

ARE HOMOSEXUALS REDS ?

Books:

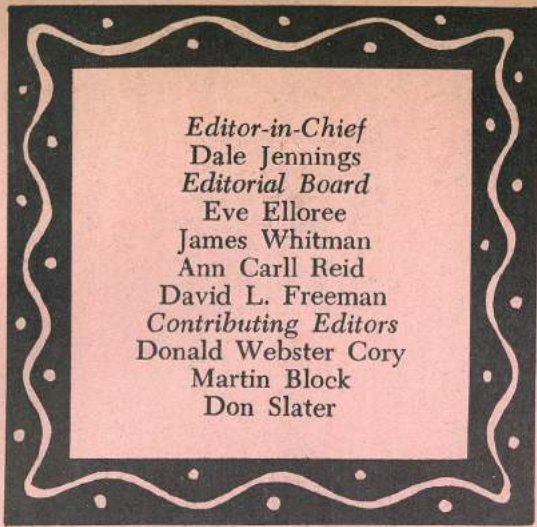
DONALD WEBSTER

CORY

one

SEPTEMBER 1953

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



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ONE is a non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . 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 the current moral and social standards.

Realizing that our own ways are not humanly inevitable nor God-ordained, but are the fruit of a long and turbulent history, we may well examine in turn all of our institutions, thrown into strong relief against the history of other civilizations, and weighing them in the balance, be not afraid to find them wanting.

Margaret Mead
 in "Coming of Age in Samoa"

one

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

Volume One Number Nine
 September 1953

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And a **RED** too

The September issue of *Mr.* has a lengthy article called "Are Communists Homosexual?" *Mr.* is another of those sadistically sexy scandal mags which pretend to be unbiased and scientific and which enjoy a frightening popularity these days. Considering the calibre of *Mr.* the only intelligent course of action would be to disregard the article, but it happens to be the third or fourth of its kind to appear in nationally circulated magazines this summer. The thinking represented in the article is not an isolated expression but part of a trend—a trend, incidentally, which was accurately predicted by the Mattachine Foundation over a year ago and repeated early this year in ONE.

The thinking behind the article in *Mr.* and the other magazines runs like this: communists are bad. Homosexuals are bad. Therefore communists are homosexuals. Illogical? Of course, but who gives a thought to logic when writing against homosexuals or communists? We live in the age of McCarthyism, and to question even the *logic* of anti-communist or anti-homosexual arguments is to commit treason.

For those interested in facts instead of hysterical outbursts, the communist party of the U. S. A. provides in its constitution that no individual who engages in sexual perversions is eligible for membership. This cannot be brushed aside with the argument that communists aren't to be trusted anyway and their constitution has no relation to their practices. Information in any good library shows that wholesale expulsions from the communist party have occurred because of homosexuality of members.

It would be ridiculous to argue that there are no homosexuals who are communists. We know that in the past there have been some who were, and it is likely that there are still undetected homosexuals within the organization. It is hard to imagine the mental convulsions such people must experience in attempting to reconcile the irreconcilable contradictions in their thinking. Yet their mental gymnastics are not surprising when one remembers the numbers of our minority functioning within religious organizations which either deny their existence or consign them to the deepest, darkest pits of hell.

But it hardly follows that most or even many homosexuals are members of so complex an organization as the communist party. Too many of our people are involved in their social oppression, their personal love adventures in an atmosphere of legal persecution and their day-to-day problems of making a living and paying their bills to have any energy, let alone inclination, to participate in revolutionary movements. As you read this, ask yourself how many homosexuals you have ever known who were communists or even "left" in their political thinking.

Homosexuals are participants in the dominant culture of contemporary America and have most of the same prejudices, likes and dislikes as the dominant culture. Many of them even accept the heterosexual belief that homosexuals are inferior. Is it reasonable, then, that any sizeable number of homosexuals are now or have ever been communists?

It is unlikely that any of these articles equating the twin evils of communism and homosexuality would have much influence on the thinking of our people, but this of course is not their point. The writers and editors of such propaganda as appears in *Mr.* have found that by tying in these two unrelated horrors they are in a uniquely satisfying position: They can promote the fashionable anti-red hysteria by claiming left political activity to be a sign of sexual perversion and neurosis. They can present their rotten propaganda with which the public has grown bored in sugar-coated doses by the trick of combining it with the most "wicked" and simultaneously the most titillating of all sexual deviations.

Adlai Stevenson recently commented in Paris that McCarthyism in the U.S. of 1953 might be compared to Hitlerism in the Germany of 1933. This was a profound statement the implications of which touch our minority very directly. Have we so soon forgotten that Hitler, in making the world safe for fascism by pledging to destroy communism, found it expedient to destroy several million Jews, trade unionists, Catholics—and homosexuals?

Harry Johnson

The Editors hope that Mr. Johnson's bold treatment of a controversial subject rouses an equally bold response. Readers are reminded that ONE is particularly unique in its policy of giving space to the widest possible range of views. It aims at being a stimulant rather than a pleasing unguent. And, while ONE has a definite policy of initiating legal reform and fighting reasonless prosecution, it does not necessarily agree with each of all the writers whose work appears on these pages. It offers you ideas for what they're worth and hopes never to attempt telling you what to think.

At first you'll laugh at this but you'll read on—fascinated. Then you'll say, "He might have something at that," and, by the time you've finished, you'll declare, "This character's right!" Here is the drive and enthusiasm of the Go-Getter that few people—even gay ones—associate with deviation. They should.



The Negro, too, has been the victim of persecution, but not even a bloody civil war was able to free him from it. Could a Negro ONE have done better?

The answer to the homosexual's problem is fortunately simpler than that of the Negro, in that it can more easily be solved. It can be solved because homosexuals, on the whole, are much better off financially than Negroes, and this is essentially important in relation to the plan I am about to suggest.

The plan is basically simple, and it is based on two facts:

First, if Kinsey and other investigating agencies are anywhere close to right, there are at least 6,000,000 American homosexuals.

Second, there would seem little doubt but that the great majority of these would be only too happy if they could anonymously, without fear of their identities being revealed, and by means easily available to them, help to revolutionize the homosexual's situation in American society.

Now then: what concerted action could they take?

To start with, an organization. A most unique organization, to be sure, with a vast roster of false names. And at the beginning, a very small organization of perhaps 2000 members — which just happens to coincide with the circulation of ONE.

Assuming that this organization can grow quite rapidly, because of word-of-mouth publicity that something, at long last, is being done to start a knock-down-drag-out war against ignorance and prejudice, the organization can eventually have, let us say, a million members.

That would only represent one out of six homosexuals, so the figure is not too wild. One out of six ought to be interested enough to join.

After all, no names.

Okay, so you've got an organization of a million anonymous members. (Queers, Anonymous?) Anyway, never mind the humor. No American politician regards as humorous a million votes.

Now, we get down to the live torpedo end of this project: money. Let's say the membership dues are very modest: fifty cents a month. That's \$6.00 a year, which isn't very much. But multiply that by a million, and you have the gigantic fighting strength represented by \$6,000,000.00 a year — plus a million votes.

Nobody will care whose money it is—that of screaming pansies, delicate decorators, or professional wrestlers. Nobody will give a damn because this is the U.S.A. and money talks. That kind of money roars.

It does some of its best roaring in politics, and in the halls of justice, and in the realm of public education.

That kind of money pays for high-powered lobbyists who know how to get bad laws repealed, and decent ones enacted.

It pays for legal protection for homosexuals who are being illegally perse-

cuted by the witch-hunters. And I mean top-flight legal protection. Good lawyers ain't scared of nobody.

It means public education, for if Coca Cola can do it, so can anybody. Anybody with that kind of money, that is. (Naturally, the same methods would not be employed, but other techniques of proved efficacy.)

And maybe—and this would be lots of fun—some of it could be used to hire skilled private eyes to investigate into the private lives of the queer-baiters, on the theory that the man who casts stones is himself seldom free from sin. Wouldn't that put the fear of God into some of them!

A few million dollars a year can raise more hell than anyone would ever dream possible!

Moreover, such an organization could readily win the support of hundreds of thousands of fair-minded, intelligent non-homosexuals including doctors, lawyers, educators, psychiatrists, sociologists, and others who have nothing to lose by such support. Many of them have long been speaking up for the homosexual anyway.

Now, here's the point—maybe the most important point of all: I believe that the average homosexual would rally to this idea, for it would be his only chance to fight for his rights. I think he would enlist the cooperation of his friends and acquaintances. I think it could mushroom but fast.

It should be the function of ONE to start this organization by launching an immediate campaign.

The chief purpose of ONE should be

to be the spokesman for this organization, to keep its members informed of all that is going on—particularly how the membership dues are being used.

I think, myself, that the first incoming money should be used to launch a membership drive, and to pay more of the expenses of the magazine, which latter is necessarily an important part of the organization.

Membership blanks should be included with every issue of ONE—several of them, so that each subscriber might enlist some friends.

Each membership blank should have printed, on its reverse side, the aims and purposes of the organization.

Each membership should include a subscription to ONE, for two reasons: first, the new member is immediately getting a concrete return for his dues. Second, ONE would be the only contact between the organization and the member, because of the latter's anonymity. Dues notices would have to be published in the magazine, for instance. (And at that time, a recount of the organization's progress to encourage membership renewals).

Perhaps the dues, initially, could be set at \$6.00 per year. Or maybe \$5.00 would be okay.

Also, I believe, once the organization gets going and starts accomplishing something, sizeable contributions might be expected from wealthier members.



The main thing
money! Fight!

one

It might not even be impossible to secure further aid from one of the scientific Foundations, for the cause is just.

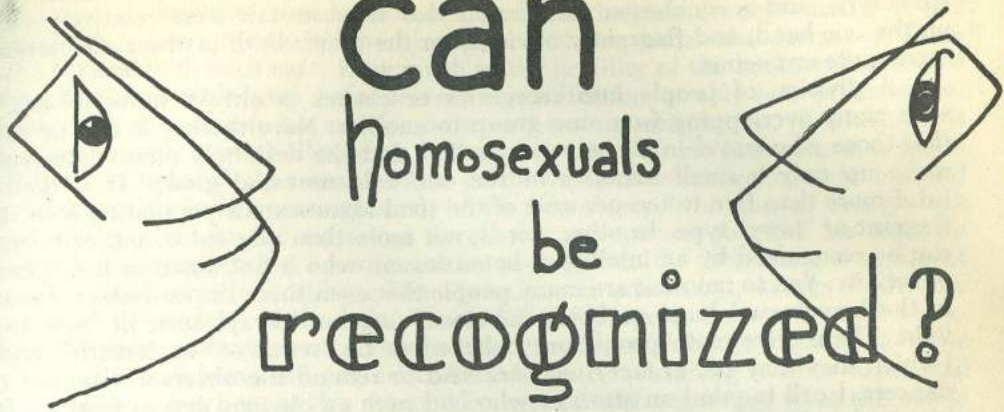
While I have suggested that the first money be used for a membership drive, I think it would be a good idea to use part of it, right off the bat, to supply free legal service to persecuted homosexuals. A single homosexual rescued from the clutches of the law could in itself constitute a pretty good advertisement for the organization. And it would be even better if the cop who does the arresting could be sued for damages for false arrest.

Now would be the right time for ONE to adopt the crusading policy suggested by "A.X." and to this end I would suggest subscribing to some press-clipping bureaus to receive all news of homosexual persecutions. For when something like this occurs in L.A. the newspapers in Topeka, Kansas don't get it. ONE would get such news to all subscribers, wherever they live, by reprinting the cuttings. I don't think the average homosexual realizes how much persecution goes on. He needs to be aroused, but good!

What is the best way to get top-flight legal aid for the victims? Maybe some of the lawyer-readers of ONE—and surely there must be a few—can make some recommendations. Otherwise, let ONE consult the Bar Association. It can be done. The details will all work out.

is: Organize! Get

M. F.



Can
homosexuals
be
recognized?



The question of whether homosexuals can be recognized is an interesting and fascinating one, of great importance to the homosexual himself. But, like most aspects of the difficult and complicated problem of homosexuality, it is a question that cannot easily be answered with a curt affirmative or negative response.

Can homosexuals be recognized? First of all, by whom? By psychiatrists or psychologists or social workers, trained in the field; by physicians whose medical degrees have given them little knowledge or acquaintance with this subject; by the man on the street, or by other homosexuals? For, is it not entirely possible that homosexuals might be able to recognize each other and still be entirely unrecognizable to people who are outside their group, including even those fairly well trained? Then we must further ask what homosexuals are being referred to. When recognition is discussed, does one mean all homosexuals, or some, or a few? Obviously enough, if one considers only the few homosexuals who are apparent to anyone, then by very definition they can be recognized. But what about the many who display no effeminate traits, characteristics, and mannerisms?



Traditionally, the word "homosexual" has been associated in the mind of the public with effeminacy. Precisely because most homosexuals have been so skillful at concealing their predilections and activities, few people outside of

their own limited circle ever became aware of the existence of a large group. Their knowledge being confined to the effeminate, the latter became the stereotype, and a conclusion was drawn that homosexuals were relatively rare, on the one hand, and flagrantly obvious, on the other. Both of these conclusions were quite erroneous.

A division of people into categories or classes is always quite arbitrary, with many overlapping from one group to another. Nevertheless, it can be said that those who travel in the gay circles find that the definitely effeminate types make up only a small minority of the entire homosexual group. It is doubtful if more than five to ten per cent of the total homosexual population is of the flagrant or "fairy" type. In other words, not more than one out of ten or twenty can be recognized by an intelligent heterosexual, who is untrained in this sphere of activity. Yet, so ignorant are many people that even these flagrant cases, known in the homosexual lingo as being "obvious," are not always seen in their true light. These effeminate people are believed to be "sensitive" or "artistic" types (which they may be, in fact), and are said to remind the observer of actors or dancers. I call to mind an attorney who had such an obvious person working for him in the office for ten years, during which time the employee was often visited by others like him. Yet, when a crisis arose in the homosexual's life that made it necessary for him to inform his employer, the latter was absolutely flabbergasted by the disclosure. He had never suspected what was so open and unhidden that one can only marvel at the man's colossal naivete.

Yet, such cases are far from rare. In fact, they are almost common. So that one must answer the question — are the recognizable homosexuals recognizable? — with a certain reservation. Yes, they are, by definition, but only by those with some sophistication and not blinded by a burning desire to avoid the truth.

Before proceeding to the more complex question of the successfully concealed homosexuality, it is interesting to note that the effeminate form a distinct subgroup within the minority group. They intermingle mainly with one another and not with all homosexuals, seldom forming friendships with the more masculine, shunned by those who conceal. Sometimes one encounters a physical alliance between the masculine and effeminate types, but this is by no means as frequent as the heterosexual public believes. More commonly, the homosexual societies express a contempt for the effeminate that is not dissimilar to the contemptuous attitude shown by heterosexuals. Thus, ironically enough, the homosexual, pleading for acceptance from the world at large, seeking tolerance and understanding, refuses to give to his own confrere any of that understanding or acceptance which he wants given to him.


There is no need to travel far to find the sources of this contempt. Hostility displayed by one sector of a minority group against another sector of that same

group is not rare, and has its counterpart in the communal life of other minorities. In the outcast world that is the homosexual society, where people are followed by a fear of exposure that approaches paranoid heights (except that it is not imaginary), association with the obvious would jeopardize the success of those who conceal with such ease. How much of the hostility of the homosexual toward the effeminate male may be a defensive justification of this fear of exposure; how much may reflect his anti-feminist, anti-woman orientation, in which he is turning not only against all women, but against men who are like women, is something that can hardly be measured. No doubt the homosexual reflects the cultural attitude which looks contemptuously upon effeminacy in a man as being weak and sickly. But, on the conscious level, the gay person justifies his attitude toward the recognizable homosexual by saying that the latter is the cause of much of the world's hostility. The "fairy," it is contended, brings down the wrath of the society, is the butt of sarcastic and repulsive remarks, and therefore the more masculine man reasons that there would be no hostility if those who call it into being did not exist. Actually, such reasoning is both superficial and specious, but I am at this moment concerned with recording what the homosexual thinks, and not with an analysis of what I find right or wrong in his thinking.


But what of the remaining homosexuals? What of the vast majority who are not effeminate? Can they be recognized? Many of them would be suspect by an astute observer, but such an observer would undoubtedly miss some in the group, and would suspect many who are not at all homosexually inclined. In recent months, I have had occasion to meet many homosexuals, people from various walks of life, men coming from all circles and not familiar with each other, and I can quite confidently state that I have not met one who could not function in a hostile society, pretending successfully to be like employer or fellow-employee, if this be necessary.

It is interesting to note that, to these people, there is no compliment quite so strong as to be told that they cannot be recognized. No insult is quite as great as to tell the homosexual, "You can be spotted in a minute." I have seen men who readily admit their predilections rise up in outrageous indignation when told that their homosexuality is apparent. And a broad smile of self-satisfaction is an almost invariable result of a statement to the contrary.


But the question still remains—can the homosexuals recognize each other? I am convinced that most homosexuals, perhaps the majority, no matter how masculine their demeanor, their mannerisms, their appearance and dress, are quite recognizable to most others. This involves a matter that has nothing to do with effeminacy, although it has been confused with such. For people think that homosexuals are recognizable only if they are effeminate; that is, if they



"camp." The very apparent truth that a group so strongly confined within its own limits, intermingling within itself, may develop its own in-group characteristics, seems to have been overlooked. These characteristics can be twofold in source: first, they can arise from unconscious imitation; secondly, from the conscious effort to develop such signs of recognition as will lead members of this marginal society to each other without exposing them to the outside and usually hostile world. However, this conscious effort to develop modes of recognition can easily slip beyond control, and lead to exposure, even to extreme effeminacy, although it was never intended for such purpose.

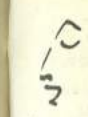


What is meant by unconscious imitation? This does not mean standing in front of mirrors, gesticulating until one has successfully mimicked a new-found companion. On the contrary, it means that when people intermingle with each other so much and with those unlike them so little, they must take on a set of common mannerisms. At the bars, in the homes, at parties, even to a certain extent at work, these people are travelling within the confines of a very limited circle, and they assume mannerisms, methods of speech, and other traits from each other, in much the same manner as members of a ghetto community of an ethnic character might do.




But the gay world is beset by a contradictory drive. On the one hand, the homosexual wishes to conceal, which means to avoid the group characteristics; and on the other hand, there is a strong need to recognize others in the group, and to be recognized, in order to find companionship, friendship, affection, understanding, and physical partners. To accomplish the second aim, the gay create their own mannerisms that make it possible for them to recognize each other. At the same time, to protect concealment they seek to have these signs of recognition function in a sphere in which effeminacy is avoided, thus making it difficult for others to pinpoint them.


It would be indelicate for me to go into a description of all of these characteristics, but I shall limit myself to pointing out a few of them, in order to illustrate the main contention that there is an in-group set of folkway traits, and that the latter are not in any way effeminate. For example, there are methods of dressing that have absolutely nothing effeminate about them; methods used by all segments of the population, but much more frequently by the homosexuals. There is a very definite type of haircut, which is in fact at least as masculine as any haircut in vogue for men; it is used by many men, but particularly by those in the gay group. Now, some men may use this method of dress and of haircut quite unaware that homosexuals have cultivated it. Is there not a possibility, then, that such men will lead the homosexual astray — that the latter will imagine a companion where none is to be found? No, this is quite unlikely, because other traits will confirm or deny the suspicion.



There is a very distinctive homosexual method of speech, quite aside from the choice of words (that is, the argot of the group and the deliberate change of gender). Neither has this anything to do with the choice of topics of conversation, nor with the viewpoints being espoused. It is a matter involving tonal modulation, and once again effeminacy has been confused with this phenomenon. It is closer to the speech of the actor, consisting of over-distinctive pronunciation of consonants, and lengthy pronunciation of vowels, particularly at the end of words and even more particularly at the end of sentences. It is used, quite unconsciously, I daresay, as a means of recognition; it is like a secret sign of members of some fraternal order who seek each other out of mutual aid, but who wish to avoid being known to those outside their own order.



And thus I could continue. There is a homosexual walk, quite aside from the effeminate swagger which is the gait of the obvious few. It is so far from effeminate that it is, on the contrary, almost militaristic, consisting as it does of a bringing of the heels down in a sharp, clacking, almost Prussianistic manner. It is possible, in a few extreme cases, to close one's eyes and hear a gay person walking down the street; it is certainly possible for another gay man to spot the person when he is so far away that his face is not yet in view.

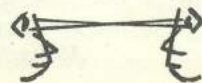


These characteristics are but a few, and add to them the sign of recognition through the "homosexual reflex," the automatic, uncontrolled turning of the head to notice a male passing by, the almost invariable failure to take note of the female. There is the homosexual male-to-male stare, of which so many of us are unconscious. Let us not overlook the handshake that never parts quite as quickly as in the outer world. This is not a handshake that is soft, or a hand that is flabby, for that is again the stereotype, false for all but a very small few. In fact, it may be vigorous, masculine, hard, strong, but not as rapid in the break as would be expected were the homosexual component absent.

Effeminacy in an extreme form, which acts as a label for a person's sexual inclinations, is quite another matter. It is beyond doubt uncommon in the homosexual group, and is a source of great dismay therein. Among the homosexuals, it is a phenomenon that has attracted little sympathy and less understanding.

But it is of the majority of the homosexuals, men who have little or no signs of such effeminate characteristics, that I am now writing. It is their group, particularly in the big cities, that develops characteristics of their own. The important factor about such group traits, however, and the factor hitherto overlooked, is that they are neither masculine nor feminine, but specifically and peculiarly homosexual.

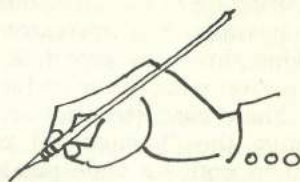
Donald Webster Cory





No! If we must have a crusade it must be for civil rights and equality before the laws of this land, not for conformity to some ideal of personal ethics. I do not care how many "gay" bars exist or who goes to them or what they do there, who delights in emasculated affectation or uses perfume; but I do care that my rights as a citizen of this country are nil and I know that getting all homosexuals to act like bourgeois gentlemen is not going to get those rights for me. I am not sure what will but I think **ONE** may be on the right track.

RENO, NEVADA



Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading some of your back copies and the current *One* for July. It is great—and you are great for your courage, your humanity, and the lift which you have doubtless given to many of us throughout the country.

My greatest fear at present is that, because of one reason or another, you will be unable to continue publishing and growing. I should like to know if the Mattachine Foundation is willing to help over the rough spots so that your voice, which is our voice, will continue to be heard. We should like to know more about that organization. I am sure that financial contributions would be forthcoming if individuals knew what the Mattachine was doing, what its backing was

(its strength, that is), together with some indication of its future.

I hope you have studied carefully the history of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld's *Jahrbuch fur sexuelle Zwischenstufen*, and of his Wissenschaftlich-humanitare Komitee which was concerned, according to Havelock Ellis, with the defense of the interests of the homosexual in Germany. We have much to learn from his experience.

Readers may, and probably will object to any tendency on your part to become a truly serious magazine. For the sake of keeping yourselves going, I think you must disregard this kind of criticism. It is a vitally serious subject, as we all know—and we do not need to be amused so much as informed. **One** needs more weight—it must have contributions by scientists of a stature similar to Hirschfeld's in our day to command respect. Have you approached for contributions such writers as Dr. Kinsey, Dr. Albert Ellis (who wrote *The Folklore of Sex*), and others of equal background?

I dislike the references in letters and articles to effeminate homosexuals as if they were somehow inferior to the rest of us. The origin of the attitude of superiority to this type of human being is, of course, the myth about male superiority. Anything "unmanly" is considered, according to that myth, as inferior to "manliness." We are raised in the tradition that manliness is good, unmanliness bad. Of course, scientifically speaking, this is rot, and it seems to me it is one of the biggest problems we have to overcome. It has been established, has it not, that physically and emotionally we are each of us somewhere between the extremes of maleness and femaleness. Wo-

manliness is just as good as manliness, whether or not it occurs, as it does in varying degrees, in a human being who is more manly physically than he is womanly. If any of you have the delicacy, sweetness, and gracefulness of movement which indicate that you are womanly by nature if not physically, be proud rather than ashamed of it. You must respect yourselves, although in our society it is extremely difficult, since for as long as you can remember you have been taught to hate the sissy and sissiness in yourselves.

But in order to make headway against the ignorance of human nature which is at the bottom of all our trouble, we must overcome much of our early training. Yet, in doing so, the good must be saved if we are going to be worth much, and that is going to require a constant guard against rationalizing and self-pity. We must continue to believe in honor and honesty, in kindness to others and to ourselves, but we have to unlearn most of what has been taught us about our sexual behavior and learn as much as we can of what has been thought by the greatest thinkers on the subject and scientifically verified.

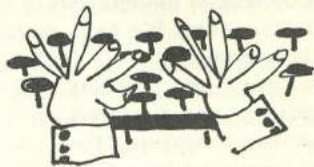
We must, I repeat, keep our self-respect. Without it we not only will cease growing as human beings (growing, that is, in our value to the community and in our capacity for enjoying our lives in the deepest sense), but we will become narrow and embittered. This most necessary self-respect is not felt, however, without respect for others. When we are led by our life-long fear of being considered a sissy into contempt for effeminate homosexuals, we cease being able to respect ourselves because at heart we know

that contempt for womanliness is contempt for our own womanliness. And contempt for the sexual promiscuity of others is contempt for our own.

There is no scientific validity for despising any kind of sexual activity that does no harm. I strongly urge everyone to read **The Ethics of Sexual Acts** by Rene Guyon. For those of us who are religiously inclined, and therefore likely to be suffering from conflicts between the religious and the more obviously sexual impulses, I should strongly urge that they pursue this pattern of thinking: Cease worrying about the sinfulness of sex; make up your minds to enjoy your lives and to express yourselves sexually when you feel the need; restrict your behavior only to this extent that you retain an honest respect for the underlying humanity of all those with whom you have relations. Then, if you have the kind of mind that values the knowledge it seems to derive from religious feeling more than what it learns from the scientific approach, you will discover, perhaps to your surprise, that it was not sex of any kind or amount but contempt for yourself and your sexual partners that kept you divided from your God.

I know that among you I have many friends. I should like to sign my name but I know you will understand when I tell you I can't because I must earn a living. Some day this underground business will no longer be necessary. When that time comes, those of us who now engage in the fight for human rights will be regarded as heroes. I doubt that any of us now alive will know it then, but we can be comforted by the assurance that the day will come, since the evolution of society toward greater democ-

racy seems to proceed steadily, in spite of setbacks, with the wider and wider dissemination of knowledge. Even if we live that long, we will not regard ourselves as heroes, for we shall learn in our experience that heroism consists merely in despising injustice and in clinging to the just cause.



Gentlemen:

There was an article in the July issue of ONE that stirred up a good deal of controversy and, I am told that the whole point in publishing the article was to stimulate thought, to bring to our minds certain factors that very much need to be recognized and discussed. I am referring to the essay **SIX REASONS WHY YOUR LITTLE MAGAZINE WON'T LAST**.

The importance of this article is not due to any factual material which it contained—for there was no factual material, no objective, reliable material of any kind in it at all—but, rather, to its being a sterling example of the kind of expression ineluctably associated with the emotionally immature personality. Its importance lies in the fact that it is a demonstration of a type of mind not uncommon in the homosexual. Its publication is a warning to all of us to be on the lookout for this type of attitude, to call it by its proper name, and to beware.

For the article is no more—and no less—than the splenetic outcry of an enraged infant. Observe, if you will, the complete

lack of intellectual and moral integrity. There is no sense whatever of responsibility to facts or even to the opinions of others. The author has the conceit to assume that he has the right to speak for all homosexuals when in truth he is speaking only for and of himself. He demonstrates the utter self-centeredness of the child.

The article runs rife with preposterous exaggerations, distortions bearing no relation to reality whatsoever, and absurd inconsistencies presented with the flippant impudence of the defiant child. Look, for example, at the impassioned cry against injustice by a man who can't even write with justice (much less compassion or humility) about his own kind, whom he arrogantly adjudicates to be **not worth it**. Yet he apparently feels this **giddy little pamphlet** to be a suitable vehicle for his own "worthy" opinions.

His condemnation of all homosexuals just because there are some—like himself—as yet too immature to think and act as adults is manifestly unfair. Yet this is a characteristic consistent with the general personality defect.

There is a substantial amount of evidence that emotional immaturity is part of the homosexual syndrome. Unfortunately in the case at hand there seems to be, in addition, a strong component of persecution mania and a very strong, ugly, and unbridled hostility. These elements are pathognomic of the paranoid personality.

Let us not be deluded by these fiery outbursts, whether in the pages of ONE or amongst our acquaintances, for we have an abiding need to think and act as emotionally mature and secure adults if we are to

achieve our goal. Our work can never be helped—only hampered—by frenetic temper tantrums.

It is the patient, unspectacular work of people like the editors of ONE and the members of the Mattachine Society that will eventually bring about an improved social and mental environment for all of us, but, I'm afraid, it will be in spite of the "children," rather than because of them.

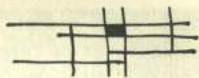
NORWALK, CALIF.



Dear Sirs:

I'm applying for a subscription for which find cheque enclosed. I think that your magazine is a good thing no matter what its deficiencies or excellent qualities may be, simply because it is an opportunity for a lot of individuals to get something off their chests. At least **something** is said, and in this case, better banalities than nothing at all. The whole problem, so far as I see it, is an impossible one, considering humanity and its history, but to bring matters to light so that an amount of discussion with its consequent enlightenment may ensue will at least help to alleviate narrow-mindedness and misapprehension. I have a small bone to pick with some of your writers and correspondents. There is always somewhere or other a stricture against the obvious queen, the "pansy," the **flaneur**. I think that is unfair. Among other rights of the individual I should like to defend the privilege of anyone to make a damned fool of himself, if

he so desires. A civilization rife with eccentrics . . . tolerated ones, is a rich civilization, merely extravagant exfoliation of a truly creative era. That is one of the secrets of England's past greatness, for that was the land of the crank, the miser and the soap-box speaker. By all means let the variety of human nature express itself, even if it tends towards chartreuse trousers and brass hair. Great heavens, what if all men wore tweeds and smoked pipes! A world of mature professors or superior congressmen . . . heaven forbid! Besides the extravagances of effeminacy are abandoned as youth decays, so let the laddie have his fling. As Blake says . . .

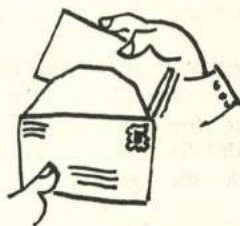


A confusion, evident in the letters we receive, makes it necessary again to make clear the relationship of ONE and the Mattachine Society. These are two entirely separate corporations which function independently. While they naturally share basic principles, their differences as a Society and a magazine are clear in both type of activity and manner of approach. ONE heartily commends the work of the Society and hopes the feeling is mutual, but insists upon being recognized as a separate entity.

"Abstinence throws sand on ruddy limbs and waving hair,
Whilst desire gratified grows fruits and flowers everywhere."

The clippings enclosed might be of some interest to you. I was a victim of the Washington "posse" a vicious group if there ever was one, but who seem to be getting their come-uppance now.

CORONADO, CALIF.



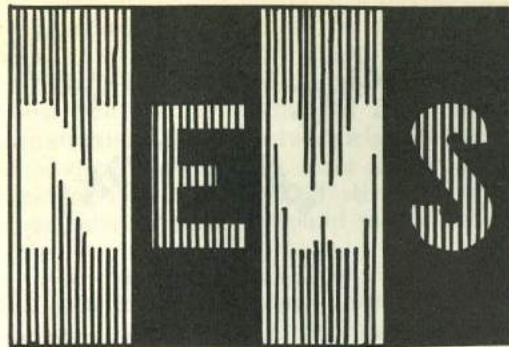
Sirs:

Please send me "ONE" every month for the next two years. I am enclosing \$5.00 to pay for my subscription.

Keep up the good work.

Los Angeles.

ONE does not forward letters to its readers, nor can it effect contact between individuals however intrigued they may be with one another literarily. The reason is not solely the vast work involved, but legal as well.



During a Sunday afternoon drive through the environs of Los Angeles, a car containing four friends was stopped by the police. No illegal act was charged, though the pretext of looking for dope was used. The four were subjected to lengthy grilling in public, and later at a police station, in the attempt to establish a homosexual relationship between them.

As one of the four was under 21, he was subjected to hours of pressure, until at last a signed statement was wrung from him "confessing" to sexual intimacies with one of the others, which statement he later attempted to deny and repudiate.

At the trial some weeks later two witnesses for the defense fearlessly and with vigor demolished with facts and dates each and every allegation contained in the "confession." Its youthful writer did not appear in court. The judge in rendering his verdict of not guilty stated that the aggressive attitude of the two witnesses threw doubt on the validity of their testimony.

Is a court of law presumed to be a gentleman's club in which it is bad form for citizens to be too emphatic in over-throwing a lie? To a reporter from ONE in the courtroom disquieting questions were posed by the judge's statements. It must be remembered that in his verdict he himself had found the "confession" to be false. Yet, in urbane and witty language, he could disparage the attitude of the two who had proven it so.

Perhaps American citizens are supposed to supinely submit to the most vicious smears, be robbed of their freedoms, suffer heavy financial losses for attorney's fees, time lost, and then meekly go to jail without protest. But, in the good American tradition of fighting for freedom—even if someone does get hurt, as so often happens during fighting we should remind ourselves—when the worm turns and the individual dares to stand up for his rights, those standing at the very outposts of justice profess astonishment.

Is it not time that American citizens fought back more often? It may be that a wave of "bad" courtroom manners would bring a little healthy respect for constitutional rights back into the picture.



BOOKS

BOOKS

Books

BOOKS

BOOKS

Books

BOOKS

- The Wayward Ones*, by Sara Harris. New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1952, \$3.00.
- The Illusionist*, by Françoise Mallet, translated from the French by Herma Briffault. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1952 \$3.00. Also Popular Library, 1953, 25 cents re-titled, "The Loving & The Daring."
- The Price of Salt*, by Claire Morgan. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1952, \$3.00.

The reader who comes to these three novels, all of which deal with the phenomenon of love between women and the culmination of that love in the form of a physical expression, must face two interesting questions. The first is the effort to evaluate a work which has some sociological value but which is of inferior literary quality. This lack of literary merit (in two of the three books, for *The Illusionist* is handled with a skillful and sensitive pen) is constantly facing the readers of minority, propagandistic, and missionary literature. Most of the writing in Miss Morgan's work, and all of it in Miss Harris's, is so poor that the characters can never come to life and the message that the books were meant to convey is unable to be heard.

However, to examine these three novels at one time—and this is why I have grouped them together—is to become impressed with the size and importance of the body of literature dealing with female homosexuality. Despite the works of Mann, Proust, Gide, and many others, it is doubtful if the literature of attraction between man and man can show advance-guard books that shine with the light of the works of Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, and Anais Nin; a quality of love as convincing as in the early novels of Gale Wilhelm; propaganda as sincere and protest as vociferous as that of Radclyffe Hall. To which we can now add a love story in a strange setting, told in beautiful terms, and with a singular lack of consciousness of sin, guilt, or social ostracism, as in *The Illusionist*.

The theme of *The Illusionist* is quite simple. An adolescent girl falls in love with her father's mistress. It is not a sublimated or repressed love; it finds culmination in an act of physical expression, and this act is repeated over a period of

one

several months. To say that this is an unusual triangle is understatement, indeed. But it is to the credit of Françoise Mallet that this difficult situation never becomes unbelievable. And therein lies the importance of a novelist knowing how to write. For Claire Morgan, in *The Price of Salt*, takes a much more commonplace situation, in which two girls, one disillusioned with marriage and the other with courtship, find each other and go off together. But after going through a couple of hundred pages of stilted conversation and hysterics, the reader no longer believes what he found so very convincing at the beginning of the girls' journey.

Men and women who have been following the literature on homosexuality have protested quite frequently, and not without good reason, at the contrived unhappy endings in these books. If the homosexual does not commit suicide, he either murders or gets murdered, or at least lives unhappily ever after. Some of the better novels (as *Finistere*, *The Invisible Glass*, and *Special Friendships*) have followed this pattern. However, the tragic demise is not quite as universal as readers have been led to believe; one might cite, for example, Gale Wilhelm's *Torchlight to Valhalla* as a novel in which the lovers remained together and happy after they had found each other. It is to the credit of Claire Morgan in *The Price of Salt*—and perhaps it is one of the few assets to be found in a pedestrian work—that love conquers all in the end.

Before leaving Françoise Mallet and her young and lovely illusionist, a word about the bar scene is in order. Although the entire episode in the women's bar is somewhat out of character with the tenor and tone of this work, the author handles the situation with skill, charm, and maturity that are very gratifying. Here we find violence and jealousy as the night creeps into the morning and as girls become intoxicated with liquor and with each other. I can pay the scene no greater compliment than to say that it reminded me of Momma's Neapolitan bar in John Horne Burns's *The Gallery*. But the greater sociological value of Miss Mallet's work lies in the treatment of the characters and situations as individuals in an amorous triangle. Their particular dilemma happened to be one involving people of the same sex, but this was only incidental to and not basic to the triangular struggle for affection and loyalty.

The Wayward Ones is the best example of the propaganda novel at its worst. The author is a sociologist who has written a story of girls in a reform school. She has struggled hard with the problems of a young girl resisting the erotic attention of the "pops" but the psychological aspects of such a situation were beyond her grasp. This is particularly evident in the scene following the marriage of the protagonist-heroine to one of the more masculine girls. Miss Harris graduated from New York University with a minor in journalism. We suggest that before writing another novel, she take a few more credits.

The Letters of Hart Crane, 1916-1932, edited by Brom Weber. New York: Hermitage House, 1952, \$5.00.

Hart Crane was born in 1899, died in 1932, and in the few short years of his maturity, left a not voluminous body of poetry that assures him a permanent place in American literature. Now, in one volume, 405 letters written by Hart Crane, to family, friends, literary acquaintances, have been brought together, magnificently edited to avoid unimportant details or acknowledgment, yet never expurgated.

In these letters, Hart Crane reveals himself: as a poet in search of inspiration; as a man in search of values; as a homosexual in search of love. That he could never quite accept his way of life as being a proper one is clear in these letters, but should not prove surprising, in view of his youth when he died, the very slight progress that America had made in this field at the time, and because Crane was evidently beset by a search for love that came into sharp conflict with his own sexual proclivities.

For reasons that the editor has explained elsewhere, it was impossible to present both sides of this correspondence. None of the letters to which these were replies, and none of the replies to these letters, are included. The book, therefore, becomes one more of scholarly reference than of reading from start to finish. Inasmuch as an outstanding biography of Crane was written by Philip Horton and appeared in 1937, it is hoped that the publication of these letters will stimulate enough interest to cause reissue of that biography. This would be a service not only to a fine book but to a great poet.

On reading these letters, I could not help but think of the shallow criticisms of the homosexual influence in American literature, and of self-appointed critics who delight in telling stories of second-rate novelists who had their works published because they belonged to the same minority as some editor or publisher. I cannot help but wonder why these irate critics make mention of practically unknown authors, and overlook completely the influence of Whitman, Crane and perhaps Melville, James, and Gertrude Stein, all of whom dealt with this theme in their works, and some of whom were deeply interested in it in their personal lives.



Donald Webster Cory



Special

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills like east winds, this whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether.

How many of our kind we meet in homes, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see on the streets, or sit with in cabarets or churches whom, they silently, we warmly rejoice to be with. Read the language of those wandering eyeballs. The heart knoweth its own.

You read of me and my kind in poetry. From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good will, we help make the sweetness of life.

We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, most secret experiences, so that they who sit by, of our own acquaintances shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers.

But as soon as a stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into our conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the

last and best, he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehensions, are old acquaintances of ours.

The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter, and no night: all tragedies, all ennui vanish; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the form all radiant of our beloved person.

We chide society, we embrace solitude, and yet we are not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time we meet them in this walk of life.

Who hears us, who understands us? Our kind hears us and understands us—thus we have become a group for all time. Nor is nature so poor, but that she gives us means of expressions, thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations, and as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers or outcasts in a traditionary world.

Billie Brown

DAVID & JONATHAN

The existence throughout all recorded human history of fraternal relationships between men of profound emotional intensity and deep ethical import is a stubborn fact that no amount of theological or other tabu can obliterate from warp and woof of society's cultural heritage.

Perhaps nowhere in literature has such a relationship been described with more touching, yet authentic power and simplicity than in the biblical story of Jonathan and David.

Picture young David, eighth son of Jesse, a wealthy stockman and rancher of the little town of Bethlehem, who is described as "ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." Healthy, outdoor living had given him not only good looks but a vigorously masculine courage that enabled him to neatly dispose of attacks made upon his father's herds by bear and lions.

Jonathan, on the other hand was a young prince, grown to manhood among the sophistications of his father's court, and palace, self-assured in his social position and educational poise, but when David was brought to the palace, as he listened to him, speaking clear-eyed in quiet simplicity before the king, something fundamental must have taken place within him, an emotional reaction reaching to the very foundations of his nature, for we read, in the inimitable language of the Bible:

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle."

Shortly after this solemn pledge had been made, the substance of Jonathan's character and affection were placed under severe stress. Political jealousies and intrigue in the court sought to undermine David's position with the king, succeeding to the extent that the king ordered both the secret police and Jonathan to kill David, who was quite innocent of any offense against the court.

"But Jonathan, Saul's son delighted much in David, saying, Saul my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hid thyself: And I will go out and stand beside my father in the field, and I will commune with my father of thee, and what I see I will tell thee. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father . . . and Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan . . . and Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

Later, another even more aggressive attack was made against David's position, as an outsider who had risen quickly to a position of influence and authority. Again, David and Jonathan met the problem by standing squarely on a platform of affection and trust in each other, for, "Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee . . . And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul."

The plot against David's life deepened until it became dangerous even for them to meet, yet, by ruses of various kinds, they did, until it became so unsafe that they knew they would have to part forever. David must flee for his life. "And they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city."

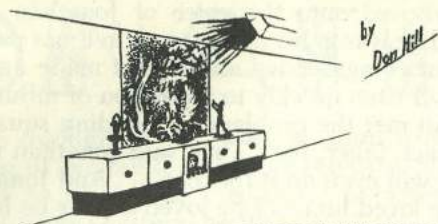
We do not have a record that they ever saw each other again. Later, when the news was brought to him that Jonathan had been killed on the battlefield, David lamented: "O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."



L'envoi

*"Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was . . .*

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AREA COUNCIL
(From Fresno Northward)
Post Office Box 851
Oakland 4, California

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
AREA COUNCIL
(San Luis Obispo to Mexican Border)
Post Office Box 1925
Los Angeles 53, California



San Francisco Chapter
Post Office Box 259
San Francisco 1, California

From other sections of the United States and Canada, address:
Secretary, The Mattachine Society, Post Office Box 1925
Los Angeles 53, California

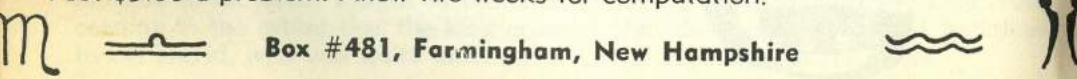
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