



mattachine **REVIEW**

APRIL 1961 50c



Puritan Terror
Massachusetts 1961

BOOK NOTES FROM **PAN-Graphic**

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JOHN LEROY

Published monthly by the Mattachine Society, Inc., 693 Mission St., San Francisco 5, California. Telephone DOuglas 2-3799.

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Puritan Terror - Massachusetts: 1961

As told to JOHN LOGAN
by Harmon H. and Edward W.

Just how enlightened are the forces of law enforcement and justice in this year 1961 as concerns the subject and manifestation of homosexuality? And just how much do these forces respect the law itself when they come face to face with a homosexual situation which in no way creates any public outrage, but which is one which a state policeman may not approve?

Written between the lines of the following account is a chronicle of colossal ignorance, bigotry and injustice. It happened not far from Salem, where

witches were once burned at the stake. In the three centuries since that kind of barbarism, we may think we have come a long way, but an instance like the following makes us stop and wonder. You won't feel good about it either when you have read the following.

Harmon H. and Edward W. are two adult men who have found a deep and meaningful relationship in each other. One of them is Negro. Departing from the West Coast in early August 1960, these men began a long-dreamed of Coast-to-Coast motor trip which started out like the vacation of a lifetime, but wound up a nightmare out of the Dark Ages.

They went to Cincinnati, to New York, and then on to New England. On the day of September 10 they crossed the boundary into Massachusetts, and then it all began. Here is their story, signed by both, and told in their own words. They have furnished the documentation of the names of persons involved, and submitted with this are "cash slips" which are receipts for fines paid—\$250.00 each, received by Officer Triffi of Worcester, Mass., in the case of Harmon H., and by Officer Reynolds in the case of Edward W. at a court in that city.

HERE IS THEIR STORY:

Sept. 10, 1960: We were stopped at the state line of Massachusetts (Route 20, Sturbridge, Mass.) by state troopers. They requested that we get out of the car and they began searching the automobile without asking for or obtaining our permission for the search.

Trooper Crocker then said, "I want to continue this matter at the State Police Barracks at Charlton."

He requested Edward W. to follow in his car, taking his operator's license and registration to the officer's state police car. He then ordered Harmon to get in the state police car with him.

At the State Police Barracks, we were separated—Edward W. was taken inside the Barracks, Harmon H. was kept outside by the automobile. Trooper Crocker proceeded to take all the luggage from the automobile which consisted of four pieces (two three-suiters, two Val Packs, one polaroid camera and case, and one box of tapes)

He took all the contents of the luggage and dumped it out on the lawn to to search through it. We were not informed of our constitutional rights. I, Harmon H., asked him about a search warrant for this search, and also why we had been stopped. He stated that we had been first stopped because we had California plates on our car, and that we were a colored and a white person traveling together—Edward W., being colored. He further stated he did not need a search warrant as "Massachusetts did not have fancy laws

like California." He further ordered me to "shut up," as he was busy, and he said he had a "fix" in with the District Judge in Southbridge, Mass., so that the judge would do anything he said. He continued his search and found a metal document box, which was locked. He told me to open it. I told him I still thought a search warrant was in order. He then got angry, went in the barracks, got a screw driver and broke the lock on the box. In the box he found among our personal papers, contracts, insurance policies, a copy of the September 1960 issue of "Mattachine Review," also a letter from the Boston Area Council of the Mattachine Society, signed by S. Pierre, stating where we could find hotels suitable for us, since we were an inter-racial couple traveling together. He also found a copy of the book "Physique Pictorial," after which he immediately stated we were in possession of obscene literature. The officer took me, Harmon H., inside the barracks, to a separate room, and said he was contacting Sgt. Gerald Crowley, of the Mass. Bureau of Pornography in Boston. It was approximately 1:00 p.m. then.

In the meantime he called and arranged to obtain a tape recorder to play the tapes. Upon playing them, he said he was disappointed that they were not lewd party tapes.

At about 9:00 p.m. Sgt. Crowley arrived. He questioned us separately and stated that the Mattachine Review was obscene in his mind, and that he was going to put a stop to such activity. He declared that we were coming into Massachusetts to recruit homosexuals since that was the main idea of the Mattachine Society.

He then proceeded to ask us personal questions about our being "gay" and was it "more fun being an inter-racial couple."

Sgt. Crowley said he had never had the "pleasure of arresting an inter-racial pair" before and was going to make an example of us.

Then the two state troopers flipped a coin to see who would write up the case. Trooper Crocker, who first stopped us, was the winner. We were then taken to the city jail at Southbridge, Mass., and booked, to be held for District Court on the following Monday, Sept. 12, 1960.

On September 12, we appeared in District Court at Southbridge, Mass. The Judge requested that the state police take a continuance until September 23, 1960. He set bail at \$5,000.00 each. We were then taken to the county jail and house of correction at Worcester, Mass. to await further hearings. We were first both placed on what they call a "trial tier," then Edward was moved off this tier to another part of the jail. When we questioned as to why this move was made the officer in charge stated that many visitors pass on the trial tier and it was their policy not to cell Negroes on the tier for this reason. The jail regulations permitted one letter each week to a relative or personal friend which was closely censored, and could not contain

any information about the case or jail. The cells were small, equipped with a bed, table and stool, one man to a cell. There was no toilet or water in the cell. The jail was operated on a strictly "silent" system. Prisoners were given four cups of water per day and allowed to walk and talk one hour outside of the cell each day.

On September 23 we appeared in District Court at Southbridge, and during the testimony of the State Trooper after our plea of "Not Guilty," the judge asked the trooper if this was the case he had discussed with him the day before.

The Trooper replied, "yes."

Our attorney asked that it be bound over for "Probable Cause" as the judge had already reviewed the evidence. Bail in the amount of \$5,000.00 was continued on both of us.

On October 8, we were informed that our case was bound over for the January, 1961 session of the Grand Jury.

On October 25, 1960, we petitioned for a reduction of Bail to \$1,000.00 each and the petition was granted. However, we could not make the bail as no bonding company in Los Angeles, California, would write a bond, not even the Nation-Wide Bonding Co., as they said the courts in Massachusetts were "uncertain in their procedure."

On January 5, 1961, we were indicted by the Grand Jury.

On January 10, 1961 we were arraigned in Superior Court, and pleaded "Not Guilty."

Then on January 12, 1961 we appeared in Superior Court before Judge Edward J. De Saulner, and charged with "possession of pornographic literature for the purpose of display and exhibition," with District Attorney William T. Buckley prosecuting.

Sgt. Crowley stated his case, in that "we were in possession of the Mattachine Review" and a "letter," and that "while it was a *legal* publication, it was an obscene and undesirable book in his mind and should be so judged and banished in Massachusetts." The copy of "Physique Pictorial" he stated was legal and not obscene in his mind.

We were found guilty as charged, and when the matter of the 125 days we had spent in jail waiting was brought up, the District Attorney stated he did not feel it had any bearing on the matter. We were fined \$250.00 each and were released.

(We could not get any cooperation or aggressive defense from our attorney, Thomas M. Simmons of Meyers and Meyers, Attorneys at Law, 262 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass., as he said they felt the same as the court and stated they thought we should not have had the Mattachine Review in our possession and were lucky to get only a fine.)

GIANT STEP

by Morgan Ives

A Self-Contained Unit from a Novel in Progress

one

The doorknob rattled, and Tommy Zane, buttoning the top button of his shirt, shouted "Just a minute." Then, as he slipped back the bolt and opened the door, he stepped back, uncertain.

"Oh—I thought it was Mario."

"It's me," Angelo Santelli said testily, "what's the matter with you? We never lock doors in this house."

"You never knock on them, either," Tommy replied, "and I have a sort of crude objection to Lucia or Tessa catching me in my shirt-tail."

Angelo stood in the low doorway; a big man, stocky and compact, he looked younger than the forty-four years he claimed. He had put on weight, and softened considerably, since the days when he'd been manager and catcher for the "Flying Santellis"; but he was still muscular and good-looking, and it wasn't hard for Tommy to reconstruct in his mind the time when Angelo had been one of the top acrobats with any of the big circuses.

"Mario's not up yet?"

"He went to put some more ice on his face. He ought to be up in a minute," Tommy said, stepping back inside the room.

"Mind if I come in?"

"It's your house. Sure, sit here." Tommy motioned the older man to the one chair and sat down on the foot of the bed, kicking his discarded tights under the edge of the blanket. A slim, energetic redhead in his early twenties, he,

like Angelo, appeared considerably younger.

"Cigarette, Angelo?"

"I'll smoke my own, thanks. Those things you and Mario like, they taste too much like cough drops. What happened to his eye?"

"Didn't Lucia tell you? He was practicing a pirouette, and Lucia didn't drop the bar fast enough. The trapeze smacked him in the forehead—he hit the safety net like a cannonball."

"I saw you putting ice on it, in the kitchen."

Tommy looked up quickly, warily; covered it by fumbling in his shirt pocket for a lighter.

(It hadn't been anything. He'd just been remembering. It had been—oh, how many years now? Back when he was just a kid, crazy to fly, hanging around winter quarters, practicing endlessly on rings and horizontal bars. Watching the aerialists. Running errands for them, helping with their rigging. And showing off, of course; trying to attract attention. And he had. There'd been the day Mario—Mario Santelli of the Flying Santellis—had smiled at him, and said "Okay, okay, kid, on the ground you look good, put on the safety belt and let's see what you can do up at the top of the rigging.")

"I understand enough—" Angelo checked himself. "I've been trying to tell myself I just *didn't* understand, Kid."

Tommy found he had forgotten to breathe, and did. "Can you understand this, then? Mario and I need each other."

Angelo Santelli colored to the roots of his dark hair. He put out his cigarette in a china ashtray shaped like the state of California, grinding it out painstakingly, to cover his abrupt loss of voice. Finally he coughed.

"Look. It's hard for me to remember you're just a kid. Look here—Tommy—two grown men shouldn't—"

"Angelo, for—I'm 24. Don't think you have to explain the facts of life to me."

"It's a goddam cinch somebody does," Angelo retorted, thrusting out his jaw. "No, you listen. I know you had a kid crush on him, when you were a little fellow. We expected that. Kids mostly outgrow that stuff. He wasn't much more than a kid himself, back then. But I simply wouldn't believe—even after what I saw downstairs just now—"

"Heck, we were just clowning." But Tommy's brain was running a ratrace. Exactly what could Angelo have seen? Sure, he'd put his arm around Mario's shoulder, and then Mario had turned and pushed a piece of ice down his neck and they'd started scuffling and punching each other—"

"We were just kidding around," he repeated. He saw Angelo's face start to lighten, and he knew the big man would believe what he wanted to believe.

Angelo handed him back the lighter. "Remember the day I offered you a

cigarette and you gave me a lecture with six good reasons why athletes shouldn't smoke?"

Tommy laughed with him. "How'd you and Mario ever put up with me?"

"We managed." After a minute Angelo said "Look, Tom—we were all glad when you got out of the Army and decided to team up with Mario again. We're grateful for the way you've straightened him out. He was a pretty wild kid, and after you went in service and the act broke up—well, there was trouble. I don't want to go into that—"

Tommy clicked the mechanism of the lighter, restlessly, but when it finally flared, he leaned forward and blew out the tiny flame. "He told me all about it. Before we teamed up."

"I wonder." Angelo frowned. "You've done a lot. Hell—when I was managing, I had more trouble with him than all the rest of the kinkers put together. Only I'm wondering," he repeated, "how much of yourself have you tied up in this?"

"Nothing. We share and share alike, just like it was when you were with us. I put my severance pay into the new rigging, but it works out about equal."

"I don't mean money, Tom. I mean—how much of yourself have you tied up? I'd hate to see you two get so dependent on each other that you couldn't work with anyone else."

"Well, you quit us and we lived through it."

"You're not answering my question."

"No, and I don't intend too. Listen, Angelo, I don't want to be rude, but you aren't IN the act any more. If you were still managing us, and catching us, I'd let you run the act and maybe even my life, just like always. But since you did quit—isn't it sort of up to us how we run our own show?"

"Fair enough," the older man said. "But you used to be a pretty neat little flyer yourself. Now he's got the star spot, and you're catching for him. I hate to see you putting yourself in the background. He's my nephew, and he's good. But that doesn't give him the right to crowd you out."

"Who's crowding me out? I wanted it that way. Anything I do, it's because I feel like it."

"Confound it!" Angelo clenched his fist and hit the arm of his chair with it. "Why not come right out and say—" he got up and swung around, turning his back on Tommy, and for a minute the younger man thought Angelo would walk out of the room. Finally he turned again, and said "Tom, I don't know how to say this. I don't know whether you know this, or whether Mario ever told you. Knowing what I do about Mario, maybe I'm—maybe I'm taking that the wrong way."

"You aren't telling me anything I don't know," Tommy said. He was halfway between anger and a sudden, random hope. He said, surprised to find his voice so steady, "I wonder—can you understand that, then, Angelo? Why

things are the way they are with Mario and me?"

And then an impulse which had been in Tommy for years found a sudden, tardy giant step of truth.

"I'm sorry if it bothers you, Angelo, because I like and respect you more than anybody else I know, almost. But that's the way it is. When I quit, and went into the Army, it was because we were scared—there'd been some talk about us. We thought it would hurt the act. The family, the circus, that means more to Mario than anything else. Anyhow, I thought it did. But it didn't save anything. It nearly destroyed us both. Damn it, you just finished telling me how Mario hit the skids!" His voice had risen in his eagerness to make Angelo see. "All those years I was in the Army, he was just knocking around, drifting, like a bum. When I found him in that filthy carnival on the Mexican border—" Tommy swallowed. "I don't want to talk about that. You just got through saying we'd straightened each other out."

"At that price I wish you hadn't bothered."

Tommy got swiftly to his feet. "No, you'd rather see us both in the gutter, wouldn't you? You're jealous, damn you—jealous because Mario and I have something you don't! For you, flying was something you did because you loved your family—your father. You found out you couldn't work without *him*, didn't you? Just a week after he was killed, you quit the act, quit the show, left the Flying Santellis stranded in the middle of the season, to break in any bum we could get as our catcher, just because you couldn't stand to see Mario and me working together, happy—"

"Shut up," Angelo said, strangled, "Shut up, shut up or I'll kill you—"

"Yes, both of you, shut up," said Mario Santelli. There was no telling how long he had been there, holding to the door frame as if only his clenched knuckles kept him upright. He was still in the sweat-darkened tights, bare to the waist, a towel thrown loosely around his shoulders. The bruised eye, grotesquely darkening, gave his face a lopsided, clown look. "I'd think they'd be calling out the riot squad."

Angelo turned on him, his own voice shaking. "I blame myself for the whole filthy business—for ever thinking you could be trusted with a kid, you—you contemptible—"

Mario came inside the room. "If we're going to be throwing that kind of language around, let's not have the whole family for an audience," he said, shut the door and locked it. Angelo watched in silence.

"Now I see the point of the locks," he said at last. "I ought to admire your discretion. You've improved since the police picked you up for molesting a kid of sixteen."

Mario's swollen face twisted. "I thought you'd get around to that. To keep the record straight, you could add that I was two weeks short of my own six-

teenth birthday when I committed that quote crime unquote. Remember?"

"You mean the last time you got caught at it," Angelo said through his teeth. "My father was too tolerant for his own good. He should have let me beat the life out of you that day—and I was all set to do it, too."

Mario was looking at his mother's brother with a sad, embarrassed smile. "Do you really think that would have changed me?"

"It might have taught you there were things people couldn't do without trouble," Angelo said. "And when I think we trusted you with Tommy!"

"Now, damn it, Angelo—" Tommy began, but Mario motioned him to silence.

"I'm not defending myself. If you figure I corrupted Tommy, nothing I'd say could change your mind—though if sixteen years of living with his family didn't make him straight, I don't know how on earth you think a couple of seasons on the road with me could have turned him gay just like *that*. And he spent three years in the Army, away from my so-called evil influence, Think, Angelo. Use your head. If some man made a pass at you, would it turn you homosexual—just like that?"

Angelo gave a contemptuous smile. "The only queer that ever touched me lost three teeth, man."

Mario shivered slightly. "And you're proud of it. See what I mean? Tom and I are partners. The rest is none of your business."

"It's everybody's business. Tommy's just a kid—!"

"Listen, Angelo, the hell with that," Tommy said. "In the first place, if anybody got corrupted, it wasn't me." He swallowed, words a strange, swirling echo in his mind, years ago; *damn it, if I'm old enough to risk my neck with you eighty feet in the air on a flying trapeze, I'm old enough to know what kind of life...* he pushed the memory back where it belonged. "And in the second place—Angelo, Papa Tony knew about it. He told me, a couple of weeks before he died."

(The recreation car on a long run between two cities, and old Tonio Santelli's face, grave, frowning over the checkerboard balanced on their knees between them. Tommy, I can't say I like it, I can't say I understand it. But you and Mario, you'll work together, a long time, maybe all your lives. You make a good team, flying. It's strange, you're young, you're not even brothers. Maybe you can work in the air with somebody you don't like, don't trust, don't love. I don't know, I never could.)

Tommy swallowed again, gazing into Angelo's eyes, so like the old man's. "I don't know if Papa Tony approved, or not. But he could have stopped it, easy enough. He could have put the whole country between us, just by farming out my contract to some other circus. So I guess he knew it had to be that way."

Angelo sat down suddenly. "You wouldn't lie about it?"

"Why would I lie? Papa Tony was like a father to me, too."

Angelo sat staring at the striped wallpaper. "Mario, this is a decent home with kids in it. Joe's kids. Tessa."

Mario bit his lip. "It always has been, as far back as I can remember. So what?"

Angelo hesitated. "I saw you and Tommy in the kitchen."

Mario laughed weakly. "Oh, Angelo, you idiot. Of all the things to pick on—" he spread his hands wide. "Look, I know, in some families, men don't—but all us boys used to kiss each other. Didn't you see Johnny grab me the other day when he came in? How many times have you and I hugged each other and—"

Angelo grimaced. "Perhaps you'd better not remind me of that just now."

"But why?" I'm no different than I ever was," Mario said. Tommy added, "I told you, we were just clowning."

"Please. Don't let's go into details." Angelo looked away. Mario was too angry to notice, but it seemed to Tommy that the older man was honestly distressed. "I wish you wouldn't make this harder, Mario. I don't want the kind of explanations there'd have to be if I—but you're going to give me your word there'll be none of that under this roof, or I'll have to ask Tommy to find some other place to live."

Tommy said "Hey, look—" but Mario was on his feet.

"What do you mean—my word? If you mean, not to let Clay catch us in bed together, or not to make passes at the kids down in the gym, that's a damned insult, and you'd better take it back before I ram your teeth down your dirty throat. There's just exactly as much chance of that, as there is of you taking little Tessa along next time you visit a whorehouse! What do you expect? Do you think we ought to take separate rooms, for instance?"

"Well, that would be a good start."

"Angelo, do you honestly think—or are you going to lock Tommy in his room and patrol the halls every night? Or are you saying you want us to go out and hunt up a dark alley?"

Angelo's neck seemed too big for his collar, and his face was congested and dark. "You know what I mean."

"No, I don't. I can't figure whether you're stupid, or vicious, or what. No, just for the record—" Mario leaned forward, confronting Angelo, "if Tommy goes, I go. And don't try to make anything out of that. Forgetting everything else, he's my partner. If you're going to kick out one half of the Flying Santellis, kick us both out. But there's something else to think about. Legally, I own a good-sized hunk of this house."

"Look, kid," Angelo said, "nobody's arguing—"

"I am," said Mario. "Just for the heck of it, let's argue. The house was originally left to the family, and tied up so it couldn't be sold while Great-

Grandmother di Santalis was alive. But she died two years ago. Now, When I was 17, Papa Tony started taking a percentage out of my salary, and as we all started earning, he did the same with all of us, and put it into taxes, so we'd all own an equity in the place. When he died, he left his share to Liss, Johnny and me, equally. When Liss married, you remember, I bought her share—that was the year I had some spare cash. Right now, I'm broke. Tom and I put all our money into mounting our new act. I don't think I could buy you out, but considering that I have a good-sized equity in the place, I might get it financed. You've lived here all your life, you own a share of it too. I could force a sale, and a split of the cash proceeds, and what would that do to the family—to Lucia, to Joe and his kids? But I'll do it, if I have to. Or do you want to buy me out?"

Tommy—silent till now because he was too appalled to speak—finally found words. "No, Mario, don't. Angelo, it isn't necessary. I can find another place—"

"Not without me. This isn't personal, Tom. This is a business matter. A family matter. The house, the flying rig, that sort of thing. If Angelo can force me out of the house, he can force me not to use the family name. And if he can take my means of livelihood—"

Angelo said heavily "If I called your bluff—"

"I'd have a lawyer here in the morning to appraise the place. Maybe you and Lucia could buy me out, together. Johnny might even go in with you. Of course they'd have to know why you suddenly found out that the home that's held four generations of Santellis—five now—isn't big enough to hold Mario and Tommy—"

"Don't. You're family. Don't you think that means anything to me?" He looked coldly at Tommy. "And anyone in a family act is family. I can't order either of you out. I don't even want to. But what do you expect me to do? Say I approve of this—this—" he shook his head and couldn't finish his sentence.

"If it makes you feel better, pretend you don't know. We'll do our part." Mario looked straight at him. "You ought to be able to trust our discretion—if you're just finding out after all these years."

Angelo's jaw dropped. He stared at Tommy as if he were seeing him for the first time. "Just how long has this been going on, Tom? No, I asked you."

Tommy looked at Mario, but his friend was staring into space. *I got Mario into this. Now we'll both have to live with it. And the family means so much to him.*

"Since—since the first season I worked in the act."

Angelo said "Oh, my God." He stood as if he had grown to the floor. At

last he said, with a heavy shrug;

"Okay. You're both grown up. I wash my hands of you both."

He fumbled with the doorknob.

"You know, of course, you disgust me."

Tommy got up and unlocked it, and Angelo went out without another word. Tommy locked it behind him. Mario had slumped on the bed, his face in his hands, and Tommy turned away, not willing to see him weep, and himself shaken. He had loved and admired Angelo so much. Somehow, somehow, he had hoped for the miracle; that Angelo, knowing, would realize how right it was for them, would look at them with unchanged eyes.

Tommy thought he had lost all his illusions years ago, but as he stood with his hand still on the doorknob he felt another one crack and topple. Angelo was not superhuman, after all. He could be petty, even cruel.

It was a bad and bitter end to a good friendship. And he knew it was the end, and he had never known how deep the warmth went until he felt it withdrawn and felt as if the roots were being drawn out from his very toenails. He went and sat beside Mario, his hand on his friend's shoulder, not speaking, and he knew that he had just begun to feel the pain.

"So much for that," Mario whispered hoarsely, "what price honesty?"

He reached up and gripped Tommy's hand. "I said it years ago, and now it's the only thing that's left. We've got to make ourselves such a damned good team together that nobody can ever want to separate us. It's all we've got left, Lucky"

"I haven't been so lucky for you, have I?" *Lucky. The name Mario had given him after their first performance together.* "Seems to be mostly bad luck."

"Maybe." Mario smiled wearily. "but it's all the luck I've got. Maybe bad luck's better than none."

two

When fourteen members of the same family live under the same roof, no such childishness as "not speaking" is possible. On the surface things went on much as usual. Mario was edgy and irritable—but then he was always irritable during these last few weeks of rehearsal, while they were polishing their final routines. It was possible to keep up the pretense that everything was as it had been before. Tommy could tell himself that the family left them very much to themselves simply because they knew that he and Mario were busy perfecting the two-and-a-twist which they would put into their act this summer.

He was getting into his practice clothes one afternoon when he heard Mario, who had gone on ahead of him, call to his young cousin:

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DECKHAND

What wonders in his eyes show a reflection there
of crooked mountains or of smoothly flowing rivers
perhaps a perfect little bay somewhere seen
through blowing palm-fronds whispering softly
and monotonously. sudden hiss of rain
darkening the tropical water and clouds trailing smoky veils
hiding a while the sharp black lava peak

So does the sailor standing by the rail
with memories of love like a sunset lurid
in his heart: what words recalled he prefers
not to speak: "I wish you could take me with you."
From back aft, the second-mate shouts an "all clear"
when the end of the spring-line comes through the chock
and the ship begins her long silent severance from the shore.

Bare seas to face now for long weeks ahead
of work to do, watches to stand, cargo to load
or unload. mind and muscle to move
the burdens of the world. no time for dreaming, or not much,
but day after dull day to see to it that the ship goes on
except in sleep to cry out your last word said.

Landsmen look to the sea for their deliverance,
as seamen to the land. where is it to be found?
in memories the heart stores up? or in
the severe pronouncements of a kinder Fate
which knows more than we — often — what will be good for us.

From TOWARD OTHER SHORES by Forrest Anderson.

"Clay? Lucia had to go into town. Come on down and handle the bars for us."

Tommy grinned to himself. That was like Mario—to camouflage some giant step in an aerialist's training with some such matter-of-fact request. He did some mental arithmetic. Clay Santelli was fifteen, and he'd spent almost two years in ground training and the elementary routines of swinging, swinging, swinging and falling into the net. Mario's brother Johnny had let him make a few crosses in a mechanic—the safety belt used to give young flyers confidence at first. Tommy remembered another kid of fourteen, who'd come down from an ordinary, monotonous training session and had been al-

ready on the ladder when Mario had said, offhand, not even looking his way, "Oh, Tom, you ought to be able to manage without the mechanic today. Here, give it to me, and go on up."

In memory he could sympathize with what Clay must be feeling. Then he snapped back to awareness at the silence in the hall and Clay's voice at last, hesitant;

"Well, I guess it would be all right. Okay."

"Listen—" Mario stopped, and Tommy could tell from his tone that he was swallowing rage, when he finally said "Well, Clay, if you can spare us half an hour—"

"So okay, okay," said Clay defiantly, "just let me get on my gym clothes. Shut the door and go on, I'll be down in a minute."

Mario started down the stairs and Tommy took a fast step or two and caught up with him. "Mario, what the devil—!"

"Isn't it obvious? Angelo's warned him not to associate with his wicked cousin."

"Angelo wouldn't—"

"How else can you figure it? Clay's been devilling me all winter—to let him come up on the board and throw the bar when we're practicing. I asked Lucia to invent an errand in town today, just so I could ask Clay without making a big thing of it."

"Anyway he's coming." Tommy pushed open the door of the big, barnlike practice room.

"Like he's doing us a big favor." Mario kicked off his shoes and threw them into the box; bent to tie the laces of his flying slippers. Tommy stood watching him for a minute, then, hearing Clay on the stairs, shrugged and went to his own end of the flying rig.

He started up hand over hand, and with the detachment of years of training, he pushed it all aside, letting conditioning and concentration take over. Clay stood beside Mario on the pedestal, catching the trapeze with the long wire hook as Mario left it on each swing; dropping it again as Mario swung from Tommy's hands back to the bar. During a brief break, Tommy looked back at them, together on the high perch. How much alike they were—! In the thin, long-legged boy, dark hair tousled, a pair of patched, worn practice tights thin across the knees and mended at the feet, he could see a younger Mario, all stringy long arms and cocky insolence and a sort of unconscious, childish grace. Tommy felt an almost painful tenderness. Mario had always been so much older. By the time they had met, Mario was already grown, confident, precise. Tommy, always racing to keep up with him, had put his own boyhood away from him with both hands, as fast as he could. It made him ache; to see what Mario had been before they knew each other.

"That ought to do it for today," Mario called across to him, "Tired?"

"Not especially." Tommy pulled himself to a sitting position on the catch bar, wrapped his arms loosely around the ropes. He swung, watching Mario turn to Clay;

"How about it? Want to show me what you've been doing?"

"Hey, that would be great!" Warmed by the exercise, Clay's hesitation had disappeared; he grinned up at Mario without a trace of sullenness, pulling in the bar. Then the grin slid off his face; he looked shaken, suddenly, and scared. Tommy, lowering himself to the head-down swinging catch position, twisting his calves around the padded supports of his trapeze, saw Mario lay his hand on Clay's shoulder. He couldn't hear what Mario was saying, but he could imagine.

"Come on, now, take it easy. Got to be a first time for everything, you know. You won't get hurt if you do just like I tell you, just when I tell you to do it. Now—take the bar—all right—go!"

He saw Clay swing out, a blurred flying bundle of arms and legs. Tommy arched his back, pushing his own swing higher, and the boy's thin wrists slapped hard into his outstretched palms.

"Easy does it," he said, smiling down into the young face swinging below him. He could feel the tension in the bony, taut arms. "Here you go."

Swinging upright again when Clay was back on the board, he heard Mario criticizing the catch. "Trouble is, Clay, you don't really *leap* at all. You let Tommy scoop you off the fly bar."

"Well, that's the way Johnny said to do it," Clay argued. Tommy almost fell from his own trapeze in amazement.

"I don't remember asking Johnny, or you either," Mario snapped. "Try again, and this time you get off the bar under your own steam. You're supposed to leap off, not fall off!"

"Yeah, but you're always telling me not to grab at the catcher," Clay retorted as he took the taped bar from Mario's hands. At the call of "Go!" he swung again. "Pull up, pull up," Mario called, "point your feet—easy, now—easy—go!" Clay tumbled toward Tommy, and Tommy, judging in a split second the loom of the hurtling body, pushed forward slightly and again his hands meshed around Clay's wrists.

"You hung on too long again. Tommy had to pull up and take you—Tom, next time just spill him. Now shift around—easy," he called, as they transferred their wrist-grip so that Clay faced the pedestal, "All right, let go—grab it!" As Tommy released Clay's hands, the boy reached out, barely getting the tips of his fingers on one edge of the trapeze; then dropped and sank toward the net. "Roll over," shouted Tommy and Mario together, and Clay, turning catlike in midair, bounced easily on his back into the net.

"You're still hanging on too long," Mario yelled. He dived down into the net, and Clay, jumping energetically to the floor, thrust his hands into the pockets of his shorts and regarded Mario with his chin thrust out.

"You dropped the bar too fast, didn't you, Mario?"

Tommy, sliding down the rope, nearly fell off in amazement. Mario's face darkened.

"I dropped the bar too fast? You know the trouble with you, Clay Santelli? Always some alibi! If it isn't Tommy's fault it's mine. Never yours."

"So why are you making a production of it?" Clay's lip curled.

"Because there's no room in this family for that stuff. You think you're pretty darned good, don't you? You're not. You couldn't even go to the catcher if Tommy wasn't correcting for all the stupid things you do."

"Sure. We all know Tommy can do no wrong around here."

"At least, at your age, he knew enough not to talk back. If it was up to me, you wouldn't be flying at all."

"Well," said Clay, setting his childish mouth, "is it up to you?"

Mario opened his own mouth and shut it again. "Probably not. Go on, go up and get dressed."

When Clay had sauntered out of the room Tommy burst out "If I'd given you that, when I was Clay's age, you'd have knocked my head off my shoulders!"

Mario stood hunched over, scowling. "Angelo's got me so self-conscious about the kids now," he said at last. "I'm afraid of what he might have said to Clay—to make him think he can get away with talking like that to me."

Tommy, biting his lip, picked up Mario's sweater and handed it to him. "Put this on, you'll catch cold standing around in your tights like that."

"Now you going to start in ordering me around?"

"Suit yourself." Tommy slammed the practice room door behind him. It didn't take two to make a fight when Mario was like this.

He heard Mario come up, while he was still in the shower, and after a while he went back to their room and found Mario there, just finished changing into blue jeans and a knitted shirt. He turned as Tommy came in.

"Let's go out for a walk, Lucky. There's some fog, but it isn't too dark to see."

"Okay," Tommy felt suddenly as if the house were stifling them. He thought of their first few seasons together, in the crowded quarters of the circus. The sneaking around, the sickening guilt, the continual fear and the reminders Mario had hated having to make; ("Kid, listen, I know it's rough, but remember, all we have to do is get careless for five minutes and I get fired—or go to jail—if your Dad doesn't stuff me into the lion's cage first

—and you'll wind up in a reform school somewhere, instead of up on the flying trapeze.”)

Yet even the lies, the guilt, the bitter brutal fights, were better than the present. He found himself remembering the year he had been seventeen. They'd finished their act with the difficult and dangerous passing leap, they'd shared one of the staterooms allotted to star acts on the circus train, and Tommy had heard Angelo say to a colleague in the men's dressing tent, “Oh, sure, heck, Tommy worships the ground Mario walks on.” He'd actually sounded approving. To Tommy's mother, that year, he had been reassuring; kindly. “Don't you worry about young Tom, Mrs. Zane. Mario will look out for him. They're great pals.”

In one great stride, he himself had cut Angelo's casual acceptance away.

They went out of the house and down the walk. Light thin folds of mist hung along the street; overhead a damp rainy sky hung low. Mario sniffed:

“Spring. Smells good. With any luck, we'll be on the road in another month.”

“If we can hold out that long.”

“Lucky—” He reached for Tommy's hand, but Tommy pulled away.

“Mario, there was a time when you didn't compromise with your standards. Not to avoid trouble. Not even for me. Remember that—that week we played Denver, and—and everything there? Just the same, you bawled me out in front of every roughneck on the lot, just for turning out for practice ten minutes late. No matter what there was between us, you never went soft when it was a question of flying. But you let Clay sass you back because you're scared of what he might say or think, A punk, an amateur.”

“I suppose you're right. I shouldn't be easier on the kid than I was on you.”

“That's not it, Mario. It's that you'll compromise at all. We've got to get loose, find some place where we won't be on the defensive all the time. I—” Tommy heard his voice catch and stopped till he could steady it. “I can't take much more. It's not me. It's what it's doing to you.”

Mario strode along in silence for a few minutes. Then he stopped and turned.

“Look, Lucky. The whole idea now seems to be that we've got to be so good together that nobody will give a damn whether we're homo or hetero or no-sexuals if there is such an animal. You had more nerve than I. You told Angelo—”

“I knew you'd throw that up to me—”

“Easy, easy. I'm not blaming—I just said, I never would have had the nerve. Like I don't walk into the Big Cage, either. But I went along with it, and now we've got two choices—”

“Sure. Stay together or let 'em break us up.”

“No, Lucky. We don't have that choice any more. If we break up again, we're through. Together we're a team, we're the best. Apart we're nowhere, we're a couple of nothing men. The choice we've got is this. We hide what we are, even from the people who matter to us—or we come out and fight and say, this is us. We've got to prove we're a better team *because* we're together—not in spite of it. We say, take us or leave us on what we are as a team, and the hell with all of you.”

And for the first time in months, Tommy felt the old sureness. This was the real Mario; not the taut, embittered stranger he had found, shabby and alone, working under an assumed name in a carnival. Briefly, in the fog, their hands touched; fell apart, but they walked on, shoulder to shoulder, no longer needing to speak at all. Finally, as they turned back through the iron gates that shut the house away from the street, Mario said “Lucky, I know how rough it is. But if we run away from Angelo—and he's fond of us in spite of everything—we're going to be running for the rest of our lives, and we'll end up running away from each other. Who can we face, if we can't face Angelo?” And, as Tommy nodded, Mario added “and Clay. I'm through running away from that cocky little punk.” He gave Tommy a brief tap on the shoulder as they went up the porch steps. “You wait.”

three

After supper, in the big room richly shabby with four generations of living, the Santellis gathered around the fireplace. Angelo had lighted a driftwood fire, for the nights were still cold when the fog blew in from the ocean. They were all there; from Joe, who had been a famous acrobatic clown in his day, down to Angelo's nine-year-old daughter Tessa, who would begin her first season in a balancing act this June. Joe's daughter Barbara, (Clay's sister), who at nineteen had four seasons as an aerialist and two as a ballet dancer in movie musicals behind her. Mario's brother Johnny, with his pretty fair-haired young wife, Stella, a team who had made a hit on television, last spring, with their double-trapeze routine. Lucia, their mother, who had been the world's greatest woman flyer until a near-crippling fall, and a ruptured shoulder muscle, had left her still pretty, still graceful as a ballerina; but unable to swing from a bar without falling. As Tommy looked around the room, it occurred to him that this was the only settled home he had ever known. It was Mario's by right of blood; but Mario was willing to fight for his right to it, as well.

Barbara was strumming her guitar, singing in her sweet, reedy voice:

“One night she came and knelt by my side
When I was fast asleep,
She threw her arms, about my neck
And she began to weep—”

Johnny said "Come sit on my lap, glamour girl." He picked up Stella, settling himself on the old high-backed bench before the fire. In the shadows Mario sprawled in a chair. Tessa was asleep on the floor. Johnny added his resonant bass to Barbara's whispery soprano;

"She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,

Ah me, what could I do?

So all night long I held her in my arms

Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew."

"You lovebirds," said Lucia, raising her sleek head from the flutter of crimson tarlatan in her lap. "Stella, *that's* no way to get your costumes in order for the season."

Johnny circled his wife's shoulders with a protective arm. "That's all right, Lucia, the less wardrobe Stella wears, the better she pleases the crowds. Right, Stel?"

In the shadow past the firelight, Mario caught Tommy's eye and smiled. Johnny and Stella had had the most inauspicious beginning possible. ("Well, heck," Johnny had burst out, defensively, "what could we do about it? They'd billed us as Johnny and Stella Santelli. We just don't look enough alike to be brother and sister. Oh, sure, we could have told them we were just partners, and had them put Stel back in the women's car and have the matron breathing down our necks every time we said three words to each other outside the ring. They'd thought we were married, they gave us a lower berth together, so we took it and we were glad to get it and that was that.") Halfway through their first season they had quietly gone off and made it legal, and no one had ever known the difference. But they were happy.)

Suddenly Angelo raised his head.

"Put the guitar up, Barbie. I've got something on my mind. Clay?"

"Sir?" said the boy, looking up.

"Come on over here." Angelo pointed at the carpet. "Sit."

Clay folded himself up gracefully at his uncle's feet. Angelo said "What's your name, son?"

"What do you—" Clay gulped under Angelo's glare.

"Joseph—Clayton—Santelli, junior, sir."

"Santelli, *junior*," Angelo said. "Now, young man. One thing we do in this family—we learn our place in it. You want to fly?"

Clay glanced quickly at Mario. "Yes, Uncle Angelo. Look—"

"I'm doing the talking, Clay. You've already done yours. I understand you've been giving Mario some argument about the right way to do some catch or other. Out of your great wisdom and experience?"

Clay swung around. "So you went and tattled on me like a girl!"

"Shut up," Angelo rapped, "Flying isn't a kid's game with kid's rules. You broke discipline and got reported. Now you listen—"

"You're not my father!"

Joe Santelli leaned into the firelight and said curtly "None of that, Clay. You flyers make the rules for each other. You stick to them or stay on the floor."

Angelo leaned forward too, his big hands on his knees. "Clay, you are barred from the practice room for two weeks. And after that, no talking back. Johnny—" he looked at the younger man, who let Stella slide from his lap, "you started this, didn't you, by breaking family training rules, and letting Clay talk back and argue with you?"

Johnny set his mouth. "I run my act like a team. If Mario wants to play dictator on his, that's fine by me. He broke Tommy in like a tame cat—snap the whip and he jumps. But I don't train my boys by kicking them around. I don't maul 'em and manhandle 'em. I don't work that way."

"You don't train them, period," Angelo snapped, "you like to *play* with the kids—you haven't got the patience or the discipline to work with them. You have no notion of discipline, you never had, you never will. So from now on, keep your nose out of it! Clay, you take orders from Mario—and if you don't like it, then stay on the floor. The minute you step on the aerial ladder, you lose your privileges as the spoiled brat of the family, and you take orders. No arguments."

Clay, his chin thrust out, resting on his clenched fists, glared up at Angelo. "Like Tommy, huh?"

Angelo drew a long, audible breath. "You might take a good look at Mario and Tommy sometimes and see what that kind of training does for you."

"Yeah. I know how Mario trained Tommy. You told me that before," Clay said, not moving. It was very quiet in the room. Even Lucia had put down her sewing.

Angelo said, curtly; "There isn't a better team around. And discipline is the keynote." He smiled at Mario, for just a minute, with almost the old warmth, and Mario let out his breath. Tommy saw him uncurl his hands. There were nailmarks in the palm.

Clay sat still for another minute; then laughed. "Yes *sir*," he said.

He went and sat on the arm of Mario's chair. "Well, I've been told, I've had my ears pinned back good. Creepers," he complained. "Two weeks?"

Mario laughed at the boy, but it still sounded strained. "Angelo's getting soft in his old age. I got grounded for a month for having notions of my own about how to change hands on the bar."

Stella looked up and said wickedly "When Johnny brought me home, he told me, welcome to the Santelli Flying and Reform School."

Clay looked down at Tommy, shyly. "Were they rough on you, too?"

"Oh, man. I used to tell the kids on the lot, if they couldn't find me, just turn their ears into the wind and listen till they heard Mario yelling 'Clumsy

Clown', and follow the sound."

"You seem to have survived," Clay said brashly.

"Yeah," Tommy said. "Somewhat battered, but I survived."

"You children!" Lucia put down the paper of sequins. "Papa Tony told me. When he was a little boy six years old, in the old country, his father balanced him on a wire and told him if he fell off he would be beaten, and he was."

Joe chuckled. "Papa never laid a finger on you, Lucia," he said. "Sending you to bed without supper was the furthest he went with you, you spoilt little prima donna. And then only for crying when you took a fall. But me—" he looked down at the circle of watching young people, "when I began ground training as an acrobat, I made my first back somersault with the teeth of a garden rake two inches behind where he told me to land. Man, was I careful!"

Johnny snapped "That kind of brutality doesn't get you anywhere!"

"Who's talking about brutality?" Lucia asked, surprised, and Joe said "It got the Santelli family star billing, including you, Johnny."

Angelo got up and went to them. He put a hand on Clay's shoulder and one on Mario's. He said "Clay, some kindness is just softness. Johnny's no good as a trainer because he forgets he wouldn't be any good without the rough training he had, he thinks he can get the same results without it. Our family's business is danger. You live with it and sometimes you die with it, and you can't be slipshod. My father was a tyrant to all of us, yes. But he knew how to teach. Just the way Mario taught Tommy—the way he's trying to teach you."

Lucia said, in her beautiful voice, "There is a form of discipline that demands real love, Clay. In our family, we have what outsiders would call a terrible discipline. And yet—" she glanced around the big, crowded room, "none of us try to break loose, once we are old enough to understand it. It is easy to be kind and soft, Clay. So easy, to kid an amateur along and fool him and let him fool himself. But the closer we are to each other, the more we insist on honesty. That's why we almost never work with anyone outside the family, and why anyone in a family act is family."

She looked down at Stella, curled up on the floor beside Johnny's knees. Then, looking across the firelight at Tommy, she smiled and, suddenly, she blinked. Tommy saw a strange little movement in the muscles of her throat. He could see the slow knowledge dawning behind her eyes. She turned over the paper of sequins for a minute, without speaking, and threaded one on her needle. At last she said, quietly and with emphasis, "Clay, we don't give that kind of thing to outsiders. You get it because you're ours, and we love you. And that—that willingness to accept our discipline, is what made Stella one of the family. And—and Tommy, just like one of ourselves." A

brief silence, all around the fire. Then, breaking the tension, she laughed and thrust the sequin-laden needle into the ruffle of Tessa's tarlatan skirt. "Joey," she said, "do you remember the time I stuck my tongue out at the audience and Papa turned around in time to see me? Oh, murder!"

It was a good evening, with almost the old warmth, Joe and Lucia telling stories of the early days under canvas, Angelo contributing anecdotes of the Mexican circus he had managed for a while, even the bashful Stella adding a couple of animated glimpses of the carnival where, as a child, she had been juggler, magician's helper, acrobat. When they were saying their goodnights, Tommy saw Mario, with the old carelessness, fling his arm around Angelo's shoulder. Angelo smiled, a little stiffly, but did not return the gesture, and Mario, letting his arm drop awkwardly, went out to the car to drive Barbara home.

Tommy, lingering with Stella beside the dying fire, sat silent, watching the girl tacking together a seam in one of Johnny's costumes. Thinking over the evening, he knew many things that even Mario had not yet realized. Some day, even Angelo would come to terms with Mario; gradually shift all of the blame for the things about Mario which he could not accept, on to the handy shoulders of Tommy; the stranger, the outsider. For all of Lucia's gracious (and sincerely meant) words, he knew that Stella was still carrying the major part of the resentment against Johnny's rebellion from the Santelli tradition. In their eyes, it was "That carnival girl he married" who had turned him away from them—forgetting that Stella alone had brought him back to them. By her consistent meekness, Stella had managed to reduce this load of blame to manageable proportions; but she carried it, nevertheless. As Tommy knew, some day, he would be scapegoat for the resentment of Mario's strange ways.

It was just the way the family was. There had been a time in his teens when Lucia had suggested, half in jest and half, Tommy suspected, in deadly earnest, that he and Barbara should plan on marrying "When you're out of school." Lucia had had her own husband hand-picked by the Santellis, and even now Tommy suspected that Matt Gardner senior, (who had, like his son Mario, taken the family name of Santelli without a second thought,) was remembered by Lucia as much for being her catcher as he was for her husband. What was it old Tonio had said once to him? *Our family will swallow you alive, Tommy.*

Tommy would not admit, even to himself, that he was jealous of Stella's acknowledged right to be Johnny's scapegoat and to carry the blame for his difference. If a wife put up with things for her husband's sake, if she turned her cheek meekly for his family's sake, she was a good girl and a good wife and respected for that very reason. But a man who put up with all kinds of

hell, just to stick with his partner—well, there were names for it, and even now Tommy couldn't take them. He took Stella's paper of needles, sorting them for her absent-mindedly, trying to concentrate on what he was doing.

Much later, in their own room, Mario said wistfully "Damn it, Tom—Angelo brought me up! Can you blame me?"

"Who's blaming anybody?" Tommy added, firmly snapping out the light, "I can't take your falls for you, Mario. There's just one way you could have Angelo back on the old terms. You said we can't break up. But if we did, within a week or so Angelo would be just like always to you—until you got yourself another boy. Angelo isn't low enough to say, choose between Tommy and the family. And he'd go away like Judas and hang himself before he'd say, choose between Tommy and me."

"You aren't trying to say—"

Tommy drew a long breath. No, *that* he could never say. Angelo himself would rather have died than admit it, even to himself. The thread of jealousy there was so subtle, so overlaid with illusion, that the most perceptive eyes would miss it.

But he, Tommy, was in Angelo's place. Catcher for the Flying Santellis; the fixed point for Mario's brilliance and showy flight. He was a truer Santelli, now, then Angelo; and in Angelo moral indignation had been so entangled with an unacknowledged thread of envy that Lucia's awareness had, in all innocence, forced the admission fairly into the open; as near to the open as it could ever be.

Tommy said hastily "No, no, you've got me all wrong. Angelo's just saying; you can be yourself, or you can have the family. You can be gay—or you can be their good boy and they'll all love you."

Mario suddenly laughed into the darkness. "To coin a phrase," he said, "we made our bed and we'll damn well have to lie in it."

"Well," Tommy said softly, "I can remember a time when we'd have settled for that."

"Yeah, some people are never satisfied," Mario said. And somewhere in the house around them, the past and the future clasped hands. There were more ways than one to join a family; and the knowledge that no compromise had been made suddenly seemed a giant step, bridging the past with the solid future. ■

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REVIEW EDITOR: Would you be good and homosexual himself—sometimes in official let (here was given the name, number and clothing. Frightened of his own homosexuality, he expresses it negatively—sadistically, if you will. He becomes dedicated, so to say, to stamping it out; and as a substitute for the sexual pleasures denied him, he "gets his kicks" by inflicting, and seeing inflicted upon homosexuals, punishment, or even torture. In truth, he is allied with the outright thugs who mutilate them in dark alleys and parks; and is frequently a graduate of the same "gang"; the difference being that he uses the law as his chief instrument. Ironically enough, the same individual is sometimes a secretly practicing homosexual himself. He carries a heavy burden.

Such a person will interpret any defense of the homosexual as "obscenity," and even men of good will fall in with him, for fear of being labeled homosexual themselves. It is natural that such a person will seek out a station in life which will facilitate the practice of his strange mission, and it is unfortunate for justice that so few precautions are taken to understand them for what they are.—Mr. L. C., New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many of the great psychologists agree with you. This is one aspect of what Wilhelm Stekel terms *The Homosexual Neurosis*.

REVIEW EDITOR: There is a desperate need for Mattachine in Detroit, with more and more homosexuals "coming out" every day and the increase in prejudice against them.—Mr. B. B., Michigan.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am forwarding under separate cover a collection of books relating to sexual matters from my library. These include *Sexual Relations of Mankind* by Montegazza, *The Satyricon*, and many others. I enjoy reading and receiving the REVIEW each month and wishing you lots of success in this endeavor.—Mr. H. B., Dist. of Col.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks for the gift of books, a valued addition to the library. This library, incidentally, is being used by an increasing number of professional people, graduate students, educators and laymen who wish to learn more about the subject.

EDITOR'S NOTE: While considerable editing was necessary, we hope the above is the essence of this mother's letter. Does any reader know of an attorney in Minnesota who would be interested in looking into this matter.

REVIEW EDITOR: Thirteen years of living and associating with homosexuals in New York City have confirmed my opinion that the enemy of the homosexual, when uncovered, is very likely to be the "suppressed"

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REVIEW EDITOR: Would you be good and homosexual himself—sometimes in official let (here was given the name, number and prison address of a young man) know if there is an attorney in Minnesota that he can turn to in bringing his case to the Minnesota Supreme Court? He was advised to get in touch with an attorney in Minneapolis (for his trial on a presumed sex offense and complicity in a bad check matter), and even the judge said (to this attorney), "you sentenced your own client." The attorney demanded \$1500. I was able to mortgage my home for more than it already had on it, and borrowed all that was possible on my life insurance. I paid him \$1000 as he demanded before the trial. I was—and told him so before the trial—unable to raise the additional \$500. But he took the case for \$1000. In every way his defense did not come to my son's favor. There was a 30-day (sentence) and probation given him, which for reasons of his school age. (I did not know at the time he was framed by police) I got help at the time (and hoped there would be no publicity.) It seems that because of (untrue statements) in juvenile records he got a heavier sentence than for the man who was with him—the (latter) being the one who signed the (bad check) and passed it. He got probation only (but my son) got (a heavier penalty). He has tried to file his own case...but there has not been appointed an attorney for him. He feels he needs help. I am already retired, unable to get work at present, as only a year ago I lost use of my right arm. But I will try again to get work and hold onto the home I built, and put my son through college. I believe in justice, but it should help those that need help, and we need it now. His mother, —Mrs. H. P., Minnesota.

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