

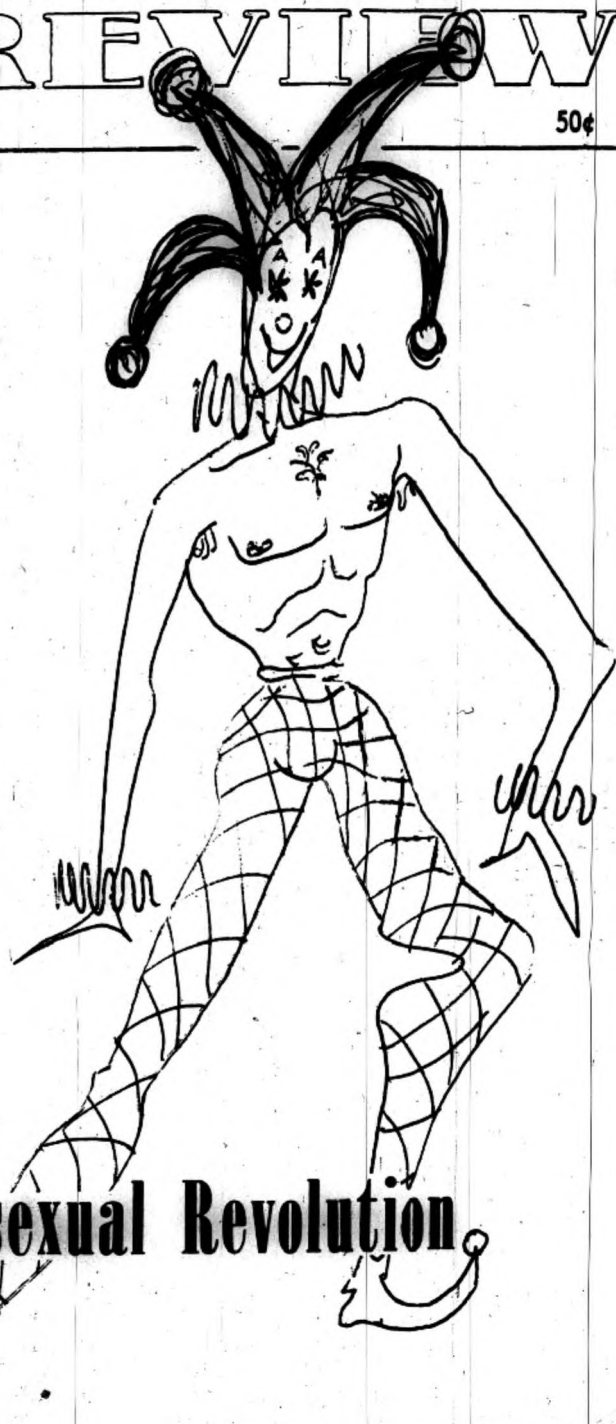


# **mattachine** **REVIEW**

APRIL 1962

50¢

**12th**  
**Anniversary**  
**Month**



*In this issue...*

## **The Homosexual Revolution**

# Calling Shots

## TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF PUBLIC SERVICE

Mattachine Society marked its twelfth anniversary on April 1st. This date, in the Middle Ages, was given, in tribute to the court jesters who moved in the noble circles and palaces of the heads of principalities. Both the jester and the date have been adapted symbolically for Mattachine (the word itself means "little fool"), but the purpose is deadly serious. Twelve years of public service, and help extended to thousands of persons, attest to this.

From a secret committee formed in Los Angeles in 1950, to a Foundation, then to a democratic membership society, and back to a foundation-type organization—these evolutions describe a circular pattern which one of the founders, Harry Hay, said in Los Angeles recently, "complete the full circle". Organizationally, that is true.

But from the standpoint of service, Mattachine has within the past four years attained a place of significance which its founders never visualized. Not that the vision and dreams of the founders were not far reaching—they

were bold and broad visions, indeed. But the direction of Mattachine's evolution in the main has been different from that initially visualized. It has resulted in the name Mattachine and what it stands for having become a bright ray of hope for tens of thousands of homosexuals who have known rejection, fear and despair. It has helped many of them to achieve better self-adjustment, regain dignity, and attain personal responsibility and happiness.

Early Mattachine leaders visualized and to some extent achieved something never done before in this country. They created many serious discussion groups which reached hundreds of men and women who gave impetus to the consideration and definition of the adult homosexual and his problems in modern society. From the Southern California birthplace, these groups expanded over the state, and within a few years, across the nation to the Atlantic coast. Altogether, at least eleven major cities—including Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Washington, New York, Boston and Philadelphia—have seen organized area councils or informal groups seeking formal affiliation.

But the "organization" of groups (which, to the public meant organization of homosexuals) created problems of administration, policy and operation which were impossible to cope with in terms of the financial support, staff and facilities available. With the Society committed to the publication of a magazine, the total

(Continued on page 27)

**mattachine REVIEW**



Editor  
HAROLD L. CALL

Associate Editor  
LEWIS C. CHRISTIE

Business Manager  
DONALD S. LUCAS

Treasurer  
O. CONRAD BOWMAN, JR.

Editorial Board  
ROLLAND HOWARD  
WALLACE DE ORTEGA MAXEY

Trademark Registered  
U.S. Patent Office

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

Copyright 1962 by the Mattachine Society, Inc. Eighth year of publication. Mattachine Foundation, Inc., established in 1950 at Los Angeles; Mattachine Society formed in 1953 and chartered as non-profit, non-partisan educational, research and social service corporation in California. Founded in the public interest for the purpose of providing accurate information leading to solution of sex behavior problems, particularly those of the homosexual adult.

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

## mattachine REVIEW

Founded in 1954—First Issue January 1955

Volume VIII APRIL 1962 Number 4

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 2 CALLING SHOTS
- 4 REMARKS ON "THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION" by R. E. L. Masters
- 9 DIO CASSIUS ON ELAGABALUS, Commentary by Noel I. Garde
- 12 DENY, DENY, DENY, fiction by John E. O'Connor
- 23 AS HE WHO IN A VINEYARD ON THAT DAY, a poem by Shawn Baker
- 24 BOOKS
- 30 READERS WRITE

### SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

New Postal Regulations and rising costs make it imperative that you **MUST** notify the Mattachine REVIEW office of any change of address.

We **MUST** have all changes of address at least 30 days prior to moving. Please cooperate with the REVIEW and help us to save money in this important area.

**ADVERTISEMENTS:** Accepted only from publishers and/or authors of books; magazines; periodicals and booksellers concerned with homosexual and other sexological subjects. Rates upon application.

**MANUSCRIPTS:** Original articles, reviews, letters and significant opinion, and appropriate short stories solicited for publication on a no-fee basis. Please include first class postage for return.

The publication of *The Homosexual Revolution* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) will probably turn out to be a significant milestone in the present-day homophile movement. Written by a man who is very well informed as to the course of that movement, or "revolution", as he has called it, this book delves deeper into its meaning than any of the contemporary organizations themselves have dared or been able to do.

Mattachine supporters, we believe, have reason to be grateful for what we consider to be an objective critique. Writes its author, R. E. L. Masters, from Arkansas: "...I think that you will find that Mattachine at least has no reason to feel 'blasted'. Certain objectives of some segments of the homophile movement are assailed in my book, but there is certainly no general attack on homosexuals."

During the twelve years of its existence, the Mattachine Society has been the object of ill-informed attacks on the part of scandal magazines, psychiatrists, political candidates, and—most disheartening—some homosexuals, themselves. But we are pleased at last to find that in the eyes of a more impartial observer, Mattachine, as one of the readers of Mr. Masters' book has observed, "comes out smelling like a rose." It is satisfying to be informed that one's work has not been completely in vain.

Mr. Masters, at the request of the REVIEW, has written the following commentary:

## Remarks on

# The Homosexual Revolution

I am pleased, at the request of your editor, to contribute these remarks to accompany the review of my book, *The Homosexual Revolution*.

Probably a good many of you, learning about the book's publication, will feel hurt and angry that it should have been written. You will say that it can only mean trouble. I hope it does not, but in any case you should recognize that sooner or later someone was certain to write a book about the homophile movement. When you have read *The Homosexual Revolution*, I think you will agree that you could have fared much worse.

This book was not—should you be interested in such behind-the-scenes details—one that I ever intended to write. It is a by-product of larger research in sexual behavior—especially those kinds of sexual behavior suppressed by societies and governments past and present. I decided to write *The Homosexual Revolution*, taking time off from what to me is more challenging work, precisely because I saw how damaging the material could be in the hands of someone seeking only to inflame opinion against you.



R. E. L. Masters

I have mentioned my other and larger research. Out of it will come (hopefully) some ten to twelve related volumes intended to constitute a worthwhile contribution to knowledge of sexual behavior. The first book of this projected series, called *Forbidden Sexual Behavior and Morality*, will be published shortly (if it is not in print by the time this article appears), also by Julian Press. Those who are interested in the view of the physiology and psychology of homosexual acts underlying *The Homosexual Revolution* will find it in that work. While intended for professional readers, the book is not too difficult reading for the layman, and the discussions of adult-child sex relations, negro-white sex relations, and the erotic effects of drugs may also be of value.

The next book in the project reaches back into history to examine the sexual pathology of witchcraft and demonology. That may seem a bizarre subject, but it should be recalled that the witchcraft persecutions were, in part, an effort by the Church to once and for all equate sexual pleasure, and even



basic human sexuality, with sin and evil. Many of the irrational sex laws and attitudes of the present day are directly linked to the great struggle between the Church and the Devil (Who became, in essence, sex) during the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation.

Following the witchcraft book will come, unless plans have to be revised, a volume dealing with the history and social and psychological aspects of prostitution, both male and female. Present tentative plans are that I will collaborate on the book with a physician already well known as an authority in the field of sexology.

When the project is complete I hope to have made a point which is surely of great importance to those of you who more than most are victims of oppression deriving from superstition and dogmatism: that the belief that civilizations decline (altogether or partly) because of their abandonment of rigid sexual restraints is *sheer myth and fabrication*.

To return to the subject with which you are immediately concerned, it is of great interest to remark in the course of historical research how similar present-day attitudes towards homosexuals and beliefs about them are to those of the past. For example, just as we hear today that America's Number One export to Europe has become its homosexuals, so did the Greeks once complain about the deviant behavior of the Cretans, and the Romans about that of the Nolans and the Campanians.

In the seventeenth century, it was obviously being argued (as today) that homosexuals should not be punished because there were so many of them—leading the Reverend Father Sinistrari of Ameno to declare that the number of those involved was no basis for abolishing penalties against sodomy.

And we are all familiar with the current belief that homosexuals, especially since publication of the Kinsey reports, have become more bold and overt than they ever were in the past in this country. Yet at the turn of the century Havelock Ellis was writing:

"As regards the prevalence of homosexuality in the United States, I may quote from a well-informed American correspondent:

"The great prevalence of sexual inversion in American cities is shown by the wide knowledge of its existence. Ninety-nine normal men out of a hundred have been accosted on the streets by inverts, or have among their acquaintances men whom they know to be sexually inverted...

"The world of sexual inverts is, indeed, a large one in any American city, and it is a community distinctly organized—words, customs, traditions of its own; and every city has its numerous meeting-places: certain churches where inverts congregate; certain cafes well known for the inverted character of their patrons; certain streets where, at night, every fifth man is an invert. The inverts have their own "clubs," with nightly meetings... You

will rightly infer that the police know of these places and endure their existence for a consideration..."

It is familiarity with such data that warns a researcher against drawing facile conclusions, and against putting too much trust in even his own "most objective" observations.

You are all familiar with the remark, constantly being repeated, that the incidence of homosexuality is dramatically increasing. Even many homosexuals accept this as true, but who is able to speak with certainty? My own experience, analyzed as scrupulously as I am able to analyze it, leaves me with the conclusion that there is more inversion, or at least more overt inversion, in the smaller cities and among teenagers than there was as recently as just after World War II. Only very reluctantly did I admit the necessity for qualifying that "thoroughly objective" judgment. Yet it does seem that if the number of homosexuals has been "greatly increasing" for centuries, as so many (probably quite honest) observers have reported, that surely the numerical balance between heterosexuals and homosexuals would be somewhat less one-sided than it is today—or one-sided, but with homosexuals in the majority. And why should I trust my own observations on this matter more than I trust those of some highly competent observers of the past?

Therefore, in *The Homosexual Revolution*, I have tried to avoid easy generalizations about the incidence or any other aspect of sexual inversion—even when those generalizations seemed to be solidly based upon the evidence of my own senses. You will have your opinions about how well I have succeeded in being objective, and about the extent to which I have avoided being led astray.

The book has been written to, as well as about, those persons actively engaged in the homophile movement. It seemed to me that you might profit from learning how the movement appears to an outsider—one who wishes you well in some of your efforts, but who is not so uncritical as a person involved in the movement is likely to be.

I believe that my book, if it has any effect at all, will do you much more good than harm in the long run. It is always possible that there will be an initial tumult. But those who were your enemies before will not think any the worse of you; while those who are not your implacable enemies may be moved to protest the many violations of your fundamental civil and human rights that I have cited in the book.

In a sense, almost any book or article that seeks to be honest, and is not merely a rehash of old prejudices, can only help you to achieve your legitimate objectives. That is because so many superstitions and distortions enshroud the subject of homosexuality that any half-way realistic presentation must aid in clearing away the fog.

It seems to me that homosexuals have every reason to feel optimistic about their future in this country—at least as compared to their past. The trend is to liberalized sex legislation, and to an increasingly tolerant view of all of the more common forms of sexual behavior.

The homophile groups may hasten this process if they will. Legal actions, especially against civil rights violations, will have their effect in time—in much less time if financially well supported by a great many homosexuals than if supported only by a few. And if all of you will stand up and fight against those who regularly deprive you of your rights, the day will come when the police and the courts will no longer dare to ignore and trample on those rights.

The battle you are fighting is necessarily one of attrition. By unrelenting efforts, educational and in the courts, you will be able to erode away both legal inequities and much of the public prejudice and hostility. But erosion is not an over-night process, and some patience is required.

Meanwhile, there is always the danger that through impatience, or an understandable anger, the homophile groups will behave unwisely and so do violence to their own causes. It is my belief that when you seek, for example, to create a homosexual voting bloc, you damage your cause. One homophile group, a new one on the scene, is propounding a democratic socialist gospel and urging its followers to give support to all legal efforts to establish a socialist government. The group somehow feels that the oppression of homosexuals is the result of an economically competitive society—an altogether dubious hypothesis. But in any case, such a program can only have the result of making inversion once again a synonym for subversion in the public mind. The homophile movement will do well to confine itself to its own struggle, which is demanding enough, and not self-destructively align itself with radical left-wing (or any other) politics.

There is also the danger that the homophile movement will make itself merely ridiculous—as when it is proposed, for example, that homosexuality should be recommended to the general public as a means of coping with the population explosion. Your problem—that of achieving first-class citizenship—is too urgent for you to squander your energies in the promotion of absurdities.

*The Homosexual Revolution* attempts to deal constructively with just such matters—pointing out which homophile goals are likely to seem reasonable to generally well-disposed members of the heterosexual majority, and which are likely to seem threatening, stupid, or ridiculous.

In conclusion, I would like to say that while I do not plan any more writing about the homophile movement, my research in homosexuality will be continuing for many years. I will always welcome assistance (data) in that research, whether from the homophile groups or from individuals who are also interested in bringing the facts, whatever they may be, to light.

## HISTORY

# Dio Cassius on Elagabalus

Commentary by NOEL I. GARDE

*What would happen if some real mad young faggot got into a position where his word was law and his every desire was to be instantly fulfilled?*

*This seemingly incredible situation did indeed occur once. (See "Queen for a Day" in "Books", MR, July '61.) In 218 A.D., due to the machinations of his ambitious grandmother who convinced some key Roman officers that her grandson was the bastard son of their beloved late Emperor Caracalla, a 16-year old boy named Varius Avitus Bassianus was acclaimed Emperor. As he had been a priest of a sun-god named Elagabalus in Emesa (modern Homs in Syria), and sought to establish his god in Rome, he has gone down in history under the name of this god—Elagabalus. The fantastic activities of his reign of almost four years are carefully recorded in two historical accounts, each still available in a Loeb Library volume (\$3.00, Harvard University Press).*

*Lampridius' life of Elagabalus is found in Vol. 2 of the 3-Vol. Scriptores Historiae Augustae (Loeb Library No. 140) and has the most detail. A somewhat shorter but no less fabulous account is contained in the final volume of a contemporary statesman's history: Dio Cassius' Roman History, Vol. 9 (Loeb Library No. 177). The following excerpts cover all of the personal and sexual activities of Elagabalus (omitting only the straight political) as recorded by Dio Cassius.*

He married many women, and had intercourse with even more without any legal sanction; yet it was not that he had any need of them himself, but simply that he wanted to imitate their actions when he should lie with his lovers and wanted to get accomplices in his wantonness by associating with them indiscriminately. He used his body for doing and allowing many strange things, which no one could endure to tell or hear of; but his most conspicuous acts, which it would be impossible to conceal, were the following. He would go to the taverns by night, wearing a wig, and there ply the trade of a prostitute. He frequented the notorious brothels, drove out the prostitutes, and played the prostitute himself. Finally, he set aside a room in the palace, and there committed his lewd acts, always standing nude at the door of the room, as the harlots do, and shaking the curtain which hung from gold rings, while in a soft and melting voice he solicited the passers-by. There were,

of course, men who had been especially instructed to play their part. For, as in other matters, so in this too, he had numerous agents who sought out those who could best please him by their lewdness. He would collect money from his patrons and gave himself airs over his gains; he would also dispute with his associates in this shameful occupation, claiming that he had more lovers than they, and took in more money. This is the way, now, that he behaved toward all alike who had such relations with him, but he had, besides, one favorite "husband" whom he wished to appoint Caesar (i.e., vice-Emperor) for that very reason....

And finally—to go back to the story which I began—he was bestowed in marriage and was termed wife, mistress and queen. He worked with wool, sometimes wore a hair-net, and painted his eyes daubing them with white lead and alkanet. Once, indeed, he shaved his chin and held a festival to mark the event; but after that he had the hairs plucked out, so as to look more like a woman. And he often reclined while receiving the salutations of the senators. The husband of this "woman" was Hierocles, a Carian slave, once the beloved of Gordian, from whom he had learned to drive a chariot.

It was in this connection that he won the emperor's favor by a most remarkable chance. It seems that in a certain race Hierocles fell out of his chariot just opposite the seat of Elagabalus, losing his helmet in his fall, and being still beardless and adorned with a crown of yellow hair, he attracted the attention of the emperor and was immediately rushed to the palace; and there by his nocturnal feats he captivated Elagabalus more than ever and became exceedingly powerful. Indeed, he even had greater influence than the emperor himself, and it was thought a small thing that his mother, while still a slave, should be brought to Rome by soldiers and be numbered among the wives of ex-consuls.

Certain other men, too, were frequently honored by the emperor and became powerful, some because they had joined in his uprising and others because they had committed adultery with him. For he wished to have the reputation of committing adultery, so that in this respect too, he might imitate the most lewd women; and he would often allow himself to be caught in the very act in consequence of which he used to be violently upbraided by his "husband" and beaten, so that he had black eyes. His affection for his "husband" was no light inclination, but an ardent and firmly fixed passion, so much so that he not only did not become vexed at any such harsh treatment, but on the contrary liked him the more for it, and wished to make him Caesar in very fact, and he even threatened his grandmother when she opposed him in this matter, and he became at odds with the soldiers chiefly on this man's account. This was one of the things that was destined to lead to his destruction.

Aurelius Zoticus, a native of Smyrna, whom they called "Cook", after his father's trade, incurred the emperor's thorough love and thorough hatred, and for the latter reason his life was saved. This Aurelius not only had a body that was beautiful all over, seeing that he was an athlete, but in particular he greatly passed all others in the enormous size of his penis. This fact was reported to the emperor by those who were on the lookout for such things, and the man was suddenly whisked away from the games and brought to Rome, accompanied by an immense escort, larger than Abgarus had in the reign of Severus, or Tiridates in that of Nero. He was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber before he had even been seen by the emperor, was honored by the same of the latter's grandfather, Avitus, was adorned with garlands as at a festival, and entered the palace lighted by the glare of many torches. Elagabalus, on seeing him, sprang up with rhythmic movements, and then, when Aurelius addressed him with the usual salute, "My Lord Emperor, Hail", he bent his neck so as to assume a ravishing feminine pose, and turning up his eyes upon him with a melting gaze, answered without any hesitation, "Call me not Lord, for I am a Lady." Then Elagabalus immediately joined him in the bath, and finding him when stripped to be equal to his reputation, burned with even greater lust, reclined on his breast, and took dinner, like some loved mistress, in his bosom. But Hierocles, fearing that Zoticus would captivate the emperor more completely than he himself could, and that he might suffer some terrible fate at his hands, as often happens in the case of rival lovers, caused his cup-bearers, who were well-disposed toward him, to administer a drug that abated the other's virility. And so Zoticus, after a whole night of embarrassment, being unable to secure an erection, was deprived of all the honors he had received, and was driven out of the palace, out of Rome, and later out of the rest of Italy, and this saved his life.

He carried his lewdness to such a point that he asked the physicians to contrive a woman's vagina in his body by means of an incision, promising them huge sums for doing so.

*Eventually, his actions proved too much even for the sexually-tolerant Romans of his day. When he plotted against his virtuous young cousin and heir Alexander, who was becoming increasingly admired by the soldiers by contrast with the Emperor, he was murdered in 222 together with all his lovers and courtiers, his own body being dragged through the streets and thrown into the Tiber.*





# Deny, Deny, Deny

JOHN E. O'CONNOR

We got to Private Polidori on Friday afternoon. First, Major Kees phoned the executive officer of Baker Company and told him to withhold Polidori from afternoon drill. Then Lieutenant Dyson and I drove over to the First Battalion administration building where we found both the executive officer and Private Polidori waiting downstairs.

The kid looked very worried, very bewildered. The exec in his dealings with us had developed a sort of offhand attitude that always bordered on contempt, but never quite made it. He turned Polidori over to us with a minimum of words.

Our next stop was the third platoon's barracks, where, following our normal procedure, we allowed Polidori to watch while we opened his foot locker and slowly rifled through his belongings. In many ways, that initial search is the most shameful part of the whole business. I'm pretty accustomed to what comes afterwards, but opening that trunk, or that locker, or that closet always makes me feel the intruder's guilt and self-disgust.

The foot locker contained the usual assortment of underwear and civilian clothing and toilet articles and magazines. There was also a missal and a rosary. At the bottom of the locker was a small stack of letters. I read two of them and stuck the rest inside my pocket. Polidori was beginning to sweat. By the expression of his face, I could tell that nailing him would prove easier than using field artillery to knock a child off a bicycle.

Which was fine by me. The sooner we get through these sessions, the better I like it. They have long ceased to interest, much less amuse me. Also, if we got through rapidly with Polidori, we'd be able to knock off for the rest of the day, and I'd get in a couple extra sets of tennis with Claude Hastorf.

Back at the office, we escorted Private Polidori through the door whose frosted-glass window read G-2 INTELLIGENCE, and let him stew in the anteroom while we planned our strategy in Major Kees' office.

As he read through the letters, the Major plucked at his grey mustache. "Much too easy," he said, shaking his head disappointedly. "There'll be no sport in this one. Well, let's go clobber him."

We returned to the anteroom. Polidori rose automatically to his feet and saluted, his mouth dropping open at the sight of Major Kees. It usually works that way with the Infantry kids. Whatever doubts they had before are immediately dispelled the moment they see the Major. Then they *know* they're in trouble. Polidori's hand moved to the center of his chest, but if he really expected assistance from any crucifix or religious medal, he didn't show it. His swarthy, curly-haired, Italian face was already assuming the planes and contours of total despair.

"Step this way," Major Kees told him, and the four of us—the Major, Lieutenant Dyson, Private Polidori and myself—filed into the interrogation room. "Have yourself a chair, young man," the Major said, "the one in the corner."

The chair in the corner is one of Major Kees' innovations. The interrogated man must face three men who are sitting or standing directly before him. He has nothing but blank walls to which he can turn. The legs of his chair are not level with the floor. Polidori had just made that discovery. He would rock forward a bit, then back, and his uneasiness and lack of orientation were becoming visibly more acute.

The Major removed a paper-bound book from the nearby desk.

"Soldier," he addressed Polidori, "do you know what this book is?"

The kid nodded. "Yes, sir. It's the Military Code."

"The Military Code, that is correct." He opened it and flipped through the pages. "There are a couple of passages I want to read you, Polidori. Listen very carefully."

And he proceeded to recite the articles concerning the soldier's rights concerning self-incrimination, the freedom to decline answering any questions whatsoever, and the right to legal counsel. The Major read in a rapid, low-keyed, unemphatic voice, like an old priest uttering the words of a rusty litany. It was calculated to pass right through Polidori without making the slightest impression. It succeeded. At first Polidori strained to pay attention. But then he noticed that the Major wasn't interested, and obviously concluded that this was just a formality, and not very important. He smiled

vacantly.

"You got that?" the Major asked, and when Polidori nodded, he continued: "In that case, here's a form for you to sign. It indicates that you've been instructed as to your legal rights during interrogative sessions. Nothing more, I promise you. You may read it through if you wish."

Polidori squinted suspiciously at the piece of paper, and began reading it; his lips moved soundlessly as he became lost in the tangle of legal verbiage. Finally he gave up, and resting the paper against the copy of the Military Code, he signed it.

"Very good," the Major said, tossing the paper on his desk. "Now we can get down to business. You may not know us. I'm Major Kees, and these two officers are Lieutenants Dyson and Owens. We're with Army Intelligence. For some time now, we've been keeping track on you, and we've learned a lot about you. One hell of a lot!" He eyed Polidori who silently chewed his lip. "Soldier," he went on, "I'll give it to you straight. You're a homosexual. You're a queer. You've had sexual relations with other men."

"S-sir!" His voice was a tortured whisper. "No! No!"

Major Kees looked at me, tossing me a mental lateral.

I tightened my voice and snarled, "What's the matter, punk? The words new to you, or something?"

"I—I—I don't know..."

"Oh brother, aren't you the innocent one," I sneered. "How dumb do you think we are, huh?"

"Lieutenant, I know nothing of this! A lawyer—the Major said something about a lawyer. Can I have a lawyer?"

Major Kees answered drily, "You've got one, right here. Lieutenant Dyson is a lawyer. He'll give you all the advice you want. Of course, if you're innocent, then there's no need for a lawyer, is there? All you need to do is tell the truth. Isn't that so?"

"Yeah, I guess," Polidori conceded. He turned to Dyson, "But you will help me?"

"Sure," Dyson said. "You've got a question, you just ask me."

I grinned a little. Dyson would provide the answers, all right, but it was Polidori's job to ask the right questions. Polidori was nineteen, a graduate of Chicago slums and manual school training—just fine for the infantry. Not so fine for asking intelligent questions. During these sessions, we don't waste time and energy explaining such matters to the Private Polidoris who don't know enough to inquire. We'd have no time left for anything else.

However, if Dyson *bad* volunteered any advice, it could have all been summed up in three basic rules of thumb:

Rule Number One: Deny.

Rule Number Two: Deny.

Rule Number Three: Deny!

The Major was, still holding on to his copy of the military code. "Polidori," he said, "perhaps you think that we're being very unreasonable. You know you've committed these acts, but you don't think it's wrong. Is that it? If it is, let me show you something."

Again he opened the military code and again he read—only this time, he spoke much more slowly, much more meaningfully. Occasionally he would pause to make sure that Polidori was following, and when it seemed he wasn't, he would stop and explain. The sections he read were those pertaining to unnatural sex practices. I had heard the major read them hundreds of times, but each time he seemed to bring new enthusiasm to the recitation. If I should ever desire just one souvenir to remind me of the entire essence of my Army career, I think it would be a two-minute recording of Major Kees reading those ponderous, sad, unenlightened lines from his favorite piece of prose, Article 125 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

"..... Penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the offense," he finished, and snapped the book shut. He offered the book to Polidori. "Would you care to check it yourself?"

Polidori shook his head. "I don't know that stuff, Major," he protested. "I'm not that way. I swear I'm not."

"Aw baloney," I retorted. "You're wasting your breath. We've got proof, buster—tons of it. You know Private Henderson?"

"W-who?" he fumbled. "Oh, you mean Al Henderson? Well, yeah. I guess I know him."

"You roomed with him in town, didn't you?"

"Yeah, yeah we roomed together."

"For nearly four months?"

Polidori nodded.

"Then don't say you *guess* you know him. You *do* know him. We don't guess around here."

"Yes sir," he conceded. "I know him. I know lots of guys."

"Let's stick with Henderson," the Major said. "You roomed with him. The two of you must have been good friends."

"Yeah, we were good friends."

"How good?"

"Oh, I dunno. We got along all right."

"What I mean is, did you ever suck his peter?"

Polidori boggled at him. The blood seeped out from underneath his tan. "Sir, I *never* done that! Believe me, sir!"

"We *don't* believe you," I said. "Polidori, where is Henderson now?"

"Jeeze, I dunno, Lieutenant. He wasn't at drill this morning. I didn't see him at all after breakfast."



"Henderson has been with us all morning," I said. "That's why you haven't seen him. He's been here, right in the same seat you're in. He's been telling us all about himself...and you."

"It ain't true! He wouldn't say that about me, and it wouldn't be true anyway if he did. I ain't that way, I'm telling you. I like the girls. All the time I go out with the girls. Maybe not Henderson—I didn't see so much of him, even though we was living together."

"You were in bed together every minute of the time you were off post," I said. "That's the way we heard it."

"Lieutenant, I was going with girls all the time, and I never been that way. You gotta believe me."

"Polidori, do you have a birthmark right beneath you left buttock?"

"Yessir. That's right, Lieutenant."

"And you're not circumcised, are you, Polidori?"

"No, sir."

"Just over your right tit, haven't you got another of those birthmarks?"

He stared at me. "Yessir."

"Polidori, who told me all this?"

"I dunno, Lieutenant. Henderson?"

"Oh, so you admit Henderson was pretty familiar with your body? Did he use to tickle that mole under your ass?"

"Yeah...no! He never done that stuff, cause I ain't that way. Ask the chaplain. Ask him if I don't go to mass every Sunday and receive the sacraments. All the time, Lieutenant."

"That is, when you weren't loving it up with Henderson?"

"Jeez, no. I don't want that type of trouble, Lieutenant. I just want to be a good soldier, like my three brothers. All of them was good soldiers, and one of them's a sergeant at Fort Dix. You can check..."

"Take it easy, son," Lieutenant Dyson said, patting him on the shoulder. "Just answer the questions we put to you, and don't be afraid to tell us the truth. Would you care for a cigarette?" He extended a pack of Luckies.

Polidori accepted the cigarette, his face beaming with gratitude. Dyson lit it for him.

Lieutenant Dyson wears thin-rimmed spectacles and close-cropped hair, and his face and manner are those of the earnest, intelligent, quiet-mannered undergraduate. He usually gets to play the good guy during our sessions. When someone is being ruthlessly interrogated by experts, he feels inadequate to handle the situation by himself. He longs for assistance: a priest—someone to rely upon. We provide that needed someone. During the course of our interrogations, one of us is conspicuously less severe than the others. If the others get too rough, he frowns. If the suspect becomes panicky, he is ready with the friendly pat on the back. He provides the cig-

arettes, the cup of water, the words of encouragement.

He is the good guy.

It's a very useful technique. In growing to trust the good guy, the suspect becomes less demanding for a lawyer; since he expects the good guy to defend him, he tends to become less cautious. He makes bigger and bigger mistakes, and expects the good guy to cover them up. The good guy is his buddy.

Or so he thinks.

"Son, let's don't haggle," the Major said wearily.

He opened his file and removed several pieces of yellow lined paper, stapled together at both upper corners.

"This is a statement, written, signed and sworn to by your friend Henderson. I'll read you some of the parts about yourself. First, Henderson tells about his homosexual experiences before enlistment, then about a few affairs after enlistment, and finally we come to April of last year, when Henderson goes into the city on a three day pass:

"The first place I went was to the Wagon Wheel Tavern. That's a gay bar in the South End. I went in there, and I wasn't there more than five minutes when Angie Polidori comes in, too. Well, we laughed about finding each other there. We had a few drinks and later we went back to the same hotel together. When we got in our room, we kissed for a while. Then we took off our clothes..."

The Major was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Come in," he growled.

It was his secretary. "Telephone call for Lieutenant Owens."

"All right," the Major said, and then to me: "Make it quick, Bill."

I took the call in the anteroom. As I expected, it was Claude Hastorf, my friend over at Operations. He would be heading for the Officers' Club in another hour, he said. What time did I expect to get there? I estimated another hour and fifteen minutes: early enough to get a court and play a match before the arrival of the mob.

When I returned to the room, the thought of playing tennis was sufficient to rescue me from the depression that usually sets in during these sessions. The Major was finishing the significant portions of Henderson's statement. I did a passable job of looking interested, as though all this were very new, startling, and outrageous. Private Polidori sat forward in his uncomfortable chair, still tilting back and forth, not daring to look at any of us. Perspiration trickled down his face and darkened the rim of his collar.

After the Major finished reading, he waited, puffing somberly on his cigar. We allowed the ensuing silence to further corrode the boy's morale. He looked up from the floor. He started to say something, but apparently thought better of it. His dark, bewildered eyes jerked nervously back and forth, studying us, fearing us.

"It ain't true," he said finally. "Not one word of that stuff. Al didn't that. You must've scared him."

"Just relax, Angie," Dyson said.

"Son, what more do you want?" the Major asked. "Isn't that enough proof? No? You want more proof? Well, how about these letters we removed from your trunk? Letters from Henderson when he was home on leave. Letters from your old high-school lover-friend? There's no need for me to read them. You know what they're all about. Do you mean to say you'd go before a court-martial and, in the face of this damning evidence, swear that you were completely innocent? Don't tell me that Captain Reilly tells you Catholics to commit perjury!"

"I'm a good Catholic! You just ask Captain Reilly."

"Polidori," I said, "Do you see that machine?" I pointed to an apparatus on the table next to the filing cabinet.

"Yeah, I see it."

"Do you know what it is, Polidori?"

He moistened his lips. "No, sir. What is it?"

"It's a lie-detector, Polidori. Know what they are?"

"Yeah...yes, sir. I know about them."

I smiled condescendingly. "They're like guardian angels. Everytime you tell a lie, the little needle goes way up, so that everybody can see that you've lied. It can be embarrassing to people who don't tell the truth. And it never fails. Polidori, would you mind taking a lie-detector test?"

He turned to Dyson. "Do I have to?"

"No," Dyson said. "It must be voluntary, according to the law."

"That's right," I continued. "You don't *have* to. But what have you got to lose, provided you're telling the truth? The *machine* won't lie."

There was a long pause. "Well, son, how about it?" the major prodded. "We haven't got all day to wait, so start deciding."

"I...I don't think I oughta," the boy said. "If I don't have to..." His voice trailed off.

The Major, Dyson and I exchanged mutual glances, indicating that we had reached the homestretch.

"Polidori," I asked in my softest voice, "where were you Wednesday night?"

"Wednesday night? That was one, two nights ago...Jeeze, Lieutenant, I dunno..."

"Stop trying to think, Polidori. Let us think for you." I leaned closer to him. "Weren't you with Al Henderson that night?"

"I might've been."

"He says you were. He says that you two went walking together, at around 11 p.m. You walked by the baseball fields, and then you entered the old fort. You and Henderson walked up the stone steps to the battlement and

strolled the wall overlooking the river. It was very quiet and deserted there. And romantic. What happened up there, Polidori? Tell us."

"Nothing happened. We didn't do nothing. I wasn't even there. I... forget where I was, but I wasn't there."

"That's a lie, Polidori. It was too good an opportunity for you two lovers. Henderson unzipped his fly, and you went down on him. How did it taste, Polidori?"

Polidori shook his head in violent protest. Dyson patted his knee.

"Major, I think the kid's getting upset," he cautioned. "I don't think it's necessary to bludgeon him. He's going to cooperate."

"You're damn right he will," I said remorselessly. "Once he sees all the proof we've got on him, he won't have any choice. Just look at the evidence, Polidori. Henderson's statement. Those letters we found in your trunk. And, oh yes, some pictures! As we've said before, we've been watching you for some time, especially at nights. And most especially last Wednesday night. While you were blowing Henderson, our man was ten feet away, taking pictures of you on your knees..."

"There was nobody there!" Polidori cried.

"Just ten feet away, buster, and those photographs don't tell a pretty story."

"It was night! Cameras don't work at night."

"This was a special camera, Polidori. One of those infra-red jobs. They take dandy pictures, not as clear as those taken at a Hollywood studio, but clear enough."

"Can I see them?"

"Are you crazy?" I said indignantly, and decided to tax the Major's ability to keep a straight face. "I wouldn't want to embarrass Major Kees, my superior officer, by displaying such filth." The Major didn't bat an eyelash.

"Now, Polidori, I want you to go over to that table and fill out a statement to the effect that you're a homosexual, that you've had homosexual relations during your time in the Army, and that your sexual partner was another serviceman by the name of Al Henderson."

"Might not be a bad idea, kid," Dyson said. "This way you leave the Army quietly, without a court-martial or prison sentence."

"Well, how about it?" the Major said.

"Do I have to?" he asked Dyson.

"Nope. It's voluntary, just like the lie-detector test. I would, though. Those pictures prove you were with Henderson."

"I wasn't there!"

The Major groaned. "Here we go again! Then where the hell *were* you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know." The Major chuckled and slouched in his chair. "Do you know where you are now?"

"Yessir, you told me. The office of intelligence. You guys are intelligence men."

"Okay, that was an easy question. Let me ask a harder one. Kid, just who are you?"

Polidori gazed at him blankly. "Sir? Who am I?"

"You don't know?" the Major pursued. "You don't know who *you* are? My, my, you don't know much, do you? But hell, I guess that's to be expected. Polidori, here's exactly what you are: you're a quivering, weak-kneed, repulsive, unmasculine hunk of nothing. A dirty, low-minded, cocksucking disgrace. Look at you—you're about to cry! Well, my fine fairy friend, you can cry buckets, and it won't bother us one bit—not after the way you've been defying us. Take a look at our insignias. Take a good look. We're no infantrymen; we're on the General Staff, G-2, the intelligence branch. We're important. We've got important things to do. And yet you—a dimwitted, dime-a-dozen infantryman—you think you can outsmart us, and you waste our precious time with your insubordination. Mister, I'll say one thing about you—you may not be smart, but you've got a lot of god damned nerve!"

It was my turn. I leaned closer, until my face was hardly an inch from Polidori's. "Kid, I don't think you've gotten the full picture. You still think you've got a chance, don't you? A chance to get off scott-free? Well you're sadly mistaken, and all your stupid hedging won't help one damn bit. We wanted you to sign a statement so we won't have to refer you to a court-martial. If you sign the statement, we can simply discharge you from the Army, with no muss or fuss. But a court-martial won't be so lenient. They'll send you to prison, Polidori. With all the evidence we've piled against you, they'll send you to prison for a long, long time."

The kid studied his thumbs with frantic intensity.

Dyson held out the pack of Luckies. "Another cigarette?" he said. Polidori took one, his fingers hardly coordinated enough to remove it from the pack.

"Enjoy that cigarette," Dyson told him, "because it's the last one I'm giving to you, Polidori. And do you know why? I'll tell you why. Because you make me sick to my stomach. You're not worth the powder to blow you to hell!"

The cigarette dropped from Polidori's mouth. He didn't stoop to pick it up. He looked stricken, horrified. Dyson, upon whom he had been relying at the expense of building up his own resources—Dyson, the friendly Lieutenant, his legal counselor, the good guy, was suddenly no longer on his side. The mild collegiate mannerisms were all gone. Now Lieutenant Dyson was *all* Army, in the worst sense of the word. Polidori had been betrayed. He had

been completely abandoned. There was no one to turn to, not even himself.

Dyson sighed heavily and turned to Major Kees. "Major, I don't think we should waste any more time on this fellow. He won't accept our help and make things easy by signing a statement. Our local board hasn't had much to do recently. They've been clamoring for cases. Let's turn Polidori over to them."

Then he pivoted around, facing the kid, and shouted fiercely: "Yes you, you rotten bum. Those judges know how to handle you degenerates. Dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and five years of confinement to hard labor. And after that, you'll never get a decent job anywhere. People just don't hire jailbirds. Kid, you've made a very smart decision. You've disgraced your company, and you've destroyed your entire life. What will your mother and your friends and your chaplain think of you now, my friend? Well, I hope your satisfied. I really hope you're satisfied!"

It worked. It always does. Private Angelo Gianni Polidori lowered his face into his hands, sobbing in ragged, open misery. Dyson sat down and folded his arms and the Major smiled at him. He'd done a good job.

"Oh God, please help me!" Polidori moaned in broken tones. "Sweet Jesus, what have I done to deserve this? Sweet Jesus, give me a break." He looked up at us. "Major, Lieutenant, I don't want no court martial. I do whatever you say. Tell me, sirs, and I do it."

Dyson patted him on the shoulder. He was the good guy again.

"All right, fellow," he said soothingly. "Buck up. We'll take care of you." He continued to pacify the kid until the racking sobs subsided into an occasional hiccup. "Will you come over to this desk," he invited. "It won't take very long."

Polidori followed him over to the desk, and under our directions he filled out his statement. At the end he wrote an appendix indicating that the statement had been made voluntarily, without threat or coercion.

After the statement, there were other things to sign. Acceptance of an undesirable discharge. A voluntary waiver of all veterans' benefits. An appointment was arranged for a final examination by our psychiatrist. By the end of next week, we'd have everything ready for Polidori's Commanding Officer to review and sign, and then he'd be out.

"There's one more thing," the Major said as Polidori laid down the pen. "We know that you and Henderson aren't the only homosexuals around here. Who else do you know about?"

He was too exhausted to put up even a token resistance. "Just a few, sir. There's Atkinson and Bell in my platoon. There's Steinberg in the third platoon. There's Lieutenant Hastorf in Operations."

"Who?" the Major thundered.



"Lieutenant Hastorf," he repeated. "Claude Hastorf. I seen him a couple of times at this gay hotel by Powell River..."

By this time my stomach had turned to stone. My knees felt unstable. Dyson became very solemn. The Major uttered a little cough and regarded me curiously. For a moment I expected him to order me from the room.

Claude Hastorf is my best friend, and everyone knows it. We had become acquainted fourteen months earlier. Fourteen months and two weeks. Up until that time, I had known nothing; I had lived in a sort of emotional vacuum. Then, to my amazement, there was Claude and the vacuum was filled with joy and fulfillment, and life began.

Now, everything seemed crashing to a close. For the first time, I was oppressed by the smallness of the room.

Polodori was babbling on about some other gay soldiers. Just for appearance's sake I kept firing questions at him, but my mind was miles away. Already, I was steeling myself for a possible future session which would prove the most grueling and difficult in my career. Well at least I wouldn't fall for that hogwash about infra-red photographs.

Silently I rehearsed my basic rules of thumb. Number one: deny...

#### OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

CALIFORNIA: One, Inc., 232 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 12; Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 1232 Market St., San Francisco 2; Hollywood Assistance League, P.O. Box 29048, Hollywood 29; League for Civil Education, Inc., 1154 Kearny St., San Francisco 11.

MASSACHUSETTS: Demophil Center, 15 Lindall Place, Boston 14.

PENNSYLVANIA: Janus Society, P.O. Box 7824, Philadelphia 1.

NOTE: The Mattachine Society, Inc., does not authorize the use of its name, or recognize any other organization using the name of Mattachine Society in its title, nor does it vouch for the reliability of any other such group so named.

### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS

The Circle (Der Kreis)

Published monthly since 1932, in French, German and English (no translation duplications); contains photos, illustrations and art reproductions, Rolf, editor. Annual subscriptions \$11 first class sealed, Bank draft or cash to Leszekiel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

Arcadie

Monthly literary and scientific review in French, A. Baudry, editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address 74 Blvd. de Reuilly, Paris XII, France.

### AS HE WHO IN A VINEYARD ON THAT DAY

As he who in a vineyard on that day  
Gathered the ruby grapes unto his mouth,  
Nor ever thought to be the sudden prey  
Of one on eagle's wings who from the south  
Side of desire cast a salacious eye,  
And earthward swooped up on the youth's warm strength  
And had his way with him; and left him lie  
To brood thereon with memories of that length.

Such is with me. Since I have borne your weight  
And felt the rushing wings about my head,  
I know a god has entered me of late,  
And eagle-like, has hurried from my bed.  
I could not feel invaded more, indeed,  
If you were Zeus, and I were Ganymede.

—Shawn Baker

# BOOKS

## THE MAN WHO FOUND OUT FOR HIMSELF

*THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION* by R. E. L. Masters. New York: Julian Press, 1962. App. 275 pp., 5.95. Reviewed by Paul Craig, Ed.D. (Editor's Note: As this book is largely concerned with the activities of the Mattachine Society, we requested an outsider to review the book. Dr. Craig is on the faculty of a State College in California.

With one exception, noted below, it is a pleasure to come into contact with some rather scholarly and yet personable writing which is, at the same time, sympathetic to the state of homosexuals. It is gratifying to see a report of this type representing education in the hands of the public after subjection to the numerous exposé-type publications of the "sexational" variety of late, for Mr. Masters has evidently taken the trouble to study his subject before proceeding to write about it.

Without attempting to analyze the contents of the book, as will doubtless be accomplished by others, this reviewer will present impressions from a scanning of the writings. Thus the rather anecdotal style which follows.

The book really seems concerned with the *evolution* of homosexual organizations rather than the *revolution* of the homosexual. The author becomes increasingly involved in the history, issues and opinions of these organizations, although the book is interspersed with stories taken from several case histories.

Masters feels that inverts overestimate their own numbers and he backs this notion up with quotes from invert braggarts from whose conversation one would gather that "everyone is gay." It should follow on this basis that everyone is heterosexual from the "talk" heard in the heterosexual world to the effect that heterosexuals are having sex relations several times a night with several partners each night.

Yet Masters feels that homosexuality is increasing in grand proportions. This is propounded in a similar manner without specific data. Thus from the outset one is concerned with the premise that much that is ahead is to be of opinion.

The exception mentioned above is found in the author's attitude toward some homophile organizations. He begins his bias in the earlier part of the book by accusing homosexual organizations of proposing homosexuality as an "attractive and even superior way of life". This is prelude to a full-

blown criticism which falls, in the main, on the "One" publications and One, Inc., of Los Angeles—especially the "Bill of Rights" proposed by that organization in a conference sponsored by it in January 1961. The rather genial style then gives way to a more stern tone, in some places sounding much like a gossip column from a pulp mag quoting people and rehearsing events like a vice-squad officer. In fact the report is often made in such a as to remind one of the leering accusations made at the Oscar Wilde trials in which the poems and writings were rendered with such a tone as to twist completely the meaning and intent of the writings. In the present case, such statements as "you get the idea" and "meanwhile back at the conclave" preclude any standard educational writing.

Masters gives the impression that the *One* publication and the *Mattachine Review* are somehow in direct opposition to each other. It has always been felt by these two organizations that they served different purposes, but this does not mean that their purposes are opposite, and that in order to like one, the individual must hate the other!

Without belaboring the point here, it seems that the author has indeed belabored his point on the faults of *One*. If he feels that *One's* demands are decades ahead, then others may think Masters as decades behind in his attitudes.

An example is his dislike of permitting variants to dance with other members of their own sex on the premise that the public, in its present frame of mind, does not tolerate people dancing together who are of the same sex. Now, the fact of the matter is; that as of this writing, in junior high schools and high schools all over the country, girls dance together on occasion.

The author extends his attitudes when describing the *One*-sponsored bill-of-rights conference. Among other items he attacks that part of the bill which would encourage that homosexuals be included in the armed forces. Masters concludes that it would be almost impossible for deviates to serve in the armed forces without at the same time endangering themselves and the entire forces. This is believed to be a false assumption and not based on case studies which have shown that in a high percentage, homosexuality has been latent until the early twenties or even the mid-twenties. This has in thousands of instances been after completion of military service. Almost all of these individuals had no "arousals" or "contacts" while in the service. Still others, through early religious instruction, practiced continence in the teens and, when exposed to the military and the "vulgar" talk were not impressed in the least.

Because of the "classic" prevailing attitudes toward "moral" matters, the author feels that the taboo on homosexuals should certainly include prohibiting their employment in sensitive government positions. He touches on an interesting problem when he mentions the liberal political views to which

many deviants quite naturally gravitate. It is ironic, however, that extreme liberalism does not follow consistently, because most deviants, like most other people, suddenly turn conservative when faced with the prospect of life under the most extreme circumstances (i.e., complete suppression under Communism).

But when the author moves into the area of mode of dress, feeling against entrapment by police, and the right to artwork such as male pin-ups, he returns to his former personable and sympathetic manner.

It is difficult to think of concluding this review without mentioning one of the case studies: Harvey is the stereotype of the perfectionistic, fastidious, meticulous deviant who so often stumbles into trouble, largely through his own fears; and, through these same fears, fails to support any homophile movement!

Besides providing the most entertaining reading, this book points up the pathetic state of many of those individuals who try to compensate for their condition by appearing overly "straight". The likelihood is that because of this pretense, these individuals are most likely to become unstrung when faced with arrest, thus providing the vice-squad officers and lawyers with a high proportion of their income. The very secretive nature of these people prevents any statistical study of the problem, but it would provide an interesting study, judging from the frequency of arrests.

### CHOOSE TO KNOW!

One of the facts of life is that astrology, divorced from charlatry 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.

L. E. KINCAID

226 Columbia Avenue, Dover, Delaware

### CALLING SHOTS, cont. from page 2

annual budget of around \$10,000 was insufficient to operate a national headquarters and six active area councils. And all the time the demand for social services from individuals was growing—especially in San Francisco at the home office.

Thus a year ago Mattachine officers took a step which undoubtedly marks an important event in the development of the "homophile movement" in the U.S. It dissolved its branch offices for which it had not the resources to assume responsibility, and asked that they form distinctly independent organizations in their own areas. This met with some success, some failure, and considerable discord. Implementation of this phase is still in process. There are high hopes that it will develop and mature with resulting greater stature and strength for the movement of which Mattachine is recognized as the parent organization.

At San Francisco the benefit of this dramatic move, however "dis-organizational" it may seem to those at a distance, has opened the doors to greater growth and service by Mattachine. In addition it has raised the Society immeasurably in the estimate of related agencies, professional persons, and advisors. Today the Society has a stability and permanence of purpose and method of achievement never before known. It has a small but solid base of financial support which was previously nebulous at best. It has achieved a con-

fidence and prestige from research experts, law enforcement agencies, some public officials, and others in the field of mental health, correction, rehabilitation, etc., never before imagined. Much of this gain is only a beginning; but who would have ever dared to dream that such a group, with its concerns and purposes so plainly stated, could achieve any such recognition at all?

During the past decade, Mattachine has been a topic in more mass media than any homophile-interest organization in the U.S. No less than five radio stations, seven television stations, a dozen national magazines and countless newspapers have touched upon the Society, and for the most part with an open attitude, sometimes even favorably. Exceptions are the scandal magazines and the work of a political opportunist—along with a few sensational columnists. But even these smashing booms were boosts, it seems, because they spread the word of Mattachine's existence to people who otherwise would not have learned of it. Mention of Mattachine in books has been noted a number of times—by authors such as Robert Lindner, Edmund Bergler, Lee Mortimer, Jess Stearn, to name a few.

Participation in radio and television broadcasts, press interviews and appearance upon public platforms are an important aspect of Mattachine's educational program. Issuing a magazine, newsletters and other printed materials are another. The third is the sponsorship of public discussion forums, panel programs,



group therapy projects and liaison with other agencies concerned. All of these expressions of public relations have had a far-reaching effect.

Letters flow constantly into the office; telephone traffic became so heavy that a second number was required, and the former part-time volunteer staff has been expanded to where more than three persons now serve the Society full-time, although it cannot afford their salaries.

But most significant in its recent growth, perhaps, is the accelerated demand for individual social services. Today from five to twelve persons daily visit the office or call for referrals to professional and vocational assistance. In San Francisco, the Society uses the aid of bail bondsmen, about a dozen attorneys, several ministers and church organizations, ten psychiatrists and psychologists, and as many commercial employment agencies and refers persons in need to them, all without fee. In addition it makes referrals to private, local, state and even some federal agencies. It cooperates with parole and probation officers, and other rehabilitation agencies.

This aspect of Mattachine service has become so extensive in recent months that there is not even staff time to maintain adequate statistics on the number of persons served. This neglect must be erased and quickly, too, because the figures will be required if and when the sorely-needed aid which might be obtained from other foundations is to be sought successfully.

The work is there, and is being done, every day. Even Sunday is no exception, it seems, judging from the number of calls received from persons in trouble over any typical weekend. If the office is closed, officers are called at home.

So what about all of this?

Here comes what we think is the truth of the miracle: The fact that it can be done and is being done on so thin a thread of support.

Today, about 700 persons support the Society to the extent of subscribing to its magazine (\$5 per year). Of these, 225 persons add a little more (\$10) and are supporting members. About 25 persons have pledged monthly contributions of \$1 to \$20, with a total resulting monthly income of about \$175 from pledges. An additional handful of persons make annual or periodic contributions in excess of \$100 per year. The result is an average annual income of about \$15,000.

This is fine. So what's the matter? Mattachine's annual budget (which includes less than \$5000 per year for salaries) is about \$20,000 and present income efforts have produced only 75% of this minimum amount necessary to continue the projects and services required.

Thus this year there was no birthday cake lit with twelve bright candles, no big celebration to mark the event. Too many problems clouded the present as well as the days ahead for that. The working staff (and this includes two officers with more than nine years of continuous service to Mattachine) was soberly facing these

things:

1. A mounting indebtedness which now exceeds \$4000. Included here are bills for printing, purchase of a typewriter to replace one stolen, another adding machine to replace a historic model which conked out, etc.

2. A possible loss of 500 copies per month newsstand distribution in one of our largest cities because a commercial distributor closed down.

3. The inevitable onslaught of greater demands for assistance which will result in a few weeks once a new book, *The Homosexual Revolution*, hits the bookstores of the nation (see comment elsewhere in this issue). This means more letters, more social service cases, and a greater workload.

These are sobering problems indeed, and they call for answers. Evasion is not indicated, nor even possible—these are responsibilities which must be met by a living social action project which cannot be permitted to fail.

No reader is more bored with the REVIEW's regular pleas for aid than the editor who writes them. No one wishes these pleas were unnecessary more than the staff itself. The palm seeking the perpetual handout is as tired an image to us as it is to you. But there it is.

About two years ago when Mattachine was involved in an election campaign in San Francisco, a reporter for an evening newspaper looked at the mem-

bership total posted on the Society's bulletin board. When he saw that this "big national organization" had less than a third of those in the Northern California area, he declared to us, in almost the words of Sir Winston Churchill:

"Have you ever seen so much fuss raised, and so much front page space given to so few?" Everybody laughed.

We today can paraphrase Mr. Churchill's words even further:

"Have you ever known so much vital public service to be available to so many as a result of the effort of so few?"

We aren't laughing. You shouldn't either. This is a sobering reality.

Not many worthwhile things are accomplished without a struggle. In Mattachine we have learned what struggle is, and we accept the challenge of it. Visit our offices any day and find out first hand. We believe you'll be convinced that "grass roots" aid and services are produced here like nowhere else in our highly sensitive field of work. We want this to continue, but unless real help is forthcoming we cannot assure the present scope of projects for very long. So if you can't visit us with a contribution now, why not send one by mail so the office will be open when you get here?

Who knows, you may be the one who needs our help tomorrow!

Think about it. And do something — NOW.

ANGELS WANTED — SEE BACK COVER.

# 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.

## "REJECTED" IN TUCSON AND PORTLAND

REVIEW EDITOR: A university TV station in Tucson showed the program, "The Rejected." It was a fine performance and a step forward although the audience must have been very small. There has been no reaction, but a married student told me the program was valuable. I am of the opinion that the college students of today are broad minded and tolerant. I also believe that homosexuality flourished in the college group, although no one knows the degree. Out of curiosity I checked our laws and discover that in 1951 the penalty for sodomy in this state was increased from 1-5 years to 5-20 years. I suspect the recent trend has been to revision upward rather than downward. The whole subject is rather exasperating. One can only hope the present is the darkness before the dawn. —Mr. T. P., Arizona.

REVIEW EDITOR: Recently, over KOAP-TV (Portland), I viewed a program originating from San Francisco in which members of your group participated in a discussion of homosexuality. Your frank appraisal of the subject, and the forward way in which you pin-pointed the need for educating the public relative to this problem was most heartening. As a former clergyman and youth worker I have a great interest in this matter also. —Mr. B. G., Oregon.

## "FAT CHANCE" REVISITED

REVIEW EDITOR: Dammit, why do you have to clutter up the REVIEW with such trash as that story, "Fat Chance" (Mar. issue)? Here you—we bend every effort to present the homosexual person as a person rather than a freak to the general and unknowing public... as a dependable, decent and honorable individual, no different than the rest other than in a choice of love object. And you print a story the likes of which no decent man could want to show to his normal female relatives who might not understand such blatant bad taste. Everybody's sense of humor is not as coarse grained as your "Fat

Chance" would like to assume. This sort of thing might be all right for ingroup circulation, but as general "factual dissemination" material—ha!! I've always thought that the REVIEW was to be an informative, factual, educational periodical for "thinking adults". Well, the Saints sure shivered at such unthinking lack of concern for the unlightened heterosexuals that the Mattachine Society (and its official publication) made apparent in March. I think that any thinking adult knows the physical mechanics of sex relations. I think we need to learn more about why, rather than how. It seems to me that it would be wiser to skip an issue rather than tarnish what esteem you have built already. Leave the "Say, sweetie" type of things for *One* to publish... —Mr. J. F., California.

## MISCELLANEOUS

REVIEW EDITOR: I intended to wait a while before signing a pledge card, but after reading in the (Hollywood) *Citizen News* about the campaign it is launching to chase all the homosexuals out of Hollywood, I find I should not wait to do something materially to help combat the lunatic fringe and offer some encouragement to you to continue your excellent efforts. —Mr. R. W., California.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Gloria Swanson once read the line in a movie, "Without me there would be no Paramount." That might not have been 100% truth to Mr. DeMille, but doesn't it seem to parallel a tip which someone should whisper to the Hollywood paper about its community's homosexuals?

REVIEW EDITOR: Congratulations on the wider range of your February issue. I liked the story, "The Incident"—and the reprint of the Illinois Penal Code was most interesting. But I wonder why you haven't got more famous homosexual writers who write today—or from famous writers who write about homosexuality such as Tennessee Williams and Gore Vidal? This is no complaint, because you are tops in your field. You who are going all out to

support the cause of human understanding deserve the whole-hearted support of the people you are trying to help. Are you getting that support? —Mr. M. J., N.Y.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Unfortunately not. Mattachine supporting membership in 45 states and four foreign countries stands at 225. That's a long way from "every sixth man".

REVIEW EDITOR: In my religious counseling work it is imperative that I keep abreast of developments and knowledge in the field of homosexual behavior. —Rev. S. M., Missouri.

REVIEW EDITOR: I look forward to each new issue—it's pure justice and common sense. —Mr. J. P., Maine.

REVIEW EDITOR: The abolishment of Area Councils, with the increase in dues has made membership a hardship for some of us in Denver. Undoubtedly there was a reason for this, but there has been a loss of interest locally. —Mr. A. B., Colorado.

EDITOR'S REPLY: What about reviving *The Neighbors* in Denver and supporting its work also?

REVIEW EDITOR: After reading the letter of T. R. in January issue, I determined to start a voluntary monthly contribution to the Society also. —Prof. H. S., N.Y.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am working on my master's degree in psychology. Articles in the magazine have helped me through a time of doubt and internal conflict. I now accept myself as I am, and know that I can handle life and my relations in it. No matter what society says, I know I am not "odd", but merely different from the accepted norm. —Mr. R. B., Virginia.

## HOW THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT MATTACHINE

REVIEW EDITOR: I owe your address to *Physique Pictorial* magazine. —Dr. H. S., Austria.

REVIEW EDITOR: I came across your address in the book, "They Walk in Shadow" —Mr. G. D., Illinois.

REVIEW EDITOR: Read your advertisement in *One* magazine. Wish all of you can make it to our World's Fair. —Mr. D. C., Washington.

REVIEW EDITOR: I saw your address in an issue of *Acadie*, published in Paris. —Mr. J. L., West Germany.

REVIEW EDITOR: Your company is listed in a Danish homophile publication. —Mr. S. L., Sweden.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have been searching for your address for two years and found it in a French book. —Mr. W. D. H., Belgium.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have only seen your address in *Der Kreis* (Zurich). Would you send specimen copy and instructions for sending money from Europe? —Mr. A. D'F., Italy.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am writing to you because I found a Mattachine match cover in a Hollywood bar. —Mr. R. S., Calif.

REVIEW EDITOR: I learned about your organization in *Sports Illustrated*, in an article on "The San Francisco Myth" (Jan. 15). Please send information to help us protect ourselves in Philadelphia. —Mr. L. H., Penn.

REVIEW EDITOR: I saw the television programs about Mattachine on Paul Coates' "Confidential File", when your attorney was interviewed. —Mrs. S. G., California.

REVIEW EDITOR: I read an article reprinted in *Real Life Guide* written by Dr. Harry Benjamin. —Mr. J. H., Florida.

REVIEW EDITOR: Mattachine Society was discussed in the book, "The Sixth Man", by Jess Stern. I wrote to the postmaster in San Francisco and he sent me your address. —(Pvt.) R. L., APO, San Francisco.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have recently read about your organization in a booklet by Paul Waring and Dean Bryce. —Mr. L. G., California.

Etc., etc. But that last one is news to us. —Ed.

## FOUR BOOKS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST (All Paper Editions)...

Sexual Behavior Among Teenagers by S. A. Lawton, M. D., a shocking and revealing study of modern youth every parent and teacher should read	2.00
Valhalla, the love life of men in the U. S. Marine Corps	2.00
Tropic of Cancer by Henry Miller, most controversial book of the year	2.00
The Carpetbaggers by Harold Robbins, a novel of people who take more than they give—an adult story but not for the squeamish	2.50
Any 2 for 4.00 Any 3 for 5.25 All 4 for 6.00, incl. tax, postage & svc. charges.	
Send orders (no CODs) to	

COSMO BOOK SALES Dept 25, Box 635, San Francisco

DON'T WAIT FOR THE HEREAFTER:



*Be an Angel* **NOW...**

It's easy to be an angel. If you like this magazine and want to see it continue its important work, DON'T APPLAUD—JUST SEND MONEY!

A subscription will set you back only \$5.00 for 12 issues. We believe you will agree that this is a bargain...

BUT!...If you want to wear your halo at a particularly rakish angle, you may make an outright donation to the Mattachine Society and be rewarded with the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped greatly to sustain what many authorities consider the most outstanding organization in its field.

So why wait for the hereafter, when it is so easy to be an angel now? Send your subscription or contribution TODAY!

*Mattachine* **REVIEW**

693 MISSION STREET

SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIFORNIA