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NOVEMBER 1961 • 50c

THE FACE THAT...

# Calling Shots

'HOMOSEXUALS' ARRESTED  
BY 'SPECIAL POLICE'

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Was it political? Did a city administration and police department, which might have considered aspects of a city election two years ago as unsavory, order a special crackdown on homosexuals—"for the record," so to speak—or was public behavior becoming more outrageous?

Or did a new "vagrancy law," passed in the 1961 legislature, and calling for an *action* to be the basis of an arrest (instead of a mere *state of being* as in the old law) give police greater power...had this law actually backfired upon the liberal legislators who had worked so hard to get it passed?

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(See Article on Page 4—Cont'd)

## EUROPE 1962

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*mattachine* REVIEW



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# Calling Shots

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## Revoking Evidence Sought

# Special Cops for 'Gay' Bars

By ERNEST LENN

Specially trained young policemen in plain clothes are being sent into homosexual bars here to get evidence aimed at revoking their liquor licenses. The Examiner learned yesterday.

The stepped-up liaison between the police and the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Department was revealed yesterday, as charges were filed against three more alleged "gay" bars.

The accusations, based largely on observations and experiences of undercover policemen, were filed by the ABC against the Hideaway, 438 Eddy St.; the Jumping Frog, 2111 Polk St., and Cal's Tavern, 782 O'Farrell St.

Norbert Falvey, ABC supervisor here, said city policemen are being used because "our manpower is limited, and our State liquor agents here are known."

Falvey said the liaison and joint "attrition" by his department and Police Chief Thomas Cahill is showing results, with the number of "gay" bars decreasing.

Last year, there were 30 such establishments here. That number now has dropped to 18, with 15 li-

cense revocation proceedings pending, Falvey said.

Chief Cahill disclosed that the policemen being sent into such bars to obtain evidence are new men in the department, whose faces aren't known.

Falvey's State Liquor agents train the young policemen, instructing them on what to look for, and how to act and dress while in "gay" bars.

The accusations filed against the three bars yesterday contained detailed charges by undercover policemen. They described how, over a period of months, they were solicited for unnatural acts by men patrons.

They said they witnessed fondling or kissing between male patrons, and patrons were permitted to engage in lewd conversation.

Under long-standing State Supreme Court decisions, the ABC cannot proceed against a bar's liquor license solely because its patronage principally is from homosexuals.

The ABC must take action on the basis of evidence that there were offensive or disorderly acts.

Mr. Lenn didn't explain a lot of things in this article.

For instance, who declares that special pains must be made to arrest homosexuals? Who decides that "gay bars" must have their licenses revoked? Do outraged citizens, political forces, church and clergy, or just a set of "no faces" make this demand?

Time and again the State Supreme Court has given the axe to state laws which have declared it illegal for homosexuals to congregate in a bar. It is NOT illegal, the court has said. Therefore Gay Bars are not illegal.

Can a police official assume the authority to close such establishments as he sees fit in spite of what the courts have ruled? Or can the mayor assume such authority, in spite of his possible aim of having a record of strong "law" enforcement practices when he runs for higher political office in another year. And finally, we can see no legal basis for the Alcoholic Beverage Control Department to ignite its own crusading fire about something which the people and the courts do not oppose nor consider a threat to the community.

If agents must be "trained" to detect "fondling and kissing," or to invite the solicitations of strangers, then can such behavior really constitute a menace?

But at the same time the reports began about police "entrapment" in San Francisco, citizens of that area could take heart in the fact that they lived no further south. Los Angeles, for instance, has practiced the same

Metachine Society supports good law enforcement practices and respect for law and police by everyone. Further it opposes public behavior which comes under the definition of "disorderly conduct" and other proscribed acts. But it does not favor the use of police to induce a citizen to commit a violation in order to make an arrest and conviction possible.

kind of "training cops to sit in bars and other places to induce a solicitation" technique for years—at least 14 years. San Diego has a police department which is in league with the armed forces authorities, and together these agencies call the shots on what bar operates or not. They have been reported as the source of harassment many times, even to the extent of ordering alleged homosexuals out of town "before sundown." Needless to say, dozens of reports of jobs ruined for individuals have come from Southern California, where employers have been threatened if they didn't fire someone the police were gunning for but couldn't otherwise touch.

Nevertheless, the San Francisco Police Department came under criticism from the public when the news of the special cops trained to make homosexual arrests came out. Because at about the same time, a wave of teenage hoodlum terrorism against drivers of Municipal Railway buses erupted. The mayor ordered the police chief to do something about it. The police chief declared he was short necessary personnel.

What did the public suggest? Yep, you guessed it. Following are three letters which appeared in the Hearst newspapers, no less:



From the *News-Call-Bulletin*—

EDITOR: An article in a San Francisco newspaper announced the Police Dept.'s intention to send young policemen into homosexual bars in this city disguised as "gay" patrons for the purpose of collecting evidence leading toward the revocation of those bars' liquor licenses.

I view such an operation with considerable alarm. Although I have never been a patron of this type of bar, it seems to me that these Gestapo-like tactics are inimical to the American way of life, an infringement on the basic constitutional rights of every citizen to free assembly and free speech.

When one group of society, whatever its persuasion, is harassed in this undemocratic manner, it is only one more step to the building of a police state, where all citizens are spied upon by secret police and undercover agents.—H.T.K., S.F.

From the *Examiner*—

It seems strange that the police do not have enough men to protect passengers and Muni drivers from juvenile hoodlums or to stop rioting at Hunter's Point, but they do have enough men to train them on how to act, dress and talk in gay bars to entrap homosexuals.

I, as a mother of four teen-agers, would rather have my children protected on Muni buses than from the dangers in bars where they would never go in the first place.—Mrs. Fred Brown, San Francisco.

If the present attempts to revoke

licenses are a success, then the closing of gay bars will be synonymous with a great increase in contacts with teen-agers in the streets by evicted homosexuals resulting in more muggings, extortion and other types of brutality a la "J" line.

Are law-enforcement agencies not exchanging one evil for a far more serious one?—Dr. Paul Craig, San Francisco.

Of course it is all very ridiculous. And tragic. And expensive for the poor taxpayers.

But there is another factor almost hidden inside this constellation of "law enforcement" tactics. What can be the cumulative effect of training "the young policemen," the "new men in the department," in this routine. Does it constitute a new type of "indoctrination," or screening? There are some things which no man should be compelled to do, and which we think most won't. Think about it...

Across the nation in every large city (as well as in San Francisco) countless numbers of highly paid and trained police officers sit in pairs or singly in many, many out of the way places—watching for someone to make a breach of conduct so that an arrest can be made.

And unwary and unknowing persons, who perhaps only rarely have that "different" kind of sex impulse or curiosity are being picked up and recorded as "sex deviates" by police watching through ventilating grills, two-way mirrors, and other peepholes in toilets. Some reports have been re-

ceived that police themselves have cut the so-called "glory holes" in booth partitions which invite the curiosity of the man who believes himself to be in privacy.

Surely these officers have brave answers for their wives when they return home and are asked, "Dear, what did you do to protect the citizens of our fair city today?" And the reply, if honest, must be something like this: "Well, my pardner and I sat behind a two-way mirror in a bowling alley and watched 262 men take a leak. We caught two of them, when a little guy made a pass at another!"

Gay bars get the scrutiny. Often this results from the complaints of others—and these others are often owners of not-gay bars hurting for business. But within most communities, other notorious "heterosexual" bars continue with scarcely a notice from even a beat cop. Within their confines, there may be nightly fights, open and blatant solicitation of women by swaggering men who yell loudest obscenities, and other kinds of behavior which, if it took place in a gay bar, would result in a mass raid on the place. It is the same assault, the same solicitation for sex, the same lewd behavior—in the eyes of the law. But not in the eyes of the police, it seems.

A representative of California's alcoholic beverage control board once declared his open dedication to eliminating licenses of Gay bars. Why? Did the law say so? No, it seems, the law did not. But this official him-

self felt that way about it, thus the war was on.

Wouldn't it be better to expend this energy in channels where the real evils lie? Gay bars, we have observed—as have many of our female heterosexual acquaintances—are on the whole, scenes of better behavior than many of the not-gay bars. Far less of the coarse, bawdy, obscene and outright violent kind of behavior goes on in the gay bars—unless introduced by some "outsider" looking for kicks from those whom he knows are not apt to find police protection easy to come by without paying a high price.

Owners and managers are quick to discourage even the slightest outward demonstration of affection in these places. Most of them are quick to denounce firmly anyone found off base in the slightest. On the other hand, necking, kissing, groping, petting, and other demonstrations of purely sexual exhibitionism are on display for all to see in many of the less-exclusive ungay bars, and seldom is it regarded as disorderly conduct, and rarely are the demonstrators called down. But in bars which are suspected of being "homosexual hangouts," one must be reserved at all times.

And yet the evils can be found in many communities outside the bars themselves. Racial bias, hate campaigns, muggings, assault, beatings and terrorism of various kinds go on and on in our present urban society.

Some of us have learned that all prejudice has the same roots, regardless of from whence it comes. Many are the victims who cannot call upon the law for its full protection. We haven't the personnel nor the time, they are sometimes told. Must we believe that?

## REBUTTAL

Rev. J. M. Taylor, minister, East Burnaby United Church, Vancouver, B.C., wrote an article in September *REVIEW* dealing with prevention as something to emphasize in connection with homosexuality, rather than punishment—or "cure." The following is a reply to that article from James Egan, also of Canada.

### OPEN LETTER TO REV. TAYLOR

I have just finished reading Rev. J. M. Taylor's article in the September *Mattachine Review* and while I will not attempt now to criticize all the various points therein that are open to such criticism, I should, at this time, like to point out a fact for the reader to mull over and then ask Rev. Taylor one question—the answer to which I am sure most *Review* readers would find absorbingly interesting.

First, then, the fact: Rev. Taylor's idea of "preventing" homosexuality is wholly dependant upon the tenuous and unproven psychiatric theory that homosexuality is an acquired condition induced by faulty childhood environment. There is not a scrap of valid scientific evidence to support this theory—and until such evidence is forthcoming, his "prevention" ideas rest upon a very shaky foundation. When you realize that homosexuals have come from every social, religious, economic, educational, intellectual and racial environment from the earliest days of man's recorded history right down to the present day it becomes utterly meaningless to say that their homosexuality was caused by their environment. It would be as valid to state that their homosexuality was caused by their being born of a woman or because their father was a male.

If, of course, he refers only to those individuals who, predominantly heterosexual, wander (so to speak) into the homosexual world and need help to escape (or help to prevent their wandering in in the first place) then this is a horse of an entirely different color and the fact should have been clarified in his article. No doubt a faulty environment may be one of the contributing causes of their trouble and "prevention" could well be the answer to their problems.

My concern lies with the individual whose homosexuality is with him from the day of his birth and for whom no alternative life is possible. For these individuals, any talk of "prevention" is patently absurd.

On the other hand, even if we were to allow the possibility of "prevention" as regards all homosexuals, I submit that the use of such tactics would render the world a poorer and drabber place if they eradicated the homosexual

from society. Had these methods been successfully employed in the past we would now have no *Leaves of Grass*, no *Shropshire Lad*, no 'David' or the Sistine Chapel ceiling, no 'Mona Lisa,' no *Cities of the Plain* and no thousands of other unique and irreplaceable works of art, sculpture, music and beauty to be praised and enjoyed every day by a society that has little but scorn and condemnation for the "queers" whose artistic achievements do so much to enrich and make bearable the drab, grey lives of their detractors.

The question I should now like to ask is based upon the first of Rev. Taylor's "first steps in a preventive program": quote: "The creation of an atmosphere in society in which homosexuality, and sex in general, can be discussed rationally and openly. The 16 year old boy who is worried about homosexual tendencies ought to be able to approach his parents, minister, doctor, school teacher for help and understanding."

The question I would like to ask Rev. Taylor is this: If this 16 year old approached you for "help and understanding," what would you tell him? As a Christian clergyman, what could you possibly tell him (assuming he was homosexual) that would be of the slightest comfort and aid? Unless you were a hypocrite you would tell him that his feelings for his friend (the most sincere, finest and elevating emotion of which he is capable) was a manifestation of evil and sinful desires. What he feels is not love and devotion for his friend, but lustful and wicked impulses and if he yields to temptation and expresses his feeling in the only way he can, then he is doomed to eternal damnation. What he must do, you will tell him, is to rid himself of these vile thoughts and give up his friend; find himself a nice girl; attend church regularly and pray for guidance and strength and one day, with your and God's help he will marry and have a family and forget all about his youthful, sinful experience.

If you do not say all these things then you would be derelict in your duty as a Christian man of God.

And if this unfortunate and misguided young man should ever be so foolish as to accept your advice there is very good likelihood that some day, when he is perhaps 50 or 60 years old, a respected husband and father and a pillar in the Church, the homosexual temperament which he has suppressed (at heaven knows what cost to his nervous system) will no longer be denied and he will find himself in a court charged with molesting some little boy or adolescent male.

The only "problem" of homosexuality that exists today, Mr. Taylor, is one that is wholly the responsibility of the dominant, heterosexual majority. The Gentiles created the Jewish "problem." The whites created the Negro "problem" and just as surely did the heterosexuals (or heterosexualists) create the homosexual "problem." In your article you refer to the "heavy

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## SUMMER THUNDERHEAD

CECIL DE VADA

It happened on a beautiful summer day that Waite, then in his first thirties, saw youthful Waldemar Bengston the first time. It was in the shade of the tall maples growing wild on the east bank of the rural stream that poured secluded but quite noisily over the little concrete dam. All Waldemar wore was a pair of shorts—real shorts, the kind a man wears under a dress suit.

The fish weren't biting good. It was already the first week of July—too late for good fishing. At first the two didn't say anything to each other; they just sat there on the stream's grassy, maple-shaded bank a stone's toss from each other like the strangers they were and watched their bobbers, or got up to re-bait their hooks as the languid fish nibbled off the worms.

Waite could not resist letting his eyes rove from his bobber to Waldemar's athletic physique, stripped, except for the shorts. It reminded him of a likeness of Apollo. Waldemar's hair also commanded admiration: a full, dark mop, the front combed up in a smoothed-back pompadour. Waite looked each time Waldemar got lithely to his feet to get another worm from those confined a bit cruelly in a coffee tin. It helped Waite to divert his thoughts to thinking of the doggerel verse by Dorothy Parker he had once read in the *New Yorker*:

*Poor lowly worm  
How readily I now tread you 'neath my feet.  
But bide your time, for some day five feet  
'Neath the sod you shall wreak revenge on me!*

Then Waldemar pulled in the big shiny walleye, and it started them talking, each guessing at the catch's weight. Quite suddenly young Waldemar raised his arm to scratch at something in its pit, only to desist when he contacted something and looked to see what it might be. Waite looked too and discovered it to be a woodtick that had burrowed into the flesh of the armpit. It must have been there several days, because it had fattened itself up to the size of a tame gooseberry.

"I was fishing here last Sunday. It must have gotten on me then," Waldemar said. "Now how am I going to get the pesky thing out without pulling a chunk of me along with it?"

Without speaking, Waite took out a match book, tore out a match, struck it and let it burn a moment. Then he blew out the fluttering flame and touched the blackened hot match to the tick's gooseberry-shaped body, whereupon the thing backed out and fell to the ground with an audible thud. One of them could have stepped on it, but they let it lay, helplessly wiggling its feet.

"Thanks, sir. I never knew it could be done so easily that way," Waldemar expressed his gratitude.

They cast out their lines again and sat down quite near each other and talked—not about fish and lures, but of woodticks and bedbugs! They conceded that in Nature's scheme of creation the two species of vermin belonged to the same genus: both preferred the dark, warm and moist places of the human anatomy.

"Better look yourself over for more ticks that might have burrowed into you without your feeling it. They work painlessly," Waite laughed. "Better look in your pants!"

Whereupon Waldemar turned his back to Waite and pulled his shorts down and looked.

"Sure enough! Here's another! Well, I'll be darned! Right in my crotch. Light another match, will you?"

Waite struck another match, let it burn long enough to char and handed it to Waldemar. He held it to the fattened tick and it speedily backed out. Picking it up, Waldemar threw it into the water and pulled up his shorts. Both men watched the tick float away on the water until it disappeared from their sight over the dam. Then they began talking again. They told each other their names, where they lived and family circumstances.

Waite had begun to hope no one else would come to fish and disturb them. The summer, maple-shaded afternoon by the stream seemed to him to be a mite of eternity set aside for them at the spot where they were sitting. With an effort he restrained the thoughts that had started pulsating in his consciousness. But the thoughts were going to become stronger and make him bolder. He knew that from past experience. . . .

"I graduated from high school this Spring," Waldemar was now telling Waite. "The part I played in our class play—I had the role of a girl—a female impersonator they are called—and I brought down the house."

"Nobody would have guessed you were a male, unless they knew it," Waite put in.

"No; an auto parts salesman, a stranger in town, came backstage after the show and congratulated me. He said if he hadn't seen it on the programme, he'd sworn to it I was a female."

"You'll probably think it funny, man, but that class play decided for me my life's career. I am going to be a professional female impersonator as a ballet dancer. This fall I'm entering a dancing institute in Chicago. My goal is Paris!"

"Paris! Why—why Paris?" Waite had to ask. "Have you ever been in Paris?"

"Yes. Last summer my folks and I vacationed in Europe, and we visited Paris."

"You saw some of the city's gay night life—the cabarets and—"  
"We went to a place called *Le Carrousel*, where they had billed the World's



Most Beautiful Girl. She was called 'Coccinelle.' But she wasn't a girl at all! *She* was a boy! The place caters to the assumed naivete of its men patrons. 'Coccinelle' could just as well be billed as the world's most beautiful female impersonator. Coccinelle is the star in the chorus of twenty-five nicely-dressed girls only a shade less beautiful than 'herself.' All of them are boys probably in their teens, or first twenties. They'd give any movie star a good sprint if it came to good looks."

"Well, this Spring, after my part in the class play, thinking back to Coccinelle—it decided things for me."

"That you were going to make a business of being a female impersonator?" Waite had let a fish pull his bobber under and he hadn't reeled in. He was struggling harder to restrain his impulsive thoughts, but he had moved himself closer to Waldemar, and he was hardly aware of the massive thunderheads that had risen on the western horizon. Not until they began to rumble threateningly and had covered the sun did he take notice of them.

"I might even get a chance to get into Coccinelle's act," Waldemar was saying.

"Maybe it won't even be necessary for you to go to Paris."

"Why?"

"Well, like it usually happens: in time some theatrical big-wig over here, like in New York or Hollywood, always brings over Europe's top entertainers sooner or later. Might be by the time you finish your ballet training, somebody will have brought Coccinelle over. Then you might be able to join *her* here."

The thunderstorm was raging in the distance, its huge black, whirling monster of a windcloud was almost directly over them. Abruptly its gusty burst of wind roughened the stream and brought the exulting fragrance of the distant rain. It made them reel in their lines and hurry to their cars.

"If I make the chorus, be it in Paris, New York, or Hollywood, come and see me," Waldemar shouted to Waite just in time as he got into his car. A moment later a clap of thunder would have drowned out his voice.

Waite was still driving the dirt road paths that wound their way among the trees to the main highway when the storm's big raindrops started pelting the car. The highway reached, he pulled off to the side and stopped. The car's wipers couldn't take the heavy downpour of the wind-driven rain. With a honk of his horn and the rash bravery of youth, his Apollo splashed past him and disappeared into the storm. In one way, Waite felt glad the storm had come, because if it hadn't—what he might have attempted to do to Waldemar! After all a hick in the sticks can't get away with the things you can in a big town. Their next meeting could well be in New York, or Hollywood, and he was only a few hours jet flight distance from either place.

# BOOKS

## DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH

*A NEARNESS OF EVIL* by Carley Mills. New York: Coward McCann. 255 pp., \$3.95. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

By some very curious combination known only to the publisher and the author, this highly sensational homosexual novel has been given only relatively restrained advertisement, even on its jacket blurb. Homosexuality is only hinted at. Actually, it's the first out-and-out primary homosexual novel in two years (since *Sam*) that's a hard-cover American original (thus not counting the various British, French and Italian ones in an American edition) by a major publisher.

Although this novel involves some of the most lurid relationships in all homosexual fiction, the most astonishing fact of all is that most of it is not really fiction after all, but derives from a sensational 1943 murder trial, the Lonergan-Burton case. This little fact is also not mentioned by the publisher (possibly because the author didn't deem it necessary to mention it). Those who enjoy a *roman à clef* can match up almost every character in *A Nearness of Evil* with the real-life counterpart in the Gold Medal "Classic Murder Trial" series, in the book entitled *The Girl in Murder Flat* by Mel Heimer (1955, 25 cents).

The story is told by a first-person narrator, boyhood friend, family friend and lawyer of Bobby Randall (ne Rindshauer), millionaire homosexual. It opens on the French Riviera in 1938 in Bobby's lavish palace, surrounded by his rapidly-turning-over kept tricks, whom he's trying to keep his teenage daughter from getting to before he's finished with them. The narrator's mission, on behalf of Bobby's mother (to whom he owes \$3,000,000) is to get Bobby to cut down on expenses, to be more discreet, and if possible, to re-marry his ex-wife, Florence, so that their daughter, Diane, may be brought up with more restraint.

Flashbacks by the narrator show Bobby as an 11-year old boy in Long Branch, a scion of one of the wealthy German-Jewish families in the area, as he persuades the narrator to strip nude and tries (unsuccessfully, of course) to make him; Bobby at 16 taking up sculpture so he can get handsome models, and meeting his lower class trade at river "baths" down at the Bowery; Bobby at 21 deserting his coming-out party to meet his hand-

some lifeguard down on the beach; Bobby in the 20s changing his name to Randall, spending a fortune on lavish parties in a lavish apartment and buying everything and everybody in sight through his special procurer. Finally, there is Bobby persuaded to marry, going to live in France, having a daughter and conveniently getting rid of his wife with a divorce when lucky enough to catch her in the act with the one and only love of her life (who dies immediately after).

The narrator's effort with Bobby, now 43, is unsuccessful until the French police jail him when he's caught smoking opium with a 17-year old French sailor, both nude. In return for being bailed out by his ever-doting mother, he agrees to remarry Florence (who gets the purse-strings now) but little changes after all. Wild parties continue, Diane continues to grow up wild and very knowing about daddy, his ways and his boys—and finds her own tastes much like daddy's.

With the war in 1939, Bobby and family return to the U.S. and soon it's much the same life in the U.S. During a visit to the World's Fair with Diane in 1939, Bobby notices a handsome ricksha-pusher, employs him for the day, and subsequently for unlimited days, and nights, in a lavish apartment of his own. Soon, however, the handsome young man, Neal Hartigan in the story (and in real life Wayne Lonergan, picked up 100% same way as in the novel), unimpressed by all the suits and jeweled gifts, resents only the lack of cash, by which he's embarrassed. To get even with Bobby, Neal goes on a two-pronged offensive. On the one hand, he starts taking up with a good-looking and easy-going young millionaire named Howland Jotham, and on the other hand, makes himself available to Diane whose tastes, as we mentioned, run much the same as daddy's. As one bitchy columnist puts it, "Hartigan's going steady with both Randalls."

Eventually Neal and Diane elope, and their subsequent marriage is an unending round of depraved parties and violent fights. There's a separation, and then eventually Neal joins the Royal Canadian Air Force. As for Bobby, at odds now with both his rich wife and rich daughter and thus deprived of the money on which his whole existence depended, he goes steadily downhill, with lower and lower company, and a shabbier and shabbier existence (In real life, Bobby's counterpart, William Burton, ne William Bernheimer in Long Branch, died in 1940).

After a break, the story resumes in 1943 when Diane is found bludgeoned and choked to death. Except for the continued involvement of Bobby (who in real life was dead by now) and an added lurid sexual touch (see below) the novel from here on matches newspaper accounts of the murder case to the smallest detail—dates, the exact word-for-word text of a note left by Neal/Wayne for his millionaire friend etc. While Bobby is a vague suspect, Neal is the principal suspect and he's arrested in Toronto and brought to

New York. Neal's efforts during his examination, and at the trial, to establish an alibi by his accounts of cruising gay bars, picking up a soldier, getting rolled by him, etc., provide the juiciest morsels of both the original account and the book, with references to who would and who wouldn't do what to whom. However, finally in the novel (though not in real life) there is a special twist—Neal gets off with second degree murder when his lawyer forces the prosecution to produce photographs of Neal's wounded penis, the result of a vicious bit of sadism by Diane after she persuaded Neal, during a visit, to engage in some daddy-inspired sex. The murder becomes self-defense to escape Diane's rather unusual "clutches." Neal, like the real-life Wayne, goes off to Sing Sing (from whence he's due out on parole in a few years). Diane and Neal have fathered a son (again as in the true story) and the narrator makes plans to protect him from possible blackmailing attempts by his father when he gets out.

The final pages cover the travels down the primrose path for Bobby, now truly a fictional character. He finally winds up in Tangiers, his throat slit by an Arab boy. For those readers of an unromantic nature who protest against the sentimental, this book may well be worthwhile. For the romantically-inclined, it's all pretty dreary and sordid. The author of this doubly-odd book is described as "a personal manager of theatrical talent and author of a Broadway musical and many popular songs." He is also obviously an avid reader of the records of famous murder trials.

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# Notes On Homosexuality

By Al Dinhofer

What has happened to the individual who comes into this world with all the equipment necessary to become a complete adult, but emerges with the emotional problem known as homosexuality?

The question was discussed in detail last week at a staff meeting of the P.R. Institute of Psychiatry, the non-profit mental institution in Hato Tejas. Dr. Ramon Fernandez Marina, the hospital's clinic director, and seven other psychiatrists and psychologists took part in the round-table discussion.

The subject was brought in sharp focus here recently when Gov. Muñoz requested the police department submit a report on increasing homosexuality.

Basically, the doctors agree, homosexuality springs from a defect in the relationship between the parents—both parents—and the child. The problem is purely psychological and emotional.

Many people believe this condition is rooted in something organic or physical. People often say it's "in the genes," or "something that's inherited." They point to the lad with the pink and girlish complexion, or the boy with the effeminate way of throwing.

These beliefs are completely unfounded. They bear no relation to the research of the past 60 years, including the basic (but monumental) findings of Freud.

Homosexuality is not organic, it is not physical. God creates sound human beings—through the efforts of a man and a woman. But the couple assuming the role of parents may have their own emotional problems, and may not be equipped to deal with the infant's "set of functions" called the mind. Each baby is born with the human characteristics of both parents. From the moment it is born it begins to function in the real world, and cope with society. It is made to conform to the simplest rules of society—feeding schedules, sleeping periods, all regulated by parents.

Some the child accepts against his will. The point is, the moment he is born he begins an emotional relationship or identification with both parents. While the mother is most influential during the first three years, the infant develops in terms of the combined efforts of the parents.

If one parent is rejective, too cruel or overpowering, the child will have no "emotional room" in which to develop. When a boy is dominated by his mother,

(and his father, in turn, is too weak to transmit the "father image") the boy will be afraid to emerge in the role of a man.

This process of warping the child's emotional development is reversed in the case of the female.

The doctors believe homosexuality is increasing because of marital problems in our culture. They believe the condition is related to divorce and marital difficulties from which man-woman rivalries emerge.

Constant marital fighting and separations disrupt the unity and security of the home, and the child's well-being. The mother may be forced to leave the child with many different people while she is working. The child may not be given ample time to develop sound mother or father images from strangers.

The doctors say homosexuality is an unconscious defense against an impending "psychosis" or, more simply, a state commonly called insanity.

Man relates to woman and expresses his feeling through sex. But the homosexual has been robbed of his desire for the opposite sex. He is emotionally disturbed in a way that may lead to a psychotic state (insanity) often described as schizophrenia. If the man can not accept women, and he is unconsciously fighting to prevent insanity (which is the state of no human relationship), his alternative is a homosexual relationship.

There are three basic points concerning the homosexual which must be understood before one can hope to deal with the problem. They are:

1. Homosexuality has nothing to do with heredity.
2. The homosexual is not having a fling or looking for thrills: He has no conscious choice.
3. The emotional disturbance can be corrected through psychoanalysis in which the person attempts to re-educate himself emotionally.

The doctors conclude with these points:

"People know about the functions of the body when it comes to raising their children. But they are completely helpless in dealing with mental or emotional problems. Therefore we have to convince the leaders of our Society that the members of our community can benefit immeasurably from the things that mental science has discovered about human beings."



## HISTORY

From the book, *Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*, University Press, New York, reprinted in the U.S. in 1956 and originally published in England in 1948, comes the following appendix which tells the relationship and feelings of Lord Alfred Douglas for Oscar Wilde. The cover photo of this issue, courtesy Noel I. Garde of New York, shows Douglas at 24—about the age when he wrote the letter below.

### LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS AND THE AFTERMATH OF THE WILDE TRIALS.

While in France, where he had been obliged to retire on the eve of Wilde's prosecution, Lord Alfred Douglas received a copy of *The Review of Reviews* for June, 1895. In this issue the editor, Mr. W. T. Stead, had commented in characteristic style on the trials and their tragic outcome. Stead's remarks in turn provoked Douglas to address a letter to the editor which set out his own views on the case, and which must rank as one of the most amazing literary outbursts on any subject. This letter, which for obvious reasons Stead dared not publish, has remained concealed from the light of day until the present.

W. T. Stead, destined eventually to lose his life in the "Titanic" disaster, was one of the most courageous and out-spoken Radical journalists of the period, as well as a tireless antagonist of social abuses with a strong Nonconformist-conscience. Strangely enough, it was Stead more than anyone else who was responsible for the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act in 1885, although not for the specific section of it under which Wilde was charged. This statute was entitled "An Act to make further provision for the Protection of Women and Girls, the suppression of brothels and other purposes," and it was the culminating point in the campaign against prostitution and white slavery in England which Stead had been carrying on for some time in the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When the Bill was being debated in the committee stage in the House of Commons, Henry Labouchere, the well-known Radical M.P. and editor of *Truth*, moved an amendment designed to cover indecent practices between males or "outrages on decency" whether committed in public or *in private*, although this was never within the original scope and purpose of the Bill. After some discussion, and the increase of the maximum punishment of one year's imprisonment with hard labour, as proposed by Labouchere, to two years, the amendment was carried and subsequently incorporated as Section 11 of the Act.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Hansard, *Parliamentary Debates* (3rd Series) CCC., at p. 1398. The Act (48 & 49 Vict. c. 69) came into force on 1st January, 1886. See also remarks by Sir Travers Humphreys above, pp. 5-7.

Unfortunately for himself, Stead's zeal in the social purity campaign outran his discretion. While the Criminal Law Amendment Bill was still before Parliament, he published a series of articles under the title of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it is no exaggeration to say produced a world-wide sensation. Anxious to show how relatively simple a matter it was for anyone with £20 in his pocket to acquire a young girl for the purposes of prostitution or white slavery, Stead himself entered into an arrangement of this kind with a mother of a young girl, and although the girl was immediately handed over to the tender care of the Salvation Army and the police were informed, Stead was charged with abducting the girl, and on his conviction which followed he was sent to prison for three months.<sup>2</sup>

Stead continued his social work after his release, and having severed his connexion with the *Pall Mall Gazette* he proceeded to found a new journal which he called *The Review of Reviews*. It was in the editorial notes of this periodical, entitled "The Progress of the World," that in due course he came to comment on the Wilde case.

### "THE CONVICTION OF OSCAR WILDE."

"... The trial of Oscar Wilde and Taylor at the Old Bailey, resulting in their conviction and the infliction of what will probably be a capital sentence—for two years' hard labour in solitary confinement always breaks up the constitution even of tough and stalwart men—has forced upon the attention of the public the existence of a vice of which the most of us happily know nothing. The heinousness of the crime of Oscar Wilde and his associates does not lie, as is usually supposed, in its being unnatural. It would be unnatural for seventy-nine out of eighty persons. It is natural for the abnormal person who is in a minority of one. If the promptings of our animal nature are to be the only guide, the punishment of Oscar Wilde would savour of persecution, and he might fairly claim our sympathy as the champion of individualism against the tyranny of an intolerant majority. But we are not merely animal. We are human beings living together in society, whose aim is to render social intercourse as free and as happy as possible. At present, fortunately, people of the same sex can travel together, and live together in close intimacy,

<sup>2</sup> Frederic Whyte, *Life of W. T. Stead*, vol. 1 (1925), p. 185.

without any one even dreaming of any scandal. Between persons of the same sex suspicion of impropriety or the thought of indecency has been so effectually banished that the mere suggestion of the possibility will seem to most an incredible absurdity. Between individuals of opposite sexes no such free unfettered communion of life is possible. That, however, is the goal towards which we ought to progress; and it would be a fatal blunder at the very moment when we are endeavouring to rid friendship between man and woman of the blighting shadow of possible wrong-doing, were we to acquiesce in the re-establishment of that upas shade over the relations between man and man and man and woman.

**The Sacrosanct Male.** At the same time it is impossible to deny that the trial and the sentence bring into very clear relief the ridiculous disparity there is between the punishment meted out to those who corrupt girls and those who corrupt boys. If Oscar Wilde, instead of indulging in dirty tricks of indecent familiarity with boys and men, had ruined the lives of half a dozen innocent simpletons of girls, or had broken up the home of his friend by corrupting his friend's wife, no one could have laid a finger upon him. The male is sacrosanct: the female is fair game. To have burdened society with a dozen bastards, to have destroyed a happy home by his lawless lust—of these things the criminal law takes no account. But let him act indecently to a young rascal who is very well able to take care of himself, and who can by no possibility bring a child into the world as the result of his corruption, then judges can hardly contain themselves from indignation when inflicting the maximum sentence the law allows. Another contrast, almost as remarkable as that which sends Oscar Wilde to hard labour and places Sir Charles Dilke in the House of Commons, is that between the universal execration heaped upon Oscar Wilde and the tacit universal acquiescence of the very same public in the same kind of vice in our public schools. If all persons guilty of Oscar Wilde's offences were to be clapped into gaol, there would be a very surprising exodus from Eton and Harrow, Rugby and Winchester, to Pentonville and Holloway. It is to be hoped that our headmasters will pluck up a little courage from the result of the Wilde trial, and endeavour to rid our Protestant schools of a foul and unnatural vice which is not found in Catholic establishments, at all events in this country. But meanwhile public school boys are allowed to indulge with impunity in

practices which, when they leave school, would consign them to hard labour."

When he read these comments Lord Alfred Douglas wrote the following letter to the editor. It is clear from its contents that this document was composed, so to speak, at fever heat:—

"Hotel De La Poste,  
Rouen, 28th June, 1895.

Sir,

I have just read your comments on the Oscar Wilde case in the *Review of Reviews*. I believe you to be a man with a conscience and one who, if he thought a terrible wrong had been done, would not sit with his hands folded and do nothing. Now, sir, you admit that the common cant about 'unnatural' offences is not worth anything, you have sufficient philosophy to understand and sufficient boldness to say that to call a thing unnatural is not only not necessarily to condemn it but is even to a certain extent to commend it. Everything that diverges from the normal may to a certain extent be called unnatural, genius and beauty among them. But while you admit broadly all this, you uphold the horrible and barbarous law which condemns a man who is guilty of these so called 'offences' to a sentence which you calmly describe as 'probably capital,' and you give surely the flimsiest and feeblest reason for this. Your argument apparently is that if these laws did not exist a taint or suspicion might be thrown on friendships between people of the same sex which at present does not exist. Now, sir, you are probably aware that such laws as ours do not exist in France, and that these 'offences' are there ignored by the law just as fornication is ignored in England, and yet you will hardly venture to say that this taint or suspicion exists in connexion with friendships between people of the same sex in France. Why then do you anticipate that a similar absence of laws in England would produce the result you dread? My opinion is that no such taint would attach to friendships between those of the same sex unless the suspicion was justified by facts. Thus in England there are no laws against 'Lesbianism' or intercourse of an erotic character between women, and yet there are several women in London whose friendship with other women does carry a taint and a suspicion, simply because these women are obviously 'sapphic' in their loves. On the other hand a

great friendship may exist between two ordinary women and nobody would think of imputing to them 'improper' motives, I hope you follow my argument and observe the analogy.

Perhaps you are not aware that 'Lesbianism' exists to any extent in London, but I can assure you that it does, and though of course I cannot mention names, I could point out to you half a dozen women in society or among actresses who would be considered as 'dangerous' to young girls as Oscar Wilde will I suppose henceforth be considered to boys. Why on earth in the name of liberty and common sense a man cannot be allowed to love a boy, rather than a woman when his nature and his instinct tell him to do so, and when he has before him the example of such a number of noble and gifted men who have had similar tastes (such as Shakespeare, Marlowe, Michael Angelo, Frederick the Great, and a host of others), is another question and one to which I should like to hear a satisfactory answer. Certain it is that persecution will no more kill this instinct in a man who has it, than it killed the faith of the Christian martyrs. I am not pleading for prostitution, but I think if a man who affects female prostitutes is unmolested it is disgraceful that a man who prefers male prostitutes should be thus barbarously punished. The only difference is that the man who brings bastards into the world, who seduces girls or commits adultery does an immense amount of harm, as you have yourself pointed out, whereas the pæderast does absolutely no harm to anyone.

While on the point, sir, may I ask you if it ever occurred to you to consider the relative deserts of Mr. Oscar Wilde and the man who ruined him, my father, Lord Queensberry? Mr. Oscar Wilde seduced no one, he did no one any harm, he was a kind, generous and astoundingly gifted man, utterly incapable of meanness or cruelty. Lord Queensberry was divorced from my mother after, for twelve years, she had silently endured the most horrible suffering at his hands.

He broke her heart, ruined her health and took away all joy from her life, and after his divorce till the present day he has not ceased to persecute her with every fiendish ingenuity of cruelty and meanness that a man could devise. Hardly a week passes without her receiving some letter from him containing some horrible insult, he has been to beat on the door of her house when she was nearly dying upstairs, and he has taken away from her every penny of money that as an honourable man he should have given her, and left her

only that which he is forced to give by the Scotch law which is so hard on a woman who divorces her husband. In the meanwhile he flaunts about with prostitutes and kept women and spends on them the money which he should give to his children, for he has cut off all money supplies from my brother, myself and my sister.

Last year he induced a girl of seventeen to marry him in a registry office against the wish of her people.

On the following day he deserted her, and has since been divorced for a second time. Not content with practising fornication and adultery, he has written pamphlets and given lectures advocating what he calls a 'sort of polygamy' which is neither more nor less than free love. This is the man who has been made into a hero by the English people and the press, who is cheered in the streets by the mob, and who has crowned his career by dishonouring and driving out of England his son who now writes to you.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ALFRED DOUGLAS."

Containing as it did such a spirited defence of homosexual conduct, it was scarcely surprising that W. T. Stead should decline to publish this letter in his review. Douglas wrote another letter in similar terms to Henry Labouchere, the editor of *Truth*, and Labouchere likewise declined to publish it. Unfortunately for Douglas, this second letter was to be produced with damaging effect to the writer's character in the libel action brought by Douglas against Mr. Arthur Ransome, his publisher, and The Times Book Club eighteen years later.<sup>3</sup>

In 1896 Douglas succeeded in getting his views on the subject into print in a French journal. It came about in this way. Unable to find a publisher for his poems in England, Douglas managed to arrange for their publication by the *Mercure de France*, the well-known Paris monthly magazine. Another journal of rather more advanced opinions, called the *Revue Blanche*, had already published several of these poems, and when the editor of the latter learned that they were shortly all to appear, he asked Douglas to write an article by way of introducing them to the French public and at the same time setting forth his comments on the Wilde case. Douglas's knowledge of the French language was not sufficient to enable him to write the article in French, so it was arranged that he should write it in English and it should be translated by the editor and

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 95, and note.



published in his version over Douglas's name. The appearance of the article in this form produced considerable excitement on both sides of the channel, and Douglas was under such concentrated attack from various quarters that he was eventually persuaded to say that the French version did not accurately reflect his views.<sup>4</sup> But in later years he admitted that the translation was entirely faithful.<sup>5</sup> In any event the survival of the original English text, from which the following extracts are taken, places the matter beyond doubt.

At the beginning of the article Douglas stated that in France he was regarded as "the young friend of Oscar Wilde, or to be more explicit, the child that Oscar Wilde loved," and as such he was pitied by some and detested by others. "It is curious to reflect that had I the good fortune to live in Athens in the time of Pericles," he went on, "the very conduct which at present has led to my disgrace would then have resulted in my glory. To-day I am proud that I have been loved by a great poet who, perhaps, esteemed me because he recognized that besides a beautiful body I possessed a beautiful soul." For the reversal of public opinion, and the "ignorant persecution of the excellent persons who are in very truth the salt of the earth," he blamed the church. But he admitted that the church, while severe on sodomy, had countenanced the passionate love which existed between friends of the same sex provided it was chaste. "On this question, she adopts the Platonic view. The ordinary man, the man in the street, however, detests and despises such passionate affection whether they be pure or otherwise and, however laudable they may be, his indignation is directed against the affection itself and not against that which, after all, is only an accident of the affection." Hence, as he put it, "there has always been and always will be a thousand Queensberrys for one Oscar Wilde."

When he came to write about the trial, Douglas's remarks were scarcely less restrained and unwise than they had been on the subject of his relations with Wilde. Indeed, had they been uttered in England they might well have involved him in a prosecution for criminal libel.

<sup>4</sup> The article, which appeared in the *Revue Blanche* for 1st June, 1896, was entitled "Une introduction à mes poèmes avec quelques considérations sur l'affaire Wilde." Its authenticity was denied by Douglas in his book *Oscar Wilde and Myself* (1914), Ch. xiv. R. H. Sherard, who was living in Paris at the time of the projected appearance of the article, tried unsuccessfully to have it stopped: see *The Real Oscar Wilde* (1915), at p. 390.

<sup>5</sup> cp. Leon Lemonnier, *La Vie d'Oscar Wilde* (1931), at p. 203: "Au cours d'un entretien particulier, Lord Alfred m'a avoué qu'il était l'auteur de l'article et que son traducteur, Felix Fenelon, ne l'avait nullement trahi."

"Everyone is familiar with the origin of the Oscar Wilde case. It is sufficient for me to say—but is it not clear to everyone—that the pretensions of my Lord Queensberry to have acted in the interests of virtue to save his son was pure hypocrisy. If in the mind of anyone there may linger the possibility of the thought that Lord Queensberry could be capable of a sentiment of moral indignation, I would refer them to his life and tell them that if his deeds of bestiality have not been made known to the rabble to make him an object of disgust he owes it to the superhuman generosity of his wife—my mother—whom he besought that she should keep his conduct secret. What right, I ask, had such a man to pose as the patron of virtue? . . .

To return to the trial. I am confident that the Government did not wish to let the prosecution of Oscar Wilde take its regular course. My readers will recall that the first criminal trial resulted in disagreement of the jury and the question is consequently pertinent—why did the Crown take the very irregular course of having a second trial—why was the prosecution conducted with this extraordinary animosity; briefly why did the Crown manifest so eager a desire to obtain a verdict of guilty? The reason is very simple. The Government was intimidated; the second trial was the result of a political intrigue. I would wish to ask Mr. Asquith, the then Home Secretary and an old friend of Oscar Wilde, if he was not threatened by Lord Rosebery that if a second trial was not instituted and a verdict of guilty obtained against Mr. Wilde, the Liberal party would be removed from power. The fact is that the Liberal party then contained a large number of men whom I have referred to as the salt of the earth. The maniacs of virtue threatened a series of legal actions which would have created an unprecedented scandal in Europe—a scandal in political circles. If Oscar Wilde was found guilty the matter would be hushed up. This was the cause of the second trial, and the verdict of guilty. It was a degrading *coup-d'état*—the sacrifice of a great poet to save a degraded band of politicians.

The conviction of Oscar Wilde was one of the last acts of this disgraceful and discredited Liberal party who is now in an exceptional minority in the House of Commons.

There is nothing more to say. Oscar Wilde is in jail and will remain there till the expiration of his sentence. A national crime has been committed, a crime from which no

element of morbid intrigue, sensuality, cruelty and hypocrisy is wanting. . . ."

In English politics the Liberals had been succeeded by a Conservative administration headed by Lord Salisbury, with Mr. Arthur Balfour as Leader of the House of Commons. Douglas pointed out in the final paragraphs of his article that Balfour was a man of culture and a philosopher who had been a friend of Wilde's and was an admirer of his genius. This was the person who might help. Accordingly, Douglas appealed to the leading writers in France, in particular to Henri Bauër, Paul Adam, and Octave Mirbeau, whom he mentioned by name, to write personally to the Conservative leader and urge him to release the prisoner. The new Government had shown solicitude for Dr. Jameson and his band of filibusters in the Transvaal. Certainly a poet and an artist had an equal claim to their protection. And now, asked Douglas in conclusion, who would play the part of Nicodemus to Mr. Balfour?

Opinion in France at this time as expressed in the literary journals was unanimous in condemning the sentiments expressed in this article. Writers such as Henri Bauër, who had been prominent for their sympathy towards Wilde in the hour of his tragedy, stigmatized Douglas's intervention as clumsy and sensational. The repercussions were not slow in making themselves felt on the editor's head; and it is significant that, in the following issue of the *Revue Blanche*, Douglas was at pains to point out in the course of an explanatory statement that "*l'amour de mon ami pour moi était platonique, c'est-à-dire pur.*" But there is no doubt that the article did Douglas a great deal of harm, and it made his stay in France much more difficult and embarrassing for him than it otherwise might have been.<sup>6</sup>

However he may have continued to feel about Lord Rosebery and the late Liberal administration, it must always be remembered in justice to his reputation that Lord Alfred Douglas lived to modify very considerably his views on the controversial subject of homosexuality. Nevertheless, for many years after the publication of the notorious *Revue Blanche* article these views remained unchanged.

<sup>6</sup> In the previous year, when he was staying in Le Havre, his action in hiring a small yacht with two boys as deck hands produced a violent attack by a local newspaper which accused him of corrupting the youth of the town. "Pour moi," he replied in a letter to the *Journal de Havre*, dated 1st August, 1895, "c'est déjà trop évident que le monde a le droit de m'insulter et de m'injurier parce que je suis l'ami d' Oscar Wilde. Voilà mon crime, non pas que j'étais son ami, mais que je serai jusqu'à la mort (et même après si Dieu le veut)."

On being reunited with Wilde after the latter's release from prison—the first reunion took place in the same hotel in Rouen in which the letter reproduced above had been dashed off so feverishly—we find Douglas writing in similar if somewhat more guarded terms to his mother. "Don't think that I have changed about him or that I have changed my views about morals," he told Lady Queensberry at the end of 1897. "I still love and admire him, and I think he has been infamously treated by ignorant and cruel brutes. I look upon him as a martyr to progress. I associate myself with him in everything. I long to hear of his success and rehabilitation in the post which is his by right at the very summit of English literature, nor do I intend to cease corresponding with him or not to see him from time to time in Paris and elsewhere. I give up nothing and admit no point against him or myself separately or jointly."

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# Taste of Brilliance

By DILYS POWELL

(From THE TIMES of London)

CONTENTEDLY reflecting that I never saw Shelagh Delaney's play, I can look at "A Taste of Honey" (Leicester Square Theatre; X) without prejudice: story, characters, background, start from scratch with the lot.

A film, then, played out in the industrial north: the hortatory civic statuary, the smoke-stained walls, the rubble in the yard, the sluggish canal; not since Gibson Gowland and Zazu Pitts went courting on the end of a sewage-pipe have emotional encounters had a less romantic setting. And the characters: the tarty mother hampered in her carrying-on by a teenage, illegitimate daughter; the mother's flash boy-friend; the daughter's two rescuers from solitude, a gentle, Negro ship's cook and a young homosexual; and the centre of the tale, the girl herself, the defiant victim of life.

THE Negro (Paul Danquah) and the boy-friend (Robert Stephens), though both are persuasively played, are less characters than instruments in the plot: the latter prevails on the mother to abandon her daughter, the former, obliged to sail, leaves the girl pregnant. But there are three notable portraits, the sum

of writing, direction and acting; not the kind of acting which in the cinema a director and an editor can extract from human plasticine, but the true projection of mood and emotion.

The mother is a cheerful rough-tongued vulgarian, not without jabs of conscience about her daughter but impenetrable when her own comfort is threatened: splendid to see Dora Bryan, so often condemned to all-ogling farce, showing a core of steel. The girl, youthfully brutal in her dealings with others because herself unaccustomed to love, is played by an astounding newcomer, Rita Tushingham: the rages and the sulky miseries, the outbursts of gaiety, the fears, the voiceless appeals for help, all the flickers of feeling have the air of absolute spontaneity. Yet even this triumphant performance cannot divert one's attention from Murray Melvin, taking up here the part he played on the stage: the homosexual boy—eyes set high in a long sad face like a Borzoi's—the natural home-maker who longs for the unwanted baby. For him, one feels, the brief taste of honey is the cruellest.

The director, Tony Richardson, has collaborated with Miss Delaney on the screenplay; and

the portrait-writing—the ironies, harsh exchanges, violent rebuffs—is brilliant. It is in organisation that the script is weak. There is some over-obvious cross-cutting, and some of the linking scenes are saved only by the excellent playing by the sensitive, desolate images of Walter Lassally's camerawork, and, I might add, by the quality of John Addison's deliberately scranell music. Towards its end the film, affected perhaps by the heroine's condition, is inclined to drag around. But not for long: and one is held, one doesn't escape.

Possibly the source of one's admiration is less novel than the prophets of the new drama would care to admit. A realistic background, a colloquial roughness of dialogue, a defiance of the romantic conventions, certainly. And yet the heart of this remarkable film is not so far from romantic: the first lover who doesn't come back, the second lover who asks for nothing. Anyhow I hope soon to feel the moment has come to stop congratulating the British cinema on its ability to mention homosexuality.



## OPEN LETTER TO REV. TAYLOR (Cont. from page 9)

load of guilt and fear with which the homosexual is burdened"—this "guilt and fear" is certainly not inherent in homosexuality but is imposed on the homosexual (not all homosexuals by any means) by the existing laws which are grossly unjust and inhumane and by means of exactly the same sort of discrimination and bias that is applied (with equal stupidity and viciousness) against the Jews, Negroes and any other persecuted minority groups.

In conclusion let me say that I view with grave concern this sudden pseudo-sympathetic, tolerant understanding on the part of a half-informed Clergy toward the homosexual. I trust the homosexual will realize that in this approach (reflecting, as it does, the cunning that has enabled the Church to survive for centuries) there is the very real danger that his clergyman will lead him by the hand from the bondage of the Law (which at most attempts to control his body) into the far more self-destroying bondage of the Church which will control not only his body but, of far greater danger, his mind as well. You have called for the creation of an atmosphere in which homosexuality can be discussed "rationally"—a suggestion that will meet the approval of every intelligent person who reads your article. Such an atmosphere however, cannot exist if it is over-shadowed by ancient Papal Bulls, ecclesiastical enactments, Biblical quotes, Scriptural injunctions and the concept of "sin." Obviously, therefore, there is no room in such an atmosphere for the Church or her representatives—until such time as both are able to drastically revise their teachings regarding homosexuals and homosexuality.



# 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.

## RESEARCH VIEWPOINT

**REVIEW EDITOR:** I appreciate the cooperation given me by the Mattachine Society in my first project of evaluating various etiological theories and the personal sociological study. There is no question that the research paper will become meaningful in the years ahead since I intend to continue doing extensive study. My objective in the second project is to obtain a compilation of individual viewpoints and reactions to female homosexuality. This will be valuable resource in itself—the result being a broader insight and understanding of homosexuality. After accumulating responses, my next step will be a comparative analysis of the male and female homosexual viewpoints. Exactly how meaningful this project will be depends upon two factors: (1) the adequacy in the individual responses and (2) the extent of responses. Since there are no controlling variables, the larger the number of participants the greater the probability of valid data.

A friend mentioned, "Although you will be exposed to many views, remember don't let that change your beliefs!" My intention is that my present views will be modified and extended somewhat. As a student there is the desire to be exposed to as many possible resources on the subject—such is the significance of the different individual viewpoints! In turn I realize the need to be self-critical, recognizing that throughout the pursuit for valid data my approach is an exploratory one, and my views will be that of flexibility in contrast to rigidity. Since I do not plan to go into the research field, my aim is to open new ground for those who will do intensive research in homosexuality.

Do not hesitate to contact me if there are questions concerning the project or if more comment sheets are needed. Again, many thanks for your cooperation.—Miss L.M., California.

## STRATEGY FOR SUPPORT

**REVIEW EDITOR:** I am sending your organization a small contribution, which I hope will assist you in the worthy effort you are sponsoring.

The recent events in San Francisco prove clearly the need for a central organization dedicated to the struggle to protect the rights, dignity and freedom of this large "Minority Group." Such an organization, by following the strategy of other such organizations (e.g., A.C.L.U. and N.A.A.C.P.), could achieve a great deal of good, if only it received the full support (moral and financial) of the members of this minority group.

How can this be achieved?

I wish I knew the answer. I am fully aware of the reluctance of most homosexuals to associate themselves in anyway with a movement that is on the whole socially disapproved. They are somewhat in the position of some of our fair-skinned negroes trying to pass as white. But obviously a neutral and indifferent stand is not only futile but also self-defeating.

For its own protection and public acceptance, every minority group must have a central organization with power and influence to represent it and act as its spokesman, inform and educate the public, advertise on its behalf and even lobby in the legislature if need be.

Without such an organization no homosexual can hope to retain a degree of self-respect and security in a world essentially hostile to him. This may be deplorable, but these are the hard cruel realities of the world we live in.

Numerically, homosexuals exceed every single racial or homosexual minority group in the country. Educationally, they stand substantially above the average. Economically, they are in the upper middle bracket. But politically they are utterly insignificant. In spite of their innumerable contributions to society in almost ev-

ery field of endeavor, they are despised and persecuted by the public at large, through the arms of the law enforcement authorities, and treated like common criminals.

This situation is not only paradoxical, but also ridiculous and no longer bearable.

The homosexuals themselves are largely to blame for their predicament and persecution. They are saturated by and large with guilt feelings, fears and a passive acceptance of their martyrdom. They are so involved in themselves, that they fail to fight for their constitutional rights and sheepishly accept what they consider to be predestined by fate.

The only solution to their problems is a national awakening. A realization that they must fight for their freedom to pursue happiness in the manner of their choice.

But to fight requires strength, and strength is only achieved through unity.

Unity is therefore the primary goal to be achieved. This unity requires the leadership and co-ordination, which only an organization of your kind can offer. Such an organization must before all be known by all the homosexuals, and its existence and purposes fully understood by all. It should therefore begin its activity by a campaign to draw attention to itself and the benefits it proposes to offer, and the need for full financial and moral support of the entire minority group.

If the Mattachine Society feels capable of fulfilling this vital role, it should begin this publicity campaign without delay.

It should seek the support of all liberal and sympathetic groups and organizations in the community. Once it is accepted, and has gained the confidence and respect of the minority group itself its financial support and strength will follow automatically. Public recognition and acceptance will follow suit. Such an organization could one day become a substantial force nationally, working towards greater racial, religious and national tolerance, and provide an element of liberalism and progressive thinking in American politics. Who knows?

But the first step is without question UNITY, and this is the present, realistic goal the society should attempt to achieve at this time. Many of us cannot provide any of our time towards that goal, but we can offer at least some financial support.

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