I have to tell. A story that will remind you of the curious case of Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace, who quite independently formulated the theory of evolution by natural selection, in almost identical terms, Darwin in England and Wallace in a tropical outpost on the other side of the world. It is a story that will remind you, from another viewpoint, of the case of Gregor Mendel, whose researches in heredity, destined to be the very foundation of the future science of Genetics, remained unknown to the leading biologists for many years after their publication.

For eight years, a biological expert named Alfred Charles Kinsey traveled through

certain sections of the United States, interviewing thousands of Americans of various ages concerning the details of their actual sexual behavior. For thirty years, a legislative expert named René Charles Guyon, during travels throughout Europe and Asia and Oceania, observed and questioned people of all races and various ages concerning the details of their sexual behavior. In 1947, in an American college town, when he was 53 years of age, Dr. Kinsey completed the first volume of a projected nine-volume work on human sex relations. In 1928, in far-off Siam, when he was 52 years of age, Dr. Guyon completed the first volume of a nine-volume work on human sex relations.

The title of Dr. Kinsey's book was *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. The comprehensive title of Dr. Guyon's nine-volume work to be published in France, was *Etudes d'Ethique Sexuelle*, or *Studies in Sexual Ethics*; and the title of the first volume was *La Legitimité des Actes Sexuels*, which means, *The Legitimacy Nature of Sexual Acts*. In the years that followed, five more volumes of Guyon's work appeared in France; and their titles may be thus expressed in English.

Sexual Freedom.

Marriage and the Family.

Rational Human Reproduction.

Rational Sex Life.

The Persecution of the Courtesan.

The Sixth volume was published in 1938. The seventh volume, *The Persecution of Sexual Acts*, was in corrected proofs when the World War put a stop to publication. While global conflict raged, Guyon continued with the writing of his monumental work. He completed the last two volumes, *The Puritan Terror* and *The Sexual Civilization of Tomorrow*. Not content with that, he undertook a comprehensive criticism of the present laws regarding sex behavior, and formulated a new legal code for the world of tomorrow; this he embodied in a book entitled *Nécessité d'Abolir les Infractions Sexuelles en Droit Penal*, which we may shorten to *Sexual Behavior and the Law*. And as a by-product of the documentation of his work on the persecution of courtesans and sexual acts in general, he wrote still another volume, *World Freedom and Puritan Power*, an Historical Account of the League of Nations in Sexual Matters.

When the war finally ended, and communication was again established between Bangkok and Paris, Guyon found that his printer had disappeared, presumably assassinated, and that the cost of book publishing had risen to such fantastic heights in France as to render further publication of his volumes impossible, for the time being.

Meanwhile, *La Legitimité des Actes Sexuels* had been translated into English, and published in England under the title of *Sex Life and Sex Ethics*. In 1934 it was published in the United States under the title of *The Ethics of Sexual Acts*. The book was almost unnoticed. One writer, Professor Howard M. Parshley, the biologist, did recognize the significance of the Guyon volume. Reviewing it in *Mental Hygiene*, he wrote:

"This is an important book, equally important for those who regard sex primarily from the biological point of view and for those who accept the moralistic conception

as fundamental. It is in essence philosophical and ethical as well as scientific, for its purpose is to present logically the theoretical basis and the broad outlines of an attitude toward sex acts and sex ethics that is intended to be rational, humane and at the same time in accord with modern psychological and biological knowledge. This attitude, as developed by the author, is in almost entire disagreement with the conventional moralistic view of Western institutionalized religion; yet it is essentially ethical, the author's conception of the legitimacy of sexual acts demanding throughout the fullest respect for the liberty of others and the free consent of the sexual partner, uncomplicated by any element of violence or deceit. The treatment is based upon Guyon's intimate acquaintances with sex customs throughout the world in contemporary and past cultures, viewed in the light of modern psychology and the Freudian theory of neurosis arising from repression. This book will stand as a classical formulation of the belief that is taking an important place in modern thought—namely, that sex behavior, as such, should be removed from the sphere of morals."

One could hardly expect such a book to be showered with praise in the ascetic columns of the journals of puritan organizations like the American Social Hygiene Association, and it was not. As for the popular book reviews, the only comment I ever saw consisted of two unsigned paragraphs which dismissed the work as merely the ideas of a Frenchman who had traveled in the Orient. Fourteen years later, Guyon's assertions were to be confirmed by the objective statistics of an American biologist who had traveled in the United States.

In 1939 the second volume of Guyon's work, *La Liberté Sexuelle*, was translated into English and published in England under the title of *Sexual Freedom*. Like the previous British volume, it appeared in the International Library of Psychology and Sexology. But if an American citizen ordered the book from England, it was seized by the customs officials who censor our reading from abroad, as the Post Office officials censor our reading at home; and thus few Americans saw the book. During the war, *Sexual Freedom* was allowed to go out of print, and the publisher abandoned the idea of having the rest of Guyon's volumes translated.

Such was the situation in respect to the most monumental sexological work of our time when an unprecedented torrent of publicity was suddenly released upon the American public concerning a book that was soon to appear in print, *Sexual Be-*

behavior in the Human Male by Alfred C. Kinsey. Immediately upon publication this book became one of the leading non-fiction best sellers in the country.

It is unnecessary for me to stress the immense importance of the Kinsey book. That has already been adequately done by the various commentators from Morris Ernst to Albert Deutsch, even though some of these writers have misinterpreted the nature of that importance—which is physiological and sociological, and not ethical or legal. But although we have had scores of experts commenting on the significance of the Kinsey Report, biologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, physicians, sociologists, jurists, eminent authorities in many fields of knowledge, this initial flood of comment was completely devoid of the slightest reference to Guyon's *Studies in Sexual Ethics*. Now the curious thing is that the principal claim made by the proponents of the Kinsey Report was that it demonstrated the need for a drastic revision of our ethical and legal codes. Yet none of these enthusiasts were apparently aware of the fact that such a revision in complete detail, already exists in the eleven volumes written by René Guyon. For the remarkable thing is that, although Guyon's work was completed before the appearance of the Kinsey Report, there is not a single element in Guyon's blueprint for a future world that will need to be revised because of any of Kinsey's findings.

Fortunately, the comments of the initial popularizers of the Report (who must nevertheless be commended for bringing a tremendously important and valuable scientific work to the notice of the general public) are now being followed by the more deliberate comments of experts with wider and more profound knowledge of sexology. Dr. David Cauldwell's recent booklet on the Kinsey Report takes account of Guyon's *Studies in Sexual Ethics*. Joseph McCabe's new *Encyclopedia of Essential Knowledge* mentions Guyon's work prominently in the article on Sexology. A recent statement signed by Dr. Harry Benjamin, Prof. Howard M. Parshley, Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, Dr. Albert Wiggam, and Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, asserts: "We consider that the major writings of René Guyon are of considerable importance to social science, and should be made widely available to research workers in this country." The statement adds that *The Ethics of Sexual Acts* "should be in every public library and college library that already contains a copy of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* by Kinsey, Pomeroy, and Martin."

Let us return now to the claim made by the proponents of the Kinsey Report: that it demonstrates the need for a drastic revision of our ethical and legal codes. Great stress has been laid upon its revolutionary social implications in this direction. But in point of fact, this conception of its importance is completely fallacious. Statistics of actual behavior have no relevance to the problem of optimal behavior; and statistics of the incidence of crime have no relevance to the problem of the justice of laws.

To consider first the ethical aspect. As Professor Herbert Birch rightly states, "it may be statistically normal for extra-marital relations and homosexual contacts to occur, but statistical normality and desirability are distinctly different concepts." Statistics showing how many men smoke tobacco or marijuana, or how many women wear high-heeled shoes, are totally irrelevant to the question of whether these practices are natural, normal, or desirable; and such statistics would have no influence upon any future textbooks of hygiene. Nor would statistics on how many men drink milk or how many women eat white bread have any influence on our scientific conceptions of optimal nutrition. The reviewer in *The Commonwealth* is quite right when he says that Kinsey's statistics no more require a change in ethical standards than the fact that many people persist in lying requires us to consider dishonesty a virtue. What people *do* does not tell us what they *should* do."

There can be no need for revision of "our ethical code" for the simple reason that we have no ethical code. We have *several* ethical codes, with entirely different bases. One large group of people accept a religious and metaphysical code of morals; another large group of people accept a scientific and utilitarian code of morals. The Kinsey Report shows that enormous numbers of men and women who profess the dominant religious code of this country ignore its sexual tenets in their daily lives. It does not show that there is any conflict between belief and practice in the case of those who accept a rational and scientific code.

Those who are familiar with the facts of Anthropology know that man has developed his own moral law, and that (except where his ideas and conduct were distorted by superstitions) he formulated it simply as a law of social life, with the object of preventing disturbance and suffering and promoting harmony and happiness. And those who are familiar with the facts of History know that a utilitarian

ethics is not an impulsive rebellion of youth against the wisdom of the ages, or an untried philosophy that holds dangers to Society; they know that utilitarianism has instead been associated with the most enlightened, brilliant, and humanitarian periods of history: Athens in its period of greatest achievement, Greek Alexandria, the best centuries of Roman life, the richest eras of China and Japan, the finest phases of the Arab-Persian world, and the life of Moorish Spain. A metaphysical and religious moral code was, on the contrary, associated with that sustained period of civilized barbarism known as the Dark Ages. There are those today who cling to what is literally the moral code of the Middle Ages; and there are those who, mentally skipping that period, have resumed the normal line of the development of human thought as manifested in the Golden Ages of history.

There is, then, no need of a revised ethical code because of the Kinsey findings. What is needed is for the general public to get acquainted with the books on scientific Ethics that were written for the layman twenty years ago, but which never became best-sellers as the Kinsey Report has. A required course of reading should include *Science and Good Behavior* by Howard M. Parshley, *The New Morality* by Durant Drake, *The Concept of Morals* by Walter T. Stace, *The Fine Art of Living* by Isaac Goldberg, *Personality and Conduct* by Maurice Parmelee, *The Key to Love and Sex* by Joseph McCabe, *Marriage and Morals* by Bertrand Russell, *Sin and Sex* by Robert Briffault, *Sex Love and Morality* by William J. Robinson, and *The Ethics of Sexual Acts* by René Guyon. The book by Maurice Parmelee, written in 1918, considers in detail the needed revision of our sex laws, and not a line of it needs to be changed because of the Kinsey Report; perhaps now at last some attention will be paid to its proposals.

Fully twenty years ago, William J. Robinson formulated the basic principles of rational ethics as follows:

A. The basic principles of morality are always and everywhere the same. The thoughtless statement that morality changes with time and place refers to customs, dogmas, taboos, and superstitions, which have no relation to genuine morality.

B. The basic principles of morality (for every race and for all the ages) are: (a) do not injure or bring unhappiness to others; (b) help everyone as much as possible, bringing happiness and benefit to others.

C. The morality or immorality of an act or human relationship depends on the intention of the actor and the consequences of the act.

D. An act or relationship that brings pleasure or benefit to one or more persons, without injuring anyone, is moral. An act or relationship that injures one or more persons is immoral.

E. The above general code of morality applies to all sexual acts, without the need of any *special* code of *sexual* morals.

Applying these principles, Dr. Robinson found nothing immoral in the voluntary sexual relations of unmarried persons; and he found such intercourse equally moral if indulged in, without affection, for the sheer physical pleasure involved, or if practiced with ten partners rather than one. He found nothing morally wrong in one woman living with two men, or one man living with two women. He decided that the profession of the courtesan supplied a genuine need, and was neither immoral nor anti-social. He considered the granting of sexual favors the mark of a virtuous woman, indicating as it did a kind heart and a gracious nature. By specific actual cases he showed that adultery may sometimes be moral and commendable, bringing happiness to three persons and injuring none. He declared incest and miscegenation to be immoral only if they resulted in child-birth (in a culture where such a child would be socially handicapped). Rape and sadism he found to be always immoral, as also seduction by means of deception.

Such a moral code has long been accepted by those who base their thinking upon the facts of modern science, and nothing in the findings of Dr. Kinsey requires the slightest revision of its principles or their application. On the other hand, it is the privilege of anyone, if he wishes, to adopt Religion rather than Science as a guide to life; and such a person is fully entitled to argue that the Kinsey Report merely proves how thoroughly depraved this nation has become.

Now for the legal aspect of the matter. The Kinsey Report points out that sexual practices which are statistically normal are offenses against the penal code, and it is then implied that our laws should be changed to conform to practice. Attacking such reasoning as "both logically spurious and scientifically dangerous," Professor Birch writes, "To call for a change of laws to make them conform to practice is to accept current male sexual practices as desirable and permanent." Professor Birch

was correct when he claimed that statistical normality and desirability are distinctly different concepts; but now he seems unaware that legality and desirability are distinctly different concepts in a free country. In this respect he is like most citizens of this country and England, who constantly show their failure to realize that, in a free country, legalization does *not* mean approval. But those who understand the principle of Individual Liberty and believe in it have expressed the idea many times. Alec Craig writes thus: "It is the medieval mind that is responsible for the frequent confusion of permission in law with ethical approval. If we want to apply the words *tolerant, liberal, liberty-loving* to ourselves with any significance at all, we must be willing to allow people to act in ways that we consider wrong and foolish." And Bernard Shaw: "Tolerance and Liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable and liberty to do what seems wrong." This is the same principle which in regard to Freedom of Speech, has been thus expressed by John Stuart Mill: "There ought to exist the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered." And by Justice Scrutton: "You really believe in freedom of speech if you are willing to allow it to men whose opinions seem to you wrong and even dangerous." And by Leon Whipple: "Some day men will realize that it is not a mere phrase—that highest ideal of Liberty—to be willing to die that other men may have the right to teach what you believe to be false and dangerous." And by Theodore Schroeder: "Only tyrants and slaves live where any sane adult can be prevented from receiving even the most odious opinion, about the most obnoxious subject, expressed in the most offensive language, by the most despised persons." And by Charles W. Wood: "I cannot get excited over the suppression of various works of art at the present time. The defense in every case has tried to prove that said works of art were not immoral, as though that were a reason for tolerating them. There is only one way in which we can fight for toleration, and that is to call for the toleration of things which are concededly immoral. In some cases I have been asked to go on the witness stand and state that I found nothing objectionable in some book which the Vice Society was trying to suppress. I have uniformly refused. If I saw nothing objectionable in it, there would be no point in my going on the stand at all. If people cannot toler-

ate the objectionable, then they have no tolerance."

As early as 1854, almost a hundred years before the Kinsey Report, John Stuart Mill wrote: "What any person may freely do with respect to sexual relations should be deemed to be an unimportant and private matter, which concerns no one but themselves. If children are the result, then indeed commences a set of important duties towards the children. But to have held any human being responsible to other people and to the world for the fact itself, apart from this consequence, will one day be thought one of the superstitions and barbarisms of the infancy of the human race." Since then, the same principle has been announced again and again. By Havelock Ellis: "It is not until a child is born or conceived that the community has any right to interest itself in the sexual acts of its members. The sexual act is of no more concern to the community than any other private physiological act. It is an impertinence, if not an outrage, to seek to inquire into it." By Bertrand Russell: "I think that all sex relations which do not involve children should be regarded as a purely private affair, and that if a man and a woman choose to live together without having children that should be no one's business but their own." By Alec Craig: "In cases where no children are involved and the parties concerned are in agreement, it is clear that modernism can see no justification for legal or social interference with sexual conduct except for the protection of the immature." By Herbert Shelton: "Where the sex act is voluntarily entered into by the two parties, for the pleasure of the act alone, and they refrain from creating any definite responsibilities in the form of children, or in the spread of venereal disease, this is certainly not the business of Society. It is a purely personal affair between the two people." By Judge Benjamin Lindsey: "Society has no concern with the intimate relations of men and women save so far as the procreation of children and the public health is concerned. The sex relations of an individual should no more be subjected to social regulations than his friendships." By William J. Robinson: "The sexual relationship of two or several sane adult persons is their affair solely and exclusively. The State has a right to interfere only when the union has resulted in children and these children are not properly cared for. With this sole proviso, it is a remnant of savagery and of theocratic domination for the state to attempt to control or to dictate to the peo-

ple in the matter of the expression of their most personal instincts." By Maurice Parmelee (writing thirty years before Kinsey): "It is to be hoped that before long the criminal laws against fornication and adultery will be stricken forever from our statute books. These invasive laws constitute grave violations of the rights of the individual. While the normal heterosexual relation is doubtless the most desirable, it is wholly indefensible to penalize homosexuality, sexual fetishism, and other variations from the normal. In the future, bigamy, adultery, fornication, concubinage, and prostitution will, of course, disappear as criminal offenses. Indecency, immodesty, and obscenity will be wiped out of the penal code." By Robert Briffault: "Marriage being a private, not a public concern, the State has no right therein except as it may deem it desirable to register the conclusion or the dissolution of the association. Laws which, acting as the secular arm of the Church, enforce Christian tabus and impose Christian marriage coercively are a tyrannous anachronism to be opposed, not in the name of intelligence merely, but in the name of justice and morality. All censorship of so-called public morals, whether in literature, in the theatre, or elsewhere, is the tyrannous imposition by coercion of religious values upon the secular community."

Even though the conclusions drawn from the Kinsey Report have been fallaciously arrived at, the conclusions themselves are correct. And the publication of the Kinsey work, and the publicity accorded to it, have been of tremendous importance because they have directed public attention to the inconsistencies, the injustice, the tyranny of our existing sex laws. It is now urgently necessary that both public and expert attention be directed to the fact that the desiderated criticism and revision of our laws, in accordance with modern scientific knowledge, has already been made in René Guyon's monumental and definitive work, *Nécessité d'Abolir les Infractions Sexuelles in Droit Penal*. The inevitable

next step is for this book to be speedily translated into English, published in the United States and in England, and used as the basis for all future discussion.

Meanwhile, the most important news for the American reading public since the appearance of the Kinsey Report is that *The Ethics of Sexual Acts*, by René Guyon, has been reprinted in a new edition, and is currently available at all bookstores. Less expensive and far more readable than the Kinsey Report, and beginning, one might say, where the Kinsey Report left off, this book seems destined at last to become the best-seller that it should have been on its first appearance. Certainly every person who has read either the Kinsey book, or any of the popular books of commentary and explanation of the Kinsey Report, will want to read *The Ethics of Sexual Acts*. The work of Kinsey and the work of Guyon are, in fact, inseparable.

In his introduction to this new edition, Dr. Harry Benjamin has written: "There is hardly an author anywhere with qualifications comparable to those of Guyon, who not only writes from a vast personal experience but is also a philosopher, a world traveler, and a student of human behavior, fully familiar with the main roads and the by-ways of passion. It is not unreasonable to assume that in a future society, less benighted by the shadow of past ages, Guyon will rank among the immortal emancipators of the human race. His valiant efforts may eventually accomplish in the sphere of sex what the advanced thinkers of Voltaire's day achieved in the realm of political freedom. The present volume contains many building stones upon which to rear a happier world, the world of tomorrow, although it may take generations before the edifice is completed."

It should be added that Guyon's *Sexual Freedom* has also now been published in the United States, and translations of his other volumes are planned for the coming years.



Sodom

A Homosexual Viewpoint



R. H. Crowther

It is, of course, no news that homosexuals belong to a class usually relegated by legal and other judgments to the depths of opprobrium. What could become news, however, is a diligent exposure and examination of the long series of moral estimates by which the homosexual, and homosexuality, have been forced into their modern social category. To be complete, such an examination would need to be as many-sided as the evolutionary and cultural aspects of human history, and this would require a very extensive commentary. For the present, let us look at only one aspect, that suggested by the title of this article, and that also which is the most dominant in 20th Century Judaeo-Christian civilization.

Books of both the Old and New Testaments allude a number of times to the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Quite a number of other pre-Christian cities and tribes of the Middle East are also on record for licentiousness but, perhaps because of their startling contrast in character to the profound religious theme which surrounds them, and also perhaps because of their dramatic destruction, the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah have become synonyms of sexual abandon and irregularity throughout the Christian world—so much so that the “crime against nature” is commonly referred to as “sodomy”, and the character of the ancient sodomites has become considered by many as typical of homosexuals as a general class.

Sodom appears to have been situated, at a time about 2500 B.C., in the general area between the Salt Sea and the Mediterranean, in the land of Canaan, and its evil repute is first mentioned in the 13th Chapter of the Book of Genesis. The Hebrew people of that era considered the Canaanites generally,

and the sodomites particularly, as so pagan and dissolute that, on one occasion, when the King of Sodom proffered his material wealth to Abraham (then Abram) after the latter had rescued Lot and Sodom's goods from certain enemy kings, Abram proudly rejected all of Sodom's riches, saying:—" . . . I will not take from a thread even to a shoelatchet . . . that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, 'I have made Abram rich'."

The moral decay of Sodom is perhaps most explicitly suggested in the 19th Chapter of Genesis, as is also the apparent addiction of the people of Sodom to homosexual practices. According to this story Lot, the nephew of Abram, having dwelt for a period of time in Sodom, was visited one evening by two messengers from the Lord, who had come to ascertain the moral condition of that city, and to warn Lot and his family of its imminent destruction. Lot, knowing the predilections of Sodomites, prevailed upon his two visitors to spend the night within the safety of his home. But even before they had retired, the men of Sodom swarmed about Lot's dwelling, shouting "Where are the men which came in to thee this night? Bring them out unto us, that we may know them!" With considerable daring, Lot went outside and, after fastening his door, tried to distract their attention by an offer of his two virgin daughters. However, the men of Sodom were not interested in Lot's daughters, and pressed their first demands to the point of violence, so that only by the miraculous intervention of Lot's two guests was a debacle prevented. Shortly thereafter Sodom, in which the Lord had found not even ten righteous men, was reduced to ashes by fire and brimstone from the heavens. To describe Sodom less indirectly, it could be stated that its male inhabitants were so debauched sexually (in this case homosexually), and so bored with each other's company, that they could not see a strange male without at once seeking carnal knowledge of him. It is to such an abysmal condition of moral turpitude and intellectual degeneracy that the homosexual of modern times is usually equated.



For most readers of ONE magazine, and probably for quite a number of intelligent heterosexuals, it is surely not necessary to dwell at length either on the injustice or the outright fallacy of this equation. It is well known that there is a type of mind which falls an easy slave to sexual appetites, and readily abandons all principles and scruples in favor of these appetites, thus deserving descriptions of "dissolute", etc., regardless of the nature of sexual inclinations in the particular instance. It is also well known that there are other types of minds which approach the problems of sexuality from an entirely different direction, seeking to regulate sexuality according to ethical and moral principles, and to place it subject to other human requirements of an altogether higher and more social nature—and this again regardless of the nature of sexual inclinations in the individual instance. It is very true that the homosexual cannot claim any natural logic for his or her sexual inclinations, and in this respect cannot possibly invalidate heterosexual arguments based on natural logic. But natural logic is not necessarily the only logic, and the intricacies and dimensions of the human personality are such that most persons are compelled to accommodate within themselves a certain amount of illogic, if not on a sexual level, then on other and perhaps even more far-reaching levels of human experience.

Recently a European correspondent, who wished to remain anonymous, wrote to ONE, in part, as follows:—

« In one copy of a predecessor of WEG . . . was printed something which was of infinite help to me and which I have used over and over again in writing to my friends. I quote it, translating from the German, from memory, as I have not the source by me. I cannot, of course, vouch for its truth—but true or not, it enshrines Truth as I have always seen it.

“In some remote monastery in Asia Minor was discovered part of a lost Codex of the Gospels which throws a vivid light on Jesus’ attitude towards homosexuals. Here is the relevant extract:

As Jesus and His disciples walked through Galilee there came to Him a man weeping and crying—‘Master, have mercy upon me, for men curse and revile me because of my love for a young man, my servant, with whom I live.’ and Jesus answering, said unto him, ‘Why doest thou this?’ And he said, ‘Because my heart burns with love for this young man, my servant.’

And Jesus said unto him, ‘If your love be with sin, it shall be cursed; but if your love be without sin, it shall be blessed. Go in peace.’”

Does this Codex really exist? Where is it now? Here are questions I have long desired to find out, but do not know how to set about it. But, after all, does it matter? It is just what one would expect of the Christ—complete comprehension, the realization that the love of one man for another can be both with and without sin (and the best definition I know of ‘sin’ is ‘anything that comes between God and myself’).»

Prior to the teachings of the Christ, the judgment of individuals was by law, that is, according to the overt acts of the individual. By doing certain things, he was counted righteous; and by doing certain other things, he was counted unrighteous, or a “sinner”. Thus, the matter of righteousness was determined by entirely objective standards. But, since righteousness is now understood as a status whose ACTUAL basis lies in the motives and intentions behind the act, this ancient (and also modern) tendency to judge a subjective status by objective criticisms could result in nothing other than a great many injustices and absurdities. With the teachings of the Christ came the most profound revolution in historical record of the methods and standards of human judgment. Now, humanity was invited to judge questions of righteousness according to inner, subjective, and rigidly scientific criticisms, from which not even the slightest thought or impulse was exempt. For example adultery, in pre-Christian thought, was an act. But the Christ said:—“Whoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.”

What is the essential, the general message of this statement? Does it imply a denunciation of adulterous acts? Doubtless, but this could scarcely be its main purport, as acts of adultery had already been condemned under the law for centuries. Does it imply a denunciation of the adulterous intention behind the act? Doubtless, also—but again, this could not be its major implication, as the Speaker was thoroughly aware that unworthy intentions could not be uprooted merely by denouncing them, either within oneself or to others. This leaves only one other possible interpretation, which is that the statement was

directed primarily at the hypocritical practice of pretending righteousness, or virtue, solely on grounds that one had abstained, or restrained oneself, from certain forbidden actions. This interpretation calls attention to a subjective standard of judgment, not only for sensual experience, but also for any other areas of human activity where conduct is related to volition, to decision, and to knowable principles of individual and social behavior.

According to one public statement of the Master, there were cities which, in the Day of Judgment, would find it even less tolerable than Sodom or Gomorrah. It would be profitable to note what kinds of persons made up such cities. According to the record, they were persons who failed to respond to the proclamation of the Christ and His disciples concerning the spiritual origin and catholicity of human experience, and concerning the substantial reality of spiritual qualities and values—persons who were indifferent to the spiritual need of every human being for integrity of thought, sincerity of motive, depth of principle, an honest, open approach to life, and an interest in the subjective, spiritual qualities of personality and character which combine to form the actuality of individual experience. The Christ was quite capable of such scorn as withered those at whom it was directed. But this scorn was never turned upon the sensualist as such, much as He must have lamented the condition of those whose lives were submerged in sensual appetites. The sole objects of His scorn were those who lived a lie, who pretended to be what they were not, who turned human virtues into a legalistic farce, who cheated, who deceived, who made careers out of hypocrisy and dissimulation. He likened them to whited sepulchres, outwardly immaculate, but containing nothing within but deadness and the stench of decay. If a lie is that which has no real, but only an illusory existence, and if a person's mind and soul become addicted to lies, then it certainly follows that the character, the inner person of the liar is either at an early or an advanced stage of dissolution, decomposition, disappearance into nothingness. The Master preached, among other things, the necessity of facing all experience squarely, and of conforming one's mind, one's understanding, to the real content and truth of this experience, unafraid to accept all the qualities of human life as they are and then, progressively, molding one's own life upon those qualities which possess an immutable spiritual value for the individual.



Because of the fact that the sensual aspects of homosexuality have no social outcome, no stabilizing consequences which involve responsibility and an expanding devotion to others, the homosexual often finds himself in a precarious moral situation. He, or she, must be constantly and deliberately reaching into a greater and greater consciousness of spiritual realities and into higher and higher manifestations of social good, or find himself or herself slipping towards that void of aimless sensuality which turns its victims into something much less than human. Both homosexuals and heterosexuals can be divided into those who are travelling the one road or the other. As concerns the spiritual and moral purposes of the individual, and the relation of his thought and accomplishment to the cultural needs of society, the particular nature of the sexual inclination seems immaterial and irrelevant. That a great

many homosexuals sense the need for a deepening of their spiritual lives and a vitalization of their intellectual and moral forces has already been widely evidenced by the consistent response of large numbers in our group to any and all appeals for the strengthening and heightening of our spiritual resources, and this necessarily includes a full display of our cultural possibilities in the context of human society.

Do such ideals and aspirations bear any correspondence to "Sodom", with its implications of moral depravity and decay? Quite the contrary, they indicate very strongly a complete divergence, and an emphatic disavowal, on the part of most homosexuals, of any sympathy or even tolerance for what Sodom and Gomorrah actually signify in the moral history of humanity. In terms of intellectual honesty, in terms of potential moral strength, and in terms of a willingness to search fearlessly into all of the amazing and rich nuances of human nature, there obviously exists today a group of homosexually-inclined persons which compares very favorably with those peoples of two-thousand years ago who actually responded to the supremely powerful character and message of the Christ, and to His demonstration of spiritual strength and incorruptibility.

Because of certain social attitudes and misunderstandings, the modern homosexual often finds his or her life confined, almost inexorably, to its lowest capacities and its worst tendencies. Self-doubt, self-condemnation, and a false sense of shame—these frequently make wreckage out of otherwise-promising lives; and homosexuals who have reached some understanding of the problems and the misgivings which so often distress their kind are now in a position to take a critical and objective view of this situation. Only those of exceptional talent, or of exceptional courage, or of exceptional discretion, or of exceptional indifference to traditional judgments, or of exceptional social or economic circumstances can avoid the damning consequences of ignorance and bigotry. The traditional judgment of homosexuality is a lie—and worse, it is a lie which begets myriads of other lies from the sheer necessity of self-defense, arising from the first lie. Homosexuals indeed face a condition which is soul-destroying, which corrodes the mind, confuses the conscience, and weakens principle—but this condition is NOT that of homosexuality. It is a condition brought about by social ignorance and smugness, and consists of a continual atmosphere of apprehensions, dishonesties, evasions, and pretenses—and few indeed, so far, are the homosexuals who can manage to remain unscathed by its corrosive effects. Those who have been almost destroyed, but who have retained sufficient determination to rise, at the eleventh hour, from their bed of ashes, will perhaps be the ones best fitted to help remove the scales of blindness from the social conscience. The mask and the lie are our real destroyers. They not only enormously aggravate and increase the manifestations of homosexuality, but they are also the chief obstacles preventing the existing homosexual from reaching an understanding of himself and attaining his own possibilities for individual worth and social usefulness. When all those concerned (and this circle reaches out and out from its immediate center to include all responsible and humanitarian persons) are willing to face each of the major and minor issues of sexuality in a scientific and unprejudiced manner, then adverse social attitudes will be removed. From this all will ultimately benefit, as sexuality itself and its relationship to individual character and personality constitutes the basic problem—and a problem which is shared in common by all of mankind.

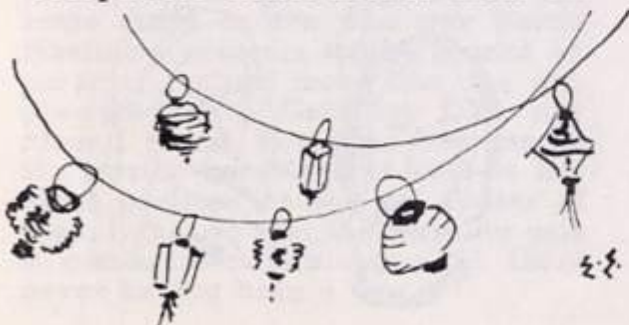
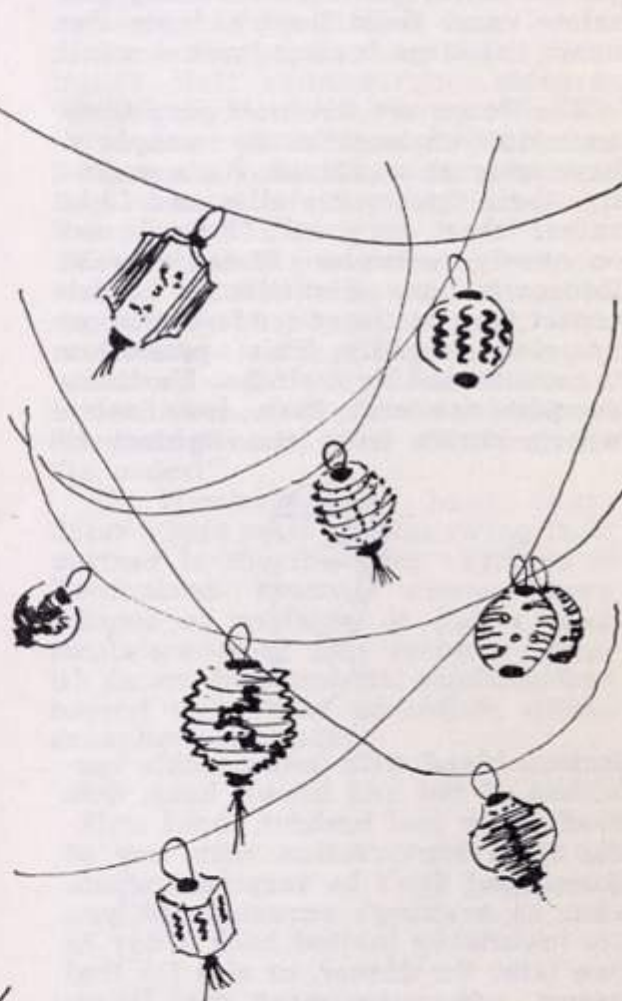
INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homophile magazines abroad.

continental journey by trebor

For those of our readers who have not yet made that promised pilgrimage to Europe I should like to draw a few sketches of the lives and habits of our minority in those countries I recently visited.

I found Denmark to be a land as pleasant as it is picturesque, with the best of its existence focused in that merry-go-round capital on the island of Zealand - Copenhagen. In this delightful city, more than anywhere else I know, that nostalgic cliché "the good old days" may be applied with the least reservation. In summer especially the town is bust-in' out all over, and the sturdy pulse of pleasure throbs on far past the stroke of twelve. During the four months of mid-year, the open-air amusement gardens of Tivoli become the brilliant hub of Copenhagen life from sunset on, when thousands upon thousands flock there in a joyful mass. They come to see the multi-colored Chinese lanterns hanging everywhere helter-skelter from the



trees that border the lakes and many paths and surround the numerous open cafes; they come to watch the charming pantomime antics of Columbine and Montmartre that are divulged to an audience, expectant with periscopes, by the parting of an enormous blue and gold peacock tail curtain.

The scintillating list of pastimes might be extended with descriptions of fun houses and thrill rides, rich and succulent foods, colorful displays of fireworks and glass-blowing exhibitions; but I must limit these interminable joys by mentioning at last, but hardly least, the parade of the Royal Guard which, in this wonderland of Tivoli, is done all in lovely miniature. Instead of the serious regality of adult guards at Amalienborg Castle, we see mere youngsters approach along the tree-lined path riding rhythmically to martial music, stern upon their small white horses and greeted with exclamations of delight by the monarch-minded crowd. Crisp orders are shouted by the captain, the quaintly regal guards draw gold sabres swiftly and salute, and their boyish faces beneath the large fur headgear are full of pride.

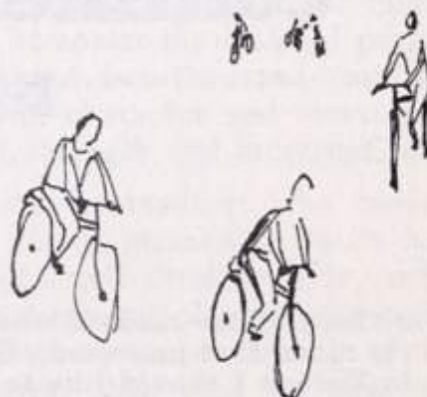
The Danes are the most hospitable and downright friendly people I have ever encountered. As a majority, their figures are slim and light rather than very tall, large-boned or overly muscular. Male faces in Denmark have a distinctly boyish aspect that at times tends to almost porcelain fragility. This appearance is accentuated by their fine Northern complexions and their hair color, which varies from the lightest to



darkest blond with innumerable variations of red and brown hues. One need never feel bashful about striking up a conversation with any of them. And don't be surprised when, after an evening's acquaintance, you are invariably invited back a day or two later for dinner, or else for that heavy, afternoon meal the Danes call "tea."

The Vingaard and the Fortuna are among the more famous night spots, conveniently located about one block from each other. If you are impetuous enough to go before 10:00 o'clock and find them rather empty, you will be told for the asking that people have not come in as yet from

the Tivoli. When the people do arrive, most of them ride up on bicycles which are the most popular mode of transport in Copenhagen. So universal is it there that a bicycle lane is to be found on all the large streets between the sidewalk and the thoroughfare proper. The unwary foreigner often finds himself walking merrily along the bicycle lane until an angry symphony of handle bells cautions him he is no longer on Wilshire Boulevard.



In Danish bars the clientele usually appears well dressed—with buttoned shirts, coats, and often ties. No levis are worn except by Americans. The inevitable juke box is substituted by a pianist who strums out Noel Cowardish airs. It is not uncommon for a sprinkling of female friends to be present also. These will attract keen attention from the tourist when he first notices them puffing elegantly on small cigars. Such a habit is not an uncommon or unseemly one for any Danish woman who has entered that "take-care-of-herself" stage.



The sociological enlightenment in Denmark is still marred by prostitution which, in certain public localities, is not hard to find. The police show disfavor of it by occasional mass questionings and arrests. In the event one meets a member of this ancient profession and later finds himself in the midst of rough stuff, the law, I hear, sides not with the bad boy but with his customer. In fact, anyone has option of reporting or "turning in" any person, male or female, who makes a pecuniary suggestion. Otherwise, any agreement between people over eighteen concerning their mutual pleasure is completely accepted by law, whatever the erotic affiliations may be. Legal prejudice against our people there was removed by popular referendum in the late 1930's.



Leaving this country of wine, laughter and song, I stopped at several places in Germany on my way south. My first port of call in the Fatherland was that lusty seaport metropolis of Hamburg. Of all the large cities in the post-war Reich, Hamburg presents to the tourist an external picture more like the old, pre-catastrophe Germany than any other I found. For some odd reason the terrific bombings of 1943-44 left great portions of the old center of town intact, so that the traveller gets a comfortable impression of there never having been a war.

In Hamburg the general seediness of the night life is exceeded only by the appalling abundance of male and female prostitution. These facts plus the over-all emotional vacancy and pecuniary phlegm that characterize so many erotic meetings form a dramatic contrast with the astounding energy of the city's material life and its physical reconstruction whose signs are everywhere evident.

In this north German seaport, the yawning emptiness of inner life within the minority seems to take symptomatic flight from hopeless reality in male transvestism which has for these people an astonishingly serious, almost cult-like appeal. An appreciable number of our group there actually live continuously in "drag." Evidently they claw out an existence as prostitutes or as waitresses in the gay bars, or both. Hamburg's civil administration is predominantly Socialist, the party which in contrast to Adenauer's Christian Democrats, includes in its platform the removal of the discriminatory Paragraph 175 from the Penal Code. Therefore a transvestite is countenanced by the police so long as he registers with them as such. This registration is not so much to comply with any legal prejudice, it seems, but exists more to placate the eternal German demand that all things be "in order!"

All Hamburg bars have dance floors where male couples swing their partner to the thudding rhythms of Teutonized tangos, whose heavy wheeze of nostalgia is but a faint reminiscence of that carefree Spanish dance. Instrumental combinations consist usually of accordion, piano, saxophone or violin.





These nocturnal resorts are located mostly in Sankt Pauli—a sinful sector fabulous for over a century with which, in our own land, we may compare only the seething fleshpots of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, converted to a drab respectability now for decades.

Journeying from the Elbe down to Frankfurt-am-Main I found a city of American G.I.'s, many tell-tale vacant lots, tortured ruins, rows of temporary one-story shops, and isolated modern structures that audaciously rear their glass and steel crowns over a view that is, for now, colorless and depressing.

Frankfurt, however, can be proud of having the largest and best organized club for the minority in all Germany. Under the idealistic heading of "Organization for an Enlightened Way of Life," this club boasts roomy, pleasantly decorated quarters with restaurant, bar, and dance floor. There exists here a serious esprit de corps among its members that has not been discoverable as yet—to any marked degree—among our scurrying American groups. Those perennial German virtues of methodical order, group responsibility and discipline form the marrow of our brethren in Frankfurt.

The average German male will prove colorful to any tourist who has not yet become accustomed to short leather pants and sturdy bronzed legs. In this country, as well as parts of Switzerland and Austria, these are worn all the time. Compared to the Danes with their child-like charm, the Germans seem overly serious and philosophical. It is not for nothing that theirs is named a land of "poets and thinkers." Actually, their hardy, large-boned builds seem completely congruous with their generally earnest nature.

The long and concerted post-war efforts of our German cousins to remove the prejudicial Paragraph 175 from the Penal Code will, I believe, meet with ultimate success. Ironically, this paragraph is one of the very few left-overs from the twelve-year reign of Herr House-Painter that was kept in the Penal Code of the Bonn Republic. As some may recall, the sexual equality which our people are seeking to regain was, in fact, legally granted during the first year of the old Weimar Republic (1919-1933). This law continued in force until it was fatally usurped by the present law in 1934.



Whenever one thinks of Switzerland he usually conjures up a vision of noisy cuckoo clocks, William Tell, and precision watches. None of these images belies the country's quaint and sedately prosperous appearance. In fact, this nation of picturesque neutrality runs the risk of being pleasant and sedate to a point of enervation. Like the Scandinavian countries, together with France and Holland, everything is legal in this chocolate bar land. It has been that

way since 1943. The formal outlet of the Swiss minority is the club and its journal, DER KREIS, located in German-speaking Zurich — although this magazine, like most of Switzerland's people, is tri-lingual.

Like all the other main towns in this nation, Zurich borders a large lake with majestic mountains rising above it all around wherever the eye can reach. It is this special feature which gives to the cities of Switzerland their peculiar loveliness.



Making my way over the Gotthard Pass to the enchanted land of "masks, tapers and guitars," I stopped first at Florence on the Arno. All of Florence is one magnificent museum of Renaissance architecture, priceless sculpture, paintings and OBJETS D'ART. Except for the many tourists and English habitues, the town hardly can be said to thrive. Night life



there, to say the least, is at a minimum. It doesn't seem to go with the milieu. A stroll along the Arno in nocturnal hours must suffice, and even then the police occasionally buzz by with flashlights glaring and bothersome questions. Just enough to dampen adventurous spirits.

In Rome, as well, there are no night spots, let alone bars as we are familiar with the name. The cause of this dim situation is due to the policies of the omnipresent Vatican, although the Vatican itself, with unintended paradox, has instituted a fine bar within its walls for the use of any sanctimonious sacerdote who cares for an afternoon nip.

Due to the wrathful zeal of clerical authorities in eradicating pleasures of the flesh there exists no indoor gathering place for our minority, or for anyone else for that matter. Consequently, prostitution by both sexes is given an impetus that it enjoys in few other places in Europe and thrives there openly and flagrantly. Social gay life in Italy is non-existent for the foreign itinerant. The tourist visits the streets, piazzas, gardens, and the splendor of ruins by night, and during the warmer months of the year, such well trodden paths as the Villa Borghese, the Scala di Spagna, and the monumental Coliseum.

Speaking of the Coliseum, one would never know that the vast, pleasure-seeking crowds of Roman times had ever left the spot. The ferocity of the amphitheatre's original lions is fully matched these days by the forwardness and the garish lack of inhibition of its contemporary visitors.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Charging dope-use to trap teenagers into sex acts, Sen. Hendrickson (Rep.-N.J.) recently threatened to blast California homos and ONE. But hearings were tame and got slim publicity beyond Hearst press. Attempt to link homos and maligned *Pachucos* to dope smuggling. Law officials say homo-organization is small, ONE not lewd and juvenile problem distorted by hysteria and exaggeration. Witnesses ask return to McGUFFEY READER, a ban on WORLD FEDERALISTS and denounce dope, comics, juvenile drunks. S.F. grand jury upstaged Senator with claim of *growing sex deviate problem*; urged police vigilance. Police raid TOMMY'S PLACE, find one juvenile and one dope kit. Headline: TEENAGE GIRL SEX NARCOTIC RING. Some police itching to close Frisco gay bars deterred by "unfortunate Supreme Court ruling" permitting homos to gather unless caught in immoral acts on premises. (Miami take note.) "Before, we could back up the patrol wagons, and . . ."

DEAR READER:

 Help us keep in touch with your local conditions—news clips and personal briefs. Your town may be the next Miami: Recently, Wichita, Columbus, Minneapolis, Montreal and Atlanta have seen start of Miami-type campaigns. New Zealand too after matricide-trial of young girls. Wichita officials threaten inquisition of homo suspects (Kansas law forces testimony.) Montreal vice cleanup: Mayor and police chief out. Minneapolis order heat on addicts, prostitutes, "perverts," fearing loss of town's *pure* repute. Usually intelligent ATLANTA CONSTITUTION runs full page report: 1,500 SEX DEVIATES ROAM STREETS HERE. Falsely equates homos and child molesters; calls for law reforms, some good, some bad.

MORE FROM MIAMI

 Teenage killers who setoff Miami homohunt: off easy. Few years maybe for one, other sure to go free. Jurors disagree whether victim's alleged inversion caused lenient verdict.

New Miami Beach law: special anti-molester patrol in theatre aisles during kid matinees—at theatre expense.

MIAMI NEWS & MIAMI HERALD, both of which carried false statements referring to ONE seemed afraid to run a letter giving ONE's views.

ODD BITS

 Noticed popsong *WHITHER THOU GOEST?* From Bible story of love between two women . . . L.A. Judge angered by suspicion psychiatrists trying to usurp judge and jury function . . . Dr. Wm. Menninger: "Well, nobody is really emotionally mature." . . . California Assembly looking at changes in mentally-ill care—to save cash . . . Despite press lies, state statistics deny increase in California sex crimes . . . Various L.A. and California officials taking stand against police use of entrapment and wire tap . . . Novelist Mike Arlen, once being told by lady he looked almost like a woman, replied coolly, "So do you." . . . Have U read *ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE?* How easily Mrs. could be considered a male . . . In British comic strip: burglar warns the householder: "No tricks—I'm not a man to be trifled with." Got reply: "Don't worry I only trifle with women."

The "subject" getting more newsworthy by the day as papers scoop up implications in Provo trial, plant them in Sheppard trial and insinuate them into other stories via psychologists who sell short their professional ethics for headline interviews. Worse is increase of blackmail type *exposés* of private lives in smut journals, with adroit innuendo phrasing

the slander so's to be safe from libel prosecution. About those trials: ex-soldier Provoo won new trial on Japanese collaboration charge chiefly on grounds government lacked right to question him on homosexuality. Otherwise dull Dr. Sam trial enlivened briefly while one juror all but retried for past homo charge.

Censorship crusade belaboring comic books as strawman—meantime, Bocaccio banned one place, psych texts elsewhere, and of course, anything off-key politically. If prurience bans blood and gore, what happens to cowboy and Indians, Grim fairy tales and bloody Bible passages? This isn't first generation to cut teeth on tales of rape and mayhem. *Remember: Censors use child-protection as gimmick to block honesty of science and literature.* World they live in corrupts most kids before so-called lewd books have chance. There's more'n one way to corrupt a child.

Lord Montague freed from gaol, considering marriage.

IN BETWEEN

British scandalized by Vincent Jones' marriage. He was Violet few months ago and hadn't proved claimed sex change operation. Another English home on rocks as wife changes to man despite surgery. Tamara (nee Bob) Rees, California father and former paratrooper—sex change surgery in Holland—hopes for quiet life. Runnerup in international track meet says Russian Alexandra Chudina, Europe champion all-around woman athlete, no woman: "Everything about her is masculine." Wash U Drs. Masters and Ballew: "Aged united in 3rd sex by lack of hormone sex differences." In Sicily a tame female pheasant stopped egg laying and became male.

ABOUT AFFIDAVITS

Some readers complained our July item on Whitman didn't say real sure if he was homo. All we had was the evidence. Who leaves affidavits? . . . Besides, the term homosexual is matter of degrees and types and much would clear up if that were kept in mind. When using term as noun (now well-established by usage) remember it covers very different sorts of people. Those who live homosexuality night and day are a world apart from those who are casually involved now and then, or those called repressed homos. When referring to someone as homo, a more specific classification would help. This certainly applies to press and legislators, who carelessly lump all types of deviants together and hint they all rape little girls at first opportunity.

OPINIONS FROM ORACLES

Jack Moffit in HOLLYWOOD REPORTER laments "mock perversion" settling over 20th Century drama, castigates Olivier interpretation of Hamlet and Iago, and homo reference in *STREETCAR*. Pegler recently fulminating over FDR's alleged toleration of homos—this offered as reason why some were found in government.

And News syndicate psychologist George (Worry Clinic) Crane passed on his personal prescription for homosexuality-cure: usual pap-for-the-populace treatment with liberal sugar-coating. After casual mish-mash of fact and slim hypothesis (warning against such homo proclivities as poker and fishing trips) he authoritatively tells homos to "resolutely date a member of the opposite sex, going through the motions of kisses, dates and romance until it finally becomes a habit." Really doctor, can one expect to keep a girl waiting THAT long? Consider HER feelings.

RECOMMENDED READING

SON OF OSCAR WILDE, poignant memoirs of Vyvyan (Wylde) Holland, who didn't know for years why father disappeared.

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING, Christopher Isherwood's perceptive story of man facing up to own shortcomings. Homo-theme, as minor element, handled maturely, challengingly.

Robt. Heilbrunner's argument in December *ESQUIRE* that Christopher Marlowe, facing certain death in trial for atheism and homo statements hid away and spent rest of life writing works later attributed to Shakespeare. Interesting and convincing.

THE HEART IN EXILE, Rodney Garland's new, much discussed English novel on subject.

THREE MEN, Jean Evans' gripping study of 3 tortured men—one homo. Stout reading, but some may not like portrait of homo.

TIME's shrewd summary of Robt. Lindner's views (Dec. 6) on danger of conformity. And Margaret Yourcenar's fine novel about Hadrian, perhaps the best and greatest Caesar, and treating his love for Antinous, who was drowned in the Nile accidentally, deified and honored by statues, temples and cities built throughout the empire.

City of Miami, Florida

ABE ARONOVITZ
MAYOR



November 12, 1954

One, Inc.
232 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 12, California

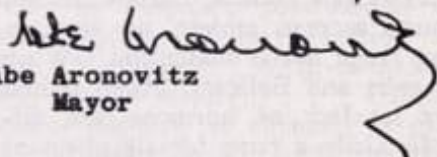
Attn: Mr. Marvin Cutler, Secretary
Bureau of Public Information

Gentlemen:

In reply to your letter of November 9th, this is to advise that I have never advocated harassing homosexuals or other deviates. I have always insisted that the lowest form of human being is the individual who while operating a public business violates many laws and caters to homosexuals for the purpose of taking advantage of other human beings.

Miami is not required to provide a haven for the homosexuals and deviates of the nation and therefore, if you will keep informing the nation of this fact, I will be much obliged.

Yours very truly,


Abe Aronovitz
Mayor

AA:gcw

The editors of ONE feel that the above statement by the Mayor of Miami is slightly at odds with statements attributed to him by the MIAMI DAILY NEWS:

AUG. 26: "Mayor Abe Aronovitz declared this afternoon he was sick of Police Chief Walter Headley's 'tender treatment' of perverts . . . Aronovitz said he will give Evans just one week from the time he gets back from vacation to clean out certain pervert nests in Miami proper . . . I firmly believe it is a disgrace to have a place on Biscayne Boulevard whose business caters to the distorted mind which enjoys seeing a bunch of fairies perform where the sky seems the limit . . ."

AUG. 31: "Aronovitz said he would introduce a resolution for the dismissal of Evans if the city manager failed at once

to order Headley to harrass and drive out the sex deviates . . ."

The August 26th story contained a further quote from the mayor about not wishing to harrass anyone who is sick of mind, in rather direct contradiction to the main part of the statement.

Editorially, we might also point out to the Mayor of Miami that it is quite possible that some of the homosexuals in Miami might have been born there.

Further, the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled in the case of a San Francisco bar that the police cannot legally close a bar just because its patrons are homosexual, but can act only against specific illegal acts committed on the premises.



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.



Camping in the Bush

The greatest loss in reading a mediocre book these days is the time one has wasted that might have been devoted to worthwhile volumes. Recently I interrupted both the Jowitt study of the Alger Hiss Case and Kurt Singer's *Men in the Trojan Horse* to read Curzio Malaparte's story of war torn Italy called simply *The Skin* for no better reason than I'd heard the author had taken a couple of ugly swings at homosexuality in general. Perhaps my attitude was belligerent from the beginning, but had I picked up *The Skin* with no previous comment, I'm sure I'd still have little praise for it. I read Mr. Malaparte's *Kaputt* in 1947 and though it was said to be good by some fairly intelligent souls, I didn't like it either. Traits of the author I had disliked mildly in *Kaputt*, stood out mercilessly in *The Skin*.

In the first place Mr. Malaparte has failed to be as objective as he should have been in treating a subject as important as the liberation of Italy by the U. S. Army. Then too, Mr. Malaparte's tastes seem to run to the sensational, the grotesque and even the macabre, the employment of which to support his particular opinions makes for something less than factual reporting, which I gathered from the blurbs on the jacket was his primary purpose. Actually, as one improbable tale is reeled off after another, one begins to wonder after 200 pages if Mr. Malaparte isn't the favored contender for today's titles of the incomparable Baron Munchausen.

To give you a mild example, Mr. Malaparte confesses twice that the American army smells like a blond woman. Ignoring the obvious implications of that, and even if it were true, I could not help speculating on the blond women of his acquaintance.

Next, still by way of example, Mr. Malaparte tells us only prostitutes gave themselves to the Nazis, whereas with the advent of G.I. Joe, great numbers of heretofore good women, completely fascinated with so much boyish American charm, capitulated virtue and honor without a flinch. Spam, cigarettes and chewing gum apparently had little to do with it. And how the author dotes on the picture of what might have happened to American women had the Japanese won the war, which to me was not only uncalled for but in very poor taste. Later, in describing the eruption of Vesuvius in 1944, he seems delighted to find American soldiers as dirty, dishevelled, and terrified as the average Neopolitan in the path of destruction.

Add this resentment, and more, to descriptions of the eating of a human hand, (underdone), crucified Jews in Russia, a fish baked to look like a fifteen year old girl and the actual thickness of a corpse rolled out thin by a tank, and even Mr. Malaparte's *Penny Dreadfuls* begin to pall on the imagination.

But it is in that fifth of his book he devotes to homosexuality that I most resented the author's juggling of fact and fiction. According to Mr. Malaparte, not only did a large percentage of the homosexual population of Europe cross the German lines to get to the American forces, but most of that percentage arrived as converted Communists because it was the smart thing to be that year! (He even suggests there was a homosexual Five Year Plan for corrupting the male population of Europe!) To prove his point he falls into Proust's error of holding up as representative of the group, a few decadent aristocrats whose education seems as spurious in art and heraldry as it is inadequate in economics and politics.

His version of the homosexual underground in Europe that worked so closely with British and American Intelligence leaves much to be told, and his story of the pretty Italian boy who practiced homosexual wiles to persuade the Roman head of Nazis Intelligence to turn traitor, thus saving the industries of Northern Italy and countless American lives, does not, unfortunately, contain names, dates or incidents that can be checked.

Then too, for a man who tells us not once but eight times that he is a good Christian, his satisfaction in the sufferings of the phosphorus bomb victims of Hamburg and beaten homosexuals alike contrast sharply with the tears he sheds over the death of his pet dog, Febo. But by coupling Communism with homosexuality, Mr. Malaparte, who is a good Christian, is certain of winning the plaudits of most unthinking American readers, which seems to be another of his purposes. For a country whose faults are so disgustingly clear to him, he seems to have gone to strange lengths throughout his book to secure its favorable attention. Of course, the dollar exchange is still very good in his country.

Summing up *The Skin*, this column can only agree with one of Mr. Malaparte's statements: "There's never a shortage of pimps."

—James Barr

WIND WOMAN

The Woodford Press, New York, 1953

Carol Hales

As the story begins, its heroine, a Lesbian, finds herself in the throes of a sexually-unrequited love for a woman violinist. The heroine, herself a pianist and composer, finds it impossible to break this relationship, yet equally impossible to "sublimate" her sexual desires, which are offensive to the object of her devotion. In this predicament, she consults a woman psychologist, and her confessions as a patient, together with the advice of the therapist, comprise the major portion of the book.

In contrast to the realistic and somewhat staggering complexity of the heroine, the other characters are starkly simple and clear—not people so much as elementary types of human behavior and attitude, each helping to bring into focus some single facet of the homosexual problem, and all revolving around the ideals, the sentiments, and the sensual inclinations of the major character. Certain situations, such as her long-standing sexual affair with Dr. Stancliff, male, and her ultimate rejection of Vivian because the latter accepted men, had been married and had borne a son, will seem completely mystifying and contradictory except to the "true homosexual," whose homosexuality is a matter of the heart, rather than of the senses.

Miss Hales has produced a book for which she should be congratulated on many points. It should be as welcome to intelligent heterosexual men and women and to homosexual men, as to Lesbians, since it deals with emotional and intellectual levels of experience which are common to ALL of these relationships, and contrasts very clearly the spiritual, the aesthetic, the sentimental and the sensual aspects of human attachments. Minds which have failed to experience and note the often-close proximity in life between primitive and advanced modes of consciousness may find Miss Hales' story bewildering, perhaps even comic. Others, however, will see in this book a courageous and an essentially successful effort to portray the full scope of homoerotic experience.

—Robert Gregory

ARCADIE—In France!

by
Anton Lorenz

Last January a new review made its appearance in France, a review consecrated to the same point of view and attitude toward life that characterizes ONE. This was ARCADIE—*Revue Littéraire et Scientifique*. The whirlwind enthusiasm of the editor, André Baudry,



André Baudry, Ph.D.
Director, Arcadie

has produced in the past ten months a fine journal, filling a gap in the French literary press. Like the editors of ONE, M. Baudry has had his difficulties with the post office. Although the Civil Code does not condemn homosexual activities, the Ministry of the Interior has refused to permit ARCADIE to be sent through the mail save at first class rates, thus increasing the cost and the difficulty of distribution, both in France and for subscribers abroad. Although the editor urges that readers not be impatient with the articles consecrated to the "scientific"—for by a judicious balancing of the literary and scientific it is hoped to obtain the right to a cheaper postal rate—it would seem that these articles are not the least interesting matter in the review.

M. Baudry does not confine his activities to his editorship. In April he engaged in debate, at the Club du Faubourg, Frédéric Hoffet, author of *Psychanalyse de Paris*. M. Hoffet's book is a rather grandiose collection of observations on life in Paris, based on the thesis that the homosexual clique is too much in control—strangling French literature by denying it essential virility. From the report of this meeting published in the May issue of the Dutch magazine VRIENDSCHAP, it would appear that the able Baudry was more than able to hold his own.

But to examine the revue in more detail. First, there is poetry, including a French version of a Michaelangelo sonnet to Tommaso Cavalieri, in a more modern style *Presto* by Delacambre, and, perhaps most interesting for the English reader, the verse play by Lord Alfred Douglas, *Quand Sa Majesté vient* . . . In prose Marc Daniel revived a renaissance tragedy by retelling (*Le Bucher*) the story of Marc-Antoine de Muret, while Yves Cerny provided a most moving and tender short story, *Un grand menuisier blond*. On the scientific side are such contributions as *Les tendances homosexuelles dans l'enfance* (Jean Cambray), *L'Homophilie en Angleterre* (Peter Rayner) and *Les Droits humains et le déni de liberté sexuelle* (René Guyon). Each issue also includes reviews of current books of interest, a bibliography of books old and new which may have escaped the attention of the reader, and observations on the current scene. Each copy runs to fifty pages (octavo) and from time to time a photographic supplement is included. It is also the editor's practice to address his readers by means of a mimeographed letter inserted in each issue, and recently he has arranged to expand this letter so as to permit friends to find one another. (The September VRIENDSCHAP reports another activity of M. Baudry for the benefit of his "arcadiens", telling us that "the newest 'stunt' is, that an ARCADIE group this summer was organized for a two week vacation. An autobus was hired and the plan was to visit Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm.") Each subscriber receives a numbered membership card which M. Baudry suggests can be used to open doors. In spite of the rather high annual subscription (3,000 fr; \$8.60) this is a revue which every reader of ONE who has any facility in French would quite enjoy.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

for writers: AN APPEAL

Chris Rezak

Having just thrown the latest novel on a homosexual theme the length of my room, I turn to my typewriter for relief. For as long as I can remember, my question has been the same: when is the homosexual novel going to grow up?

The pussy-footed bid for sympathy extended by the "pity us, we're only human" school gets no response from me. The self-styled avant-garde, always noisily discovering what everyone else has long taken for granted, leaves me cold. These folk work as hard nowadays at being ambiguous as their Greenwich Village predecessors worked at being Bohemian a generation ago. The pitiful ones and the avant-garde seldom produce more than harmless non-entities—it is the so-called exposé artists who fill me with a cold rage. Their books promise on eye-catching covers to give the "confidential low-down" on all the sordid trappings of a world about which they know nothing, a world for which they have no sympathy except insofar as it will help them turn a fast buck. These sensation mongers feed on, and in turn nourish, the ignorance of homosexuality in the average reader.

Whatever their source, these books all agree, as if they had voted on it, that homosexuality is a tragic occurrence. Storybook invert never greet the world with a humorous eye—unless the wild screams of pasteboard stereotypes are supposed to pass for the light touch. Most of these characters pursue a hectic daily round of panting sex, usually rebuffed, and this inevitably leads them to suicide. So they turn on the gas or jump out the window and the author virtuously rids the world of another fictional nuisance. When, very rarely, the weebegone invert discovers that the plumber has shut off the gas or that the window opens out on a flower garden one floor down, his exit is on a flood of bathos and tearful self-recrimination which should keep even the most normal reader from complaining too much. The writing is atrocious, the emotion is maudlin or synthetic and the characters have difficulty claiming even one dimension, but at least the author once more convinces the great American reading public that to be homosexual is to be abjectly miserable.

Well then, one is tempted to ask, where do we come out? Following the tradition of self-help, I guess I should try to write a good homosexual novel myself. I can urge others who are more competent to the task at hand too. So many of my own friends feel this need that "writing the novel" has become a standing joke. But it must not remain a joke; it must become a reality and, in so doing, skirt the miserable pitfalls into which so many works have fallen. There are a very, very few excellent novels on the shelf of homosexual literature—they need company.

This then is a call to arms—to others, to myself. Let's begin to think in terms of writing a warm, beautiful novel, full of depth and passion, seasoned with humor—a book about people who live proudly and happily with their homosexuality, who are strong and capable and find life great fun—and who never even think of suicide.

two poems by

Gabrielle Ganelle

1

I have been exiled
like a traitor
My love for you
Is the island
Where I've been banished.

2

Your love is like contraband
Smuggled at night.
Unobtrusive as sunlight
Cradled in gossamer;
Expertly hidden in the
Smug indifference
Of a nod
In the muffled sigh
All workers have
Hidden in the reading
Of a menu.
You are at large
Till night reveals your love
Seizes it
And makes you an accomplice
In the perfect crime.

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.

Dear Editors:

With only a couple copies of ONE to go on, it's too early for me to try an appraisal. My dominant feeling is one of profound gratitude that our minority has gained a public medium of expression. I realize fully the tough problems you have had to confront in launching this enterprise, and will still have to confront in keeping it afloat. But your beginning gives promise of greater unfoldment and usefulness, not only for the lay public who should learn about us, but also for us who must learn more about ourselves.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. m

Dear Editors:

It takes great courage to do so well the task that you've undertaken; plus immense compassion for your fellow man—to be quite willing to help splinter the moral bigotry that imprisons our so-called "enlightened" society. Maybe if I had known of your publication a year ago, a dear friend of mine would not have taken her own life—if she had felt that there was some slim chance of one day being both understood and accepted.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. f

Dear Sir:

What a tragedy is ignorance. I recently made an acquaintance who in one of his more honest moments admitted to me his homosexuality. Fortunately, I was at a loss for words long enough to become interested in what he was saying. During that first short conversation new doors to understanding began to open. Our friendship continued. Sometime later, he brought me several of your magazines. I took them home that evening. As I read I became more and more horrified at what the word homosexual has meant to me for so many years.

The small details of your magazine, which I realize are not small in production, stood out as symbols of my new awareness. You give your readers the

best; excellent illustrations, high quality lay-out and print, and dignified and intelligently written articles. By far most impressive is that you have something important to say that needs saying badly and that you are saying it well.

Americans are traditionally great organizers. So often we habitually and thoughtlessly categorize and pigeon-hole things. No one will change his ways without good reason. You have chosen your task. My best wishes and hearty congratulations go with you. And for what it's worth—you have one more person THINKING!

COLUMBUS, OHIO m

Gentlemen:

I want to say that I regard November as your BEST issue yet—most excellent. The story "The Snare" I believe is much above other fiction you have had and compares very favorably with the better novels I have read. Hope you can get more by this author.

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON m

Dear Sirs:

Please convey my congratulations to the editorial department on publishing "The Snare" in the November issue. It is, in my opinion, a truly fine contribution to English language homosexual literature.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN m

Dear Editors:

"The Triangle," "The Snare" and "Gateway"—all by Jody Shotwell, we think the best fiction you've published to date. Will you please inform subscribers if Miss Shotwell has any novels on the market—recent or not?

DES MOINES, IOWA f

Editors Note: These are but three of the many, many letters we have received concerning the stories by Jody Shotwell. Our congratulations to the author, and to the readers our promise to print more of the same in future issues.

Dear Sirs:

Frankly, I like your magazine, though there are a few features about it that give me pause to wonder. This blast against the book **From Here to Eternity** for example. Isn't the author being a bit hypocritical? After all why pick on that one book to blast? Don't 98% of the novels and stories that touch on the subject treat homosexuality in a bad light?

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA m

Dear ONE:

Congratulations for your fine review of **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**. I think it's important that you review books which are read so widely, in a "true light" as regards the subject of homosexuality. Too many of today's writers do not realize how wrong they are in their portrayal of the invert. Give us more reviews exposing erroneous treatment as well as reviews praising a fair report.

WORCESTER, MASS. f

Dear Sirs:

I do not subscribe to ONE but am able to buy it from newsstands here in New York. If I had one criticism to make, it would be that the writing style in the articles, too often approaches the long-worded double talk of scientific papers—the sort of thing where a writer wanting to say, "Big city cops often lay traps for gay boys who don't keep their eyes open," says instead, "Police personnel in larger urban centers have recourse to entrapment procedures for unwary and unsophisticated homosexuals."

In other words, the deliberative and cogent speculations of ONE's articles are couched in terms calculated to evoke respect for the writer's vocabulary and erudition. And too much of said erudition gets beastly dull.

Otherwise, I love you, I love you, I love you. There, I've said it and I'm glad.

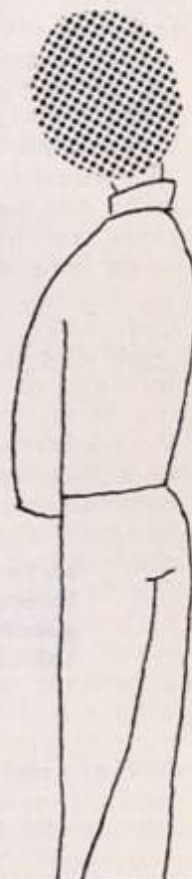
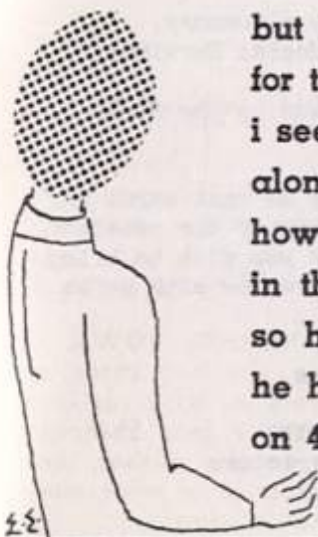
NEW YORK, N. Y. m

? for mr eliot

by

michel ramsey

yes mr eliot i will prepare a face to meet
the faces that i meet
on 42nd st
the tired faces of the clan
of the exalted average man
one hand holding the sunday morning roast
the other clutching the sat eve post
but how prepare a face
for the unaverage of my race
i see strolling there
along the teeming square
how unaverage my face
in the suburban race
so he will know it is the face
he has prepared his face to meet
on 42nd st



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January 12, 1955

Corporation Members,
Subscribers & Guests

Dear Friends:

We invite you to attend, on January 29, 1955, a busy day of events which has been planned so that we may get to know you better and that you may take active part in some of our diversified work. The following program can give you only a hint of the interest and value which have been packed into each of the sessions.

Morning Session - open to voting and nonvoting Members -

11:00 Annual Meeting of the Corporation - Reports and business.
12:30 Informal luncheon.

Afternoon Session - THE 1955 MIDWINTER INSTITUTE

2 - 5 Admission by Registration Card only

"Looking Inside Our State Hospitals - The Sexual Psycopath"
Howard Russell, Los Angeles, Psychologist (Special Education Services).

"The Homophile in Society," Dr. G. Th. Kempe, Utrecht,
Holland, Criminologist & Sociologist. (Paper to be read).

Intermission.

"A Psychiatric Evaluation of Homosexuality; Causative Factors
and Therapeutic Suggestions," Blanche M. Baker, M.D., Ph.D.,
San Francisco, Psychiatrist.

Annual Banquet - Admission by Advance Reservation only.

7:00 Dinner

"How ONE Started - An Historical Sketch," by a founder.

"Previews of 1955 - The Magazine; Library; Social Services."

"Some Legal Problems," by ONE's attorney.

"An Exciting New Book," for spring publication by the Book
Department.

Registration and Reservations must be made promptly so that cards may be sent you in advance. None will be available on the day of the sessions. Location of the meetings will be given on the cards. If you wish to bring guests, please list their names. We very much hope you can be with us on this important occasion.

Cordially yours,

ONE, INCORPORATED
by Board of Directors

one

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Centre Cultural Belge, Postbox 30, Ixelles 1, Brussels
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Denmark

Forbundet, Postbox 1023, Copenhagen
PAN (monthly) address as above

Ganymedes Samfundet, Postbox 848, Copenhagen
(No Publications)

Internationalt Forbund for Sexual Lighed, Postbox 242, Copenhagen. (No Publications)

Vennen, Homofil Organization, Postbox 809, Copenhagen
VENNEN (monthly) in Scandinavian languages, also a few pages in German and English; photos; \$3.50 yearly, first-class sealed \$4.50. Postbox 108, Copenhagen (may be ordered through ONE)

France

Cercle de France, 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris 13
ARCADIE (monthly) literary and scientific, drawings, photos; \$9.00 yearly, address as above; (may be ordered through ONE)

Germany

Gesellschaft Für Menschenrechte, Neustadter Strasse 48, Hamburg 36. **HELLAS** (monthly) photos; address as above

HUMANITAS (monthly) address as above

I.F.O. Auszer der Scheifmühle 67, Bremen

DER WEG (monthly) photos; Colonnaden 5, Hamburg 36

Verein Für Humanitare Lebensgestaltung, Arndstrasse 3, Frankfurt am Main. **DEI GEFAHRTEN** (monthly) address as above

Independent Publications:

DEIN FREUND (monthly) Kleine Freiheit 25, Hamburg-Altona

Holland

Cultur en Ontspanningscentrum, Postbox 542, Amsterdam

VRIENDSCHAP (monthly) drawings and photos, also articles about women; \$4.00 yearly; address as above; (may be ordered through ONE)

International Committee for Sex Equality, Postbox 542 Amsterdam
NEWSLETTER (every other month) articles in English, French and German (no translation-duplications) \$3.00 yearly; (may be ordered through ONE)

Norway

Det Norske Forbundet Av 1948, Postbox 1305, Oslo
(No Publications)

Sweden

Friends-Club, Box 1710, Gothenburg
(No Publications)

Riksförbundet For Sexuellt Likaberättigande, Postbox 850, Stockholm. (No Publications)

Switzerland

Der Kreis/Le Cercle, Postbox 547, Zurich 22, Fraumünster

DER KREIS/LE CERCLE (monthly) published since 1936, in German; also articles in French and English (no translation duplications) drawings and photos; \$7.00 yearly, first-class sealed \$10; address as above. (May be ordered through ONE)

United States

Mattachine Society, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53

SOUTHERN AREA NEWSLETTER

NORTHERN AREA NEWSLETTER

LONG BEACH NEWSLETTER

CHICAGO NEWSLETTER

ONE, Incorporated; Education, publishing, social service; 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

ONE (monthly) The Homosexual Magazine; address as above

GAY (occasional) Pictorial supplement; cartoons, fiction

T.W.O. (occasional for the present) News supplement

Address all changes and corrections to Editorial Board, ONE

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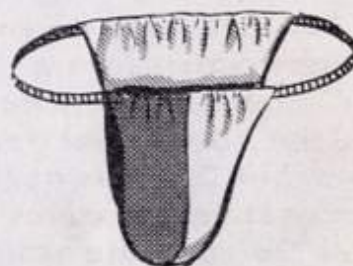
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