



mattachine REVIEW



Lafayette, Here We Come

Editorial reprinted from *Washington Post*.

There will hardly be a wet eye anywhere in the District of Columbia for the three Morals Division plainclothesmen who were arrested in Lafayette Park by a Park Police officer one joyous night last May—and run in, presumably on a suspicion of homosexuality. There they were—quietly minding other people's business—when Park Police Pvt. James E. Thomas, whose authority was candidly attested by his uniform, asked one of them, Det. Casimir J. Morda, what he was doing. Dissatisfied with the response, Private Thomas took Detective Morda into custody. And when Morda called to his two colleagues for help, Thomas promptly and efficiently, employing his judo training for the purpose, flipped all three of them onto their backs and into the park shrubbery.

Two questions spring to mind in connection with this incident. In a town where crime is rampant and on the increase, why should three (3) detectives of the Metropolitan Police be stationed in Lafayette Park? And why should they be out of uniform? The answer is obvious. The Morals Division clutters up Lafayette Park, a known gathering place for homosexuals, with coveys of detectives whose ugly errand is to entice some unfortunate into making an advance that can be taken as a basis for arresting him. The whole process borders on provocation and entrapment. Why should the simple job of policing Lafayette Park not be done by ordinary policemen—in uniform?

Instead of commending Private Thomas for meritorious service to duty and to morality in general, Park Police Chief Harold F. Stewart suspended the officer, a 10-year veteran on the force—and suspended him without so much as a formal hearing—saying that he showed “an inability to work harmoniously with the Metropolitan Policemen.” In our view, he showed simply a considerable skill at judo and a highly developed sense of decency.



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Calling Shots

HOMOSEXUAL WITCH HUNTS REPORTED IN THREE AREAS

Three areas in the U.S. are today the scene of shattering probes and purges against homosexuals: Delaware, Tampa and Ann Arbor.

The Michigan situation has been reported here before, but the news is that it continues to be a living project in and about the campus of the State University. Some tragedy, such as suicide, has resulted from the witch hunt, but it goes on.

Also reported was a situation at the University of Florida at Gainesville. Now Tampa makes the news with similar sensational headlines: "36 Homosexuals Caught in Round-up." Punitive action was the keynote.

Comes now Delaware (in mid-June) where a police witch hunt is backed by a sensational treatment in the press.

Reported in the *Wilmington Evening Journal*, 15 arrests in "Morals Case" ends the state's investigation. Three of the persons named were under 21 years of age: They were 19, 18 and 16, respectively. This unfortunately gives authorities a valid reason to conduct the investigations.

In and around Newark, Del., it began when police seized a mass of obscene photos and literature, plus photographic equipment. In the arrests which followed, one man was booked on 63 morals charges, and others were booked, sometimes on more than one charge.

Law enforcement in this connection—juveniles and obscenity—cannot be condemned. Adults have no right to corrupt the young, and to do so is a crime. Regretfully some homosexuals bring this upon themselves.

But reports that police pressure is being applied throughout the state (see "Readers Write," this issue) to urge any homosexual picked up to reveal names of others so inclined are distressing. So is the newly instituted technique of calling someone so named off a job, interrogating him, then obtaining his dismissal, solely upon "hearsay" or "association" evidence which it is alleged is being done.

And another disturbing angle to all of this is reported: Attorneys in Delaware are becoming loath to defend anyone charged with a crime by the State Police, for fear the police will retaliate with some kind of reprisal—traffic tickets, or whatever.

CONN. JUNIOR WOMEN FIND 231 'BAD' MAGS

The May survey of newsstands in West Haven, Conn., by the Junior Women's Club, turned up some 231 magazine titles it declared were "obscene." And this figure, states the *New Haven Register*, is the lowest count it tallied for any of the monthly surveys it has been making for the past year. Eighteen stores and newsstands were included in the survey.

In the report there was no definition of what the Junior Women considered obscene or objectionable. Presumably it is following the listings of National Organization for Decency in Literature (a Catholic "decency" group which urges the establishment of local "decent literature" committees), but the figure of objectionable items indicates there is some originality in Connecticut—this group has expanded the scope of its disapproval.

Two California periodicals—*Dorian Book Quarterly* and *The Californian* in their July issues call serious attention to the inroads censors are making. The former tells how many state and city laws are being declared unconstitutional, but new laws are constantly being passed. The latter analyzes censorship and obscenity bills passed by the recently-adjourned California legislature, and critiques the background of the censorship movement in the U.S. today, pointing up that it is, in the words of its leader from Cincinnati, "a religious crusade." The Roman Catholic layman

from Cincinnati maintains his own "Index" which is quite a different thing from the official Catholic *Index*, and concerns itself with more than matters of faith.

We do not argue for the circulation of obscenity. We do not accept the statement that literature on sex, however "trashy" it may appear to some, corrupts the young any more than it corrupts the adults. And the censors, we always note, are quick to show how this material they disapprove always corrupts others, but not themselves. How come?

Furthermore, in the words of Eugene O'Neill: *Censorship of anything, at any time, in any place, on whatever pretense, has always been and always will be the last cowardly resort of the boob and the bigot.*

HENRY MILLER'S 'TROPIC' MAY NOT BE MAILED

In response to inquiries, the recently published Grove Press edition of *Tropic of Cancer*, reviewed in this issue, may not be mailed until postal rulings about it are clarified. The book is widely available in the U.S., however, with an edition of 35,000 copies having been distributed by truck and express over a month ago. Right now the book is involved in a customs litigation in New York. A banning of it from the mails occurred on June 8, but was subsequently withdrawn until the government sees the outcome of the present customs case. However the test postal case will undoubtedly come up within a few weeks.

HOMOSEXUALITY AS A VEHICLE FOR MASOCHISM SYMBOLIZED IN THE FILM "Fireworks"

by ROLLAND HOWARD

A great deal is said and written about food, but when appetite demands satisfaction, there is one undeniable, fundamental outcome; we eat. Likewise, an infinite amount of art, poetry, and conversation is devoted to the subject of the nature of love, but no matter what we think of it, on a fundamental level we find ourselves kissing someone, fondling someone, our bodies insisting on still greater closeness.

My task is a difficult one. I must take an emotional experience—a good meal, or a kiss—and report on it intellectually, in words. Now, one does not describe a painting; one looks at it for himself. This movie is itself a series of symbols of feeling experience. What I say now will have to be simply another symbolization.

Briefly, the movie is this: a pictorialization (putting into picture-symbols) of a particular aspect of homosexual emotionality. The emotional experience portrayed is a human one, of course, within the experiential capacity of everyone, but the film deals with it in the framework of homosexuality which is one of the places it is most commonly and consistently found. The experience: Guilt and masochism.

A work of symbolism and abstraction, the story cannot be formulated; it is not susceptible to test-tube analysis. Let me therefore outline it briefly in as abstract a form as the use of concrete words will allow. Visualize:

Subject, asleep, nude, on the floor before a fireplace; his homosexual partner—he might be anybody—asleep beside him. Subject, presumably sexually satiated, experiences sado-masochistic fantasy (dreams), brought on by the unconscious guilt he feels now that the sex-need has been satisfied. Such guilt could drive him to alcoholism or to insanity or to suicide, but nature dislikes the cessation of life, Survival is nature's prime concern, so subject relieves his guilt by *dreaming* of self-punishment.

There is the men's room, a sexual symbol. (There is a great deal of unconscious confusion of the eliminatory processes with the reproductive functions, if for no other reason than their proximity to each other.) There is a bar-room, a homosexual setting in this case. We see next a "masculine" type, a sailor, stripped to the waist and exhibiting his muscles. This is, of course, virile masculinity personified. Sailors, cowboys, leather-jacketed motorcyclists—all are "male" types, stereotypically reckless, adventurous,

courageous. Their appeal for us lies in our own deep conviction that these culturally admirable characteristics are *not* part of *us*. Not only do these types look masculine and do masculine things, they exhibit an ego—an active and healthy self-esteem—which most homosexuals cannot claim. If there is nothing developmentally amiss with the homosexual ego, it nevertheless must suffer severe restrictions, imposed and enforced either by the external world or by one's own internalized values and judgements, or both.

Subject admires this man, or, rather, this symbol of masculinity. (What I want to be, and feel convinced I cannot be, I must admire—even worship—in others.) Subject can express his insufficiency and desire only by seeking to submit to this "superior" and desired object. He approaches him. The exhibitionist turns on him, abuses him, perhaps uses him briefly. Subject only submits.

Scene shifts to another expression of self-punishment. This time it reaches suicidal (self-destructive) extremes. He is threatened by a group of hostile sailors (again masculinity symbols, who seem to know the truth about him and condemn him for it. They approach him. *Subject neither runs from the danger nor defends himself.* He submits. He is beaten mercilessly. His body is torn asunder and his heart (his very life) is shown to run down and stop.

The ultimate punishment has been suffered, and subject returns to consciousness (life must go on). Still, he is the despised object of a punitive superego. Sex and elimination still confused, our subject, worthy only of being used as a receptacle for waste, now awakens to find a stream of milky fluid (urine? semen?) trickling over his face. He is nude, supine on the floor of the men's room, near the urinals.

Symbols of masculinity, of male genitalia, of humiliation and submission abound. This is the pain—and the pleasure. This is, in his real life, expiation.

Certainly, *Fireworks* would misfire as an educational film for the general public, because, unless the viewer is accustomed to seeing the symbolisms in a symbolic presentation, he might well see in this film only an example of madness. It is not that. No more than baptism, communion and other religious rituals are madness. All are simply representations—in recognizably human actions—of inner experiences which do not lend themselves to more direct, concrete expression.

For me, though the surface symbols in this film are gruesome, the whole experience is deeply moving. Not because of the objects of desire—the "masculine" types who moved through the story; my attraction to them is as much a part of my life as they are part of the life of the young subject of the film. My weakness is his, but I know that they are not the answer to it. Nor is it the masochistic degradation he experiences. I have indulged myself in

all that, too, almost to the point of self-destruction, and not alone in dream or fantasy. And that is not the answer, either.

What moves me here, and what will make the film linger with me for a very long time, is the empathy, the sympathy for, the identification with, the young man who is its subject; the submissive victim of his own self-condemnation who puts himself at the mercy of the whole sadistically destructive world. Not for me his ego-ideal, the muscular, "masculine" sailor. The world abounds with these. In both men and women there is more than enough of the will to power at the expense of everyone else. You find them at boxing matches, shouting for blood; or slaving over newspaper accounts of executions which are not for them a social necessity, but a personal pleasure.

No, my heart goes out, rather, to that boy whose aggressiveness is all turned against himself.

Aggressiveness—the will to power—is a natural attribute of man; his basic equipment for establishing and maintaining individual existence in a sometimes violent and highly competitive world. It should be turned outward, held ready to help cope with exigencies of such a world. Too often the homosexual finds his own aggressiveness enlisted in the ranks of his opposition, aligned against himself. This is the man I want to talk to, to urge him with all the persuasion at my command to respect himself, to defend himself, to fulfill himself. This is the boy in our film.

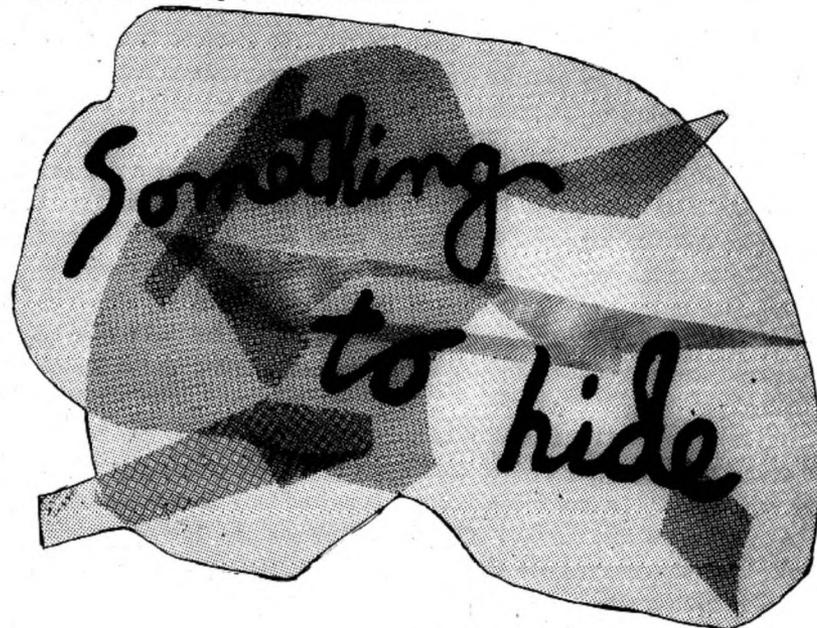
Where does his guilt—so much guilt—come from? Not alone, surely, from the anti-sex culture in which he grew up, though that is source enough. Can it be traced to Freud's Oedipus phase, that classical source of "original sin"? Does one flagellate himself for a lifetime because of his infantile desire for his mother? Does one fear of a jealous and vengeful father? Is one always so utterly helpless in the hands of the aggressive, masculine world because he was so helpless then? Perhaps so.

The answer, then, is to learn—to understand—and thenceforth not to be victimized by fear based upon ignorance. Knowledge is power, it has been said—and this means power over one's self, which is the only place where power really matters.

To the young subject of our film, then—a film which, incidentally, is beautifully acted and photographed, and so effective that it leaves the audience stunned and speechless—I say this:

Awaken from your self-punishing dream, my friend! Look at the young man beside you there, and respect him as a worthy human being. Equally important, respect yourself as one. Put your experience with him in the treasury of your warmest memories. Be courageous enough to share a little love with him, whether the rest of the world approves or not. The two of you are not of another world; you are part of this one. And in this one, courage is the measure of a man—homosexual or not. ■

Steve Butler was a complete stranger to Gene Duncan, although they had once faced a similar decision. Each had made different choices. Duncan chose to stand on his own two feet—against a not too friendly world. Butler chose what seemed to him the respectable way—and carried it too far. He had almost forgotten that he had—



by JOHN E. O'CONNOR

Part One

GENE DUNCAN

Early Saturday morning, my father and I went down to Homer's boatyard to see what we could do about the *Adair II*. On Friday it had sprung a leak, a real dilly of a leak, and we feared that the entire woodwork might have gone rotten. Homer had hauled the boat onto the yard and placed it in the cradle closest to his covered storage area. That had been at night, and with sinking hearts we had turned our flashlights on the gash in the keel and probed into the wood with a screwdriver. It looked pretty bad.

But, that Saturday morning, as soon as we pulled up in the area before his sagging shack, Homer came outside, all smiles and optimism, and walked us across the yard to our supposedly defunct twenty-seven foot cabin cruiser. We treaded over an incredible clutter of timbers, oil cans, beer cans,

coke bottles, frayed lines, scraps of rotting canvas, corroding hardware, and lord knows what else. Homer wasn't the tidiest of individuals, but he did know boats, and according to him the *Adair II* was still good for several more years. The hull was still sound, but there was plenty of work to be done on the front end of the keel: removal of a considerable area, replacement, bolting and bracing. I estimated that it would take three weeks for Dad and me, working together, to finish the job. The gleam in Dad's eyes must have reflected my own. We are both the same way—never happier on weekends than when we can perform needed manual labor. It's a great change of pace after a hectic week at our paint factory.

Before getting down to work, Dad suggested that I give Al Park a ring and invite him down to help out. I had been planning on doing just that, but I was glad that Dad suggested it. Al is my lover. Both Mom and Dad know what the score is—have known for the past two years—and have completely adjusted to it. It couldn't be better. They're crazy about Al, almost as crazy as he is about them. In fact, I sometimes wonder if the real reason he loves me is because of Mom's cooking and Dad's ineshastible fund of Scotch stories.

Anyway, I called Al and asked if he had anything better to do than to help a couple of soggy bums work on their wreck of a cabin cruiser. He didn't, he said, and he'd be over within an hour. He arrived forty minutes later.

Al, Dad and I worked our tails off throughout the morning. The sun wheeled away from the ocean towards the center of the sky, and the day got hot. By noon, we had our shirts off, and were sweating like mules. And our stomachs were growling audibly. We knocked off for sandwiches and beer.

Then we saw him. We had heard the car drive up, but had not paid any attention to it. Now, as we were making our way across the yard, heading towards the Sandwich Shop on B pier, we saw Homer talking to a stranger. For a fleeting moment, I thought I had seen him before. He was tall, heavily-built and square-faced, and must have been in his late twenties. He wore a grey flannel suit and carried a light briefcase. I wondered if he was asking directions from Homer. But then Homer raised his arm and pointed to me.

"Here's Mister Duncan," I heard him say. Then he called to me: "Hey, Gene, you got a visitor."

The stranger took long strides in our direction. He was flashing a tight perfunctory smile.

"Mister Duncan?" he asked.

I acknowledged my identity with a nod. "How'd you know where to find me?"

He came to a halt in front of us. "Your mother told me where I could find you. If you don't mind, I'd like a few words with you—in private."

I raised my eyebrows and made a frown of mock bewilderment at Dad and Al.

"I'll see you guys over at the shop," I told them.

Dad took one long suspicious look at the stranger before following Al over to the Sandwich Shop. The stranger watched them, absently; then he turned his attention back to me. He was silent for a moment, seeming to examine me very critically, as though looking for a visible flaw. His smile had changed into something bordering between conspiracy and contempt.

"My name is Butler," he said. "I'm from the Office of Naval Intelligence."

He produced a thin white leather wallet which he held by the upper flap, allowing the lower flap to dangle and expose his ONI identification card. I bit my lip. That explained a lot of things. Before settling down with Al, I had romped around with a lot of gay sailors. The ONI's chief function seems to be that of terrorizing enlisted and commissioned homosexuals. They had already nailed several Navy friends of mine and were apparently after another. The problem was, which one?

"Ask me any questions you like," I said. "Although I don't promise to answer all of them."

He assumed a hurt expression. "Well, I hope we can accomplish something," he said, like a patient father towards a difficult child. He looked around the yard. "Kind of hot out here. Isn't there some cool place where we can talk?"

There was. Homer had followed Dad and Al over to the Sandwich Shop, so I led Butler into the shed. It's a pretty dreary place on any account, with its helter-skelter arrangement of boat supplies, jars of paste, coils of line, and its musty salty atmosphere, but Butler's presence made it even drearier. Could be I was biased, though. Could well be.

Butler set his briefcase upon a soft-drink dispenser, sat down in a broken-back chair, and leaned forward, hands clasped. I settled on a low stool.

"First, let me find out about you," he began. "You graduated from college four years ago...right? And then what?"

"I worked as a newspaper reporter for two years in Norfolk, Virginia, and then came here to Florida to live with my family. I went to work in my father's paint factory. I'm now assistant supervisor of the sales division."

He grinned knowingly. I got the message. It was pretty obvious, and I had heard it several times before, inevitably enough: just another boss's son, climbing to the top with lots of help from daddy. I blushed at the half-truth.

I controlled an impulse to swear at him, to go stomping out of there. He merely wished to stir me up a little, so I'd be a little less cautious with my my answers to the important questions. I swallowed my pride and kept my guard up.

He nodded. "Well, that sounds very good," he said, his voice heavy with irony. "Now I'll tell you what I'm here for. We've been investigating the background of one of our commissioned officers—a Lieutenant Max Foster

—to clear him for the handling of more highly-classified information. Let's see now, you and Max were classmates at college, right?"

I nodded, dumbfounded. Not Max! Max had been my best friend back in college. He was the straightest, most heterosexual man alive. There wasn't a gay bone in his body. The ONI couldn't possibly suspect him. Maybe this was just a routine check.

"And after graduation, you and Max shared an apartment in Norfolk from June to October of that year—just before he entered Officer's Candidate School in Providence?"

"That's right."

"Well then, you must have known Max pretty well. What can you tell me about him?"

He was grinning at me. Something crawled up my spine and tightened my throat.

"Max Foster?" I said, stalling. "Geez, he's one of the finest people I've ever known. Fine on all counts. He's honest and intelligent...damn well educated...Why, you couldn't go wrong with him."

Butler sneered and folded his arms. "Oh come now, Mr. Duncan, let's don't beat around the bush. You know what I'm after."

"I'm not sure I do."

"Then let's get to it, shall we?" He reached across the soft-drink dispenser, picked up his briefcase and placed it in his lap. Unclasping the lock, he threw back the flap so I could see all the papers inside. He continued:

"According to the testimony of several people in Norfolk, both you and Max lived a pretty gay life."

He waited for a reaction, but I was still too stupefied to react. His voice became harsh: "Yeah, I know what gay means. I've been around a bit. You might be surprised at how much of the lingo I know. Like daisy chain and round robin,"

"Round robin?" I repeated. He was one up on me.

"Well, never mind. At least you know what I'm talking about. According to our evidence, you and Max went to the most well-known homosexual hangouts, associated frequently with other homosexuals, and were widely believed to be lovers. What do you say to that?"

"It isn't true, that's what I say. Sure, he knew a couple of gay guys. That doesn't prove anything. In fact, he's engaged to be married at the beginning of summer. You watch Max and Lucy together, and then tell me he's gay."

"We know all about his engagement," Butler said, indifferently. "Tell me this. While you two lived together in Norfolk, did he know many girls? I mean girls as God made girls. Did he date much?"

"No, not much," I said, then hurried on: "But he didn't have much time.

He was working nights, as a desk clerk. But he didn't have much night life. Oh, he had a couple of dates, but I can't remember their names."

Butler frowned, then sighed patiently. "Perhaps I should make one thing clear, Mr. Duncan. We're not trying to get you in trouble. This is strictly between Max and the Navy, and as far as he's concerned, we want to make it as easy for him as possible. Obviously, he can't remain in the Navy any longer, since he's a bad security risk. If you leave enough bad security risks in key positions, pretty soon you won't have any more U.S.A. My purpose is to help keep this country in good shape. I like this country, I've lived in it all my life, and I think it's a damn good country to live in. But there're a lot of cheap politicians and half-assed intellectuals who spend all their time knocking it, tearing it down. Maybe they don't know it, but they're playing right into Russia's hands. They're hurting the people by making them lose respect for their country, just at the time when America needs all the cooperation it can get. Now, Mr. Duncan, I think you're in a position to do a real service to your country, because the fewer security risks we've got, the stronger this country will be."

"That's a lot of crap, but I'm not going to argue with you. Even if Max were, he'd still be ideal for any responsible position. It's guys like him who keep our country strong."

"Oh, be reasonable. We don't need your testimony to prove that Max is gay. That's an established fact."

I raised my eyebrows. "Who established it?"

He jiggled the briefcase. "I have a sworn statement inside here, written by a fellow who admits to being a homosexual, admits that Max is also homosexual, and admits that he and Max had carried on sexual relations."

"Jimmy!" I exclaimed, ruefully.

"I'm not saying who it is."

"You don't have to."

I assumed that Butler was telling the truth, that he did have such a statement. If it was still inside the briefcase, then he must have obtained it very recently, and the only person within a two-hundred mile radius whom he could have obtained it from was Jimmy. Jimmy who now lived in Orlando, but who, four years ago, had occupied the apartment above Max's and mine. My memory of him was dim, only that he had possessed about as much moral fiber as oysters on the half shell. I wondered how Butler had managed to bully the confession out of him. With the right kind of pressure, it should have been easy.

I was still naked to the waist, and suddenly, I began to feel very chilly. I put on my shirt. I kept hoping that Butler would get the hell out, but he only shifted his position and looked comfortable, as though he had all the time in the world. I waited.

This was my third day on the Max Foster case. It couldn't have come at a better time. My wife and I had had one of our semi-weekly sour little quarrels, and this assignment has given me a chance to get away before it developed into a real blow-up. That's what I like about this job—plenty of travel. Usually I'm all right at home, just so long as I don't hang around for too long.

Another reason I like this job is because the U.S. Navy is one organization that does take homosexuality seriously. Once they find out about you, brother, you're out with a capital O. We don't fool around. I had driven all the way from Charleston just to close this one case.

Now, I waited for Duncan to finish buttoning his shirt. Let him stall all he wanted. We had his friend dead to rights, and he knew it. In a few more minutes, he'd be coming around. Perhaps not as excessively as snivelling Jimmy from Orlando, who had written out his statements amid barrels of tears and references to his paraplegic mother and his position in the community.

To give Duncan his due, he wasn't a bad looking kid: dark rugged face, bristly crew cut, slender well-formed body. But he was queer, and that put him entirely on the other side of the fence.

I meant what I told him about queers being bad security risks. I really meant it. Without them, the world would become a much better place. It's a disease, and the more we let the carriers run around on the loose, the more the disease will spread. Why aren't people more serious about these things? If I had my way, I'd round up all the queers in one place, tie cinderblocks to their feet, and drop them all into the deepest part of the Atlantic.

Before going into ONI, a civilian organization, I had first spent four years in the Navy as an enlisted man, and then gone to college. I like to think back of my years in the Navy. They were the good years, the best years. And they were clean years, contrary to what people think about sailors. I made some wonderful friendships, especially with Jan. You couldn't have asked for a better friend than Jan. He was from San Francisco, and how we happened to be assigned to the same ship I'll never know. But I'll never forget the times we had, especially in foreign ports, and the great weekend which we spent with my folks in Albany. We dated with Mary Lou, the girl I later married, and her cousin—Maggie, I think her name was. Mary Lou looked pretty good in those days. (Not that she doesn't now, of course. Don't get me wrong. She's all right. It's just that she's gotten heavy and temperamental, and we seem to have run out of interesting conversation.)

Jan was the quartermaster on the ship and he used to get me extra sup-

plies like cigarettes and socks. He once offered me an extra pair of shoes, but I put my foot down on that. He was soft-spoken and handsome and tall, with curly red hair that drove the girls crazy. Mary Lou said that her cousin couldn't stop talking about him for days.

He was a great guy and we had great times together.

There was that one bad incident on the beach, of course. But I'm sure he didn't know what he was getting into. That was when our ship was in Norfolk, and a friend of his invited us to a party out on Virginia Beach. When we arrived there, it only took a minute to size up the situation. It wasn't my kind of party at all. I wanted to leave immediately, but Jan wanted to stay and it was his friend's car we were driving, so I stuck around. Actually, I did have some fun, but after it was over, I told Jan I didn't like to hang around with that sort of crowd, and he promised to break off all contact with them.

That was just two weeks before the terrible thing. But I won't talk about that. I won't. It's not important, anyway.

Duncan tucked in his shirt and sat down again.

"Back to the inquisition," he said.

"It's no inquisition," I said. "If you fill out a statement similar to the one I've just described, you'll never hear from me again. The Navy will settle this matter administratively, and let Foster out easily and noiselessly. Otherwise, there'll have to be a courtmartial."

"When you say 'let him out easily,' what kind of discharge would that involve?"

"An administrative discharge."

"In other words, what? Undesirable? Dishonorable?"

"Hell no. It would merely state that Max had been discharged under conditions other than honorable."

"Well, that doesn't sound so good, either."

"It's better than a court-martial, believe me. A court-martial is a public affair. It's open to anyone who wishes to come. It gets into the newspapers. It results in jail sentences."

I paused, thinking he was going to speak, but he merely shrugged. He was looking at me with a curious expression, as though seeing me for the first time. I continued:

"If Max doesn't wise up, there's a damn good possibility for a court-martial." That wasn't true, but it usually shakes them up. "You'd probably be the first person they'd subpoena, and believe me, they'd ask some pretty embarrassing questions. It wouldn't do you any good. It wouldn't do your family any good. Does your family know anything about you?"

"My family knows a hell of a lot about me, including *that*," he said easily. "And I'm beginning to see how you got that statement from Jimmie."

Continued on page 18.

ARE WE PRODUCING HALF-BAKED ADULTS?

The Big Push

by Margaret Mead

Mankind's prolonged childhood is its most valuable possession. Our large brains, our capacity to learn far more than we have as yet invented that is worth learning, would be no use to us if we grew to adulthood in half a dozen years.

There wouldn't be time enough to digest what there was to learn. The long period in which the infant is dependent upon the mother gives it time to learn the difference between what is right and what is wrong. Little children form deep emotional ties to their parents and so may be helped to learn to control their impulses, to become potentially responsible little creatures.

Then comes childhood, extending from somewhere between four and six to puberty, when children are free from most of the pressures that will make adolescence difficult; free to experiment with their bodies, to run and skip and ski, free to experiment with their minds, to learn, to explore, to invent, to memorize whole chunks of what the past has accomplished, to search for and invent ways of feeling about the future.

Then comes adolescence when what was learned in early childhood and what was learned in late childhood have to be stitched together to make a whole personality—and this under the pressure of a very rapidly changing body and the rush of new impulses.

IT IS A PERIOD when young people should be free to grow, to get acquainted with their changing selves, and make newly introspective by this new realization of the self, to think out their future relationships to the world, to be expressed in careers, in religious or social, scientific or artistic dedication. It is a period in which they should be free to grow at their own pace, un rushed but close to the great world and allowed to play a part in it—to travel, to experiment, to work, if they wish to work.

Only after these three stages are fully enjoyed should parenthood, where the individual gives up, at least in part, his or her own search for the self in the interest of children, come into the picture.

We are doing a very bad job today in not allowing our children to realize their full humanity. Instead of letting boys and girls go their separate ways, in late childhood and adolescence, we are forcing them on each other, forcing them to practice, not how to be individuals, but how to be spouses and parents, catapulting them into premature, half-baked adulthood, before they have a chance to grow up as individuals.

THE CAUSES? Perhaps the most serious is our insistence that all children of the same age do the same thing. This fails to take into account the difference be-

tween boys and girls, and in early childhood and in the lower grades, rewards only those boys who behave like girls, learn their lessons to please their woman teacher.

Then as the girls begin to spurt ahead of the boys, physically and with a still greater capacity to please teacher, and as each age begins to spread out, so that the same grade has little shrimps and tall beanpoles, little girls and bosomy young women, the pressure for dating and courtship behavior is put on.

The boys, hopelessly unready for the girls, are pressured into a kind of behavior which prevents their making friends with their own sex and exposes them to the girls' view of what is important in the world—marriage and parenthood.

Before they have developed into whole people, they find themselves married and parents, and unlike the men of the past, whose pride lay in achievement, they are left with only the pride, once principally reserved for women—parenthood.

IT IS HARD TO SAY which sex loses the most. The boys who just glimpse what freedom to achieve might mean or the girls who are kept fixed on the absolute necessity of catching a man, so they never glimpse it at all.

Parents are now almost equally engaged in pushing their children

of both sexes into premature sex activities and early marriage, combined with pressure for an early safe career choice. We are robbing both sexes of mankind's most precious possession—childhood.

In the past the United States was notable among Western countries in the value it set upon childhood, in the extent to which it recognized that children had rights of their own, the right to be children, which was different from the need to grow up into the proper kind of adult.

BUT IN RECOGNIZING children's right to be children, we have made several serious mistakes:

We have made school incredibly boring and wasteful, so that bright and stupid children alike want to get through it and out into the world.

We have used a feminine model for education, which has meant a domestic model. Little girls see married women as the only kind of women they want to be; little boys are forced to keep up with the little girls in everything from spelling to dating.

We have refused to let young adolescents work and explore the world unless they are married.

So we have made marriage the price of freedom for both girls and boys. Little girls, endowed by nature with as great a capacity for learning as the boys are, spend the previous years of childhood no longer playing with dolls, which was at least centered on later responsible maternity, but playing at sexual attraction; how to look and be like the kind girl whom some boy will want to marry soon.

THIS PREMATURE pushing of little girls into precocious sexuality is very easy to do; little girls with mothers at home for models fall more easily into an adult female role than little boys, whose fathers seem far more distant and more difficult to imitate.

Most human societies have seized on the tractability of little girls, on their delighted desire to be mothers, and have given them very little chance to learn to be individuals. But in the past, this usually meant earlier marriage for the girl than for the boy; the girl might be terribly young for her new responsibilities, but she was given a husband of some maturity and experience to support her in child bearing and child care.

WITH OUR AMERICAN notions that age is more important than almost anything else, we first push the girls and then damage the boys, whose patterns are so unequal, by making them compete with girls in school; and then pressure them into marriage when they are far too young and undeveloped to give any support, even economic, to their young undeveloped wives.

Great human societies advance just in terms of the number of individuals whom they leave free to be individuals—who will make new contributions, new inventions, stake out new paths—rather than merely to produce more children to live in a world which, because it has not advanced, has inevitably fallen far behind. We are sacrificing our girls and boys on the altar of a future which they are not being given time to build.

Reprinted from *The Dallas Morning News*

I stood up, turned to the broken window. Outside, a young man in a bathing suit and a girl in jamaicas and halter were painting the hull of a beaten-looking day cruiser. I realized I wasn't getting far with Duncan. He didn't seem to scare easily. A statement from him wasn't absolutely necessary. Tearful, cooperative Jimmy had given us enough. That statement of his was a real jim-dandy. But I wanted that additional statement. It would look good to the Charleston office; it would clinch our case against Max Foster, just in case Jimmy reneged at the last moment and started squawking about coercive methods.

I turned around. "Listen," I said. "You have an opportunity to do a real service to yourself, your friend and your country. Won't you be reasonable about this, and save everyone the embarrassment of a court-martial?"

That didn't work, either. He hardly seemed to be listening.

And then he surprised the living daylights out of me. "Maybe we *can* arrange something," he said. He stood up. "Would you mind coming with me back to my house?"

I nodded, and followed him outside. He got in his car, and I followed him in mine. He drove inland along a truckroute that paralleled a canal for a while, then turned off down a winding dirt road. We both pulled up in front of an elaborate two-story stone house.

"What's this all about?" I asked him as he led me inside.

"Wait and see."

We went upstairs to his den. He told me to sit down while he opened a closet and scoured around the shelves.

"I've got it here, somewhere," he mumbled.

I assumed it would be a series of letters from Max, filling in all the final gory details. Adding the finishing touches to my neatest case in months.

"Ah, here it is."

He came out of the closet, holding a shoebox which he opened and turned upside-down over the table, dumping out a pile of photographs. I leaned forward as he flipped through them. They were all of attractive young men, many in Navy uniforms.

He reached for a small stack which was bound together with a rubber band.

"There's something here I want to check," he said, slipping off the band.

"I've had these shots for years. An old friend took them and made some copies for me, and there's one in particular... taken at a certain wild beach party..." His voice trailed off as he flipped through them.

"Got it!"

He held the picture out to me. I leaned forward even further, took the picture.

Something exploded inside of me. For a moment, I was no longer in that room, no longer in Florida. I shut my eyes, and the present was effectively blotted out. It would have been a typical shot—you know, with three young

men standing together, and one sitting in front, and all grinning foolishly. It would have been very typical, except for one thing. They were all naked.

Strangely enough, the first one I recognized was Jan. He was in the middle, his curly head towering above the other two. He was the best-looking one in the group. He had his arm over the shoulder of the boy on his left. That was me. And I had my arm around his waist.

It was shocking. Not the picture itself, but my realization of how I had forced myself to forget the details of that particular evening. Only by having my defenses so brutally shattered was I made aware of their existence.

I put the picture on the table and said nothing. That's one reason I was hired for this job—my ability to keep my mouth shut.

Mercifully, he had walked over to the open door that led onto a balcony. For a moment, I watched him carefully, letting my irrational impulses burn themselves out before daring to take further action. At first I felt a great urge to cry, to plead. Then I seriously considered murdering him. For the first time in my investigating career, I was on the defensive, I was the one pursued, assaulted.

He turned around, facing me. "The fellow in the center there," he said softly, "His name was Jan Ryder. He was gay. Got into a lot of trouble..."

I was surprised that Duncan knew the story. It must have happened while he was still in high school, yet he retold it as if it had been in yesterday's newspaper.

It happened two weeks after the beach party. It was one of those chain-reaction deals, beginning this time with a sailor and a civilian who got caught together in an automobile parked in the woods. The sailor was told that things would be made easier for him if he turned in some other names. He did. The other names were then interrogated, and some in turn revealed still other names. Jan was one of those names. Under their ruthless barrage of questions he was as helpless as a baby, and he confessed. Everybody aboard ship knew what was going on, although we weren't supposed to. We knew that Jan had been hauled in. Everyone was wondering where the ax would fall next. That night, Jan came to me, crying miserably. I was the one person he could talk to. I didn't let him do much talking. There were more important things, like making sure that Jan hadn't turned *me* in, and, when he said he hadn't, begging him to keep me out of it. I thought it would be a very good idea if we didn't see each other. I was a great help to him. Boy, was I! That was the last time I saw him.

They were going to give him an undesirable discharge. But that never happened, because the following morning he jumped ship, somehow managed to get out of the Naval Base without a pass and went downtown to a cheap hotel where they had to finally unlock the connecting door from an adjacent room to get at him. The undertaker did what he could with the mess the pawn-

shop pistol had made of Jan's face, and his body was shipped to his family in San Francisco, preceded by a polite and sympathetic letter from the Secretary of the Navy.

I was sick for about two days. Later, I was transferred to a destroyer which went down to Guam. There, in the sandy monotony of that island, I considered the danger which I had successfully evaded, and determined that it would never happen again. I would be blissfully invulnerable and respectable. And I also became ambitious.

I spent another year in the Navy, got discharged, went to college, married the girl across the street... And the day of our marriage, just before walking down the aisle, I thought I recognized the back of Jan's curly head among the congregation, and for the rest of the day, and the night too, I wished I were dead.

Well, anyway, I was respectable. I may have buried everything that was important, but what little that remained of Steve Butler was impeccable, very ordinary, very much above reproach, and there was no danger. Nothing to fear.

Just a constant, gnawing, raw edge of dissatisfaction, which got progressively sorer. I thought of seeing a psychiatrist. Instead, I changed jobs and became an investigator for the ONI. That seemed to help a lot. It was rather refreshing to see that look of uncertainty and fear which crossed the faces of people whom I interviewed.

It exasperated me that Gene Duncan had never once, during this interview, shown any fear. It was I who feared, I who was nervously chewing his lip.

I left Jan, left Norfolk, left my past, came back to Gene Duncan's den. His expression had grown hard.

"You can keep that picture, if you want too," he said. "There are others where it came from."

I did not reach again for the picture. He came away from the doorway and sat down again.

"It doesn't mean a thing," I said lamely. "I'm a married man I have a family. Two kids." ■

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BOOKS

27 YEARS LATE

TROPIC OF CANCER by Henry Miller. New York: Grove Press, 1961. 318 pp., \$7.50. Reviewed by Carl Richter.

"Vital" is the word which best describes Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. "Vital" in two senses of the word—"alive" and "necessary for existence".

Tropic of Cancer was first published in Paris in 1934 and immediately banned in all English-speaking countries. Now, Grove Press has undertaken to publish this work in America—27 years after the completion of the manuscript—a 27 year delay that I believe will eventually be seen to be the greatest contemporary tragedy in American letters.

I am not prepared to argue the point as to whether this is a great work or not. Great works, even by authors unencumbered by extensive puritanism, are scarce in times characterized by the prevalence of the "obscenity concept". But, Karl Shapiro in his introductory essay, and Anais Nin in her highly poetic preface in which she describes the book as "A continual oscillation between extremes, with bare stretches that taste like brass and leave the full flavor of emptiness," describe it in superlatives. I merely wish to point out that it contains much of what has been lacking in American literature for many years—vitality.

Not that the book has been completely unobtainable. If one had the money to spend on a smuggled copy, or the proper credentials to obtain it in a library—provided it hadn't been stolen, then he could read it behind locked doors and learn some of the facts of life that some people believe should be buried.

Tropic of Cancer is the story of a man and his friends trying to exist in Paris during the Great Depression. It is presented as a series of disconnected but related episodes, which, taken as a whole, form an epic of great scope, because of its sincerity and lack of artificial restraints, than perhaps any narrative of its size since *Moby Dick*. It is somewhat of a miracle if contemplated in the context of our times.

The author and central character is an American expatriate, and as such should be of interest to us, especially if we have never known how it feels to be an American out of America. "...you imagine it's always there waiting for you, unchanged, unspoiled, a big patriotic open space with cows and sheep and tenderhearted men ready to bugger everything in sight, man, woman or beast. It doesn't exist, America. It's a name you give to an abstract idea..."

Mr. Miller has more love for humanity—negroes, prostitutes, Jews, homosexuals, the weak, the beaten and oppressed, than any articulate American since Whitman; the tragedy being that he had to go elsewhere to express it. Perhaps because he has less to say for the powerful and satisfied—the rich, institutionalized religion, the military, armament profiteering, gangsterism and sin-mongering. The reader cannot help but feel that the real reason that this book has been unobtainable before is because it has a ring of truth in its accusations that would cause considerable discomfort to some of the powers-that-be; and not to its realistic descriptions of physiological functions which were labeled by that nebulous term “obscenity”.

The recent rise of the concept of “obscenity” on the American scene is being used to cover a multitude of dissenting opinions, and as such is undoubtedly the greatest threat to literature, the arts, and ultimately, to what we like to call the “American” way of life, that exists on the market today; and in direct opposition to the spirit of the First Amendment, which declares: “Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press . . .” Abridgement of the freedom of speech and of the press indeed works in mysterious ways, and to date has created a delay of over a quarter of a century in the evolution of American literature.

The publication of *Tropic of Cancer* for general circulation fills a lacuna long conspicuous in our native literature.

A HEALTHY BOOK WITH A SICK TITLE

THE THIRD SEX edited by Isadore Rubin New York: New Book Company, 1961. 112 pp., \$2.50 (paper edition). Reviewed by Carl Richter.

Though the title to this paperbound volume will seem both hackneyed and and ridiculous to the informed, most of them would agree that it will help to circulate it among the uninformed—where it needs to be circulated.

Sexology magazine has in recent years, paralleled the homophile movement by making available more objective information to its readers concerning a subject which, in truth, has only recently been brought to light; and it has published many writers who do not work on the basis that it is necessary to condemn the homosexual—or be called one.

The Third Sex is a symposium of these articles as have appeared in *Sexology* during the past number of years, and in spite of the inadequacy of the title, presents probably the most comprehensive selection yet published under a single cover for the simple reason that it does not present a *viewpoint*. We find such diversified writers as Drs. Harry Benjamin and Lester A. Kirkendall from America, and Drs. Clifford Allen and Kenneth Walker from Eng-

land, all brought together under the able editing of Isadore Rubin. Many others are represented also, and it is a great relief to hear ideas expressed which have not already become repetitive and monotonous—and no less subjective.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

FAMILY FAVORITES by Alfred Duggan. New York: Pantheon, 1960. \$4.50. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

When England's leading historical novelist produces what amounts to a 100% homosexual novel, of the primary type, that is surprising enough. What is perhaps even more surprising is that despite his bold and unvarnished, and indeed highly sympathetic, treatment of his subject, Alfred Duggan's book has been well received by most critics. All this is especially incredible when it is realized that his subject is the unbelievable character who has been aptly termed “the most powerful mad faggot in history.”

At the age of 13, a strikingly beautiful youth named Bassianus has already assumed the role of high priest of the god Elagabalus of Emosa (now Homs) in Syria, an office that is hereditary in his family. This priestly family has been closely connected with Rome, since Bassianus' grandmother is the aunt of Emperor Caracalla, recently assassinated (217 A.D.). While Bassianus is busy swishing around in his priestly make-up and silken robes, dancing in front of the symbol of his god, a black meteorite shaped like a large erect phallus, others are plotting on his behalf. The successor of Caracalla, an elderly ex-lawyer named Macrinus, is very unpopular. The rumor is started that Bassianus is really the natural son of Caracalla, whom he resembles. A revolt begins on his behalf. A legion deserts to him. When Macrinus sends his forces to put down this revolt, our beautiful young hero has only to ride before the enemy troops, shake his golden tresses, flash his violet eyes and the troops all go over to him. Macrinus flees and is killed, and young Bassianus is proclaimed Emperor, and is master of the civilized world.

Bassianus decides that his rule will be considered a partnership between him and his sun-god, represented by that sexy black rock. He takes the name of his god Elagabalus, and by this name is known to history. Making his way slowly to Rome, he tarries many months at Nicomedia, the home town of Antinous (who lived about a century earlier), ostensibly learning how to be a good manly Roman. But his principal interest is in a handsome charioteer some ten years older, named Gordianus, who is soon installed in the imperial bed-chamber and receives the unofficial title of “the empress' husband.”

Finally, Elagabalus makes it to Rome, getting its citizens off to a good shock by riding into the town with all the make-up and costumery as high priest of Elagabalus (the god). But the Romans get used to this and many other things, and except for some stuffy old Senators, nobody seems to mind too much. The army, especially the Praetorian Guard which makes and un-makes Emperors, loves him and gets paid well. His capable Grandma attends to most of the details of government behind the scenes. Elagabalus keeps busy with his orgies and pranks but, according to Duggan, abides by his oath never to cause pain to a subject or to put an innocent person to death. Against his critics and enemies he strikes back only with pranks and tricks to humiliate them.

Grandma doesn't mind about the boy-friends but insists he should take a little time out to marry and produce an heir. After his first marriage to a young girl, he sends her off to bed alone and then proceeds to take his supreme vengeance against grandma. He goes through two more marriage ceremonies: in one he appears as the bride of his lover Gordianus; in the other, he is again a man, and marries the beautiful adolescent charioteer Hierocles, who comes to displace Gordianus in Elagabalus' affections. The two marriages are consummated within the hearing, if not sight, of all the guests, mostly charioteers and stable-boys.

Grandma keeps trying, and Elagabalus, having gotten rid of the first wife, tries again with an aging Vestal Virgin. This doesn't work either. Then Grandma imports for him a whole harem of sturdy girls from Syria. This time Elagabalus does indeed find use for the girls: he makes them into teams, with bits in their mouths, to draw little carts around the palace grounds. This becomes the established means of transportation on the grounds. The girls seem to love it, especially when he calls them by name and gives them pieces of sugar for some good trotting.

But he is truly kindly. As Duggan writes (p. 280), "...he took up as hobbies kindness to animals and kindness to women, whom he regarded as comparable species." His sympathy for women includes visits to all the whores of Rome, finally assembling them in the arena for a speech and pep-talk.

The story is told in the first-person singular, as though the memoirs of a centurion, originally from Gaul, named Duratius who had secured the confidence of Elagabalus by being helpful in securing power for him, and thereafter became his one and only normal male intimate. Duratius is very tolerant and it takes a good bit to shock him. This does, however, occur occasionally, as when Elagabalus appears for one of his exotic dances:

"On his head was a miter at least two feet high... around his neck were so many jewelled collars that he must hold his chin in the air... His breast was covered by a vest of purple silk, which ended at the heavy gold belt around his loins. On his feet were purple buskins, studded with gems. Be-

tween belt and boots he wore nothing at all... Two things made his nudity even more striking: his legs had been depilated; and he had stuck on himself, in the appropriate place, an enormous phallus of gilded leather... (p.166)"

Finally, however, the tide begins to go against Elagabalus. He marries for a third time, and this time it's a middle-aged woman who starts conspiring with his aunt who has been plotting steadily to get rid of Elagabalus and replace him with her own prissy little son, a model of virtuous rectitude in sharp contrast to his cousin. With important people ever more offended by the gay pranks he plays on them to cause public humiliation, and the forced worship of his monstrous god for whom Romans are forced to neglect their traditional gods, the opposition increases. Even Grandma deserts him in favor of her other grandson and when his once loving Praetorian Guards turn against him, it's all up—at 17! Duggan has his story-teller Duratius knocked on the head during the brutal murder of Elagabalus, thereby avoiding the details (which the really curious reader can find in the traditional history by Lampridius). Duratius retires to one of the outlying provinces—Britain.

For the effeminate type homosexual (or heterosexual), this book is a must, an answer to all if-I-were-the-most-powerful-queen/empress-in-the-world-what-would-I-do day-dreams.

A REMARKABLE WAR STORY

THE CAGE by Dan Billany and David Dowle. London: Longman's Green Co., 1949. 190 pages, 2.50. From time to time the *REVIEW* publishes a review of an older book so that collectors may know of significant works of the past. This is one of them—believed not to be available today. Reviewed by H. E. Bates of London.

THE publisher's announcement on the jacket of this book is surely unique in our time. "Anyone who has information which may lead to the discovery of the fate of Dan Billany and/or David Dowle," it says, "is asked to communicate with the publishers."

Billany and Dowle, two young officers, were captured in Africa in the summer of 1942; transferred as prisoners-of-war to Italy, living for more than a year in various camps there; and released on the Italian surrender in 1943. They were in Mantua in December of that year. There is, then, from that moment, no word of them—

except this remarkable manuscript, written in collaboration, with naked force and astringent frankness and sometimes with the uneasiest mixture of naïveté and blind truth, during their captivity. Left with a friendly Italian farmer who kept it during the rest of the war and sent it to Billany's parents in 1946, it reaches us now as perhaps the most extraordinary personal document of the war.

READERS of "The Wooden Horse" who are looking for an Italian successor to that book will not find it here. "The Wooden Horse" is a physical narrative, superbly exciting, amusing, not very well written. "THE CAGE"

has nothing to do with escape. That subject, which pervades so passionately every page of "The Wooden Horse," concerns these authors hardly at all. It is of less account to them than food, warmth, exercise, their fellow prisoners themselves, their psychological and emotional reassessments, the efficiency of latrines. They even go so far, in a brilliant piece of fooling, as to write gay and cruel burlesques of those who dig tunnels.

They are concerned not with outward, physical escape at all, but with escape, as it were, within: through themselves, out of themselves, into the souls of themselves. Their book is, in fact, an almost continuous searching and baring of the young soul. None but the very young, the very sensitive, the very lonely and the very embittered could have written it; and the miracle of it is that it is saved from tedium by an adulthood of humour, of irony and of wisdom far beyond the years of young men who "discover with guilty surprise that some of your impulses seem rather juvenile."

The tone of "The Wooden Horse," it will be remembered, was rather hearty; the treacherous subject of male relationships was circumvented with rapidity and embarrassment. By contrast the whole of the second part of "The Cage" is devoted to prolonged exploration of that theme;

and to me, partly because the quasi-fictional character of Alan is a shadowy deviation from the fierce etching of the rest of the book, it is the least impressive part of it.

The method of personal soliloquies, of allowing each character in turn to do his personal soul-searching aloud, comes, now and then, very near to an embarrassment. But I offer even that remark with the utmost humility, since a critic writing in the calm of an English day can presume to know nothing of what David Dowie—the masculine, objective, fooling, humorous one—calls "the no-man's land of life, the purgatory of aimlessness."

WHO were these young men? What did they do? Why did we never hear of them before? They had remarkable gifts; their writing has astonishing maturity. It seems incredible that this document, so vivid and assured and without the faintest sign in it of the perfunctory amateur, can be, and must remain, their only published work. If they ever asked a memorial—and they would probably have blown a sustained raspberry in pidgin Italian at any such fatuous suggestion—they could hardly have asked for a better one than this. It is unique in that they not only made it themselves, but that, unlike those of commoner manufacture, it is completely worthy of them.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS

The Circle (Der Kreis)

Published monthly since 1932, in French, German and English (no translation duplications); contains photos, illustrations and art reproductions, Rolf, editor. Annual subscriptions \$11 first class sealed, Bank draft or cash to Leszekiel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

ICSE Newsletter

Mimeographed English edition, published bi-monthly by International Committee for Sexual Equality, Jack Argo, editor. Annual subscriptions, \$10. Address Postbox 1564, Amsterdam, The Netherlands. (Single copies 50¢ each—may be ordered from Mattachine Review.)

Arcadie

Monthly literary and scientific review in French, A. Baudry, editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address 74 Blvd. de Reuilly, Paris XII, France.

READERS *write*

Letters from readers are solicited for publication in this regular monthly department. They should be short and all must be signed by the writer. Only initials of the writer and the state or country of residence will be published. Opinion expressed in published letters need not necessarily reflect that of the REVIEW or the Mattachine Society. No names of individuals will be exchanged for correspondence purposes.

REVIEW EDITOR: You will readily discern from the enclosed article that a witchhunt is being conducted here in the State of Delaware by the State Police with all the sensational assistance the local newspapers can give them. Banner headlines on the front page on two previous occasions.

Police pressure is terrible throughout the State, they are pressuring homosexuals that are picked up to name and identify all their acquaintances. They even go to the places where they are employed call them off the job and not even permit them to inform their employers they are leaving. They then are held as long as the police desire to hold them and generally cost the respective employee his job (which the police clearly envision because of their actions). When they are picked up, they are taken to the station for interrogation, subjected to a contin-

gent of police officials' questioning, and their actions and conversation filmed and tape recorded for the entirety of their stay. Their legal rights are denied on a wholesale basis, and none of them as yet has taken any action against the police.

Of course, in some towns down state, attorneys will not even defend a prospective client against the police even on charges other than homosexuality. (Proof of that statement in the Delaware State News, Dover, Delaware)

Short, one of the defendants in the case, attempted to implicate a State Trooper, so, of course, the numerous charges placed against him clearly indicate how the police plan to handle him.

As for the State Police and their un-uniformed cohorts and sponsors, they have made the First State one hell of a police state. There is nothing they cannot do and get away with.—Delaware.

Evening Journal, Wilmington, Del. ** Tuesday, June 13, 1961

15 Arrests in Morals Case End State's Investigation

State police detectives announced completion of investigation in Delaware of immoral practices centered about Newark.

Fifteen persons, including several juveniles, have been arrested. The age range was 16 to 27 years of age. The investigation arose from the roundup of several persons in Newark by Policemen William Brierley and Russell D. Snyder on April 6.

The Newark parties drew persons from throughout Dela-

ware, Elkton, Philadelphia, and New York.

JAMES M. F. Short, 31, of Newark and Wilmington, was booked on 63 morals charges by state police.

Newark police already had placed 10 charges against him. Short was held for psychiatric treatment on the Newark charges.

Roland Kenneth Holson, 30, Bridgeville, was arrested on four morals charges and three of furnishing liquor to minors. James C. Kincaid, 38, Newark, is charged with one morals offense.

The investigation started on April 18 when Vance H. Middleton, 37, of East Main Street, was picked up. Newark police said he admitted participating in immoral acts.

IN THE investigation police seized a mass of obscene pictures and literature and photographic equipment and original photographs.

It was through these photographs that the identity of

many of those in the investigation was established.

Most of the immoral activity centered in the Newark-Brookside area over week-ends.

State police said others arrested earlier were Christopher A. Montgomery, 19, Brookside; Henry O'Donnell, 27, and Thomas Krautter, 18, both of Newark, and Louis Bernstein, Wilmington.

PURITAN TERROR

REVIEW EDITOR: I much appreciate your REVIEWS which arrive so punctually each month. The article "Puritan Terror" in the April issue is a real eye-opener to us in the U.K. The law is ever ready to pounce here, but I have never heard of such "gestapo" methods as appear there.—Mr. D. R. T., London.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Many comments on this article have come to us. Some Massachusetts people, incensed because this report smirched the face of justice in their state, sent us an "Investigation report" which told how the authorities named in the article found items "impossible to describe" in the possession of the parties arrested. We in turn investigated the "Investigation" and rejected it entirely. The victims in the article have furnished evidence and affidavits to support the report. We hope people in Massachusetts will not be so blistered by news of what goes on in their state, as they will be determined to erase the puritanical tyranny which holds sway there.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have just read the account of Harmon H. and Edward W., the two men who were jailed when they entered Massachusetts, in the June issue of *The Independent*. This monthly newspaper called the incident "Puritan Terror." It mentioned that witches were once burned in Massachusetts. But in the 300 years since the burnings at Salem, man has done much to make his life more comfortable and pleasant, but he has done very little to understand his actions and the motivations of his fellow human beings. I understand your magazine is devoted to understanding human beings who are homosexual for the benefit and enlighten-

ment, so rush the first copy of this new subscription.—Mr. E. F., Illinois.

REVIEW EDITOR: I was pleased to see your magazine plugged in *The Independent*; I would like all back issues and a subscription.—Mr. R. S., Minnesota.

REVIEW EDITOR: After reading an article in *The Independent* about high-handed police methods in dealing with two men who happened to have different values and ideas about sex relations, my own interest was stirred in your publication. While my own views are somewhat unbiased, I would like to hear your point of view on the matter and would appreciate your referring me to any books, articles or publications which concern sex relations from a non-orthodox, dissenting perspective.—Mr. I. K., Wisconsin.

REVIEW EDITOR: I learned of your magazine through *The Independent* (225 Lafayette St., New York City), and look forward to the beginning of this subscription. In the article mention was made of *Physique Pictorial*. Where may I obtain it?—Mr. B. B., Kansas.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Address the letter at Athletic Model Guild, 1836 W. 11th St., Los Angeles 6, California.

FROM AFAR

REVIEW EDITOR: We have all got problems—there are many unhappy people in every country who would like to find understanding friends...—Mr. E. S., Overlida, Sweden.

REVIEW EDITOR: We have founded a "Society for Homophiles" in Rotterdam in October 1960. We have started a periodical called *Metropost* and would like to exchange.—Mr. Frank Kooman, general secretary, 17, Batavierenstraat, Rotterdam, Holland.

MAN ABOVE LAW OR LAW ABOVE MAN

By attempts to keep man-made law alive when by nature it is dead, the spirit in which law was made is betrayed and so is law. My father taught me that a law is originally made to prevent or cure some timely, manifest evil; the law usually made by "experts". (an expert? generally, a man who has stopped thinking because he knows!) So whenever court judgements continue to be based upon "the letter of the law", long after the good intended by the letter goes out of it, judges defy its sense and betray justice. The law, whenever (too often) put above man, ceases to shed the light of reason. Justice then becomes, not the true servant of the humanities, but mere routine; and so we fail of democracy, robbed of our title to manhood. Again, the calamitous drift toward conformity. Again, fear instead of reverence for life as hoped by our forefathers. Again, "bigness" legally engendered—by standardizing human beings into "the common man".

Yes, and because the "common man" is a man who believes only in what he sees and sees only what he can put his hand on, he—the hero of "all men are created equal but some are more equal than others"—is by lack of vision made to become a caricature of himself.

Do not call this exploitation of massology—democracy. Mobocracy is the more proper term: when any man is compelled to sign away his sovereignty as an individual to some form of legalized pressure by government or society or to some kind of authorized gangsterism democracy is in danger of sinking to communism. This shall not be our fate.

—Frank Lloyd Wright

in "A TESTAMENT"

1960 INDEX AVAILABLE

A new 24-page booklet contains the complete index for 1960 issues of *Mat-tachine Review*. As in the past, the index is compiled by author, title and subject. Any subscriber or reader may obtain a copy for 10¢ in coin or stamps upon request. The index is included in the 1960 volumes now being bound.



"Why should I join your organization or subscribe to your magazine...I'm not interested in your suggestions, and besides my landlady might find out my name is on your mailing list...."

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Supreme Court today ruled Louisiana may not compel the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to disclose names of its members and contributors.

NEW BOOK TITLES FROM DORIAN

THE THIRD SEX, edited by Isadore Rubin. 112 pages of articles compiled from *Sexology* magazine covering almost every aspect of homosexuality and written by a baker's dozen of eminent experts in the field: Drs. Benjamin, Allen, Dingwall, Ellis, Harper, Kirkendall, Walker, Wood, Woodward, and others. Some of these thoroughly authoritative articles have appeared in *Mattachine REVIEW*; two of them were presented as addresses before *Mattachine* forums. Covered are the scientific approach, lessons from history, new areas in research, prospects of successful treatment, some special aspects, sex practices in prison, the aging homosexual, unfounded fears, need for law reform and a series of special short notes of interest. Illustrated. \$2.50

A SEVERED HEAD by Iris Murdoch. Set in England, this is a "tour de force" described as "a complicated minuet of love in most of its expressions"—marital, incestuous and filial, adulterous, homosexual and maternal, played out by characters living in a refined and almost sterile society. This is the fifth novel of the popular British writer who gave us *The Bell* two years ago, another sensitive and predominantly homosexual story. 3.95

AUTO-EROTISM by Wilhelm Stekel. "A psychiatric study of onanism (masturbation) and neurosis." By no means a "how-to-do-it" book, there are nevertheless more than 280 pages of fascinating, revealing and helpful reading for every adult. "Guilt and not the act itself is the danger of masturbation in most cases," says the author. Every parent should read this, then make it available for their sons and daughters. Narrow-minded sexualists would condemn it; however, Dr. Stekel proves unmistakably how this timeless human function serves a vital purpose in society. 2.95

THE SIXTH MAN by Jess Stearn. Advertised elsewhere, this important Doubleday volume is not to be overlooked, and must not be discounted even if the author at times believes he speaks with a little more authority than absolute accuracy would permit. In that it describes the extent of homosexuality today with utmost candor it is a valuable contribution to the literature. Two chapters are on the *Mattachine* Society. \$3.95

THE EROTIC IN LITERATURE by David Loth. Exactly what the title says, and not to be read for the frequent sprinkling of four-letter words in the text. Of this book, Morris L. Ernst, noted attorney and member of President Truman's Civil Rights Commission says: "David Loth has written a book which actually adds a new dimension to the whole question of society's judgement as to what is pornography in literature...a new, exciting approach to the absurdities of the censorship problem." Important bibliography included. \$5.95

COMSTOCKERY IN AMERICA by Robert W. Haney. Everyone who opposes censorship should read this study of patterns of censorship and control as published by Beacon Press of Boston (Unitarian). Anthony Comstock, who led the joyless crusade against all that tempted him, goes credit for the title. Up to date and authoritative. \$3.95

FAMILY FAVORITES by Alfred Duggan. An historical novel based upon the life and reign of the Roman Emperor Elagabalus, an unbelievable character who has been termed "the most powerful mad fag-got in history." He assumed the throne when only 13, became devoted to a charioteer ten years his senior, and installed the latter in the palace under the unofficial title of "the empress' husband." This 100% homosexual novel received high acclaim in England when published a year ago, and is just now finding its way onto U.S. bookshelves, very gay, very respectable, very decadently Roman. 4.50

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: PSYCHO-LEGAL ASPECTS by Frank S. Caprio, M.D., and Donald R. Brenner, LL.D. The first book ever to focus the combined knowledge and experience of a psychiatrist and a lawyer, both brilliant in their respective fields, on problems of sexual behavior. Main topics are homosexuality, lesbianism, exhibitionism, rape, pedophilia, fetishism, voyeurism, transvestism, sadomasochism, incest, prostitution, censorship, birth control, abortion, etc. At least 20% of the book is devoted to the first topic, with a condensed table of sex offense penalties in the 50 states shown. The material on censorship is also highly significant. 6.00

DORIAN BOOK SERVICE, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5. Be sure to add 20¢ postage for first book, 10¢ each additional book, plus 4% sales tax in California. ASK FOR FREE CATALOG also Sample Copy of *Dorian Book Quarterly*.