

mattachine REVIEW

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"Battlefield Comrades" (See Page 20)



THE SEARCH FOR LOVE

LEE VINCENT, Ph.D.

Many times, Man has probably stopped to think of the very reasons for his existence. He has probably committed to paper his goals, ambitions, plans, and wishes, yet somehow he has seldom touched on the very necessities of living.

Love! Oh, how often our writers, poets, and lovers, themselves, have expressed this ephemeral quality in their own words, yet only touched on the perimeter of the subject. We are told that love is something that created us; it is something lavished upon us through childhood; and, it is something we cannot live without.

Yet, today, there are some individuals who would price-tag this quality which belongs equally to all men. They deny the right to love to others, merely because their love objects differ. For instance: a "normal" heterosexual man may love a woman, but the homosexual is forbidden to love his, or her, own kind. How, exactly, does this love manifest itself, or differ?

The heterosexual male attends social gatherings of one kind or another; usually meets—and courts—the girl of his choice; eventually marries; settles down and raises a family, *all* with the blessings of Society and his family.

On the other hand, the homosexual male cannot freely mingle with his own kind with similar intentions. This, our law enforcement officials call "soliciting" and, if an approach is made, "lewd conduct." Even if this barrier were to be overcome, the homosexual may want to settle down with his partner. This, in itself, presents enormous difficulties. He locates a house, or apartment which both can share, but this immediately entails a double life to deceive would-be intolerant bigots. From the outset then, the homosexual has many counts against him in the pursuit of his happiness.

While both heterosexuals and homosexuals indulge in relationships of one kind or another, it is obvious that the outcome is not to be the same. The heterosexual's marriage, if it founders, is held together by the children, or at least, the married couple involved has a chance of reconciliation in the long drawn out divorce procedures. However, the lack of a common love object—and the lack of legal unity—is the frequent cause of short-term homosexual "marriages." But, in both cases—hetero- and homosexual—the depth of love is solely dependent upon the individuals concerned.

There is a second way in which the homosexual's love may manifest itself—and one which appears wholly acceptable to our modern society. I refer

(Continued on Page 28)



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In March, the REVIEW published an article on the treatment of homosexuality in some plays, written by British Dramatist Roger Gellert. It seems this article was a springboard for the New York TIMES to give attention to the same subject as it affected the American stage. The following is reprinted from the TIMES and is a commentary significant enough for TIME magazine and other papers in the U. S. to have given space to it within the past few weeks.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

Homosexual Motif Gets Heterosexual Guise

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

IT is time to speak openly and candidly of the increasing incidence and influence of homosexuality on New York's stage—and, indeed, in the other arts as well.

The subject is too important to be left forever to the sly whisperers and malicious gossips. Criticism, like playwriting, is crippled by a resort to evasions. The public is deluded and misled if polite pretenses are accepted at face value.

The infiltration of homosexual attitudes occurs in the theatre at many levels. It is noticeable when a male designer dresses the girls in a musical to make them unappealing and disrobes the boys so that more male skin is visible than art or illusion require. It is apparent in a vagrant bit of nasty dialogue thrown into a show or in a redundant touch like two unmistakably mannish females walking across a stage without a reason or a word of comment.

These intrusions are private jokes turned public in a spirit of defiance or in the fun-and-games exuberance of a mis-

chievous student testing a teacher's patience and acumen. They may be nuisances, deserving the flick aimed at a pestiferous insect, but do not merit serious discussion.

What demands frank analysis is the indirection that distorts human values. Plays on adult themes are couched in terms and symbols that do not truly reflect the author's mind. Characters represent something different from what they purport to be. It is no wonder that they seem sicker than necessary and that the plays are more subtly disturbing than the playwright perhaps intended.

Exaggeration

The unpleasant female of the species is exaggerated into a fantastically consuming monster or an incredibly pathetic drab. The male is turned into a ragingly lustful beast or into a limp, handsome neutral creature of otherworldly purity. No doubt there are such people, and it is the dramatist's business if he is fascinated by them. But when his emphases are per-

sistently disproportionate, it is because he is treating a difficult, delicate problem in the guise of normality.

The insidious result of unspoken taboos is that sincere, searching writers feel they must state a homosexual theme in heterosexual situations. They convince themselves that what they wish to say will get through anyhow. But dissembling is unhealthy. The audience senses rot at the drama's core.

The taboos are not what they used to be. Homosexuality is not a forbidden topic. In "The Best Man" it was the dark secret used to destroy a ruthless, young politician, and in "Advise and Consent" it was a sympathetically described aberration of a Senator. In both cases it was a facile dramatic device, used without compelling force or overriding need.

As long ago as in "The Children's Hour" Lillian Hellman dealt honestly and powerfully with a lesbian theme. There have been a number of works in which problems of homosexuality were probed with directness and integrity. Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Robert Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy" and Peter Shaffer's "Five Finger Exercise" did not dissimulate, and in "A Taste of Honey" a homosexual was portrayed without meanness or snickers.

Although these are examples of successful plays on delicate themes, there can be no blinking the fact that heterosexual audiences feel uncomfortable in the presence of truth-telling about sexual deviation. And there can be no denying that playwrights interested in such themes continue to attack them tangentially, even disagreeably and sneakily.

Falsehood

That is why the work of some talented writers seems tainted.

That is why studies ostensibly devoted to the tensions between men and women carry an uneasy burden of falsehood. One suspects what is wrong. But how can one question a writer's professed intentions or impugn motivations hidden in his heart, if not his subconscious?

What, if anything, is to be done? A writer's way may be oblique. Art, in any case, is often an ordering and articulation of unknowable and indefinable pressures. But where the writer knows what is in his mind and would like to expose it uncompromisingly, it is a great pity if he fails to do so.

Homosexuality has been a fact of history for thousands of years. It is a fact of life, even if a generally concealed one, in our society. Nothing human should be alien to an enlightened theatre. But even such a theatre must face up to the rules of commerce. Playwrights no doubt will continue to take what they regard as the safe way of smuggling a touchy subject onto the stage by heterosexual masquerade.

Hugh Wheeler is a playwright whose first plays have tried to speak out. In "Big Fish, Little Fish" he described at least one homosexual in rich, crotchety, affectionate detail. This was forthright writing. But the central character was ambiguous, and at least one other man posed questions. Rightly or wrongly, one felt that these two did not fully sum up the author's conception of them.

Explicit

In "Look: We've Come Through" Mr. Wheeler was explicit. There was no doubt about the homosexual predilections of the boy, Bobby. His mother encouraged effeminacy and urged him to take up with an older man. A brutal sailor sought to abuse him. The boy admitted his

impotence. He wanted only to be a friend of Belle, the girl with learning, culture and no sex appeal.

Why then find fault with a play that did not obfuscate? Why not acclaim without reservation a writer of humor, warmth and acute sensibility?

It is painful to mention flaws in a work of aspiration while one approves a superficial, expertly made entertainment like "Write Me a Murder." But each type of play must be judged by its own laws.

The fundamental flaw of "Look: We've Come Through" was that one did not believe in the pivotal boy-and-girl relationship as the thing it looked to be. Bobby was revealed with sympathy as a sad, passive homosexual in spite of himself. It was suggested that he was

changing, but everything about him said he would not. The girl was made to appear sexless. Her first joust with sex was an intellectual experiment. While the end was touching as the maimed youngsters found security in each other, one was sure that it would not last. It could not last while she remained a woman and he the sort of man he was.

For all its virtues, the play was lamed. For all his courage, had Mr. Wheeler dared enough? Did inhibitions imposed by the theme lead to a sense of troubling incompleteness?

Mr. Wheeler has been brave to go as far as he has in writing about homosexuality with probity. His way is infinitely preferable to the furtive, leering insinuations that have contaminated some of our arts.

In men whom men pronounce as ill I find so much of goodness still. In men whom men pronounce divine, I find so much of sin and blot; I hesitate to draw the line between the two, when God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER

CHOOSE TO KNOW!

One of the facts of life is that astrology, divorced from charlatanism and generalized sun sign readings, is true science. Who can afford to deny life the advantage of knowledge? Yet if ignorance were bliss happiness would oftener be the rule. The twin truth of karma and astrology (cause and effect) reveals fate to whomever will seek to know it thereby. Your inquiry is welcome.

I have had over twenty years' research and experience in the occult and believe that a properly delineated horoscope is the most valuable property one can ever own! I charge ten dollars for drawing the life chart and answering questions regarding personal fate, i.e. career, health, finances, emotional concerns, past experiences, future plans—and describe the individual's destiny in terms of these, offering advice if so requested. I have a sincere desire to employ my knowledge in the service of worthy and interested persons. Please include moment of birth if known as well as the year, month, day and place with the precise questions desired answered. Fee promptly refunded if dissatisfied! All work personally done and typewritten.

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FICTION

TOMORROW BEGINS AT MIDNIGHT

DICK MALIN

Snow fell softly over Washington Square, as the lone figure walked through. Paul Larson was his name. He had lived in the Village for three weeks now, and was still lonely. He worked every day, was always nice to people, but he had not met any friends.

Here it was Christmas Eve. All he had was his cosy warm apartment to go back to. These two rooms he had hated at first, but loved now, for they were his private domain—a place he could hide in, away from the noise and confusion of New York City. He remembered seeing the young man across the hall in the morning when they went to work, and the cool "hello" that he received for his large effort to find a friend.

Paul was not homely, yet he was not a handsome young man. He was always a lonely child, even back home in Ohio. He painted when he was very young, and so his parents sent him to the best schools, and when he came out of the service, he had a good enough education to get a job on a leading magazine in Manhattan. Even with a good salary and a comfortable apartment, he was not satisfied. He wanted someone to share it all with.

He walked up the street, thinking back to the street he lived on as a teenager. The old brownstone house, just down the block from the neighborhood movie-house. The weekends he would go there to meet another boy his age, and how they would sit in the back row, hidden from prying eyes, holding hands wishing they were old enough to understand their problems, and desires.

That was many years ago and he had not been back home for four years—since before he had enlisted. Maybe he would go back home during Easter.

He went up the stairs to his lonely rooms. He had even decorated a small tree for himself and had put all the cards on it, and around the mirror—cards from so many people so many miles away. And after drinking a small shot of brandy, he lay down and went to sleep.

Across the hall sat another lonely young man, Steven Henderson. He was thinking back to his younger days—high school crushes on male teachers,

and how in one case, an older teacher—he must have been at least twenty-three—had taken a special liking to him, but, Steven, being so young and backward, had messed up the whole affair.

He looked at the small Christmas tree on the coffee table and wondered what the fellow across the hall was doing. He had wanted so many times to knock at his door and invite him over for a drink, or to have someone to watch television with. But he was too shy. In the morning he often said "hello," but he was too timid to make it sound very sincere. So now he must go through Christmas alone.

He turned on the phonograph and listened half-heartedly while across the hall sat Paul—also waiting and hoping.

A few minutes before midnight, they both came out of their apartments, meeting almost head-on in the hall.

"Merry Christmas," Paul said, and then after a nervous pause, "I was all alone so I thought I would go to church."

"Same here," Steven said, beginning to smile. "I hate to spend Christmas alone."

"This is my first Christmas in New York, and I didn't know it could be so lonely."

"Well why don't we go to church together?" Steven said, overcoming his shyness at last.

And they walked down the hall, down the stairs and down the street through the softly falling snow together.

"I fell asleep, I was so bored," Paul said, trying to keep up his side of the conversation.

"I was going to fall asleep, that's why I thought I'd go out for a walk. But I'm glad I met you and remembered church."

They walked on, stealing little glances at each other. The snow blew gently against their cheeks, making them tingle with color. The store windows along Fifth Avenue came to life as they walked by, and once in a while some passing stranger would wish them a Merry Christmas.

"Some people are very friendly," Paul said.

"Yes, especially at Christmas." He looked into Paul's eyes. "We might never have met if it hadn't been for Christmas."

"I guess that's true."

"After church why don't you come over to my apartment, and we'll have a toast to Christmas."

"That would be great," Paul said less shyly.

"Who knows?" Steven said. "We may turn out to be great friends."

"Yes, who knows?" Paul said, happy inside.

And they both walked down the street to church and toward a kind of tomorrow as the tower bells ahead began to toll the hour of midnight on Christmas Eve.

RELIGION

PAUL'S THEOLOGY AND THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS

THE REV. NORMAN BENSON

(A reply to Mr. James Egan's, "Open Letter to Rev. Taylor," in *Mattachine REVIEW* for November, 1961. For text of conversion of Saul of Tarsus—later St. Paul—see Acts, 9. —Ed.)

Mr. James Egan's, "Open Letter to Rev. Taylor," betrays his inadequate knowledge of Christianity. To be sure orthodox Christianity comes under Egan's wrath and rightly so. Based on the theology of Paul, orthodox Christianity would have to be either vehement in its condemnation of homosexuality, or be hypocritical, as Egan suggests.

But there is more than one interpretation of Christianity and more than one concept of what Christianity is—Webster notwithstanding. For instance, there has always been a group of Christians who base their Christianity, not on the writings of Paul in the New Testament, but on the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament. You will find little relationship between orthodox Christianity, or in other words, Paul's theology, and the teachings of Jesus. Indeed you never find Jesus condemning anyone—except the hypocrites—those who made an extreme pretense of being very religious. Jesus never condemned those whom the society of his day so freely condemned, such as the woman of Samaria to whom he spoke at the well. The motivation Jesus sought to instill in people was not that of fear and condemnation but that of faith and inspiration. In fact, Jesus said very little about sin but very much about man being created in the Image of God.

Personally I am laboring with my energy in behalf of a new theology: one not based on the primitive concept of the "fall of man" with all people inheriting "original sin" with the resultant necessity of being redeemed or saved; rather a theology based on the "rise of man" with all being confronted with the challenge and opportunity to grasp and use all the resources God has put before them, including the fruit of the tree of knowledge, with the resultant purpose of life being to grow, to grow toward God, to grow toward ever higher manifestations of life—in which evolution becomes the greatest religious story ever told.

Some in this school of Christian thinking, such as myself, even reserve the right to reject some of Jesus' teachings, such as his statement about divorce which may have been applicable to Jesus' day but is today accepted only by the most hard hearted and unloving.

In short, I for one would like to see the Christian church climb down out of its ivory tower and become relevant to the needs—all of the needs—of our day, including the extreme needs of the socially and governmentally persecuted and misunderstood homosexually oriented.

IN A GREEK PALACE

Amidst the palace columns
I thought I saw the men
Who built them: strong
And muscular and iron-willed.

I thought I saw these men
Outbuild their comrades, to show
Their prowess, and flex
Their sun-browned limbs.

These men I saw at sundown
Sink like the columns to rest
With the sweat joined and the dust
Shared chest to tufted chest.

WHAT HAD THE DYING GAUL REFLECTED

What had the dying Gaul reflected
When his wounds enriched the grass?

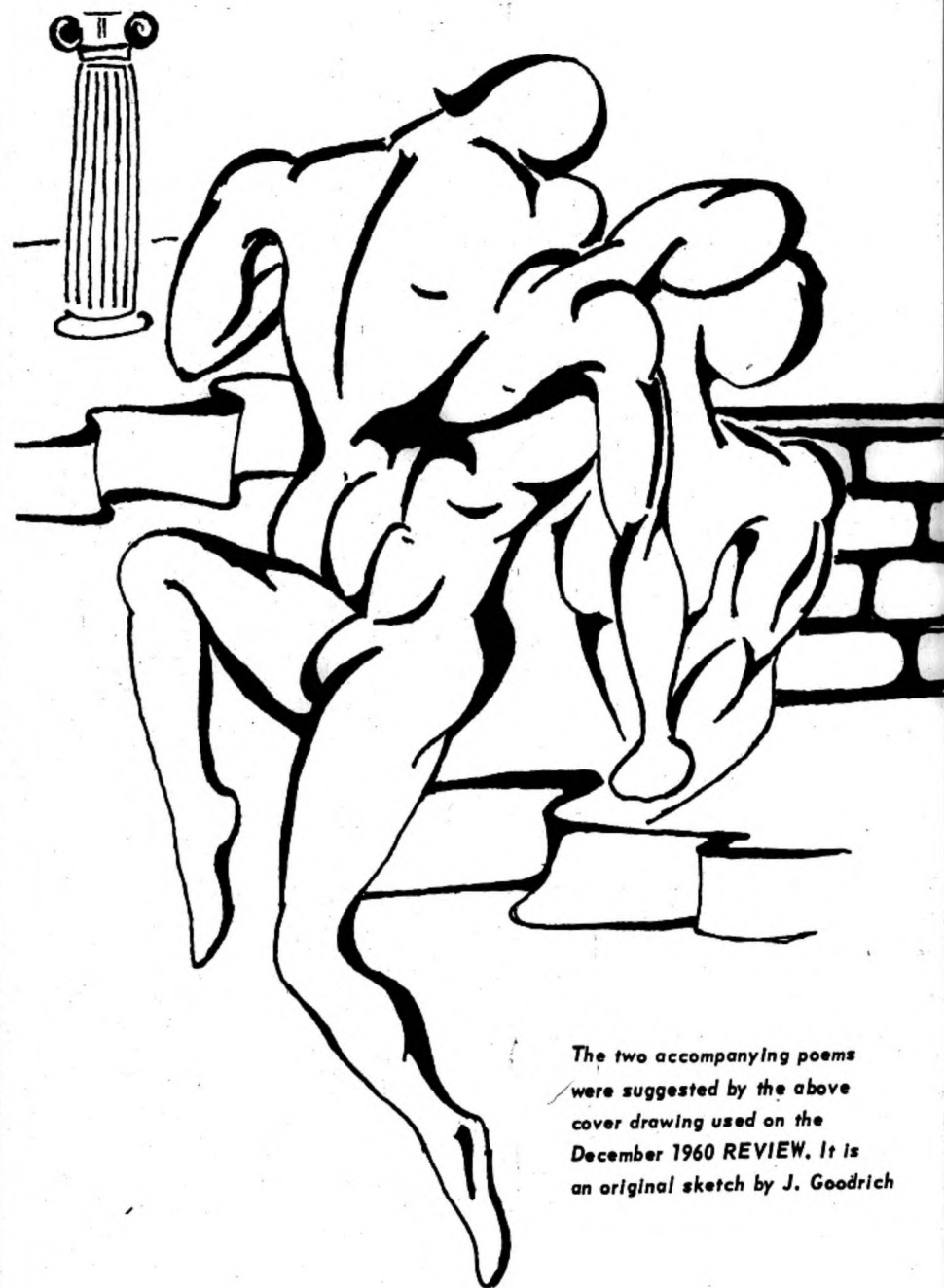
Was the honour lost remembered?
Or the prisonership escaped?

Or his wife and son and daughters?
Or the women he had loved?
Or the ones he didn't?

Or was the lover lost remembered,
Lying but some steps away?

And was the muted moment prayed for
When the grass would cover all,

Reuniting the dead lover with the dying Gaul?



The two accompanying poems
were suggested by the above
cover drawing used on the
December 1960 REVIEW. It is
an original sketch by J. Goodrich

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MATTACHINE

challenge

DONALD S. LUCAS

What you are about to read is not fiction but plain, cold, hard fact. And I would suggest that if you do not want to see yourself as you really are, not as you would like others to think you are, then you had better not go any further. But if you have some courage, a lot of intestinal fortitude, and are not afraid of the facts then by all means continue reading.

I might preface the following accounts by saying that I have been working with people who have problems for more than fifteen years. I have been working with the Mattachine Society for over eight years. I have listened to practically every type of life history that you could find. I am proud of the fact that I have been able to help many of those people not only to help themselves but to be better able to get along in this crazy mixed-up world we all live in.

You are probably wondering what this has to do with you or why it even appears here. It is simple. It is hoped that when you have finished reading this, that you will take a few moments of your time and ask yourself, "Does any of this pertain to me? Am I one of these people he speaks of? If I am, maybe I had better take a better look at myself and *do* something about it for a change instead of just *thinking* about it."

You know one of the first and basic needs that one must have when one is working with someone who has a problem is that that someone must *want to be able to help himself*. I might even say that before that he must *ask for help*. When he has asked for help and then when he has a desire to help himself there is nothing can stand in his way. He will get the help he is seeking and will profit by it. However if he already knows all the answers, is not willing to change his views in any other way or is merely seeking a confirmation of what he has already made up his mind on, then he might as well

forget the whole matter. He will not profit by any advice he might receive and might as well have not wasted anyone's time, including his own.

During the years I have worked with the Mattachine Society, there have been hundreds who have come to me seeking help of one kind or another. Some have been those in the category of wanting to be helped, and they have received help. Many have been those in the latter category and they have not received help and in many instances have indeed wasted both my time and theirs. Now this is not unusual at all when one is working in a social service agency of any type. But when one is working with an unusual organization such as Mattachine, it is a nuisance and a hazard.

Why do I say this? Because, this organization is not any usual type of organization. First of all, it operates on a shoe-string and a mighty frayed one at that. It has no big grants of funds behind it. It has no little grants, either. It has some *verbal* support but very little financial support. On the other hand it has a hell of a lot of mud and dirt thrown its way.

How many places can you go in these United States today with a problem that deals with some kind of adult sex variation and receive any help at all or even be able to discuss that problem freely? There are very few. You can count them on the fingers of one hand. Now it would stand to reason that if this were the case—and it is—then everyone concerned would want to help in the support of those few organizations or groups. But my dear friends, reason just flew out the window for that is not the case. The number of persons who *verbally support* these organizations can be numbered in the hundreds, not the thousands as one would expect. And those who *financially support* these organizations are much fewer still.

I want to cite a few examples now of the typical attitudes that are held in regard to this matter. These examples are found among those who, one would think, should have the most to gain by their support.

Case No. 1 is representative of a very large group of persons that could conservatively be classed as the "barfly." This individual seems to think that the one most important factor in life is to see how many bars he can make in a week's time and how much money he can spend on liquor while he is at it. He can spend quite a bit too. Anywhere from fifty to 250 dollars per month in seeking the pleasures of this pastime. Is it necessary? No it is not, except to the bar owner who is able to increase his bank account rather steadily. Why is it then that this individual feels it necessary? It could be for several reasons. He feels lonely and rejected and feels that only in a bar can he feel less lonely and less rejected. But, if anyone is truthful with himself he will have to answer that there really is no place quite so lonely as a bar. Just go into one sometime and see for yourself—that is—if you don't fall in this category. Now this type of individual is asked to help sup-

port our organization. I have to say *our* organization—meaning Mattachine—because quite frankly, that is what I am talking about. His answer is often a simple, "I can't afford to help." What he really means is that he plainly and simply does not want to help anyone—not even himself.

Case No. 2 is representative of another rather large segment of our population. This individual when approached for support may say, "Why should I support that group? I have no need for anything it can offer me." However, this is the individual who calls us by phone at the drop of a pin to ask us what to do now that he is in trouble or needs advice. So we freely give him the answer he seeks. He is overwhelmed. He cannot stop thanking us enough for being able to help him. He hangs up—out of sight, out of mind. Just as soon as he is safely out of trouble or his problem is solved, his comment becomes, "Mattachine, what's that?"

Case No. 3 represents another group which I believe is also large in number. The typical answer of this individual when approached for support is, "I don't want to support your group because, well, really others are doing it, aren't they, and I don't feel like I can really afford to, and after all, what can it do for me personally?" This is the same group that doesn't bother to vote because, "Why bother? Let someone else vote. I haven't time." Or, if truthful, he would admit he wasn't a registered voter in the first place. Perhaps he cannot be concerned about either national or international affairs because, "really why bother—aren't there others who are supposed to do that?" In plain facts this is the group of "really why bother" and sometime I wonder really why bother with them at all anyway. But it is this group that needs not only to help support such an organization as Mattachine, but also needs to help themselves. These are the sheep that are content to be led forever to the slaughter simply because they cannot be bothered or concerned enough to be of any worthwhile good to themselves or their community.

Case No. 4 is one of a group which may border on any one of the previous groups but definitely is a category distinct. That is the person who will say, when he is approached concerning the possibility of his supporting Mattachine, "I can't afford to support your group, not that I can't afford to financially, mind you, but I could not afford to risk the chance that someone would find out that I did." That is to say that this type cannot afford to have the bank teller note the stamp on the back of his cancelled check that says, "Deposit to the account of the Mattachine Society, Inc." As if the bank teller were interested in the first place, and in the second place, had the time to study the back of every check he sees. Or this person cannot afford to have his fingerprint found on the twenty dollar bill that is deposited. In particular this group just plainly makes me sick at my stomach. In the first place they are most usually the ones who could afford to help the most financially, and if all things were to be taken into consideration they have the

least to lose by having anyone find out that they have supported the organization. However they have a rather high opinion of themselves and being thus self-centered they feel that the eyes of the world are on them. People in this group might gain more self-respect and self-esteem if they took greater interest in their fellow man and less interest in their own egos.

I think that these are enough cases in point to get my message across to you. And this is not to say that everyone falls into one or more of these categories. There are exceptions to this, thank God. We know a few of these exceptions. Otherwise there would be no Mattachine at all. But until more people come down out of their ivory towers, and more people "shape up or ship out" as the expression goes, Mattachine will continue to be just a small organization trying to do a gigantic task on that very thin shoestring. In fact if the additional support needed is not forthcoming shortly, there may be no Mattachine at all. These are the very hard, cold facts that must be faced squarely. The demands on Mattachine are increasing day by day. As it receives more publicity it also receives more pleas for help and assistance. But oddly enough it does not receive more support, in fact if anything it receives less support, because many think it has "arrived."

Now it is up to those of you who have read thus far as to whether or not Mattachine does stay in existence. Not that I expect all of you as individuals to be able to furnish the entire financial support that is needed, but I do hope that you will be able to help change some of the attitudes of those around you—your friends and associates and so on—who may fall into one of the categories I have described. Also, I hope that you will show this article to others and explain to them about the Mattachine movement and the great good that it has done and the even greater service that it can do in the future if it but has the confidence of more individuals as well as financial support.

I prefaced this account with the fact that for many years I have listened to many people who had problems and that two requirements for those seeking assistance are that they first must ask for help and then be willing to help themselves.

Now "the shoe is on the other foot" you might say. Mattachine has the problem. It is coming to you for help, it is asking you for help and it is willing to help itself. Are you willing to accept the responsibility this throws on your shoulders?



Let but the public mind once become thoroughly corrupt, and all attempts to secure property, liberty, or life, by mere force of laws written on parchment, will be as vain as to put up printed notices in an orchard to keep off canker-worms.

—HORACE MANN

HERB CAEN

(From the San Francisco Chronicle)

TO THE BARRICADES: Now what in heaven's name is all this bilious nonsense about banning Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," or any other book, for that matter? Are we morons or children, that we need some elected official, half of whom are semi-illiterate anyway, to tell us what we may or may not read, what is or isn't "dirty," what will or will not contaminate us?

That these dark little minds, which will never be sullied by an original thought, should try to pass judgment on anything more complex than the wording of a traffic tag would be degrading if it weren't downright laughable. This is the stuff of which insane farce is made: men who don't know Baudelaire from Rimbaud or Henry James from Harry James, setting themselves up as literary arbiters.

I quote, probably not at all to his embarrassment, the police chief of Stockton, who has made a careful study of "Tropic of Cancer": "I only looked at one page, but this is the lowest order of profanity." This is the lowest order of inanity and these are the words of the dedicated book-burner, stalking self-righteously along the road back to the Dark Ages.

Henry Miller is a long way from being my favorite writer—although his "Colossus of Maroussi" is one of the best travel books I ever read—but I will defend him, or any other writer, from now till doomsday against the prurient prigs who pretend to "protect" us from him. Miller is a joyous, outgoing man, filled with a zest for living. The same most emphatically cannot be said of his tormentors.

least to lose by having anyone find out that they have supported the organization. However they have a rather high opinion of themselves and being thus self-centered they feel that the eyes of the world are on them. People in this group might gain more self-respect and self-esteem if they took greater interest in their fellow man and less interest in their own egos.

I think that these are enough cases in point to get my message across to you. And this is not to say that everyone falls into one or more of these categories. There are exceptions to this, thank God. We know a few of these exceptions. Otherwise there would be no Mattachine at all. But until more people come down out of their ivory towers, and more people "shape up or ship out" as the expression goes, Mattachine will continue to be just a small organization trying to do a gigantic task on that very thin shoestring. In fact if the additional support needed is not forthcoming shortly, there may be no Mattachine at all. These are the very hard, cold facts that must be faced squarely. The demands on Mattachine are increasing day by day. As it receives more publicity it also receives more pleas for help and assistance. But oddly enough it does not receive more support, in fact if anything it receives less support, because many think it has "arrived."

Now it is up to those of you who have read thus far as to whether or not Mattachine does stay in existence. Not that I expect all of you as individuals to be able to furnish the entire financial support that is needed, but I do hope that you will be able to help change some of the attitudes of those around you—your friends and associates and so on—who may fall into one of the categories I have described. Also, I hope that you will show this article to others and explain to them about the Mattachine movement and the great good that it has done and the even greater service that it can do in the future if it but has the confidence of more individuals as well as financial support.

I prefaced this account with the fact that for many years I have listened to many people who had problems and that two requirements for those seeking assistance are that they first must ask for help and then be willing to help themselves.

Now "the shoe is on the other foot" you might say. Mattachine has the problem. It is coming to you for help, it is asking you for help and it is willing to help itself. Are you willing to accept the responsibility this throws on your shoulders?



Let but the public mind once become thoroughly corrupt, and all attempts to secure property, liberty, or life, by mere force of laws written on parchment, will be as vain as to put up printed notices in an orchard to keep off canker-worms.

—HORACE MANN

HERB CAEN

(From the San Francisco Chronicle)

TO THE BARRICADES: Now what in heaven's name is all this bilious nonsense about banning Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," or any other book, for that matter? Are we morons or children, that we need some elected official, half of whom are semi-illiterate anyway, to tell us what we may or may not read, what is or isn't "dirty," what will or will not contaminate us?

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BOOKS

PARODY OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

THE EXILE OF CAPRI, by Roger Peyrefitte (with an Introduction by Jean Cocteau). London, 1961. \$4.00. Reviewed by Oberon.

"Ah, gentleman, Italy is the only possible country!" In this Italy, among the wealthy and decadent exiles of the Continent, the sexual aesthetes, the dandys, the homosexuals, who found on Capri preceding the First World War, a tender sort of home, everything is possible and nothing in fact happens. Tender Capri, opiate island, we pluck the grass and know by the wind where sits our dream! And just as the great motors that drive us storming across the open sea to this home divide us from one another in a cool privacy of sound, among the flutters of engine and waters, so, even where our lives are touched on occasion with public scandal and historic presence, and the final act of suicide, as is the hero's in this novel, we are yet untouched with the event of meaning. Our lives are always private, and too often the proof of an underprivileged solipsism. We are footnotes in search of a page.

This book is not only a historical novel, but, more importantly, a cool and witty critique—a parody—of the style and manner of the historical novel. Just as in the common variety of such fiction we are introduced with a painful artfulness to "a fellow named Socrates," or "Alcibiades," or that interesting military governor of Gaul—"Julius Caesar"—so here a flotsam of personage drifts through the pages like the impediment of a particular time. We hear of Dreyfus and Proust, of Gide ("At Biskra several Arab boys asked if he knew 'Papa Gide'") and the young actress Colette; we meet Norman Douglas, who in *South Wind* wrote the most famous English novel about Capri, and who, like the hero of this novel, was a pederast; we are introduced to others, less important now, but still wonderful, such as the Baron Magnus von Manteuffel, who makes three journeys around the world in order to gather material for his never-to-be-completed *Phallophysiognomy* ("In everyday life the Baron von Manteuffel's scientific integrity drove him to follow any man whom he noticed going into the lavatory. He was apt to emerge with a black eye, but still, with a note to add touching some hitherto unrecorded variation in the species."); we hear of politicians, poets, actors, painters, and philosophers; but these familiar ghosts (and I must add that I believe in the Baron by Faith alone—I do not know if he existed) do more

in this novel than convince us of the reality of its hero's adventures. For the novel in part—as Cocteau tells us in his introduction—is about "those who, incapable of creating masterpieces, try to become one in their own persons." In the first pages the young Comte Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen indirectly meets the disgraced Oscar Wilde and, with Wilde, Lord Alfred Douglas. Immediately at issue between Jacques and an older friend is the matter of those who insist on discretion, and their own privacy, and those who, like Jacques, are born under what his friend calls "the distressing sign of Oscar Wilde." And, like Wilde, Jacques is to suffer disgrace, prison, exile, and, beyond Wilde, suicide. But, unlike Wilde, Jacques suffers events as parody. Meaning disappears even before the gesture of meaning is complete. With all the motions of a dandy, Jacques is yet an imperfect dandy. His is what Cocteau calls a "lyrical impotence."

But if Wilde serves as a critique of Jacques, so does the young dandy dent, with a hidden smirk, the perfection of his master's dream. Cocteau may be fortunate that he has to guess without personal knowledge that "to be granted dreams but not genius must be the worst of tortures;" but he fails to understand how the historical novel puts even genius into question—or rather, puts into question what genius can communicate, and whether the imposition of meaning on a life, even through art, does not in fact limit that life as well as broaden it. We know Wilde as a legend, and as a playwright—another sort of legend. Poor Wilde, how was he to know that there would be three trials, not one, and that heroism would have retreated from the repeated public shows into a private demonstration of personal strength? Bad drama-turgy: in a play, an existentialistic hero can find definition in the fact of a final curtain; but in our own lives—even in those of the greatest—definition escapes and the life continues. At best, death itself promotes only a false clarity. And it is that clarity which we most often call *history*.

In *The Exile of Capri*, M. Peyrefitte compels form to submit to parody, and hence rescues from that form its secret inspiration. The novel is of a type and idea with which we are now familiar, dealing with a variety of life of which we have too often heard. Never boring, however; sharp even while, as in similar novels such as *South Wind*, action halts for discussion; grand in its exploitation of decadence. Example: "Jacques and Nino took leave of their host and hostess and promised to come again. Two young footmen carrying torches escorted them to the shore and surprised them by proceeding to strip when they reached it: they explained that they had orders from the Princess to swim besides the visitors' boat as far as the yacht *Eros*." This book, like the most valuable novels, returns us to our privacy and the surprise of its wealth. Oscar Wilde himself, in what I consider the most serious definition of the subject that I know, once stated that History is only gossip. This is the most solid implication of M. Peyrefitte's historical

novel. And no doubt in an age where more solemn and more vicious estimations of what History is have justified the most brutal behavior, the severest barbarities of a most sinister politics, and prompted the failure of one man to know the most genuine worth of another—his individuality, his freedom; and hence has promised the most unfeeling use of one person by another; we can welcome the fortunate truth that History is too wide a sieve to imprison what we are by the crudities of its various priests. We are alone; we are separate; but even in our most hideous and never-contaminated privacy we can know our own worth.

THE COVER PHOTO: Two battlefield comrades are shown in a dramatic example of human kinship in a picture which came from some national magazine some time ago. The source and contributor are not recorded. However, with the picture came these lines which add much to its meaning:

For a moment the guns are silent;
and overwhelmed by the face of death, he finds
strength in the arms of a comrade. But
this makes him no less the man. For when the battle
rages anew, he will not avert his eyes.

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Mattachine now handles some 700 social service and referral cases per year at its office and by telephone, all at no fee to those seeking help. In addition some 1000 letters per year require answers to personal questions and problems, also at no fee to those writing to us.

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From the London Evening News and Star

HEAVYWEIGHT AT LAST

BY JULIAN HOLLAND



TO-DAY we must salute Dirk Bogarde. Applaud him for his courage and for the revelation of previously unplumbed depths of his talent.

No doubt spurred on by the creative successes of his twin star of British films, Richard Attenborough, he has suddenly at the age of 41 turned against the light-as-popcorn roles of his past.

IT'S SINCERE

He has made a film of which he can be truly proud, a film of fierce honesty, adult conviction and sincere purpose.

What is more—and this makes one want to stand up and cheer — *Victim* (X, Odeon, Leicester-square) is a good and an exciting film.

It is a success for everyone concerned with it, from script-writer Janet Green, director Basil Dearden and producer Michael Relph, down to the Rank Organisation which has undertaken its distribution despite its X certificate.

"Victim" is a film about homosexuality. But it is also a suspense story about blackmail (90 per cent. of blackmail victims are homosexuals because they cannot seek police protection).

It poses the problems of these men, offers the different view-

points, and comes down emphatically in favour of a change in the law . . . if only to stamp out blackmail.

A successful young barrister (played by Bogarde) with a beautiful wife, a prosperous practice and soon to become a Q.C., finds himself involved when a young boy kills himself after stealing to pay a black-mailer.

He was emotionally involved with the boy and decides to uncover the blackmailer even though it will mean his own ruin.

It does. Through the tawdry world of pick-ups in pubs and the cultured backgrounds of people in high places with guilty secrets to hide, he stalks the "murdering" blackmailer.

Almost everywhere he meets opposition—people who would rather go on paying than risk jail.

It is for Bogarde the performance of his career.

Excellent too is Sylvia Syms as his wife, confronted and bewildered by the question of where her love stands in the face of her husband's admitted confession to her of his feelings about the dead boy.

I am told that women who have been given a preview of this picture, rather than being shocked by it, have been enthusiastic about its merits. I recommend it to you.

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.

DR. ALVAREZ

REVIEW EDITOR: The illumination from Dr. Walter Alvarez discovered in the October issue of the REVIEW was so brilliant that it should bum out the silliness and nonsense about homosexuality forever. Of course it will not; not so long as children are fed the lies, bigotry, and hatred which are the heritage from their brain-stalled parents and other adults concerned with the trivia of this planet. The problem is posed by a busy-body, bored, ignorant, sadistic public. IF "something went decidedly wrong in the development of the boy's brain and, to some extent, his body" (Dr. Alvarez), then how can any mortal undo what Nature has done; and what is Nature but God? The bigots will not even admit the possibility that a homosexual is part of God's plan: To not overpopulate and overmulate the Earth. But the same bigots are largely for contraceptives. That is even more unnatural than homosexual orgasms if you please or do not please.

It is unbelievable that the vast majority of losers in the sex game (those who have reproduced to their own chagrin and amazement and alarm) are pleased with their sins of reproduction. And does the loser not hate with extreme jealousy those who have not been caught thus. C yes he does! And the purveyors of commerce and the churches hate the escaper too; why? Oh so simple: It bringeth not MONEY into the coffers! And the homosexuals have insights into life and the spiritual realm which develop and abet their artistry and brains. And does that not make the simpletons whitehot with jealousy? Ergo, punish the homosexual—a marvelous sport!—Mr. P. B., N. C.

REVIEW EDITOR: Thank you so much for the kind words in your REVIEW for October. I'm so glad that you are happy about what I have been trying to do. I will try to keep helping all I can, but,

as you know, I mustn't try the patience of editors too much or too often.

Cordially,

Walter C. Alvarez, M.D.
Des Moines Register & Tribune Syndicate

WITH IMPUNITY

REVIEW EDITOR: Enclosed is a copy of my letter to the Adult Probation Department dated Sept. 29, 1961. Copies of the enclosure were sent to San Francisco newspapers and all were, of course, "Spurlos versnkt." Vincent Hallinan, Attorney at Law, San Francisco.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The enclosed letter is as follows (it refers to the case covered in June 1961 REVIEW, p. 6):

Adult Probation Department
7th and Bryant Streets
San Francisco, California

Re: William Castillo, Alex Hall, Lawrence Magee, Michael Kilkenny;
Superior Court Action No. 58500;
Department 6

Gentlemen:

In the above matter there are some suggestions which I feel obliged to make in connection with the application for probation now pending in your department.

First, let me say that I have no connection or acquaintance of any kind with any of the four defendants, any member of their families, or, so far as I know, any friend or relative of any one of them.

The element in the case which involves my interest and impels the writing of this letter, is the motive which the defendants claim led them to attack their victim, and the manner in which this was handled by the prosecution and by the newspapers reporting the trial.

According to the four boys, they were cruising about for the purpose of finding and beating up "queers," that is to say, homosexuals. Encountering Mr. Hall, and

mistaking him for one of the class for which they were looking, they administered to him a beating, the consequences of which led to his death.

These admissions by the defendants were re-iterated throughout the trial by various officers who had questioned them. With each account of such evidence or of the arguments touching it, the papers were careful to add "there was no evidence that Hall was, in fact, a homosexual."

What is the significance of that statement? Does it not contain the plain inference that if, in fact, he had been a homosexual, he might be beaten or even murdered with impunity?

This is no unwarranted surmise. In San Francisco, some years ago, a religious leader of one of the leading denominations was beaten to death in a hotel room. His assailant, when arrested, admitted the slaying but justified it upon the ground that the victim, a homosexual, had made indecent overtures to him. Thereupon, the members of the decedent's congregation, "to avoid scandal," induced the District Attorney not to prosecute, and the slayer walked out without any charges having ever been filed against him.

Some years before, a North Beach father shot and killed his son's friend for the sole reason that the latter was a homosexual. Although the son was an adult and probably himself homosexual, the father was quickly acquitted by a jury.

The three incidents considered above illustrate the primitive outlook which a supposedly sophisticated community displays toward the "problem" of homosexuality. A sufficient number of years have passed since the Kinsey Reports turned a clear light onto this obscure area of human conduct. These and subsequent researches have demonstrated the wide extent of homosexuality, that there is nothing pathologic about it and that it is the normal sexual expression of a substantial minority of people all over the world.

The celebrated trial of Oscar Wilde in England pointed up the fact that, in none of the countries of Continental Europe, were the acts of which he stood accused, criminal. Unfortunately, the Victorian morality of Great Britain has been transmitted to the United States. Indeed, in this respect, the latter has fallen behind its model. Recently, the British parliament appointed a committee, called, from its Chairman, the Wolfenden Committee, to investigate and report to it on the subjects of homosexuality and prostitution.

With regard to the first of these, the committee returned a recommendation that no illegality should be attached to any sexual conduct of consenting adults in private. While this recommendation has not yet been adopted, the issue is still alive and will, it is hoped, ultimately lead to a correction of the legal situation in that country.

Meanwhile, the persistence of ignorance and superstition regarding this condition continue to bedevil the homosexual in the United States. He can, with impunity, be insulted, blackmailed, shaken down by Police officials and, it would appear, assaulted and even murdered.

With regard to the four defendants in the present case, is it not apparent that they are as much the victims of the same ignorance, bigotry and superstition as was their unhappy victim?

They are instructed by the presence of outmoded criminal laws upon our statute books, by the hatred and contempt constantly expressed against homosexual persons, by the vulgar obscenity with which they are discussed in some quarters and the nasty-nice silence imposed upon the subject in others, that the extermination of homosexuals is a laudable cause, that it is clean, upright, masculine Americanism to beat them up wherever they may be found and that fellow human beings so conditioned are outside the law.

In other words, are not these four defendants and the poor slain man equally victims of the same evil influences which I have cited above?

Furthermore, is it not to be taken into consideration that the act which led these four boys to their present predicament is something into which we have educated them? There can be no question but that they acted in accordance with a moral and ethical position which we have, ourselves, promulgated and which can scarcely be better expressed than by the phrase with which the prosecution in this case rebutted their excuse, namely: "There was no evidence that the victim was, in fact, homosexual."

Respectfully submitted,
Vincent Hallinan
(Attorney at Law)

MATTACHINE PANELISTS

REVIEW EDITOR: May I again thank you for appearing on our panel discussion last Friday evening? That discussion

was one of the finest programs our church (First Unitarian, San Jose, Calif.) has had the privilege to sponsor. The reaction we have had from persons in the audience has been most satisfying and the attitudinal changes that took place indicate that we more than achieved any goals we may have had in mind. Your contribution was exactly what I had wanted and many of your comments made a lasting impression on us. Especially the statement, "Homosexuals can be hurt." I really think that simple remark was the key to the entire evening.—Mrs. P. B., Calif.

REVIEW EDITOR: May I commend you and Messrs. Fisher and Lucas for your participation in the TV documentary "The Rejected." Not only will your forthrightness be a positive help to a better community understanding on the homosexual but you three have also shown the individual homosexual what he must be willing to do if the opportunity presents itself. I heard John Reavis at a recent discussion forum and was pleased to learn of this fine effort on all your parts.—Rev. Robert W. Wood, N.Y. (author of *Christ and the Homosexual*)

REVIEW EDITOR: I would like to comment on the remarkable program, "The Rejected," and the cooperation (Mattachine) made on its behalf. Second, I would like to call your attention to a chapter (The Psychological De-Sexing of the Child) of my book, *The Greatest Role in the World*. This chapter shows how parents' unconscious rejection of a child's inherent sex causes the child to unconsciously reject his, or her, true sex role. A parent's rejection of a child's sex may stem from any reasons, i.e., rivalry, etc. The book also shows that many of our 'normal' citizens suffer from terrific instability in their respective sex roles.—(Mrs.) Prudence H. Hamilton, Calif.

SEX OFFENDER TOME IN '62

REVIEW EDITOR: After we have finished the current book on sex offenders (which should be done in early '62) we will begin more extensive field work on our next two volumes on homosexuality and transvestism. At that time we hope to elicit the Mattachine cooperation in our field work.—Wardell B. Pomeroy, Director of Field Research, Indiana University, Institute for Sex Research, Inc., Bloomington.

POLICE PASTIMES

REVIEW EDITOR: At the present time there is a "purge" in the Pomona-Clearmont area of Southern California. Friends of mine who live in the area have assured me that not only is there general harassment but there are certain measures being used by the police department which to my way of thinking constitute a violation of civil liberties. Of course, I have no way of verifying this. The "purge" is being conducted with no publicity for fear by the police that any publicity would defeat their ends. I feel that actions in this area warrant, if at all possible, some investigation.—Mr. R. S., California.

REVIEW EDITOR: Your November issue and its "Calling Shots" feature beginning on page 2 and incorporating the newspaper article by Ernest Lenn is one of the most outstanding editorial items ever to appear in the REVIEW. Someone must dare to "call shots" on the ever-expanding police power over individual lives, and moreover someone must stand up against the general political and police policy that homosexuals are fair game, and thus easy and continuous victims of harassment, discrimination and blackmail—sometimes from police themselves.—Mr. C. F., Missouri.

REVIEW EDITOR: I was in San Francisco, looked you up in the telephone book, but didn't remember how to spell the name, so I got another person instead. We had a nice chat. I told him of the article in *The Independent* ("Puritan Terror") concerning the two men travelers in Massachusetts. It is since then I have been intending to write and ask for copies of your periodicals. Near me, more men are arrested at Carmel Beach, and the real sharple, the man who arrested them, has been given a job in the Welfare Department.—Miss G. H., California.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

REVIEW EDITOR: This letter might surprise you for it comes from a very distant place the Philippines. Although the name Philippines may not be strange for we were once under the tutelage of your country.

I have come to know your society The Mattachine, for I have read the book of Mr. Jess Stearn, *The Sixth Man*. I found it very interesting and thankful that an

organization thus exist. Without delay I'm writing you to avail myself on the opportunities that your society could have that could make us happy and enrich our life.

I'm glad that this society is born and has attained international recognition that could fight the injustices that society has accorded upon us. I thanked God that intellectual men are born on our sex who could represent our cause to work on the justification of our sexual desires.

Our country doesn't have intellectual homosexual societies. Though there are some but are keeping it for themselves. Well, it might be attributed that in our country it is not within our laws that homosexuality is an offense. In Cebu City drag becomes fashionable, participated in by less educated class. Sexual objects are not quite difficult as long as monitorial sides are available. The attitude of society is gradually changing for there are some social quarters that we are accepted.

Happy indeed that the membership in your society doesn't regard the race, color, creed, and sexual inclination, that if I'm acceptable I am willing to be a member. By so doing I might gain knowledge to combat my weakness for I always entertain guilt for being so. That from your wisdom I will learn that this aspect is far from treatment. I'm constantly worried that men are cured from the problem according to some articles but no definite pattern of treatment are given. I got light from that chapter in the book *The Sixth Man on Among Friends*, about that Dr. Bergler who publicized that it was curable and was branded by our group as a hoax. I want to know more from your society.

Being an undeveloped country we haven't have any help centers, foundations, psychiatrist, sociologist and homosexual societies to help and rescue us from our problems. Coming from a highly developed country and from a benevolent nation, I'm appealing for some donations on the working literature and publications on homosexuality. That by knowing more truth I might generate an organization in our place and affiliate it to your own.

Hoping for your kindness and generosity, I beg to remain Very Truly Yours—Mr. S. B., Philippines.

PHILADELPHIA?

REVIEW EDITOR: Since I have now received several notices as to my membership being up, and after the way you peo-

ple treated the new Philadelphia Mattachine Society area council when they most needed help, and took every cent they had in their own treasury, and gave nothing in return. You may rest assured that I have no intention of remaining a member in such high-handed company. I shall remain with our own group here in Philadelphia, and hope for the best. We have advanced so far without your help, and ask no favors from you who are so heartless as to kick a new area council when they are down, so please do not ask me for another year's subscription. Besides had I known how we would be treated I just starting out, I would not have paid the first year's membership fee.

Even with all the explanations you have published, it was not quite fully explained to our satisfaction why, and what has happened. There is my reason for not sending you a remittance. There are others that feel the same as I do, besides me.—Mr. P. T., Pennsylvania.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many reasons have been published about the Mattachine decision to reorganize without an area council setup; foremost of these is that the California Corporation cannot assume legal and financial responsibility for distant branch offices when Society funds absolutely preclude such with wisdom for all concerned. The Mattachine Society, Inc., has never received any application for any group setup in Philadelphia, has never authorized any such group to use the Mattachine name, and has never seen a single report of funds collected and disbursed by any such group as may exist there. That alone shows the error of the above writer's statement that Mattachine "took every cent they had in their own treasury," etc., etc., etc. Best wishes are extended to any properly organized and functioning group working in our field anywhere, but there is only one Mattachine Society legally incorporated and operating as such. Its office is in San Francisco, the scope of its membership and support is national, and this is the only organization legally authorized to be called by the name Mattachine.

ATTORNEYS NEEDED

REVIEW EDITOR: I represent here in Cleveland an individual who is a subscriber to your REVIEW, who now finds the need of a lawyer in your state. He asked me to write you and get from you if you will send me, the name of a lawyer that is in your employ.

The matter my client needs advice and assistance on is in Los Angeles County, and therefore, if you can, suggest someone in that county.—Mr. S. A., Atty., Ohio.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am a faithful reader of the REVIEW. I think you are doing a fine job of getting some of this information in front of the public. Heaven knows society is ignorant enough about most matters concerning the homosexual, and many of my friends (both straight and otherwise) have read many of my copies. I have been meaning to write concerning a problem of my own. It is a legal matter. Could you recommend an attorney...—Mr. D. K., Oregon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We could and did.

MAIL TROUBLE

REVIEW EDITOR: I teach at a University and our departmental mail is observed by too many people; I cannot have the REVIEW sent home, because I am happily married and want to remain so. So will you mail the magazine to my friend who is over 21?—Mr. D., Ohio.

REVIEW EDITOR: You may be interested to learn that occasionally recently the REVIEW has been coming with the seal unsealed. It may be that the "sweathounds" of the post office are looking for their favorite fare but it looks to me that this may be a warning that "Big Brother" is on the alert and has my number.—Mr. H. A., New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In very small localities, regular "plain envelope" mail might cause a postoffice to be curious; however this is doubtful in a big city. We attempt to seal all envelopes carefully. Sometimes a shipment is received with faulty glue. Modern mail handling methods can often break this seal unintentionally. No postal complaints have ever come in about Mattachine REVIEW during the seven full years of our existence. If anyone ever suspects that his mail is being opened, then we suggest a complaint to the postal department; their job is to deliver the mail so you alone can read it.

GAY BARS IN EUROPE

REVIEW EDITOR: On a recent visit to Zurich I discussed with the editor of DER KREIS the deplorable increase of commercialism in the gay bars of Europe, of which the traveling American is usually

the victim. He discussed the question of whether in the future the American might possibly be protected from this exploitation and aided to meet European friends who might be interested in him for himself rather than for his pocketbook. Suggested was a system of "accreditation" from organizations in the U.S. to similar organizations in Europe.—Madrian, N.Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

REVIEW EDITOR: During the past year or so I have read with great interest many of the articles, reports, etc. published by the REVIEW, and it is my considered opinion that your Society is making a valuable contribution towards a more enlightened attitude on the part of the more intelligent section of the North American public to what has previously been thought of as a more or less closed book.

One suggestion I might have to make is that in organizing institutes, seminars, etc., it would be a very pleasant gesture if the vacation periods of Canadian residents could be taken into account, so that those of us who are keenly interested in the work of the Society might sometimes be able to attend such meetings. For example, observation of such public holidays as Easter is rather longer in Canada than it is in the United States, so that it would be possible for us to be present at meetings held at such times, whereas meetings organized during the early part of the year are normally out of the question.—Mr. J. F., British Columbia

REVIEW EDITOR: Thank you for the informative reading material sent me. It was very enlightening and has helped me a great deal toward understanding this problem.—Miss B. H., California.

REVIEW EDITOR: I learned of your organization and its aims through *The Independent* which I take, along with your address. When in the month is your magazine issued?—Mr. J. R., Maine.

EDITOR'S REPLY: The REVIEW generally goes into the mail between the 8th and 15th of each month.

REVIEW EDITOR: You may want to call to the attention of your readers, an article in the November 7th Look, titled "The Creative Child," deploring the robotizing of human beings and telling of some constructive steps actually being taken now.—Miss M. W., Connecticut.

now to several of our more brilliant authors, artists, physicians, and humanitarians. Through the pressures brought upon them by society, (and by "society" I kindly refer to those among us who consider themselves so Christian and perfect that they can judge the sins of others before rectifying their own) these individuals' love seeks an outlet. These beautiful paintings, great works, and feats of humanitarian endeavor are, in themselves, expressions of love.

There is a very great man I think of most every day. He dedicated his life to the service of mankind. He was acclaimed throughout the world for his selfless contribution to humanity. I wonder how many so-called "normal" people would continue to acclaim him as their hero, if I were to make them aware of his tendencies? Would they learn tolerance?—or crucify him for something he cannot help?

It is said that society creates its own problems. In the case of the homosexual, this is particularly true. One might also hastily add that society never likes to recognize a problem and thus, never tries to solve problems in a sane, logical manner. I find it increasingly difficult to believe, as more and more examples of this are brought to my attention, that we are actually living in the *twentieth* century! The emotional element wrought by public ignorance of facts and prejudice always manages to creep in somewhere along the line. The most society can do at the present time, it seems, is to seek justification for the destruction of the individual man—the non-conformist. And, in doing this, society quotes—and clings to—obsolete laws which were brought into being at a time when the Maid of Salem was tried for witchcraft!

Ah! We have some devout church-goers among us today! Yes, my friends, you may quote the Bible to drive home your point, just as long as I may quote likewise. We are taught in the Scriptures to love all things which God created, and we—as the form of life which God gave the most intelligence and consciousness—should have learned the meaning of love and compassion. But we didn't, obviously. We interpreted the Scriptures—and took the basis of our laws from the Ten Commandments—*without* considering one's fellow beings, and without differentiating between the criminal and the weak or sick. We take the Ten Commandments—the very basis for our laws—and interpret them whichever way one so desires. Most people do, for I can see no other reason for the great number of legal "experts" today! But, as Emerson has said: (In this case: substituted) "Society believes that by mountains of so-called fact, it can climb into the Heaven of thought and truth..."

The lay-public is quick to seize upon the child's susceptibility to sexual offenders, and uses this image as a figurehead in its drive to eradicate homosexuals from the face of the earth; and those who take it upon themselves

to speak for "public opinion" say that the homosexual is a very dangerous, irresponsible person who molests children, or criminally assaults them. By publishing such false statements repeatedly, attention is inevitably drawn from the real offender.

If the homosexual were the type of person so described, I should imagine that the larger percentage of them, including latent homosexuals, who have fathered children, would pack the divorce and criminal courts to capacity! However, the educated people—the psychologists, the physicians, and other high-placed authorities in the field of jurisprudence and criminology—*know* that child molestation just doesn't "fit" with the personality factors of the homosexual. There are a few instances perhaps, but the incidence is even *lower* than that of child molestation in the "normal" heterosexual counterpart.

The homosexual who chooses to work with children, either as a teacher, counsellor, or physician, usually does so because, to him, this child—or these children—represents the child he was unable to father. He looks upon the child exactly the same as most parents do. Never (and I speak for myself here), NEVER does the thought of physical contact—or sex—enter his head. He is with your child for one reason—and *only* one reason: to give your child a good education, or save the child from disease. As a homosexual who has had to learn to live with an intolerant public, I have learned to be "tolerant." Of course, I am unhappy, but others share my unhappiness and the pressures of society. However, let me make it quite clear that the homosexual would never wish to have others share his misery by treading the same path he has trod. Few, if any, become homosexual by choice and those that are homosexual would do everything in their power to save any youngster from the terrible derision, loneliness, and hardship which society heaps upon him.

Yes, the love of one man for another can be very strong. It has to be, to withstand the abuse of an intolerant public. But, it is love; and like love, anywhere, it will continue to exist no matter how severe the penalties imposed by society may become.

It is peculiar of society in a Western democracy that, at a time when all desire to live at peace with our fellow beings in other countries, we cannot even tolerate or sympathize with one of mankind's greatest psychological—or sociological—problems: the homosexual. We are a nation divided, and will continue to be so, until we realize—all of us realize—that God did not put a price-tag on love, or specify, or discriminate between peoples. And until we realize that we have everything to lose and nothing to gain by demanding that all persons be similar.

See *Some Myths About the Sex Offender* and references therein, by Paul W. Tappan, Ph.D., Jur.Sc.D., professor of sociology and lecturer in law, New York University, in *FEDERAL PROBATION*, 1955; this article reprinted in *Mattachine REVIEW*, Vol. II, No. 1, February, 1956.

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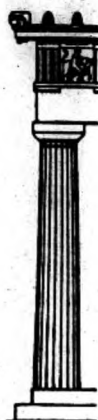
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THE YOUNGEST DIRECTOR by Martin Goff. The author of "The Plaster Fabric" has another excellent novel—this one concerned with a young executive in a British import firm who is homosexual and in love with a boy when he knows he must marry for appearance if he wants to rise to the top in his career. There is trouble and complications, but Goff handles the story with tact and sympathy.

3.75

THE LAST OF THE SOUTHERN WINDS by David Loovis. Set in Key West, and presented with a sophistication made possible by its island remoteness, the story has operatic gaiety and shoddy violence. This book is bizarre, not because of a pair of homosexual romances in it, but because the assortment of habitues spans the spectrum.

4.50

ADRIFF IN SOHO by Colin Wilson. Harry, discharged from the RAF, and with forty pounds in his pocket, leaves his midlands home and becomes a London bohemian. He does support himself without a job, and chalks up high experience with his two friends—Doreen, a simple girl, and Ricky, a talented and sensitive young painter.

3.50

THE IDENTITY OF DR. FRAZIER by George Sklar. This is a probe of the unconscious mind, in a fictionalized medical setting—a Jewish hospital in Beverly Hills. Dr. Frazier, in his search for success, gets into the depths of drink, and is confronted with the grim facts that his behavior wasn't so nice when alcohol took over.

3.95

THE EXILE OF CAPRI by Roger Peyrefitte. A wealthy young French youth of noble birth is sent to prison, attempts suicide, and later settles himself on Capri where he builds a fabulous villa and surrounds himself with a host of varied characters, including a peasant boy whom he adopts and trains as a secretary. Central figure is a homosexual.

4.00

TRANVESTISM COMMENTARY. A short collection of items and articles dealing with several aspects of the compulsion of men to dress as women, and the problem of "surgical sex change." 36 pages.

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