



one

SIX REASONS WHY

*"Four little magazines
won't last"*

July

1953
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Bluntly...♦♦♦



This is the seventh edition of ONE and like the others it is late. We are trying to advance the deadline each month so that, before too long, we will have the magazine properly in your hands by the first of the month appearing on the cover. Of course the important thing is not the date but the content, and we hope this July edition will please you even more than the earlier ones.

You must not think of ONE as a well-heeled, brilliantly staffed commercial publication designed for sales appeal. ONE is written, printed, mailed, sold by people like yourself who have interests and backgrounds very like your own. No member of our staff has ever received a dime for any of his work even though our business manager has found it imperative to quit his regular job so he can devote full time, at least for a while, to the magazine. No writer has ever been paid for any of his writings appearing in ONE. As a result of this, we know there is room for improvement although we work very hard.

These first seven months were rugged. You saw the grotesquely cut second edition and the seemingly fanciful unevenness of deliveries. But we are not looking for a shoulder to cry on, for we believe the worst is behind us. Our subscriptions have doubled in the past two months, the magazine is finally on sale at some newsstands and we expect it to be available at more soon.

Our net, paid monthly circulation (including subs and unit sales) has just passed the 2,000 mark. While not bad, the figure must be vastly increased. Since we have neither financial backing nor paid personnel there is no one we can appeal to but you. ONE is the only publication of its kind in the United States—as far as we know on the North American continent—and we are determined that it will live and grow and make its influence felt.

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

Volume One Number Seven
July 1953

CONTENTS

"Your Little Magazine Won't Last"	A.X.	page 2
Fiction: But They'll Outgrow It	David Freeman	page 7
Lyric For Lovers	Saul K.	page 11
Are You Afraid To Subscribe?		page 12
The Answer To Homosexuality	James Whitman	page 14
As For Me . . .	R.L.M.	page 17
Books	M.B.	page 19
Where Do You Get That Way?	Margaret Mead	page 20
Letters		page 21



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SIX REASONS WHY

"Four little magazines
won't last."

ONE's editors judge its value by the type of criticism it rouses. It has given space to severe critics where it has by-passed those who merely agree. It, for instance, welcomed the acid attention of Jeff Winters and Donald Farrar who both attacked the magazine with intelligence and honesty deriving of a wish to help. Now comes the most savage manuscript of all. It would be infuriating were its invective not crammed with points well taken and careful thought. A.X. went to a lot of trouble to write ONE's epitaph which mentions neither rest nor peace. Try it for size.

Rational people dislike the spectacle of wasted energy. ONE is just such a spectacle in 3D, color and on the big, new 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.

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1 STOP THE MUSIC: THERE'S NO AUDIENCE!

Trying to pin down your policy is like sighting a gun on a butterfly. In just six issues, ONE has flitted amiably from stuffy research to vulgar flippancy with the apparent wish to please everybody. It will come as news to the editors that this can't be done. It's no secret that scientific people actually believe they can be "objective" about everything and that they think all expression should be cool, calm and collected even as their enemies burn their text books, and lynch from lab to lab. Aim at these cool characters and you'll have a medical journal that will make a day at the mortuary seem a welcome change. Nickels and pennies will be welcome change, too. Then turn to the popular "gay" market and you'll find yourself printing slop. The average homosexual wants in his/her magazine (a) sob-stories detailing how hard their lot is, (b) pornographic poetry written in the modern manner without verbs so that the slaving reader need only scan the mystic lines for familiar naughty words, (c) romantic clap-trap differing from MGM and the Ladies Home Journal only in that the two lovers are of the same sex, and (d) "mad" and daring lay-out and illustration of the most "liberated and modern" type. All this would naturally put your scientific people to flight with a speed making jets blush. Nor would the general public have any of that stuff either—in the ridiculous event that you'd thought of interesting *them* in a magazine on deviation. They'd be justly horrified at the Witches' Sabbath which the gay ones would make of ONE and, if your scientists took over, the public would only read it in the event of insomnia. What's more, the average person has little interest in the subject except when it bursts into headlines and reporters hint at vices so exquisitely ghastly that he explodes in outrage—not so much at the criminals as at the unspecific reporters. This magazine has no real audience, no discernable policy and a future more uncertain than a snowball in hell. Pleasing everyone, you please none. ONE's aim isn't really bad: it simply doesn't exist. It's not a shot: it's an explosion.

2 JUST WHO ARE THE EDITORS AND WRITERS ANYWAY?

Of course, this mootest of questions can't be answered. Anyone willing to print his real name in a magazine on homosexuality in 1953 should have his head or heads examined. But the fact remains that the reader of ONE often pauses to snarl, "Who says so?" and, in glancing at the obvious pen-names, is left with a feeling not unlike the inability to burp when it's most needed. You should know that almost everyone reads *by the author* these days. You look to see who wrote it and proceed to read what he has to say with your mind fully made up to agreement or disagreement beforehand. That's why unknowns are so unpopular; the average

reader hates to plow through him because they've no ready-made prejudice to begin with: God, they'll have to judge what he says all by themselves! Perhaps ONE's jural troop of anonymous writers is good training for the public but perhaps that stubborn old public doesn't want to be trained. Perhaps they want articles by well-known names and perhaps those well-known writers would rather drop dead than appear in ONE without eight layers of masks. Or with them. So who's going to believe findings of mysterious researchers who sign their articles with initials only? Who likes just any old statistic thrown his way like a bone in the dark? Perhaps it's character enriching to have to gnaw a while to see if it is a bone but few people read magazines with enrichment in mind. If you speak authoritatively, the readers have a right to know the authority. *And you don't dare give it.* For a long, long time you won't dare give it and in the stretched meantime you hope to heaven the reader won't get bored with these impressive voices of wisdom thundering out of the darkness. Remember even an oracle can get monotonous.

3 FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF MY CONTENTS

Beside research, what's there to print? Don't say, "Oh, lots!" until you whip through the possible purposes of the magazine: enlightenment, entertainment or enrichment. The first is out of the question. The second and third are absurd. Take fiction, for instance. It's a magazine on deviation, so there are two possibilities: a story *about* homosexuals or *by* them. If it's printed merely because it's *by* one, then nothing in the whole pamphlet need even mention homosexuality. This is like being asked to hear a string trio not for the music but because all three are plumbers by vocation. Sorry, we came for the music; their jobs by day can just go down the drain as irrelevant. Then, say the fiction is solely concerned with deviation as subject matter. This is an odd order without parallel in any art. We are asked to read stories, humor, poetry and opinion based *only* on the *sexual* leaning of a single type! Incredible! The only other publication with such strange limitations are the lewd girlie books which print only photos of girls undressing. But grant the monomania and what have we? Romances, tragedies and comedies, as in any other literature, but with the vital difference that sex must *always* enter into the picture. Otherwise it won't be homosexual. If we published the story of a girl who risked her life to warn the town that a dam had burst, it wouldn't belong in ONE unless the author(ess) dragged in the superbly irrelevant fact that she was off hiking with another girl and was sexually attracted by or occupied with her when she discovered the tired dam! My God. Then, to avoid the appearance of dragging in sex by the heels, we must do the obvious and deal solely with sex. There is no need for bursting dams in sex romances. All we

require is towering happiness ("Paul sniffed Dave's hair and shuddered with delight."), agonized parting ("Life was now a vast, empty plain.") and reunion ("Thud, smack, squeeze, yum-yum!") This gets monotonous. Who but a moron would read years and years of True Confessions? And the caliber of T.C. would be about all the writer could try for because he's limited to homosexual, sexual, and romantic plots. And if he's not liltily romantic and deals with a relationship that doesn't involve Love in its highest form, he'll be given passage out of town on a rail. No homosexual in ONE will admit to sexual relations without Love. It's not nice! *The pattern must be identical to the women's mags and as stultifying.* As for poetry, it is as irritating as the fiction under these limitations with the addition of salaciousness by innuendo. As for biographies of historic figures: who cares *whom* Shakespeare went to bed with after reading Hamlet! Only the smutty and frustrated do. Anticipating the manuscripts that *must* come through the weary mails, I wouldn't be an editor of ONE for ten thousand bucks a week.

4 THE LONG GREEN

Almost every magazine's life blood is advertising. Subscribers have to come in droves to merely pay expenses. Who is going to advertise in ONE now or for a good long while? Few companies want to be so branded by appearing in its questionable pages. There are even gay bars and muscle photographers who decline the honor; they don't wish to be publicly associated with the nasty homos who keep them in good money. You might as well give up ads and send out platoons of bell-ringers each Christmas asking for donations. Patrons and literally thousands of subs are your only hope. And that might as well be dismissed. Few rich rush to hand over lumps of cash for so dubious an undertaking: "How can I be sure there aren't any communists on the editorial board?" And most homos are too frightened to have something as explosive as this tiny folder come to them through the mail. They're not notably brave, you know. The average gay one fights prejudice by insisting he loves girls and hiding under the nearest bar. The only money you're sure of getting is the savings of the editorial board—as long as they're willing to work free. And someday when things are real dull, go apply for a loan for your deviation-from-all-other-magazines. I'd love to see their faces.

5 THEN WHY BOTHER WITH THE THING IN THE FIRST PLACE?

There is one field in which a magazine on deviation could be of real value. It couldn't stimulate writers and artists to great or even good work because of its crushingly limited subject matter. It couldn't back research because it hasn't the money, and those re-

searchers who don't need the money certainly wouldn't reveal the findings of years of study in a giddy little pamphlet. But it certainly *can* be a means of vigorous and continuous protest. Let the "objective" little people of science sit in airless cliques and call the magazine "too belligerent!" They will not be paying the printer nor bailing homosexuals out of jail nor standing up to object to seething, rotting, outrageous injustice. As they ask us to *please* lower our voices like ladies and gentlemen, the roar that drowns them out is not the bad manners of the deviants but the triumphant cries of corrupt officials and psychotic lynchers. *The homosexual has no civil rights.* This is an indisputable fact. You can murmur it, dissolve it in a test-tube, say it in French, put it to soft music and the fact remains that law and order is daily trespassed in their treatment. Even they themselves don't know the extent of their very real persecution. It must be documented and such a bright little leaflet as ONE is precisely the means for that documentation. It needn't be a queer little monthly with secret jokes for the Few and exotic drawings that reveal sex organs when held at an angle. It needn't be just another medical journal with gutless words of twelve syllables. It *mustn't* be a pulp mag for perverts. ONE, or something like it, has a single destiny if it is to do good: it has to be the mouthpiece of the victims of injustice. It must speak with fury and relentlessly. The louder the better. It must make enemies with its facts and allies with its courage. It must bring to a head the Great Secret Wrong. It must lead with truth or follow prejudice. There's no choice.

6 HOMOSEXUALS AREN'T WORTH IT

And how, can this magazine document these facts? The only way to amass such data is through your readers. They—not brilliant editors—are the only means of bringing facts to light. Statistics, God, how homosexuals need statistics! And they're not interested.

It would be too much of a bother. After all, life is terribly grim, so the only thing for this gay one to do is laugh like mad, have as much sex as possible, paint the bedroom ceiling in black and pink checks and fall in love regularly on the first and fifteenth. Because he is set aside—and sets himself aside—on a purely sexual basis, he thinks almost exclusively of copulation. He places all other men in two categories: those he'd like to ravish (or be ravished by) and the rest of the population he'd rather die than shake hands with. Sex as sex is impersonal; the average homo sees little personality in those around him unless he's in love. He feels little for people and much for persons. He's scared stiff of being included with the vulgar masses yet he's permanently peeved at being ostracized by those masses. It's not at *all* clever to do anything in groups—except drink and the other. He's seldom a joiner and he looks on the jailings

of his friends as the just result of their carelessness and on his own arrest as an outrage that all society should rally to avenge. What's more, homos are forced to be complete and utter cowards by virtue of the necessity of constant caution. They run screaming at the mention of the words vice squad (yet rush to those places where the vice squad waits for them). They go to fantastic lengths to keep their parents from knowing (fearing what? disinheritance? a spanking?) when the family unit is a group least to be feared and most necessary to educate. After all, that same damned family *made* you this way! Homos are generally unaware and indifferent to their civil rights. The law and politics are all one: vulgar, annoying and not too important. He is habitually suspicious, charmingly uninformed, inclined to be righteously indignant about most anything and strangely cruel. Summing up, he is precisely what society makes him, is outraged at this suggestion that he is a product of environment—and he deserves everything that happens to him. Were he to put his defiance into informed protest instead of egg-sized cuff-links, nothing could stop him. As it is, everything does and will. He's just not worth the bother.

A.X.



But They'll Outgrow It

They had no real idea of the catastrophe they courted . . . They only knew that life was great, and it was wonderful to be fifteen and in love!

To Dave Gordon, who had lived in Ochabee all his sixteen years, the shaded creek at the foot of the hill was the site of church, school and family picnics, a place for hiking or swimming—if you could build a dam before the farmer a mile downstream discovered his cattle had no water. The tottering barn had been a favorite spot for Dave and Paul Hunter, whose father owned it and stored alfalfa there in the winter. It had been over

two years ago that Dave and Paul had dug tunnels criss-crossing the hayloft. Each approaching feet first on opposite sides of a mound of hay, they would kick vigorously until their feet touched or didn't—as often happened.

As Dave stood tonight beside the stream near the barn he remembered the fragrance of the newly-cut alfalfa and the scent of Paul's hair which mingled to a heady aroma and kind of made you dizzy. He thought of the

first successful tunnel they had dug way back there. Covered with dust and prickly alfalfa shoots and gasping from exertion, each emerged from his end of the tunnel shouting and flushed with triumph. Panting they sat down side by side. Paul looked at Dave with his immense, brown eyes, his jet black hair almost blue in the dust-filtered sunlight.

"I sure like your color!" said Dave. "I wish I wasn't white!"

Paul answered in a surprisingly mature tone for he was only fourteen at the time: "Black's not a lucky color. You be glad you're what you are."

"But it's so much nicer to look at! Oh, it's handsome, Paul!"

And suddenly a remarkable thing happened. Paul put his hand on Dave's knee so casually you might not think he knew he'd done it. A great something burst within him and Dave kissed him quickly on the cheek. It was over just that fast.

"Silly," said Paul and gave Dave a shove which sent him rolling joyously to the bottom of the mound. He got to his feet and ran after Paul who darted like an animal in and out of tunnels, up the ladder to the loft. He flew in a fair imitation of a swan dive from the heights into the soft mound below, and stopped with a frantic jerk only when his coat hooked itself to a stanchion in the cow shed. Dave seized the opportunity to catch him and, they wrestled wildly rolling over and over together out of joy at intimate contact as well as excess of adolescent

spirits.

In the past two years many things had happened. Pleasant things, mostly. But there were unpleasant ones, too, like the time Dave's father had demanded to know why Dave spent so much time with "that black Hunter family." Dave had answered simply, "Because I love them," and his father had looked sort of sick and turned away. Others—Dave's schoolmates—had occasionally made remarks about Dave liking Paul too much and one day someone had drawn two hearts on the blackboard with an arrow piercing them and their initials.

Dave thought all this, while acutely embarrassing, pretty silly. The truth, as he saw it, was simply that he liked Paul better than anyone in the whole world precisely because Paul and his mother and father and older brother were the first people (outside of his mother) who had ever been good to him.

In the Hunter's tiny house behind the filling station near the bridge winter had been a time of especial joy. Then you could run to the Hunter's directly from school, have supper of fried potatoes, steak and chocolate cake with lots of milk and afterwards sit around the red-hot, pot-bellied stove in the living-dining room while Mrs. Hunter read her Bible and Mr. Hunter told again of his trip on a tramp steamer to Rio when he was a boy before he came to South Dakota to start a farm.

Sometimes Mrs. Hunter would look

up from her Bible, her glasses down on the tip of her nose and join the conversation. Once she looked over her spectacles right at Dave and said, "We are outcasts, Dave Gordon, why do you like us so much?"

"Well," Dave said with more wisdom than he was entitled to at his age, "I guess I'm an outcast, too." They all laughed, a trifle nervously, not quite knowing why . . .

A speeding car swept up the hill and startled Dave from his reverie. Would Paul come? It was growing dark, and he hadn't seen Paul since that terrible day two weeks ago when the two of them had strolled idly into the barn and Dave had done that thing to Paul. Dave hated himself for it. He was convinced he had ruined a beautiful friendship—all their fine three years together—to satisfy one silly, nasty impulse. But *was* it nasty? Dave couldn't find it in his heart to believe it was in spite of the remarks he had heard about such things in the locker room at school.

It had all happened so easily it was impossible to believe it could have been bad. Paul had been waiting for him in the barn, and Dave walked up and took him in his arms and kissed—many times. Convinced Paul would never speak to him again he had said nothing the following day, and on the day after that Dave and his family left for two weeks' vacation. They had been the most miserable weeks of Dave's life, and he hated his father for taking him out of school to satisfy a

foolish yen for a fall vacation.

The day he returned to school Dave had written Paul a letter and slipped it into Paul's geography book during lunch. In the letter he had said, "Perhaps you hate me and if you do, I deserve it. But would you see me in the barn tonight at four?" But maybe Paul hadn't got his note. No, it couldn't be. His failure to write was proof he hated Dave now and forevermore. He was a fool to wait longer. It was nearly six and his Dad would storm at him for being late to supper again. Besides, there could be no reason for Paul to be so late if he were coming.

Dave shuddered. There was no doubt that summer had gone for good. He returned to the barn; the withered, yellow reeds along the grey water depressed him. Winter would be here soon. Knowing it was futile to remain longer and would mean some punishment for lateness at supper, Dave nevertheless climbed the ladder into the hayloft. The barn was huge, and he looked down into the twilight depths below, heaped thickly with fresh hay. To Dave in his unhappiness the fifteen feet below became a Grand Canyon lined with brutal rocks and sharp jutting branches. It was now clear what he had to do: Paul had forsaken him, and there was nothing but to throw himself into the abyss. That was it! Plunge into the canyon, have your body broken on the rocks and branches long before you hit the swirling waters below. And then peace, quiet, death. His miserable life would

be over . . .

But before he plunged Dave thought he should say a few appropriate last words such as "I love him not too little but too much" (Was that the way it went?) or " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have been loved," or something like that. But he was afraid he didn't have the quotations quite right, and since it wouldn't do to quote inaccurately from your dying lips, he hesitated. It was nearly dark. Then a dim patch of light showed itself below as the barn door opened. It was Paul. Without another thought Dave leaped into the Grand Canyon-suddenly become-haystack to meet him.

"Sorry to be late," said Paul, "I had to stay after school because I was caught trying to pass a note to you. You didn't see me in the hall, I guess. I thought you were sore at me."

"Paul, Paul! How could you imagine such a thing? Did the old hag get the note?"

"She sure tried, but I ate it."

"You did this for me?" Dave half knew he was being theatrical, but it seemed so appropriate he didn't care.

"Well, I'm here." They both laughed.

"What did the note say?"

"It said, 'I love you and will meet you in the barn.'"

"Paul! I can't live without you. Come. We must run away together!"

"Where?"

"Where? Well, I don't now where. What does it matter? Nothing matters

now but the two of us!"

"Okay, but I have to pitch some hay for the critters or my old man'll give me holy hell."

"Oh, sure, and I have to go, too. But when'll I see you again?"

"Same place, same time."

"Yes, yes!" said Dave, and he grabbed Paul by the shoulders and kissed him on the lips. "Tell me that you like me as much as I like you. Tell me!"

"I love you, Dave boy."

Dave ran to the street and toward the hill, for he was late to supper. The reeds by the water were golden strands of tender fragrance as he passed them now, and the grey creek had grown purple in the mystic autumn twilight. The whole world was exquisite as he had never beheld it. The sky, on recent nights bleak and autumnal, was now a great dome of sparkling jewels highlighted with color and fire. Dave sprang up the hill.

He was in love! This, was what all the poets wrote about. But how could he be in love with Paul when Paul was a boy? It was confusing but seemed unimportant. There couldn't be another feeling like this in all of life. He wanted to shout in the streets that he loved Paul. What would his Dad say? Would he object? How could he when confronted with such glorious, overpowering emotion? Love was good. Love was pure. God was love. That's what they taught you in Sunday school. But he remembered his Dad's face when he had accused him of spending too much time with "that

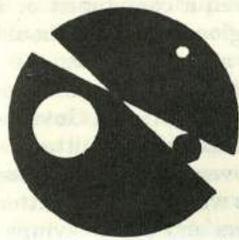
black Hunter family." His Dad wasn't religious anyway and might not believe what they taught in Sunday school. Well, perhaps he would tell his mother as soon as they were alone and ask her advice about telling Dad. It was so wonderful he just had to talk about it! He knew she'd be real

glad to hear it. He could already see her smile as he told her.

A dog barked in the distance as he reached the summit of the hill, a late cricket chirped beside the road, and Ochabee lay before him, a diadem on the prairie.

David L. Freeman

Lyric for Lovers



*. . . we kissed
and fear fell from me like a veil
my shadowed heart burst forth
to soar in bright daylight
with his lips crushed on mine I knew
a thing so sweet cannot be wrong!
He smiled and kissed my eyes
and held my hands
and put upon my wrists bright silver chains
then held me to him, murmured softly,
"They'll not send you up for long.
I'll wait for you, my love,"
and led me out to where his partner parked
saying brusquely, "Yep, another one."
We sat in the rear our fingers intertwined
and as we rode he softly, gently questioned me
with oh such understanding!
I won't forget
and oh my darling
will I ever wait for you!*

Saul K.

AFRAID TO SUBSCRIBE TO

one?

Read this editorial

The Bill of Rights Survives a New Attack

FROM

THE SATURDAY
EVENING
POST

May 2, 1953

IN an important Supreme Court opinion a few weeks ago, Justice William O. Douglas struck a blow for liberty which has been too little noticed. One reason for the apparent blackout of "liberal" comment on this decision is probably the fact that Edward A. Rumely, the man who won this important battle for freedom of the press, represents the so-called "Right." Had he been a communist or a member of some bizarre religious sect, we should have heard a great deal more about his case.

It will be recalled that Doctor Rumely, as secretary for the Committee for Constitutional Government, was ordered by a congressional committee investigating lobbying to turn over to the committee a list of all purchasers of books which the committee had been selling to its members and others sympathetic to its ideas. The idea was that Doctor Rumely's outfit was attempting to influence Congress via the public. This was supposed to be lobbying.

In the course of his appearance on June 6, 1950, before the committee, of which the late Congressman Frank Buchanan was chairman, Doctor Rumely said that he was willing to produce the

names of all contributors and the records of all loans and other transactions. But he added, "I'm not going to produce the names of people who bought books because of the Bill of Rights that is beyond the power of your committee to investigate."

The House cited Doctor Rumely for contempt of Congress and his case dragged along through the Federal courts until it reached the Supreme Court, where the right of Doctor Rumely and all other Americans to publish and circulate books without divulging the names of the buyers to public authority was unanimously sustained.

Concurring with Justice Frankfurter's majority opinion, Justice Douglas wrote:

"We have here a publisher who through books and pamphlets seeks to reach the minds and hearts of the American people. . . . Like the publishers of newspapers, magazines, or books, this publisher bids for the minds of men in the marketplace of ideas. . . . The command that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press' has behind it a long history. It expresses the confidence that the safety of society depends on the tolerance

of Government for hostile as well as friendly criticism, that in a community where men's minds are free, there must be room for the unorthodox as well as the orthodox views."

It would be difficult to find two sets of ideas more hostile to each other than those of Justice Douglas and the Committee for Constitutional Government. The justice's opinion does honor to his integrity and his ability to interpret American doctrine without regard for his taste in ideologies. Coming to the central issue of whether the publication and distribution of books can be penalized under a statute to control lobbying, Justice Douglas wrote: "Once the Government can demand of a publisher the names of the purchasers of his publications, the free press as we know it disappears. Then the specter of a Government agent will look over the shoulder of everyone who reads."

It seems to us that the Supreme Court's verdict in the Rumely case belongs with those important decisions by the court which in critical times put America more firmly on the right course, the course in line with her historic traditions.

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The Answer to Homosexuality

(The following is a resume of research done by the author while a student at a Southland college. The careful footnotes and bibliography in the original have been deleted because of space requirements. All references available upon request from the editors who realize how singular this arrangement is.)

It would be a difficult, even unwise, procedure to separate homosexuality from the other areas of life and consider it wholly in the realm of abnormal psychology. Because of the interplay and influence of religion, law, the social sciences, etc., no activity so integral a part of life can be considered (as too often it is) in a vacuum.

Society itself, and the general tenor of the world today should be understood as a background, and as an active force in perpetuating the problem of homosexuality. No one escapes today's strong religious and social influences. The most open-minded "agnostic free thinker" could not approach such a subject without some preconceived ideas and attitudes. Even the objective scientist has prejudices and preferences—decided in the main for him by his environment.

With the past and present so filled with subjectivity and biased thinking, it is not difficult to understand why the subject is generally avoided. And when it is under scrutiny, it is with a furrowed brow and coupled with inevitable negative moral judgment.

An article appearing in *Coronet* magazine in September, 1950, will

serve as an example of the typical approach. It is titled, "New Moral Menace to Our Youth." The article equates homosexuality with robbery and criminal behavior, loss of decency, inevitable mental deterioration, etc.

This not infrequent distortion of the truth and purely emotional approach has done much to perpetuate ignorance, mistrust, and hatred of sex deviation in any form. Because of blind allegiance to an unquestioned but inadequate moral code, and because of the common hysterical frame of mind, the deviant or society seldom questions even blatant lies published about sex deviation.

According to one theory, suggested by Freud, Stekel and others, all persons are bisexual; that is, the norm is a sexual constitution in which the heterosexual and homosexual components are approximately balanced. Accepting this theory, much of the social ostracism of the homosexual could be explained as the result of suppression of "normal" (or "abnormal") desires:

Many men have had homosexual experiences of various kinds before or during adolescence. Many others have

deeply buried unconscious inclinations toward members of the same sex as a result of the bisexual structure of their personalities. The sight of someone who openly expresses these inclinations arouses a secret anxiety lest what the individual restrains might escape his control. The hatred and anger arise out of hostility toward that which makes us uncomfortable and also serve as a strong open objection to the attraction which we dare not admit to ourselves.

The validity of the bisexual hypothesis is tacitly accepted by many experts in the field. The mere fact that an individual can be made a homosexual or a heterosexual by his environment is proof that every person is potentially either or both.

Thus it is obvious that "homosexuality (existing in all men and women) varies in degree," says A. J. Rosanoff.

There are two major theories concerning the origin of homosexuality. In simple terms, the theories may be called "hereditary" and "environmental." The latter is held to be more sound, however a combination of both would seem more valid in many cases.

One author believes that "the preference for objects of the same sex is really based on a distaste for objects of the opposite sex. Some emotional obstacle prevents the person from feeling a sexual interest in members of the opposite sex." This explanation is considerably inadequate and misleading. It could be an easy explanation for neurotic and psychotic forms of homo-

sexuality. It does not explain the healthy well-adjusted homosexual or bisexual individual, and it completely ignores the counterpart abnormality of compulsive heterosexual behavior.

Freud's more realistic and unbiased approach comes nearer to a comprehensive theory of origin: He says that a certain amount of homosexuality is active but more or less concealed in the soul of almost every person, and that as soon as the appropriate conditions are given it may accede to manifest activity.

To understand that potential homosexual tendencies are inherent is to realize that adult homosexual behavior is—like other behavior—*learned*. It is therefore false to assume that homosexuality is automatically wrong or "contrary to nature" because it does not result in procreation. This is completely a cultural judgment of what should constitute "normality."

It is only with a liberal attitude of "sexual freedom" that one can bring any order from the chaos of varying patterns of sexual behavior. Social ostracism and prudish denial of the problem have not solved it. The only intelligent course of action left seems to be *acceptance* of deviation.

A recent magazine article was singularly progressive in its approach to what should be the "cure" of homosexuality. The writer quotes from Dr. Eric Berne's *The Mind in Action*. Of homosexuals he says in his book,

Their lives are difficult enough as it is, and punishment is not indicated.

The best thing one can do is to treat them as politely as one would anyone else. They on their part, of course, should be expected to abide by the ordinary rules of decency such as apply to relationships between men and women . . . If they behave themselves and control themselves as discreetly as people with heterosexual desires are expected to do, their private lives should be no more concern of anyone else's than should a normal person's.

It was with this realistic and constructive approach in mind that the Mattachine Movement was recently founded in Los Angeles.

The Mattachine Foundation is a non-partisan service council devoted to the social objectives of integrating with the purposes and requirements of our community the enormous potential of valuable civic contributiveness and concern of such ill-understood social minorities as the homosexuals.

With adjustment—and not “cure”—as the key word in the group, much has already been accomplished to “integrate this huge minority into socially-acceptable and socially-contributive channels.”

The Mattachine Movement shows a direct parallel with Alcoholics Anonymous; it was established to facilitate the integration of maladjusted, futile, rejected individuals into society. To this end, a program of group therapy was begun. It is especially here—in the technique of group therapy—that the similarity is seen. The Mattachine Movement is considerably unique in

other aspects. It has no religious slant and demands no abstention from any sexual activities, but rather stresses adjustment and self-understanding and -realization towards a more useful and dignified place in society.

Legal action is one of the immediate goals of the Mattachine. In addition to helping the individual deviant, there is a pressing need to remove prejudice—especially when it takes the form of persecution such as “quota assignments, decoys detailed specifically to entrap, invasions of privacy by fraudulent means, searches-seizures-and-arrests without due process of law . . .” These unlawful acts are “harassments aimed at a minority who can be counted on to hide these civil infractions at all costs.”

Study and research are also being carried on by the Mattachine Movement, and with experts in the field as well as participation of discussion group members, they are making considerable progress.

Equally important to research is publication and promulgation of information. The first major step in this direction came from one of the Mattachine discussion groups. It was there that a monthly publication was born. The magazine, ONE, is printed with a constructive and socially-minded approach to sex deviation—with the emphasis on homosexuality. The various articles which appear attempt to stimulate thinking, present facts, and help to improve flagrant wrongs—both social and personal.

The fledgling Mattachine Movement has not been without opposition and attack. Because of its socially constructive ends it has been accused of Communist affiliation. Equally as groundless, fears are being entertained that because homosexuals themselves are involved the final goal is therefore to “convert new members” to homosexuality.

Despite these ephemeral misgivings, it is apparent that the Mattachine

Movement is well on its way toward success in its attempt to solve the homosexual problem by the combination of personal, group, and social means.

Judging from the tremendous success of similar principles used in Alcoholics Anonymous and the growth of the Mattachine Movement this far, great advancement and improvement in the field of homosexuality seem to be in the near future.

James Whitman

AS FOR ME . . .



This regular section came originally out of a wish to emphasize unusually lucid letters. Since then too many deserving such attention have come in and we, the editors, find ourselves flipping coins as to which will make the grade each time. The following required no coin—altho the “Ghetto” idea deserves a cool, cool squint.

I myself believe that the public is more often than not justified in its disdain and its disgust with the aspects of homosexuality that it sees. I refer to “gay” life, of course, the demimonde of bar flies and bar-flitting, of promiscuity, emasculated affectation, and dishonesty, if indeed not downright criminality. However one may protest about his own integrity, this is certainly what the public sees, and as homosexuals, whether we may individually like it or not, we are identified with it. There is some justice in this too, I think, if we insist on patronizing

the notorious bars, thereby tacitly surrendering our own reputations to that of the very worst element. There is also undoubtedly some truth that in this case society is looking at its own image and calling it foul, and it is by this time a commonism among us to repeat that the “gay” underworld is the very effect of society's repressions. Yet this is no answer at all. Surely it is life's test of all of us to be stronger than the injustices that bestrew every existence, homosexual or heterosexual. Hasn't it always been true that the worth and stature of a

man are not goods ready made by society but are carved out in spite of them?

At the moment, to oppose the drift is to invite loneliness. I think the main cause of the inveterate pub-crawler is the loneliness we feel as cast-outs. Admittedly that is very hard for us, the most difficult thing we face. Our dilemma is, as I think many will agree, that we cannot gain the respect and recognition we seek without turning our backs on our institutionalized "gay" life.

I admired a passage in Arthur Koestler's recent book, *ARROW IN THE BLUE*, in which he comments on the characteristic of the lonely and persecuted to form ghettos, and with them, a ghetto-like ingrown mentality. I believe there are many of us who reject on any terms the cloying security of our own "gay" ghetto, preferring to face homosexuality alone, but this is almost as frustrating as it is commendable, I repeat.

Let me clear up a point here. I began this argument by taking the viewpoint of society looking at homosexuality as a group, and I hope it is clear that in my mind we must reform the so-called "gay" life in order to earn respect for ourselves as homosexuals. As worthwhile a goal as this is, however, what is even more important is to realize that "gay" life is destructive to us as individuals far more than as a group... thus the point just made about the ghetto. For the ghetto mentality does not in any appreciable way hurt or-

ganized society. It does hurt us as individuals, for "gay" life is the vice of homosexuality, and it destroys the moral and spiritual dimensions of a human being just as much and in the same way as does any other vice.

If ONE wishes to spearhead a crusade, let it be in the direction of raising the tone of our lives and improving the possibilities of our destinies. Let it be the aim of ONE to relieve the loneliness we feel by bringing together a community of men and women who seek balanced, healthy lives, and to that end, let it be the task of ONE to instruct, to criticize, to encourage, above all, to be a medium of hope that our lives can be meaningful.

I can offer at least one concrete suggestion in this letter. It is scarcely a secret that there are homosexuals eminent in almost every field in America today: writers, actors, musicians, doctors, jurists, teachers, even statesmen... I'm sure any reader can rattle off half a dozen with no difficulty. I propose that ONE interview these people to get their perspectives on homosexuality... how it has affected their lives, how they have adjusted to it, how homosexuality could usefully fit in the scheme of our society, how the homosexual can achieve balance and happiness in his own life. These are surely the questions we have when we read ONE, and I think with adequate safeguards as to anonymity, the really "big" people of our times will be willing to offer their opinions.

R. L. M. Chicago

Books:

In these days of the padded price it is not unusual to put down a book with the feeling that one has climbed the Matterhorn or swum the Hellespont; the two-volume novel seems about to return and the substitution of literature for bar-bells may be imminent. It is therefore doubly satisfying to put down a novel these days not only with a feeling of pleasure for what was in the book itself but with a keen sense of disappointment that the book was not longer. John Goodwin's *THE IDOLS AND THE PREY* (Harper, \$3.50) is such a book.

THE IDOLS AND THE PREY is concerned with three Americans in Haiti and their attempts to rise out of the life about them and to sink deeper into a morass they have themselves made. It is the story of Hugh and Faith Cannery who have been marooned since the engine on their yacht broke down and the story of Boyd Knowles who, more and more, seeks to find in voodoo a release and an understanding that he finds nowhere else. Around them there is an intrigue woven that makes magic out of magic and is cruel only in its understanding. The lacy threads which eventually bind Boyd to the sophisticated mulatto Musset LaRoche and to the incredibly beautiful and completely amoral boy, Yatice, are none the less taut and strong for their involved delicacy.

The novels of Haiti that have been put before the American public up to now have had as their chief distinction their exotic background and soft palate speech. Mr. Goodwin offers much more. His vodoun ceremonial is not mere set-dressing; it is the honest and necessary basis for the development of Boyd Knowles' recognition of his own downfall.

Mme. Simone de Beauvoir's *THE SECOND SEX* (Knopf, \$10.00) calls for comment far too long for us to devote in these few pages. Like Freud, Mme. de Beauvoir writes not as a scientist but as an artist and, again like Freud, she deserves her place with the poets. But one must make a few reservations: there are differences between American and European women and the American reader of *THE SECOND SEX* will find greater pleasure in reading the book with this awareness. It will be of interest to compare Dr. Kinsey's work on the American Woman with statistics and findings quoted by Mme. de Beauvoir when his latest work will be published in September.

But Mme. de Beauvoir is not only an artist: she is a level-headed thinker and writer as well: we quote briefly from her chapter *The Lesbian*:

"Like all human behavior, homosexuality leads to make-believe, disequilibrium, frustration, lies, or, on the contrary, it becomes the source of rewarding experiences, in accordance with its manner of expression in actual living—whether in bad faith, laziness, and falsity, or in lucidity, generosity, and freedom." M. B.

Where Do You Get That Way?



MARGARET MEAD
in "Coming of Age in Samoa"

These casual homosexual relations between girls never assumed any long-time importance. On the part of growing girls or women who were working together they were regarded as a pleasant and natural diversion, just tinged with the salacious. Where heterosexual relationships were so casual, so shallowly channelled, there was no pattern into which homosexual relationships could fall. Native theory and vocabulary recognised the real pervert who was incapable of normal heterosexual response, and the very small population is probably sufficient explanation for the rarity of these types. I saw only one, Sasi, a boy of twenty who was studying for the ministry. He was slightly but not pronouncedly feminine in appearance, was skilled at women's work and his homosexual drive was strong enough to goad him into making continual advances to other boys. He spent more time casually in the company of girls, maintained a more easy-going friendship with them than any other boy on the island. Sasi had proposed marriage to a girl in a pastor's household in a distant village and been refused, but as there was a rule that divinity students must marry before ordination, this has little significance. I could find no evidence that he had ever had heterosexual relations and the girls' casual attitude towards him was significant. They regarded him as an amusing freak while the men to whom he had made advances looked upon him with mingled annoyance and contempt.

The general preoccupation with sex, the attitude that minor sex activities, suggestive dancing, stimulating salacious conversation, salacious songs and definitely motivated tussling are all acceptable and attractive diversions, is mainly responsible for the native attitude towards homosexual practices. They are simply play, neither frowned upon nor given much consideration. As heterosexual relations are given significance not by love and a tremendous fixation upon one individual, the only forces which can make a homosexual relationship lasting and important, but by children and the place of marriage in the economic and social structure of the village, it is easy to understand why very prevalent homosexual practices have no more important or striking results. The recognition and use in heterosexual relations of all the secondary variations of sex activity which loom as primary in homosexual relations are instrumental also in minimising their importance. The effects of chance childhood preversions, the fixation of attention on unusual erogenous zones with consequent transfer of sensitivity from the more normal centres, the absence of a definite and accomplished specialisation of erogenous zones—all the accidents of emotional development which in a civilization, recognizing only one narrow form of sex activity, result in unsatisfactory marriages, casual homosexuality and prostitution, are here rendered harmless.

Letters:

Gentlemen:

Effective immediately, please discontinue my subscription to your publication.

We are of a bit different opinions in regards to the editorial content of your magazine and I do not find it of any particular interest to me, therefore . . .

Actually, I wish you luck in your efforts though frankly, I think you have quite a task on your hands trying to convince those who just "can't see it your way."

A. O. Philadelphia

Dear Sir:

Please accept the enclosed two dollars and forty cents (\$2.40) for renewal of my subscription to ONE magazine.

I wish to take this opportunity to commend the organizers of ONE magazine and the Mattachine Foundation for their brave efforts in this ticklish cause. You have my sincerest blessings and best of luck.

R. H. San Diego

Gentlemen:

Hurray for Mr. Ferrar! It is most heartening to read an article by a heterosexual which displays such an intelligent interest in the problem at hand. I realize that there are others who are interested and who think clearly, seeing our faults as well as our virtues, but few will do what he has done.

I was particularly delighted with his quotation of himself: "If the only way you can tell one is by peeking through a key-hole, then what's so important about it socially? Swishes are the exceptions, not the rule." I sincerely hope that he will continue to believe and to say this. I wholeheartedly agree.

While I can understand his attitude about our wanting to be honored, I feel that he did not entirely understand our motive for mentioning the accomplishments of homosexuals known to the world for their con-

tributions to mankind. It is not for the encouragement of those among us who, because of much repetition, are prone, consciously or unconsciously, to believe and accept the onus put upon us by the jokes, slurs and direct accusations?

It was a bitter experience for me, passing through the usual tempestuous adjustment period of adolescence, to find that I was a homosexual. I felt that the burden was mine alone, that I was a pariah and must cry "unclean, unclean" in leprous isolation—I didn't; I just cried. Columbus couldn't have been more elated than I when I discovered that others had traveled the same road and were not "unclean," but on the contrary, were fine, acceptable members of the human race and honored for their contributions. I found that I could hold my head high and contribute in my own capacity.

You are right, Mr. Ferrar, I do want to be accepted—and honored too, but only as I deserve it and just as a regular guy, not as a homosexual—except as that is necessary to counteract the mistakenly accepted prototype.

Mention of the prototype recalls another of Mr. Ferrar's points which I feel is very well taken. "... people are usually judged by petty, little things . . . All in all, how responsible they feel to the world." I'm glad that Mr. and Mrs. Ferrar are cognizant of the fact that they may know the wrong gay people—or possibly not enough—not great enough a cross section. I should like to paraphrase one of Mr. F.'s own sentences. "For every socially irresponsible homo there are ten who are not . . ." I imagine the percentages are about the same for heteros and homos in this respect. This, however, does not in any way detract from the truth, force, or importance of the original statement.

As far as concerns the name ONE and the meaning behind it which so disturbs Mr. F., I think it (the name) not inapropos. We are a minority in that we are bound together, not by any "very special 'mystic tie'" but by such common one as bind any

group with a special problem—especially one so far reaching in the individual life as is ours.

One contradiction in Mr. F.'s thinking is rather apparent in that he uses a long paragraph to point out that we have no right to use the name ONE, that we are not different, have nothing to set us apart as a minority; yet in that same paragraph he says, "Heteros who share homes, families and a thousand other things that you can't..." Thus he automatically sets us apart, separates us, makes us a minority. I believe that we are a minority in a sense, but do not personally feel that the hetero is privileged to share a thousand things that we cannot. In fact at the moment I think of only one thing of any great importance that those living in a homosexual relationship cannot enjoy, and that is childbirth; only one thing we do not enjoy at present and that is the general social approbation accorded the heteros.

I sincerely hope that ONE may continue to inspire an interchange of ideas "from both sides of the fence." I should like to hear more from Mr. Ferrar—it makes one think!

Now, at the risk of being entirely too verbose—I should like to see more variety in the articles published—we seem to be fighting the police so much in every issue. I realize that changes are long past due in that respect, but at the same time I should like to see us accentuate some of the positives of our own group—I am not wise enough to know how—I just wonder about too much belligerency.

Tommy

P.S. Let's have more "Blanked-off" verse by Saul K.!

Dear Friends:

Received the April issue of your fine magazine, ONE, and liked its make-up very much. It is well edited and has articles interesting to our friends. I am enclosing \$10 as a contribution to help you in our struggle to get recognition.

In 1925 I met several inverts in Chicago and conceived a society on the order of that existing in Germany at that time, Society for Human Rights and we published a few issues of a paper, called Friendship and Freedom and even had a charter from the State of Illinois.

But one of our members turned out to be a married man (bisexual) and his wife complained to a social worker that he carried on his trade in front of his children and the social worker found a copy of our paper and all of us (4) were arrested without a warrant and dragged to jail.

I managed to get out on bail and hired a good lawyer but the first judge was prejudiced and threatened to give us the limit (\$200 fine) but I got a better lawyer who was politically connected and we also got a new judge, who was rumored "to be queer himself" and he dismissed the case and fined the married member \$10 and cost.

I was then a postal clerk and a stupid and mean post office inspector brought the case before the Federal commissioner with an eye to have us indicted for publishing an "obscene paper" although of course, like your paper, no physical references were made. But the commissioner turned it down. However, the post office inspector, even in spite of us being acquitted, arranged my dismissal from the post office. The whole thing cost me all my savings of about \$800 and no one helped us, not even the homosexuals of Chicago.

Of course, I see now the faults we committed, we should have had prominent doctors on our side and money on hand for defense, and a good lawyer.

I returned to the army in 1925 and am now retired and doing well.

G. S. Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

Have just received my first copy of ONE and am really impressed with the forthright stands you are taking, the courage you are showing, as well as the excellent format of the magazine itself.

Only hope your fine endeavor is being

rewarded with an avalanche of subscriptions. I am certainly circulating the magazine around among my friends in hopes they too will subscribe.

D. W. G. New Rochelle

Dears Sirs,

I have just read the article in the May issue of One entitled "Like to make some Money?"

The author, this latter-day Sherlock Holmes, interests me.

What sort of a person is it that knows specific vice squadders and is



So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : . . .

Hamlet Act 1, Sec. IV.

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in black light...



by
Don Hill

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A-6 Los Angeles Herald & Express H Thursday, July 2, 1953

State Dept. Fires 531 Perverts, Security Risks

By International News Service

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The State Department disclosed today that 531 persons have been fired as homosexuals, a letter to Rep. Charles E. Brownson, Republican of Indiana, who requested the information.

Brownson said the questions arose during hearings before the House Government Operations Committee on President Eisenhower's plans for reorganization of the State Department.

He asked McLeod specifically whether any Communists are currently employed in the State Department. McLeod replied:

"As a security officer, I am reluctant to give the committee a categorical answer.... since I must always presume that the Soviets are attempting to penetrate an agency as sensitive as the State Department, and since I may never

conclude that their efforts have been unsuccessful.

"I believe that it goes without saying that no Communists or security risks since 1950 and no known Communists are on the payroll at the present time.

The report was made by R. W. Scott McLeod, the department's chief security officer, in a letter to the security office as such, are on the rolls of the department at this time."

A breakdown of McLeod's figures showed these dismissals:

1950—54 homosexuals, 12 security risks; 1951—119 homosexuals, 35 security risks; 1952—134 homosexuals, 70 security risks; 1953 (January to July)—74 homosexuals, 33 security risks.



one