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APRIL 1960



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First Decade - 1950 - 1960

It any special day of the year is to be claimed as the holiday of the Court Jesters of the Middle Ages, April 1—All Fools Day—is it.

Mardi Gras and various pre-lenten-season carnivals including the ancient "Rites of Spring" held in Southern Europe, North and South America, often commemorate this date to a certain extent, although in modern times many sponsors and participants are unaware of the origin.

It is with more logic than license that the Mattachine Society has this year designated the day and the month of April as the official anniversary date of the Society. The very name Mattachine (which literally means "little fool") essentially commemorates the court jesters, soothsayers and prophets of the noble circles of the middle ages, and has been extended to include some of the roving bands of entertaining gypsies prevalent in Southern Europe at the time. These people dared to speak the truth in the face of stern consequences, and often spread their wisdom from behind the thrones which protected them. Professional court jesters were often homosexual.

Therefore April 1960 represents the completion of the first decade of the Mattachine Movement in the U. S. The organization is strictly not confined to this nation, however, since individual members and contributors live in England, Canada, New Zealand and Australia. Circulation of the magazine, Mattachine REVIEW, goes even further into some 14 additional countries over the earth.

Any reflection on the first decade of the Society must necessarily be in two main parts: First the "era" of the Mattachine Foundation, the actual corporate body which initially founded the movement in Los Angeles in 1950, and second, the present membership organization that is the Mattachine Society today.

As an organization, Mattachine preceded One, Inc., in Los Angeles, but nevertheless both sprang from the same booming city of the American West, where new and challenging ideas have paralleled one of the fastest-growing population centers in the nation, and where U. S. technological and industrial development has achieved a zenith virtually unmatched elsewhere on the continent.

The Early Days: Mattachine Foundation—1950-53

One evening early in 1950, a small group of homosexuals met to discuss informally the origins of deviation. They had been in conversations before where the subject had come up, but had been dropped because it was too academic

(Continued on page 26)



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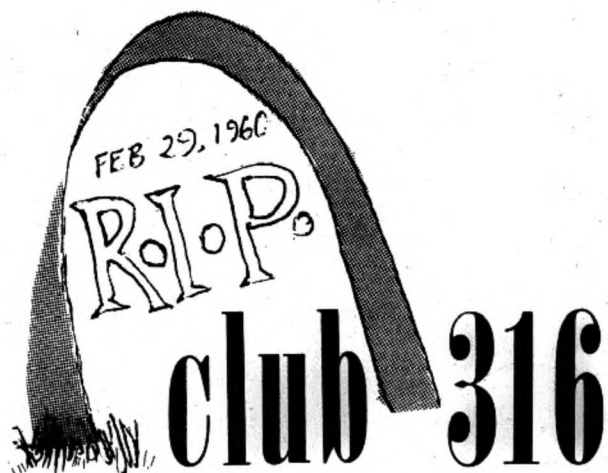
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ADVERTISEMENTS: Accepted only from publishers and/or authors of books; magazines; periodicals and booksellers concerned with homosexual and other sexological subjects. Rates upon application.
MANUSCRIPTS: Original articles, reviews, letters and significant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



BY TOM WILSON

Someone said that our most cherished liberty is 'the right to be left-handed' to which he should have added: and the right to be 'left alone'. This thought comes to mind because of a sad event which took place on the rarest of rare days, February 29th, in that 'most libral' of towns, Little Old New York. The tragic charade could be called: The Last Night of the 316, or The Death of the First Admendment.

Had you been present at the Club 316 you would have seen a typical picture of what it means to be a homosexual in Free America in the year 1960, A.D.

Gathered together were, perhaps, a hundred business men, actors, painters, writers, longshoremen, hair-dressers, clerks, waiters, plumbers and other ordinary citizens guilty of no crime—except that of bearing the modern scarlet letter H on their collective breast.

For many months the same men (and women) had gathered in this friendly, fraternal club to seek companionship, solace and kindred spirits. Persecuted and harassed everywhere else this tavern on New York's East side served its

purpose as an oasis in a desert of prejudice and ridicule. But even this 'last resort' was about to be closed thanks to the mad hatchetmen Lee Mortimer and Walter Winchell and their allies: the politicians and professional queer hunters. This was also an election year and, of course, the homo vote was expendable.

All the boys and girls at the 316 knew it was the 'last night' and some wore black arm-bands in sincere mourning and as 12 o'clock neared a large basket of lillies, with black ribbons entwined, was placed on the mantle by the bar and everyone paused in their drinking and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne"; Many an eye was unashamedly wet as hands found each other and a silent toast was drunk to departed liberties in not so gay Manhattan. For the 316 was not the only victim—the axe was felt all over town.

You may feel that the closing of the 316 should not be mentioned in the same breath as the Boston Tea Party or The Fall of the Bastille but—if we let the denial of free assembly to American citizens go unnoticed and without protest then, surely, the end to all freedom is not very far off. All minorities and, indeed, all citizens, should be in the forefront of this fight to preserve the First Amendment to the Constitution. If it is allowed to happen to Homosexuals today it can happen to Jews, Negroes or Democrats tomorrow.

Meanwhile, back at the 316 that odd day that comes once every four years was drawing to a melancholy close. As the hands of the clock crept closer to mid-night an exuberent lad leapt to the bar for an impromptu dance—till an alert management, still wishing to obey the law, called a halt. Now the 316 is really crowded as all the 'old gang' is there, plus a few strangers (though to-night none are strangers). Just before 12 everyone buys that 'last' drink and a few bottles are broken, perhaps, as a symbolic protest or just to let off steam. Finally the bar is officially closed and, slowly, two-by-two, the crowd starts to leave and the room is not quite so crowded. Still, many wish to linger on, hating to admit that this is really the end for an old friend. It is a wake in more ways than one!

At long last all are gone and the 316 closes its doors forevermore. No more Sunday Night buffets and the excellent food this club served the boys, no more jolly gatherings listening to Ethel's brassy numbers from "Gypsy" or the long-time favorite "Mack the Knife" on the juke-box, no more gay gatherings among gay friends on a 'found' week-end. Gone now those little joys of life which helped to make the straight world bearable; gone, too, the happy nights which made the days livable.

Sure, we'll find another 316, and still another after they close *that* one. But somehow it just won't seem the same.

For others, February 29th comes once in four years. But for us it comes every day of every year.

R. I. P. CLUB 316, AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

CRIMES AGAINST HOMOSEXUALS:

Never Pay Blackmail!

BY JOHN LEROY

"Because of the barbaric attitudes toward homophiles, they are, as a group, more susceptible than other groups to have crimes committed against them. Many criminals take advantage of the fact that homosexual acts are considered a crime. They are fully aware that law enforcement agencies will probably not be contacted and that the crime will be borne in silence." Those are the words of Mr. Donal E. J. MacNamara, Dean of the New York Institute of Criminology, who gave one of the finest talks yet presented before the New York Mattachine group. In a lucid, cogent and resounding manner, he held the rapt attention of the 96 people assembled at the Freedom House recently.

Mr. MacNamara continued: About 5% of all homicides and negligent manslaughters committed involve homosexuals. The criminal will usually "justify" his act by rationalizing his motive. "I'm bumping off the queers and doing society a service," is one of the most common excuses given. Another is: "I was being seduced and corrupted and I needed to defend my masculinity." Other murders occur because of sadistic or masochistic patterns within the personality structure of either the murderer or victim.

Theft, burglary, and direct assault can be prevented by being especially careful about the persons solicited in parks, streets, bars, and other favorite "cruising" spots. Inviting a total stranger to one's home can often be asking to be stolen from. Many homosexuals who freely make known the kind of valuables they possess become the victims of burglars. If sexual relations have

occurred between the thief and the victim, there is a good chance that the crime will not be reported. Criminals who prey upon homosexuals usually like to make themselves appear as attractive as possible. It is necessary to exercise caution at all times when soliciting strangers to avoid tragic consequences.

Blackmail is very seldom reported to the authorities and untold personal misery usually results. Intense fear of being exposed makes homophiles especially susceptible to this abominable practice. **NEVER PAY A BLACKMAILER.** If a choice is necessary between paying him and killing him, then killing him is the wiser alternative. Mr. MacNamara made this point quite emphatically. Police officers are especially anxious to bring blackmailers to justice and will protect the victim even if he is being blackmailed for a criminal offence. A blackmailer is a far greater prize to the police than a homosexual. If the homophile feels he cannot contact the police, revealing the secretly-guarded information and exposing the blackmailer will nullify the crime. Here, again, it is necessary to be careful about the people to whom confidential information is given.

Last, but certainly not least, entrapment occurs quite frequently with homosexuals. Some police department vice-squads and other law-enforcement agencies have been known to take one of their better-looking men; send him to a gay bar or other place where homosexuals are known to congregate; and have him entice a homosexual to commit an "unnatural" act. An arrest will be promptly made when the "importuning" takes place, or perhaps not until the act is committed. Invariably the word of the officer is taken as true in most courts. This practise is unconstitutional and the homosexual should seek to have competent legal counselling available and to bring the case before a liberal judge. Again, be wary of strangers in known homosexual hangouts!



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From RESEARCH NEWSLETTER, a publication of the California Medical Facility, Vacaville, Capt. Reed M. Larsen, USAF, reports on research:

Inversion Is Different

This research design is one of several planned by the Air Force to investigate the development and identification of inversion in adult males and its relation to homosexuality. This phase of the study is a cooperative effort of the Department of Clinical Psychology, USAF Hospital Travis, Travis AFB, California, and the staff and patients of the California Medical Facility, Vacaville, California.

The primary objective of this study is the development of a method that will adequately demonstrate that inversion and homosexuality are two different types of behavior which are not always concomitant.

In a review of the literature concerning sexual deviation it is not uncommon to read authors who make no distinction between inversion and homosexuality, and who use the terms interchangeably or synonymously. It is perhaps because of the impact of Freud's formulations concerning homosexuality that this manner of thinking has been promulgated. Freud (Brill, A. S. *Basic Writings*, 1939, p. 554) equated the two types of behavior as follows:

"It is, therefore, very surprising to find that there are men for whom the sexual object is not woman but man, and there are women for whom it is not man but woman. Such persons are designated as contrary sexuals, or better inverts, and the situation of such a relationship is called inversion."

From the above quotation it appears clear Freud believed that a person is inverted if his sexual object is one of the same sex.

Another factor which seems to have influenced thinking concerning homosexuality is the stereotype created by "obvious" or flamboyant homosexuals. Their behavior is observed as culturally typical of the other sex and representative of all homosexuals. Such observations have contributed to the widespread belief that all effeminate or "feminine" males are either homosexual, or have strong latent tendencies. This creates an interesting "trilogy" in which effemination in males, inversion, and homosexuality become equated. It is the author's view that male effemination is a product of the inversion process, and is unrelated to homosexuality except where inversion and homosexuality

exist concomitantly.

In their study of male sexual behavior, Kinsey, Pomeroy, and Martin (*Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, W. B. Saunders Company, pp 614-615) report:

"... there has been widespread opinion, even among students of human psychology and among some persons whose experience has been largely homosexual, that inversion is an invariable accompaniment of homosexuality. However, this generalization is not warranted. A more elaborate presentation of our data would show that there are a great many males who remain as masculine, and a great many females who remain as feminine, in their attitudes and their approaches in homosexual relations, as the males and females who have nothing but heterosexual relations. Inversion and homosexuality are two distinct and not always correlated types of behavior."

This view is also expressed by Brown, (Inversion and Homosexuality, *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, Vol. 28, No. 2, April 1958) who writes:

"... homosexuality refers to sexual activity or the desire for such activity between two members of the same sex, whereas sexual inversion refers to identification with and adoption of the psychological identity of the opposite sex. The criterion of homosexuality is simply sexual behavior involving individuals of the same sex, while the criterion of inversion is a personality in which a person's thinking, feeling, and acting are typical of the opposite sex."

According to the above writers, homosexuality is a type of sexual activity, while inversion is a type of personality, and the two may or may not co-exist. In other words, there are non-inverts who are homosexual just as there are inverts who are heterosexual. This is specifically what this investigation will attempt to demonstrate in support of the premise that homosexuality and inversion are distinct types of behavior which are not always concomitant.

That non-inversion, as well as inversion, may co-exist with homosexuality is suggested by Dr. Evelyn Hooker, Research Associate in Psychology, University of California at Los Angeles, in the following excerpt from a personal communication:

"... I, too, am impressed—as are many other people who work with homosexuals—with the fact that some of them, from the very earliest age, appear to want to be the opposite sex and to develop characteristics which seem to be closely related to their image of the opposite sex, whereas others show no characteristics, or at least they are not readily visible."

In the interest of clarity we are obliged to define the terms with which this study deals. In agreement with the authors quoted above, *Homosexuality* refers to the object choice in sexual activity per se, that is, with one of the same sex. One whose preferred mode of sexual outlet is with another of the same sex is referred to as a *homosexual*. *Inversion*, here, refers to a process by which one becomes inverted, and is defined as follows:

Inversion is one of the initial processes of character formation in which the

perceptual attitudes of the other sex are incorporated into the basic personality structure. The personality evolves with an implicate system of standards and/or values characteristic of the other sex which underlies, and to some extent controls attitudes, feelings and behavior.

In male inversion then, the individual's basic frame of reference is feminine; and allowing for modifications due to the individual's experience and his awareness of anatomical and cultural limitations, his interests, attitudes, feelings, and to some extent his behavior, express that which is culturally associated with the female. Within the limits imposed by the above mentioned modifications, he, as does a female, repudiates aggressiveness, over emphasizes neatness and niceness of behavior, tends to be fastidious, displays active sympathy for palpable misfortune and distress, tends to be aesthetically sensitive, and gravitates toward ministrative and sedentary occupations. He may, from the earliest age, appear to want to be of the other sex, and as an adult express a feeling of "natural" inclination toward homoerotic ties.

From the above formulation, then, it is postulated that inversion is but one of the predisposing conditions which may be related to the development of homosexual behavior.

As an approach to this investigation, we have chosen a cross-sectional design using a population of fifty (50) overt male homosexuals (each of whom meet our definition), and a like number of heterosexuals who have been screened to rule out homosexuals (by our definition). Each of the subjects will be administered a battery of psychological tests designed to identify the presence of traits peculiar to inversion. The test results will be analyzed and the inverts will be differentiated from the non-inverts on the basis of test performances. Since non-inverts may possess a number of traits which are peculiar to inversion, we will be primarily interested in the trait constellation of each subject as well as the magnitude of each trait present.

Because the tests for inversion have no prior validation, a method of validating them has been built into the research design. A random sample of twenty-five (25) subjects from each group will be selected for interviews by two teams of three judges each. Each subject selected will be interviewed individually by each of the two teams of judges, who will rate each subject individually and without collaboration. By using two teams of judges we will have a check on the inter-judge and team reliability of the judgments.

Finally, a statistical analysis of the data will provide a correlation between the judgements and the psychological test differentiations.

We believe that the technique outlined above (using both the clinical and test approach) will lead to the identification of inverts and non-inverts in homosexual and heterosexual populations, thereby supporting our premise that inversion and homosexuality are distinct types of behavior and not always concomitant.

FICTION BY C. V. HOWARD

Sunny Side Up — Or Over?

"A young man to see you, Mr. Howard. May I send him in?"

I've forgotten just when it was and how I happened to catch on to the fact that Peggy was flashing a little extra message when she added "May I send him in?". She never said anything about it. And I didn't begin to 'read' her code until the same thing happened three times in one day. Peggy, incidentally, was our sexy little husband-hunting receptionist. She announced the salesmen who called on me at the office.

Anyway, after I caught on to her little 'code' I got to know pretty well what sort of persons to expect when she added the words "May I send him in?". They were never added for the, as she called them, 'married slobs'. They were reserved for potential mattress mates. I knew the caller would be young, handsome, well-dressed and would wear no tell-tale wedding band. These she wanted to keep waiting a while; giving her a chance to make a play for them. She wanted me to be particularly nice to them; keep them calling back so she could get her hooks in. Peggy knew what she wanted. No doubt about that.

But did she know *what* she was doing? That was a question that kept gnawing away at me. Did she *know* about me? Or suspect? Fairly experienced in these matters I knew at a glance that many of her "May I send him in?" selections wouldn't have touched her with a ten foot pole. Was she playing along with me—deliberately and intentionally? Or was she, like most females, naive in her belief that masculine voice, appearance and mannerisms were proof of one-hundred percent maleness? I was careful to play it straight around the office. But she might have noticed that occasionally one of her "May I send him in?" selections and I remained at the office after the staff had left. She might have noted that she usually found a box of candy on her desk the following morning. But she never said anything—never gave me any knowing looks.

Anyway, that's how I happened to meet John. He was one of her "May I send him in?" selections. And if her 'code' had not notified me that he was one that she considered a 'real doll', I probably would have dropped my mask and stared like the other middle-aged characters you see drooling over the young

stuff in the gay bars. John was that handsome. And to me that upsetting. I mentally telegraphed an approving pat to Peggy. Right on her sexy little butt.

Not that John looked 'gay'. He didn't. Not even remotely. But I happen to be a push-over for a certain type of good looks. I like Latin types with dark wavy hair. I like warm, brown eyes. His were eyes that—my God—they could stimulate a bronzestatue of Abraham Lincoln. On a cold night. I like the tall, rangy, basketball-player types—six feet or more in height. John looked about six two. I like neat grooming. Not necessarily expensive—just neat and in good taste. All these hit me as he walked the five or six feet into my office; warmed me with a friendly grin and gave me a firm hand shake.

He was, he told me, a printing salesman. This was his first week on the job and he was introducing himself to outfits in his territory. As we talked I continued to notice other characteristics that appeal strongly to me. Not sexually. I mean things like nice-hands. A spontaneous and somewhat shy, sincere smile. Well-cared-for teeth. I like a low, masculine voice and a good, natural laugh. Age bracket I find the most attractive is twenty two to twenty five. I guessed John to be twenty four but found out later he was twenty three. I couldn't have agreed more heartily with Peggy—he was a 'real doll'. I liked him instantly. Very much.

During this and subsequent calls I found that it was more than just his good looks that interested me. His manner was an odd mixture of reserve and brashness that I couldn't figure out. I liked it but I simply couldn't rationalize it. It appeared to me that he must have read a book on salesmanship and was now trying to put into practice what he had read. Was trying manfully to be dynamic and aggressive even though nothing in the world could have been more foreign to his real nature. Try as he would to submerge them, his inherent kindness and sweetness kept showing through. He was no 'typical salesman'—that was for sure. But as far as I was concerned, selling wasn't necessary.

This nice, timid, considerate kid—the more I saw of him, the more I liked and admired him! The more I wanted to help him. For example—John never plopped into a chair like most salesmen. He perched lightly on its edge and seemed constantly poised for flight. He appeared to be watching for indications that his time was over. If I turned in my chair, he started to get up. If I looked at my watch, he started gathering up his samples. And after his first few calls I found myself being careful not to make any gestures or movements that might indicate I was busy. Found myself trying to get him to relax and get acquainted.

Because I liked him so much and figured that he was far too retiring to be making much of a sales record, I determined to give him the next printing job that came up. Not that our acquaintance had developed to any considerable extent. It hadn't. Not even to the point of our having lunch or a cup of coffee together. Actually our association was so casual that when my job suddenly

blew up I failed to mention the fact to him. If I thought of him at all—which I doubt—I probably assumed that my disappearance from the scene would mean little, if anything to him. Probably thought 'Why bother?'.

* * * *

Some weeks later, and shortly after dinner one evening, my phone rang.

"Mr. Howard? This is John. Remember me?"

"Yes, of course I do, John. How are you?"

"Mr. Howard, I've had a heck of a time locating you. They wouldn't tell me anything at the office and your phone isn't listed in the book. I didn't think of calling information until just a few minutes ago and that's how I got your number.

"Well, I'm sorry, John. I guess I should have mentioned that I was leaving the firm. However, now that I'm no longer with them there's nothing I can do to help you get the job you were bidding on. I'm sorry for I wanted you to get the order."

"That isn't the reason I called you, Mr. Howard. The printing job doesn't make any difference. I think of you as my friend and I'd like to continue seeing you. I'm down town tonight and thinking of seeing a movie. But if you're not busy"

"Well, sure, John. Come on up if you'd like to. I'll enjoy seeing you again."

As I hung up the phone I thought 'Well, I'll be damned! So John is one of the boys! I would never have guessed it.' My suspicion was justified for I had, in innumerable instances in the past, encountered ambitious and sharply discerning young salesmen. Young salesmen who sensed, just as I did, that they and I had (in at least one well-defined area) interests in common. Young salesmen who watched my reaction intently when they casually mentioned the names of certain bars. Young salesmen whose knees touched mine and remained in contact when they sat at my desk. Young salesmen whose hands touched mine when they hastened to light my cigarette. Young salesmen who suggested a drink after work. And then, after several, suggested that we go to their apartment, or mine, for further discussion. 'They don't fool me often, but this one surely did,' I told myself. 'Anyway, it may be interesting to find out what he has in mind.' I didn't have to speculate about myself—I knew damned well what I had in mind.

So, John came up to my apartment. While we drank beer and talked I had an ear cocked for tip-off words and phrases. Waited for the cigarette or knee routine. He talked very freely—almost as though he were starved for companionship. Told me about his parents. His experiences as an army lieutenant. His friends. His ambitions. His hobbies and interests.

Surprisingly, because of the age differential between him and me, we found that we had many interests in common. Concerts and plays. Ballet. Reading. Eating at various types of restaurants. Country driving. Hikes on the beach.

To a limited extent cooking. And cribbage. This, in particular, pleased me for it's my favorite card game and few share my enthusiasm. Around midnight John suddenly looked at his watch and exclaimed: "Golly, Mr. Howard, I've been pounding your ear so hard I forgot to look at the time. I've got to rush. Look, I've been drinking your beer all evening, how about having dinner with me tomorrow—as my guest? Okay if I stop by here about six? And thanks a million—it's been a swell evening."

So, the following evening we had dinner together. On John. And that was the beginning of an association that increased in frequency. In fact, became almost a routine. For drives in the country. To plays and concerts. For dinners—either out or at my apartment. Most frequently for cribbage sessions. John appeared to enjoy them as much as I and we were fairly evenly matched. More or less naturally and far more at his initiative than mine we began spending two or three evenings a week together. These in addition to Saturdays, almost without fail. Frequently Sundays, too—after church for John was a devout Catholic.

To my delight and somewhat to my amusement, the thoughtfulness and consideration that I had noted previously in his visits at my office continued even more noticeably. John seemed always alert for opportunities to do things for me. "Cigarette?" "Put a head on your beer?" "Want me to run to the grocery for you?" "Shall I drive for a while?" "Now you relax while I wash the dishes. Then I'll smear you at cribbage." Frequently, a few minutes after he'd left my apartment, my doorbell would ring and it would be John. "Just thought you might want to look at the morning paper before you turn in. Night." And little for-no-reason-at-all gifts. A carton of cigarettes. A bottle of my favorite bourbon. An occasional necktie. No chisler was John—I had to fight to pay my share.

Gradually my suspicion that John had ulterior or 'unusual' motives died away. I ceased attaching significance to the occasional physical contacts. His arm across my shoulders. His knee against mine. The slap on my leg when I won a tight game of cribbage. To be completely truthful I should say that my suspicions 'almost' died away. For I was still acutely conscious of the fact that the age differential made our companionship highly unusual. I couldn't forget that this handsome, virile, young man had no girl friends. Apparently none at all. Was he one of the innocent latent ones? Many things strongly indicated this possibility. Definitely he was no average, twenty-three year old male.

* * * *

Six or seven months after our first meeting John had dinner at my apartment and we spent the evening at cribbage. Cribbage and beer. Quite a bit more beer than usual and we were both a bit relaxed—in fact, a bit high. The scores had been close and neither had been more than one game ahead of the

other. Both of us had been reluctant to stop playing . . . "Come on. Just one more game—I want to get even." Finally when John had won a game and evened the match he looked at his watch and exclaimed "Golly, Mr. Howard, I've missed the last bus. Now what do I do?"

"You'll have to take a cab, I guess. My car's laid up."

"But I can't afford to take a cab. Can't I bunk here? I'll phone my folks so they won't worry. They know where I am anyway."

"Well if there are any unoccupied beds around here I don't know about them. So quit being a pest and call a taxi. I'm pretty bushed."

"Aw, come on. You wouldn't kick your old cribbage buddy out in the cold would you? Haven't you ever heard of two people sleeping in a double bed? And stop treating me like an under-age kid who has to be sent home to Mama every night. I'm almost twenty-four years old, remember? I've even been in the army,—remember? Look, tomorrow's Saturday—I'll make your breakfast and bring it to you in bed. How's that for a deal? Okay?"

He reached out and gave my shoulder a firm squeeze. His disarming smile looked very much like those of the discerning young salesmen with whom this situation had been duplicated many times before. Was that 'two people in a double bed' remark a tip-off? And how about that 'under-age kid' statement? The almost pleading expression on his face seemed to say 'Let's stop the pretense. I'm ready and I know what I'm doing. I'd like to have it be you.'

Ordinarily these situations don't upset me particularly. I don't have a strong drive in that direction and I can take it or leave it without much difficulty. But this time my heart was thumping. I needed time to think and to gain a moment I placed a cigarette between my lips. Then I wished I hadn't for my hand shook noticeably. John lighted it for me and his hand shook, too. As much as mine. With the quantity of beer we had consumed was either of us thinking clearly enough to make a decision as important as this one? I was not convinced that John knew what he was doing. Still, at twenty four? And ex-G I? Perhaps I was the one who was naive. Suddenly an inspiration hit me.

"Look, John, I'll tell you what. Flip a coin. You flip it. If it comes up heads I'll give you two bucks for a cab and off you go. Agreed?"

He tossed a quarter spinning in the air—grabbed for it and missed. It landed on the rug and he stepped on it. He patted the back of my neck; dropped his hand to my shoulder and gripped. "Now don't chicken on me. You made the deal and I'm holding you to it. Ready?" He moved his foot and uncovered the coin. George Washington stared up at us. Seemed to me he looked relieved, too.

* * * *

Several Saturdays later John phoned me. The call was a surprise for he had told me he had many important things to do that day. He had, in fact, made

it definite that I should not expect to hear from him.

"Hi. What are you doing?"

"Nothing in particular, John. Sort of feeling sorry for myself, I guess. I've got so used to having you around that the peace and quiet were getting on my nerves. What's on your mind?"

"Well, hold everything. I'm coming down and I've got the whole day planned. Golly, I'm glad I caught you. I'll stop and pick up a couple big juicy steaks, stuff for a salad and some beer. I'll get everything we need. Then let's just hole up for the rest of the day. Listen to records. Drink beer. Play cribbage. And talk. I'm not going to even let you answer the phone or the doorbell. We'll just lock the world outside and relax. I've got something important to tell you. Real important. So don't move. I'll be there in less than an hour. Okay?"

Well, John's 'something important' was indeed important. So shattering to me that it took considerable effort to hide its impact. John had decided to enter a Novitiate and become a priest. Or, as he put it, he had 'almost decided'. The fact that John had never before mentioned this intention or even his interest to me was a severe blow. It seemed to me I had been ignored completely. This hurt—hurt badly for I had been sure that I had his complete confidence. Unfortunately for my friends, when my feelings are hurt, I get nasty. So, I got nasty.

"So you've just about decided. Have you talked it over with your folks?"

"Of course. They don't like the idea at all. Dad cried like a baby. But you know how emotional we Italians are. They'll get over it."

"How about your friends. Have you discussed it with them?"

"Good Lord, yes! So much that they hate to see me coming. Some are for it. Some are against. I've talked it over with everyone who means anything to me. And some who don't. I even talked to our milkman and the butcher."

"Well, John, if you've talked it over with everyone who means anything to you, that sort of puts me in my place, doesn't it? This is the first I've heard anything about it. So why don't you just go ahead and do what the people who mean something to you have advised you to do? Why come to me now for an opinion? Just to bolster your courage? Frankly, right at this moment I don't give a damn what you do. If I rank below your milkman and your butcher I don't see why my opinion is of any importance anyway. Obviously it isn't of any importance."

John reached over and his hand covered mine. "Hey, look, Mr. Howard. You're kidding, aren't you? I've never seen you like this before and you're scaring me. Don't you know me better than that? I didn't 'fail' to consult you. I *deliberately* didn't talk it over with you. From the very first I even thought about making this move I decided that I'd do what you told me to do. Your opinion means more to me than that of my own parents and I felt sure you knew that. Right now I'll do exactly what you tell me to do. If you say 'go

ahead', I'll go ahead. If you say 'Don't do it', I'll forget about it. This isn't something that concerns *only* me. It concerns you *and* me. Just tell me what to do and I'll do it. I mean it—just tell me."

John's obvious sincerity and his concern over my cold anger calmed me down. Actually I did not doubt that my opinion was of deciding importance to him. Could be that my flare-up was phony. It's a stupid trait and I'm aware of the fact that I enjoy reassurance from people I'm fond of. Sometimes a minor quarrel brings out the reassuring words I want to hear. And, now that I had heard the words I wanted to hear, I calmed down.

I told John that from our first meeting I had considered him a square peg in the business world. That I had wondered, many times, why he had not entered into religious work—work for which I felt that he was suited—work in which I felt he would be much happier. I convinced him that I was pleased that he'd been seriously considering this move and that I was heartily in favor of his entering the Novitiate.

"That's exactly what I wanted to hear you say," John replied. "Now everything's going to be all right."

Later that evening, and for the first time since I had known him, sex entered into our conversation. It didn't enter at my instigation. But it did remain there at my insistence.

"Funny thing happened last night. I had dinner downtown and ran into a fellow who has been buying a lot of printing from me. He invited me up to his place for a drink afterward. And he turned out to be a real three-dollar bill."

"What do you mean, John, a 'three dollar bill'?"

"Oh you know, he was one of these queers. As soon as we got in his place he started pawing me. They're all alike—as soon as they get you alone they start getting funny. I told him off. Something ought to be done about guys like that."

"Was this the first time you've ever run into anything like that?"

"Heck no, it's happened before. They're all alike—they're a filthy bunch of perverts and they should be locked up. All of them."

"Oh, I don't think you can generalize to that extent, John. I don't think you can say that all of any group are alike. Not even priests."

"Well, you don't know them the way I do, Mr. Howard. Believe me, they're a rotten bunch. I wouldn't trust one of them."

* * * *

When John was about to leave, I walked to the door with him. It was a pretty important moment for both of us for John had decided to enter the Novitiate the following day. We would not be allowed to see or communicate with one another for a period of two years. John appeared uneasy. I sensed that he wanted to say something. Our conversation was halting and strained. Fin-

ally he summoned up the courage to say what he had on his mind.

"Look, Mr. Howard, I suppose this is a funny thing for one man to say to another and after you got sore at me tonight I'm kind of afraid to say it. But it's something I want you to know. And please don't laugh at me. I want you to know that your friendship has meant an awful lot to me. Do you remember the first time I ever came down to your apartment? I was feeling pretty low that night and I remember thinking when I was going home on the bus 'I feel closer to him than I do to my own father!' And I don't believe I've ever left here since that time without thinking how nice it would be for me if you were my real father."

Well, for a person in his solitary and lonely fifties, John's remark was about the most heartwarming and satisfying statement he could ever hope to hear. It certainly was one that I would cherish during the two years when we would be unable to communicate. But John's attitude toward the 'three-dollar bills' bothered me. I kept thinking about the many fine, troubled men and boys who, in future years, might say confession to Father John. I thought about the mental torture he could cause them if he continued the conviction that 'they're all alike'.

As John opened the door I put my hand on his arm. Don't get the idea that I'm a noble and courageous individual. I'm not—I'm chicken and cowardly to the core. In doing what I did—saying what I said,—I probably was trying to prove something to myself; make amends for some of the things I've done in the past. Maybe it was a cheap theatrical gesture—I really don't know. Anyway I asked him not to interrupt me and to leave immediately without making any reply.

"John, this is something that's bothered me ever since we've been friends—it's something I'd hoped you'd never know. But now I've got to tell you. It's something you should know before you become Father John—something you must know before you begin hearing confessions from many fine, but troubled and unhappy, men and boys. It's about the people you refer to as 'three dollar bills'. John, *we* are not—believe me—all alike. Sometimes even fine, wonderful guys like yourself have the feeling that it would be nice if one of us were their real father." With that, and without looking at his face, I closed the door.

Seconds later the doorbell rang. I didn't stop—I was on my way to the kitchen for a good stiff drink. It rang again—then I heard the door open; I had given John a key months previously. Footsteps crossed the room and John appeared in the doorway. He wasn't smiling—his expression told me nothing at all. Undoubtedly he was as frightened of the next few moments as I. He asked quietly, "Will you pour me one, too. A great big one". As I reached for a second glass he added "And may I use the phone? I want to call Mom".

He returned to the living room and dialed a number. Without waiting for a

reply he brought the phone to the doorway and reached out for his drink. When I handed it to him his fingers closed over mine and his face broke into the most beautiful grin anyone will ever see. Then, speaking into the telephone: "Mom? Mom, I'm staying downtown tonight—I'm going to bunk here at Mr. Howard's. No, Mom, I still haven't decided definitely. Mr. Howard? He thinks I should. But I'm still not sure—there are some things to consider that I hadn't thought about before. Yes, I know, Mom. Well, relax, Mom. And tell Dad to relax. I can still change my mind. Anyway, I'll be home in time for Church and I'll have decided by then. Good night, Mom, and don't worry. Everything's going to be all right."

After placing the phone on the floor he took a long drink. He waited a few moments for the liquor to take effect; lifted his drink again and urged: "Come on. Bottom's up!" We emptied our glasses simultaneously. Then we grinned simultaneously. "One more before we hit the sack." He replenished our glasses; placed one in front of me and rested his hand on my shoulder. I took another long swallow. In fact, I was still drinking when he said "Okay, now tell me how you like your eggs—sunny side up? Or over? You can have 'em either way." Then I started laughing. A moment later he started laughing, too.

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BOOKS

Homosexuals DO Have a Place in the Church

CHRIST AND THE HOMOSEXUAL by Robert W. Wood. New York: Vantage Press, 1960. 221 pages, \$3.95. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

As the title suggests, this book will be of special interest to the highly religious homosexual, troubled by the apparent irreconcilability of active homosexuality and devotion to Christian dogma. It will assuredly serve as an ideal gift (in some cases perhaps anonymous) from such homosexuals to their priests, pastors and ministers. To say the book is a sympathetic one is an understatement.

The pastor of a Congregational Christian Church in a prosperous community a few dozen miles from New York, and a veteran of the 36th Division (Bronze Star medal), the author is a personable clergyman in his thirties who has been sufficiently concerned to get his message across to incur the substantial expense involved in publication of this book. The publisher, Vantage Press, has previously contributed such works of interest as the book of poems entitled "Death of the Scharnhorst" and a novel entitled "Gateway to Tomorrow," and is in the subsidized do-it-yourself category.

"Christ and the Homosexual" is really two books in one. The second part is what the title suggests. The first part might well bear the same title as Cory's work, and is an amazingly realistic and earthy survey of the homosexual in America today. The author's knowledge of his material is nothing short of startling and takes in such unexpected areas as gay clothing styles, beefcake magazines, sado-masochist parties and men's room wall-literature. Accepting as a starting-point that innate homosexuality is a fact, and paying only the briefest, fleeting lip-service to the cant of psychologists and psychiatrists, the author boldly sets forth his views on the potential parity of homosexual and heterosexual love, and fulfillment as a devoted Christian. For instance: *No longer is sex to be regarded solely for procreation. It is now recognized as a valid form of expressing inexpressible love between two people. As the concept of sexual love expands, one begins to realize at long last that real love is not limited to a male-female relationship, but can with equal validity be experienced by members of the same sex* (pp. 58-9).

or again:

I am confident some day there will appear a tender, conscientious film story of a homosexual romance as beautifully done as Lovers and Lollypops was for heterosexual romance (p. 56).

Perhaps no other sentence will express the penetrating astuteness of the Rev.

Mr. Wood as his observation that "The ideal American male physique is that of the classic Greek, with just a touch of Li'l Abner mixed in to give that American homespun flavor." (p. 56).

But the main aim of the author is to deal with the religious issue. As he writes with characteristic wit and humor, "From the day Zeus carried off the young Trojan boy Ganymede up to yesterday's newspaper which reported an affair between an acolyte and the choir director of a downtown church, religion has always been faced with homosexuality" (pp. 125-6). Rev. Wood deals with this main theme on both the theological level and the level of Christ's philosophy, castigating his fellow-clergymen for their incredible ignorance, and their cowardly standing-aside in the face of oppression of the homosexual minority. His constructive suggestions range from platitudinous calls for more universal love and charity, and more sources for authoritative information, to some rather startling concrete suggestions, e.g. permission for homosexual dancing at church socials, and church weddings for sufficiently sincere homosexual couples.

It would seem that mid-century American literature having found its Oscar Wilde in Gore Vidal and its Jean Genet in William S. Burroughs, has now found its Edward Carpenter in The Rev. Mr. Wood. May The Rev. Mr. Wood have as many years as Edward Carpenter's 85 to spread his message of Christian charity and humane enlightenment.

It is perhaps necessary to add, by way of a sour note, that since it has become *de rigueur* to have introductions to all books in this area written by Albert Ellis, this book is no exception. Dr. Ellis' perusal of the book appears to have been just sufficient to provide material for a few amiable words before tearing off into his regular routine i.e. the author, apparently convinced of the existence of innate homosexuality, is "dead wrong." This is followed by the usual "big lie" about "not an iota of existing scientific evidence," then the plug for Dr. Ellis' invariably successful treatments and the plug for his various books. Surely it makes about as much sense to give a book such as this to Dr. Ellis for an introduction as to give a bundle of clean laundry for hand-delivery to a coal-miner or chimney-sweep just off the job.

The Ancients Saw Sex as Something Human

SEX AND LOVE IN THE BIBLE, by William Graham Cole. New York, Association Press, 1959. 448 pages, \$6.50. Reviewed by Claude Lane.

Dr. Cole has given us a book long needed in the field of sex and religion—"a revealing examination of all of the practices and teachings in the Old and New Testaments and (more importantly) what they say to us Today." What is the basis of the Judeo-Christian attitude toward sex? This is his fundamental question. And another—How do those attitudes square with the world of Dr.

Kinsey? *Sex and Love in the Bible* comes to us, then, as an excellent study in the area where it is most needed.

The nature of the book is scholarly. The author may not have intended it so, but a scholarly work is what he has given us. Yet in spite of this the treatise is quite easy to read. Instead of immense, lengthy table enumerating all the occurrences of the Hebrew or Greek words for Love and defining each one and going into long and tedious explanations of them, the author plunges us into stories where these words occur and looks into the meaning of those stories. For instance: What the story of Sodom and Gomorrah meant to the real person telling it and what it meant to the actual people hearing it, then he goes on to give the world of Dr. Kinsey his penetrating analysis of what the story may mean, today. The modern reader may not always agree with the author's findings but they are always provocative and extend the world of the reader's thought. "In a tolerant society men have the right to be wrong" as the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out when considering the Wolfenden Report.

The book begins with an examination of the meaning of love, both human and divine, as the stories of these qualities are told in both the Old and New Testaments. Then the author goes on to examine the relationship of love to sex as the various writers of the biblical narratives saw it.

He then considers the impact of the sexual practices of the other peoples in the "fertile crescent" where Israel developed—How much of the Jewish law and national custom sprang from the action and reaction to the temple prostitutes (both male and female) in the surrounding cultures. How these sexual deviations were an integral part of the "idol" worship against which the priesthood protested. Then he moves into the New Testament where the Greco-Roman world presented different problems to the writers of those stories, letters and articles.

Then the story sweeps on through "Premarital Sex Relations in the Bible," "Sex in Marriage," "Prostitution, Adultery and Divorce"—all good, clear thinking. Thinking that does not merely lay down the dictum "Thus saith the Lord" and let it go at that but thinks them out in the light of present-day psychological exploration.

But Dr. Cole's explorations do not stop there. He dives into the "dirty" subjects of sex: incest, bestiality, immodesty, homosexuality and a lot more. There is plenty of material about them all in the Bible. Sometimes they are camouflaged in our translation but they are there. And the original authors were not squeamish—they call a spade a spade, or a damned shovel if occasion called for it.

For instance, the subject of homosexuality is of great interest today. What of homosexuality in the Bible as well as present-day thinking?

In analyzing the homosexual, Dr. Cole follows the popular conception that the homosexual is a "sick" person. He gets this idea mostly from Drs. Rado

and Aaron Karush. The idea probably springs from exclusive interviews with homosexuals in jail or from interviews with sorrowful youngsters "puling in puberty, mourning lost virtue, and aching to lose some more" in a more acceptable (they think) heterosexual way. That the present reviewer does not agree with this "sickness" view goes without saying. The idea that the homosexual is a sick man (or woman) disregards the millions of deviates who are well-adjusted, rational, self-accepting persons in our society. But, let me hasten to add this word in defense of the author—to whatever Dr. Cole attributes homosexuality, his *attitude* toward it is as different as that of the ranting paragon in the Christian pulpit denouncing "uncleanness" or the hostile, rejecting man or woman in the pew, as a lovely spring day differs from the chill blasts of a raging winter blizzard.

One other thing should be noted in regard to his treatise on homosexuality: The author has written 31 pages about it against only 30 pages for all the other sexual deviations—masturbation, immodesty, rape, incest, etc.—together.

"We have learned a great deal about sex and love in the centuries since the biblical canon was closed, more particularly in the last 75 years. Sigmund Freud and his colleagues, successors and dissenters in the psychoanalytic movement have subjected the human libido and its vicissitudes to microscopic scrutiny. The late Dr. Kinsey and his associates studies in considerable detail the sex habits and foibles of Americans, both male and female, and produced a series of statistical tables and charts which cannot be ignored, however they may annoy and embarrass."

This is excellent, sound and provocative thinking. "*Sex and Love in the Bible*" can be commended both to ministers and lay-people as it will clear misunderstandings and be a real help to change the attitudes of both. "It is a thinking book, one that will help in formulating an approach to one of the most difficult areas of modern life."

Christians have much to unlearn in the area of sex and much in their tradition has been positively harmful. As one writer says "Most of the modern Judeo-Christian attitudes toward sex are wrong and about half of them are positively vicious." Attitudes are not changed quickly not even by a logical book full of helpful insights. No person concerned with this problem, as we all must be, could make a better start, however, then seriously studying Dr. Cole's valuable work.

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READERS *write*

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

REVIEW EDITOR: Frankly I do not get too much out of your REVIEW which would be interesting for me. Neither I myself, nor, I guess, most of my fellow sufferers need to be assured again and again that we are not criminals and not necessarily neurotics, that we are usually quite useful members of the human society. Yes, it would be definitely good to tell this to the public as a whole, which discriminates against us. They would need to be educated in this respect. But how many non-homosexuals receive and read your REVIEW? I'm afraid not too many, and in this case your propaganda effort is directed towards the wrong address. On the other hand there are many items which would interest me, and I suppose, many others. I would like to know what the laws are in the different states . . . and how applied. I want to know how our laws compare with other countries . . . It would be interesting to see how far backwards we really are in comparison to others and what is being done in other countries to remedy the situation. You published a lot about the Wolfenden report and its repercussions. This was interesting. How about doing the same for other countries, for example the U.S.S.R. . . . Anyway, I do not want to be without the REVIEW, neither do I want you to believe that I don't appreciate your other work on behalf of homosexuals. I perfectly well know that it is a difficult job which yields little gratitude. But you ask for criticism and I hope this is constructive.—Mr. S. T., Florida

EDITOR'S NOTE: Approximately one out of three REVIEW subscriptions are from professional men and women, officials, ministers, etc.—persons whom we consider leaders of public opinion. For a summary of our laws, see the appendix of D. W. Cory's *"The Homosexual in America,"* also J. D. Mercer's *"They Walk in Shadow."* We know of no comparison of U.S. laws with those of other countries, such as Western Europe, although "Code Napoleon" and outright legal reform in many of these countries takes no cognizance of

consenting sex acts between homosexuals in private. England's laws have not been changed, thus the situation is as severe as in the U.S. Some time ago we mentioned a "Griffin Report" in Germany as having recommended legal reform, but this report, we have learned, is in error, and oppression still characterizes that country. We printed an article on the situation in Russia in August 1957 (See, "Progress to Barbarism" in that issue). But in final analysis, the REVIEW depends upon its readers for information and material for its pages. We do a great deal of searching and reporting on what we find, but let's face it: We are now approaching the mid-point of this magazine's sixth year, and we are still pioneering. Readers and friends, regardless of our failures or accomplishments, have still failed to rally to its support. Income barely pays for our printing production costs, and has never made it possible to have a full-time staff which would be required to perform the research and writing which you'd like to see—and which we would like to publish.

REVIEW EDITOR: I understand that Italy has no homosexual publication, although that country lacks any law against homosexuality and I cannot understand the relationship. Is anyone able to enlighten me in this respect? If anyone is interested in starting a publication there, I would be one of its most faithful subscribers.—Mr. P. B., New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We saw one issue of "Sesso e Liberta" from Italy some years ago, but it is no longer published. We do understand that much sexual freedom exists in Italy, in spite of its religion; however, we do not know what the laws say.

REVIEW EDITOR: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I was introduced to your periodical the Mattachine REVIEW. To have such a magazine, sympathetic to the feelings of the homophile, is a definite asset. But I wonder if the REVIEW doesn't lose a little of its adult and well-adjusted approach by printing on various occasions

bits of fiction that would delight the heart of any lovesick fairy? Let's keep our Mattachine REVIEW of a high level; a level that can be enjoyed by both men and women, and held with pride, as a good example of what a homosexual is and how he lives.—Miss S. D., New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: If one believes in sexual freedom, then one must accept the fact that homosexuals are capable of loving. Like anyone else, love is an important aspect in his life.

REVIEW EDITOR: Recently, while plowing through J. D. Mercer's *"They Walk in Shadow,"* I learned of your existence. Being as how it is of interest to me that there are several recently-formed organizations whose purpose is to promote better understanding of the homophile in society, etc., I would like (more information). One question: Is there a really complete history listing all of the books dealing with homosexuality? I mean every type of book, ranging from Dr. Bergler's asinine blather to Lonnie Coleman's romantic "Sam"; novels, statistical studies . . . etc.? I would really like to sink my talons into such a comprehensive list.—Congratulations upon your beautifully symbolic street address.—Mr. D. T., Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE: Such a "Homophilic Bibliography" has been an installment feature in the REVIEW since August 1957, and is now approaching a conclusion. In booklet form, most of this information was released by Village Press, New York, under the title, *"The Homosexual in Literature."* Both lists were compiled by Noel I. Garde. He also aided in revision of the bibliography in the 1960 edition of Cory's *"The Homosexual in America,"* which is also quite comprehensive.

REVIEW EDITOR: I take exception to the criticisms of Mr. G. D., of New York as I happen to know that person. He is nothing more than a "pink tea room fairy." One who preaches against cruising tea rooms but is found nowhere else. I commend the REVIEW for attaining a balanced magazine. I have heard from my friends that they enjoyed One's stories and articles much better than the scientific info of the REVIEW. However, the last few issues of the REVIEW have been just grand. I have been active in the New York Area Council (of the Mattachine Society) since last September and feel that although homosexuality is a serious subject, it is also a gay and happy one. If G. D. and his closet queen friends would open the closet door he might see that life is not all serious and sad.—Mr. D. G., New York

AN AUTHOR REPLIES

Dear Mr. G.D.: Apparently you are not as well informed on the habits of Franciscan priests in the Mission era of Alta California, as you claim.

Aguardiente is the Spanish word for brandy and was used in the church services in Mexico, also being used in the Southern California Missions up to as far as San Fernando. The Missions further north used wine, and when less brandy was imported from Spain in skin bags, all of the Missions then made use of their California wine for their services. Since the Mission Chapel of Pala in my story *"When I Am With You"* was so very close to the Mexican port, brandy was used in place of wine. If space permitted, I would refer you to several reference books.

And after a thorough study of the Missions' histories, legends and love stories, found in the Mission reference rooms and libraries, I came upon articles and true stories of the strange customs and accounts of some of the Franciscans. They were far from the mother church, and from any visiting Bishop who might come to Mexico City, and so they could do as they pleased with little harm of being found out.

There were the homosexual priests as well as the heterosexual ones who would just as easily perform a marriage ceremony between two Indians as they would between two Spaniards. And of all the Indians of North America, those of California were the lowest and dirtiest and participated often in homosexual activities. Padre Junipero Serra himself reports on the sexual acts at Mission San Gabriel of Spanish soldiers and Indian boys who disappeared into the brush hand in hand.

And there were the priests who took Indian maidens for their own sexual use, the priests who drank themselves drunk under tables and raped everything in sight. And the sadistic ones who beat and chained the Indians for very minor offences, the "dandy" priests who rode in fine carriages with white plumes and slept in elegant Mission beds with velvet canopies, and the priests who wore ladies silk stockings.

The list of accounts is seemingly endless and the tales are very engrossing. One has a vast storehouse of material to choose from if he could but capture this romance and put it down upon paper in story form.

So, Mr. G.D., it would seem unwise to say that such things never happened, when they were an actuality, long before your time . . . and mine. Thank you for your criticism.—Arnell Larsen

REVIEW EDITOR: Never, never, never before (and I hope never again) has the *Mattachine* REVIEW devoted so many pages (over three) to such a miserably botched-up review of so important a book as "*Advise and Consent*" (Feb. issue). How could you allow this to happen? In all that rambling, pointless, inept hodgepodge of trivia, your reviewer has completely and hopelessly missed the point of essential interest to your readers. In this superb book, already read by hundreds of thousands, and surely destined in the course of a long career as an "American classic" to be read by millions of English-speaking persons around the world, one of the central characters is a *homosexual senator* of the finest character. What your review should have highlighted is this: the homosexual Senator Anderson is so highly respected by his colleagues, of all political shades, for his sterling character, his tremendous capability as a senator and most of all, for his essential decency as a human being, that despite full confession of his homosexual past in a farewell letter, there is no change in the esteem of his friends and colleagues (including his girl-crazy best friend). Instead of reviling Senator Anderson, his fellow-senators "in the know" deliver swift retribution to those

who sought to ruin him—the McCarthy-like Senator, the Secretary of State-designate and even the powerful President himself. *That* is why this book, in general so fine a novel, should be deemed of especial interest to your readers. Does one find any hint of it in that awful review?—Noel I. Garde, New York City

REVIEW EDITOR: A few days ago I sent a subscription. There has been a terrible mistake. I would like to explain: A couple of weeks ago a friend of mine tried to play a joke on me; he told me there was an excellent magazine I should subscribe to. He gave me the name and address of it and told me it was a homophilic magazine. I have a little trouble with English so I believed when he said that a "homophilic" magazine was one specially for men. I thought it was a magazine in which there would be female art pictures. Yesterday he told me the truth: that he played a joke on me and that the magazine was for homosexuals . . . I would appreciate it if you send me my money back . . . —S. A., Mexico City, D. F.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have complied—sorry.

FIRST DECADE — 1950-1960 (Continued from page 2)

or improper. They had read a lot on the subject before but even the best authorities were mutually contradictory. Now they were going to pool what they knew, sort it out and perhaps make a little sense out of much nonsense. The first gathering came out of curiosity and a sense of wrong, frustration, and a hunger for facts.

They locked the door, pulled down the shades, chose a chairman and leaned forward to talk in modulated tones. They did not know then that such forums are not illegal. Their first sensations of daring and danger quickly dissipated as the discussion grew animated. They were appalled at the vast amount they didn't know about themselves, the laws and the heterosexual life around them. Repeatedly remarks began with, "Someone should do research on . . .", etc. Midnight came and went, and they unanimously voted to meet again in two weeks.

Since that night there have been discussion groups regularly every two weeks. Word got around and the first group became too big for everyone to speak. It split and these two in turn split until there is now an undisclosed number of groups meeting all over Southern California almost every night of the week.

The purposes of these gatherings remain the same:—"We meet to pool what we know, to expose what we feel is wrong and to remind ourselves that we are

mutually dependent members of one of the world's largest minorities." This unity has effected many results. Regularly the groups vote to give a benefit party, bazaar, auction. The proceeds go toward printing material on their organization and on deviation, for guest speakers, the purchase of books on homosexuality to be sent to judges, the clergy and other public functionaries, and for a fund for legal action.

Last spring, the groups formed The Citizens' Committee to Out-Law Entrapment to fight, initially, the case of a man falsely charged by the police. The groups got to work, raised funds, got support from all over the country and finally wrung from the city a motion for dismissal which was granted. This was one of the first cases in legal history where a man publicly admitted homosexuality, denied the charges against him and was released.

But long before this, the basic members of the groups saw that just talk wasn't enough. The discussion groups were purposely unorganized and connected only by an interchange of participants. No membership was required, no dues and no rules imposed, no credo offered other than the deviant's responsibility to society whether it was responsible to him or not.

Now there must be a definite organization of those interested that would direct the enthusiasm of the groups, their demand for action and put to work those who were eager to act as well as talk. With this in mind, a non-profit corporation was formed and an historic name chosen. It would be the *Mattachine* Foundation commemorating the fools and jesters of legend who spoke the truth in the face of stern authority: the Fool, Robin Goodfellow, Til Eulenspiegel, the Parsifal, the Society of Fools, the Morris Fraternities, Les Societies Joyeuses, Les Enfants San Souci, Le Societe de Mattachine, El Sociedad Matchin, Il Mattichinato, Las Mattachinas.

Next a council of prominent citizens was formed of predominantly heterosexual persons of note. They are, in the main, anonymous and lend their names usually in specific projects not publicly sponsored by the Foundation. They guide policy, approach other potential members of the board and represent views of a variety of arts, sciences and professions. At this writing there are twelve on this board who meet regularly and twice that number who advise on specialized issues and projects.

Incorporated under the strict requirements of California law, to insure impeccable propriety and civic non-partisanship at all times, the Foundation has made it policy to move cautiously and function without spectacular display. Yet in its short existence it has been nothing but spectacular as it quietly goes about organizing persons from every walk of life, of every religious and political view and especially of every race. As it draws them together in a strong unity, it is making history in a very real sense. Its potential is limitless and the Foundation is determined to fulfill it. (Reprinted from *ONE Magazine*, January, 1953.)

The Present Society: 1953 to Date, by John Logan

Following the "wildfire" interest and growth kindled by Mattachine Foundation in those early days eight to ten years ago, pressure formed early in 1953 to convert Mattachine into a democratic membership organization. By this time the movement had spread from Southern California to San Francisco Bay area, taking deepest initial root in Berkeley.

In April 1953 a first constitutional convention was held in Los Angeles. From this a draft of the Society's first constitution resulted, but many parts of this document were considered unsatisfactory by the delegates who strongly felt—and feared—the widespread rantings of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy. His accusations seemed to equate homosexuality with subversion, a policy which our government adopted and still follows, although it has been declared unfounded in its broadest sense, and as wasteful of manpower as it is tragic for those affected.

The following month saw the Society's second constitutional convention in session, polishing the final draft. At this time Mattachine Foundation announced its dissolution in favor of the new organization. On March 23, 1954, the State of California granted the Society its present charter as a non-profit educational, research and social service organization.

This state in Mattachine's first decade actually represented little more than a starting point in surveying the task which the group had undertaken. Organizational "growing pains" were only accentuated in a situation where zealous members wanted so much to do something constructive, but scarcely knew what or how.

Annual conferences pointed up this difficulty, but they brought to the Society the wisdom and advice of scientific and academic persons who had had more than passing concern with the difficulties which homosexual and other sex variants faced in a culture which was loath to accept and understand them as such.

A regular program of monthly discussion forums, varying in attendance from a very few to more than 100 persons, was continued in the same manner as initiated by the old Foundation. These were held in various localities in the Los Angeles area, in San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland, and San Diego.

But to the annual conferences—or conventions—came spokesmen from fields of medicine, psychology, law, correctional work, etc., to give eager members an idea of just how vast was the problem, and how long it would take to make any tangible accomplishment.

First annual convention was held in San Francisco in May 1954. At this meeting, announcement of the Society's expansion to Chicago was made. However, when this active membership was added to that of Northern and Southern California chapters, the total strength was less than 100 persons.

By the time the second annual convention met in Los Angeles in May 1955, the third issue of the Society's new magazine had been published and Mattachine REVIEW had taken its place alongside the older ONE as a second voice stating the social injustice resulting from a massive ignorance and prejudice about the realities of human sex behavior.

Conventions for 1956 and 1957 were held in San Francisco. The May 1956 meeting in Hotel Bellevue granted a charter for New York chapters which had officially formed late in 1955. By September 1957 a Denver group had been formed, as well as units in Boston and Washington, D. C. However, total active membership in the Society still was not an impressive figure. Only 65 active members (plus a smaller number of contributing members) were enrolled in May, 1956, according to a report in the first issue of the Society's national news quarterly, INTERIM, which first appeared in June of that year. National headquarters was moved from Los Angeles to San Francisco on January 1, 1957. Here the Society's central administration was combined in downtown office space which had been occupied by the magazine, the publications department and the San Francisco Area Council since November, 1954. By August 1957 membership was 113, located in San Francisco, New York, Los Angeles, Denver and Chicago, and including contributor members. The 1957 convention was held in San Francisco's Sheraton-Palace Hotel and in the national office. On the program were Dr. Harry Benjamin, Dr. Alfred Auerback, Psychologist Leo J. Zeff, Master Social Workers Julia Coleman and William Baker, Attorney Kenneth Zwerin and San Quentin Psychiatrist David Schmidt, M.D.

The 5th annual convention was held in New York's Barbizon-Plaza Hotel in September 1958, with many activities centered in the Society's own offices on the Avenue of the Americas near Rockefeller Center. Miss Fannie Hurst, novelist and grand woman of American letters, headed a panel of speakers which included Donald Webster Cory, author; Theodore S. Weiss, M. D., psychiatrist and others. Judge Morris Ploscowe and Rev. C. E. Eagan, Jr., were also speakers. At the time, Mattachine membership had increased to a total of 223, of which 164 were active in seven local area councils.

Denver was host to the Society's 6th annual convention in September 1959 in the Hotel Albany. Once again an imposing group of speakers appeared before the Society and its interested friends. These included Leo V. Tepley, M. D., psychiatrist; Robert Hamilton, Ph.D., educator; Hon. Robert E. Allen, majority floor leader of the Colorado Assembly; Wm. F. Reynard, ACLU attorney, and Omer C. Stewart, Ph.D., anthropologist, University of Colorado. Membership at the end of the year 1958 had climbed to an all-time high. There were 216 active members, 13 honorary, and 98 subscribing members, total 327.

A skeleton outline of annual conferences and membership growth over seven of the past ten years by no means represents the "Mattachine Story." In fact, a major organizational project at this time is the preparation of a complete and

detailed history of this important first decade of the Mattachine movement in America.

More important, perhaps, is the daily work of the Society and the activities it conducts in the fields of education, research and social service for the homosexual and other sex variantd, and for the public at large.

Now organized with six departments, the Society maintains offices at San Francisco and New York, with area councils and branch office addresses at Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Denver and Los Angeles. A staff of three fulltime officers operates the national office at San Francisco. Here is published the monthly Mattachine Review, Interim, and a number of other promotional and special publications—including folders, booklets, reprints, etc. In New York, the office is operated on a part time basis now, but it is hoped to keep it open daily soon.

All areas are at work with regular projects and activities. These include monthly public discussion forums, at which a large number of prominent persons in professional fields, law enforcement, sexological research, education, correctional work, etc., have addressed various groups. Also scheduled are regular and special projects in group therapy, discussion of individual problems, and conferences in personal adjustment. Social service activities in all areas are being expanded. In San Francisco alone today, these cases are being handled at the rate of more than 600 per year. Referrals to professional help, employment assistance, housing and other individual problems, many involving the rehabilitation of someone recently in some serious difficulty, are handled, all on a gratuitous and individual basis.

Through articles in magazines, newspapers and through individuals themselves, the name Mattachine is becoming known across the U. S., and for that matter, around the world. By steadfastly pursuing a policy of avoiding that which is sensational, and performing a task that is of recognized social value, the Society is gaining prestige and confidence among many agencies, public and private, concerned with sociological problems and their solution, and in scientific and academic circles.

This first decade has actually provided the Society with only a scope of the total problem which it has set out to solve. Few, if any, real answers or solutions have been attained, although inestimable progress has been made in the right direction.

Countless cases of individual assistance represent only a fraction of this progress.

Whatever the first decade has taught the Society, it would seem that the most important lesson is the need for patiently continuing the work undertaken, realizing that social change is slow but inevitable. We must constantly remember that attitudes formed over 25 centuries ago are not erased quickly, even in the fast-moving mid-20th Century we are living in today.

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