

1958 Midwinter Institute

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

DO NOT MISS THIS IMPORTANT WEEKEND OF EVENTS

THEME: HOMOSEXUALITY—A WAY OF LIFE

- JANUARY 31 8:00 P.M. Sixth Annual Meeting
Open to Voting and Non-Voting Members
- FEBRUARY 1 10:00 A.M. Registration
- 10:30 DEBATE: Is Heterosexual Living Better Than
Homosexual?
- 12:00 Informal Luncheon
- 2:00 P.M. Roundtable Discussions: First Session
Group A. Is Homosexuality a Social Necessity?
Group B. Do Homosexuals Have Community
Responsibilities?
Group C. Promiscuity: Wrong or Right?
- 3:20 Intermission
- 3:40 Roundtable Discussions: Second Session
Group D. Should Homosexuals Get Married?
Group E. The Lesbian Partnership
Group F. The Older Homosexual
- 5:00 Adjournment
- 5:30 Cocktail Hour
- 7:30 Annual Symposium (Banquet)
"THE PATTERNS OF SPARTA" A Dramatic
Portrayal
- FEBRUARY 2 3-5 P.M. Fireside Tea: How About Religion?

ADVANCE REGISTRATIONS REQUIRED — TICKETS WILL BE MAILED
SHORTLY BEFORE DAY OF MEETINGS

Saturday Registration, \$3.00; Banquet, \$3.00; Tea, \$1.00

For all events (programs, banquet, tea) \$5.00; luncheon extra.

Register Now

one

one

JANUARY 1958

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

SIXTH YEAR



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.



MANAGING EDITOR

DON SLATER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ROBERT GREGORY

ALISON HUNTER

WILLIAM LAMBERT

LYN PEDERSEN

ART DIRECTOR

EVE ELLOREE

STAFF ARTIST

DAWN FREDERIC

ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing; subscriptions in the United States, Canada & Mexico at five dollars per year (first-class, sealed); two years for nine dollars; airmail, one year for six-fifty dollars; subscriptions in other countries, six dollars per year; airmail rates on application.

Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California
Copyright 1957 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California.

Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless postage and self-addressed envelope are enclosed.

one

one

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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VI

Number 1

January 1958

4 EDITORIAL

6 SQUILLS A Story by K. O. Neal

16 POEM by Julia Newman

17 THE HOMOSEXUAL & DEMOCRACY by T. M. Merritt

19 IT IS NATURAL AFTER ALL by Christopher Wicks

22 BOOKS

24 BOOK SERVICE

25 SOME HISTORICAL INCIDENTS by J. P. Starr

26 "6 REASONS WHY YOUR LITTLE MAGAZINE WON'T LAST"
6 YEARS AFTER

30 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COVER: Fredric Frisbie (after an Italian bronze)



EDITORIAL

There were few in January, 1953, who would confidently have predicted that America's first magazine devoted to the subject of homosexuality should have been able to carry on at all, despite opposition from both enemies and misguided friends, quite without endowments, well-heeled backers, or subscribed capital. This has in itself made publishing history. More important are the things the Magazine has said and done in the past five years. What are some of them?

During 1953 the general patterns were being established. There were articles dealing with the subject from a scientific point of view. There was history, new and old. There were critical articles on topics, such as: Homosexual Marriage, Evolution's Next Step, The Homosexual Culture. There was a little poetry and fiction, included to make the issues as interesting as possible to the general reader.

In 1954 a number of innovations appeared. There was a vigorous attack on reported illegal acts against homosexuals by various public officials in Miami, the first time the homosexual had ever dared "to talk back." The lifting of morale and arousing of public opinion which followed were encouraging. The February issue, devoted entirely to "The Feminine Viewpoint," served emphatic notice that women's problems were to be discussed, as well as men's.

In April, 1954, there was an exposé of the nauseous McFadden Publications' attacks against homosexuals, and one of their writers, the notorious Arthur Guy Mathews, former "private eye" snooper and cheap sensationalist, posing as "an authority" on homosexuality, although a member (according to the American Medical Association) of "an organization of cultists, quacks, and faddists." Posing as a Doctor, the AMA could find no evidence that he had any medical education whatever. "Quack" Mathews dodged ONE's request that he state where he had received his doctor's degree. The most recent book of this pitiful little hanger-on is reviewed on a following page.

In 1955 the Magazine reached a peak in number of pages printed and in lavish use of illustration and color. Some "names" began to appear, such as Norman Mailer, Albert Ellis, Clarkson Crane.

In 1956 and 1957 the established patterns continued, with the quality of the stories and poetry steadily improving, and recently "The New Look," a printing process for the first time enabling the Magazine to



come out on schedule without fail, that is, if the budget can stand the pace.

What of the next five years? Will there be just more of the same things? There will indeed be many of the same things, but there also will be some differences. The Magazine will continue to report past and more recent history (as in *tangents*). It has been called "the voice of U. S. homosexuals," and expects to keep on serving as a forum where this voice may be heard. However, it is no longer enough to do merely these things, or even objectively report trends and events.

The time has come when ONE Magazine must LEAD. Solutions must be found for the present intolerable minority status of millions of American men and women who refuse any longer to tolerate suppression, subjection and abuse from every side. As citizens they have their rights. Today they know this and they propose to have them. It is the task of ONE Magazine, as we see it, to lead both the homosexual and the heterosexual to see just exactly what those rights are, then, how to go about getting them.

There are readers who might perhaps favor the literary-coterie, charm-school, Continental approach, suave, charming, sophisticated. The homosexual today finds himself living in a world in turmoil, ready to come down about the ears of us all at any moment. Can he do less than strengthen his position and improve his status while he may, remembering how in Hitler Germany the homosexual found he had few or no rights, except those of premature burial?

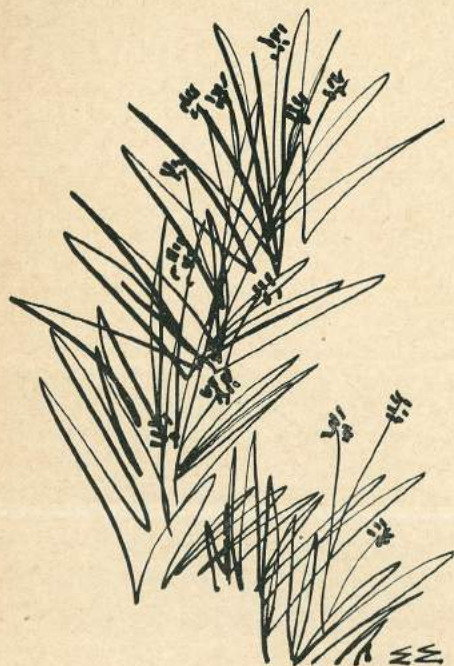
Let no one rashly assume that the Magazine is now "going into politics." Nothing could be farther from its intentions. It has its field: the homosexual & homosexuality. This field has widely varied aspects and ramifications. The problems to be discussed are endless, the issues to be clarified are without number. The homosexual must be given confidence in himself and taught how to take his proper place in modern society. These are assignments big enough for any publication.

So, the Weather Forecast of the Magazine's future policies might read: thunder, lightning, frequent hail, high winds, occasional sunshine. Such a climate should be stimulating and invigorating at least. It just might turn out to be quite healthful in the long run.

William Lambert
Associate Editor

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



SQUILLS

by K. O. Neal

Yes. Yes, she **MUST** give up teaching. She'd go to the city, disappear in the big city. A dime store clerk. A typist. A file clerk. A receptionist. **ANYTHING!** Nine to five and then you are **YOU**. Eight hours and then you are **YOU** and nobody knows and nobody cares and they won't nod to you on the street and maybe wonder about you or anyway make you wonder if they're wondering about you. Oh damn that contract. Four months more of being alone in this little town with everybody nodding at you and maybe wondering. And the women, you daren't—

In sudden horror she felt the sob-lump, like hysterical nausea, commence to rise deep inside her. Abruptly she stopped walking, jerked her head up, gasped in the icy air, took off her mittens and lit a cigarette. She smoked a bit, then briskly walked on.

one

Stop it! She **HAD** to stop that thinking. Don't think! Neurotic, psychotic, neurotic, psychotic. Just nerves, that doctor said, with that oh-come-now-we-both-know-what-you-need smile. Can just loneliness cause such a thing? A spell like that had never before come on except in her room. Was she getting worse?

At least she had stopped the rest of it, the crying and all.

Oh a pretty sight, a pretty mess, teacher seen walking and crying alone on lamplit streets, oh a pretty sight, oh a pretty mess!

She stopped in front of the house. No car parked in front! So **HE** hadn't arrived.

Ha! The first time she had beaten him.

Oh what would he be like tonight?

Amusing, how the car usually foretold the type. Cadillacs (Maud Ellen had pushed Money and Gracious Living in the beginning) were old, bejeweled, heavy with power and paunchy like moneybags. Pontiacs, Buicks and the like were a trifle younger but of the same mold. Watching Their Step on the way to The Top, their conversation velvety cobwebbed for clues on social connections and ability. Fords, Chevies and the like yielded unimaginative young farmers, clerks, salesmen.

One night an old pick-up truck had been a shy electrician with golden hair over deep brown eyes and deeper-brown skin, and she had ached to paint him and had even ached at having to refuse his courting.

And then, she chuckled, there was the time she had been almost raped by the Jaguar.

She rang the doorbell, sighing resignedly, and Maud Ellen flung open the door and gushed verbosely upon her.

"Billie **HONEY**, come **IN** out of that **FREEZing** weather! **BRRRrrrr!** Mercy! Oh but it **HAS** brought out your color. I **MUST** say this northern climate **DOES** have its points. My grandmother—here honey, let me have your wraps—that maid **WOULD** pick today to be sick—my grandmother—on my **MOTHER'S** side, of course—Granny always said a lady before making an entrance pinches her cheeks and bites her lips for color and keeps it there with **HIGH** spirits and brilliant and **FLUent** conversation. Ah but I forget, you're our shy intellectual poetess, our cultural Muse, yes indeed, our shy cultural Muse. But deep waters, you know they say, ah yes, deep waters!"

"How are you honey?"

This last was usually Maud Ellen's first perceptible punctuation, not for lack of breath but a parting and parrying shot to hold the adversary's conversation to the minimum, usually given over the shoulder.

"Fine" Billie murmured, though Maud Ellen had already disappeared into the kitchen.

Billie paused idly, reluctant, in the hallway. Really, she should stop these ridiculous once- or twice-a-month matchmaking evenings. True, Maud Ellen was, practically speaking, the schoolboard, but now the resignation would nullify that. However, the food was good, there was little else to do in town, and George was nice and—she had been amazed to discover—quite interesting. She entered the livingroom.

"Hello George, how are you and Dame Sitwell getting along?"

George slowly put down his book, took his pipe from his mouth, and smiled at her.

"Hello Billie. I think that she—ah, well—I really don't know yet what I think

of her."

Billie chuckled, wondering what he had begun to say.

Maud Ellen had made a single appearance, culture conscious, at Billie's Adult Poetry, had commanded Billie's presence for a dinner at which she had introduced her quiet, slow, and seemingly bland banker husband. George said little—had little chance—but in time Billie noticed the hesitant but very knowledgeable literary questions. A chance encounter downtown had resulted in their lunching alone (a fact neither, somehow, mentioned to Maud Ellen), and Billie regularly loaned him poetry, of which he seemed insatiable. She strongly suspected he wrote. A few times in his talking alone with her she had felt only the very faintest of a beginning of his blandness slipping away from around him. Those times were oddly embarrassing, somewhat like catching a nun undressing, and George had always recovered himself swiftly, tucking his blandness back around him as if it were a voluminous skirt.

"Who is the piece de resistance tonight?"

George seemed embarrassed and glanced toward the kitchen.

"Ah yes. Well, perhaps I shouldn't have—I TRIED to tell Maud Ellen—"

"Oh Billie honey" Maud Ellen piercingly cooed-screamed, and Billie winced, excused herself, and entered the kitchen.

"Oh honey, WHAT a day! Those horrible OTHER schoolboard people were MOST stupid and difficult but they FINALLY saw the logic of my arguments, and then to come home late and THEN find that silly maid was sick, and THEN—as if THAT hadn't been enough—then this perfectly LOVELY unmarried man I found in draperies last week—really I thought he had EXquisite taste but I shall CERTAINLY send them back now the MINute they arrive—imagine—the nerve—phoning ME at the last minute! I was ALmost in tears honey, let me tell you, and I phoned George, and for ONCE he faced his social responsibility. He had this investment client there, this Dr. Kurtman, so I agreed—really you can't go TOO far wrong with a doctor, even if you've never laid eyes on the man. So honey, I haven't the FAINTest idea how the evening will go. I told George the minute he came in, I said, honey not a word, not a WORD, don't say ANYTHING or I shall scream, absolutely SCREAM. Oh there's the doorbell. GEORGE! Here honey, would you take these in?"

Billie took a salad in each hand. She carefully carried them into the darkened dining-room. She set them down easily on the table. Through the doorway she saw George come into view, then the other person. Billie gasped.

It was a woman!

The woman was tall and was largely but statuesquely made. Through the severe gray suit the ample curves of the breasts and hips seemed too confined. She wore no jewelry. The strong and bare neck pillared an imperious head with straight-line facial features. The striking thick salt-and-pepper hair was worn severely pulled back. She wore pince-nez that glittered intelligently.

Suddenly realizing she was gaping, Billie quickly stepped back. She leaned against the wall. Her heart was thumping. A huge warmth glowed from her stomach.

"Billie honey" she faintly heard Maud Ellen call.

She put her hand over her stomach. Why, it was the inside bonfire again! She had forgotten. Not since—since—yes, in college, the first time she had seen—

"Billie honey."

She swallowed with difficulty, then took a deep breath.



"Just a minute, I want to go—"

"Oh sure honey."

She took another deep breath, then walked quickly into the bathroom. She turned on the faucet, then just stood still for some time until her breathing became easier. She placed a hand under the cool water, then filled a cup and drank. The bonfire had suffused a delicious glowing aliveness to her very fingertips.

That handsome, striking woman!

COULD she be?

George—HE had invited her! He must know—why else would he invite her? It MUST have been on purpose. Of course, she MUST be!

Billie's hands flew to her face and she looked into the mirror. She jerked off her glasses. She must remember to sit close. Yes, perhaps her eyes were beautiful. Thank God she had one good feature. She combed her short nondescript brown hair. She could find no lipstick.

Oh NO! She was wearing that horrible wool blouse covered in front with the huge whalebone buttons that Aunt Marie had sent! She had only worn it tonight as a joke. Oh if ONLY she had known!

She started. What if Maud Ellen went in without her? She COULDN'T enter alone! In panic, she rushed out.

Maud Ellen was taking off her apron. "Shall we go in honey?" she smiled brightly.

Maud Ellen's bright smile first froze, then thawed into flabby incredulity, then, after her eyes had made a wild explanation-seeking sweep of the room, her lips almost disappeared in an iceberg glare at George.

George's face was aflame. His lips moved ineffectually. Finally he was able to clear his throat, then to utter words.

"Dear, may I introduce Dr. Kurtman? Doctor, this is my wife, Maud Ellen."

The two curt how-do-you-do's were completely simultaneous.

Just like the opening of a Greek play, Billie thought nervously.

"And, doctor, this is our good friend, Miss Billie Winters. Billie, may I introduce Dr. Kurtman?"

Again the two how-do-you-do's were simultaneous.

Involuntarily, nervously, Billie giggled, then blushed miserably as she felt Maud Ellen's stare turned upon her.

"I mean" Billie stammered, somehow feeling compelled to explain the giggle, "I mean—it seemed so Greek."

"Greek!" Maud Ellen squealed.

"Like the chorus in a Greek play, dear" George said.

"Oh. OH! oh yes but of course!" said Maud Ellen, somewhat melting. Culture being one of the very few things she had found she could not either take by storm or witheringly ignore, it received her rare respect.

The four of them just stood there.

"Oh!" Maud Ellen said, suddenly seeing that the four of them were just standing there. "Shall we?" She outspread her arms and vaguely moved herself, gently sweeping them toward chairs. Billie found herself sitting opposite the doctor.

"Martini all?" Maud Ellen asked, handing the Martini glasses to George.

"Bourbon" boomed the doctor.

"Oh" Maud Ellen exclaimed, somewhat taken back.

"And soda?" she asked sweetly.

"On the rocks."

Maud Ellen, caught by the gruff answer while reaching up for a whiskey glass, momentarily froze.

The drinks were served in silence.

Billie took her Martini with firm resolution. Perhaps with its help she could talk, could lose her self-consciousness. At her first sip she turned her head to hide the grimace.

She really must say something soon. What could she say?

She took a big sip and slid it right on down. Yes, that was much better. How handsome the doctor was! That beautifully strong neck! The eyebrows were thick and completely black, and they were accented by the clear vibrant skin, void of make-up.

Billie took another big sip, slid it right on down, and cleared her throat.

"Your practice, doctor, is it in town?"

"No. I'm in the city at the zoo."

George darted in: "Dr. Kurtman is the zoologist at the zoo in the city. And, if I may say so, I have been told she is one of the most eminent zoologists in the country."

"The death of Dr. Kinsey" the doctor stated in her deep voice, "was an enormous blow to our ranks."

She broodingly looked down into her Bourbon, then took a big swig.

"His study of the sex life of the wasp was brilliant, absolutely brilliant."

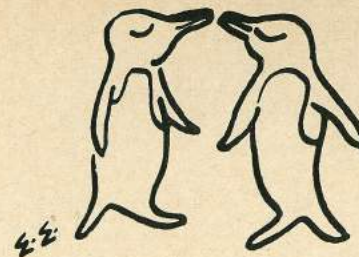
"Oh" murmured Billie.

"Yes, brilliant. It was the direct inspiration for my thesis, which also received quite some attention. It was on the sex life of the penguin. Perhaps you have heard of it?"

Billie and George shook their heads. Maud Ellen simply stared.

"The penguin's sex is indistinguishable" the doctor announced. "Some said such a study was impossible."

Nobody said anything.



"I must admit," the doctor added, after a time, guffawing, "that it was a damn ticklish problem."

Maud Ellen, now certain that this was NOT culture, straightened her back, coughed, and said in a clear loud voice:

"I see by the paper that it will snow tonight."

The statement was stillborn. A horrible wake-like silence followed.

Billie tried to sip and found nothing there.

"Another Martini, Billie?" George asked perfunctorily.

"Why yes!" Billie beamed. They didn't taste at all bad now.

George's eyebrows went up. Billie had never before finished a first drink. He filled her glass.

"And you, Miss Winters, work here in town?"

The sudden direct question in that deep voice caught Billie completely off guard.

"Me?—I mean—I?—me? Oh. Oh yes. I am here in town. I teach."

She felt a wave of dark hotness start in her legs and rise to her head. Her eyes filled with tears. What a stupid, stammering, ungraceful answer!

"Billie not only teaches," George said, "but is a first-rate poetess."

"Oh yes indeed!" Maud Ellen gushed in. "We have TWO eminent guests tonight! I don't know HOW many national literary awards and prizes and what-not Billie has won. And NOW she has a whole BOOK of her VERY own on its way. You just remember that name, I tell everybody, you just better remember it—Wilhemina Winters. And so YOUNG to be so eminent!"

Billie took another sip and scooted herself down in her chair. Really, Maud Ellen was impossible.

Catching the doctor's eye, Billie smiled. Instead of returning the smile, the doctor boredly lit a cigarette.

Billie's smile faded. The doctor did NOT like her! Oh, what had she done wrong? Yes, that silly giggle at the beginning. Then that stupid stammering answer. The doctor probably already had a lover—she was so handsome she must have. That beautiful neck, that striking hair. That Rubens-like body—no, it was not that heavy—but it would have that same ample symmetry, that same glowing healthy-animal patina.

Drinks were finished during pitiful, pause-strewn conversation. Maud Ellen valiantly brought up several Safe Subjects. When George didn't even hold up his usual echoing role, Maud Ellen arose and oversweetly suggested they dine.

Billie found it difficult to arise but, once arisen, found locomotion a singularly novel sensation, it seeming that although her consciousness still remained fountainheaded in her brain, a goodly portion had filtered downward to her limbs that wily-nilly carried her along in magic waftage. Suddenly discovering her-

self at the table alongside a chair, she sat down in it. She was immediately overwhelmed by the jello.

"Oh Maud Ellen, what a beautiful BEAUTIFUL shade of green!"

Billie peered closer to it, enchanted. She smiled at it. She then poked the beautiful green mound gently, playfully, with a finger.

"I think" Maud Ellen announced heavily and pointedly, rising, "that we shall have early coffee."

Billie jerked herself up straight. Oh Lord, now Maud Ellen was angry. Of course she shouldn't have poked the jello. Her head felt so odd! Those drinks! She must just sit and eat and not say a word, just like the doctor. How beautiful the doctor! That creamy shallow little hollow at the base of that neck. If only the doctor might like her! The doctor hadn't looked—REALLY looked—at her yet.

Maud Ellen stonily served Billie coffee, black.

They ate in silence, Maud Ellen periodically rising to serve.

Billie found the long silence heavy, oppressive. She finished the meal and sat nervously fingering the big whalebone buttons on her blouse. How very hard whalebone was, so VERY hard, so UNGIVING! Whalebone—whalebone—that word—there was a line—what was it—"Only whalebone and brocade"—yes—

Not a softness anywhere about me,

Only whalebone and brocade.

Yes—Amy Lowell's "Patterns." How did it start?

I walk down the garden paths,

And all the daffodils

Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.

Squills—squills—what in the world were squills?

I walk down the patterned garden-paths

In my stiff, brocaded gown.

With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,

I too am a rare

Pattern.

Yes—I too am a rare Pattern—she had loved that. Then—

With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,

And the plopping of the waterdrops

Plopping of the waterdrops—yes—that oddly lovely sexual phrase. Then that rhyme of daffodils and squills—

The daffodils and squills

Flutter in the breeze

As they please.

Squills—squills. What the HELL were squills? Little squids? Whales DID eat squids—yes, she had read that somewhere. Whales were real mad for squids and kept diving way way down until they found a poor little old squid to gobble up. And of course they'd prefer the young tender ones, the squills. Squills—daffodils—no no!—little squids wouldn't be fluttering with daffodils—of course not—oh mercy, she HAD gotten real silly—those drinks! But what COULD they be? What a crying shame—she might die tomorrow and NEVER know what squills were, and it was such a happy, piquant little word, such a funny little word when you got it off all by itself. Squills—ska—wills—sskkaaa—wwiills—

"Billie Winters!" she suddenly heard Maud Ellen's voice say loudly, "what on EARTH are you giggling about?"

Billie jerked herself up straight. Oh good God, had she giggled aloud?

Oh what to say? They were all looking at her. She'd HAVE to say something! She rubbed her forehead but nothing came.

Oh what the hell!

"I was wondering," she smiled around at them all, "what squills were."

"SQUILLS!!!" Maud Ellen squeaked, as if how did such a word get to HER dinner table.

"Yes!" said Billie positively, defiantly, "I said squills."

Billie slowly crossed her legs, then leisurely took a sip of coffee.

"Why not?" she asked archly, and she looked Maud Ellen square in the eye. Really, she was SICK of Maud Ellen, just PHYSICALLY SICK of her! She ought to say right now, Maud Ellen, you make me sick, PHYSICALLY sick, you're a pain, just a great big pain in the—

"Miss Winters," Billie heard the doctor's deep voice say, and Billie turned, and there was the doctor REALLY looking at her, REALLY seeing her for the first time!

"How interesting that you should speak of squills. They are one of my favorite flowers in England. They are bulbous flowers and resemble hyacinths. The blue squills are especially nice."

"Oh," said Billie, soaking in the handsomeness of the doctor, actually sitting right there and REALLY looking at her. The inside bonfire was starting again. Oh maybe the doctor DID like her and didn't have a lover!

"As a matter of fact, blue squills are my husband's hobby, and his rock garden is quite famous in London. Queen Mary was a frequent visitor.

"QUEEN MARY!?" Maud Ellen exclaimed, as if she had been startled by a trumpet blast.

"Yes. She was a dear, quaint person and doted on blue squills."

"Your husband?" Billie echoed weakly, stunned.

"Yes. Our careers have temporarily separated us, but we have our permanent home in London. I fly there tomorrow for our son's wedding."

"How fascinating!" Maud Ellen gushed, in complete thaw. "Fancy your knowing Queen Mary! And I suppose royalty will be there at the wedding?"

"Yes. A few friends."

"Well, well! DO tell! My dear, WON'T you have some more coffee? No, I'll tell you what let's do—we'll all just adjourn to the living room and make ourselves nice and comfy, and we'll just have ourselves a nice liqueur. A creme de menthe? Perhaps a little more Bourbon, my dear—on the rocks?"

"I am sorry but I must leave immediately and pack," the doctor said firmly, rising.

Billie inertly sat, numbly staring before her, as the others left the dining-room. Husband!

Oh, she had made a horrible fool of herself!

She felt rather ill. The room seemed slightly rocking, as if it were on water.

"Billie honey child!" Maud Ellen cried, re-entering. "our dear doctor is leaving! Oh now, don't you fret," she whispered, "I know the next time I'll have a DIVINE man for you, just you wait and see."

"May I drop you, Miss Winters?" the doctor called from the hall.

Billy slowly arose and joined them in the hall. George held open her coat.

"My dear," Maud Ellen gushed, "I DO so wish you weren't leaving so soon. George, we MUST drop in on our London trip."

"London trip?"

"Of course! And I DO so want to hear more about those darling little penguins, my dear!"

The doctor frozenly smiled and headed for the door.

"Oh look, everybody, it IS snowing!" Maud Ellen exclaimed.

Billie recoiled at the icy air. The snowflakes were huge and blinding. She found herself walking, but she could not see the walk. She suddenly felt her arm gripped strongly.

"Watch your step, Miss Winters. I am afraid you exceeded your capacity on drinking."

Billie bit her lip to keep back the tears.

Yes, she was drunk. They all had known it. What a mess she had been.

She found herself being let down into a car seat. She guided the doctor by pointing, not trusting herself to speak.

"Here," Billie said flatly on arriving.

She fumbled with the car door. It suddenly opened, and she found herself being ably assisted out. On standing, a foot slipped in the snow, and she found herself full against the doctor.

"Steady. Are you all right?"

Billie nodded weakly. The bonfire was raging.

The doctor put an arm around Billie's waist and flung one of Billie's arms over her shoulders. She disentangled herself at the door.

"The key?"

Billie took the key from her pocket.

"Good night, Miss Winters."

By the time Billie got turned around, the car was moving away.

"Good bye," she cried out, and she waved.



Suddenly a hot dark nausea arose from within her. She sucked in a deep breath. She must get to bed.

On entering the apartment, the warmth sickeningly enveloped her. As she took off her coat, the floor began slowly rocking, and she sank onto the sofa. She kicked off her shoes and lit a cigarette.

What a ghastly, horrible evening! What had made it so awful? It had been

so wonderful at the first, finding that handsome woman instead of another man. Then, somehow, everything kept going wrong, kept getting worse and worse. The doctor hadn't liked her, and she had just sat there and drank and not talked. And she had giggled! Giggling, at HER age! What had she been giggling about?

Well, it all HAD been funny, in a way. Oh, Maud Ellen's face when she saw the doctor was a woman! Ha! What a joke on Maud Ellen! Then at the dinner—something about squills—oh yes—that funny little word—flowers they were—and the doctor's husband grew them for Queen Mary—ha—couldn't you just see them?—he was no doubt short and potty and ugly—and Queen Mary towering in her toque, poking regally with her umbrella among the squills—squills—oh, it WAS a silly little word—squills—ha—skaa-wills—sskkaaa-wwiills—

She was fumbling with the huge whalebone buttons when she heard the giggle coming out all by itself, coming out in little spasms that kept getting bigger and bigger, and then she felt the tears rolling down her cheeks. Then the giggle spasms suddenly stopped and then the enormous sob-lump exploded inside her and the huge sobs tore out of her body, each like fire, and they hurt her so much she flung herself face down on the sofa to stifle them, but they wouldn't stop. Then she felt the hard whalebone buttons cut cruelly into her breasts, and she pushed herself down harder and harder and made the cruel whalebone buttons bite deeper and deeper into her breasts.

About Our Authors



GERALDINE JACKSON teaches elementary school in Southern California. Her interests include music, literature and psychiatric research.

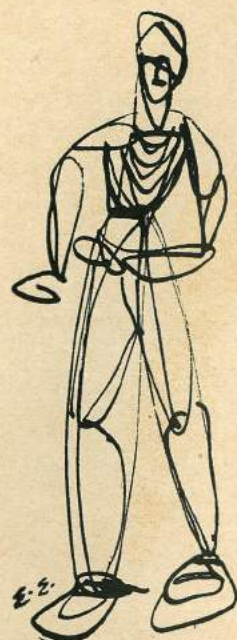
THOMAS M. MERRITT is Dean Emeritus of ONE INSTITUTE. After a lifetime in the academic world: in the classroom as an administrator and author of many scholarly books Dr. Merritt is now busy with his hilltop garden and a number of hobbies. His facility with seven languages has been of great help to ONE.

K. O. NEAL is an omnivorous reader of "gay novels" and stories. A busy young professional man, he is currently all wrapped up in a newly-acquired home in one of the Los Angeles suburbs.

JULIA NEWMAN's poem in this issue reveals her own frank and outspoken personality and her keen perception. Miss Newman lives in Southern California but is currently visiting in N. Y. C.

man,
 don't say don't to me
 you know,
 defiant as I am
 negation is the arrowed path to desire.
 your wife,
 she came not
 into my consciousness before you spoke,
 creates headached friendship
 terminated visitations;
 miniaturized female appeals little
 the lure of your insecurity
 urging me not to take her
 thus forcing me into a situation
 that interests me only a little.
 don't don't me and we shall be friends.

JULIA NEWMAN



THE HOMOSEXUAL & DEMOCRACY

By T. M. Merritt

It is not often that one has the opportunity to participate in a situation of historical importance, one wherein the remote consequences are likely to affect the happiness and welfare of countless numbers of people. One Institute with its plans and activities seems to this writer to be such an occasion.

The theme of the history of Western Europe in its social development has been twofold. It has in both cases referred to the obtaining of the goods of life which have changed but little in their major categories in historic times. Man wants the satisfaction of certain basic economic needs: food, clothing, and shelter, a satisfying family or love life, participation in community life as a respected member, health or physical welfare, a religious or philosophical outlook on life, that is, some understanding or explanation of the world wherein he finds himself, wholesome recreation activities, and finally the means of communicating with his fellows. Of course there are infinite variations in detail, but essentially man's wants, or values, if you wish, fall into these categories and he spends his time and effort to secure the satisfactions thus included. The theme of the development of the history of Western Europe refers first to the distribution of the satisfactions of life. Some men have always enjoyed the goods of life, such as they were, but all too often at the expense of others, that is, by exploiting them, or by climbing on their shoulders, one might say. At this point history shows the unending struggle to achieve a broader dis-

tribution of the goods of life and the principle emerges that everyone is entitled to such of the goods of life as he has the capacity and interest to make use of in so far as he does not encroach upon the same right of others. This principle may be termed that of democracy and its ever greater realization becomes the goal of social evolution. Some thoughts on this subject are the content of the present paper.

The second aspect of the theme refers to the technique by which the goods of life are obtained and is the more philosophical side of the question. Here it suffices to say that man is coming to an ever greater recognition that rationality or intelligence provides the technique above all others for the increase of his welfare and happiness. This topic will be elaborated in the second part of this study.

As was said before, in all epochs some men have enjoyed such goods as there were and it has been man's fate to have to strive unrelentingly sometimes to dislodge a greedy and monopolizing minority from positions of power and perhaps oftener to secure the recognition of the majority if one belongs to an unpopular minority. The content of history is largely made up of examples of such efforts. A few will be given.

The often-praised cultures of Greece and Rome were superstructures built upon slavery of a most degrading kind. It is said that the free youth of Greece, when the Helots became too numerous, went out at night and killed them for sport as modern

youth might shoot rabbits. The long struggle of the centuries to abolish slavery is only too well known and, that the battle for human equality is not yet entirely won, recent events of so-called racial antagonism prove only too clearly. The light colored ethnic groups may yet have to undergo profound humiliation before they grant justice and equality to the darker peoples in the pursuit of the goods of life.

In this writer's opinion there is no darker picture in history than that of the exploitation of children in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries with the coming of the industrial revolution in Scotland and England in the newly established factories where they were chained to the machines and died like flies. It took a whole social movement created by Robert Raikes, Robert Owen, Charles Dickens, Heinrich Pestalozzi, Friedrich Froebel, and others to break the hold of the industrialists and emancipate the children, and child labor abuses still appear from time to time.

For many centuries women were subordinated and exploited by men. Even in the United States, which has been one of the foremost countries in the world to recognize the rights of women, as well as in England, the struggle for the right to vote was carried on with a bitterness that is now being forgotten. In England Emmeline Pankhurst was considered a fanatic or worse when her women threw acid in the mail boxes to get the attention of Parliament. Recently it has been proposed to raise a monument to her memory. In the Middle East where the movement for the emancipation of women is still in the earlier stages, an old sheik was reported to have killed his several grown daughters rather than have them appear in public without the symbolic and oppressive veil.

The repudiation of colonialism in our own time is a late recognition of the fact that the beauty and charm of the life of the aristocracy of Europe has little justification when based, as it has been, on the degradation and misery of the more primitive peoples of the world. The intolerable poverty of India reflects no credit on the great British Empire. It has taken the world-wide upheaval of two great wars to bring about awareness of the injustice of the subordination of one nation to another.

Although they have existed throughout recorded history, homosexuals have doubtless not thought of themselves as belonging to a minority group in society which suffers unjust discrimination and limitation in its freedom to seek the satisfactions of life, precisely as any other group. Thus in a sense they are the last minority group to join the procession toward a more perfect democracy. As in the cases previously mentioned, a group of courageous and self-effacing leaders stand at what is practically the beginning of the movement to secure fair and just treatment for this minority. It is here that One Institute finds its historic importance, one of the very first organized attempts to change the situation both as to the attitudes of the individuals within the group and as to those of society in general which is as far from real understanding as were those of a bygone age who held that slavery was ordained of God. Education, publication, conferences, counselling — all these activities and others serve to awaken a consciousness of the problems involved and give knowledge which will support valid solutions. Its success and appeal thus far give promise of a future which may well invite the cooperation of all who are interested in bringing about a happier and more democratic world.



IT IS NATURAL AFTER ALL

By Christopher Wicks

Christopher Wicks, of New York City, author of the following article has with both hands boldly grasped the nettle from which present-day medical men and psychologists shy away with almost complete unanimity: the possibility of a genetic cause for homosexuality.

His brash courage, unsupported by specific data in this present article, will certainly elicit admiration and pique curiosity, if nothing more. ONE offers the article to its readers in this spirit.

It has always been a paradox that society should be most stupid about its most natural and fundamental urge: sex. Heterosexuals take it for granted; homosexuals distrust it.

More misinformation has been put on paper about homosexuality than any other subject. Every conceivable excuse has been contrived to explain or justify. Even the more recent popular books have been filled with half truths and wishful speculations from Gide's CORYDON to Cory's THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA. Both volumes share the common fault: they are almost totally unscientific, lacking in fact and reason.

The nature of this brief article makes it impossible for me to be detailed. The substance of what follows fills volumes and will continue to do so. Nor is the essence of this article new, only unknown to the public and unsung by the scientists.

It has been four years since I com-

pleted a year's intense study on the subject of homosexuality. The work was carried on in the company of a psychiatrist, a doctor of endocrinology and a priest who was both a bio-chemist and authority on natural and moral law. Our purpose was to determine in so far as was possible the actual cause of homosexuality. In the course of this study it was necessary to take under advisement all the existing theories and to test them.

Voluminous material was sifted, writings most notable by their prejudice and lack of fact. Finally after months it became evident that all evidence pointed to a single conclusion: **HOMOSEXUALITY IS GENETIC!**

The idea itself is not new. But only recently has science given serious time and experiment to the study. Actually a perusal of the prominent sexologists including Krafft-Ebing, Hirschfeld, H. Ellis and Kinsey shows that these men all had at last to acknowledge the pos-

sibility of the genetic origin of sexual deviation.

That sex itself is determined by genes is common knowledge. Why is it so unreasonable to believe that sexual deviation is also a matter of genetics? Indeed it is not unreasonable. It is simply that our society does not wish to accept the fact. To do so would be to plead guilty to decades of persecution both physical and mental on a portion of the population the exact counting of which would startle even the most optimistic homophile. Still that hideous persecution continues in this country which is presumed to be the most progressive and Christian in the world.

Briefly our final proof was found in the studies of Doctors Myerson and Neustadt securely hidden away in scholarly medical publications. These men used the exact method the priest, psychiatrist and endocrinologist reasoned would serve as proof: a study of a number of sets of *identical* twins. These, both male and female, often separated at birth, raised in different environments, proved in *all cases without a single exception* that both were homosexual and to the *exact same degree*. The doctors concluded their study saying in effect: to be born a homosexual should be of no more consequence than being born left-handed in a predominately right-handed society.

The real frustration in America is not that the homosexual has been born into a heterosexual society, but that thanks to his Puritan predecessors, he has been born into an *anti-sexual* society. Place man, a poly-sexual animal, in an anti-sexual society and the consequences become obvious. Man, the poly-sexual, is capable of being aroused and satisfied by the same sex, the opposite sex, animals and inanimate objects.

One of the most interesting revelations showed that there is not a single

case on record of a psychological 'cure' for homosexuals. The reason is simply because there is nothing to cure. Very few psychiatrists will admit this.

Not that psychological problems do not abound; they do. But those problems are not symptomatic with homosexuality. They are the result of being born into a society that does not want to understand or to admit that God would actually create as repulsive a creature as a homosexual. The only 'cure' psychiatrists can effect is to get the patient to admit he or she is homosexual, to adjust to that fact and somehow manage to live a full life as such.

Since proof exists in favor of the genetic theory why doesn't the New York Times print a headline to that effect? Why are the facts kept locked in learned dissertations? Here is material to revolutionize our thinking, more than that here is the means to free the damned consciences of thousands of men and women who have been led to believe they are committing sins and crimes. The suppression of these facts is the worst and deadliest of sins.

It follows in our study that since homosexuality is *de facto*, in whatever degree it may appear, genetic that it is also *natural*. It is as natural for the homosexual to desire the same sex as it is for the heterosexual to demand the opposite sex. Moreover, homosexuality may be moral when it is governed by those laws which govern all morality. Those laws do not speak in terms of gender, only of justice. Where is the dishonor in that which is genetic, natural and moral? There is none except that which the unjust majority levies out of fear and self imposed stupidity.

But justice and truth will triumph in time. Much of Europe has been far ahead of America in awareness of these problems. Most recently England has taken a stand in admitting

that it is not contrary to nature to desire the same sex. We will have to follow eventually.

Given these truths and given equal status in society as the right-handed person, the homosexual would flourish as he did in every golden age in history. For every brilliant, creative period in time has been a homosexual age. If the truth were known, as it is only known amid the brotherhood itself, much of the world's valuable social, scientific, political, cultural and artistic progress today is being made, produced and fostered by homosexuals. Given these truths the facade of exhibitionism, the publicized unpleasant aspects associated with some homosexuals would vanish. Given case for case the breach in morals would be no more, if as great, as that made by heterosexuals. For these

shows of anger, retaliation and distrust, of shame and helplessness are not inherent in the homosexual nature. They are the result of our cultural atmosphere.

In conclusion it is obvious that any broad statement as iconoclastic as: **HOMOSEXUALITY IS GENETIC** is subject to much discussion and argumentation. My purpose has been only to present the distillation of our study. Only that conclusion is vital. With it all else follows, no other excuse is necessary. With the knowledge comes a God-given confidence, a whole new lease on living. With it comes the profound sense of responsibility to prove to the right-handed majority that the left-handed men and women can do the same work, live as wholesome and profitable lives and leave behind as Christian a heritage to mankind.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
NOW IN ITS FOURTH YEAR . . .

PER YEAR IN THE
UNITED STATES,
CANADA AND MEXICO:

4.00

ELSEWHERE: 5.00

(All copies mailed
first class sealed
in plain envelope.
Published by Mattachine Society, a
chartered educational—research
corporation.)

authoritative
information
on

HOMOSEXUALITY . . .

Interesting articles by experts and laymen on this pressing social problem explored from religious, legal, scientific and social points of view . . . for thinking adults. Will NOT appeal to readers seeking sensationalism.

Mattachine REVIEW

693 MISSION STREET

SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.

BOOKS

IS HOMOSEXUALITY A MENACE?

Dr. (Naturopath)

Arthur Guy Mathews

Robert McBride, New York,
1957.

Hear me kiddies and let me clue you . . . this Mathews cat has had it . . . I mean nothing but had it! A hyped square . . . a crazy mixed up daddy-o who digs the homophile so bad that he makes like a cracked groove-cake over and over again the weirdest jazz.

"Clobber them" he wails—"stash 'em in the snake pit" he shrills—"they don't have to make with the guys" he shrieks—"they should take chicks to their pads" he slobbers. This self-styled head shrinker is from nothing . . . what I mean, Jack, quick like a bunny he leaps on your shoulder and tells you he's from the southern-most and "whatsamatta you, mon, ain't you with the word?" . . . "You got your head shrunk to get offa that jive . . . then you take a doll (a gal) and it comes on like nothing but pleasure . . . or before you say Zorch I'll play a Tom Tom beat on your blubbering lips." Dig him people? OK, I'll come on with a real live sentence; for 30 years thruout the 48 he makes like a super-snooper . . . a sexpert . . . "Homosexuals" he squeaks, "have destroyed humanity with such a wickedness . . . the males are worse than the lesbians . . . they seduce vice-squad officers." Oh yeah? Crazy man! Take him nothing but cool kiddies and put your bread on something groovy instead.

Frank (once over lightly) Pendola

GAY BAR,

Helen P. Branson,

Pan-Graphic Press, \$3.00.

Mrs. Branson in simple and straightforward style tells the story of the many men, and a few women who have come through the doors of her bar over the years. With warm sympathy and shrewd common-sense she presides over her "boys" like a true matriarch, to make her establishment something of a second home to many of them. The code is strict, rewarding the obedient, but expelling the boisterous, the hustlers and all those she considers undesirable.

The story moves smoothly and swiftly, changing in mood from the hilarious to touching incidents of pathos and maladjustment, but never does the author treat her characters condescendingly or as if they were occupants of some zoo. To her they are all of them interesting, some loveable and worthwhile, others less so, all of them very real people and a very real part of our society.

The author makes a plea for a better understanding on the part of parents, friends and the general public of the so-called Gay man, presenting example after example among her clientele who are useful, productive men, although often laboring under burdens of criticism because of personal orientation or fear lest it become known.

Gay Bar is well worth reading, whether or not one agrees in every respect with Mrs. Branson's views and conclusions. An introduction by Dr. Blanche M. Baker, psychiatrist, gives stimulating, provocative background information about homosexuality in the present and other ages, considerably enhancing the value of the book as documenting some aspects of a numerous sector of the American population.

WARPED WOMEN

Janet Pritchard,

Copyright 1951 by Universal
Publishing & Distributing
Corp. 117 E. 31 Street, N. Y.,
N. Y. Beacon Book 121; 35c;
189 pp.

It seems a great pity that the publishers do not feel that they can let a good word be said about a Lesbian without first enclosing the book in a jacket that screams "strange love stripped them of all decency." . . . the depravity that women share among themselves," the "thoroughly debased Jan," etc.

Such false advertising must be a great disappointment to those looking for tasty morsels of "perversion" and "depravity." You can read the thing in a few hours, if you really must. The book is better than its jacket—but not much.

"Here at last is a novel which boldly attacks a social problem usually spoken of in whispers," we are told. Well, you can forget that promise.

"Can One Girl Love Another?—another jacket blurb. Now, there's a good question, which better rephrased is, "Can Anyone Love Anyone Any-more?" Sure Jan loved Cynthia; but it was a debased, unnatural love, so that doesn't count. Does It?

It's astonishing to watch the author, with a straight face assume the basic premise of the so-called depravity of Lesbian love and then, build the character of a completely tender, self-sacrificing, Lesbian—a Lesbian who forces Cynthia into nothing she may later regret, who wants only for her what is best for her, and who in the end literally lays down her life for her. And the moral of this, kiddies, is: don't go selling your souls for any 19 year old females who had traumatic experiences with

brutal stablemen. Sir Lancelot will be along soon.

If you like warped books, you may like *Warped Women*. I did not. I'm still mad at the way the dice were loaded.

—Sten Russell

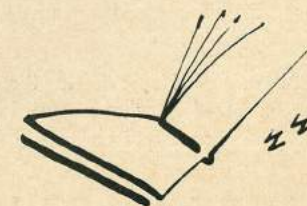
THE GOD WITHIN,

Christine Midence Valentine,
Exposition Press, New York,
\$3.50.

The aim of this book is to point out a philosophy of living. Sex and homosexuality are touched on throughout. It is the author's opinion that there are many who are indifferent to sex and for this reason are considered by present mores as being abnormal. She states also, "The degeneracy that society censures is caused by irrational condemnation of this love on the part of those who convert innocent individuals into practicing homo-sexuals upon viewing their deep and noble attachments for friends . . ."

She concludes with the suggestion that a World Fund of Wisdom or Institute of Pansyncrism be organized where conflicting theories, scientific and occult, could be evaluated.

J. W.



BOOK SERVICE

- IN THE TIME OF GREENBLOOM, by Gabriel Fielding, Wm. Morrow.....\$4.75
A strong novel written with deep insight and wisdom of two young men bound by understanding and love; a rare and unusual presentation.
- GAME OF FOOLS, by James Barr Fugate, One, Inc.....\$4.50
A popular play by the author of *Quatrefoil* and *Derricks*.
- DERRICKS, by James Barr, Pan Books.....\$2.50
A reprint of the original collection of short stories on the theme of sexual inversion. It has been nearly impossible to get until this printing.
- THE PLASTER FABRIC, by Martyn Goff, Putnam.....\$3.50
A first novel by this author. *The Plaster Fabric* is a perceptive and compassionate story about young people today, treating the homosexual side of their natures.
- THE LAST OF THE WINE, by Mary Renault, Pantheon.....\$4.50
A remarkable recreation of ancient Greece by the author of *The Charioteer*. "It is remarkable that a woman is able to write with such intensity and . . . wealth of intimate detail about the lives and loves of homosexual men," Luther Allen.
- COUP DE GRACE, by Marguerite Yourcenar, F.S.&C.....\$3.00
Coup de Grace is the second of Madam Yourcenar's novels to be translated from the French by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author, *Hadrian's Memoirs* being the first. *Coup de Grace* has the same high quality prose as the earlier work but much greater swiftness of narrative.
- ROAD OF NO REGRETS, by Joseph de Pelissero, Greenwich.....\$3.00
A must for the sentimentalists. The middle-aged homosexual hero rejoices in the eventual marriage of his young lover, Adrian, to the beautiful daughter of a business associate.
- PILGRIM'S TERRACE by Tram Combs, foreword by William Carlos Williams.....\$2.00
Poems, lucid and perceptive, of the West Indian islands, and of masculine joy and living.
- COMPULSION, by Meyer Levin, Simon and Schuster.....\$5.00
A novel based on the famous Leopold-Loeb murder case in which the author considers the homosexual element.

Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California.

Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.



SOME HISTORICAL INCIDENTS

By J. P. STARR

At the time when the Romans conquered Greece, about 200 B.C., there lived in Chaeronea, in Boeotia, northwest of Athens, an orphan, Damon Peripoltas, in beauty surpassing all of his age. A Roman army captain became passionately fond of the youth. Damon agreed to brook the accomplishment in him of the captain's desires on condition that the Greeks, Damon's people, be given freedom. The Roman captain agreed but was later unable or unwilling to live up to his bargain. Damon let himself be enjoyed; but at length he and sixteen of his companions daubed their faces at night with soot, set upon the Roman captain and killed him.

The city council, subservient to the Romans, assembled and pronounced sentence of death against Damon, but he fled before they could catch him. In the country districts Damon found time and opportunity to beget offspring. One evening as the magistrates sat at supper together Damon and his confederates broke into the hall and killed them. The Greek citizens made new decrees and let Damon return to his home, where he became head of the gymnasium. His posterity were still living in the environs at last report.

Alexander of Macedon, who lived between 356 and 323 B.C., loved women as well as boys and both in

moderation. He was forever trying to reduce the number of women and other non-soldiers in his camp, and for that reason he favored sexual relations between men when he was on campaign. When Alexander made war upon Darius, king of Persia, and captured the Persian's wife, mother and daughters, as well as many other women, Alexander made a great parade of forbearance: presumably he was expected to rape them all. He even said, jesting, that Persian women were terrible eyesores.

Alexander came into Gedrosia, in Persia's arid southeastern wasteland, refreshed and feasted his army and went to see his favorite, Bagoas, contend for a prize in dancing. Having won the victory, Bagoas crossed the theater, still all but naked, and sat beside Alexander. The Macedonian soldiery present urged Alexander to put his arms around Bagoas and kiss him, which he did in the sight of the congregated soldiers.

On another day, after Alexander had undressed himself to be anointed and was playing at ball, just as they were going to bring his clothes again, the men who played with him brought him a young man and induced the stranger to undress before the king to show his musculature and graceful proportions. Upon the assembled companion's urgings, Alexander took the youth to a couch, to the onlookers' delight.

6 Years After . . .

With this issue ONE Magazine enters its sixth year of publication in the realm of the homosexual. Six years is an impressive record for such an undertaking considered here or abroad for even in Europe where we Americans imagine tremendous freedoms exist, there are only two magazines with our subject still continuing today with longer histories than our own Vriendschap and Der Kreis.

Since the time when ONE first began to appear on the newsstands for readers there has been the addition of The Mattachine Review, The Ladder and several foreign periodicals in Europe all frankly patterned after ONE. We might not ordinarily mention the matter except that only the other day the editors received a blast from a long and continuing subscriber, Miss Geraldine Jackson, who will be remembered by early readers for her "As For Me" in our very first issue, January 1953, and also as the author of the poem published in the March issue of the same year.

ONE's editors have always judged the value of the Magazine by the type of response it arouses. They have often given space to severe critics and even welcomed the acid attentions of Jeff Winters and Donald Farrar. Miss Jackson's criticism, therefore, recalled the most savage attack of all, when, in July of 1953, after the magazine had barely gotten started, A. X. predicted doom for ONE in his article entitled "Six Reasons Why Your Little Magazine Won't Last." In his introduction A. X. had this to say: "Rational people dislike the spectacle of wasted energy. ONE is just such a spectacle in 3D, color and on the big screen. It has rushed in where even fools walk with caution. It has mistaken brashness with bravery and made a series of blunders which almost surely number its days. Tactless as it may seem to present a dying invalid with embalming fluid, a short listing of these errors may save other would-be publishers as many ulcers as dollars and hours." He then went on to list the six crushing ills as being, 1. no policy, 2. no known writers, 3. limited subject matter, 4. no advertisers, 5. need for statistics, 6. not worth the bother. That many of the faults referred to by A. X. are still with us must be acknowledged. However, others have been corrected and still others have proved to be virtues.

The timeliness of Miss Jackson's criticism coming as it does at the beginning of our second 5 years of homosexual publishing prompted us to publish it for all to see. What she has to say would be infuriating were its invective not crammed with careful thoughts and points well taken. As to whether Miss Jackson's observations foretell the doom that failed to materialize in the wake of A. X.'s prediction, we only ask that she continue to faithfully read the magazine for the answer.

Dear Editors:

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things—"

In short, to skip all the pretty phrases and apologetic passages, I think your magazine stinks! I'm sorry I can't say this more poetically—but all poetry has long since gone from me in relation to your little magazine, for which once I held such high hopes.

You have let us down—we thousands upon thousands of homosexuals for whom you have been our spokesman.

How? Exactly here's how: your entire approach to the subject of homosexuality is NEGATIVE! Your whole attitude on the subject is either apologetic, "Please excuse us for being, you great, big wonderful heterosexuals," or it is pleading, "Please let us live too, you great, big wonderful homosexuals!" The heck with both of these attitudes. How about this one: "We're here, and we're here to stay and 'them' as don't like it can lump it!"—be they heterosexual OR homosexual!"

My opinion of your magazine is no mere fly by night opinion. I have read every issue of your mag since it first came out in 1953. In the beginning first few issues your publication had a certain life and purpose in it—but through the years it has become steadily worse—more and more anemic and limp-wristed!

Your last issue—Oct.-Nov.—was the worst yet. THAT poetry! Gawd! It is all pessimistic from the word GO. Leave me quote a few delectable lines from that little poetic gem called, "LOST SOULS":

"About me I see a sea of faces—

City Faces,

I wonder if behind some one impassive mask,

Insouciant without,

Lies some tortured soul with thoughts akin to mine

Bitter thoughts:—"

And so on and on ad nauseam—

Doesn't that paint a wonderful future for homosexual love? Sure, homosexual love has its disappointments as well as the heterosexual variety, but must we ALWAYS sing a dirge about it? Doesn't love EVER work out in homosexuality? From reading your magazine I would say not! Your poetry, almost to the last line and in almost every issue I have read impresses me with a nostalgia, a tremendous yearning for things never had—in short, it sounds like a batch of bawling babies LOOKING for a love they never had rather than mature adults grieving for a love they once had and lost. There is nothing REAL to the love emotions in your poetry, and this goes for the stories too for the most part. Your stories are lousily written, but I could forgive you that if they ever said anything. But again they are adolescent. They are worse than adolescent—they are just plain infantile!

I'd just like to find the author of "The Echo of a Voice"—also in your Oct.-Nov. issue—I'd exterminate him! And that name he writes by "Shoji Umo"—this is a fine example of what I mean about artificiality of this magazine. Obviously, this is not his real name, or if it were, why in the name of common sense doesn't he change it! It strikes me as being all a part of the big act of far too many homosexuals to dress differently, talk differently, have different mannerisms and fancy names. The devil with it! Can't we be just plain people and homosexuals too!

It seems that your magazine is forever crying the theme song, "Please treat us like people—we're no different than anybody else!" Then if we aren't any different, why does everything in your mag reek of "difference"? Ah, yes, that "Echo of a Voice was a masterpiece—a masterpiece of driveling infantilism, at its worst. Imagine a grown man out in the open screaming at the top of his lungs—"John, Come back! Come back!" Screaming it for the whole town to hear! THAT is supposed to represent great and tender love? It represents nothing but a hopeless neurotic who has lost the person he undoubtedly had been leaning upon. This is NOT love—this is childish need. And yet the story was dramatized ridiculously. To continue, "But the cries of that young man calling in the life of night for the friend he loved had echoed in my memory for about thirty-five years. I wonder what became of him."

Well, I wonder too. I hope, for his sake, he was placed in a good psychiatric hospital—he certainly belonged there!

As for your articles—they are from nowhere too. Why in the name of heaven do you print and reprint articles that eternally damn us? A case in point are various items you have printed by Bergler. The guy obviously hates us—then why do you pass on his vicious and hostile attitudes to thousands of homosexuals who are starved for a ray of friendliness and guidance?

Another article which illustrates what I mean is "The Older Homosexual" in the June-July issue 1957. Here, I thought was a real meaty title because I've often wondered what happens to the homosexual when he, or she, gets old. Well, in this article I found out.

"Sparky," the article writes, "a life long nickname descriptive of his champagne personality, which made each moment an incandescent bubble, is still a 'bachelor' playboy at seventy-five." YES, dear editors, I am quoting directly from the article—look it up yourself!

And THIS is what happens to the homosexual when he grows old—at least so your magazine says! What a horrible and depressing effect this must have upon wide eyed and inexperienced young homosexuals who think this is the fate awaiting them when they grow old. Don't you realize that this kind of talk increases promiscuity and gives people a feeling that this kind of love is juvenile and unlasting? This is TERRIBLE propaganda!

And while I'm boiling about your mag, will you please tell me just what is your purpose in your column, "tangents—news and views by dal mcintire"? That, barring none, is the most USELESS and vicious section of your entire magazine. Why? Because it does almost NOTHING but publish the perverted side of life which involves homosexuals. Here is an excerpt from the Oct.-Nov. 1957 issue—

"In 'opening shot' of their 'war against perverts,' 8 Tampa vice squadders hit Jimmie White's Tavern, arrested 12 women—because of 'mannish' dress—questioned, but did not arrest 2 waitresses in men's clothes. 'My orders came from the top,' said Captain Howel Ryals, 'we're going to put a stop to this activity once and for all.'"

Don't you think it's about time you selected the "type" of homosexual you wish to reach through your magazine? If you wish to reach and defend the type of person who is constantly being picked up in this or that tavern or beach shore or what not, then go ahead. But the self respecting homosexual is not with you. He seldom, if ever, goes to those places in the first place, and he's

not too sympathetic with the kind of deviate who does go there and just asks for trouble with the law. The column, "tangents" claims to be a "forthright spokesman for homosexuals." Maybe so. But what KIND of homosexuals? Not many of us are interested in the kind you write about in "tangents." They do nothing for us but put us in a bad light with society. Let us hear about homosexuals that behave for a change. Cut out your column, "tangents"—we're tired of hearing about people who are constantly in legal trouble—primarily because they ask for it!

Now that I have sufficiently vented my spleen on the subject, you probably wonder what I DO want from your mag. Do I want a magazine full of sweetness and light, a pollyannish ostrich in the sand sort of thing? Absolutely not! I do not wish to delete controversial subjects from your magazine, nor to hide the hard realities of life from your readers. I just want a **POSITIVE APPROACH!** Is THIS too much to ask? You do not have to serve up finished answers—hell's bells, even the psychiatrists don't always have those. But you do have to serve up articles, stories and poetry with a more mature, searching and sincere attitude and which, at least, offer some sort of positive opinions to this great unknown land of homosexuality.

Specifically one of the best series of article I can imagine are personal success stories, either written by the person themselves or about someone whom they know well. Articles which tell how homosexuals have successfully met the challenge of society, of their own love life, of their jobs, or whatever other difficulties they might have known, which involved somehow their homosexuality. Let us hear about people who have SUCCEEDED at homosexuality, and delete all sob stories from your magazine as you would the plague!

And for heaven's sakes, do something about your stories and poetry also. The literary quality is almost impossible and is only excelled by the infantile quality of same. Cut out writing about highly masculine women and sissy men—we're sick of that too! No wonder the public thinks that's all there are in this business. Even when you attempt to write about a feminine woman and a masculine man, it doesn't ring true. They sound like imitations of the real thing.

Your first question to all this is, of course, "Where do we start to get such articles, stories, or poetry? We beg and we beg," you say, "for manuscripts and nobody writes anything?" Do you know WHY they don't write anything? Because you haven't inspired them to do so. As for why you don't get more and better articles from doctors, etc., what self respecting doctor would ever dare be published in your juvenile and whimpering magazine—even posthumously? You have to MOTIVATE people to write for you, both readers of homosexual or heterosexual bent by first putting out a magazine ON YOUR OWN which will sufficiently merit their interest and respect.

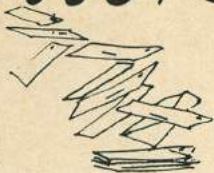
So it looks like you people down there at the editor's desk are just going to have to rack your brains and produce something of first rate calibre first, and THEN I'll bet you'll see a few results coming in from your readers!

If I still didn't care about you. I wouldn't even bother to write this. But I DO still care.

So get busy and put out a magazine with some life in it. You've been dead long enough!!!!

Geraldine Jackson

Letters



Sir:

Please send me information concerning your organization. I understand you are interested in aspects of homosexuality. Since I am a homosexual I would be interested in your organization.

**Mr. L.
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS**

Dear Sir:

Your magazine has become a source of enjoyment and moral strength to me. I want you to know that from this moment on I am your staunch supporter and friend. I think you know how it feels to be acquainted with someone or some group of strength and integrity which is dedicated to your private interests.

**Mr. T.
A.P.O., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Dear ONE:

Thank you for printing POEMS OF OTHER LOVE. It is a pleasant relief from too much prose. I liked all of the poetry, but especially Alden Kirby's "All Unclothed." I think he is very brave for having his picture appear on the cover—also good looking. I am suggesting the idea of publishing a book of these modern POEMS OF OTHER LOVE, as I enjoy reading them over and over.

**Miss N.
WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Dear ONE:

For whatever my opinion is worth, you get better and better with each issue—except poetically. I do protest your choice of poems as not being poetry for the most part. I would rather see you publish a good poem that had no homosexual implications than a non-poem, laid out on the page to resemble poetic form, that suggests a homosexual interpretation.

I know you are not a literary magazine primarily and are in need of manuscripts by your constant appeals for them, but please, there is a great difference between using modern verse as a medium and writing that which can be called a poem. If I thought you

had actually picked your choices as the best poems—but oh, your articles are so intelligent, your whole magazine of such a high caliber, I cannot do you the intellectual disservice of such a thought. You are obviously far too intelligent a group of people for me to say—and believe—well they don't know anything about poetry. So you probably try to pick the best of what you get that will be meaningful to your readers.

I do believe in you, support you, talk about you, defend you (when necessary) and try to sell, give subscriptions—so my criticism does not come from one who completely sits on her rear and just finds fault.

**Miss H.
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Gentlemen:

Enclose a contribution to further the wonderful work you are doing. We enjoy your magazine very much and someday I'll write the INSTITUTE and tell you all about "us." Whenever you receive criticism that is not constructive do not be discouraged. Nothing worthwhile ever succeeded without criticism.

**Mr. P.
WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Gentlemen:

Enjoy all issues of ONE, but was particularly enthused over the article, "It Just Isn't Natural," as it not only provided answers to the questions, but backs up the answers with facts, and no one can deny facts.

**Mr. V.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**

Dear Sir:

I am 26, very lonely and disgusted. I'm so alone, can't seem to find anyone to care for me or care what I feel. I've written this to you to ask if you can offer me advice. Please forgive me if I've taken up your time for what may seem unimportant to most people. But I'm really most sincere. A friend used to send me quite a few copies of ONE. It makes me feel so good to know that there are places where one can live and be happy.

**Mr. E.
NEW ALBANY, IND.**

EDITOR'S REPLY:

You can easily understand that from among the many thousands of readers we frequently receive such letters as yours. There are many localities and circumstances where the going is not easy. The most our little staff can possibly undertake at present is to publish ONE Magazine, as something of an encouragement and rallying focus for the scattered thousands in all parts of the world. This keeps us busy night and day. There are many questions you alone can answer for yourself. In the long run, rough though it may now seem,

you will find yourself the stronger for these struggles.

Dear ONE:

With all my heart I'm hoping we can raise the \$10,000 this year, for even though I am just an Associate Member, I am with you completely on any fund raising or enlightenment campaign you undertake. I hope others will feel as I do and help our organization. I am sure that all members can contribute something, no matter how large or small.

**Mr. A.
KANSAS CITY, MO.**

Dear Members:

Congrats on the first all-around excellent format of ONE to date, from cover to stern each page was a stimulating treat. Special accolades due Shoji Umo for initial portrayal of extended sympathy to appear in this journal. To his credit, maturity. Extra thanks to good ol' Dal for his honest reportage not taken too cynically down through the years! That boy rates A-11

**Mr. L.
KANSAS CITY, MO.**

Dear Editor:

ONE has finally won through my protective armor, designed to prevent me from subscribing to more publications than necessary. I feel that ONE is performing an important service to this country, in that it presents openly a subject which is generally banned from the press of a supposedly "liberal" country. Only through education—and any periodical is a functioning part of education—can the semi-illiterate American public become aware of the world about them.

**Mr. K.
NEW YORK, N.Y.**

Gentlemen:

The more oppressed a minority, the quicker it resents criticism; but a minority interested in bettering itself cannot afford to be subjective to the extent that it takes on the appearance of a religious cult. Unhappily, ONE sometimes reads like a periodical sponsored by a group that has just seen the Light. Letters from readers are sometimes pathetic, sometimes alarming. And what else could you expect? Here, at last, someone is **doing** something for the homosexual. And so enthusiasm overrides sound judgment.

A militant homosexual movement is not called for. Political activity is out of the question. Revolution would mean regression. It may be easier to demand acceptance of the group than for each individual to make himself worthy of acceptance, but only the latter course will affect any lasting change in society's attitude. The question is not **what should**

be but **what can be**.

What does the average citizen know of homosexual motivation and behaviour? What he reads in the expose magazine? What he reads on walls of public rest rooms? All the more reason why we should present our viewpoint, you say. Exactly! But, all the more reason why our methods must be above reproach.

**Mr. K.
ATLANTA, GA.**

Dear Sirs:

My prayers (and I mean it literally) and my spirits are behind you and our fight for the rights of men, as I hope are the prayers and efforts of many others. May the Divine Spirit guide and protect you from rash action for immediate gains which might harm our long range efforts for mutual good-will and respect. Yet may we find the wisdom and courage to go forward where we must. I'm pulling for you in your legal battles as well as your educational ones.

**Mr. G.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS**

Editor:

Quick—do Something! Put this character down! (Arthur Guy Mathews, "Is Homosexuality a Menace?") We thought Bergler was bad . . . Hoo-Ha! This guy is really rabid! It's ridiculous for his title to be asking a question. From beginning to end of his vicious diatribe, he's giving his biased answer. I've never seen such a mish-mosh collection of trumped-up, fake-sounding "cases." You did a beautiful job of taking the wind out of Bergler's sails. I hope to God you will squelch this pompous alarmist.

**Mr. J.
GARDEN CITY, MICH.**

Dear Editor and all:

My week was made complete (even before it began) when I found ONE prominently displayed on a newsstand last Monday morning. You continue to do a beautiful job and I want you to know how deeply grateful I am to have what I call "our magazine." Leaving aside the present issue [which I think is really the most forthright contribution to the homosexual viewpoint I have yet seen] I want to tell you how much your article on older homosexuals in an earlier issue meant to me. It was beautifully and nobly done. I am fifty years old and one does appreciate the importance of maintaining dignity and enjoying the wholesome and kind association of younger men of true and honest homosexuality.

**Mr. E.
NEW YORK, N. Y.**