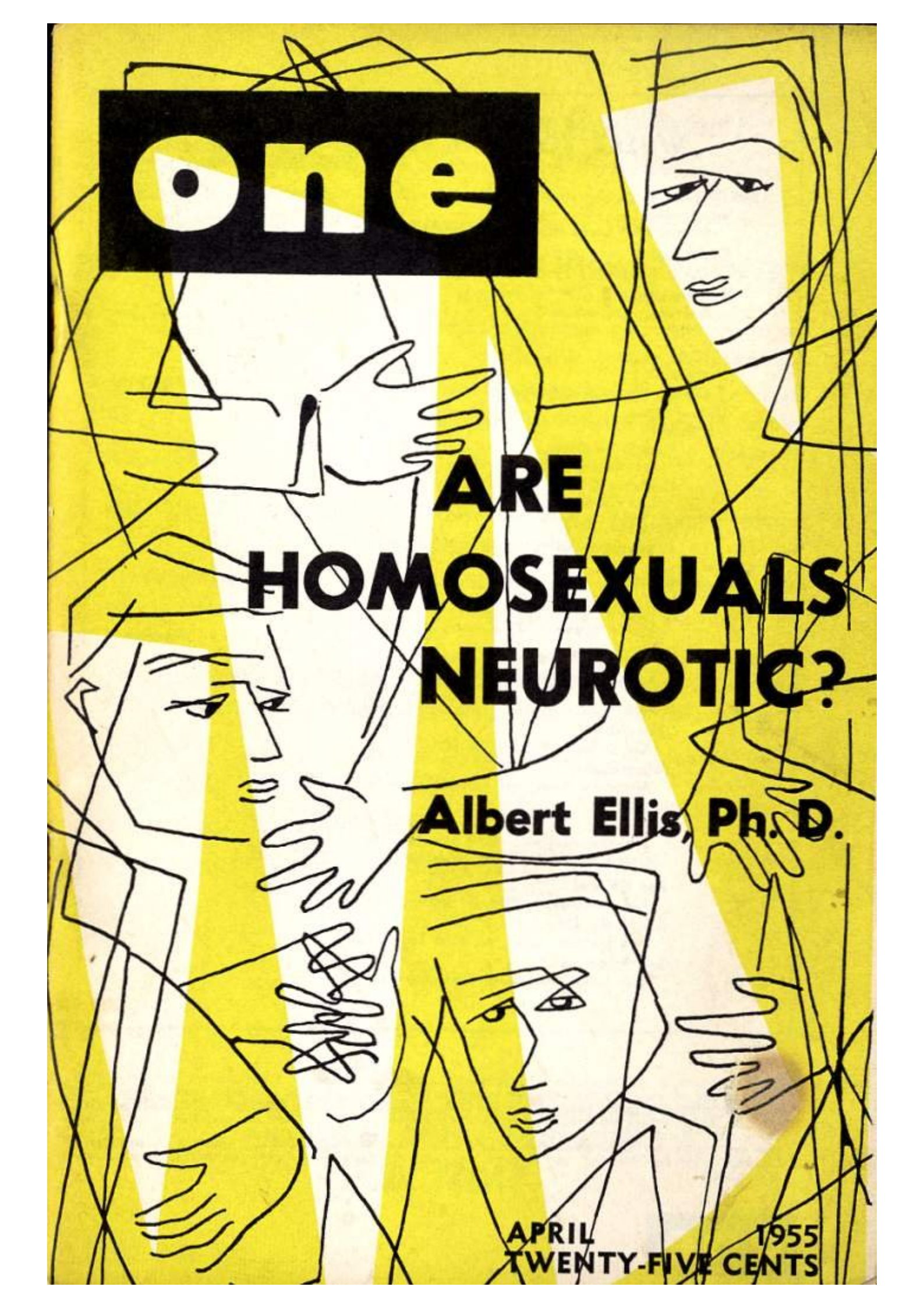


An abstract line drawing on a yellow background. It features four stylized faces and several hands. The faces are drawn with simple black outlines, some looking towards the center. The hands are also outlined in black, with some fingers spread. A black rectangular box is positioned in the upper left, containing the word "one" in a bold, yellow, sans-serif font. The overall style is graphic and minimalist.

one

**ARE
HOMOSEXUALS
NEUROTIC?**

Albert Ellis, Ph. D.

**APRIL 1955
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS**

WHERE YOU CAN BUY

one

EUROPE

Amsterdam

International Committee for Sex Equality, Postbox 542

Copenhagen

Dansk Forretnings-Tjeneste, 7, Herlup Trollesgade

Hamburg

Der Weg, Colonnaden 5

AMERICA

Mexico, D. F.

Libreria de Cristal, Pergola del Palacio de Belles Artes

United States

Eastern

New York City

Periodical Distributors, Phone AStoria 8-0928 for newsstand locations only.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Little Book Bar, 953 Main St.

Paterson, N. J.

Market Street Spot, 257 Market St.

Southern

Atlanta, Ga.

World News Co., 27 Marietta St. NW

New Orleans, La.

Oliver's News Stands, 106 University Pl.

Midwest

Cleveland

Kay Books, 1374 East 9th St.

Minneapolis

Alexander News, 401 East Hennepin

Western

Berkeley

The Phoenix Books, 2449 Bancroft Way
University Corner, 2250 Telegraph Ave.

Los Angeles

Phone Michigan 6983 for information

Salt Lake City

By's Magazine Shop, 32 West Second South

San Francisco

City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave.

ONE Magazine is published monthly at twenty-five cents per copy (plus postage for mailing); subscriptions are two-fifty per year, two years for four dollars, one year first class sealed three-fifty, two years first class sealed six dollars in the United States and Canada; all other countries three-fifty per year. Single copies are twenty-seven cents by regular mail, thirty-one for first class. Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Copyright 1955 by ONE, Inc., Los Angeles, California. "Application for entry as second class matter is pending."

one

"Special Non-Voting Members (Contributors)"

In accordance with Art. IV-E of the By-laws the following classes of non-voting memberships for the year 1955 were authorized at the 3rd Annual Meeting of the Corporation, January 29, 1955:

ANNUAL	(\$10)	To receive ONE Magazine for a year, plus 1955 "Report of the Corporation"
CONTRIBUTING	(\$25)	To receive the above, plus privilege of attending 4th Annual Meeting, January 1956
SUSTAINING	(\$50)	To receive the above, plus privilege of attending quarterly division meetings (choice of one only) : Education; Library; Research; Social Service
ASSOCIATE	(\$100)	To receive the above, plus right to attend monthly corporation meetings

Those not having time to work regularly on the staff can take active part in ONE's work and support it financially by becoming non-voting members.

Those living at a distance become affiliated with ONE and on occasion may be asked to undertake special assignments for the Corporation.

*All new members will receive
as a gift
an autographed copy
(as long as they last)
of James Barr's exciting play,
"Game of Fools"*

**BECOME A PARTNER IN AN OUTSTANDING EDUCATIONAL
AND SOCIAL SERVICE INSTITUTION**

JOIN TODAY



ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

William Lambert, *Chairman*
Ann Carll Reid, *Vice Chairman*
Don Slater, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Bureau of Public Information

Marvin Cutler, *Secretary*

Business & Accounting

William Lambert, *Manager*

Library

Leslie Colfax, *Librarian*

Lecture Bureau

I EDUCATION DIVISION

II PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

Don Slater, *Manager*

Book Department

ONE Magazine

III RESEARCH DIVISION

IV SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION

Charles Rowland, *Director*



one

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume III

Number 4

April 1955

CONTENTS

- 6 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
- 8 ARE HOMOSEXUALS NECESSARILY NEUROTIC? *Albert Ellis, Ph.D.*
- 13 FROM INFAMY TO HONOR *Joseph Wood Krutch*
- 15 TANGENTS — —news & views *Dal McIntire*
- 18 MINNEAPOLIS NEWS STORY
- 24 PASSING STRANGER *a story by Clarkson Crane*
- 28 BOOK REVIEWS
- 31 CAMPING IN THE BUSH *James Barr*
- 33 FRIENDSHIP IN HOLLAND *Anton Lorenz*
- 34 PLATO Part III
- 36 O . . . TIMID CREED *a poem by Gabrielle Ganelle*
- 37 THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT *Marlin Prentiss*
- 41 NIGHT *a poem by Norma Ramsey*

COVER: Eve Elloree

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 ONE:

First I want to thank you and your contributing writers for your January issue. My reactions to your past issues have been varied, but this one was by far the most helpful to me. The question of character and morality is one that many of us wrestle with alone, and it is encouraging to know that someone else has felt this same need for a code of ethics and morals and has come up with an answer similar to the one I've gradually pieced together for myself. It will be only when we can prove to others that we have high moral aims that we can hope to merit their serious attention.

Do you have extra copies of the January issue? I have one or two friends that I would like to give them to. The time may be ripe for a bit of missionary work, and I can think of no more convincing argument than the January issue.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. m

Gentlemen:

Just read your last issue, and see at last that you have become realists and have decided to accept the "party" line that if anyone should have different sexual tastes than the so-called "normal" individual they can act any way they damn please and be tolerated . . . Of course, I'm talking about the myth . . . that any attraction for the same sex is a one-way ticket to the martini-and-weak-wrist-section of town. Gentlemen, this is a lot of - - -; you know it, I know it . . . With the world in turmoil, there is no useful place for the kind of drivel philosophy that they, and now you, believe in.

I hope for the sake of this nation and the world that depends on it, that they and you fail in this mission to sell young people, who have certain natural desires for their own sex, down the river of uselessness and dependence on spineless social misfits . . . Don't bother to cancel my subscription, I'll let it lapse. Humor is always welcome . . . that is if it were not so tragic and so dangerous. I should have known that it was a futile hope that you could hold out long against the "fairies" who dominate the American homosexual minority . . .

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. m

Gentlemen:

Concerning over-population's agonizing pressure, ONE's friends are on peculiarly sound ethical ground, whereas the world's most famous, powerful and self-approving persons are criminally in the wrong . . . The latter will not admit that the sexual urge is irresistible or that any expression outside of wedlock is defensible . . . It is unrighteous that a person wantonly breed children . . . in conditions unerringly productive of ignorance, poverty, crime (and) war. Yet we see people who make a parade of their morality doing that and urging others to.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. m

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find sum of \$30.00 . . . Only wish I had more, for no one knows what a source of joy and interest your magazine is for me . . . and at this point we can't fail.

BOSTON, MASS. m

one

Dear ONE:

The following is of interest in re the scurrilous hokum recently purveyed by U. S. Legislators regarding security. It is from "War of Wits—The Anatomy of Espionage and Intelligence," by Ladislav Farago, Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y., 1954:

"It has been gossiped that some of the famous spies of recent history were notorious homosexuals. Actually, in the entire history of espionage, there are only two renowned spies who were proven homosexuals and only one whose homosexuality caused him to engage in espionage. The legend is that sexual deviates are vulnerable to blackmail and so forced into spying activity. In point of fact, very few homosexuals have been trapped by their sexual aberrations compared with the great number of normal men who have succumbed to the charms of the opposite sex acting as decoys . . ." (Page 186).

DALLAS, TEX. m

Friends at ONE:

After your rejection of my entry in your 1954 Short Story Contest, I was prompted to dash off a hasty rebuttal, but I held off my barbs until your December story issue was printed and even until I received your first 1955 issue . . . At what type of reader is ONE aimed? What social, economic and educational level is this type of reader? Is ONE aimed at an heterosexual group mainly to neutralize present antagonisms towards the homosexual, or do your editors really believe they are compiling a magazine FOR homosexuals? If the first is true, much fictional work in ONE is vague; if the second is true, your stories are downright and naively insipid! To this supposedly homosexual group, your literary criticisms must appear too precious and academic to affect them . . .

BOSTON, MASS. m

Dear ONE:

Mr. Mailer (ONE, Jan. 1955) tells the fascinating story of his journey from bigotry to something approaching understanding. It seems particularly relevant to me, for I have been making a somewhat similar trip during the same time . . . I feel the same new freedom of attitude which Mr. Mailer describes, but to me it is so personally vital that it makes my spirit sing. To paraphrase his words, I find that I can now accept heterosexual friends on a more relaxed, hopeful basis, now that I am learning self-regard. There is much less compulsion to play-act . . . If I feel like dating a girl these days, it is simply to have a pleasant evening, not to try to prove to myself and to others once again that my "real self" is heterosexual. Let's face it, I can say now, it just isn't.

This freedom has given me courage to undertake the most important task of all. This is to approach a few of my best and truest heterosexual friends and explain, as gently and understandingly as possible, something of myself to them. For how else are those who labor with an imaginary homosexual stereotype to see through its illusion unless they see a contradiction in the flesh? One or two of these friends already suspected my homosexuality, I found, but had been painfully evading any mention of the subject, for fear of hurting me! So we had been playing a silly game in which both sides lose . . .

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. m

MATTACHINE CONVENTION

Plans are going forward for the annual convention of the Mattachine Society to be held May 14th and 15th in Los Angeles. The big new feature of this convention is going to be a series of open forums to be held the afternoon of May 14th, to which the public is invited. The Annual banquet will follow, featuring a guest speaker and the conferring of special awards. This has become an event of distinction in the Society, and any friends of the Society are welcome.

HOMOSEXUALS ARE



NECESSARILY

NEUROTIC?



X In the January 1955 issue of ONE, The Homosexual Magazine, there are two articles whose writers contend that homosexuality is not necessarily neurotic, and who imply that homosexuals can be just as "normal" as, and in some ways perhaps more "normal" than, non-homosexuals. Thus, in "Literature and Homosexuality," David L. Freeman writes: "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."

one

—Albert Ellis, Ph. D.

Later in the same issue of ONE, Chris Rezak, writing from the feminine viewpoint in an article entitled "For Writers: an Appeal," notes that "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."

Although I, too, have several times gone on record as stating that homosexuals are not necessarily neurotic; although I am the author of the highly approving introduction to Donald Webster Cory's "The Homosexual in America"; although I have been a consistent supporter of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's work and have publicly defended the first and second Kinsey reports more, perhaps, than any other psychologist in the United States; and although I have no insignificant reputation as a non-homosexual who staunchly upholds the rights of homosexuals and opposes any persecution of them, I must strongly protest against the expressed and implied sentiments of Freeman, Rezak, and all others who fail to see that although all homosexuals are not necessarily neurotic, the great majority of them indubitably are. Moreover, if we mean by "homosexual" and individual whose sex desires are exclusively oriented toward the members of his (or her) own sex, or who is incapable of enjoying sex participation except with a member of his (or her) own sex, then there can be little doubt that all such homosexuals are, and necessarily are, neurotic. To deny this is folly, and will only do great harm to innumerable homosexuals.

The problem of homosexuality and neurosis can only be clearly understood if we first understand what is neurosis or sexual abnormality, perversion, or deviation. From a psychological or psychiatric standpoint, neurosis or perversion can only be meaningfully defined by using some criterion of illogicality, irrationality, childishness, fixation, fetishism, inflexibility, rigidity, or exclusivity. A neurotic, in other words, is an individual who is theoretically endowed with normal intelligence and education, but who nonetheless acts in a childish, irrational, effectively stupid manner. A pervert or deviant is one who is physiologically or theoretically able to obtain sex satisfaction in several different ways—since man, biologically, is a pluri-sexual animal who has several available roads to sex stimulation and orgasm—but who actually is limited to one or two major forms of sex outlet because he is irrationally, fearfully fixated or fetishistically restricted by certain ideas or behavioral habits which he learned at some earlier time in his life.

A neurotic and a pervert, in other words, are exactly the same, although one of the greatest psychologists of all time, Sigmund Freud, mistakenly thought otherwise. A prevert or sex deviant is actually a sexual neurotic; and a neurotic is nothing but a non-sexual deviant. The definitive characteristic of both the neurotic and the pervert is that they both arbitrarily narrow down a potentially wide field of action into a very limited act which they feel, out of irrational fear, that they must perform if they are to be comfortable or satisfied.

The fact neurotics and pervers are really the same may, as I point out in my book "The American Sexual Tragedy," clearly be seen if we forget about sex pervers for a moment and talk about individuals whom we may call food pervers. Suppose, for example, an individual who is in good physical health and has no special allergic reactions insists on eating nothing but meat and potatoes; or suppose he only will eat once a day, at three in the morning, and will not touch a bit of food at any other time, even if he is starving; or suppose he will only eat off a particular set of blue plates, and will absolutely refuse to eat if these are not available. Obviously, in the popular parlance, this individual would be crazy; more technically, we would call him a neurotic or a food pervert.

By the same token, sex pervers are just as obviously neurotic—are emotionally disturbed individuals who are fetichistically attached to one particular mode of sex activity—and who usually, though not always, became fetichistically attached to this form of behavior because of peculiarities or fixations which arose during their childhood. Sexual neuroses are essentially the same as other forms of neurosis—except that, in our antisexual society, we emotionalize them and tend to view them in a special light.

Are, then, all individuals who engage in homosexual activity perverted and hence neurotic? By no means so. As Dr. Kinsey most effectively points out, most individuals who engage in homosexual activity do so for only a few years of their lives or do so along with their equally satisfying heterosexual experiences or other sex experiences. If one wishes to call all such individuals "homosexuals," then there is no question that all "homosexuals" are not perverted or neurotic.

If, however, by "homosexual" we mean an individual who exclusively desires homosexual participation, who derives little or no satisfaction from heterosexual activity, and who either avoids heterosexual relations or is heterosexually potent but anesthetic, then we are, almost by definition, describing a sex pervert or neurotic. For such a "true" or "essential" homosexual is quite arbitrarily and illogically, out of some underlying or conscious fear of heterosexual behavior, narrowing down his sex activity and/or desire to inverted behavior. By exactly the same token, any individual who exclusively enjoys masturbation, sadistic or masochistic sex practices, sex relations with animals, or any one form of sex act, and who under no circumstances can truly enjoy and receive orgasm through some other kind of sex acts—that person is indubitably a sex pervert or a neurotic.

How about exclusive heterosexuals, then? Are they necessarily perverted or neurotic? Technically, yes. If by exclusive heterosexual we mean an individual who exclusively desires sex relations with members of the other sex; who *under no circumstances*, even if he were marooned on a desert island with only members of his own sex for a long period of time, could achieve sex satisfaction and orgasm through homosexual or other sex outlets; and who is utterly afraid of trying all non-heterosexual outlets and is compulsively tied to heterosexual ones;—then that individual is indubitably neurotic or perverted. By unequivocally stating this in "The American Sexual Tragedy" and several of my scientific papers on human sexuality, I have drawn upon my head the wrath of numerous professional and lay readers. But I unhesitatingly say so again, and shall continue to say so until someone proves otherwise. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. And if exclusive homosexual desire is perverted and neurotic—which it most certainly seems to be—then exclusive heterosexual desire may be just as perverted and just as neurotic.

Otherwise stated: any individual who can *only*, under *all* circumstances, enjoy one specialized form of sexual (or non-sexual) activity; anyone who is compulsively or obsessively fixated on one single mode of sexual (or non-sexual) behavior; anyone who is fearfully and rigidly bound to any *exclusive* form of sexual (or non-sexual) participation;—that individual is unquestionably a pervert and a neurotic. What is more, all such individuals—and I mean *all*—can undoubtedly be cured of their neuroses or perversions, in the sense that they can be helped to find satisfaction in *other* sex acts than the one to which they are fetichistically fixated, if they really want to be cured and will work, in a psychotherapeutic relationship, for such a cure. This I have proven over and over again with homosexual patients (and other sex perverts) who come to see me with a genuine desire to gain heterosexual satisfactions.

To state or imply, then, as Freeman and Rezak distinctly state and imply, that homosexuals, by which they apparently mean exclusive or near-exclusive homosexuals, are neurotic only because "their neuroses generally spring from their homosexuality in a heterosexual world," and that they can easily "live proudly and happily with their homosexuality" is to state dangerous nonsense. It is certainly true that our heterosexual world unfairly persecutes homosexuals and makes them considerably *more* neurotic than they might otherwise be. It is also true that some homosexuals can "adjust" to their homosexuality in the sense of losing their guilt about it, and that they consequently can live more proudly and happily with their homosexuality than if they did not "adjust" to it. But an adjusted neurotic is still a neurotic—and often a much more serious neurotic than an "unadjusted" one: since the unadjusted neurotic at least admits how disturbed he is, and may possibly eventually go for treatment. But an "adjusted" neurotic—as shown by literally millions of our citizens who are much too inhibited truly to enjoy life, but who keep insisting

that "nothing is wrong with me" and "only crazy people go to see psychologists"—is perhaps the most tragic neurotic of all: for absolutely nothing can be done to help him.

Let your homosexuals face it, therefore: all of you, every mother's son of you who is exclusively desirous of homosexual relations, is indubitably neurotic. Those of you—like Cory himself, incidentally—who are capable of being happily married and having heterosexual satisfactions right along with your homosexual affairs may not necessarily be emotionally disturbed (though, on some other count, you may be). But those of you who are disgusted by the mere thought of boy-girl relations; who are more or less impotent in heterosexual affairs; who are potent but unsatisfied by heterosexual relations; who are afraid to make any sexual overtures to members of the other sex; who compulsively engage in homosexual acts even though you find little enjoyment in them; who are unable to love virtually any of your sex partners; who are horrified at the thought of masturbation or other non-homosexual acts; who dogmatically refuse to try any heterosexual participations;—all of you are just about as neurotic as you could possibly be, and you had better run, not walk, to the nearest psychotherapist.

Certainly, if you want to say so, innumerable heterosexuals are neurotic and perverted, too. That is their problem. But if you refuse to admit your own emotional disturbance, and try to ape the ostrich by pretending that your neurosis is solely a result of societal ostracism and persecution, you are sadly fooling only yourselves. And that, too, is what neurosis essentially is—illogically, out of some underlying fears, acting in a certain manner, or adopting what we psychologists call a set of neurotic symptoms, in order *not* to face the facts of the underlying fears or guilts. Those exclusive homosexuals, in other words, who most loudly proclaim that they are not necessarily neurotic are, by their very head-in-the-sand attitudes, conclusively proving how seriously neurotic they actually are.

By all means, then, let us try to see that homosexuals, like all other neurotics, are able to live as happily as possible in this neuroticizing society. By all means let us try to put a halt to the unfair calumny and persecution that now is heaped on them. By all means let us try to change society, and its antisexual attitudes in particular, so that it accepts homosexual acts without encouraging exclusive, obsessive-compulsive homosexuality. But let us not, please, confuse what Dr. Kinsey calls homosexual outlets with what the gay world usually means by homosexuality. The former is a normal biological part of human sex activity; the latter is a fetichistic sickness. To say otherwise would be to gratify many homosexuals who are desperately trying to deny their own emotional disturbances; but it would be a scientific untruth. I should indeed be a false friend to my many homosexual correspondents, associates, and patients were I not to make this vitally important point. I can only finally repeat: He who engages sporadically or non-exclusively in homosexual acts is not necessarily a pervert or a neurotic. But he who has exclusively inverted desires, or is truly "gay," necessarily is. This is fact; all else is wishful thinking.



From Infamy to Honor

By Joseph Wood Krutch

Author, "The Modern Temper," "The Measure of Man";
Professor of Literature, Columbia University

NEARLY sixty years ago, Oscar Wilde went to prison, sentenced by a judge who had been his neighbor but who remarked from the bench that the maximum two-year sentence was "inadequate."

Wilde's books were removed from the bookseller's shelves; his household goods, previously seized by bailiffs, were auctioned off for a pittance; a characteristic newspaper comment called him "damned and done for"; a friend who applied to the Court of Bankruptcy for appointment as literary executor was told that "Wilde's works will never command any interest whatsoever." His two pre-adolescent sons were hurried off to the Continent, given new names, and forbidden ever to mention their father in public on any

pretext. His wife died some three years later, and some three years after that he himself died squalidly in Paris.

Hardly more than half a century passes. This year, the centenary of his birth, Trinity College, Dublin is displaying the manuscripts of its former student; the London County Council will mark the house in which he lived—and from which he was driven—with a memorial plaque. Scores of articles will assess and re-assess his work, and it is not likely that even the least favorable will call him "damned and done for."

We are no longer surprised to
"See nations, slowly wise and
meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy
bust."

That is almost standard procedure. But is there any other case in literary history quite so dramatic, quite so sensational as Wilde's? Here is no mere rise from neglect to recognition or even, as in the case of Ibsen, from "enemy of the people" to national hero. Here it is from literally unspeakable infamy to public honor.

At the time of Wilde's disgrace, Germany continued to hold his writings in absurd overestimation and France received the exile with a shrug. What England is doing now is less reassessing the man of letters than simply confessing a brutal wrong. Even in this centenary year, few are likely to maintain that Wilde was a really major writer. A great deal of his prose and verse is feebly pretentious. Not a few of his sayings are foolish and shabby. What can and must be said is that at his rare best he is *sui generis* and unequaled. A bright undergraduate once supplied me with a fine definition: "An epigram is a platitude in the making." But Wilde's greatness as a maker of phrases is best demonstrated by the fact that not even endless repetition of some of them can turn them into platitudes. But it is still true that those who think of him this year will be thinking more of a victim than of a genius.

Sometimes, it seems to me that at this particular moment we are almost too inclined to take a "reasonable" attitude toward homosexuality. We risk suggesting to young aspirants that it is really a sort of short-cut to artistic sensibility, and

you will find highbrow critics solemnly discussing why (not whether, but why) it is the most suitable modern expression of the erotic impulse. In order to convince oneself that even this sort of nonsense is preferable to the terrified brutality of the Victorians, one need only read *Son of Oscar Wilde* (Dutton, \$3.75), by Vyvyan Holland, as the younger and only surviving one of the two boys has called himself. Macauley's famous remark that there is nothing more absurd than the British public in one of its fits of morality would be *à propos* here if "absurd" were not so inadequate a word. Almost the whole of that public seemed insanely sadistic and ready to annihilate not only Wilde and his children but anyone who offered to do him any kindness.

The outburst leaves one still wondering just what was its motivation. Some will undoubtedly suggest that it was the result of the public's own suppressed homosexuality; others, somewhat more convincingly, that it was terror at the sudden emergence into public view of something of which the public was as terrified as it was ignorant; still others, that this same public seized upon a deadly weapon with which to attack the whole new movement in thought in which Wilde and his fellow esthetes were playing at the moment a conspicuous part. In any event, the English public put on a ghastly performance.

Even Kinseyism is preferable—which is not to say that a reasonable attitude wouldn't be even better yet!

Reprinted by permission from **THE NEW LEADER** New York.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Terse Riesman essay on political trends in Winter 55 PARTISAN REVIEW theorizes that decline in overt attacks on Negroes and Jews marks homosexual for role as public scapegoat. Changing socio-economic relations and U. S. world position make racism a public liability, but capacity for hate remains undiminished: "reds, eggheads and queers" as new victims.

THE MIAMI PATTERN

● Miami's year and 1/2 homohunt may provide blueprint for nation. Homosexuals who are lured into complacency by liberalizing opinions of some few scientists and by their own new found ability to organize and publish openly, may well find (as Germans did in 1932) such freedom transitory. Such small gains might or might not be reliable signs of new trends in public thinking.

Kinsey again calls sex laws useless: other laws cover acts of violence. Notes California tops national average of institutionalized "sex criminals" 3 to 1. Washington DC Judge Edw. Beard lately ruled police need supporting witness to arrest man for indecency with another man. (DC police squirming under brutality investigation.)

J. Edgar Hoover meanwhile deplores lack of controls on Sex Criminals, stemming from "social and family upheavals" during and after World

War II, but also due to lack of public understanding, inadequate laws and enforcement and scarcity of medical facilities for treating abnormal persons.

Sex crime news still spots nation's press, with franker play of homosexual angles though rate of such crimes no higher. Miami press headlines each item and other towns catching on.

OTHER CITIES . . .

● NYC again reported "cracking down on undesirables roaming city streets." 42 arrests one night in Time Square and Village.

MINNEAPOLISSTAR writer Cedric Adams' bit on subject appears elsewhere in this issue. Judge Nicholson, after two Minneapolis "female impersonation" trials ordered full investigation of impersonator show at Gay Nineties bar. Vice squad head Jake Sullivan said "nothing obscene or immoral in show" but he'd like it stopped anyhow.

Baltimore police raids on private New Year parties (2 college profs and a high school teacher arrested at interracial affair), house-to-house search on John Doe warrants and repeated closing of gay bars indicate rough stuff ahead.

DENVER POST demanded state intervention when officials in neighboring Englewood refused to prosecute man for "indecent" proposition

to boy on grounds no crime had occurred.

San Jose and Modesto, Calif. hit by small wave of serious court cases, mostly child molesting.

Legal technicalities ensnaring licenses of TOMMY's PLACE in Frisco and L.A.'s 326 CLUB. Usual pious statements by officials. April 55 MEN features article by Frisco's vice squad chief DON'T CALL US "QUEER CITY" detailing recent police actions there (and picturing May '54 issue of ONE.)

California prison system still upset by charges by ex San Quentin psychologist about homosexuality and brutality at SQ. California Assemblyman H. Allen Smith pushing for big changes in "sex offender" laws, providing that person committed as sex psychopath would get no further hearings till he asked them, that sex psychopaths could be held indefinitely on misdemeanor, and that Dept of Education could class any teacher thus and suspend credentials.

... OTHER LANDS

England's homohunt has quieted but random scandals still get strong play in press: a parson's murder with apparent homosexual implications; cashiering of a Lt.-Col. for "indecent" with 2 German men.

In Bangkok's general housecleaning preparatory to SEATO affair, TIME reported that "to avoid embarrassing incidents, city's numberless perverts had been rounded up. And as a further concession to the dignity of the visitors, Bangkok's mothers were ordered not to let their children run naked through the streets while the conference lasted."

Buenos Aires police jailed some 300 homosexuals in one night, permitting government to complain of sex deviate increase and recommend return to legalized prostitution which was reason for raids in first place.

ODD BITS

If Christ comes to Connecticut when he returns earthward, he'll have it rough. Anti-blasphemy law forbids person to claim to be deity, as a Polish refugee discovered when he claimed to be the Crucified . . . An L.A. writer, recently nixed for unemployment money when he admitted refusing offer to write for smut-magazine, testily asked interviewer if she'd accept job in brothel. He still didn't get checks . . . Big furore over article in a Penna. Catholic bulletin disparagingly referring to Boy Scouts as "about 20% girl" . . . BARE and KEYHOLE thrive on lurid rape accounts. Didn't see a mention when a 16-year-old San Diego girl accused their publisher . . . SONG OF THE MONTH: "I Was Looking Back To See" . . . Monaco's citizens worried their girl-shy Prince Ranier may end up childless, which would revert the tiny principality to France . . . Herta Wind, one time A.B. seaman confined by Nazis for abnormality, wrote book on her man-to-woman change, completed in 1931 by operation. Book in German courts at motion of former wife, Frau Gickeleiter . . . Paul Coates, L.A. columnist seldom praised here, recently went to bat for sex offender and won his release from jail. Offender was 7-year-old boy accused of indecently touching girl. Thanks to Mr. Coates for spotlighting one case of fantastic official stupidity . . .

CENSORS & SECURITY

Note George Kennan's recent blast at those who in name of national security "sublimate their own sex urge in the peculiarly nasty and sadistic practice of snooping on others and exploiting failures and embarrassments of others in this most excruciating and difficult of problems." He also criticized those Christians guilty of "intolerance and lack of charity."

Note increasing tendency of Post-Office to act as public censor, deciding what they will and what they won't mail. Unwarranted. Dept. Solicitor Abe Goff recently asked Congress for help in curbing increase of "immoral" publications.

Liberals missing badly when they ignore dangerous "mail cover" technique unearthed during McCarthy fracas. This needs spotlighting, even if McCarthy was first admitted victim.

Also worth watching is fuss surrounding discovery of NYC phone workers caught at wiretapping.

New Comics Code Authority has managed to shrivel bazooms, ban goshawful monsters and reduce gore so villains seldom now shoot where it hurts, instead, merely shoot guns from one another's hands. But stiff laws still in prospect from most legislatures and Congress (also in England) and not just on Comic Books.

RECOMMENDED READING

● Sterbe & Sterba study of Beethoven (Pantheon \$5) attributing strong but unconscious homosexuality to composer.

Tennessee Williams' long-rare collection of short stories, *ONE ARM*, New Directions, \$4.50.

James Barr Fugate's article on small-town life and Silver item on California Lewd-Vag law in first issue of *MATTACHINE REVIEW*.

Not quite so *UNUSUAL* as title, but quite excellent is magazine of short stories by new authors. Glick and Katz stories of special interest, but all good. 50c for *UNUSUAL* from 111 East 26th St., N. Y. 10.

RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKINSON, Rebecca Patterson, Gollancz, 21s, about passionate but unconsumed love of poetess for Kate Anthon.

CHINESE GORDON: STUDY OF A HERO, \$4, Funk & Wagnalls, Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson's fine biography of "hero of Khartoum" with discussion of his homosexuality and his religious fanaticism.

And . . . **GAME OF FOOLS**, by James (Barr) Fugate (author, *QUATREFOIL & DERRICKS*), the first modern play to deal with homosexuality sympathetically, without prejudice or pussyfooting. Kafka-like drama of four trapped homosexuals. Soon to be published in limited edition by *ONE*.



STAFF OF ONE MAGAZINE

Managing Editor	Ann Carll Reid
Associate Editors	Lyn Pedersen - <i>Research</i> Robert Gregory - <i>Fiction</i> Kay Reynard - <i>Womens' Dept.</i> Armando Quezon - <i>International</i>
Contributing Editors	James Barr Donald Webster Cory
Art Director	Eve Elloree
Circulation Manager	David L. Freeman

Last month in Minneapolis things got a little hot when Mr. Cedric Adams printed a letter from a disturbed father in the *Sunday Tribune* edition of *The Minneapolis Star*. ONE feels that Mr. Adams, who is quite a powerful influence in that area—where his column is gospel to millions of readers, is to be commended as things proceeded for his fairness and fulness of presentation—especially in giving the homosexuals their chance.



IN THIS CORNER

with Cedric Adams

APPALLING INDEED was the story this last week of the 36 shoplifters—31 girls, 5 boys, all in their teens. Tomorrow the youngsters and their parents will traipse to the police department, loot will be piled up, department store representatives will be on hand to identify the merchandise that has been pilfered. A pretty shocking situation. What the spotlight of public attention turned on the ugly picture will do is conjecture. Will the punishment fit the crime? It's a good question. We have another situation fully as alarming and as demanding of investigation as the shoplifting spree of the 36 . . .



I DON'T HAVE the answer, but I do have the initial warning that should alert every last one of us to a social danger in our midst. It happened to a father right here in Minneapolis. He was courageous enough to act. He was also astute enough to sense the evil. I hope you read his letter. It's one of those that obviously has come from within—shocking it is, and yet so vital. If publishing the letter does nothing more than point a finger at the condition, it will then have served its purpose. Here is the letter exactly as I received it:

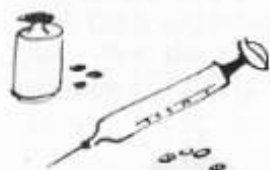
"DEAR CEDRIC: My wife and I have two sons and a daughter approximately the ages of your children. We have considered ours a typical American family. The daughter is in high school, the two boys attend college. Very recently I was shocked to learn of a well-established vice condition flourishing and allowed to continue right in our city of Minneapolis. The police so far have done nothing to stop it. Maybe they can do nothing . . .

"THIS CONDITION seriously affected the life of my younger son—and perhaps the lives of many other young sons. Because of the distasteful nature of the condition, I am not going to reveal our names. But something corrective should be done . . .



"OUR YOUNGER SON (we'll call him Jack) is 20 years old. Until the last few months he has been a regular boy. He has a fine appearance, was a high school athlete, was interested in all sports, even took an active interest in church affairs . . .

"RECENTLY WE NOTICED Jack had dropped his girl friend as well as his former school and church friends. He began an association with a strange group of fellows. They appeared decent enough outwardly, yet we could detect something that gave the impression they were a totally 'wrong' group. Jack spent fewer evenings and week-ends at home. His college studies suffered. In the past, Jack had always brought his problems to the family. Suddenly he had grown apart from us. We felt he was hiding something of which he was ashamed . . .



"MY WIFE AND I were concerned, yet we were determined to let Jack bring his problem to us. He failed to do it. Finally, I decided to talk to him. I got nowhere. I suspected Jack had joined a group of dope addicts . . .

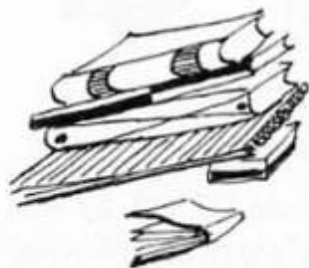
"I HIRED A RELIABLE private detective in desperation. As a matter of fact, my family physician advised it. I was amazed at the findings of the detective. Jack had not become a dope addict, but instead had fallen in with a large group of active homosexuals frequenting several Minneapolis public bars and so-called supper clubs. The detective pointed out that there were police officers in two of the bars during one of his visits. Moreover, he said most of the clubs were operating almost exclusively for homosexuals with just a sprinkling of on-lookers present . . .



"MY WIFE AND I were greatly concerned, as you might well imagine. We wondered if we had failed in the proper upbringing of our son. I confronted Jack with the findings and, at the request of our family physician again, we sent our son to a psychiatrist, with whom I visited myself. The psychiatrist informed me that Jack had not been an active homosexual. The doctor said Jack's upbringing had been normal and that it was his opinion he had simply fallen in with the wrong group . . .

"THIS GROUP had interested Jack as it had interested many other normal young sons. These boys were actually 'taught' homosexuality just as one learns to become a dope addict, the doctor informed me . . .

"JACK TOLD US this had been his first experience. He had been introduced to it through another university student. Now Jack is completely ashamed of his venture, he's proud of his parents once again and has left the group completely. We're proud of him and happy, of course, to have him back with his family and his former friends . . .



"BUT HOW MANY other Jacks are there or will there be if this sort of thing is permitted to operate and grow? The detective admitted that these practices had been increasing greatly here within the last few years, that certain bars and clubs are exclusive hangouts for homosexuals, that no curb whatsoever has been placed on them. He supplied me a list of the places he knew that had been encouraging that kind of patronage. That list I have sent to Mayor Hoyer . . .

"OUR SON HAS BEEN salvaged. It's my earnest hope that others—all of them—may be, too. I hope you will be fearless enough to do something to bring the whole situation to the attention of both the public and our authorities. Here is a force as deadly in its operation as anything in the world. Something should be done. Can't you spearhead the drive with publicity at least?"

Signed—A MINNEAPOLIS FATHER.



A FATHER'S LETTER printed here Sunday having to do with a homosexual problem of his 20-year-old son has produced a wave of reaction, some from the public, some from the University of Minnesota and some from our own Minneapolis police department. While the situation is still fresh, This Corner wants to extend to Thomas R. Jones, superintendent of the Minneapolis police department, an opportunity to discuss some of the charges made by the father of the son involved. I ran that letter on Sunday for two reasons: I think the situation needs some airing and I was convinced that this father, and perhaps many others, need a little straightening out on the whole problem. Superintendent Jones did exactly what I hoped he would do. He took the bull by the horns and in a very straightforward manner did his best to pinpoint the mistakes of the parent involved. I spent two hours with Chief Jones in his office yesterday and came out with this statement from him:



"THE OBVIOUS INDICTMENT of the police department in your Sunday column is unjustified and without basis of fact. You omitted the names of the bars because of the possibility of damage suits against your newspaper. The writer of the letter you published had no evidence which would be admissible in a court of law to prove the accusation and inferences made in his letter. Police officers are also bound by that same restriction and cannot name individuals or establishments or make arrests of either unless they are in possession of provable facts which would be admissible in courts to prove that a crime has been committed . . .

"THE ACT OF HOMOSEXUALITY is defined as sodomy in our state statutes and is a felony. Both parties involved are equally guilty in the eyes of the law and can be sentenced to a term in the state penitentiary. However, one may not accuse another of such activity unless he is in possession of such facts that would prove the commission of the crime. This applies to any law violation and you'd be doing a public service by bringing this to the attention of your readers. Police officers cannot name individuals or establishments or make arrests until they can prove a crime has been committed. A group of suspected homosexuals frequenting a bar does not constitute a violation of the law. There's no evidence that a crime has been committed. Now, take the father's statement that the police have done nothing to curb the situation. That's a complete misstatement of fact. Only last week a night club was told to discontinue an act because the police department strongly suspected that objectionable individuals made up a majority of the show. We do not want that kind of attraction. An identical case was similarly disposed of two years ago . . .



"THE FATHER WHO WROTE the letter didn't even suggest that he ever made an attempt to bring his suspicions or complaints to the proper authorities—his police department. He states that his privately hired 'private eye' saw police officers in two of the spots he visited while making his investigation. The duty incumbent on every citizen to bring cases of law violations to the attention of the proper authorities is even more binding on parties holding special police commissions, such as private detectives. They take an oath to enforce the law and to assist law enforcement bodies in every instance of law violation that comes to their attention. It's the duty of our police officers to patrol bars, to look for law violations, but the mere presence of a group of homosexuals in any bar is not evidence of violation of the law . . .

"I CAN'T HELP WONDER whether the father of the son in question had ever taken the time or trouble to caution or advise his son about some of the sins or pitfalls of the world in which we live. It's my suspicion that he, like so many others, is trying to excuse his dereliction of family duty by trying to place the responsibility for his son's yielding to temptation on the police department. This neglect of family duty, in my opinion, is the greatest single cause of juvenile delinquency. Why haven't this father and you and your column and the newspaper you refer to as a 'family gazette' taken a more active

stand in endeavoring to give our city enough police officers to carry out the many duties and responsibilities expected of them instead of waiting for lightning to strike home before doing something about it. We have a vice squad of five men to patrol a city of more than half a million. Our whole department has fewer officers per thousand population than the average for all cities in the United States over 10,000 population. Minneapolis has the lowest incident of homosexuality of any city of its size in the country. Don't let your readers get the wrong impression from letters which do not present the facts."



THE HOMOSEXUAL PROBLEM, as touched off by the letter here from a Minneapolis father, sparked by an answer from Thomas Jones, superintendent of police in Minneapolis, and supplemented by an official suggestion from the University of Minnesota, has brought one of the greatest mail responses This Corner has had in several months. In order to be completely fair about the charges and the countercharges, perhaps we should give the homosexuals their chance. The following excerpts from letters are submitted without comment. The opinions expressed are those of the authors of the letters. Please bear that in mind.

"I AM SHOCKED that you, of all people, should stoop so low as to use a letter for a vicious and cowardly attack. Did the father in question ask his son who forced him to go to those bars? The boy was an incipient homosexual seeking his own kind. That son received his homosexual bent from one or both of two factors—heredity or environment. The father should know he was responsible on both counts. Why did you pick on one minority for a scathing attack? Why not work toward a happy integration of all men into a society we can be proud of rather than striking at minorities on senseless grounds and forcing them underground?"



"I'VE BEEN A FAN of yours for 20 years, but all of that is shattered now. You have thrown ethics to the wind in attempting to editorialize on a subject about which obviously you know nothing. How can you call any situation alarming, shocking, a social danger, worthy of investigation? Homosexuality is as old as history itself. Many great men and women have been homosexuals and yet lived very useful and worthwhile lives by contributing some of the best works in art, literature and music. No man ought to pass judgment on another man's way of living. If a man or a woman is born physically abnormal, why not try to help them? If they prefer to be with people of their own sex, why not leave them alone? I am really sincere when I say that I think both you and the Minneapolis father made a vicious attack on an innocent minority of our society. And you class them with thieves, dope addicts and other social misfits. You would have done better to study the situation before you attacked. Careless words, thoughtlessly spoken, can leave scars that never heal. It is so easy to hurt instead of help."



"HOW STUPID, RIDICULOUS and narrow-minded can you get? It's regrettable that so many so-called normal people know so little about homosexuals and their problems. I've been around for quite some time. And I have yet to find anyone who has been 'taught' to be a homosexual. One may be enlightened on the activities of a homosexual, but unless one has a natural inclination it's doubtful he will become one. Either he will be repulsed by the whole idea or he will experiment with it and if he finds it's where he belongs, he'll stay with it. No one taught me to be a homosexual. When I approached the age of 17, I realized what I was, accepted the fact and have been content with it ever since. My parents know that I am a homosexual. They're completely understanding ...

"FEW OF THE THOUSANDS of us in the city are mentally ill. Most of us know what we are and are content to be so. All we ask is to be understood and left alone. I have two suggestions for you and others similarly concerned. Read the book, 'The Homosexual in America,' by Donald Webster Corey or a magazine called, 'One,' published in Los Angeles. Before the citizens in this area lose their minds worrying about their children becoming homosexuals, let them read the above material and do a little serious thinking. I don't mean to imply that homosexuality is not a problem, but I do say the problem will not be solved by closing the places we frequent or by sending us off to mental institutions or a workhouse or a prison."



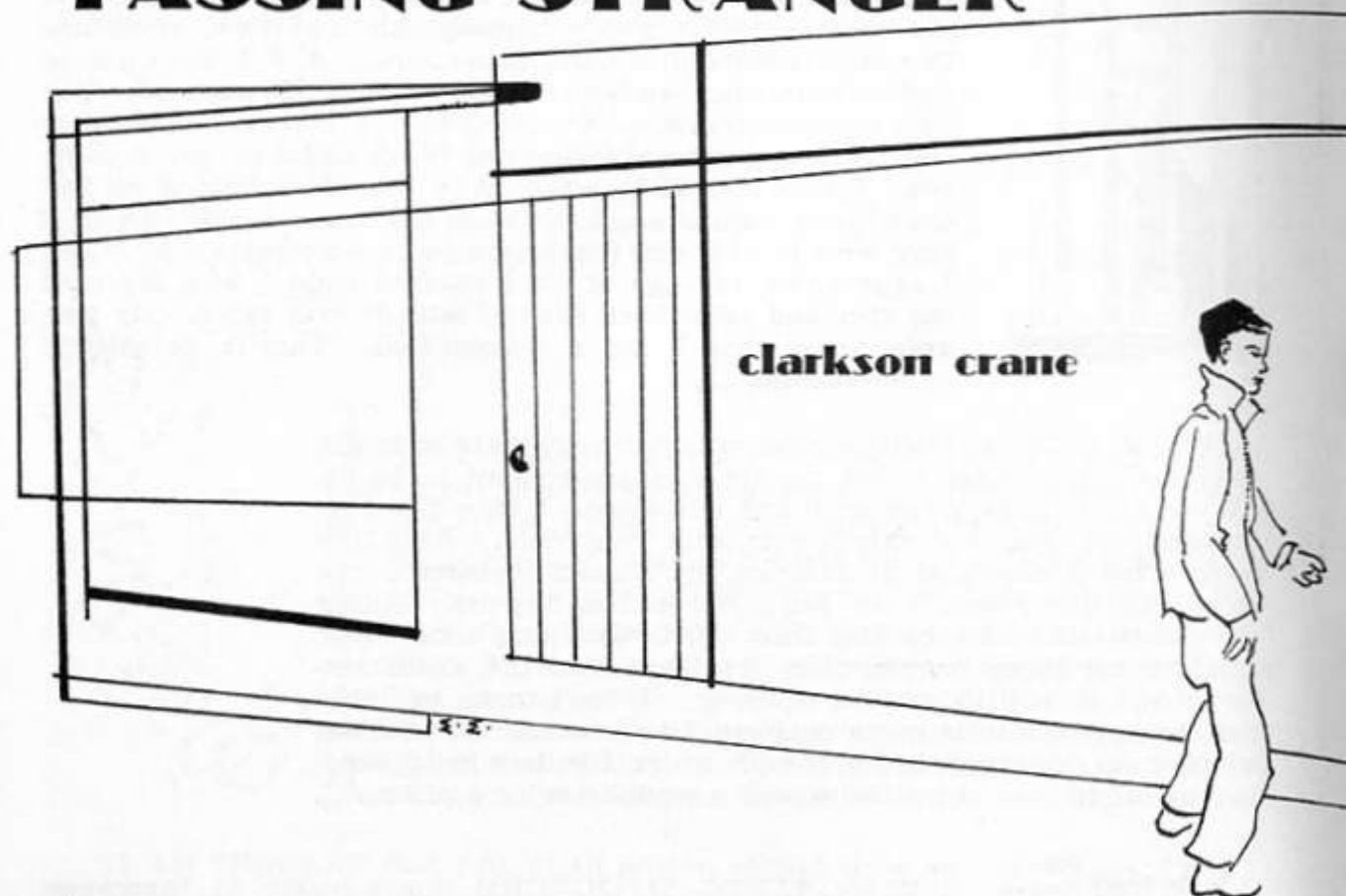
"MAN TENDS TO IGNORE this problem in ignorance. The basic chemistry of the human mind and body are born in delicate balance, particularly in the formative years of youth. Disillusionment, emotional insecurity, domination or indifference of a parent tend to upset this balance. There is no sure cure for homosexuality. The taboos of society tend to restrain the victims to secret. Thus is delayed much needed help and perhaps sealing forever the door to a happy life. May I give this advice to parents: Get to your children early in life with the facts and pitfalls of life. Enlighten yourselves—that you may look down in mercy. The homosexual will probably remain until long after our generation is forgotten. If found among your loved ones, give help, aid, treatment. Do not cast them out. Their sorrow is already greater than any you can inflict."

WHAT do you suppose people will be saying in 7950 A.D.? If history does repeat itself, it will be something like this:

"The earth is degenerate, the world is coming to an end, youth is a despair, and—everybody wants to write a book!"

That's what we're saying today. And that's what someone imprinted on an Egyptian tablet in 4000 B.C.

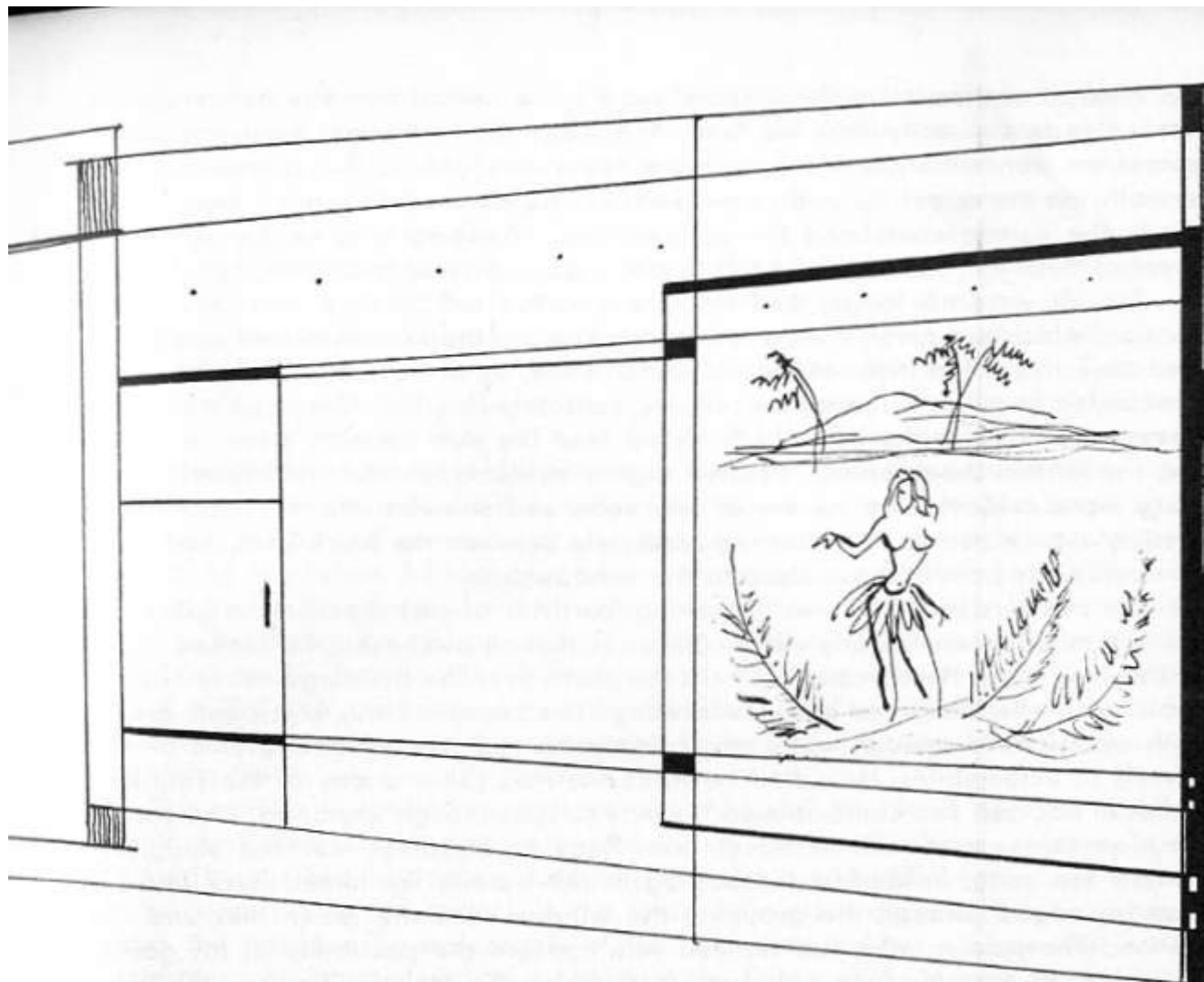
PASSING STRANGER



First a Mexican stopped to watch the thin, long nosed man painting carefully on the inside of the bar window, next two Filipinos, then a man carrying a brief case, finally a dreamy-looking boy in a red, zipper-fronted shirt that he wore tunic-like outside his jeans. Probably just a high school student, but he was like a medieval page adrift from another century. The loiterers stood before the window of the bar and followed the painter's brush, which glided over the inner side of the pane, up, down, then suddenly around, smearing flesh-tint between the black lines that formed the woman's body. Slender, with one arm raised and hips curved, she would soon be there on the glass—a hula dancer about a foot high, with something flimsy around her middle.

The painter, tensely occupied with his work, seemed admirably unaware of the spectators: behind the plate glass he had something of the superior indifference of fish in an aquarium. He applied the paint evenly, never glancing at his audience, the veins emerging on his brow when he leaned forward and vanishing when he straightened up. His blue eyes, aloof and impersonal, had contact with nothing save the figure; they widened and contracted; the pupils were tiny and black against the light: they were not like ordinary eyes, which usually reflect a little the mood of the person who sees them and who is seen. These eyes were slightly inhuman, like those of a busy insect. The painter was about forty-five; his hair was beginning to wear out, leaving the scalp partly visible.

Busses and automobiles moved along the street; the sky was gray, the sidewalk wet from earlier rain. The boy glanced at the sky, as though fearing the rain might begin again. Then his gaze, indolent and thoughtful, returned to the half-formed painting on the window.



When he had first seen the painter behind the glass, the boy had been attracted by his quick, nervous movements; he had stopped and idly looked on. Gradually, he had become aware of the subject of the painting: the hula dancer and, above her, already completed on the upper third of the pane, a strip of tropical island with palm trees in the foreground. The careful, swift glide of the painter's hand, the caressing smear of the color, the emergence of the dancer's body, induced reverie in the boy. The street noises blended and withdrew, a warm feeling stole through him. With sleepy eyes, in an adolescent haze, the boy stood there, head lifted, face a bit sullen in repose, mouth slightly pouting. He was languorous and aloof in his red shirt among the others shabbily clad. The skin on his throat was soft, shadowed with little hollows where muscles played.

By this time the group of spectators had grown: a dozen men clustered on the wet sidewalk. Passersby would linger for a moment, then go on; in a car parked beside the curb a man sat with his arm across the steering wheel. Customers entered the bar. When they came out, they usually paused in the doorway to watch the painter.

He had now filled in with flesh color the outline of the torso and was drawing his brush slowly around the hip. To steady his hand he used a rod with a cloth-wrapped ball at one end that rested against the glass. Whenever the brush passed over the black outline, he quickly removed the superfluous paint with a rag that he kept hanging over his left wrist. Once, with a little gesture of annoyance, he wiped away the entire buttocks and twirled a finer brush in black to renew the outline. Then, after an unwavering and commendable stroke, he leaned back to consider not without pleasure what he had done, glancing for the first time at the men outside.

Nearest of them all to the window was the red-shirted boy: the painter gazed for an instant directly into his face. The boy's forehead was contracted with somnolent concentration; the eyes were heavy and gentle; the complexion was smooth; on the upper lip and chin down was barely visible. Turning back to his work, the painter completed the outline; then, changing brushes, he applied a layer of flesh-tint, holding his head to one side and compressing his lips.

But his eyes no longer had the praiseworthy indifference, the untroubled tension, which had given them a few minutes before the appearance of exactitude and objectivity. The irises of pale blue darkened, as if the most subtle films had descended over them; the whites seemed delicately clouded. Once again his eyes strayed sidelong to the boy and lingered, and the skin beneath them, as far as the rise of the cheek bones, became slightly suffused, so that the imperfections were more evident—the tracery of tiny veins and wrinkles. His next stroke was inadequate: he had to draw the rag accurately between the black lines, breathing in deeply, his pointed nose close to the windowpane.

The moisture in the air was thickening; particles of mist specked the glass and formed minutely on the boy's hair. Once, as though awakened, he looked again at the sky—gray clouds coursing from the south over the buildings—then toward the corner where a green bus was looming. The pavement was black and greasy with occasionally enough water on it to reflect the legs of pedestrians or the wheels of automobiles. He sidled between the Mexican and one of the Filipinos, hands in pockets, and contemplated the sidewalk, as though wondering if he should go. The sky sagged with imminent rain. Flags on buildings wavered sluggishly toward the north. Inside him the boy again felt warmth: he turned back into his reverie, edged through the group to the window with the green hills and the dancer. The painter, who had noticed with concern the possibility of his going, looked again into his face with eyes from which the trouble, perhaps the fear, was fading.

The hills along the top of the window were green, the sea beneath them blue; there were palm trees with long, curving leaves. For the first time the boy observed around the dancer's feet outlines of more palms, which eventually would enclose her legs in a kind of frame. The brush, laden with flesh-tint, advanced smoothly along one hip, down as far as the knee, then back—languorously, intimately. It would nearly pass beyond the black line; it would glide swiftly forward and the boy awaited the violation. But it did not occur, for the brush would halt with precision, as if triumphantly, and renew its fleshly stroking. The warmth inside him diffused; his eyelids drooped, his mouth loosened. The hills and the ocean with the sky above them expanded around him, serene and luminous. Somewhere in the serenity an ache of anticipation was becoming intolerable.

The painter worked rapidly, his eyes intent. They were perhaps a bit paler; they looked glazed and a trifle distended. The patches of color had withdrawn from the cheeks and left them undistinguished. They were the cheeks of a man whom years had inexorably drained—rather gray and flaccid, sagging unexpectedly here and there. The lines, one on either side of the nose and reaching the corners of the mouth, had deepened, so that the face, more than ever, had an air of tension. It was as if all the life in the painter had concentrated in his eyes and in his hands. His eyes were occupied with the window, but their field of vision had widened to include the boy. Every brush stroke went beyond itself and appealed to the boy. His whole being surged toward the boy.

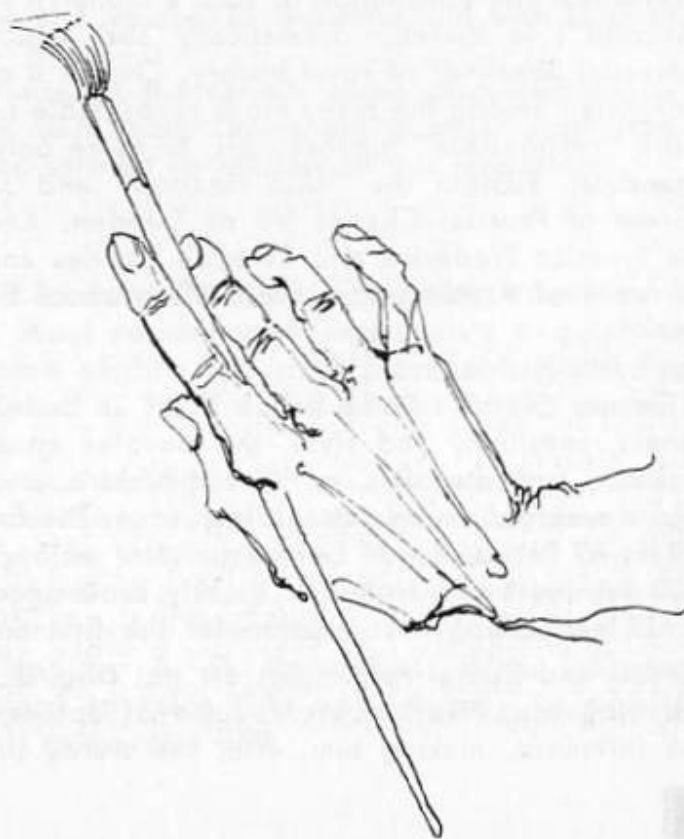
Unfortunately, the figure was nearly done; it was obvious that a moment

would arrive when the situation would change. Indeed, the two Filipinos had already drifted away from the group. With a swift sideways movement of the rag the painter obliterated the dancer's legs from the knees down, even a section of the palm leaves around them. The boy's face reflected the gesture. His attention deepened while the painter was drawing in the outlines again. The boy was so evidently absorbed that the painter was able to relax and to work more slowly. His brush crept over the glass and he appeared insolently at ease.

But it was impossible to compete with the rain, which began to fall imperceptibly at first, then in larger drops that smacked on the pavement. Soon one could hear the rustle of it above the noise of the busses. On the windshields of passing cars the wipers twitched back and forth. The lines running to the corners of the painter's mouth were deeper; once his hand, become suddenly less rigorous, allowed the brush to deviate; he had to clean away the color and begin again.

The boy glanced around and saw that he was almost the only one left now among the spectators. All had gone except the Mexican, who had crossed the sidewalk to the curb and was about to wander away. The rain brought back the street and the buildings, the whisper and drip-drip of the rain restored the aimless day, the damp on his face recalled him to himself. He stepped away from the window as far as the curb and loitered near the Mexican. Then he walked along the street toward the north, because the rain would be behind him, and he drew closer to the shop fronts, which really gave no shelter.

The painter watched him go—his red shirt and his blond hair. He saw him reach the corner and linger, again undecided. He watched him cross the street and drift on. Then he lost sight of him and did not see him again until he was so far away (just a red splotch in the rainy dullness) that seeing him was hardly worth the trouble. The melancholy of the rain filled the bar window. Behind the plate glass, his brush dangling, he studied the figure of the dancer. Suddenly, in a raging upward rush from the depths of lifelong defeat, desire struck him to blot her out with an angry sweep of his arm, to wipe every trace of her from the windowpane. But the moment passed. Accustomed to disappointment (even to resignation), he plunged a brush into color and resumed his painting.





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.



TWO BOOKS ON HADRIAN

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS.....Marguerite Yourcenar
Farrar, Straus & Young (\$4) (313 pp)

ROME AND A VILLA.....Eleanor Clark
Doubleday (\$4.00) 1952

It has long been standard procedure in certain intellectual circles to speak of the "homosexual personality" and to attribute to it certain qualities, varying according to the bias of the critic. A certain excellence in the arts is conceded, ranging from the most "feminine" interior decoration to the more rigorously "masculine" disciplines, more grudgingly conceded, of sculpture and architecture. But as to the "exclusively masculine" activities of statesmanship, military strategy, etc., the critics ask, "Where are the nances here?"

A typical example of this attitude in a not otherwise unintelligent writer is Eric Bentley in "Search for Theatre." In a discussion of Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," which Bentley considers an analysis of homosexuality (so interpreted also of Michael Redgrave and Maurice Evans) he makes a point of the danger to the state of a homosexual monarch, who tends to dissipate revenue and interest of favorites. The elimination of such a monarch (as also in Marlowe's "Edward the Second") is thereby dramatically and logically inevitable. The numerous heterosexual libertines of royal history, Charles II of England, Louis XV of France, are forgotten among the many more respectable heterosexuals, but so are the many more "responsible" homosexuals, to name only those about whom there is least question: Richard the "Lion Hearted" and James I of England; Frederick the Great of Prussia; Charles VII of Sweden. And in purely military achievement, the Prussian Frederick and Swedish Charles and the more modern examples of Lawrence of Arabia and General Gordon of Egypt are not inconsiderable figures.

Which brings us to Hadrian.

The villa in Eleanor Clark's "Rome and a Villa" is Hadrian's and in a prose of great suppleness, sensitivity and style, she devotes an entire section to an astonishing evocation, from its ruins, of its architecture, and therefrom, of the architect. The figure emergent is an extraordinary one. The Empire, at its greatest extent, from Britain to Persia, never before or after enjoyed such a long and peaceful reign: its few wars brilliantly and quickly prosecuted, usually under the Emperor's personal leadership; its legislation for the first time approaching our ideal of enlightened and liberal reform; its art not original, but rich and of a certain style and elegance. Hadrian wrote verse of apparently excellent style, under the Greek influence, making him, after the sturdy prose of the original

Caesar and the platitudinous posturings of Marcus Aurelius (no verse of the probably Byronic Nero surviving) the most literate of the Emperors. He dabbled in architecture—the villa and his extant Tomb in Rome showing a very considerable skill. His supervision of the several cities erected during his reign, especially the Antinoopolis, indicate even more experience in the field.

Marguerite Yourcenar's "Hadrian's Memoirs," in the form of a long series of letters supposedly written by the Emperor to his heir and nephew, Marcus Aurelius, confirms this portrait. Again the writing is remarkable for style and perception.

Miss Clark ignores the usual rumors of heterosexual liaisons, or indeed did not find such relative to her limited purpose. Hadrian's unfruitful and uncomfortable marriage is duly noted and full emphasis is placed upon Antinous, about whom (unlike Kiefer in his "Sexual Life in Ancient Rome") the author does not even consider the possibility of a non-sexual relationship. On the contrary, the work is permeated with the most remarkable sensuousness, the understanding of which is perhaps greater, if anything, by the author's being a woman. The only fault, to my mind, is what I consider a bias from the older psychological orthodoxies, in which she elaborates the Emperor's infatuation into the "first Romantic obsession," the beginning of romantic, as against sexual, love, in European history. This, because being homosexual, the love could never be "fully consummated" emotionally, resulting in frustration and the sublimation of the physical into the intellectual.

By contrast, Mlle. Yourcenar finds full consummation, both physical and emotional, for both lover and beloved, with the usual lover's quarrels, to be sure, but lasting over a period of six to seven years, from Antinous' fourteenth year to his suicide (?) at twenty. She notes a few passing heterosexual affairs for Hadrian, which may be the inaccurate guesses of gossiping historians, but also the other homosexual contacts which leave little doubt as to the chief expression of the Emperor's tastes: the young Lucius, whom Hadrian's critics complained was made heir to the Empire to repay favors rendered the emperor in the past; Marcus Aurelius, the nephew, possible "innocent" favorite, and eventual successor; various slaves and youths, all beautiful and with little other claim to an emperor's attention.

For the points made on the various issues discussed above, as well as for their intrinsic literary value, both "Rome and a Villa" and "Hadrian's Memoirs" should be of pressing interest to readers of this magazine.



More and more collections are being received by the library all the time. Most recent and impressive acquisition is a beautiful gift of some eighty volumes from our good friend and subscriber Mr. Claud C. Hamel. All of the books come from his own personal library.



The collection includes fiction, biography, medicine, and psychology where these subjects apply to homosexuality. Some of the especially fine volumes are, *The Sotadic Zone* by Sir Richard Burton, Panurge Press, N. Y. limited numbered edition; *Phallism in Ancient Worship* by Westropp, J. W. Bouton N. Y. 1975; and *Hermaphrodites* by A. P. Cawadias, Wm. Heinemann, London 1946. We want to take this opportunity to publicly thank Mr. Hamel for this generous gift.

amping in the Bush

Recently, while rereading *Death in the Afternoon*, Ernest Hemmingway's hymn of joy to ritualistic sadism, I was struck anew with the man's unflagging brutality, and it suddenly dawned on me of whom this writer always reminds me, and perhaps why I could occasionally admire his ability but never come near to liking him as an author.

In a small Oklahoma town there once lived a banker, typical of small town bankers the world over in his profession's brand of greed, shrewd stupidity and gauche self satisfaction. He had trimmed the usual number of windows and orphans, sung the usual number of hymns in church and accumulated the usual insulations against reality and conscience; however, his one possible departure from the trappings of his class was in siring an idiot son. He despised the poor creature, who worshipped the terrible old man, in itself an excellent sign of mental inferiority.

When the boy got as far in school as he could, the banker packed him off to one of his mortgaged-reaped farms and let him earn his keep as a laborer, explaining to any who bothered to ask he was doing the best and kindest thing for the boy.

This story ends rather abruptly one day while the banker was questioning his tenant farmer about some trivial delinquency. The son, seeing the unfamiliar sight of his father's car parked near the barn, mounted a tractor the farmer had recently taught him to drive, and roared joyously toward the car to show his daddy how smart he was growing to be. The old man, seeing the tractor bearing down upon his shiny new Cadillac and the poor idiot at the wheel, leaped out and began waving his arms to steer the boy past his five thousand dollar investment, but the boy, unable to hear, thought his father was wild with joy at his accomplishment. He stepped on the gas.

Horried, the banker started to get back in the car hoping to drive it out of harm's way, when the tractor struck broadside, catching the old man half way in the door. The banker's ribs were crushed like a walnut shell and the last thing he said was, "Oh, the damned fool sense of it," and died. The tenant farmer insisted he was speaking of the boy's behavior, not his own; but believing in innate honesty, I still think there is room for argument.

It was while finishing Chapter 17 of Mr. Hemingway's book that I recalled the unfortunate banker and his son. The boy was by no means a hopeless case, but because he had been treated as one, he proved to be his tormentor's undoing. Similarly, Mr. Hemingway's ruthless condemnation of the work of not only Gide, Wilde, and Whitman, but "all the mincing gentry" may one day be the key to his own undoing in the minds of his readers. Already the majority of critics, in recounting his accomplishments, end their remarks with some sickly phrase of polite qualification. Perhaps what they really mean to say is simply that the man has no pity for the people he obviously despises. By dismissing such minorities as inconsequential, he automatically dismisses himself as a novelist too.

Fortunately for such scorned minorities, there are other writers (and a few whose professional and artistic statures dwarf even Mr. Hemingway's) who dismiss nothing, even after searching examination. Perhaps the best example of this group is Arthur Koestler, best known today as a leading intellectual who dared turn his back on Communism and live to prove his wisdom.

ONE ARM & OTHER STORIES.....Tennessee Williams
New Directions 1954

This is a new issue, said to be slightly edited, of the famous (or infamous) 1948 edition of 1500 copies, stories dating from 1939-1948. Five of them are concerned with homosexuals or homosexual acts: *One Arm*; *The Poet*; *Desire and The Black Masseur*; *The Angel in the Alcove*; *The Night of the Iguana*.

The early, or minor, works of an author are often exploited. This would seem the case here, despite enthusiastic blurbs by the Bohemian literary fringe as to the literary merits of the stories.

Best of the lot is the title story, telling with sympathy and understanding of a young boxer debarred from his profession by an accident, who then lends his magnificent physique to another—prostitution. His conquests and success were phenomenal, but at last he kills one victim and is finally apprehended. Hearing of his sentence to the chair, letters pour in from his past "clients." Despite their mawkishness and banality he finally comes to see that these men were real people, with real feelings. He thus for the first time comes to see himself as a real person and in a muddled attempt at social atonement offers his body to the young minister who visits his cell. His offer is rejected and he goes to the chair, a life that ended before it truly began.

The other stories for the most part seem the product of a much lesser artist: Freudian symbology from the textbooks; allegory that attempts to be grandiose; big themes handled with all the skill of some precocious college student. Interesting though this collection may be to the "complete" reader, Tennessee Williams' reputation must find basis elsewhere.

WHISPER HIS SIN.....Vin Packer
Fawcett Publications—Gold Medal Series—1954

A compact, competently written, if somewhat over-dramatized story on the homosexual theme. The story concerns a homosexual attachment between two male college students, who later murder the parents of one of them in an attempt to prevent an expose of their relationship. The major characters, Ferris and Paul, students, and Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, parents of Ferris, are quite believable though rather rare types. The author shows a considerable understanding of certain kinds of homosexual behavior, and introduces sufficient psychological background for his two "heroes" to suggest that they were victims of conditions in their upbringing which were beyond their control.

As to its representation of homosexuality, "Whisper His Sin" is quite typical of conventional approaches, which attribute to the class as a whole the characteristics of its worst or most distorted types. Ferris is a helpless egocentric, confirmed in homosexuality by his mother's constant criticism of "queers" and by her blind determination to "make a man of him." Paul, on the other hand, is a bisexual of the irresolute type, determined to keep up conventional appearances, and unable to understand and reconcile the two aspects of his nature. From the standpoint of practical psychology, these two types are accurately and consistently developed, and the book well worth reading from this point of view. However, the psychological motif is dealt with in such a brief and intense way, that it would not be readily understood by the average reader, especially the heterosexual reader. As a sketch of the irrational and irresponsible homosexual, "Whisper His Sin" has definite realism, and therefore its own place in the realm of homosexual fiction.

By way of comparison, read Mr. Koestler's remarks on Gide, (whom he admires no more than does Mr. Hemingway), in *The French 'Flu*, one of the collection of war essays entitled *The Yogi and the Commissar*.

He says, "Gide's writings have always shown a touch of esoteric arrogance; there is a thin, rarefied atmosphere about him and his books. His influences on the younger French generation was deplorable (not because of his twisted eroticism, for which the Vichy Fascists reproached him: one does not become an invert by reading books), but because of the arrogant spiritualism it imparted, an attitude of being initiated, the illusion of belonging to some exclusive order, of sharing some exquisite values, which, however, if you tried to define them, ran like sand through your fingers. Gide's message to the young intelligentsia was like the Emperor's new clothes: nobody dared to confess that he could not see them."

Harsh words? Perhaps, but admittedly fair and a result of careful thought rather than consciously clever slander. You will notice Mr. Koestler deliberately goes out of his way to criticize the older writer for what he thought, not what he was, an important distinction between the intellectual and other men.

But even more interesting examples of Mr. Koestler's unexcited toleration of various controversial thoughts and ideas can be found in his great novel *Arrival and Departure*, which I have read with increasing enjoyment several times.

Here, in the third section of this book, we find a dialogue between an old medical doctor and a young female psychiatrist, who are repulsed by each other's beliefs, yet the author never loses balance. Both are presented fairly, truthfully and with equal censure and sympathy.

Later, a second dialogue between two young men, one a Communist, the other a Nazi, is handled with the same revealing clarity, the result again being a refreshing comprehension of two easily obscured ideologies for the reader.

And the author's few paragraphs describing the Lesbian relationship between the psychiatrist and the hero's mistress are perhaps unique in their unruffled brevity, knowledge and beauty. When Odette, the mistress, tells the hero, "I wish all men were not so stupid . . . Why can't you understand that sometimes one gets fed up with the lot of you and your ridiculous jungle-act—all rut and sweat and panting and hostile intrusion," one feels that everything necessary to the situation has been said and words haven't been wasted.

Yet *Arrival and Departure* is not concerned primarily with "abnormal" or "unnatural" love. The incident between the two women is of practically no importance to the movement of the plot. It is treated as just what it is, a detail of sufficient importance to get itself included. Imagine how other writers of lesser talents (myself included) might distort and exaggerated such a bit of information, and of course, the result would be an exaggerated importance placed by the reader on a thing that should be forgotten in the contemplation of the greater issues of the story.

But neither can Mr. Koestler be accused of a dangerous complacency on any subject. In no way does he approve or disapprove the conventional standards of Western society. His attitude is forever one of uncomplicated acceptance and examination. Decisions are left to his readers. Which causes one to wonder how much better off the world would be if there were more authors of Arthur Koestler's wisdom and generosity.

—James Barr

INTERNATIONAL

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

Friendship in Holland

Now in its tenth year, the Dutch review *Vriendschap* continues to print a wide variety of material of interest to readers of ONE, including as it does stories, reports on the European scene, discussions of a scientific nature, and bibliographical information. This last service is indeed a contribution, for no single reader, particularly in the United States can be aware of all the publications which might appeal to his tastes. In addition to the monthly lists of books, space is found for longer reviews.

In the last year *Vriendschap* has considered *The Problem of Homosexuality in England*, a report made necessary by the recent publicity; life in Indonesia; France, in an article devoted to the debut of *Arcadie*; and, in an article translated from *Der Kreis*, *Our Position in Turkey*.

The principle scientific contribution in 1954 was a series of articles translated from the English of Dr. Kinsey and others on consideration of normal and abnormal in sexual drives, but additional articles of value were written by Prof. J. M. van Bemmelen, Dr. Hans Giese and others. The May meetings of the Cultuur—en Ontspanningscentrum (C. O. C.) were reported, and some of the possible effects of public discussion and acceptance were amusingly depicted in several cartoons, one purporting to show the making of a "new modern film" with both leads cast as young men.

The illustrations, cartoons, drawings, reproductions—are profuse, amusing, and always attractive. From the cover, which is usually a full page reproduction, through the illustrations for the articles and stories, to the running cartoon joke of the two owls, all is well done and in good taste.

Of a literary nature, are short stories, poems, and on occasion, translations from other languages. (It was surprising to find our old friend Sherwood Anderson's Wing Biddlebaum standing on "de half vergane veranda van een klein huis", but there he was!) *Vriendschap* also paid tribute to the memory of Colette and honored the anniversary of Oscar Wilde with appropriate remarks. In a rather rapid survey entitled *There is Nothing New Under the Sun* the author recalled to the readers' mind many of the historical figures associated in one way or another with the homophile relationship. Perhaps here should be mentioned the double page spread on the film *Julius Ceasar* reviewed from two different points of view.

Each issue of this handsome magazine runs to sixteen TIME-sized pages printed on good paper, and well worth the subscription price of \$4.00. More than many other magazines of this nature, *Vriendschap* should appeal to the "vrouw" as well as to the "man", for the friendship of the title is not confined to one sex alone. However, it would be wise to note that the Dutch language is something more than misspelled German.

by Anton Lorenz

out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals.

Extracts from

THE SYMPOSIUM by Plato

(as translated by W. HAMILTON)

Readers who missed the first of this series, in ONE's February, 1955 issue, will find therein a short editorial introduction.

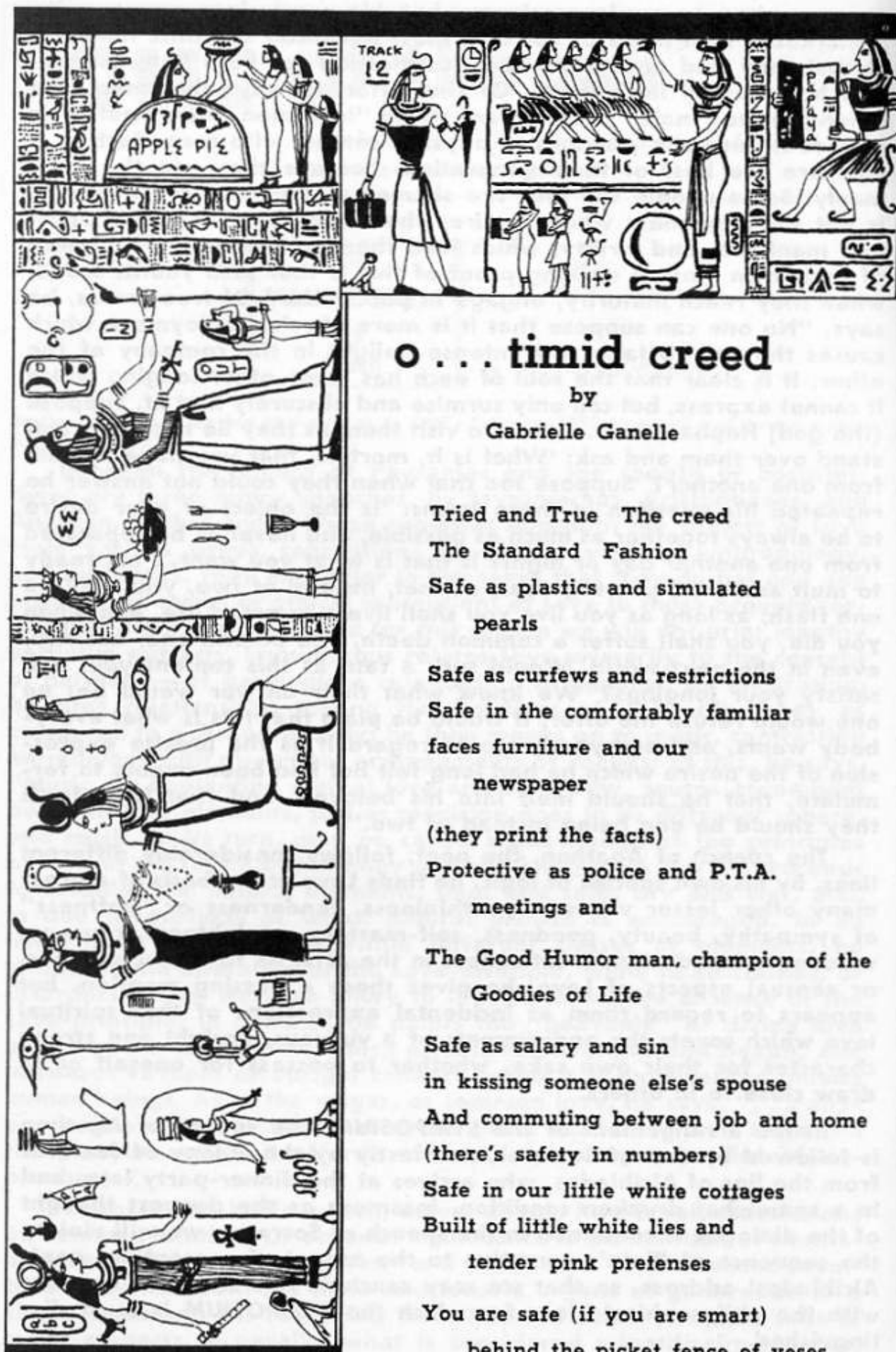
Between the speech of Pausanias and the speech of Socrates, there are three minor speeches, by Eryximachus, Aristophanes, and Agathon, in that order. These speeches approach the subject of Love from various Greek conceptions of natural science, anthropology, and aesthetics. They are minor in the sense that they do not add any pronounced moral or ethical conceptions of Love to those brought forward by other speakers, and for this reason we will not print lengthy verbatim extracts. Eryximachus relates Love primarily to the concept of harmony—of harmonious relationship in general. As illustration, he cites relationships among the functions of a healthy body as compared to a diseased body; he then moves on to music, contrasting harmonious with discordant arrangements of sounds; of this, he says, "Music, by implanting mutual love and sympathy, causes agreement between (its) elements, just as medicine does in its different sphere, and music, in its turn, may be called a knowledge of the principles of love in the realm of harmony and rhythm"; from this he proceeds to consider the natural elements, heat and cold, dry and wet, etc., in due proportions of which natural growth is encouraged. In all harmonious relationships within different classes of elements, he visualizes the operation of the Love-principle, while in all clashes, or disorders, which work an injury to life, he infers the absence of the Love-principle. In general, he paints the "heavenly" or divine love as the power of concord, which establishes strength and health, and increases virtuous or upright conduct, when it is experienced among human beings. As to the vulgar, or common love, he says, "... anyone who employs this must exercise great caution . . . so as to cull the pleasure which it affords without implanting any taint of debauchery."

Aristophanes, in his speech, delves deeply into Greek speculations on human evolution. Of especial significance is his mention of hermaphrodites as a one-time distinct and productive "sex", whose members contained both the male and female organs of generation in a single organism. His reasoning from this and other premises fails in many respects to parallel what is considered scientifically tenable,

as reasoning, in modern science; but his conclusions agree quite remarkably with those of our own most advanced scientific thinkers, in that they find an evolutionary justification for both heterosexual and homosexual inclinations. Of the latter, he says that men who belong to the "male" evolutionary strain "love men throughout their boyhood, and take pleasure in physical contact with men. Such . . . lads are the best of their generation, because they are the most manly. Some people say they are shameless, but they are wrong. It is not shamelessness which inspires their behaviour, but high spirit and manliness and virility, which lead them to welcome the society of their own kind. A striking proof of this is that such youths alone, when they reach maturity, engage in public life." Of true lovers, he says, "No one can suppose that it is mere physical enjoyment which causes the one to take such intense delight in the company of the other. It is clear that the soul of each has some other longing which it cannot express, but can only surmise and obscurely hint at. Suppose (the god) Hephaestus . . . were to visit them as they lie together, and stand over them and ask: 'What is it, mortals, that you hope to gain from one another?' Suppose too that when they could not answer he repeated his question in these terms: 'Is the object of your desire to be always together as much as possible, and never to be separated from one another day or night? If that is what you want, I am ready to melt and weld you together, so that, instead of two, you shall be one flesh; as long as you live you shall live a common life, and when you die, you shall suffer a common death, and be still one, not two, even in the next world. Would such a fate as this content you, and satisfy your longings?' We know what their answer would be; no one would refuse the offer; it would be plain that this is what everybody wants, and everybody would regard it as the precise expression of the desire which he had long felt but had been unable to formulate, that he should melt into his beloved, and that henceforth they should be one being instead of two."

The speech of Agathon, the poet, follows considerably different lines. By his own species of logic, he finds Love at the basis of a great many other lesser virtues—youthfulness, tenderness or "softness" of sympathy, beauty, goodness, self-mastery, uprightness, courage, wisdom, comradeship, creativeness in the arts. As to the voluptuous, or sensual aspects of Love, he gives these a passing mention, but appears to regard them as incidental expressions of that spiritual love which covets the endowments of a virtuous, upright and strong character for their own sake, whether to possess for oneself or to draw close to in others.

In the arrangement of the SYMPOSIUM, the speech of Agathon is followed by that of Socrates, and lastly by the eulogy of Socrates from the lips of Alcibiades, who arrives at the dinner-party late, and in a somewhat drunken condition. Inasmuch as the deepest thought of the dialogue is contained in the speech of Socrates, we will violate the sequence of Plato's narrative to the extent of presenting, next, Alcibiades' address, so that we may conclude this series of extracts with the philosophical ideas for which the SYMPOSIUM is most distinguished.



o . . . timid creed

by

Gabrielle Ganelle

Tried and True The creed
The Standard Fashion
Safe as plastics and simulated
pearls

Safe as curfews and restrictions
Safe in the comfortably familiar
faces furniture and our
newspaper

(they print the facts)
Protective as police and P.T.A.
meetings and

The Good Humor man, champion of the
Goodies of Life

Safe as salary and sin
in kissing someone else's spouse
And commuting between job and home
(there's safety in numbers)
Safe in our little white cottages
Built of little white lies and
tender pink pretenses

You are safe (if you are smart)
behind the picket fence of yeses.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

Compared to the male homosexual, the lesbian has a very easy time of it indeed, at least as far as persecution by a hostile society is concerned. Unless she chooses to deliberately advertise her anomaly by adopting a pattern of behavior that would be no more acceptable in a heterosexual than a homosexual, she is allowed to live a reasonably normal life, without the constant fear of exposure and the ensuing ridicule, ostracism and legal prosecution which makes the lives of so many male homosexuals such a horror.

The reasons for this are many and varied, beginning, perhaps, with the difference in the reaction of society toward the "tomboy" and the "sissy". A boy with a gentle, non-aggressive nature and a fondness for girlish pursuits is looked upon with scorn and contempt, and made an object of ridicule by adults and contemporaries alike, but a girl who is something of a roughneck, who can climb trees, play ball, give a good account of herself in a fight and in general hold her own with any boy her size on the block is admired and envied. This paradoxical attitude on the part of society is a natural consequence of the age-old belief in the superiority of the male over the female, so it follows that masculine, or "manly" attributes and proficiencies are considered admirable regardless of which sex possesses them, while "feminine" characteristics, particularly in a male, are considered a mark of inferiority. So while a girl may take pride in her boyish traits, a boy is made to feel guilty and ashamed of his girlish characteristics. This alone has a profound influence on the future behavior of the individual.

Then there is the matter of modes of dress. To the average heterosexual, it may not seem that it would require much sacrifice on the part of anyone to conform with the prevailing customs regarding attire for his sex, but for the person who feels like a fish out of water every moment he is forced to wear the conventional garb of his sex, it can be a very real hardship. Here again the lesbian who prefers masculine attire has all the best of it as compared to her male counterpart, for not only has she, in all probability, been wearing the same kind of rompers and coveralls and blue jeans as her brothers since she was old enough to creep; within recent years, particularly since World War II, it has become so commonplace for women to wear trousers, sport short haircuts, use a minimum of makeup and wear low-heeled shoes (and walk with a more "manly" stride as a result) that there is very little, if any, stigma attached to such practices, whereas a male must always wear strictly masculine garb in public or he is inviting arrest. This small freedom which lesbians who prefer masculine attire enjoy (there are many who do not, just as there are a great many male homosexuals who have no desire whatsoever to wear feminine clothes) has a far greater effect on their lives as a whole than most people might expect, for they are able to indulge a natural inclination without fear, while the inability to do so is a constant irritant to many males who would be much happier in a more feminine costume. And a small frustration, endlessly repeated, can, and does, so incalculable damage to the personality.

The same is true in the matter of occupations. In the first place, within the last half century, our society, at least, has completely reversed its long-held view that "a woman's place is in the home," but it has not made a comparable reversal in its rule that in order to have the respect of the community (and maintain his own self-respect) a man must be self-supporting. But it has changed the rules applying to women even farther—now a woman may be an engineer or a lawyer or a machinist or an aviator or a politician and receive nothing but plaudits and admiration for her mastery of what is generally considered a masculine occupation, but a man who takes up stenography or dressmaking or hair-dressing (or even interior decorating!) is looked upon with mild scorn if not outright suspicion. So a lesbian, if she enjoys pursuing a "masculine" occupation, and many do, is free—even encouraged—to do so, but the poor male homosexual (or any other male, for that matter) who happens to like a more "feminine" occupation, must either do a kind of work he detests or be prepared to face public scorn and ridicule if he does have the courage to follow his natural inclinations. And there is nothing which takes the joy out of life to quite such an extent as being unhappy in one's work.

This same situation exists in the field of hobbies and recreation. With the possible exceptions of football and boxing, all forms of sports and athletics are open to women, and the greater her proficiency the more she is admired, but the man who enjoys doing embroidery work or crocheting doilies for relaxation must either keep his hobby a deep, dark secret or become a laughing stock. A woman may drink, smoke, play poker, sit at a bar, frequent baseball games and prize fights—in short, do just about as she chooses for relaxation and recreation without being thought in the least queer but a man must confine himself to "manly" interests if he wishes to avoid causing speculation as to his sexual habits as well.

Now we come to one of the most important factors of all in the comparative normalcy in which lesbians are allowed to live, and that, again, is based on the difference in the rules society has laid down governing "proper" conduct for women and men. First, the only permissible public physical contact between two men is the handshake, or a brisk, hearty slap on the back, but two women may walk down the street arm-in-arm, kiss warmly in greeting and lea-taking or in any sudden burst of exuberance, for that matter), address each other in profusely affectionate terms and pay each other extravagant compliments, all publicly and openly, and it is considered perfectly normal behavior. This tolerance on the part of society permits lesbians to act naturally in public without flying in the face of convention, but the male homosexual must never, under any circumstance, publically express the slightest trace of ardor or affection for a male companion, regardless of how great a desire he may have to do so, or he is apt to be arrested on the spot. Then, too, society permits two women to live together, for their entire lives if they so choose, in as great an intimacy as any husband and wife enjoy without anyone considering such an arrangement in the least improper or "suspicious". But about the only conditions under which two men may live together for any length of time without causing eyebrows to raise and speculations to begin is as roommates at school. This lenient attitude toward women allows lesbians to form enduring relationships and lead lives as normal as that of the average married couple (and a great many do) but society grants no such privilege to the male homosexual. Then it condemns him for his promiscuity in the same breath it makes it impossible for him to be monogamous.

Society also assumes, quite falsely, incidentally, that male homosexuals outnumber lesbians by at least ten to one, because it is able to count ten gay bars where males congregate for every lesbian bar, but it does not think far enough to realize that, because of its own edicts, the male has no place else to go to be with his own kind except the gay bars, whereas the lesbian is allowed to establish a home where she can do her entertaining and find a large part of her recreation. The "hen party" arouses no suspicion at all, but "stag parties" are not generally held in bachelor apartments.

Then there is the little matter of the law. Unless a lesbian violates some law other than the ones governing her sexual activities, she has little to fear from that direction. For one thing, female homosexuality is virtually impossible to prove and the law enforcement agencies are well aware of that fact so they seldom bother to try. Catching two women in bed together means nothing, for there is no particular stigma connected with women sleeping together, but two adult males found in the same bed are automatically assumed to be there for only one purpose, and it is usually not difficult for the arresting officer to ascertain whether or not his assumption is correct. So even the physiological advantage belongs to the lesbian, and the importance of this advantage is easily demonstrated by the fact that while female homosexuality is just as illegal as male homosexuality in most states, there are extremely few records of arrests on that charge, and almost no records of convictions, while it is common knowledge that male homosexuals are arrested—and convicted—with a frequency approaching the handing out of tickets for traffic violations. However, "soliciting for immoral purposes" is the net used most frequently by the law to catch the male homosexual. Because it is almost impossible for him to form an enduring relationship and lead any kind of a normal life under existing conditions, he probably does do a great deal more "soliciting" than the average lesbian to begin with, but the fact that he is forced to do most of it in public places is the reason he gets caught at it so much more frequently. As a general rule, lesbians do not find it necessary to form their alliances in bars (and almost never on street corners or in parks)—unless they are strangers in town and then it's only a temporary expedient. The majority of those who do frequent the gay bars (and the majority of lesbians have never been inside one) for their recreation, do not go there for the purpose of making a pickup—they are usually "with somebody," "meeting somebody," part of a group, or else they've had a fight with their current friend and want to drown their sorrows alone. There are exceptions, of course, but they are in a distinct minority. So unless the lesbian makes a public nuisance of herself, the law has very little interest in her, which, unhappily, is not the case with the male homosexual.

There is one other factor which might be mentioned in comparing the plight of the lesbian and the male homosexual in today's society, and the reasoning behind it is a little difficult to fathom. It is, that society as a whole really does not care very much if two women want to make love to each other. For even if the lesbian is publicly exposed, society does not have the sense of outrage and the accompanying desire to punish that it does when confronted with an acknowledged or proven male homosexual. Why this should be so is not altogether clear, but probably it also stems from the age-old belief that what women say, think or do is of no great importance in any case. To this day, the actions of women as a species are generally regarded as unpredictable, illogical, inexplicable and irresponsible—and so, hardly worthy of the attention, much less the interest, of the lordly and all-knowing male. And it is still, after all,

the male who makes and enforces our laws. It is, perhaps, the heterosexual male's pride in his long-held position of superiority and authority over women, and his terror of losing it, which causes his sense of outrage and his utter ruthlessness in dealing with the male homosexual while at the same time being able to look upon female homosexuality with a kind of contemptuous tolerance—as just another of the countless female foibles which defy explanation. For, like it or not, he has no choice but to identify himself with *all* men, and the idea of a "womanly" man, especially in the all-important realm of sex, strikes terror to his heart. (Today you—tomorrow me?) And man is never more blindly cruel than when he is afraid.

Anyone who has had more than a very limited contact with lesbians and male homosexuals in normal, everyday living (as opposed to psychiatrists and law enforcement personnel whose contact is limited to the sick, the anti-social and the criminal element and is therefore not typical) is struck by the difference in the personality and outlook of the average lesbian as compared to the average male homosexual. There are bitter, cynical, vindictive lesbians, to be sure, but they are far fewer in proportion to their numbers than is the case among male homosexuals. In view of what has been stated in the above paragraphs, it should be obvious at once why this is so, for an individual's anti-social behavior and outlook increases in direct proportion to the degree of his persecution. A man does not single out one facet of his tormentor to hate, he hates everything about him, the good along with the bad, and when that tormentor is society as a whole, anti-social views and behavior of many and varied kinds is the logical result. Because the lesbian is not tormented and persecuted in a manner even remotely approaching the continuous hounding accorded the male homosexual, she is able to maintain a reasonably normal respect for society as a whole. Whatever bitterness and resentment she feels is likely to be focused on the social prejudice against homosexuals alone and it does not distort her whole viewpoint of society. So long as she is let alone (and to a large extent she is), she is willing to go along with the rest of society's demand, but quite often the male homosexual has become so embittered by the cruel and unjust treatment he has received at the hands of society, he has nothing but contempt for any of its laws and values. He cannot be altogether blamed for this, but so long as he allows his anti-social behavior and his cynical resignation to color his whole personality and govern all phases of his life, he is only tightening the vicious circle in which he finds himself.

For the lesbian and the male homosexual alike—our only hope for freedom and justice, our only chance to gain the respect of the public, lies in making society realize that it has nothing to fear from us. And we will never make the heterosexual world fear us less by publicly confirming all the worst it has ever heard about us. Society cannot be dictated to, nor can it be reasoned with so long as it is afraid—but it can be educated. Education is a long, slow process, particularly for the student who fights against learning the truth every step of the way, but with time and patience and the right kind of teaching, it is inevitable that he *must* learn in spite of himself. That reluctant student is society, and we are the only qualified teachers.

Let's do a good job of it.

—Marlin Prentiss



NIGHT

OUT OF THE NIGHT INTO MY HEART
BRING YOUR LOVE
TO COMFORT ME AS I LIE SLEEPING,
TO SMOOTH AWAY MY FURROWED
BROW,
DRY MY TEAR-STAINED EYE.

OUT OF THE NIGHT WITH ALL YOUR PRAYER
BRING ME FORTH
RENEWED, ENDOWED WITH LIGHT
THAT I MIGHT FIND
MY RIGHTFUL PLACE.

NORMA RAMSEY

ΣΣ

SPRING

AUGUST 1953

*The controversial article on **HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGE** which the postal authorities held for three weeks before allowing to go through the mail*

OCTOBER 1953

***ONE** wins its first round with postoffice "censorship"*

NOVEMBER 1953

"Evolution's Next Step," by a world-famous author (under a pseudonym); a quizzical glance at the secretive George W. Henry Foundation of New York

DECEMBER 1953

The first all-fiction issue, with a new story by James Barr

APRIL 1954

An exposé of quackery and those who can give "all the answers" about homosexuality, with special attention to Bernarr Macfadden, etc.

MAY 1954

The homosexual "witch hunt" in Merrie England

JUNE 1954

Religion versus the homosexual; is he "abominable and vile?"

JULY 1954

Walt Whitman, a Great American, now admitted to be "at least a crypto-homosexual" in the best circles; beautifully illustrated

OCTOBER 1954

***GAY MENAGERIE**—some animal portraits of friends (or enemies)*

NOVEMBER 1954

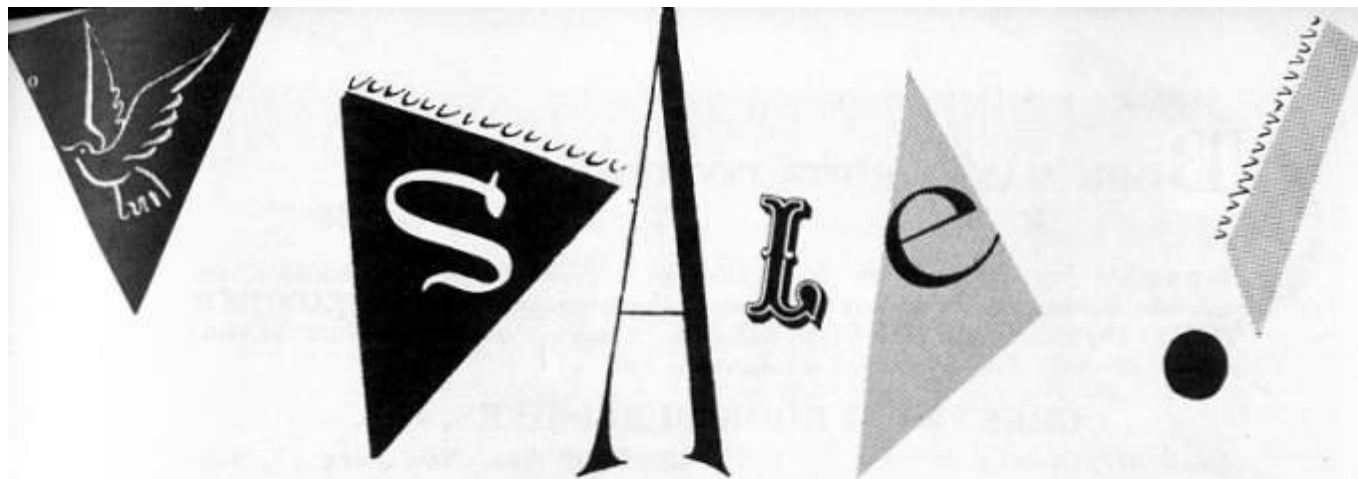
*Sensitive handling (**THE SNARE**) of the experience of a middle-aged homosexual*

DECEMBER 1954

Five short stories; viewpoints on the lives of homosexuals

▶ Sent by first class mail: 25c each, or all eleven for \$2.00 ◀

one



▶ **WHILE THEY LAST:
Those Scarce and Rare Issues**

JANUARY 1953 (reprint)

That historic first issue of America's first magazine of its kind

FEBRUARY 1953 (reprint)

*Address given in Frankfort, Germany by Donald Webster Cory;
letter from Freud to a homosexual's mother*

MAY 1953

Introducing the big controversy: Is there a homosexual culture?

JUNE 1953

Exposé of magazines that make money from the "nasty" subject

SEPTEMBER 1953

Donald Webster Cory asks: "Can Homosexuals Be Recognized?"

JANUARY 1954

*First story of the Miami "homosexual pogroms"—They could
happen anywhere*

MARCH 1954

*The first of the GAY supplements—The fable of "Gaylord
Pedestrian"*

Sent by first class mail: \$1.00 each, or all seven for \$5.00.

▶ **YOU CAN STILL GET THAT FAMOUS FEBRUARY 1954 ISSUE,
"THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT" IN THE COMPLETE VOLUME
FOR 1954, BOUND IN HANDSOME RED BUCKRAM WITH
GOLD LETTERING, AT \$5.00.**

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Reputable book publisher is willing to consider for publication, on subsidy basis, book manuscripts on controversial themes **PROVIDED THEY POSSESS LITERARY MERIT.** Query, or mail your manuscript directly for editorial evaluation to:

GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS, INC.

Atten. Mr. Oberon

489 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

UNWANTED facial & body **HAIR**

permanently

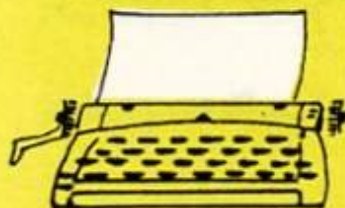
REMOVED

GEORGE OLIVER

Licensed Electrologist

phone STate 4-3522 for appointment

14908 Ventura Blvd. Sherman Oaks, Calif.



YOUR NEW SHORT STORY CONTEST!

CASH prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best short stories published in **ONE** magazine during **1955.** Send in your story now!

REPRINTS of the January & February 1953 issues have been mailed to all of those who had orders. Copies remaining are listed as **RARE @ \$1.00** each. If anyone's order did not come through, we will check the records if you let us know.

WANTED: March & April 1953 Copies!

As a service to readers who are trying to complete Volume 1, **ONE** will pay \$1.00 each for the **RARE** March & April 1953 copies of the magazine.

DIRECTORY of ORGANIZATIONS and PUBLICATIONS

Belgium

Centre Cultural Belge, Postbox 30, Ixelles 1, Brussels
(No Publications)

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 809, 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.

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.

Independent Publications:

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

Holland

Cultuur 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 För Sexuellt Likaberättigande, Postbox 850, Stockholm. (No Publications)

Switzerland

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

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

NEWSLETTERS: Southern Area, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53; Northern Area, P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1; Long Beach, P. O. Box 1232; Chicago, Merchandise Mart, P. O. Box 3513.

MATTACHINE REVIEW (six times a year) articles, poetry, news about Mattachine Society; \$2.50 yearly, first class P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1; Calif.

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

National Ass'n For Sexual Research, P.O. Box 750, Los Angeles 28
(No publications)

Address all changes

and corrections

to Editorial Board, ONE.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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



ONE REGRETS that it cannot accept subscriptions on a "bill me later" basis. We know this would be convenient for many people, but **ONE** has neither the administrative apparatus nor the capital to operate this way. Please send check or money order with your subscription blank!

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

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

one NEEDS:

STORIES
RESEARCH
OPINIONS
POETRY

CLIPPINGS
QUOTES FROM BOOKS
SUGGESTIONS
PERSONAL REACTIONS

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

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

Name.....

Address.....

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

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

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

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

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

**Tomorrow's Hi-Fashions
for the man of today!**

By Anon for

**WIN-MOR
of California.**

THE LOS ANGELES (L.A.)
Win-Mor's famous stand-up collar with the short, short sleeves and extra deep slashed neck-line.
COLORS: Faded Blue, Charcoal, or
WHITE DENIM.
SIZES: S.M.L.
PRICE: \$9.50

THE HIGH TIDE

Complete your wardrobe with the Hi-Tide.
The shorty short legs, trim fit, laced front for Sun & Fun.
COLORS: Faded Blue, White, Charcoal.
SIZE: 26 to 36 waist.
PRICE: \$6. pr.

**WRITE FOR
ILLUSTRATED
BROCHURE**

THE CALIFORNIAN (pants)

Designed by ANON for Hi-Style relaxing, Summerweight Denim with laced front, and rolled up cuffs.
COLORS: Faded Blue, Charcoal, or WHITE DENIM.
SIZES: Waist 28-30-32-34-36-38.
PRICE: \$9.50

The ensemble \$23.00

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

WIN-MOR of CALIFORNIA
P. O. Box 38311, Dept. 1F
Hollywood 38, California

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____

Check or Money Order
NO CODs please—
We pay the tax.

	Size	Hip-size	Color	Price
The Los Angeles				
The Hi-Tide.				
The Californian				
The Ensemble				
				Total

GAME of FOOLS

an exciting new play

by the author of *Quatrefoil*

presented june 20th by

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT
OF
ONE INCORPORATED

*two-thirty-two south hill st.
los angeles, california*

*limited
first
edition*

privately printed

*two thousand
numbered copies*

*suitable for
collector's library
at three dollars and
ninety-five cents*

JAMES

(BARR)

FUGATÉ