HOLIDAY FICTION BY ARNELL LARSEN—

WHEN I AM WITH YOU

KENNETH TYNAN OF LONDON WRITES ABOUT

THE BEARDED BEATS

—OF SAN FRANCISCO

REVIEWS THE BIOGRAPHY OF MARCEL PROUST—

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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 inter-society's Denver convention addressed 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 autoeroticism 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 interest is sexual behavior problems, particularly those of the homosexual adult.

The REVIEW is available on many U.S. newsstands at 50c per copy, and by subscription (mailed in plain, sealed envelope): Rates in advance: $5 in U.S. and possessions; $6 foreign.

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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 Koeppel 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 guilt 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, 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? Where will the police force large enough to prevent such congregating come from? And who will pay this force well enough to prevent such 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 serving 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 Woffenden 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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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,” 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 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 to 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 tosurvey the transformation.
The other neophytes grew accustomed to his "Just from below the ears. It will not hurt." The sharp rock clicked against him. "You will become a child of God, I know. You will stay here and live Padre smiled and greeted him in his native tongue, the dwarf limed 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 pequeño 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. “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 chattering 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 map, 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.
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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.
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 prescriptive 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 girly magazines incite crime. The statement of the vigilantes that these "nub the mind and lead to rape" is rhetorically impressive, but psychatically 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 pocket-size books listed were:


(Continued on Back Center Panel)
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 Marley, Fresno, Calif.; Former editor, “Sex & Censorship” magazine; Author, “Man Is a Sexual Being;” Director of Research, Mattachine Society, Inc.

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.

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. Shoppe, 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.

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.

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 PAGE [S]
Should be pp. 15-23
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 never 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 Leszizkel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

ICSE NEWSLETTER


VRIENDSCHAP


ARCADIE

"You have stolen my communion brandy," the priest chided. "Antiphanes 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.)
"In his wild-swinging campaign, Opponent Welden accused Christopher's administration of permitting San Francisco to become national headquarters of 'organised sexual vice.' The charge, which cosmopolitan San Francisco considered bad manners, was answered by a fellow queer, Welden's own, who was also one of the city's newspapers... (he was) walloped... by more than 50,000 votes..." (Time Magazine, Nov. 16)

Mattachine Society's BIG Book for 1960 —-

The unique story of Mattachine involved in a Big-City Election

The political issue of "homosexual vice" raised by a candidate who was defeated!

- Told in documented reproductions from newspapers, magazines and radio scripts; includes cartoons, photographs and comment
- 200 (or more) large size pages (8½x11). Spiral bound. Banner headlines reproduced full size

INVALUABLE TO HISTORIANS, RESEARCH PSYCHOLOGISTS, SOCIOLOGISTS, POLITICAL SCIENTISTS, etc.

Advance Orders Accepted NOW!

(Publication Date: March 15, 1960)

THIS IS A LIMITED 500-COPY EDITION. IT WILL SOON BECOME A 'RARE VOLUME'

ADVANCE PRICE TEN DOLLARS PER COPY

(Price may be increased upon publication if production costs dictate)

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 un-fitting 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.
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dates, exact addresses, tombography,
genalogys—he has chosen to write
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than biography as a means of
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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 imagina-
tion. This distrust is applicable perhaps
to detailed monographs on the
minitiae 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 doubtless 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-appreci-
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to Illiers and Auteuil, the salons, the
Portait of Proust by Jacques-
Emile Blanche.

study 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 practice is foolish in relation

to a far wider field of literary
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taglish through time apparently
wasted to time regained. Whatever
Mr. Painter is discussing—Proust's
agony at the loss of Marie de Berna-
daky (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, his
failures of "Jean Santeuil," the rami-
fications 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 atten-
tion to the significance of Proust's
genius, Mr. Painter sets Proust him-
self firmly at the centre as a heroic
figure, not in his daily actions and
relationships—here he appears often
as unheroic, even unlikeable, as Mar-
cel—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 romantic-
ism. 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 con-
sequence 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 genius, was not an artist, 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 descrip-
tion 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—a
wonderfully described. Family, girl
companions, schoolfellows (the Bloch
world), a dozen or so salons with
their hostesses and habitués, the
young noblemen who went to make
up Saint Loup; all are presented with
wit and sympathy. Even the Prous-
tian 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.

Dr. Karl Manning: Just what kind of an-
alyist are you anyway? You sound like an
ignorant country bumpkin. If you think poetic
beauty is just a lot of "artistic flour-
tishes," you don't know the first thing
about Art. "The Green Auto" is a poem,
a vehicle for the imagination to fly in,
suspended by the "law of gravity as well as
your lesser laws of opinion and pathol-
ogy. I project an accurate image of my
passions in this brief world, telling
the truth. It demeans you to insult this sub-
tline process as "tricky little glossica-
tions of the illicits." Speech unworthy of
a doctor of the soul... Furthermore it is
presumptuous of you to try to throw your
weight around by telling the Editors of the
Mortachine 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. Manning wrote a
letter which was published in our October
issue, and in which he sharply criticized
Allen Ginsberg's poem, "The Green Auto-
mobile," 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 con-
sistent 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 favo-

READERS write

* * *

mattachine REVIEW
A summary of the major points from the text:

- The nature of homosexuality is misunderstood, and it is illegal in many places.
- The poem, "The Poet," by four writers, including one misunderstood as a homosexual, and Dr. Ellis, who supports homosexuals, is discussed.
- Professor Ayer's article advocating the repeal of laws against homosexuals is also mentioned.
- The law is not sterile. Homosexual acts are not illegal if conducted in private.
- It is likely that as our understanding increases, the restrictions on publication of such material will continue to be lifted.

The text also includes a review editor's note, expressing interest in receiving more members and friends in 1960, and a note from a reader expressing desire to support the work of the group in seeking to promote the work of the group. The review editor also expresses a desire to promote integration and advancement of the homosexual community, and mentions the Denver Post coverage of the Mottochline scandal. The letter from Mr. W. C., New York, expresses interest in joining the society, and a letter from Miss L. L., London, expresses appreciation for the work of the review editor.

Finally, a note from Mr. W. C., New York, expresses a desire to join the society, and a note from Miss L. L., London, expresses appreciation for the work of the review editor. The text ends with a note from Mr. W. C., New York, expressing interest in joining the society, and a note from Miss L. L., London, expressing appreciation for the work of the review editor.
Bearding the Beats

By KENNETH TYNAN

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 warmed 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 unutterably 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 wittily 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 draws, 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 suffered 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, Abuminsts, as reality Americans, stand ready to drink themselves to death for their country...
- Abuminsts do not use the word Square except when talking to Squares.
- Abuminsts never carry more than fifty dollars in debts on them...
- Abuminsts do not write for money; they write the money itself...
- Abuminsts demand low cost housing for homosexuals...
- Abuminsts demand suppression of illegal milk traffic...
- The only office Abuminsts 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, 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 the 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—Roman car 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 hurrum... I am writing this in my cell. I was fraged... 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... Barabas 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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1959 YEAR-END POETRY SUPPLEMENT
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

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 inards 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.

Allen Ginsberg

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.

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

Douglas R. Empringham
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.
loud! to get drunk

or (sigh; so seldom) laid
If I might love you... Are you of two things or of
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

From Combs

West Indies, 1959