EXACTLY HOW TOUGH ARE THEY?

the HUSTLERS
We never thought we would ever salute a "scandal" magazine. But early in April 1959 one such magazine carried the "Mattachine story" in capsule form, the likes of which surprised us—and quite happily, too.

Morris Rosenberg, Jr., writing in the June 1959 issue of "On the QT" magazine, has presented what is probably the most accurate and comprehensive report on the Mattachine Society ever to appear in the general public press. While most officers and members of the Society would have chosen a different title, "The Third Sex" article nevertheless rang the bell with facts told without sensation in a publication which took such celebrities as Elizabeth Taylor, Eddie Fisher, Dick Clark, Pat Boone, Errol Flynn, and persons named as call girls, racketeers, etc., to task in the same issue for various skeletons alleged to have been discovered in their closets. But the homosexual, for once, fared a little better.

Especially emphasized were the open and public-directed aspects of the Mattachine program, along with the Society's calling for proper and responsible behavior as well as for a change of law to enhance human freedom and dispel human tragedy.

Pointed out were two of the main deterrents to accomplishment of the Society's goals: Fear and apathy on the part of the homosexual himself.

No, we never expected to see such a report in "QT." Minor errors faded into nothingness as we read, for once, the positive side of our story—told without prejudice and without resort to lurid emotionalism and anti-sexual bias.

We are grateful, indeed, for this opening in the "curtain of silence." Yes, "QT," we are proud to cite you with a salute. We hope nobody got fired for it.
Prejudice Declared
A Mental Illness
An Emotional Force, Scientists Say

In the view of a group of University of Texas scientists, prejudice is a form of mental disorder.

“Prejudice is considered a part of the problem of mental illness for several reasons,” they said. “First, it is more than simply an attitude toward a single question. Instead, it is actually a mode of thought which may affect judgment about any issue.

“Second, in addition to prejudice without consideration of facts, there is also an inability to accept new facts or even to recognize them.

DEEPLY ROOTED

“Third, the intensity with which prejudicial attitudes are maintained results from deeply rooted emotional forces. The power of such forces has been demonstrated in situations where personal security became secondary, and the risk of economic ruin, physical violence, or punishment for breaking the law was preferred to the alteration of an irrational attitude.”

In their scientific taking apart of prejudice, they found fear, guilt and mental rigidity all help in forming and maintaining the prejudice mind. Fear prevents that mind from seeing clearly; not seeing clearly, the mind isn’t good at telling the difference between real threats and the threats it imagines.

“The concept of personal inadequacies is not acceptable, and fear of failure in self-management causes anxiety,” the scientists said.

RATIONALIZATION

“Such fear is lessened by the rationalization that other persons, particularly those groups which are different in some way, are the inadequate ones. Their behavior is interpreted as threatening in order to make dislike of them a logical reaction.

“All prejudicial attitudes are learned,” they continued. “Contrary to popular beliefs, the dislike of one group for another is neither inborn, automatic, nor natural. Young children do not show animosity toward particular groups, but older children frequently do so.”
I was just twenty years old when I lost my job. I thought it would be simple
to find something right away, but I went to employment agency after employment
agency only to be set back with the same monotonous sentence. “Lack of experience.”

Finally the day came when my landlady kicked me out on my ear refusing to
allow me any more “free rent”. Then the bottom dropped out. I had fifteen cents.
I lugged my suitcase around the streets aimlessly, wearing my best suit and tie
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allow me any more “free rent”. Then the bottom dropped out. I had fifteen cents.
I lugged my suitcase around the streets aimlessly, wearing my best suit and tie
because I didn’t want them wrinkled in the suitcase. Being unbelievably naive
and stupidly proud I wouldn’t think of asking for handouts, or going to the Salvation Army. I didn’t even want my friends to know my predicament, and my parents were dead so I just didn’t know what to do to get myself over the bleak
days ahead. Finally, after being utterly tired of wandering around with a heavy
suitcase, I checked it in one of the bus station lockers. This left me one, lone
nickel.

For three days I looked for work. I even went into dingy restaurants for dish­
washing jobs just for food. No one would have me. I suppose they thought me a
phony. I was so dressed up I didn’t LOOK poor. So the dives wouldn’t have me
and the legitimate agencies all continued to tell me of my youth and inexperience.

That’s how it happened that at three o’clock in the morning in Pershing Square
in Los Angeles I got involved with three hustlers.

Earlier in the day I passed by a bakery where a friend of mine worked. He
greeted me and talked. I stood there, almost dizzy, smelling the odor of fresh bread and doughnuts, and this was my third day without a bit of food. Finally he asked me if I liked doughnuts.

“They’re ok.” I answered, trying to act as though it didn’t matter less.

“Listen, I have a half-dozen day-old doughnuts here in a bag. It’s all we have left. If you wouldn’t be offended, you can have them.”

“Sure. Why not? What’s a day’s difference in the life of a doughnut?”

I took the doughnuts, and as soon as I reached the first alley I dashed into a
doorway and began eating them as fast as I could. Two chocolate, a peppermint frosted one, a big, gooey French one... then suddenly I began to retch. Every
bit of doughnut was forever lost. The two that were left in the bag I tossed into
an ash can, sick at the thought of looking at them.

That night I sat around Pershing Square listening to the lectures on politics
and God that go on and on through the hours. Finally even the lecturers dis­
persed, then came the night figures who wander like misty ghostlike shapes
through the shadows of the palm trees.

One man would catch another’s eye. They would be walking in opposite di­
rections. They would stop a few feet away and turn around and stop. Then one, or
the other, or both would slowly begin walking toward each other. In a few min­
utes time they would drift away... together.

One very feminine young man came up to me. “Hello, honey. Kinda late, ain’t
it?” He sat down beside me and placed his hand on my leg. “If you ain’t got a
place to stay I got a room just two blocks from here...”

In the diffused light of the moon I could see he had on lipstick and was pink
and pasty white and reminded me of the peppermint doughnut. I almost got sick
again. I lifted his hand from my leg, saying, “No, thank you.”

He shuffled off like an indignant woman.

I got up from the bench and started toward the main street when a huge, burly
fellow stopped me. He had on a black leather jacket, tight black pants and wore unshined black boots.

“How about a match?”

I felt through my pockets. “I’m awfully sorry, I don’t smoke.”

He started to laugh. A big, booming laugh. “That’s a good one. Where you
headin’?”

“I don’t know.”

“How’d you like to bunk with me?” He spraddled his legs apart and stood so
that his body was completely outlined in his extremely tight clothes. I un­
derstood none of his innuendo. I felt only a vague kind of fear. He smiled, but his
smile was forced and unnatural. He laughed, but it was the laugh of someone
who had studied how to laugh in just that deep, guttural manner. He grinned a
handsome rather sardonic grin and put his big paw on my shoulder.

“Why would you ask me to stay at your place?” I asked. “You don’t even
know me.”

“Sonofabitch” the young tough answered. “Are you bulling me, are you on the
level or what is your pitch?”

“I might ask you the same thing.” I replied.

“My pitch is five bucks. And since it’s late, and you look like a decent sort
of guy, I’ll make it two-fifty to you.”

It all began to dawn on me. I had read and heard of this sort of thing. I’d been
accosted before. Someone fairly recently had told me about hustlers, and how
very careful you had to be of them.

But suddenly I laughed. “Five bucks! Two-fifty? I have exactly five cents to
my name, and haven’t eaten for three days.”

“How come you’re dressed up like you were going to a party with a movie star?”

I explained, for some reason, the whole dreary story. He changed completely
after listening to it. He quit puffing out his chest and talked normally. He
touched me kindly on the elbow and began steering me toward the street.

“We better get out of here. The cops don’t wait long to check on us guys... and
you come stay at my place?”

We walked several blocks until we arrived at a very seedy hotel. Broken plas­
ter, blistered and peeling paint, glaring naked light bulbs and the rest. We walked
up about four flights of stairs. I didn’t see what I possibly had to lose.
The only thing he could get out of me would be one lousy nickel, and maybe
his broken down bed would really be offered. By then I was so tired I could
have slept on the steps.

He opened the door with his key. Two young men were sitting in the room.
They were dressed identically. Leather jacket, boots. The works. And they all
three had the same handsome, sultry and rather frightening manner.

They were leaned over a little pile of dollar bills. "Well, here's Joe now."
One of them said as we entered. Then they both saw me.

They both rose simultaneously.

"Want us to take a walk?"

Joe shook his head. "No siree, gentlemen, I want you to meet..." He turned
to me with a shrug.

"I'm Jimmy Sheldon." I stuck out my hand. They both shook it formally with
sort of simian grunts, and looked at Joe with obvious question marks all over
their faces.

"Look. This kid ain't got no job, no money, no place to stay. So...he's
stayin' here. He can sleep on the 'davinport'."

Both men shrugged.

"How'd you do, you guys?"

They both started talking at once. Joe pulled out his wallet and tossed a five
and five ones with their money. "Talley up," he said and led me to the davin-
port. He very meticulously made a bed with one sheet and an army blanket.

"Get your butt off the pillow," he shouted to one who stood up. Joe jerked
the pillow and tossed it onto the couch.

"Undress and get in bed." No one was paying me the slightest heed, so I un-
dressed. When I was completely naked, Joe looked up. "Wow, you'd be good
in our business."

I quickly crept between the folded sheet and pulled the blanket over me. I
closed my eyes. I was fast going to sleep when I heard snatches of conversation.

"One old bird pve me the dough before he even touched me...he was scared
to death..."

"...and this fiver I go by fighting for it. The bastard promised it...and then
when he'd finished he told me he was broke. But I got it. I got it!"

"...and this eight bucks came from an old fruit's dresser drawer. I took it while he
went to the can. He paid me five...so that's thirteen from there....

And I went sound asleep.

When I awakened the room was empty. The sun streamed in dustily pointing out
cracks in the wall, dirty ashtrays and tilted beer cans. I groped for my clothes and went down
the hall to the bathroom where I showered. I came back to the room to find one of the
young men sprawled across the big chair with his feet on the bed. This one was "Dunk."
His name was Duncan but he hated it and insisted on being called Dunk. He was the
most belligerent and untidy of the three belligerent and untidy young men. When I opened
the door he sort of snarled, in a bored way, "Oh. You. I thought maybe you ducked out."

"No. Just took a shower. Where is everybody?"

"Workin' the streets, I guess. I don't check on 'em."

"At 7:00 A.M.?"

"Earlier than that. God, ain't you got no brains? Between five and seven in the morning
is one of the best times. A lot of guys have hot pants from the night before. Didn't get
nothin', dreamed about it all night and wake up wantin' it."

I could see there were great holes in my knowledge of the sex life of the American male.
I asked him for a cigarette. He threw the pack toward me with a great deal of reluctance.

"When you startin' in?" he wanted to know. "Or are you gonna be a freeloader?"

I didn't have a chance to answer because Joe had noiselessly entered the room carry-
ing a suitcase. He put the luggage down and walked very close to Dunk.

"Listen, wise guy! It's none of your lousy friggin' business what Jimmy does while
he's here!"

Dunk stood up, clenching his fists. "Tell him it ain't my business! There are three of us
working together and splittin' the take. If one of us makes six bucks three of us gets
two bucks apiece. I don't see that that brings in another guy for us to support!"

"I say shut your head and sit down. Jimmy's here, and he's my...my...guest!"

The word sounded old fashioned and a little dainty as Joe blurted it out. Then he added, "...and if I say he stays, he stays!"

Dunk went to the door. "I promised an old geezer I'd meet him down on Third and Main
and I'm late. But I ain't takin' this crapola this easy. There was no agreement about
guests' stayin' with us. This ain't boy's town!" He slammed the door heavily as he
went out.

I shrugged and looked at Joe. "Don't pay any attention to him, Jimmy. He's alw­
always mad about something. By the way, here's your suitcase. While you were asleep I got the
key out of your pocket and went down and got it. If you leave luggage in that damned place
too long they confiscate it or something. Anyway, there it is."

I was both pleased and touched by this big galoot's act of kindness and touched him
on the shoulder with my hand.

He jerked away as though my hand was aflame. He went to the other side of the room
and laid down on the bed, putting three pillows under his head. "I'm gonna get some
shit-eye. Been up since six. Didn't get to sleep until almost four." He closed his eyes.

I put the suitcase by the couch where I'd slept. Then I put on my coat and went to the
mirror to adjust my tie.

Joe opened one eye. "Where you headin'?"

"Employment agencies."

"Come over here and sit a minute."

I sat down on the edge of the bed. He took hold of my hand and ran his big fingers
over mine. He then carefully placed my hand on my leg. "Okay," he said, and closed
his eyes again, "go get a job. When you get back if I'm not here and either one of those
two are, tell 'em I said you were to wait here for me."

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I started down the rickety stairs and felt in my pocket for my lone nickel. I could at least get a cup of coffee somewhere. I plunged my hand in my pocket and came up with a five-dollar bill.

I went to so many employment agencies that day I was completely fatigued by about four o’clock in the afternoon. I returned to the dirty little hotel room that was now temporarily my home and found Joe there with a swollen, bleeding upper lip, and, as he rubbed at it, I saw a swollen and bloody knuckle on his hands.

“What happened?” I asked.

“Nothin’. Forget it.”

A moment later Dunk came in followed by Lenny, the third of the crew. They asked Joe the same question and got the same answer.

Lenny and Joe both asked me about my day and if I’d obtained any kind of work. When I answered in the negative Dunk spoke up.

“Looks like you’re still a free-loader!”

Joe sat up from the bed, his eyes blazing. “Listen, Dunk. Lay off this guy. I’m payin’ whatever’s being paid out of my own dough. It just ain’t any of your damned business. He can stay here for the next twenty-five years and it still ain’t any of your business.”

Dunk crossed his long legs and arrogantly sneered.

“What’s the deal? Since when are YOU supporting boys? You turnin’ queer or somethin’?”

“I didn’t mean to sound prim, but I did when I said: ‘Just what is ‘queer’, Dunk?’”

Dunk looked at me with open hatred. “You look like one, that’s what!”

I answered, “My understanding of a homosexual is a man having sexual relationships with another man. Where does that put you?”

Dunk rose in a fury and strided over to the cot where I was sitting. “You may be Joe’s lousy, friggin’ guest, but you got no rights tryin’ to make me out a lousy queer, I hate their guts. None of the three of us is queer, but I think you are, so are you going to do about it? I’m ‘trade’ see... and damned ‘rough trade’ at that!”

Joe stood up. A small bubble of blood formed in the corner of his injured lip. “Aw, shut up, all of you! I got a headache!”

Dunk sank back into the big armchair. He glared at me.

“It’s a good thing you’re a friend of Joe’s or I’d lam hell outta you.”

He got up again. “I’m gonna get some beer. C’mon, Lenny.”

The two of them departed.

When they had gone Joe got up and went to the dirty wash-bowl where he got a damp rag and began tamping his mouth with it.

“I’d better get a job soon,” I said. “Your friends aren’t too happy with me.”

“Aaaaah, it’s just Dunk. He likes to talk big. He talks a big talk. Says he hates queers. He’s beat up on about twenty of ‘em after they pay him off. It’s how he gets his kicks, but if you ask me...” he stopped. No doubt some remote sense of loyalty cut off the sentence.

I paraphrased Shakespeare. “Methinks the lady protests too much.”

“Whaddyamean?”

“I mean that anybody who makes that much issue over anything is pretty much interested or he wouldn’t make the issue.”

“That makes sense.” He turned to me. “Does that include me? Do you think I’m a queer?”

“I think that when two men have sex they are ‘both having sex.”

Joe looked back into the mirror. “Yeah. I guess so.” He turned to me again.

“How much money you got left?”

“About three dollars... and I want to thank...”

“Balls. If you need more I got more. I made six this morning.”

“But you have to divide that by three. Isn’t that your agreement?”

“Yeah. What I mean is I made eighteen.” He pulled out a wallet. “That’s all the bastard had in his wallet. I thought when I took it he’d run away, instead he lambasted me. I almost got caught by a cop. That accounts for my lip.”

“You mean that you guys ask a price... and also take wallets if you can?”

“That’s right. And watches and rings too.”

“How come you took me in, Joe?”

“He stopped rubbing his bruised lip and turned to me. “Cause you were down and out.”

“Who cares about Dunk? But if you want your own room... here’s the twenty.”

He handed it to me.

I reported the next morning. I got the job. I got the room. I was able to make ends meet until payday. I called on the phone and went to see Joe several times during those two weeks, but none of them were ever in. On payday, though I didn’t have much, I had some money so I returned once more to Joe’s room one night after work.

I rapped on the door. Lenny answered. I asked for Joe. “He ain’t here.”

“Could I leave him a message?”

“No, here, you can’t. He’s in jail.”

“Jail!”
"Yeah. Jail. So is Dunk."

"What happened?"

"They both got in a fight on the streets."

"With someone else... or with each other?"

"With each other. The cops caught 'em and booked 'em. They found three or four different wallets on each of 'em and they were both carrying knives so they got booked for the whole shebang. The judge wasn't very considerate neither... see, they've both been picked up before. This time they pulled five years apiece.

"Five years! But why did they fight? I mean, what was the trouble..."

"Because Joe said he wanted to split us up... and move in with you."

"Move in with me?"

"Why should that surprise you? I'd think you'd know about that part, at least."

"Joe never mentioned any such thing to me. He loaned me some money to get a room to myself."

"Nobody does nothing for nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he went for you, that's all."

"He never discussed anything like that with me."

Lenny sighed. "That guy was the toughest of the three of us. The way Dunk talked about queers was nothing to the way Joe talked about 'em. He felt they was just for getting dough out of and that they was the slime of the earth. That is, 'til he met you. Then he went for you. It's that simple."

"But I still can't understand why they had a fist-fight in the street."

"Okay, Jimmy. Here's the story. Joe loaned you, or gave you or whatever it was... about twenty-five bucks, right?"

"Yes, he did. That's one reason..."

Lenny interrupted me. "Well, he didn't give you that dough out of his money; he gave it to you out of OUR money. And that made Dunk sore."

"But I'm going to pay it back... or at least I was going to..."

"Well, you can pay me my share, that's for sure." He stood up and gently pushed me into a chair.

"Let me tell you something, kid. You didn't know Joe 'at all. Believe me. That guy was really tough. He could run rings around Dunk and me for toughness. He was nasty and fighting mad all the time. Why, I didn't even know him that morning you came in with him. And he was the same all the time you were here. Usually he'd as soon break your teeth in as look at you... and all of a sudden he turned all milk and honey."

"So they had a street brawl over that damned money Joe loaned me."

"Yup. That was it. Dunk just couldn't take any more."

"Any more what?"

"Boy, you're not that dumb, are you? Couldn't you figure it out? They've fought about money before, but never a fist-fight. That's how the fight began, allright, but don't you know the real reason they fought?"

Lenny stopped and stared at me. I stared back for a moment then dropped my eyes to the dirty carpet at my feet.

Lenny spoke again. "I think I know the real reason they fought."

"Yes," I muttered. "I know what you think. I know why they fought."

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AN M IS BETTER? Karen Eaton rushed home from her 3rd grade class in San Bruno's Buri Buri School to consult with papa Rex about the new type report card she had received, which includes some statistical stuff about the pupil as well as grades. "Look at this," she told pop worriedly. "They gave me an F in sex and I didn't even know I was taking it!" – From "Bay Land," by Don Fishman, S. F. Examiner.
Homosexuality, properly treated, is an acceptable subject for motion pictures, the Appellate Department of Superior Court in Los Angeles ruled recently in reversing a conviction for exhibiting of "obscene" films, dealing with deviates, against Raymond Rohauset, manager of Coronet theatre in Hollywood.

The court ruling set aside Rohauset's conviction for which he was fined $250 and put on three year's probation following his arrest in October 1957 for showing "The Voices" and "Fireworks" in his theatre. The ruling held that the two pictures fell within the category of legitimate educational films and were not obscene. They will be shown at the Coronet again, Rohauset has stated.

PAMELA MASON'S VIEWPOINTS AIRED ON TV NETWORK SHOW

Pamela Mason, wife of actor James Mason, has become one of the most candidly outspoken personalities to have appeared lately on some of the national television "chat" programs. Recently over the show, "Ad Lib," from New York, Mrs. Mason declared her views on sex mores in modern society: She charged that monogamy was "unnatural", defended premarital sex relations because "it's absurd to stop just when your most interested", and called for legalization of homosexuality because "it's nobody's business what two adult males do with their sex life." All of this is according to TIME magazine.

HOMOSEXUAL FILM HIT IN BRITISH REVIEW

"You do not help to prosecute or defend a condition by overstating its tragedy and the homosexual (apart from his incompetence to become a father) faces no exclusively psychological problem which is not also faced by normal people," Dehn writes. He continues:

"Both groups may fall in love and be rejected, jilted, deceived, or abandoned by their lovers. Both groups may lose their sexual attraction with age. But in the process of reacting to such ordinary unhappinesses, the homosexual has no justification for considering himself specifically cursed or (worse) specifically chosen to endure martyrdom for a blessed cause.

"His real problem today is not a source psychological but religious if he is a Christian, and social if he is an Englishman or an American. The Church considers him a sinner; our State a criminal. They may be majestically right. They may be myopically wrong. Whatever the truth, the subject has now received sufficient airing in public for it to deserve intelligent and dramatic argument on the screen."

Paul Dehn's review of the film, in detail, continues as it appeared in the News-Chronicle:

"Here it gets neither. The best that can be said of 'The Third Sex' is that if (in a remote, enlightened future) homosexual pictures were ever to become run-of-the-mill, Veit Harlan's superficially confected melodrama would harmlessly fill the inferior half of some second-rate suburban double programme.

"Harmlessly - because, by then, the filmgoing public will be sufficiently instructed to recognize as untypical of homosexuality the epicene antique-dealer (Friedrich Joloff) whose draw..."
ing-room stag-parties take place to the bubbling of scent boiled in bronze bowls, the hiss of joss-sticks and the moan of musique concrete issuing via an electric organ through a loudspeaker disguised as a Chinese gong, while athletes in sateen briefs wrestle dispiritedly at the foot of unfig-leaved Greek statues.

"The sequence is typical of nothing but the director's own exaggerated treatment of his subject.

"It is about as true to an abnormal way of life as a Joan Crawford film is true to the normal.

"Indeed, its plot is a shade less likely."

To the apoplectic fury of his father (Paul Dahlke) and the bewilderment of his mother (Paula Wessely), a 16-year-old student (Christian Wolff) is encouraged by the antique-dealer to become homosexual at a moment when his physical inclinations are in balance.

Simultaneously and unknown to one another, father threatens to prosecute the antique-dealer while mother arranges for the housemaid (Ingrid Stenn) to seduce her son.

The antique dealer ripostes by counte-prosecuting the mother as a procureess.

She goes to jail for six months; he leaves Germany for a land with "wiser laws," and the son happily marries the housemaid.

Staitjacketed by such ridiculous and unrepresentative circumstance, the actors can do little more than twitch feebly to show (from time to time) that they are in any way alive.

The result will rouse the knowledgable to sceptical laughter and the ignorant to credulous outrage.

Neither reaction is to be welcomed.

NEW AREA COUNCIL
AT PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Mattachine directors at San Francisco received the application for temporary charter for a new area council at Phoenix, initially with five active members, and officers chosen from among them. During the same period, action by interested individuals in the Cleveland and in the Philadelphia areas drew nearer for the actual formation of area councils in these cities. In all cases, readers of the REVIEW and friends of the Mattachine should write to the national office if they are interested in becoming active members in any of these three areas, so that they may be notified of meetings in Phoenix, or organizational efforts in Cleveland or Philadelphia.

V D CLINICS EMPHASIZE CONFIDENCE IN RECORDS

Statements made in confidence to personnel of the Public Health Venereal Disease Clinics as well as the records of said confidential statements are privileged against disclosure from any source, whether courts of law, governmental agencies, public officers or other persons. The law setting forth this privilege of confidentiality was fully explained in City Attorney's Opinion No. 1186, dated August 1, 1957. According to Dion R. Holm, City Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco, the bases for this privilege are as follows:

1. According to expressed declaration of the State of California, "A public officer cannot be examined as to communications made to him in official confidence, when the public interest would suffer by the disclosure." (CCP 1881) Mr. Holm pointed out that disclosure of confidences, such as sources of infection and contacts, received in the course of operating Venereal Disease Clinics would certainly be "against the public interest" and therefore protected.

2. In addition to the privilege against disclosure of official confidences, there is a privilege arising from the doctor-patient relationship against disclosure of confidential information. This privilege on behalf of the patient covers disclosures made to doctors, their assistants, and their co-employees. City Attorney Dion R. Holm emphasized that this doctor-patient privilege applies to the operation of a public health venereal disease clinic notwithstanding that there is no charge for the services rendered and that the personnel of said clinic are employees of the State and not of the patient. This doctor-patient privilege is also expressly set forth in the State law. (CCP 1881(4)).

3. Lastly, under Section 2636 of the California Administrative Code, it is expressly set forth that "Reports of examinations, cases, investigations and all records thereof…for the control of venereal diseases" are confidential.

In conclusion, it should be noted that in the event of attempted interference with this three-fold privilege of confidentiality, the City Attorney's office is prepared to defend the records of this Clinic and its personnel by appropriate legal action.

1959 MATTACHINE SESSION SCHEDULED FOR DENVER

Mile-high Denver's Albany Hotel (17th. and Stout Sts.) will be the scene of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Mattachine Society September 4-7. Arrangements for the program are going forward under the direction of the program chairman in that city. With Denver as the site for the annual meeting this year, and with a theme chosen for the sessions which spotlights "New Frontiers in Acceptance of the Homophile," this educational event will aptly tie in with the "Rush to the Rockies" centennial being celebrated in Colorado this year. The month of September is probably Colorado's most glorious. With the change of season, nature gives full rein to the artistry of autumn - majestic snow-laden peaks soaring from black-green forests, slopes golden-splashed with groves of quaking aspen. The mountains rising abruptly west of the city offer superb, breathtaking views. The city itself abounds with interests ranging from the cosmopolitan to the less sophisticated "live" theatre, Denver's own symphony orchestra, museums, sports, and public parks.

mattachine REVIEW
Photographers will find the city and state a dream come true.

MATTACHINE AID SOUGHT IN RESEARCH PROJECT

Ernst G. Beier, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Utah, has asked the Mattachine to help in obtaining material for a research project to discover the relationship of the way a homosexual person sees himself and the type of person he feels attracted to. The study is being conducted through a questionnaire which Dr. Beier asks individuals who are interested in cooperating with this scientific psychological inquiry by answering this questionnaire which Dr. Beier asks persons to see himself and the type of person he feels attracted to. The chairman of the seminar urged a night court so that arrested persons will be promptly brought before a magistrate and thus avoid the many cases of persons being detained unnecessarily overnight or longer, only to be proved innocent of any wrongdoing. It was also stated that efforts will be made in the current session of the Michigan legislature to repeal present provisions of the law which require the clearing of records of persons arrested and released or found not guilty.

DETROIT POLICE CRITICIZED FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES MEET

According to the Detroit Newsletter of the Mattachine Society (an attractive addition to the Society's growing list of local monthly publications in the U.S.), a recent seminar on civil liberties conducted by the ACLU in Detroit strongly suggested the need for greater action to preserve the Bill of Rights in that city.

At the sessions, 222 registered, and more than 100 attended each of the six meetings at Wayne State University.

The session dealing with arrests, wiretapping, and police practices was most impressive. Wayne County Circuit Judge Victor Baum discussed the law dealing with various eavesdropping devices, cited gaps in the laws and in court decisions as well as activities of some governmental investigative agencies which create genuine civil liberties problems. Edward Turner, chairman of the Michigan NAACP, advocated a citizen's committee to investigate complaints of police misconduct. It was cited that one-third, or 20,000 of the 60,000 arrests by the Detroit police last year were for "investigative purposes" only. The chairman of the seminar urged a night court so that arrested persons may be promptly brought before a magistrate and thus avoid the many cases of persons being detained unnecessarily overnight or longer, only to be proved innocent of any wrongdoing. It was also stated that efforts will be made in the current session of the Michigan legislature to repeal present provisions of the law which require the clearing of records of persons arrested and released or found not guilty.

ON THE 'QT'—Copies of the June 1959 issue of the magazine discussed on page 2 of the REVIEW may be obtained for 30c postpaid by addressing your order to us. All orders should be sent to Mattachine Review, 693 Mission St., San Francisco 5, Calif. Be sure to enclose remittance.

REVIEW EDITOR: Three cheers for H. L. S. and his hunting typewriter! The transmitted mental lift of his August 1958 story was terrific. You see, I am one of his type, even down to that slightly ridiculous newsstand routine. Moreover, as a result of recent contact with a certain university group, I, too, am moving out of the ranks of the "furtive, the frightened and unbelievably stupid." Let me also add, appreciating that the REVIEW should be accurate and fair and of course pull no punches more than required by the law and principles of good conduct. My pet (proof is the business of curing homosexuals) How foolish! Can you cure brown eyes? Or love of music? Or slenderness of a healthy body? There's no illness in homosexuality itself. Articles defending deviates should never refer to curing them but might well discuss making better conformists out of them - or steps leading to better judgement and discretion and more understanding of the value to all of us - despite what is different as "normal" - of good behavior in public places. But please, no cure! - Mr. A. H., Pa.

REVIEW EDITOR: Your magazine is both interesting and worth reading. Your efforts to publish unbiased, accurate material are commendable and will do more than anything I can imagine to help the cause of intelligent acceptance and tolerance of the special minority group. It may not be so much of a minority at that.

For me, however, the REVIEW should be accurate and fair - and of course pull no punches more than required by the law and principles of good conduct. My pet (proof) is the business of curing homosexuals. How foolish! Can you cure brown eyes? Or love of music? Or slenderness of a healthy body? There's no illness in homosexuality itself. Articles defending deviates should never refer to curing them but might well discuss making better conformists out of them - or steps leading to better judgement and discretion and more understanding of the value to all of us - despite what is different as "normal" - of good behavior in public places. But please, no cure! - Mr. A. H., Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The REVIEW has in the past and will in the future continue to publish significant decisions of courts which affect homosexuals as a group, particularly as they relate to the unenforced rights of homosexuals as human beings. Many attorneys in several states have told us they learned of these interpretations of law through us. If such publication saves one a course from a conviction, then the space devoted to these decisions has been used for something worthwhile. To a great extent the bibliography has also served a useful purpose. In San Francisco alone, two university student groups have made valuable use of it in preparing project material for psychology classes concerned with the subject; some medical associations have stated that the bibliography was valuable for their work; research behind your own quick hostility. Your interpretation of Christian behavior might have been appropriate in 17th century Salem." - Mr. F. C., California.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have enjoyed my magazines so far, particularly the matterings of fiction, which were exceptional in every case. I hope you continue your noteworthy "Calling Shots" and "Readers Write", which are perhaps the most consistently interesting contributions to homophiles. That crazy legal article on the decision which forbids the closing of bars catering to known inverters, though interesting where fashionable, was, in the main, hopelessly recidivate and pretentious wasteful of valuable editorial space. Any fool could have boiled these seven pages into one solid, good, informative, concise, interesting page which would have been entirely and gloriously adequate! Is Mattachine trying to impress the bar? (No pun intended.) Another reasonable waste of space is the "Homophile Bibliography." Certainly the work in itself is invaluable...but why bore or tantalize the general reader with a reference work? Those who are in the market for queer books can learn of their existence easily enough...-Mr. A. S., Penna.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The REVIEW has in the past and will in the future continue to publish significant decisions of courts which affect homosexuals as a group, particularly as they relate to the unenforced rights of homosexuals as human beings. Many attorneys in several states have told us they learned of these interpretations of law through us. If such publication saves one a course from a conviction, then the space devoted to these decisions has been used for something worthwhile. To a great extent the bibliography has also served a useful purpose. In San Francisco alone, two university student groups have made valuable use of it in preparing project material for psychology classes concerned with the subject; some medical associations have stated that the bibliography was valuable for their work; research behind your own quick hostility. Your interpretation of Christian behavior might have been appropriate in 17th century Salem." - Mr. F. C., California.
The ideas and ideals of chastity, virginity and celibacy are not new; we have heard them "before." But they have never been found to be very logical or very practical. The wicked, heathenish Romans had their vestal virgins, their Diana and Minerva, who were every bit as chaste and pure as Mary of Nazareth, of the "Lady" in Milton's "Comus." Ideals and unattainable goals are fine. You can always hitch your wagon to a star, whether you make the grade or not. New Year's resolutions are fine, but they are often broken. The Catholic nun or monk taking the vow of chastity knows, as does the church, that it may be broken; but the confessional booth is always open to the sinner, and if there were no sin the church would have to open business - would never have had reason to exist in the first place. The church can forgive one of sodomy just as easily as it can forgive one of adultery or murder. Moses, the law-giver, said, "Thou shalt not kill," yet he murdered a man himself. Jesus associated and broke bread with "publicans and sinners." Few popes and priests are ever declared saints.

Yes the idea of chastity and virginity is very old and is found in many early civilizations and moral codes. In the Old Testament chastity ranks second to idolatry in importance and frequency of mention. Sodomy, adultery, fornication, and bestiality are all frequently condemned - and frequently committed. Jesus as the "Son of God" may have been perfect. He supposedly had no natural father, but he did have a natural mother. She may have been conceived immaculately with God's omnipotence, but some of her illustrious ancestors were far from chaste. David committed adultery with Bathsheba, and may well have committed sodomy with Jonathan. Solomon, David's son, from whom Mary and Jesus (and also Joseph) were again directly descended, is said to have had 700 wives. Yet Christians and Jews think very highly of Solomon, and married Masons regard him as a model. Perhaps his sins were forgiven. He may have led a "full, useful, and magnificent" life, but he certainly didn't forsake "sexual gratification for all time" — Mr. B. D. H., Illinois.

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LETS STOP ENTRAPMENT BY POLICE IN ENFORCEMENT OF 'MORALS' LAWS

By Harry Benjamin, M. D.

In the New York Herald-Tribune

Following Ed Murrow's recent broadcast, revealing the role of prostitution in business, the police seem to have been unusually active in staging "vice raids." The way they are executed is deeply disturbing to anyone who believes in the principles of democracy.

In a recent instance, a judge issued a permit for wiretapping. This generally outlawed and dangerous device may be justified in cases of high treason and serious crimes like murder and kidnapping.

Five policemen were sent to arrest four suspected call girls. One can only wonder whether an officer's time and talents could not be used to better advantage in a community in which violent crimes are steadily increasing.

Aside from the fact that, in morals cases, entrapment is an immoral method to procure evidence and degrading to any decent police officer, it is hardly compatible with our constitutional rights of self-determination and a guaranteed pursuit of happiness. These fundamental rights can easily be undermined if we are not constantly on guard. Otherwise, before we know it, we will have a police state that is more concerned with personal morals than with crime.


Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936) was Professor of Latin at Cambridge and a formidable classical scholar who devoted thirty years of his life to a five-volume textual criticism of a minor Roman poet, Manilius. He was a cold, withdrawn, forbidding figure, a man who lived austerely and alone, almost without friends, alive, so it seemed, only in the dry drudgery of his peculiarly barren branch of scholarship. He was also, incredibly, the author of that marvelous outburst of lyric poetry, A SHROPSHIRE LAD.

Both these new biographies interestingly describe and document "A Divided Life" (Mr. Watson's apt subtitle), while neither, I think, quite reaches the "Man Behind a Mask" (Mrs. Hawkins' hopeful subtitle) - perhaps because, in the end, the mask became the man. Inevitably, both books have something of the character of a literary detective story, seeking the hidden source of the poetic impulse behind so unlikely an exterior. Perhaps Mr. Watson is more thorough and Mrs. Hawkins may be a little more understanding, but they reach essentially the same conclusions.

When Alfred Housman went up to Oxford in the autumn of 1877, he did not know what he was looking for, yet he was quick to find it in the person of his classmate, Moses Jackson. Alfred was shy, introspective, physically frail; "Mo" was rugged, athletic, handsome, full of animal energy and healthy good spirits, the perfect picture of the all-around boy, and even more important, the possessor of many of those male attributes which Alfred's father conspicuously lacked.

Not until his final year at Oxford did Alfred become aware of the sexual nature of his interest in his friend, that, as he later wrote "I liked you better than suits a man to say." This awareness, so long inhibited, shattered him emotionally and caused him to fail his examinations and leave school. What he went through is vividly etched in his lines:

More than I, if truth were told
Have stood and sweated hot and cold
And through their reins in ice and fire
Fear contended with desire.

Undoubtedly, he thought of suicide. Years later he came across a newspaper report of a cadet who, in similar circumstances, committed suicide. And the poet envied the boy thus made "clear of guilt" and wrote approvingly:

Oh that was right, lad, that was brave:
Yours was not an ill for mending,
'Twas best to take it to the grave.

Housman's departure from Oxford did not end his association with Jackson. Later, when Jackson graduated, they lived together in a London apartment for four years, during which time both held jobs in the Patent Office.

Did they become lovers during these years? Mr. Watson thinks not; he doubts that Jackson even knew of Housman's agonized interest. Mrs. Hawkins believes they were lovers. The poems can be read either way. But, to support her view, Mrs. Hawkins can point to a letter she received from the poet's brother, Laurence Housman (author of "Victoria Regina"), which states:

I have now lodged at the British Museum, to be made public at the centenary of (Alfred's) birth in 1959...a remarkable diary which reveals the most intimate relations with his friend Moses Jackson...It will shock some people, and make them very angry; but I believe that A. E. H. wished it to be known after his death what he was...

Whether physically consummated or not, the friendship with Jackson was certainly the decisive event in Housman's life. Out of it, a decade after it ended, came the poems which, once the relationship that inspired them is known, become the record of that relationship.

The poetry had, as Watson observes, "the intensity of a single experience long secreted, which at last forced its way, as if involuntarily, through all the bars of self-restraint." What gives the poems their special quality, their terrible poignancy, is the mood of doom that pervades them: in this lyrical "land of lost content" the emphasis is always on the loss; youth ages, beauty decays, friends part. He had given his heart twice: to his friend who went away and to his friend who died on his twentieth birthday, and to his friend who went away. He resolved not to give his heart, never to be vulnerable to loss, again.

His renunciation was more than self-denial; it was also self-punishment, for he never resolved the conflict between his homosexual desires and his stern Victorian upbringing. The conflict resulted from a family situation in which all the conventional virtues of a patriarchal society were taught, but without a proper patriarch to demonstrate them in action. Thus, of the seven Housman children, five failed to marry, and Alfred was by no means the only homosexual among them.

But he, most of all, became the victim of the constraining values of Victorian society. Intellectually, he rejected its taboos. He admired Gide and Proust for that very openness of which he was in-
capable. He sympathized with Oscar Wilde ("Oh they're taking him to prison for the color of his hair") and touchingly sent him a copy of "A Shropshire Lad" upon his release. But emotionally, Housman could not escape.

And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.
They will be master, right or wrong;
Though both are foolish, both are strong.
And since, my soul, we cannot fly
To Saturn nor to Mercury,
Keep we must, if keep we can,
These foreign laws of God and man.

And keep them he did through most of his life. The everlasting disciplining of his desires would have seemed heroic to his contemporaries had they ever known of his struggle. In the fulfillment of the existentialist premises of his philosophy, he managed to live on, hopelessly but bravely, on the far side of despair. But the cost was staggering: the tragic waste of an affectionate and warm-hearted man who might have loved and been loved.

A rather frightening question remains. If he had been emotionally free, if his most powerful impulses had not been dammed up within him by the demands of a rejecting society, would there have been any poetry? Would he ever have written "A Shropshire Lad"?

- Richard Mayer

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**He Upset the Victorian Attitude Toward Sex**

HAVELOCK ELLIS: Artist of Life, by John Stewart Collis (Sloane, 223 pages, $4). Reviewed by Alan Gewirth

[Department of Philosophy, University of Chicago]

Havelock Ellis was born just 100 years ago, in the same year that saw the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Mill's "On Liberty," and the birth of the philosophers Samuel Alexander, Henri Bergson, John
Havelock Ellis in his garden, From "Havelock Ellis: Artist of Life."

Dewey, and Edmund Husserl. Altho Ellis, too, did some work in philosophy, he is best known for his multi-volume "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," which set Edwardian England on its ears and has remained a classic study of its subject.

Like Freud, Ellis was a medical doctor with vast erudition concerning nature and man. The difference between Freud's and Ellis' profound studies of sex is like the difference so often found between British and continental thinkers.

Against Freud's elaborate construction of theories which go far beneath surface phenomena to deal with ultimate elements and causes of psychic life, Ellis was a relatively pure empiricist who dealt with the manifold phenomena of sex like a natural historian, describing in painstaking detail the facts of observation.

Ellis' work was immensely valuable in letting in gusts of fresh air on a subject which Victorian England had done its best to ignore, if not suppress. Our age is much healthier for its treatment of sex as a natural phenomenon which requires understanding rather than condemnation, and much of the credit should go to the pioneering work of Ellis.

John Collis has written a lively account of Ellis' life, tho it is no substitute for Ellis' remarkable autobiography, a work as frank and honest as his researches on sex. Collis writes as a fervent admirer of Ellis, and at the same time as a man who is as aware of Ellis' human frailties as of his virtues.

He is frank, too, in his accounts of the homosexuality of Ellis' wife, the bizarre arrangements they made for living together and apart, and other matters. The book does not, however, cut very deeply in its treatment either of Ellis' personality or of his work; it has a kind of surface perceptiveness that describes without explaining.

But it will serve as a stimulating introduction to a man who brought honesty and clarity into a field where such qualities were vitally needed.

—From the Chicago Tribune.
The new Educational Handbook, prepared early in 1959 by the Director of Education for the Mattachine Society, is more than a guide to conducting a Mattachine education program. This book is actually a comprehensive reference source and "how to do it" guide for presenting a wide variety of programs on the sex education subject, including large and small group discussions, moderated panel forums, sound tape programs, films, radio and television materials, etc. It is replete with suggested sources of aid and carries a long list of topics and titles for all of these various programs. Also listed are a variety of public relations contacts useful in planning and presenting programs on sex education subjects for sponsoring organizations such as the Mattachine Society, University study groups, etc.

The 64-page booklet sells for $1.00 per copy.

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