

HOLIDAY FICTION BY ARNELL LARSEN —

WHEN I AM WITH YOU

KENNETH TYNAN OF LONDON WRITES ABOUT

THE BEARDED BEATS

—OF SAN FRANCISCO

REVIEWING THE BIOGRAPHY OF MARCEL PROUST —

FULFILLMENT IN TIME

PUBLICATIONS DAY SEMINAR • BANNED BOOKS LISTED



DECEMBER 1959 • COMPLETING
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Calling Shots

MATTACHINE SEMINAR REPORT TO APPEAR IN NEXT ISSUE

A report on the December 5 second annual Publications Day which is an event in the Mattachine Seminar Series will appear in the January issue. The program for the event appears as a special insert in this issue, including reports on some censorship activities in the West, and an editorial against the "anti-smut vigilantes," from the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Also coming in January will be a rundown of action in courts in many parts of the U. S., in which the laws passed as a result of the "decent literature" pressure groups (mostly of Catholic Church origin) have been struck down as unconstitutional. Another article will deal with the birth control issue now prominent in the news. The feature of the issue will be the first installment of an interesting and thoroughly scientific paper by Dr. Omér C. Stewart, anthropologist of the University of Colorado, on "Homosexuality Among the American Indians and Other Aboriginal Peoples." This paper was presented as an address at the Mattachine Society's Denver convention in September.

SEXUAL VARIANTS FOUND IN ALL HUMAN SOCIETIES

"All societies have sexual deviates" and "many heterosexuals are classified in this group." These two facts were noted in mid-October at a final session in a series of panel discussions at San Jose (Calif.) State College on "Sex and Moral Values," sponsored by the Spartan YMCA on the campus.

Of the final session, the following was reported in the SPARTAN DAILY campus newspaper:

"Harold Call, publications director for the Mattachine Society at San Francisco, said that intercourse between married couples and autoerotism are (legally) accepted, but that 'almost any other sex act is a deviation in the legal and moral sense' in our society.

"Dr. Frances Underwood, cultural anthropologist from Stanford University, said that 'we don't know of any societies which don't have their deviates. The American Indians have some of the most prudish attitudes toward sex,' she said, while the Polynesians have very casual attitudes.

"You're not Polynesians," Dr. Arturo Fallico, professor of philosophy at San Jose State, told the group.

"You're going to have to work out your problems in this culture, with this set of values," he said.

More than 100 young men and women attended the discussion. Also present was a reporter from the *San Jose Mercury*, morning daily in the city of 150,000, whose chief inter-

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NEW YORK PROGRAMS ANNOUNCED—Richard C. Robertello, M. D., author of "Voyage from Lesbos," will address the New York Area Council of the Mattachine Society on December 17 at Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St., 8 p.m. His topic will be "A Psychoanalyst Looks at Homosexuality." This is open to the public.

On January 14 (Thursday) the New York Area Council will present George Rundquist, Executive Director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, in an evening program, also open to the public. Please call the New York office of the Society for the location of this program and the topic (Watkins 4-7743).

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC FORUM on January 8, at 8 p.m., will be held in a new location to be announced. Please call the San Francisco Area office after December 26 for details on this public forum.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Accepted only from publishers and/or authors of books; magazines; periodicals and booksellers concerned with homosexual and other sexological subjects. Rates upon application. MANUSCRIPTS: Original articles, reviews, letters and significant opinion, and appropriate short stories solicited for publication on a no-fee basis. Please include first class postage for return.

CALLING SHOTS

(Continued from page 2)

est was to interview the Mattachine spokesman, since the Society at the time was involved in the election campaign in San Francisco, 47 miles to the north.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS SLAY SEX READING

In September in Peoria, Ill., the Knights of Columbus declared war on newsstands and "rode into battle" there to rid the city of literature which they feared is corrupting youth. Targets in the drive were such magazines as *Mermaid*, *Adam*, *Zest* and 160 additional titles. Also included are 250 paperback book titles. Capt. Willard Koepfel of the Peoria Police Department, a member of the K of C's literature clean-up committee, is spearheading the drive on the premise that trash literature contributes to delinquency among young readers. Dr. Walter Baer, Peoria psychiatrist, called the magazines under attack "carriers of the communicable disease" of mental illness. But George E. Seidler of the Illinois News Service, opposes such censorship tactics, and hopes that communities can persuade publishers to exercise restraint and present better material in print, such as has been done in the comic book industry.

On the other hand, a growing reaction from the various mental health spokesmen is being heard in answer to the growing local magazine and book cleanup campaigners. They are pointing up a Brown University study

which declared such reading had no actual bearing on juvenile delinquency (and certainly no more effect than stories of crime and violence on television, because most delinquents do not read extensively anyway). Some spokesmen have said that reading can often cut down violent behavior outbursts by serving to furnish a vicarious experience that substitutes for actual anti-social acts. Finally, they point out, to forbid or deny only makes the forbidden more desirable, and the young readers get it anyway. Handle the problem in the home, the school and the church, these people say. And most important of all, provide the teenagers with a wholesome and positive sex education in place of the morass of repressions, restrictions and guilts they are bogged down in today.

NEW YORK BARS HIT BY LIQUOR AUTHORITY

Owners of all restaurants, taverns and night clubs serving wine or liquor in New York have been warned that catering to the patronage of prostitutes, sex deviates, hoodlums or "others of bad reputation" will lead to revocation of their licenses. A report in *New York Times* recently told of closing two restaurants. As of Nov. 1, the report stated, a typewritten list of the names and addresses of all officers, directors and stockholders of places serving wine and liquor must be posted on the premises.

The action, it would appear, seems parallel to policies of California's Alcoholic Beverage Control Depart-

ment (now under attack in the courts of that state). While there are admitted problems in regulating the behavior of customers—desirable and undesirable alike—in almost any place where alcoholic beverages are sold, the question behind the question is this: If all such places catering to homosexuals, for instance, in a state like New York are closed, then where are the 1,000,000 or so such predominantly homosexual persons (plus an easily equal number of others proscribed) going to go if they congregate? And where will a police force large enough to prevent their congregating come from? And who will pay this force well enough to prevent other evils from developing? And if these questions are answered with workable solutions (insofar as the liquor administrators are concerned) then what are we going to do about the Constitution which guarantees freedom of movement and lawful assembly?

New York—and all other large cities—are not unique in that they have "gathering places" for homosexuals. Residents in America's largest city have reported that more than 100 bars and restaurants catering to homosexuals exist there. Furthermore, to recall a remark made personally by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, no such place operates in a large city for more than two weeks without the law enforcement agencies knowing about it. It is most unlikely that all of these places could be closed. It is even more improbable that if they were closed it would significantly diminish any tendencies for such

people to congregate—somewhere. How much better to accept their congregating, and aid all concerned to maintain proper public behavior standards so that no one is offended when you look at things realistically.

COMMITTEE IN GERMANY SEEKS SEX LAW REVISION

In West Germany this summer, a penal law committee ("Grosse Strafrechtskommission") voted 11-2 to abolish the punishment of homosexual behavior between consenting adults in private. This action would supercede the "ill-famed" section 175 of the German penal code, which corresponds to section 129B of the penal code of Austria, a country where punishment of homosexuals has also been particularly severe in recent times.

Research data on homosexuality from a number of different sources, including the Griffin Report of the Roman Catholic Church in England, released in 1956, are said to have been instrumental in bringing the committee to its decision. This is tantamount to establishing in Germany a call for change of law similar to that recommended by the Wolfenden Committee in England.

WHAT SEX VARIATIONS ARE NORMAL?

This is answered in an unusual book you should read to complete your sex education and understand "others" who are "different."

EMPHASIS IS ON THE HOMOSEXUAL COMPONENTS AND THE DIVERSE SEX LAWS OF THE U. S. A. THAT MAKE ALMOST ALL SEX ACTS A "CRIME!"

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WHEN I AM WITH YOU

Fiction by ARNELL LARSEN

Blue paint from the horsehair brush formed into drops and splattered on the floor as the painter paused in his artistic creations. He was adorning the walls of the Chapel of San Antonio de Pala with brilliant and strange Indian designs. He was an Indian, a neophyte who belonged with this church settlement. Now the sounds of many laughing people outside attracted his attention. He put down his brush and palette of paints made from the colors of berries, leaves and flowers. He hurried to the church doorway and looked out at the activity within his village.

A large cluster of people were surrounding something, and they were laughing, pointing and poking sticks at the object of their curiosity. The painter-neophyte saw nothing so unusual, in fact, he could see nothing at all. Whatever it was must indeed be small. The Padre in his long brown gown came hurrying toward the group, the white knitted cincture swinging at his side. Then the Indian decided to follow and ran after the priest.

"Children, children," admonished the Padre as he pushed through the crowd, the young painter at his heels. "What is it, what is it, *mis hijos*?" The Padre stopped abruptly and resting his hands upon his hips, he broke out into laughter. The Indians followed suit, laughing and laughing, all except the painter.

"What is it Father?" He moved from behind the bulky priest to see better, and what he saw standing before him made his eyes and his mouth open wide. "Why it is a little man, a little Indian."

The Padre lifted his hands and the hooting and laughter gradually stilled. Turning his head toward the neophyte at his side, the priest said, "He is a dwarf, Benedict. See how bowed his legs are? And he is only half as tall as we are."

"De-warf," Benedict repeated, "dwarf."

Several Indian women were poking the midget with sticks and cackling

gleefully. The little Indian searched for a way of escape, the whites of his eyes in strong contrast against the dark skin. With one chubby little hand he brushed aside the black matted hair hanging in his face. He was completely naked.

"Children," the priest admonished. "Is this any way to act toward a stranger who has come to our village of Pala in friendliness, maybe even to become baptized? Why, you have scared him half out of his wits, look how he trembles?"

"He did not come to this village because he wanted to, Father." A tall, muscular Indian spoke out.

Benedict's heart fluttered.

"We found him in the hills so we brought him here."

"As a captive?"

"Yes."

"That was wrong of you, Barron. We do not use force upon another human being. That is going against the wishes of our Father in Heaven. We must now let this little one go free. It is for him to decide whether he wishes to stay or go."

"But Father, he is mine, I caught him." Barron insisted, lifting his handsome head.

Benedict's eyes had been worshipping like sunlight the athletic beauty of the hunter, Barron. Now Benedict said, "Barron, you speak like a fool."

The neophyte Barron looked at Benedict with astonishment and started to protest when the priest scolded, "No one is a fool, Benedict. We are all children of God. Do not displease me by saying that again."

Everyone seemed to stare at Benedict now, forgetting the dwarf who was watching Benedict. The painter bit his lip in vexation, turned about and headed back to his painting in the chapel. The dwarf was still watching Benedict.

Barron strode off too, but in another direction. His parting words back to the Padre were, "Do with him as you will, Father."

As the priest pondered upon the peculiar behavior of these faithful children, Barron and Benedict, he told the Indians, "Return to your homes. You must not make fun of the little man any more but welcome him with Christian hospitality."

Reluctantly the crowd dispersed, returning to their little homes and their various activities. Soon the dwarf found himself alone in the Mission Square. Now and then he saw the people of his own race staring at him as they worked or loitered. Even the white stranger in the long gown had disappeared into one of the larger huts. What was he supposed to do now? Run and try to make an escape back into the safety of his hills? Maybe that was what they wanted him to do so they could run him down and tear him apart. He knew he was small, the spirits had been unkind to him and had made him

grow only as high as a child. Because of this, his mother died soon after, and one moon later his father had been killed on a hunt. So was he eternally damned by the spirits, and for what reason, he could not tell. He knew that no one had ever treated him kindly, in voice or in action, even among the clans of Indians. So he trusted on one. If he stayed here, what would happen to him? Perhaps it would be better to stay than run. He stared at the *campanario* before him, a tower which held two large objects that hung one above the other. It seemed to reach almost to the sky, it was so tall. It stood upon a large pile of boulders that looked as if they were stuck together. To go or to stay? What was he to do? Here there were so many things to fascinate him. He might even find out what made the loud clanging sound that echoed through his hills.

Benedict was busily painting blue petals upon one of three flowers standing in a red pot. He knew it was a simple picture and yet he was quite pleased with his handiwork. He had drawn what he had seen standing on the altar. He found it easy to draw like the pictures in the big books of the good Father. Just as Benedict drew the end of the petal down toward the center of the flower, he experienced the sensation of being watched.

Deliberately he dropped the paint brush on the tile so that he could see behind himself as he picked it up. The ring of the brush on the tile floor sent something scurrying. Benedict saw only the bare bottom of a child running out the door. Then he realized it was the tiny man, a *dwarf*, the Father called him. That dwarf had put Benedict to shame before the whole village. Well, Barron *was* a fool! Anyone could be strong against such a little Indian. Benedict paused in his fuming as he saw the spots of paint on the tile. As he rubbed them out with the sole of his soft skin, ankle high boot, he heard a sound and looking up saw the dwarf peeking at him from behind one of the chapel doors. "Come in, little one," Benedict urged in the native tongue. Furtively he watched and saw the little Indian straighten up in understanding. "Well come over here to me?" Benedict squatted down. "Do not be afraid. No one will hurt you."

The dwarf picked his way slowly forward across the uneven Indian tiles.

"That is right. Come on." Benedict opened his arms to the Indian.

Fearfully the Indian rolled his eyes back at the open doorway,

"Now then, let me look at you," he said as the dwarf came close and touched Benedict's hand. "See, I am not so terrible. You tremble? You are a little dirty, but with your hair fixed and some clothing, you will be very happy here."

"I am going to stay here?"

"Do you not want to?"

"I am afraid."

"Of what?"

The dwarf rolled his eyes, dark and luminously beautiful. "Everyone pokes at me and laughs. I have heard some of the other clans speak of this man in the long gown who makes you get down on your knees for long times which is very painful. You have to speak a strange tongue and they throw water on you and..." The dwarf blinked and withdrew at the laughter of the painter. "You too make sport of me."

Benedict sobered. "None of these things are really so bad, little man. You make them sound worse than they are. I know all this is new and strange to you."

"Do you want me to go away from here?"

Benedict stood up and towered over the midget. "You must decide that for yourself." Then picking up the palette he touched the brush to the blue he had mixed.

It was not the answer the dwarf wanted. "Why do you make pictures on these walls?"

"To make the church more beautiful. This is where our God dwells. You like the pictures?"

"Yes, they are real." The dwarf began to wander about curiously. He ran his hands over the hewn benches and along the adobe walls. His feet brushed the Indian tile floor. All the while Benedict watched the little dwarf in his nudity investigating everything.

Benedict grinned and put down his paints. "Come with me, little man: You do not belong here."

The dwarf looked doubtful and suspicious.

"Well, don't you want to come with me?"

The midget cocked his head, "Where will you take me, what will you do with me?"

Benedict smiled. "I'll take you to my house. When I am done with you, then we will come back here."

The dwarf gripped the painter's hand. "I am not afraid . . . when I am with you."

In Benedict's little adobe house, Benedict was scrubbing the dwarf's body. He marveled at the man's body, so muscular it was and yet so small in proportion.

"I do not like the water so much, Benedict."

"Ugh! You smell so bad, let you and water be no more strangers."

When Benedict tore a wide strip of woven cloth, the dwarf asked, "What is that for?"

"To cover your nakedness. The good Father does not like to see his children unclothed."

"But only the women of our people wear things like that."

"Well, I do not look like a woman, do I? Stand up so I can put this about you." Presently Benedict sat back on his heels to survey the transformation.

"There is an improvement."

"I feel warmer, I feel better," He cocked his head. "I think I shall run away now. Would you be very angry?"

"I would not stop you. But you will not go away," he decided as he took the wing of a hawk and proceeded to brush the dwarf's long black hair. The small man had never been fussed over. Though he did not like the water, he had liked the competent tender hands scrubbing his body. Now he shut his eyes as his hair was being brushed. The feeling was pleasant.

The hanging over the doorway was swept aside and the priest entered. The clicking of his beads had made the midget turn in fear but when the Padre smiled and greeted him in his native tongue, the dwarf lifted his face and waited calmly. The Padre bent over him and with both arms embraced him. "You will become a child of God, I know. You will stay here and live a full rich life with us in Christ. No one shall ever hurt you again. There is love here." Beaming the Padre moved away, saying to Benedict, "We shall baptize him *tarde* after *siesta*. Let us call him Philo . . . Yes, Philo which means Love . . . Philo . . . *muy poco hombre*." Pleased, the priest was gone, the hem of his gown switching out of the doorway.

The dwarf echoed, "I am called Phi-lo?"

"Yes," answered Benedict, "We are given a new name when we become the Christ's." He reached for two stones, the one very sharp. "A name that will be all your own. Sit between my legs. I will cut your hair now."

Philo touched it with his chubby hands. "All of it?"

Benedict smiled and stroked the hair once more with the feather brush. "Just from below the ears. It will not hurt." The sharp rock clicked against the hair and stone and the hair began to fall away.

Philo sighed. "Benedict?"

"Yes, Philo."

"I will not run away. I will stay with you. I feel so tall . . . when I am with you . . ."

By the time the Padre came again to Benedict's house, the dwarf greeted him with the words, '*Amar a Dios*.' The Padre wept.

So came Philo into the missionary settlement of San Antonio de Pala. The other neophytes grew accustomed to his *pequeno* from actively appearing in chapel, in the gardens, in the cemetery. He went with Barron and learned to hunt well. He was not a good *campanario*; but sometimes, laughing, Benedict would lift him so he could really ring the bells of the *campanario*; then he could grab hold of the *campanilla*, too, and the bells sang out.

Philo adored Benedict. For him he gathered wild fruit and prepared their meals and served Benedict at every chance. Benedict accepted the homage,

humoring him, assuming that by doing thus he contributed to Philo's happiness. The Padre and the villagers derived pleasure from seeing them constantly together. They might have worried if they knew how much Philo loved Benedict. The truth of the matter was that Benedict was so much in love with someone else he was blind to Philo's infatuation.

One *tarde* as Benedict sat on the ground at the priest's feet, the Padre touched the ink-dark hair beneath his hand and smiled. "You have done well, Benedict with your painting. *Gracias*."

He moved his head from the priest's touch and looked up at him, where he sat on a wooden bench near the chapel entrance. "I am pleased you are pleased. I am only doing my poor miserable best for God and for you." Touching the Padre's cassock-covered knee, he begged, "Tell me again of the saint I was named after."

The priest chuckled, "My son, you must know it by heart now. Saint Benedict lived between the fifth and sixth centuries. He was known to read consciences, prophesy the future and to anticipate and realize beforehand the attacks of the devil. I have shown you on the map of the world you drew where he was born in Italy. In a place called Monte Cassino he and his followers built the monastery he was to make famous. There he wrote the Rule that became the pattern for all Western monks. Surely you know the prayer to Saint Benedict, so let us repeat it together."

Benedict closed his eyes and they recited together.

"O blessed Saint Benedict, thou hast promised to defend zealously from the snares of the enemy those who call on thee during their last struggle with death; protect me on this and every day of my life with thy holy blessing that I may never be separated from our Blessed Lord and the company of the blessed in heaven. Amen."

Benedict opened his eyes.

The kindly priest sighed. "It is *comida* time and you want to go to your house and this is enough religious instruction for today." Suddenly the priest light-heartedly teased, "One of these days I shall be honored as I wed you and then you will not go to your *comida* so reluctantly."

Benedict shook his head vigorously. "Oh, never that, Father. That is impossible. I am not the marrying kind."

"Tush!" said the priest. "Manana, perhaps, the Dona Ana may flash her eyes at you, and just like that you are caught. Besides, I know you. Have I not heard you review your sins all these years?"

Benedict leaped to his feet, laughing uneasily and insisting, "There is no chance at all for me to ever marry. Outside of my mother and my sisters I have never liked women. I can never feel love for anyone except maybe another man like myself."

Stricken, Benedict covered his mouth and regarded in terror the Padre's

face. And he fell with a sob to the priest's feet and hid his face against the cassock. "Forgive me, Father. I have said a sinful thing. Oh, I beg your forgiveness."

"Now, now, Benedict my son," he comforted. "You have been God's child for eight years and been coming to me. I thought I knew you like I do my own heart. Come, come, do not moan so; you have not really said such a dreadful thing."

"I have not?" He regarded the Padre with wonder.

"Who told you it was so sinful?"

"When I was thirteen, I think, Barron and I were wrestling together and . . . at confession I was told that it was a grave sin to do those things."

"My son, it is something that all boys want to do, and of course they are counselled not to do it again. How else can one build character in the young? A boy is not yet a man; a man knows how to govern his lusts if he has been taught right. And, as a rule, he soon begins to think of how pretty girls are, and it is inevitable that he marries."

Benedict regarded him steadily. "But I knew then . . . that I loved Barron that way and that I would never love any other way again."

"But the villagers have watched you and Barron sparring for Dona Ana. Ah, yes, I see now! I am a scholar in ways, and when I was young I read many books written in other nations. Others have not been able to love any other way, too. The Church does not sanction this, but I believe that if the love is strong for the one you adore, what is expressed cannot be anything but sacred and beautiful in the eyes of God. Neither the Church nor I can change you. Only God can judge you."

Benedict brightened. "I had no idea you believed this way, Father, and it comes as a wonderful surprise to me. Now I can tell you about my dreams that will never come true."

"You must speak to me of these dreams and I will not judge you for them. I have a premonition like Saint Benedict," he smiled, "that God will provide a life companion for you." Compassionately, he continued, "Strangers are but strangers when they meet. They can fall in love with great rapidity. Look at Philo there, coming back from hoeing the corn. You might even love him, no?"

Benedict threw back his head and laughed at the absurdity.

The Padre stood up and said, "Promise me that when you find the one you can love, whomever it is, you will ring the bell in the *campanario*. Wherever I am, even at my prayers, I will come to you, for I am a man very curious about human nature. Do you promise?"

"Certainly, Father, certainly. But you will never hear me ring the bell for that reason. Adios." There was a wistful smile on his face as he turned away.

"Adios."

It was a sunny day. Benedict was tramping straw and mud into adobe for a workshop. At his elbow a voice suddenly said, "Always you are working so hard, Benedict."

The neophyte-artist looked up. "Barron. you came on the soft quiet feet of a rabbit."

"I came to speak about my new happiness." The hunter was all smiles, the sunlight gleaming in his face.

Nearby within the cemetery, Philo walked around from behind a headstone, the top of which dripped with the cold wax of a burned-out candle. He halted at the sight of Benedict and Barron. It would always be Philo's nature to be intensely curious about everything — especially concerning Benedict. He moved near the white-washed fence and squatted down to listen.

" . . . And the good Father will marry Dona Ana and me. We have been friends since we were boys, amigo; why would I not want you to be the first to know?"

Worriedly Philo studied from above the expressions of sadness and confusion demonstrated on Benedict's face.

"Dona Ana is very beautiful, Barron." He added, chewing his lip, "I only hope you will treat her kindly for you are so headstrong sometimes."

"You always worried too much about me, Benedict. Dona Ana will tame some of my wildness now," he grinned.

Benedict hung his head, unsmiling.

Barron touched Benedict's face, tilting it upward.

Benedict's heart fluttered.

"Why such sadness, *amigo*? Could it be that you loved her, too, and you do not want me to have her for my wife?"

Benedict thrust Barron away, his eyes flashing. "So, you love her! Now if you do not marry her, I will hate you for the rest of my life."

Philo, puzzled by all this, rubbed his eyes and watched Benedict stamp away on muddy feet. Perplexed the hunter watched him leave.

Both Philo and the Padre diplomatically argued Benedict into attending the wedding. In the evenings prior to the wedding, Benedict was incommunicative and ignored the worshipful chatterings and ministrations of Philo. Benedict did not join the other villagers in decorating the chapel.

At the wedding Benedict sat on the men's side of the church but did not sit in his accustomed pew down front. Philo from down front kept craning his short strong neck to watch Benedict. Just before the nuptials were completed, Philo glimpsed his dearest friend's flight out of the open door.

Later, when it occurred to Philo to also look in the cemetery, he found Benedict lying against a tree. Benedict was drunk. Two skins of *aguardiente* lay empty. He was drinking deeply from a third skin of brandy

when Philo fell to the ground on his chubby knees and implored, "But why this . . . why this?"

The neophyte looked disgusted, "Why anything? I am not sick yet, nor drunk enough yet and I have forgotten nothing. Go away, you dog. All you do is follow me like a dog." He gestured demonstratively and almost fell over, but Philo caught him.

Tears stung the boy-man's eyes. "You do not like me anymore?"

"I never liked you. I only paid attention to you because you were a novelty — a *novedad*." Benedict wiped his wet lips and closed his eyes. "I was lonely. I have always been alone. Go away . . . leave me with my drunken dreams."

"This is how you treat friendship? I will tell you something. Everyone thinks it is Dona Ana you loved, but I know it is Barron. Well, you can never have him now."

"Go away, stupid little Philo. I have no more love in me." He hiccupped. "*Ve tu!* You waste my time. I must drink to a better dream."

"I will go then back to the hills where I would have died anyway. But I will tell you what is in my heart. You are a coward. You have been so blind with your love for Barron, your heart could not see me. My body is small. I am not handsome like the hunter. I loved you for your goodness to me. The Padre said that if I loved this God I would never be hurt again." Philo tugged at Benedict's shoulder. "Come. I will take you home before it is too late and the Padre punishes us. I will hide the skins." His voice pleaded softly, "Can you not love a little, this half a man, Philo? No woman will ever love me. Can you blame her for thinking the spirits will curse her children, too?"

"Your chatter sickens me." In his exasperation Benedict struck Philo in the face.

Picking himself up from the ground, Philo touched his face and murmured, "Barron could not have loved you as I do," and stumbled away into the night.

How many hours had passed, Benedict did not know. His head pained as he stumbled into the Mission square. Obviously the wedding dance was over and Barron now held Dona Ana in his arms. Calling on his Saint Benedict to help him, Benedict thought only of the sweet wonderful feeling of love throbbing in himself. As he neared the *campanario* he stumbled, skinning his knees and banging his head. Oh, Padre, help me. It is Philo that I love. And he has gone. Then he remembered that once-absurd promise he had made about ringing the bell. No moments must be lost in seeking Philo who, God forbid it, may have already harmed himself or harm come to him if he had started back to the hills.

SECOND ANNUAL
PUBLICATIONS DAY
Seminar

Sponsored by the
PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT
of the

Mattachine Society, Inc.

HOTEL BELLEVUE
Geary & Taylor Streets
San Francisco, Calif.



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1959

when Philo fell to the ground on his chubby knees and implored, "But why this . . . why this?"

The neophyte looked disgusted, "Why anything? I am not sick yet, nor drunk enough yet and I have forgotten nothing. Go away, you dog. All you do is follow me like a dog." He gestured demonstratively and almost fell over, but Philo caught him.

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"SHOULD AMERICANS READ ABOUT SEX?"

THE FOLLOWING TOPICS are suggested for discussion by the panel, although it is recognized that time may not permit consideration of this complete outline. It is assumed the panel will distinguish between what is suitable for adults and what is suitable for children. The panel should distinguish between various types of reading material: erotic realism, hard-core pornography, and material which is not "obscene" but which may present false values.

I. PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS

—What is the effect of reading matter on personality development and the formation of basic sex attitudes? What is the importance of reading matter in relation to other influences?

—Does reading about sex tend to make for more healthy or for less healthy sex attitudes?

—Does reading about sex tend to incite to action, does it serve as a substitute for action, or does it have little if any effect of any kind?

—Does the suppression of erotic reading matter encourage the feeling that sex is dirty and shameful?

—What are the historic and psychological origins of the American fear of Sex?

II. RELIGIOUS ASPECTS

—What are the attitudes of the churches?

—How may religious groups legitimately advance their views through the law? Through private pressure groups? Through the control of their own members?

III. CIVIL LIBERTIES ASPECTS

—Does the state have the right to restrict reading matter?

—What is the law at present, in light of recent Supreme Court decisions?

—What censorship practices are prevalent in the United States?

IV. UNCONVENTIONAL SEXUAL PRACTICES

—Should there be special controls on matter dealing with adultery, homosexuality, incest, fetishism, sadism, etc.?

—Does reading about these things bring out tendencies which otherwise might remain latent?

V. SEX EDUCATION

—How should people learn about sex—from parents, schools, churches, reading, or the gutter?

VI. CONTROL OF READING MATTER

—How great is the "obscenity" problem?

San Francisco CHRONICLE editorial, Friday, Nov. 13, 1959.

Vigilantes of The Newsstands

TO THE SMUT VIGILANTES who have appointed themselves to "drive obscene literature off the newsstands" of San Francisco we offer this advice: Do not make the mistake of most censors in confusing your prejudices with the laws of the community.

No one could question the right of individuals to withhold patronage from any newsstand that sells books or magazines they deem offensive. But we could call the attention of the vigilante group to the difference between exerting pressure by that means and attempting to coerce newsstand dealers into complying with the moral code of a minority without any sanction of law.

The question of what are obscene publications is a question for trial in court, not for the presumptive judgment of indignant individuals. If Mrs. Molly Minudri's vigilantes desire to obtain support, rather than excite suspicion, they must give a satisfactory answer to this question: Whose definition of "obscene" are they proposing to follow, their own or the law's?

In the proceedings by small-town cops of the Bay Area against Playboy magazine, which have been in the news lately, we observe more zealotry than sense. Police chiefs should know better than to yank, or threaten to yank, magazines from the stands without authorization of a court. It is not for a chief of police, however expert he regards himself in the field, to pronounce proscriptive judgment on pictures of nudes or near-nudes.

A chief of police can contribute much more to the wholesomeness of the community by observing due process of law than by asserting what he can't prove, namely, that girlie magazines incite crime. The statement of the vigilantes that these "numb the mind and lead to rape" is rhetorically impressive, but psychiatrically no sounder than the view of Congresswoman Kathryn Granahan, who

believes all juvenile mental patients in Pennsylvania, practically without exception, are the victims of the habit of reading lewd literature.

Bay Group Lists 'Immoral' Books

By Bruce Benedict

The San Mateo County Citizens for Decent Literature has published a revised list of over 100 books and magazines that are "immoral for youth and should be banned," The Chronicle learned yesterday.

"The publications minimize patriotism, flout law and authority, exploit sensational sex, ridicule marriage and the family and present sadistic brutality in such a way as to destroy in youth the ideals that will keep America strong," the citizens committee declared.

The list, prepared for Peninsula newsstand dealers as a "guide" to clean up their stock, was signed by Alfred Lynch, secretary of the anti-smut group.

"Every means within Constitutional privilege must be used to keep such publications out of the hands of the young," Lynch said.

Among magazines conspicuous on the list was "Playboy," a magazine that triggered a recent anti-smut drive with a racy bedroom scene in its November issue.

Several Peninsula and East Bay cities found it "objectionable" and yanked the magazine off the newsstands.

Objectionable magazines listed were:

Monday, Nov. 16, 1959
San Francisco Chronicle

"Ace," "Adam," "Adventure," "All Man," "Amazing Detective," "Battle Cry," "Caper," "Cavalcade," "Champion," "Confidential Detective," "Crime Detective," "Dare," "Detective Cases," "Dude," "Escapade," "Escape to Adventure," "Expose Detective," "Figure Studies," "Follies," "Foto-rama."

"Frolic," "Gent," "Glam Parade," "Hush-Hush," "Inside Story," "Intimate Story," "Jem," "Joker," "Knave," "Lowdown," "Male Life," "Manhunt," "Man's Action," "Man's Adventure," "Man's Cavalcade," "Man's Conquest," "Man's Daring Action," "Man's Illustrated," "Man's Magazine," "Man to Man," "Man's Smashing Stories."

"Marriage and Love Confessions," "Monsieur," "My Love Secret," "My Romance," "Night and Day," "Nugget," "Off Beat Detective," "On the Q.T.," "Peril," "Personal Romances," "Police Dragnet Cases," "Pose," "Playboy," "Real Detective," "Real Romance," "Real Secrets," "Real Story," "Real War," "Rogue," "Savage," "Scamp," "Sexology," and "Wildcat Adventures."

Objectionable pocket-size books named were:

"Abode of Love," "Alcoholic Woman," "Natives Are Lovers," "Bad Girl," "Bawdy Mrs. Grey," "Beach Maverick," "Beat Generation," "Beyond Desire," "Blackboard Jungle," "Bodies in Bedlam," "Break-up," "Call Girl," "Camp Followers," "Ceremony of Love," "Circle of Sin," "Clementine Cherie," "Dangerous Games," "Dead Dolls Don't Talk," "Death Is Last Lover," "Demands of the Flesh," "Devil's Mistress," "Diary of a Geisha Girl," "Evil Friendship," "Fire That Burns," "Fires of Youth," "Fires That Destroy," "Fraudulent Broad," "From Russia, With Love," "Girls in 3-B," "God's Little Acre," "Gretta," "Half-Caste," "Halfway to Hell," "Handsome's Seven Women," "Honey in the Flesh," "I Am a Lesbian," "I Am a Woman," "I the Jury," "Johnny Bogan," "Journeyman," "Judas Hour," "Jule," "Lady Was a Man," "Louisville Saturday," "Love Nest."

"Love Peddler," "Lust for Love," "My Name Is Violence," "Naked Lust," "Never Love a Stranger," "Nude in the Mirror," "Odd Girls," "Odd One," "Other Woman," "Passionate Land," "Payton Place," "Play It Cool," "Price of Salt," "Private Club," "The Rapist," "Rumble," "Rotten to the Core," "School for Girls," "Sensual Love," "Sex Without Guilt," and "The Shame of Mary Quinn."



PROGRAM

HOTEL BELLEVUE - Princess Room - 2 p.m.

Panel Discussion: "Should Americans Read About Sex?"

Moderator: Mrs. Elsa Knight Thompson, Public Affairs Director, KPFA-FM, Berkeley, Calif.

Panelists: Dr. Phyllis C. Kronhausen, Psychologist, San Francisco; Co-Author, "Pornography and the Law."

Mrs. Molly Minudri, Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco; President, "San Francisco Committee for Decent Literature."

Wallace de Ortega Maxey, Fresno, Calif.; Former editor, "Sex & Censorship" magazine; Author, "Man Is a Sexual Being;" Director of Research, Mattachine Society, Inc.

Charles R. Garry, Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco.

Comments and discussion of this panel will be recorded for a possible future broadcast on Station KPFA-FM. There will be a period for questions from the audience.

Princess Room - 4 p.m.

Display of Homophile magazines, Sexological Publications, and Sex Educational Materials from U. S. and Europe; also to be displayed are magazines and some books named as objectionable by the San Mateo County Committee for Decent Literature. Informal comment on these publications will be made by Mattachine officers, panelists and guests.

Regent Room - 6 p.m.

Cocktails

Jade Room - 7 p.m.

Dinner

Presiding: Harold L. Call, Director of Publications and Editor, MATTACHINE REVIEW.

Introduction of Guests

Symposium: "Pornography and the Law"

Participants: Afternoon Panelists, with

Dr. Eberhard Kronhausen, Psychologist, Co-Author of "Pornography and the Law"

O. M. Bailey, Ph.D., B.D., retired Episcopal Clergyman

Walter A. Sheppe, Ph.D., Biologist

C. V. J. Anderson, Editor, "The Underhound" magazine of commentary, San Francisco.

FEES: Entire Day - - - - - 6.50
Afternoon Panel Only - - - 2.00
Evening Program Only - - - 4.50

(Cocktail Hour Not Included above)

ADVANCE RESERVATIONS are advised. Please make reservation, enclosing remittance for sessions specified, to Mattachine Society, Inc., 693 Mission St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

SHOULD AMERICANS READ ABOUT SEX? -Continued

-If controls are needed, who should exercise them and decide what is to be banned?

-Can there be separate controls for children and adults?

-How can control be exercised without interfering with freedom of speech and religion?

-How can citizens protect themselves against pressure groups seeking to enforce conformity of opinion?

**UNNUMBERED
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Benedict ran up the stairway of the *campanario*, grabbed the *campanilla* and pulled back hard. Clang-CLANG! Clang-CLANG!

Benedict stopped and leaned his throbbing head against the stonework. Would the Padre ever come?

He heard the Padre's voice in the square below. "Benedict, my son, I am coming."

"Father!" he answered, leaning over the side of the *campanario*. He saw the priest turn and command some of the villagers to go back to their *camas*. By the time the Priest reached the *campanario*, Benedict had stumbled down the stairway.

Clinging breathlessly to the priest he cried, "Father, help me. Philo has gone away."

"But why should he go?" the Padre asked to test him.

"Because I struck him . . . because I said that I had never liked him. And . . . Father, he said . . . oh, I can't remember," he groaned, touching his head.

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 Lesesirkel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumünster, 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, Holland. (Single copies 50 cents each -- may be ordered from Mattachine Review.)

VRIENDSCHAP

Monthly magazine in Dutch with articles about male and female homophile problems, published by Cultuur en Ontspannings Centrum (C.O.C.), Bob Angelo, editor. Subscriptions \$4 per year. Address Postbox 542, Amsterdam, Holland.

ARCADIE

Monthly literary and scientific review in French, A. Baudry editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris 13, France.

"You have stolen my communion brandy." the priest chided. "Antiphones an old philosopher once said, 'A man can hide all things, excepting twain: that he is drunk and that he is in love.' Now I see that this is true."

"Oh, Father, if we can just find Philo, I welcome my punishment for this sin."

The Padre chuckled. "I will deny myself for your sin. It deserves a crown of gold if drink has made you see how much Philo loves you."

Benedict brightened. "Father, how you are always surprising me!"

"The best surprise is yet to come. Philo is at my adobe and confessed everything."

"But tell me, Father, how is it that I did not know I loved him?"

"Remember that Saint John tells us about the love of Christ for us, that because He *first* loved us we came to love Him. Go wait in the chapel for us. I will bring Philo to you."

Benedict was kneeling at the altar in a shaft of bright moonlight when Philo crossed himself and kneeled beside him.

Presently the priest joined them in front of the railing. "I will not know until I die the reasons why, my children, that some of us look with mixed feelings when two men show love as you do. Do you pledge your friendship?"

Benedict turned to Philo and pulled him close. "Chico. Chico Philo, I love you. Are you not afraid because I struck you?"

"Shhh! We are in the house where the God who loves us dwells. I feel like I am nine feet tall, The boldest warrior of all . . . when I am with you."

"You shall always be with me, Chico Philo."

"Amigos! Let us confess our sins together and pray."

The moonlight witnessed three smiling faces at the altar of the Chapel of San Antonio de Pala. The moonlight keeps its secrets forever.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has retracted a statement it published in connection with the recent Wolden-Christopher mayoralty campaign. The statement claimed that William P. Brandhove had been arrested in New Jersey in 1930 on a charge of sodomy. The *Chronicle* noted the error with regret. Therefore the *Review* retracts the statement, since it reproduced the error as a part of an entire article taken from the columns of the *Chronicle*. (November issue, p. 29.)

EDUCATIONAL GIFT SUGGESTIONS



***Mattachine Review makes
an ideal gift at Christmas
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MATTACHINE REVIEW annual subscriptions, mailed in sealed plain envelope, anywhere in U. S. and possessions, \$5.00 per year; elsewhere \$6.00 per year.

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mattachine **REVIEW**

693 Mission Street

San Francisco 5, Calif.

HERE'S WHAT **TIME**

SAID ABOUT IT:
"In his wild-swinging campaign, Opponent Wolden accused Christopher's administration of permitting San Francisco to become national headquarters of 'organized sex deviates.' The charge, which cosmopolitan San Francisco considered bad manners, queered Wolden with most of his fellow Democrats and all the city's newspapers... (he was) walloped... by more than 50,000 votes..."
(Time Magazine, Nov. 16)

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The following review of the new British book, **MARCEL PROUST: A Biography**, appeared in the **LONDON OBSERVER**. Author of the book is **George D. Painter**. It was published in London by Chatto and Windus (\$4.50).

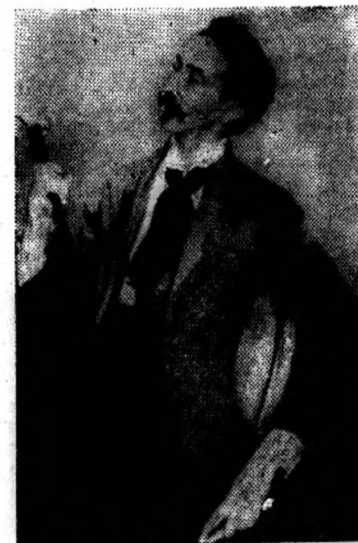
Fulfilment in Time

By **ANGUS WILSON**

SOCIETY and Friendship were two of the main avenues along which Proust sought fulfilment in his lifetime. That they proved not main avenues but blind alleys forced him to take the solitary road at the end of which time was regained; to their failure, then, we owe his great novel.

It is neither surprising nor unfitting that friends and society should revenge themselves for being found wanting by, in their turn, writing about Proust. It has to be said, however, that the flood of memoirs in the past two decades has seemed likely at times to overwhelm even the solid monument of "A la Recherche." In reaction to this mass of Proustiana there has arisen a school of critics and admirers—fundamentalists of a kind—who have declared against all glosses, who have asserted "the book and nothing but the book." It is in reaction against this reaction, in the sensible and true assertion that, of all literary works of art, Proust's autobiographical novel cannot be neatly and puristically separated from his life, that Mr. Painter has written his brilliant and scholarly biography, the first volume of which is now published.

* * *



Boldini's portrait of Comte Robert de Montesquiou, the original of Baron de Charlus.

MR. Painter, in his preface, makes it clear with a pleasing truculence how perfectly aware he is that his biographical approach is unfashionable not only in Proustian

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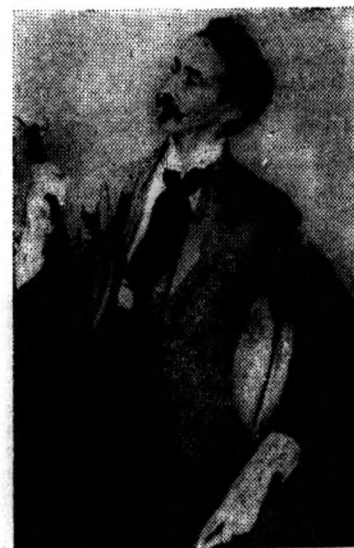
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studies but more widely in all literary criticism. He gives complete and convincing reasons for believing that distrust of biography is absurdly out of place in any study of Proust's novel; he also suggests—and any creative writer, I imagine, will give thanks that he does so—that the current prejudice is foolish in relation to a far wider field of literary studies. The limitations and dangers of the biographical approach are so obvious and so long advertised that it is cheering to see the merits once more so boldly asserted.

Mr. Painter is unfashionable also in a way of which he says less in his preface. A scholar by training, who has evidently applied the most painstaking methods of research to the minutiae of Proust's life—exact addresses, exact dates, topography, genealogy—he has chosen to write his findings in a highly literary form. The dramatised biography, with its evocations of scene and person, with its employment of quotations as direct speech, is even more unfashionable than biography as a means of criticism. Mr. Painter has defied this modish prejudice without any loss of seriousness or of scholarship. There are two main objections to this literary form of biography, I suppose. The first is a general distrust of the infusion of scholarship with imagination. This distrust, applicable perhaps to detailed monographs on the minutiae of history, has done untold harm to general historical works; and is, happily, being fought by post-war historians in other fields. Mr. Painter is surely right to fight it here—his work is a general history founded on monographs, in this case the memoirs of Proust's friends. He is doubly right because he is writing of Proust, the man who infused the facts of his own life with imagination to make a great novel, the admirer of Ruskin who made great literature of art-appreciation.

There are moments, of course, when such imaginative writing disturbs us by its choice of words—what, for example, does Mr. Painter mean by describing the Romanesque of Vézelay as “oriental”? Or how can remarks, clearly authentic, have survived if, as he tells us, they were “murmured” or “whispered”? But such small doubts are soon banished beside the life that his writing gives to Illiers and Auteuil, the salons, the



Portrait of Proust by Jacques-Emile Blanche.

Norman and Breton coastal resorts, even to that hackneyed old piece the Dreyfus case.

A second objection, I think, is more serious. Scholarship infused with imagination does excite the reader to know fully the sources of what he reads. Mr. Painter, in what I think to be a false concept of the general reader's inclinations, has purposely chosen, save for rare footnotes, to defer all bibliography and reference material to the second volume, promised in two years' time. It is a pity, I think, not because there is any doubt in the reader's mind that the smallest detail of dress or behaviour that Mr. Painter describes has its documentary source, but because the whole living, lively picture seems to lack a dimension without some general account of its origin.

* * *

WHAT are the salient features of Mr. Painter's storytelling? To begin with he never loses sight of the story line—in this case Proust's pil-

grimage through time apparently wasted to time regained. Whatever Mr. Painter is discussing—Proust's agony at the loss of Marie de Bernadaky (Gilberte), his first fully realised homosexual love with Reynaldo Hahn, the many identities of Mme Verdurin or of Oriane, the fusion of Illiers and Auteuil in Combray, the failures of “Jean Santeuil,” the ramifications of Saint Germain, the origins of Charlus's coat of arms—we are made aware of their significance in Proust's artistic and spiritual progress, of sensual memory as the key to the real world beyond time.

In harmony with this close attention to the significance of Proust's genius, Mr. Painter sets Proust himself firmly at the centre as a hero figure, not in his daily actions and relationships—here he appears often as unheroic, even unlikeable, as Marcel—but as the artist transcending his world. This high, almost romantic tone seems to me the fit and proper one to match Proust's own romanticism. More questionable perhaps is an occasional Thackerayan moralising which Mr. Painter permits himself about life in general, as when he tells us of Delafosse, the wretched pianist.

favourite of Montesquiou, that “the poverty and obscurity of his death in old age in 1955 were a belated consequence of his first fatal choice sixty-one years before, when instead of relying solely on his art he had sought the patronage of Montesquiou and high society.” After all, even Proust, for all his devotion to his art, so nearly fell into the same sin.

But, in keeping with the manner of “A la Recherche,” Mr. Painter's greatest triumph is in his depiction of place and people, his revelation of the raw material of the novel. Illiers, although I found the church a little changed from Mr. Painter's description when I visited it last spring, must be given top place in his evocation of places. Among his descriptions of people, there is no first place; all—and they are very numerous—are wonderfully described. Family, girl companions, schoolfellows (the Bloch world), a dozen or so salons with their hostesses and habitudes, the young noblemen who went to make up Saint Loup; all are presented with wit and sympathy. Even the Proustian most hostile to biography must surely say that, if it must be done, it could not have been done better. The only regret is that we must wait two years for the concluding volume.

READERS *write*

Dr. Karl Menninger: Just what kind of analyst are you anyway? You sound like an ignorant country hick. If you think poetic beauty is just a lot of “artistic flourishes,” you don't know the first thing about Art. “The Green Auto” is a poem, a vehicle for the imagination to fly in, suspending the law of gravity as well as your lesser laws of opinion and pathology. I project an accurate image of my passions in this brief world, telling the truth. It demeans you to insult this sublime process as “tricky little glorifications of the illicit.” Speech unworthy of a doctor of the soul... Furthermore it is presumptuous of you to try to throw your weight around telling the Editors of the *Mattachine Review* not to publish more such poetry, their magazine is pedantic

and scared enough anyway. I think you have misunderstood a great deal, and I won't stand still for it, you owe me an apology for public insult...

Allen Ginsberg.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Menninger wrote a letter which was published in our October issue, and in which he sharply criticized Allen Ginsberg's poem, “The Green Automobile,” in the June *REVIEW*. This was a red flag to Ginsberg, and in the spirit of fairness, his reply is published above. Publishing poetry has never been a consistent policy of the *REVIEW*. However, this literary art form does deserve print even in the *REVIEW* occasionally. We are grateful to Mr. Ginsberg for the poem mentioned above, and have received fav-

orable comments about it. And as a bonus to readers, a special supplement of 5 poems by four writers (including one from Mr. Ginsberg) is included with this issue.

REVIEW EDITOR: I suspect that what Dr. Karl Menninger (October issue) has misunderstood is the nature of homosexuality and the homophile movement. He does not object to the articles by Professor Ayer (advocating repeal of laws against homosexuals) and Dr. Ellis (apparently saying that anyone who is not bisexual is neurotic, and that anyone who supports homosexuals must be homosexual himself), but he does object to Allen Ginsberg's poem about a homosexual friendship. He objects because homosexual behavior is illegal and "in the minds of many people pathological."

The fact that homosexual behavior is illegal is hardly relevant. If we are not free to discuss and write about illegal acts from all points of view then the laws that happen to be on the books at the moment will become fossilized and sterile. Homosexual acts are not illegal in, say, Holland. Would it be all right to publish the poem there? The law is not holy writ. It should be observed except when it interferes unjustly with the individual's private life and conscience, but it should not be sanctified.

Of course homosexual behavior is pathological in the minds of many people in our society. It is unfortunate that many of these people are psychologists and psychiatrists, that many of our students of behavior seem to suffer from cultural myopia just as much as the clergy do. Other psychologists and psychiatrists who are just as competent do not agree that homosexuality is pathological, and it seems a bit presumptuous of Dr. Menninger to feel that only things that he approves of should be printed. Psychology and psychiatry are still so primitive, our understanding of human behavior so limited, that no one can say at the present time that homosexuality is healthy or pathological, normal or abnormal. It is likely that as our understanding increases these terms will become meaningless and we will ask questions that have more validity. In the meantime, tolerance and humility seem to be called for.

An essential factor in the development of group consciousness and self-understanding is the interpretation and extension of group experience by means of the artistic imagination. High-quality fiction, poetry and art can make a real contribution to the homophile movement. I hope

that you will continue to publish such material.—John Sheldon, Ph.D.

REVIEW EDITOR: Received the literature of your Society and found it interesting, however I did not see how it can help in the way I was hoping for. For instance a man is a respected member of his community, has a good position and is known as a church worker, yet he is secretly homosexual. What is he to do? He cannot associate with known homosexuals, so, except for an annual vacation, or an occasional business trip to a distant enough city, he must lead a frustrated, sex-starved life. Even in these occasional indulgences he must continually fear exposure. I am sure there are thousands of such men with the same problem who would like to meet others in the same circumstances. Two men whose reputations are above reproach, so that if they spent an evening together no one would ever stop to think that the time was spent in the bedroom, instead of talking in the den.—Mr. K. K., Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This problem is quite a general one, our mail would indicate. In fact, it is one of the end reasons why there is a Mattachine Society. But the goal is far from achieved. Won't you, Mr. K. K., help us to educate, conduct research, and change outmoded sex attitudes so that the freedom you seek for your private life as an adult will come to pass for everyone?

REVIEW EDITOR: I would have become a member long ago, but a letter I wrote did not receive a very good welcome. The reply I got was rather stilted and puritan. You would not write me and wouldn't have anyone else write me or give me any names and addresses. Now what is the use of my joining a group if I cannot correspond with like spirits and compare difficulties, experiences, etc. In a small place like this where I am tied down by my business, it is impossible to get to meetings in New York City or other places. If you can solve this difficulty for me or write to me yourself or have others write, I will be glad to join.—Mr. W. C., New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have stated the reasons many times why Mattachine cannot be an address exchange center. The problem is one which we are, in our small way, attempting to solve by helping to change laws and attitudes. In the meantime, we cannot understand how any adult concerned can fail to willingly support the work of our group in seeking to

erase the restrictions you don't like.

REVIEW EDITOR: I sincerely wish to express thanks for the fine work of your organization and other groups which promote integration and advancement of the homosexual, because it is truly a valuable movement for mankind. In the past I have contributed some to helping these societies (and I helped the preparation of the) Education Handbook compiled by Carl B. Harding, but it is not enough. Being a homosexual, I myself realize the need to educate the masses, and in the future I shall become a member of your organization and submit material for the REVIEW. But for the time being I am completing a book in philosophy and financially I cannot spare anything. But I do enclose \$1.50 for some information folders for my friends — these may do a small part in promoting knowledge of the homosexual's problem and your organization.—Mr. G. R., Mass.

REVIEW EDITOR: Your remarkable convention and the Denver Post coverage of it convince me that I should join Mattachine. Enclosed is my check. Although it is rather late, I plan to write the Post to express appreciation for their reporting.—Mr. D. L., California

REVIEW EDITOR: Please send me a copy of the folder, "Breakthrough." I am a regular REVIEW reader and newsstand purchaser, although I intend to subscribe soon, especially if you maintain the current standards and keep up publication of authors such as Ginsberg.—Mr. S. B., California

REVIEW EDITOR: As usual I have enjoyed the articles that appear in the REVIEW and will look forward to the succeeding issues with anticipation. I will see if I can get some subscriptions for you whenever the opportunity presents itself. I have one person already who has mentioned an interest but the manner of paying for it (in England) is still under discussion. We have just heard of the Wolden scandal, and although we don't have any real details, we are amazed at the utter stupidity of his trying to make an issue of this...—Miss L. L., London

REVIEW EDITOR: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Mattachine Society Today." I am looking forward to joining the chapter in Phoenix that is being formed — it will be wonderful joining a Society, where I can belong and contribute to its aims.—Mr. A. J., Arizona

REVIEW EDITOR: Enclosed is another \$20 contribution in fulfillment of my

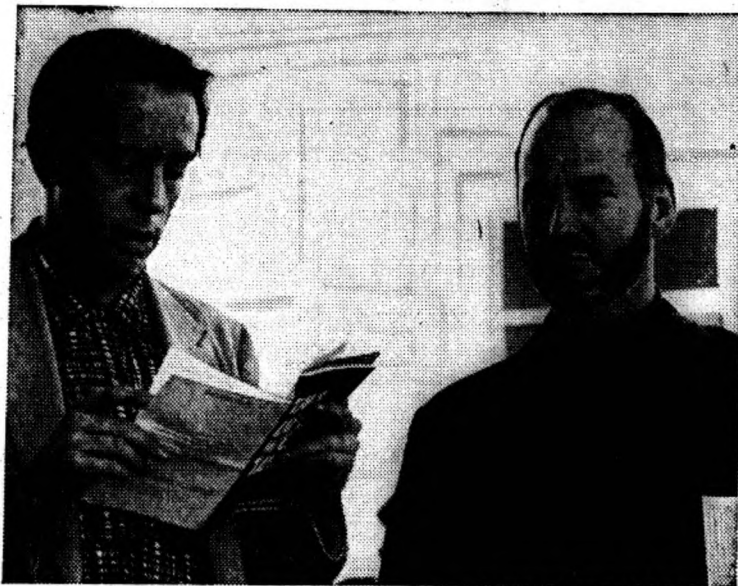
monthly pledge. I want to thank you for all the time you spent explaining the progress of the REVIEW when I was in San Francisco. The letter by R. F. in your September issue was thought-provoking. The theory that one cause of delinquency is conflict with normal homosexual desires has strong support among psychologists and psychiatrists. No one seems ready, however, to make the obvious conclusion. Again I congratulate you for doing a splendid job.—Dr. M., Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: The individual above and a very few others have made regular monthly contributions for a long time. These have been invaluable to the Society. But the need for more friends to aid this way becomes greater every day.

Some members of the regular staff have gone deeply into debt personally in order to continue their necessary services with the Society and the REVIEW and for which they receive inadequate pay. Will more members and friends in 1960 see fit to support this work with contributions? We hope so!

REVIEW EDITOR: I had good intentions of availing myself of your subscription offer, but through negligence I never got around to it. Therefore I was glad to get your letter giving us slow pokes another chance. I am enclosing \$10 for two years.—Mr. J. C., New York

REVIEW EDITOR: I have read your discussion of advising minors on sex problems in the current issue... this matter came up also in an issue of ONE magazine, so I have decided to suggest that minors be told to read SEXOLOGY, the popular sex education magazine. Within a few months or a year, most questions will be answered. SEXOLOGY does not condemn deviates, but criticizes them in a constructive manner... After reading about all the emotional problems that so-called "normal" people have, I lost my own inferiority complex about being homosexual... I also lived near the Mexican border once (there are not so many deviates in Mexico because laws pay hardly any attention to it). The deviate I got most of my information from said at that time he was having doings with a policeman, twice a week. This policeman's wife did not want any more sex as she was afraid of having more children. This policeman thought that he was doing the right thing, otherwise if he had an affair with another woman, it might break up his home and marriage.—(signed) "A Homosexual in a Packing Box."



Photographs by HARRY REDL
Kenneth Tynan with Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

In September Kenneth Tynan of London came to San Francisco on a special assignment: to make a film documentary on non-conformism in San Francisco. This assignment was made by BBC-Television. For it, Mr. Tynan spent several days in San Francisco's North Beach Area (which is not a beach at all) interviewing spokesmen of the so-called Beat Generation. He also brought his cameras to the offices of the Mattachine Society, and included an interview with the president of the California Federation of Young Democrats.

First report of Mr. Tynan's visit here to come from England is the following article he wrote for the LONDON OBSERVER which is reproduced in full text herewith.

Bearding the Beats

By KENNETH TYNAN

mattachine REVIEW

Poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth.

Allen Ginsberg, author of "Howl."

WEST of the Rockies, say the people who live there, we are making a new America, far away from the terrible imperatives of Wall Street and the Pentagon. After spending two weeks in San Francisco I suspect they may be right.

This bright, precipitous city is a cradle of nonconformity; it houses and cherishes more

extremes of thought and feeling than any other in America. Built on a hilly, northward-jutting spur of land, with a blue bay to the East and Japan to the West, it is a haven of tolerance after the wary, prestige-driven insecurity of Los Angeles. In San Francisco, for instance, the Young Democrats' organisation is pressing for the admission of China to the United Nations; here the Mattachine Society, which is dedicated to the abolition of the laws against homosexuality, has its headquarters; and here Zen Buddhism thrives, guided by its leading American expounder, Alan Watts.

This is a town where left-wing opinions can be expressed without defiance; a town, too, that is served by a unique radio station, KPFA, which abjures commercials and is wholly financed by contributions from its 200,000 listeners. KPFA, which devotes hours of its time to such subjects as sexual deviation, Chinese Communism and drug addiction, recently invited to its studio a group of marijuana smokers, "turned them on" (i.e., gave them the cigarettes they wanted) and interviewed them for four hours. One of its news commentators is a Communist; his predecessor, also a Communist, was fired, not because of his beliefs but because he did not express them intelligently enough. It was in San Francisco that the protest comedians, Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce, first became prominent.

Publicity Disturbs Older Writers

On the whole, I see why Mr. Khrushchev warned to the place, and it to him. The day he left, a local columnist said that "as of to-day, San Francisco is the safest city in the United States. L.A. goes first." If the town contained just one really beautiful building, I would be seriously tempted to live there the rest of my life.

Among other things, it is the fortress of the beat generation. The older San Francisco writers—such as Kenneth Rexroth, Henry Miller, Kenneth Patchen and Robert Duncan—are understandably a little disturbed by the publicity the beats have received, and Rexroth is right when he says: "We had our renaissance twenty years ago." But in America time moves, and reputations dim, with beastly speed. And people move as well. Of the founders of beat, Jack Kerouac is now living on Long Island, while Allen Ginsberg (the author of "Howl," the beat anthem) shares an apartment with Gregory Corso on the lower East Side of New York. They are professional literary men who argue about royalties and German rights. Ginsberg also talks about prosody, in which he thinks the Americans have far outstripped the Europeans. Showing you his latest poem, he will direct your attention to the passage wherein he obliquely mocks Anacreon. Beat poetry is packed with intramural references, attempts to prove that writers of the past were also members of the gang; "I knew you, Charlie Baudelaire, and you too, Gerry de Nerval," is not an uncommon sort of exordium.

Precise, Witty, Sepulchral

The beat Pope is an exiled American, now in his forties, named William S. Burroughs. An addict of most things euphoric, he lives at present in Tangier, where he wrote a novel called "Naked Lunch" that displays a command of prose more precise and witty sepulchral than any of his disciples have yet achieved. Otherwise, you don't have to read much Kerouac to agree with Kingsley Amis's comment that talking off the top of your head is not the same as spontaneity; and there is more

than bitchery in Dorothy Parker's remark that, whatever their literary shortcomings, the beats are generous people—"why, they'd give you the monkey off their backs."

The beats I met in San Francisco were different; nicer, and much less pretentious. Mostly they live on or near Grant Avenue, a steep, narrow street leading up to Telegraph Hill, which overlooks the bay. The district is called North Beach, and it is full of bars and coffee-houses such as The Place, The Co-Existence Bagel Shop, The Old Spaghetti Factory (square) and the Bread and Wine Mission.

Poetry Readings and Parades

Poetry readings are held in most of these haunts, sometimes preceded by parades, for which the beats and their docile, black-slacked girls dress up in brown paper and fishnet tights, and brandish emblematic mobiles. Some of the poets are would-be mystics, like Philip Lamantia, who intones, in a dragging, florid voice, his determination to find Christ through dope: "I am the sickest of San Francisco," he drawls, bitterly grinning, "dig?" Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a bearded humanist close to forty who runs the City Lights book-store and publishes most of the beat poets, is a fine writer and a good incantatory reader, as witness the recording he made of his anti-bomb poem, "Tentative Description of a Dinner given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower."

The Abomunist Manifesto

Then there is Bob Kaufman, a Negro who lately wrote a poem attacking the police, pinned it up on a coffee-house wall, and suf-

fered a broken toe when an irate policeman tore it down and trod on his foot. Kaufman is the author of "The Abomunist Manifesto," of which these are fragments:—

In times of national peril, Abomunists, as reality Americans, stand ready to drink themselves to death for their country . . .

Abomunists do not use the word Square except when talking to Squares . . .

Abomunists never carry more than fifty dollars in debts on them . . .

Abomunists do not write for money; they write the money itself . . .

Abomunists demand low cost housing for homosexuals . . .

Abomunists demand suppression of illegal milk traffic . . .

The only office Abomunists run for is the unemployment office.

The pamphlet also includes excerpts from "the live sea scrolls," presumably written by Christ:—

Nazareth getting too hot, fuzz broke up two of my poetry readings last night. Beat vagrancy charge by carrying my tool box—carpenters O.K. Splitting to Jeru as soon as I get wheels . . . Jeru cool, Roman fuzz busy having a ball, never bother you unless someone complains. Had a ball this morning, eighty-sixed some square bankers from the temple, read long poem on revolt. Noticed cats taking notes, maybe they are publishers' agents, hope so. It would be crazy to publish with one of those big Roman firms . . . Local poets and literary people throwing a big dinner for me to-night, which should be a gas. Most of the cats here real cool, writing real far out—only cat bugs me is this Judas, got shook up when I refused to loan him thirty pieces of silver, he seems to be hung on loot, must be a lush . . . I am writing this in my cell. I was framed . . . Roman turnkey was around passing out crosses. The two thieves have good connections so they got first crack at them—I got stuck with the biggest one. One of the guards doesn't dig my beard and sandals—taunted me all night. I'm going to be cool now, but to-morrow I'll

tell him to go to hell, and what's so groovy is, he will . . . Barabbas gets a suspended sentence and I make the hill. Well, that's poetry, and I've got to split now.

(Glossary. Fuzz means police, splitting means leaving, eighty-sixed means evicted, bugs means bothers, and hung on means addicted to.)

I find that funny, but I do not think it literature. What interests me least about the beats is their philosophy of aesthetics, and I believe it misguided to defend their way of life on the ground that it is a way of art. Lawrence Lipton, the beat sage of Los Angeles, declares that beatdom will evolve a new mode of art as it severs itself from life; this seems to me dubious, since art that is divorced from life cannot be other than sterile. Pierre de Lattre, the young Congregationalist minister who runs the Bread and Wine Mission on Grant Avenue, strikes me as being much more sensible when he says he likes the beats because they live a communal life more selfless and unworldly than he has ever seen outside purely religious groups.

A Gandhian Hatred of Violence

They are dedicated to poverty, which means that they care about money only in so far as it brings them the basic necessities of food, shelter and clothing. And they are Gandhian in their hatred of violence and the bomb. If America had a political party that was prepared to take disarmament seriously, and to abolish advertising and the values it implies, the beats would probably take up politics. Until then, they will write, make love, contemplate, take marijuana (not heroin or cocaine) and drink cheap wine (not gin or whisky). They are doing no harm, except conceivably to themselves; and meanwhile, their numbers are growing.

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Retake of Preceding Frame

1959 Year-End

Poetry Supplement

5

x

4

PRESENTING FOUR MODERN POETS:

Allen Ginsberg

Tram Combs

Douglas R. Empringham

J. Howard Simpson

1959 YEAR-END POETRY SUPPLEMENT

Message

Since we had changed
rogered spun worked
wept & pissed together
I wake up in the morning
with a dream in my eyes
but you are gone in NY
remembering me good
I love you I love you
& your brothers are crazy
I accept their drunk cases

It is too long that I have been alone
it's too long that I've sat up in bed
without anyone to touch on the knee, man
or woman I don't care what anymore, I
want love I was born for I want you with me now
Ocean liners boiling over the Atlantic
Delicate steelwork of unfinished skyscrapers
Back end of the dirigible roaring over Lakehurst
Six women dancing together on a red stage naked
The leaves are green on all the trees in Paris now
I will be home in two months and look into
you in the eyes

Allen Ginsberg

Back to My Hell

The moon glows, an aberration through the
swirling mist.
The distant wail of a sea gull sends titilating
chills up my spine.
Churning black waters, their restful respite
beat relentlessly upon the pier—
beckoning.
The smell and feel of salt and brine
intoxicate my senses.
My passion wells up inside me.
My very innards contort with, a sickened
loathing.
I hear his voice — feel his hatred —
know my love
The moon and mist and gulls,
The eternal roar, the foaming broth —
the cold icy depths, their gurgling call.
Slowly I turn.
Lights twinkle warmly in the distance.
I start to walk, and then run,
Frenzied —
back to my Hell.

J. Howard Simpson

The Clown

The water flows slow and white from the flume.

The boy rubs the wet stones
with his feet, his legs
and shorts are haired with dust.

I finish and he drinks,
throat like a heart,
then dips his head beneath the tap.

"Feel good, Angelo?"
He smiles.

His fingers open like leaves
to bare the peach:
his teeth press
its juices down his throat.

On his stomach I collect the stream
with my finger . . .
earth and salt and peach.

"Clown!" he lightly chides.

Douglas R. Empringham

boy, north beach, s. f.

how many nights will you feed
before the death you seek?

bruised blue from the last rough trade,
stoned for four days

the boy who loved you best
left you but years of despair

we turn in the sun but briefly
and underground long

now we have you among us
i walk by your side alive

take your hand, i may,
go with you a way

tram combs

I fellows!

bather

you will have
that peach—flesh flesh
so brief a time

wrap it
if wrap it you must
in metal—green mesh,
narrow

the loin—form forward

that we
stepping near you on the sands
may start • to dream and remember
why we are here

West island night

the lobster claw by claw crawls
from under rock under—sea

as I foot by foot advance
main street at midnight, joyous—lung'd

each to his taste —
c.-s., c.-f.

(for Allen Ginsberg)

whence this curiosity, God?
some-times i'm so tired

of trying to think.
!out! to get drunk

or (sigh; so seldom) laid

Back to my Hell
The moon glows in the night through the
if i might love you...
mind struggles to ingest
so great a thought
but denied in all its arcs its points its acts
die down.
it dares not think on so intense a grace
lest in attempting to return
to the gestures of today
hearts will be lost.

i remember it
most because your eyes
were violet.

so subtly our summer went
it seems not really over yet

tram combs

West Indies, 1959