



mattachine **REVIEW**

JANUARY 1963

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

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Also:

VARIETIES OF INTOLERANCE

THE BAD POLICE IMAGE

POLICE LOGIC IN OHIO

THE HOMOSEXUAL'S LABYRINTH
OF LAW AND SOCIAL CUSTOM



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Calling Shots

LOOKING AHEAD:
MATTACHINE IN 1963

The advent of a "bright new year" has a flat ring around the Mattachine office, a less than full-tone note that is probably also heard in the offices of the other organizations working in the field of the sex variant in the U.S. The reason is well known to most who read this message: Money to keep alive and performing the growing workload is more than ever hard to come by. In other words, Mattachine and some of the other related groups, old and new, are worse than broke—they are in debt, or at best severely limited in accomplishing vital humanitarian projects because support is not forthcoming from the people who ask the most of these organizations.

One, Inc., recently discussed in a newsletter the "paralyzing poverty" which is like a steel trap that prevents taking strides toward several goals where its work is sorely needed. Some of its publications (such as its quarterly) have been delayed; expansion of the Institute

for Homophile Studies is difficult; and keeping *One* magazine coming out with regularity is often more a miracle than an assurance.

The same is true with Mattachine. A small membership and smaller
(Continued on page 34)



WAS SOMETHING BOTHERING
THEM—SUBCONSCIOUSLY?



In this day of sausage eating it seems almost impossible that at one time this universal food was considered sinful.

However, this was true during the reign of Constantine in Rome. He prohibited sausage eating because of its association with Roman pagan festivals.

The prohibition remained in effect throughout the reigns of several Christian emperors, but was finally repealed because of popular protest and because of bootlegging.



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FROM THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.....



☛ We're gonna rock around the clock! ☛

DAILY MIRROR, Friday, November 9, 1962



"ALL RIGHT, I'LL DROP OUT IF THEY'LL LET ME BE 'MISS EUROPE'!"

EVENING STANDARD, Wednesday, November 7, 1962

EDITORIAL

How Britain Could Have Avoided the Vassall Spy Case

"INDIGNATION IS MOUNTING THROUGHOUT BRITAIN over the case of William Vassall, the Admiralty clerk who sold secrets to the Russians." So reported the diplomatic correspondent of *News of the World*, in London a few weeks ago, under the heading of "The Big Spy Blunder." The report stated that serious considerations were again being given to the idea that a full-scale independent inquiry into security in the "Secret Services' Department" should be made, particularly after explanations and reassurances given in the House of Commons by the Minister of Defense aggravated rather than dispelled anxieties in government.

Vassall was sentenced to 18 years in jail for spying. This man (his full name is William John Christopher Vassall, age 38) pleaded guilty to the offenses. They came out of passing information which might have been directly or indirectly useful to the enemy, while employed in the office of the British Naval Attache in Moscow in 1955 (six years' imprisonment); for similar offenses in 1956 and 1957 while he was acting secretary to the deputy director of Naval Intelligence in London (12 years), and for collecting information which might have been directly or indirectly useful to an enemy (12 years). The two 12-year sentences run concurrently.

No thinking person upholds Vassall's conduct. Americans, like citizens of Britain, condemn it soundly. There are, however, aspects of the situation which do raise questions—on both sides of the Atlantic and particularly in the U.S. where the homosexual is considered a security risk simply because he *is* a homosexual.

An outstanding answer to this question, we believe, was made—again in London—by Martin Ennals, general secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties. He said, as he issued a warning against a “witchhunt” against homosexuals in government service:

“The Vassall case gives cause for considerable concern. It seems likely that homosexuals will be considered security risks. The present state of the law makes homosexuals particularly vulnerable to blackmail. The solution to this is to implement the recommendations of the Wolfenden Committee (which would make private homosexual acts between consenting adults no longer a crime) and change the law, rather than treat homosexuals as potential traitors.” This statement was published in the *Daily Mirror*.

But not published generally in England was another statement even more important in this regard. It came from Anthony Greenwood, Member of Parliament from Rossendale, during the debate on the Vassall matter in Commons on November 2nd (here quoted from the published *Hansard*, which is the “Congressional Record” of the British Government):

“We fully appreciate what the Minister of Defense said, that no one could have known that this man was a homosexual. But I am bound to say that if the House had been more courageous in its attitude to the Wolfenden Report it would have removed one of the gravest threats to security, namely the power which the blackmailer has over the homosexual.”

More than 50 pages of the printed record dealt with the Parliamentary debate on the Vassall affair, and it is probably not over yet. Columns, even pages, of the British press in October and November played it up.

Without doubt this event—like an earlier one in England and a defection in the U.S. a few years ago—set back the position of the “homophile movement” in its effort to regard the homosexual as a human being and to understand his differentness from the majority. But it did happen. Any defection or violation of classified material by a citizen is most reprehensible, and individuals unworthy of trust should not attain the place where they are capable of breaking that trust. This is not to say, however, that all homosexuals are unworthy of such trust, but rather to emphasize the fact that removal of legal penalties and stigma against the variant will go far to minimize the blackmail threat against him: remove the attitude of anti-sexuality inherited from the Puritans and this sphere of human “weakness” will less often be split by the wedge of foreign espionage.

PSYCHOLOGY

Varieties of Intolerance

ROBERT E. MOGAR, Ph. D.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of the *Mattachine Review* (December, 1962), a reader's letter entitled “The Cry for Acceptance,” was reproduced and briefly commented upon editorially in the “Calling Shots” column (pp. 34–35). In this letter, the writer attacks the ostentatious and brazen conduct of the “swishy faggots.” He says, “for the majority of us, it is due to these faggots who scream with defiance that we are not accepted (into heterosexual society).” He further berates his more conventional brethren who out of apathy or fear continue to tolerate these nonconformists. According to the reader's estimate, “there are hundreds and thousands of heterosexuals who want to accept us, but won't because some of us haven't earned the right for acceptance or even have the intestinal fortitude to fight for what is right, by cleaning our own house.”

At first blush, the attitudes and sentiments expressed in this letter might seem a bit unusual for a reader of the *Mattachine Review*. Or, one might be struck by the touch of irony in its belligerent tone and righteousness. Indeed, there is more than a touch of irony in a cry for acceptance which is all about nonacceptance. But is this reader really so unusual? Is intolerance along with pity, its weak sister, the exclusive prerogative of ingroups? Does one automatically acquire a mature balance between reasoned judgment and genuine compassion merely through membership in a minority group? Even a superficial study of our current socio-political attitudes together with a cursory examination of an introductory textbook in psychology indicates that intolerance, like sexual diversity, is an all-too-human failing. Hopefully, the two are inversely related.

The following comments are not directed against the reader who inspired them. Judging by the hostility and personal anguish expressed in the letter, it seems likely that his stated views arose from acute pain rather than quiet conviction. Since he lives in a relatively intolerant society, both his torment and reaction are understandable. Perhaps the only culpable failure is lack of receptivity to change since change is the fundamental condition of human growth. In any event, the following comments concern the more general issue of “maligning by the maligned” and some of the likely motivations underlying this seeming contradiction.

All minority groups, political, ethnic, racial, and sexual, seem prone to this strange reversal. After all, outsiders no less than insiders are the sons of their fathers and acquire a common heritage. Intolerance, in some form, has always been part of that heritage. Because of their presumed inferior status, children reared in an adult world, might be considered the most fundamental minority group—one to which we have all belonged. Perhaps, herein lies an empirical basis for human brotherhood. Be that as it may, children soon learn to identify with their persecutors, albeit benevolent persecutors. Parental identification usually includes internationalization of the disposition to reject "inferiors" even if the specific familial and social scapegoats are eventually accepted. And all too often, inferior means nothing more than different.

This developmental process has many derivatives in adult life. Current socio-political attitudes provide one rather conspicuous example. With the exception of the few periodicals adopting a frankly humanistic or scientific orientation (e.g., *Daedalus*, *The Realist*), one becomes accustomed to the various forms and degrees of ethno- and egocentrism endorsed. Bigotry, often disguised and implicit, cuts across liberal-conservative distinctions. The major difference between many conservative and liberal views is in the choice of scapegoat. The conservatives choose traditional "popular" scapegoats, e.g., communists, homosexuals, while the liberals choose "unpopular" scapegoats, e.g., advertisers, Protestants. While the differences between these positions are often stressed by their advocates, their essential similarity is usually quietly ignored, namely that both want to put down somebody in the name of decency, goodness, or justice. This is called hypocrisy.

At the risk of gross oversimplification, two other positions will be distinguished. These positions are neither liberal nor conservative. One is radical including the extreme right and the extreme left. This group reduces complex issues, imperfectly understood by even the most astute observer, to simple black and white terms. Eric Hoffer (1951) calls them "true believers" and Alan Wheelis, in *Quest for Identity* (1958), presents a psychological analysis of their origins. This group is characterized by wanting to put more people down, harder. The intensity of the radical's commitment and the fact that the force behind his pronouncements is more reaction than action renders him particularly vulnerable to the other extreme. Thus, the Birch Society has its ex-communists and some of the most rabid atheists become Catholics. Similarly, a "latent" or "reformed" homosexual might feel compelled to out-hate his current affiliates in order to reinforce his unstable resolution.

The second position includes a group of people who are alienated, caught in an insoluble dilemma. They have been described most aptly as "hung up." Peculiar contradictions in their value-systems prevent them from joining the crowd—any crowd. Norman Mailer's "white negro" is one example. Or in a very narrow sense, consider a Protestant homosexual. One possible resolution of this problem is disaffiliation, i.e., abandoning social, future-oriented reality in favor of immediate, private experience. The disaffiliates have been called "beat" or "hip." Whatever else might be said of them, they don't seem to hate anyone.

A second possible resolution of conflicting loyalties involves dissociation from one horn of the dilemma and enthusiastically embracing the other. Psychologists have coined the term, "identification with the aggressor," which summarizes this resolution. Like the prototype "inferior" child referred to earlier, the process involves disowning the "inferior" part of oneself, internalizing the values of the oppressor, and emulating him. Specifically, those who identify with the aggressor adopt the scapegoats of their former oppressors, i.e., they begin to hate themselves. In order to neutralize self-hate, the oppressed portion of the self is rejected. Instead, hate is directed toward others with the same stigma. This process is succinctly stated in the witticism, "if you can't beat them, join them." James Baldwin has criticized the socially-mobile, middle-class negro for taking this way out. Unlike most "liberal" writers who confine themselves to the white man's burden, Baldwin is deeply aware of the negro's complicity. He has also exposed the true significance of what often passes for greater tolerance of the negro, namely, "we will accept you to the degree you become more like us." One wonders if "the hundreds and thousands of heterosexuals" referred to in the reader's letter might not have something like this in mind. To complete the analogy, we find light negroes maligning dark negroes as well as "respectable" homosexuals condemning faggots. During the second world war, Jewish inmates of concentration camps adopted the mannerisms and cruelties of their sadistic persecutors and tormented their fellow prisoners. Apparently, there were degrees of Jewishness. In Eugene O'Neil's play, *The Iseman Cometh*, two prostitutes who refer to themselves as "tarts" find the conduct of "whores" reprehensible. Examples abound.

It should be emphasized that these considerations explore only one facet of man's inhumanity to man. Attempted generalizations about human conduct inevitably fail to do justice to the complex motivations of an individual. Yet, examining instances of intolerance found among its public victims may sensitize us to our own vulnerability. Hopefully, then, reason, evidence, and humaneness will replace righteous indignation.

THE BAD POLICE IMAGE

JOHN LOGAN

IN THE SPHERE of law enforcement, a raid on a bar usually means that the target is a "gay bar" or some place otherwise a scene of "vice." But not so recently in Long Beach, California, where eager vice squad officers instituted a campaign of lightning strikes on neighborhood beer taverns and made arrests which have since been labeled indiscriminate and ill-conceived.

Transferred were two top officers on the vice squad: Capt. Fred J. Stevenson and Sgt. Donald Phelps. City Manager John Mansell heard 125 wrathful citizens at a meeting of the Long Beach City Council deplore the barroom "rousts" of "drunks" and he read a 2000-word statement which promised procedural changes in the Long Beach Police Department. Police Chief William Mooney, however, in transferring the two officers, said the moves were ordered "not because I lack confidence in their ability as police officers, but because their effectiveness in present assignments might be impaired as a result of the unfavorable publicity which centered on the division."

And unfavorable publicity it was. Beginning in late October, Columnist Bob Wells in the Long Beach *Press Telegram* devoted several editions to reports on the outpouring indignation of Long Beach citizens who had felt the police whip first hand. Among them was a citizen suffering a fractured rib after an officer floored him in a "scuffle" which others testified did not justify the officer's attack on the man, but which nevertheless netted the victim a charge of disturbing the peace, and drunken arrests for others who stepped up to inquire what was going on.

Bob Wells, in his columns, gave accounts of several people—people generally without arrest records, men with wives and families, who were summarily arrested as "drunk" after only a beer or two. Requests for sobriety tests were ignored. Pleas by a husband to contact his wife were dismissed, likewise attempts of a wife outside to contact her husband in jail were sarcastically put aside. In loading the persons arrested into paddy wagons, one instance after another of vulgar—even obscene—language used by police was heard. Corroborated testimony of several witnesses in a bar was not considered valid by judges who glanced at polygraph reports on police statements which was in contradiction to that testimony.

In this connection, police departments and other law enforcement agencies have lately been concerned about the bad public image they have earned in the eyes of citizenry in general. The situation is getting so bad, they say, that nowadays a citizen will come to the aid of a person a policeman is attempting to subdue rather than to the aid of the policeman who is charged with protecting the public. Why has this situation come about? The Long Beach episode may contain a clue, albeit it is an extreme example. For instance, here is one of Bob Wells' columns which hits right to the point, and which may describe a situation that may ultimately cause a police chief or city manager to lose his job:

"Someone once said that a police officer is given 30 seconds to make a decision which the Supreme Court will study for two years to decide whether it was a right or wrong decision.

"One of the things that makes me admire and respect policemen is the fact that 9,999 out of every 10,000 of those split-second decisions are good, sound decisions. But now and then a mistake is made.

"Because it is made in 30 seconds does not make it any more right. It is still a mistake. And every time a mistake is made, it not only injures the public, it injures other policemen.

"A number of those mistakes have been made by the local vice squad lately in a series of swoops and raids on bars—primarily beer bars—in which citizens were arrested—apparently at random—and booked as drunks. When other citizens ventured to inquire what was going on, they were arrested for interfering with an officer.

"The biggest mistake was made when these raids were ordered. Since last weekend every policeman on the force has had to suffer the indignation of a sizeable part of our populace—an indignation stirred by the actions of a comparative few vice officers.

"Chief Mooney's attempts to educate the public to an understanding of law enforcement problems has been set back by years.

"I have talked with scores of victims and witnesses of these raids. It is my opinion, based on checking and rechecking these accounts, that the police making these raids were indiscriminate in arrests, offensive in manner and arrest-happy.

"It is my opinion that the purpose of these raids was not to jail drunks but to intimidate the entire patronage of the establishments hit. The police have admitted as much with their story that this was an attempt to cut down on holiday drinking. In other words, the victims were subject to police action for crimes the police thought they might commit next month.

"This concept of 'preventive harassment' is both illegal and undemocratic.

"The police have denied the testimony of witnesses and victims. The arrest reports disagree with the testimony of other eyewitnesses. The city manager's office has cited the fact that no successful court action has been brought against the city or an officer in 15 years.

"This is true. Before judges and juries in this city, the word of one or two policemen will be taken against any number of credible civilian witnesses.

"EXAMPLE: It happened in a beer bar at 319 South St. two weeks ago. Two officers walked in, paused 60 seconds and arrested a patron standing at the end of the bar as a drunk.

"The bar owner testified at the hearing that the man had had three 6-ounce glasses of draft beer. The man was not intoxicated, the owner said. The police said he was.

"Judge Martin De Vries ruled that three glasses of beer were enough to make any man drunk and fined the defendant \$15 or two days in jail.

"As I say, the vice squad disputes the testimony of any but its own officers."

This whole situation is not new to operators of bars where homosexuals are alleged to congregate (and remember that such congregation is a right upheld by the California Supreme Court, when the patrons maintain a proper standard of conduct). Here in several California cities, as elsewhere across the nation, the patrons are often regarded as fair game for police surveillance that is many times more intense than that applied to other bars and restaurants. And the record of arrests is high, often with charges growing out of solicitation for unlawful acts which plain clothes police induced the patron to initiate.

What is the answer? Hard to state simply, there may be several aspects to it: First, proper behavior by everyone at all times; second, education of the public to demand an end to indiscriminate police action in enforcing the laws which cover the "vices" or sex—the "moral" things, and finally, an end to legislation in this sphere altogether.

Sin, says Philosopher Sidney Hook in Washington, D.C., is something no democratic community has a right to legislate against. "One man's sin may be another man's duty and a third man's bliss," he added. When will our nation attain the wisdom and courage to enact this philosophy? The evidence that such a philosophy is sound is overwhelming; the claim that it is a step toward degeneracy is nothing more than an outmoded manifestation of puritanical bigotry and ignorance, with indescribable corruption and tragedy following in the wake of it.

What business do the police have going into bars unless they are sent for, anyway?

POLICE LOGIC IN OHIO

GENTLEMEN:

I thought you would be interested in the enclosed newspaper article from the *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*.

I was particularly struck by how laden the article seems to be with misconceptions and misunderstanding concerning homosexuality and persons who possess such proclivities.

I'm sorry I don't have the previous articles regarding the murder case being cited. And not being familiar with the background myself, I can't furnish any details either. But, regardless of the details of the case itself, this article certainly bespeaks a tremendous lack of knowledge concerning the character, intelligence, personality, emotions, etc., of the majority of homosexual persons—and, is there any doubt that the principal "deviation" referred to in the article could be anything other than homosexuality?

Sincerely,

M. Y., Ohio

22A Columbus Dispatch *** SUNDAY, DEC. 2, 1962

500 Sex Deviates Quizzed by Police

By JAMES SPECKMAN

At least 500 men with abnormal sex habits walk Columbus streets. Nothing can be done about them unless they break the law.

Police questioned that number of deviates in connec-

tion with the Mary Margaret Andrews murder case, Detective Chief Wade Knight says. They were released.

Somewhere is one deviate who killed the Columbus Business College coed whose body was found last Sept. 20, Knight believes.

"WE FEEL THAT the person who committed the crime is abnormal," Knight said, "but not a sex maniac or degenerate."

Deviates were rounded up as police probed the slaying. This one facet of the case emphasized the potential of molestings, window peeping, exhibitionists, and homosexuals.

"I didn't realize, and I don't believe the homicide squad realized, how many people there are walking the streets with abnormal sex habits until we got into the Andrews case," Knight said.

Knight said that of about 2500 persons "thoroughly checked" as they became suspects in the murder, 500 are deviates.

THEY WERE known to police through past records and to individual members of the police division, or, under questioning, disclosed abnormalities.

Laws are inadequate to meet the problem they create, Knight said.

Most of the crimes they commit are misdemeanors in which the court is limited "as to what it can do—30 to 90 days," Knight said.

"They (deviates) certainly need help. They realize they need help and many would like to have it. They need psychiatry and an institution for their care," Knight said.

"A lot know they are abnormal and don't want to do anything about it," he added.

IT IS POSSIBLE for a court

to work out a plan of psychiatric treatment, at expense of the person involved, as a part of probation, Knight said. While they come "from all walks of life," most are unable to pay for such treatment, he said.

"How are you going to keep them from walking the streets?" Knight said. "You can't arrest them and bring them into court unless they indulge in abnormal sex habits."

Families and relatives of such deviates "should take every step to help them," Knight said.

"If they don't they are only hurting themselves and the people they (they deviates) are associating with," Knight said. He added:

"THOSE WITH A low plane of moral thoughts or habits—and they know it—should be doing something about it themselves."

Abnormal behavior has been a factor in other police cases Knight said, "but they have been solved and we did not have to dig as deep as we have in this case," Knight continued.

"In this case we would uncover more sex deviates than otherwise," he said. "Probably many are walking the streets we didn't pull in."

Knight concluded:

"Probably more work has been done on the Andrews case than any other in the history of the police department. We want to solve this case. We still believe we have a chance to solve it. It is not cold by any means."

The following is the second of two articles appearing in the Village Voice (New York). The first, "Politics: A Third Party for the Third Sex?" was reprinted in the December REVIEW.

the village VOICE, October 11, 1962

The Homosexual's Labyrinth Of Law and Social Custom

by Stephanie Gervis

Just how gay is it to be gay?

How gay is it to be a sexual oddity, a social pariah, a moral "deviate," a menace to American youth, a law-breaker, an unemployable, a threat to the morale and discipline of the United States Armed Forces, and a security risk to the nation?

The indictment is staggering, but according to law and folklore it is the profile of a sizable segment of America's male population. Considering that after the third offense a homosexual is liable to a maximum prison sentence—ten years in most states, twenty in many others, life in some—one Village homosexual estimates that if a homosexual of 30 has committed an average of one act of sodomy a week for ten years, his debt to society amounts to 5117 years in jail. What has he done to deserve the face of it? Is there a final solution to the homosexual question?

The psychiatrists, psychologists, sexologists, sociologists, and the homosexuals themselves cannot agree on the causes of homosexuality and whether it can be cured.

Fear of Women

One theory held to by a large number of psychologists and supported in Dr. Irving Bieber's recent book, "Homosexuality; Psychoanalytic Study," is that homosexuality is not natural, that everyone is basically heterosexual, and that homosexuals have an unconscious fear of heterosexual relations and have turned to men to escape from the anxieties which, for them, would be involved in relations with women. Many therapists who subscribe to this analysis not only claim that cures are possible, but cite cases in which they have been effected.

An opposite view, held by many homosexuals, is that homosexuals are not unnatural but merely different, and that the problem is not to erase the difference but for them and society to come to terms with it. A recent issue of the newsletter of the predominantly homosexual Mattachine Society of New York summed up this approach in reporting on a lecture by a psychotherapist: "The homosexual is not so much ill, immature, or stunted as deviated, deflected, divergent. . . ."

Sick or Different

Those homosexuals who take the "not sick but different" line regard themselves as a minority group. But even this second-class status is denied them by society, in whose eyes they are

offenders against nature. In the lexicon of polite prejudice it may not be desirable to be a Jew or a Negro, but it is not unnatural of the Jew to be a Jew and the Negro to be a Negro. It is unnatural for a man or women to be a homosexual, and this is one prejudice in which even other minority groups can share. (In fact, on this point the human comedy becomes downright ludicrous. While Jewish and Negro heterosexuals look down on homosexuals, many white Protestant homosexuals look down on Jews and Negroes. As one homosexual put it on "Live and Let Live," WBAI's recent program on homosexuality, there are "as many Babbitt homosexuals as heterosexuals.")

Since homosexuals are not a "respectable" minority group, they do not rise up in righteous indignation and form an Anti-Defamation League or a National Association for the Advancement of Homosexuals. It is a sign of civil-libertarian prestige for a prominent citizen to have his name on the ADL or NAACP letterhead. However, if Randolph Wicker, public relations director of the Homosexual League of New York, were to put his real name on the League's letterhead, he would probably be fired from the advertising agency for which he works from 9 to 5.

Many Lives

In fact, the homosexual is forced to lead as many lives as former Communist Herbert Philbrick. If he wants to keep his job, preserve his marriage, mix in heterosexual circles, he can-

not be himself. In some cases he must become a caricature of maleness. The irony is that one reason homosexuals are able to "pass" so easily (even into the Army, where they deceive doctors and psychiatrists) is that, out of bed, they are so much like other men.

Only about fifteen per cent of the homosexuals in this country are "campy," estimates the president of the Mattachine Society of New York. These, the types who inhabit Cherry Grove on Fire Island, "have no interest in waging any struggle," says one gay Villager. "They can get anything they want." Many of them are in the arts or other permissive professions where they do not suffer financially for the direction of their sex lives. "I think they would be happy to vote for McCarthy," the Villager continued. "As long as it doesn't touch on their problems, they'll vote to put the Communists in jail." These are the real hedonists of the "gay" world:

Normal Behavior

What might come as a shock to the average heterosexual, were he ever to sit down and consciously talk to an average homosexual, is that the invert radiates, not an effluvia of evil, but an aura of inescapable loneliness. He is alone during his 8-to-5 masquerade. He is alone in the public places of the "straight" community. Since most homosexual relationships are short-lived, he does not know the security of an enduring relationship like heterosexual marriage.

Because of this loneliness and the strain of constant pretense, homosexuals become gay almost to the point of hilarity when they are among their own, at parties or in bars. It is a kind of hysterical relief. "The hilarity in gay bars is due to the openness," the Village informant explains.

The Bar Scene

"Mostly these people come to meet friends and friends' friends, to see who among their vast circle can be found in the familiar hangout that evening, to renew acquaintanceships and to cement friendships. They come to let down their hair . . . to participate in the atmosphere without fear that they are attracting the attention of a hostile society. They come to lay aside their masks, as many cannot do in their own homes, and to take relief as they are laid aside." So says Donald Webster Cory, himself a homosexual, in his book "The Homosexual in America."

The homosexual's ease of concealment produces a paradoxical effect. Because he is difficult to detect, he may have less trouble getting a job, gaining admission to exclusive establishments, etc., than the Jew or the Negro. Once admitted, however, the Jew or the Negro can be more confident of staying. The homosexual is constantly in danger of being found out. He is subject to at most blackmail, and at least a bad case of paranoia.

Problem of Passing

Moreover, because he can "pass," the homosexual thinks of himself as less persecuted than

other minorities and consequently he is less apt to organize to improve his lot.

"We don't get the harassment dished out to the Puerto Ricans and other minorities," one of the participants on "Live and Let Live" noted.

"Most homosexuals have no interest in being considered separate but equal—they're already accepted," asserts the Villager. "They think they have it made."

"We're members of this community; why should we fight against it?" asks the president of the local Mattachine.

But the fact is that they are not accepted as homosexuals; they are accepted only insofar as they conceal their homosexuality. The fact is, too, that with the exception of the Communist Party and the Negroes in the South, they are the only minority group that is legally restricted. They are, in Cory's phrase, "law-abiding felons." And while other minorities militantly organize to assert their civil liberties, most homosexuals ask only that no one rock the boat.

They will put up with the fact that, except in the state of Illinois, all homosexual relations, even those conducted in private between two consenting adults, are illegal; that, except in the state of California, homosexual bars can be closed on the flimsiest excuse; that homosexuals are barred from serving in the Armed Forces and that those who slip in are subject to "un-

desirable discharge," regardless of their service records; that homosexuals are secure in their jobs, whether in government or most of private industry, only so long as they pretend they are not homosexuals.

The problem of society's attitude toward homosexuality is part of the larger problem of its attitude toward sex in general. "American society is not merely anti-homosexual," one homosexual noted, "it is anti-sex." Heterosexual relations, too, are illegal if the participants are not married. The difference is that heterosexuals are the majority. Socially, the majority is more sympathetic toward "vices" with which it is familiar. Legally, there is less likelihood of discriminatory enforcement of sex laws when the majority is involved.

The possibility of changing society's approach to homosexuality is caught up in a vicious cycle. There are no reliable statistics on the number of homosexuals in the United States. Conservative guesses, however, place the number of practicing adult males at two or three million. If it could be proved that there were so many, and if the public were made to accept the statistic, it would be forced to bring its attitude and its laws into line with reality. But until a change in the attitude of the public makes it safe, homosexuals will not stand up and be counted.

THE ALBANY TRUST

THE DIFFICULTY OF ACHIEVING LEGAL REFORM which will permit private sex expression between consenting adults is not unique to the United States. Resistance to such reform is just as strong in England and other English-speaking countries, and in some other parts of the world as well.

Denmark, which liberalized its sex laws about three decades ago, is presently the scene of a reaction to tighten them, particularly against homosexuals. Under the Nazis, Germany became officially anti-homosexual, and still is—influenced by allied occupation forces in the West, and by the Soviet in the East; Canada, Australia and New Zealand all follow the prevalent British concept that private sex behavior is still a matter to be legislated.

Of all the countries where homosexual behavior is prohibited by law, England is perhaps unique in that for the past five years or so there has been more attention drawn to reform than anywhere else.

As has been reported many times, a committee of Parliament, headed by Sir John Wolfenden, recommended in 1957 that laws against private and consenting homosexual acts between persons 21 or over should be repealed. A sizeable vote favoring this was obtained once in Commons, but it was a result of efforts that were too weak to achieve success at the time, and almost half the legislators dodged the responsibility of declaring themselves, probably for political reasons. Thus the vote, 213 against to 99 for, fizzled.

Largely responsible for getting the matter debated and voted upon is a group in London, The Albany Trust, which seems also to sponsor another organization, The Homosexual Law Reform Society, both located at 32 Shaftsbury Ave., W-1.

These organizations list some of the most prominent men of letters, politics and science in Great Britain as endorsing the effort. Many prominent religious leaders not only endorse but actively conduct the public relations and educational campaign to keep the problem alive in the British press and in Government also.

Man & Society is the biennial publication of The Albany Trust, first issued in spring 1961, with J. B. Priestly, The Rev. Timothy Beaumont, Gordon Westwood, W. Lindesay Neustatter and A. E. G. Wright among its important contributors.

In a recent folder to promote support, The Albany Trust described itself as seeking better health conditions through the wider publication of essential facts about social questions which need constructive action. The Trust is now especially concerned with homosexuality and its problems, by providing material and speakers for the press, radio and television, through publications, etc.

The Trust has sponsored public debates and discussions throughout England. They have invariably found a majority in favor of law reform and greater social understanding. The Trust has been encouraged to start a series of talks with religious, medical and social workers about the possibility of giving more positive help to homosexual people through the establishment of a consultation center in London for those in need of mental, spiritual or medical advice.

Like many of the action groups in the "homophile movement" in the U.S., the Trust is supported from voluntary help and funds entirely from people of good will and dedicated interest. This means it is plagued with the same limitations and faces many of the same problems known to Mattachine and others: Adequate support is mighty hard to come by, and the struggle to exist is a continuous one.

DORIAN BOOK QUARTERLY—

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**Dorian
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FICTION

The Wrong Place

JOHN E. O'CONNOR

RIGHT AFTER SUNSET and just before the burial detail went to work, the fog began rolling down the huge parallel slopes and piling up in the valley where the outfit had put up for the night. Helmer was grateful for the fog. It made everything easier. Somehow the bodies—the ruined young men, soggy yet stiff—became more remote, and in the dimness it was possible for Helmer to pretend that he was handling not the remains of soldiers so full of brutish life that morning, but sacks of impersonal, indifferent, unliving, undying material: thinking that while hastily grabbing their feet or their shoulders and dropping them carelessly into the seven feet deep wound cut into the jungle soil which needed no more additional life or its former vessels than a pregnant cat's swollen and turbulent womb. The fog had other uses also. It kept him further apart from the others, although already he stood at the most distant reach from their solemn nucleus, and it shielded him for the time being against their rigid glances, once softened with a sort of contemptuous *laissez-faire*, now implacable and stony in their judgment and perhaps a little bewildered at this perversion of the Darwinian thesis which allowed the slaughter of well-wrought members of the species while it permitted the survival of someone who represented everything antithetical to their standards and ideals.

When the division was completely made—the dead heaped and sprawled in the ditch, the quick regarding them from their vertical vantage points—the order was then given to cover them, and Helmer, along with the others, again gripped his shovel and moved over to the other side of the grave where the excavated earth lay in a long, semi-cylindrical mound, like an ocean wave in its infancy. Spreading themselves along the mound, the men, leaning forward, jabbed their shovels into the loose earth and commenced dumping it over the bodies not with the free-wheeling ease of com-

mon laborers, but with movements more like nervous spasms. Helmer (tall, loose-limbed, flaxen-haired, pretty-faced, long beyond his normal limit of energy, despairing) stood at the end, trying to assimilate the throbbing at the base of his spine into the less organic but even more palpable anguish that goaded him into keeping abreast of the others—exceeding if possible their efforts and pace. Because of the special relationship which existed between Helmer and the others, it was very possible that they noticed his vaulting attempt and its motive, and this may have been why, imperceptibly, gradually, they each moved a fraction apart from one another, thereby extending their line so that Private Bronson eventually ended up too close to Helmer for the two men to work efficiently. Bronson's elbow nudged Helmer in the ribs a few times, but it wasn't until their shovels collided with a dull *thunk* that the big southerner cursed and looked at Helmer.

"Look, honey-chile," he said in that incongruously soft drawl, "don't you think this is right silly, us bumping each other this way? You got eyes, and you can see there just ain't room here for both of us, so you get your pretty ass off someplace else."

Humiliation and anger blossomed in Helmer's chest, but there was no question of his offering resistance, for all that had been settled months ago. He moved back from the ditch, allowing Bronson to step into his former position. He moved back until he came to the beginning of the northern slope and the figures of the working men were but the dimmest shadows seen through the fog, and he rested against the handle of the shovel, feeling through his drenched clothing the beginning of a chill, brought about by the fog and the moisture that drooled from the leaves of lumanya trees overhead and the dampness sliding inland from the ocean, two miles away. For a while he concentrated on hating Bronson, then shifted his thoughts back to the camp and anticipated the luxury of getting into his sack and sliding off into that conditional freedom from consciousness.

He heard a voice, Corporal Elgin's, blaring angrily, "Where is he? Helmer. Where'd that sissy go off to now?" After that some muttering. Silently, Helmer waited. There was no need to call out. Corporal Elgin knew damn well where he was. He, Helmer, had caught Elgin's eye as he'd stepped back from the others, so now he shouted for Helmer not in quest, not for Helmer's benefit, but merely as prologue to the comic interlude; shouting, rather, for the benefit of the others, to show them that even here, over the spot where the flesh of their comrades was already beginning to merge with the soil of a South Pacific island, that even now—their obligation of mass interment fulfilled—they could scrounge about in the chaos and debris of their frantic lives for any available amusement.

In a moment the Corporal's fat body disengaged itself from the fog, seem-

ingly all belly, and he shouted: "So here you are, Helmer. Damn you, why aren't you working with the others?" But, too removed to be seen by the others, not sufficiently interested to keep up all the appearances of the farce—not looking directly at Helmer, but keeping his head turned sideways to insure audibility down to the other end of the line of soldiers. "This ain't no outfit for any goddamn sissies. Everybody works here. If you don't want to work, we'll send you somewhere else. All right?"

"Yes sir." And then, carried by a surge of hopeless indignation, "I was working, sir. But Bronson shoved me out of line."

Laughter crackled through the layers of fog and inwardly he cursed himself for having let himself get sucked in.

"What's that?" He'd seen that same glittering look in Corporal Elgin's eyes during the endless card games whenever the fat man found himself in possession of a satisfactory hand. "What's that? You mean you got crowded out? The mean nasty old men didn't let poor little you work?" And then, to the men: "Shame on you, you nasty things!"

More laughter, louder this time, fuzzy with echoes as the sound ricocheted between the opposing slopes. The Corporal's black calloused hand gripped Helmer's arm: "Here, let me help you back to the others." And he, stupefied with the familiar but ever potent humiliation, allowed himself to be half-cajoled, half-dragged back towards the others, but just before he and his tormentor reached them another surge of that despairing rage convulsed him, and though he was aware that by surrendering to it he laid himself open to further abuse, he surrendered nevertheless and savagely jerked his arm out of Corporal Elgin's grasp and strode away, ignoring the "Hey you! You halt! Who the goddamn hell do you think you are—Eleanor Roosevelt?" But he did not see the foot suddenly darting out beneath him which caught his hind foot neatly and sent him tumbling sideways onto the freshly-filled grave, his shovel falling beneath him and his head striking against its shank, a transient blow, whose pain somehow merged with the fog and the deafening laughter. They were all around him now, so close that the fog no longer obscured their leering faces. He turned on his back, then moved up into a crouching position before ascending to his feet though, as he anticipated, he never made it, for someone—Campbell—had lunged at him and hurled him back and with a minimum of effort maneuvered himself to a squatting superiority upon Helmer, his knees pressing cruelly and implacably upon Helmer's shoulders, pinning him to the ground, his buttocks bumping up and down on Helmer's chest, threatening to drive the wind out of him, so that even his right to breathe was at their mercy—his impotence now complete, unmistakable. His latest tormentor spoke between audible intakes of breath: "Whassa matter, kid? Didn't you hear the

Corporal calling you? Where's all your respect for authority, huh?" Somebody suggested: "Depants him. Let's see what he's got down there!"

Helmer saw someone else approach from the group, saw him from around one of Campbell's massive shoulders which concealed the face of the approaching soldier, from whom Helmer waited with the patience of despair, thinking him to be the one who had advocated his ultimate outrage. And when he saw the outstretched hand, he waited for it to initiate the shameful unbuckling and removal of his lower garments. Instead, the hand grasped Campbell around the neck, and Helmer saw the fingers tighten until the blood was driven from beneath the nails, choking Campbell, then yanking Campbell backwards, the body of the attacker twisting about so that now he faced Campbell and could throw all his weight into one overwhelming push, which he did, heaving Campbell (who was still on his knees) back and then crashing downwards to the ground so heavily that Helmer himself shuddered with the concussion.

It was Sergeant Noland. Helmer could see him now, as could the other soldiers, who drew back, perhaps fearing that they too might end up as Campbell—flat on their backs, too stunned and too frightened to clamber up. It was Sergeant Noland who had saved him, and who was now extending his hand not in aggression but in charity, which hand he took and allowed to pull him to his feet with a curious sort of gallantry which was nevertheless not out of place, as hardly anything ever seemed to be out of place with Sergeant Noland.

"He was disobeying orders," said Corporal Elgin. "I told him to halt."

The Sergeant turned slowly, gazing at the Corporal with his mouth open and tensed into that half-smile which signifies not mirth but readiness for further violence. "Mister, how would you like me to slap your fucking face?"

Corporal Elgin said nothing.

Sergeant Noland faced the other soldiers. "Tell me something," he addressed them. "Who do you dumb sons of bitches think you're fighting? Aren't there enough japs for you? If you haven't had enough fighting today, I'll take you on—any of you!" He snorted disgustedly. "Aw hell, you guys make me sick. Go on back to camp."

Helmer returned with the others, shunned but unmolested, and unable to take his adoring eyes off of Sergeant Noland's back, so when they got back to the camp he noticed the Sergeant keep on going until he had reached the other side of the camp and passed beyond into a grove of coconut trees. Helmer knew very little about Sergeant Noland: only that he was from Texas and unmarried and was probably seven years older than Helmer, these facts however being of the least significance—the important

fact being Helmer's profound wholehearted absorption in the other man—his fascination in every aspect of the Sergeant's appearance (he was a heavy man, with a big chest, with muscles running cablelike the length of his arms and legs, with a face that had blazed its image in the foreground of Helmer's mind: composed of a ponderous square jaw and wide mouth and oddly-curved eyes and crew-cropped black hair tapering frontwards in a pronounced peak) and the shocks of desire which he experienced at the mere thought of this man—something he had never known, at least not with such intensity, until before the day he'd been assigned to Noland's platoon.

Helmer had one dream: that in the course of the fighting, Sergeant Noland would be cut off from the others, inside some ravine or against the face of an insurmountable slope, with the enemy in huge numbers rushing forward to effect his destruction, and then he—Helmer—would arrive heavily armed, coming up behind the ranks of the enemy, would open fire, killing most, the others retreating but not until they had killed him—and his death coming slowly enough for the Sergeant to reach him and cradle his head in one of those powerful but tender arms.

The men were slipping under their tents, seeking the repose that Helmer earlier had so eagerly anticipated. He was not sleepy now. His eyes fastened upon that area of the coconut grove through which the Sergeant had disappeared, wondering what it was that splendid man was seeking in the jungle's overrank refuge: a solitary comfort? a reaffirmation of the essential man battered numb and overwhelmed by the war's frenzied business?

He was not sleepy now, his mind too inflamed with its preoccupation, and an impulse seized him—reckless and perhaps under other conditions and for another man insane, perhaps insane for him too though upon considering it he immediately perceived it was the only logical (possible) thing to do; and besides, what more remained to be disclosed, or what to be lost beyond his already-fordoomed life? He did not hesitate to reason this out, however, but followed the impulse into the area of the coconut grove where his eyes had been directed, he too leaving behind the tents and vehicles and piles of equipment and not fearing to become lost since even in the fog he could guide himself along either of the slopes.

By daylight he would have found Noland in less than a minute, for the grove was not very extensive, but now it took minutes of groping and zig-zagging before he came upon him: and there he sat, on a boulder and silent, the tiny arc-travelling gleam of his cigarette having first caught Helmer's attention like a minuscule beacon and drawn him forward, so that now he stood behind the Sergeant who, hearing at last his approach, sprang to his

feet, his hand dropping the cigarette and blurring downwards to half-draw his pistol (that instant hurling both men back into the horror of the day) before he saw and evaluated and relaxed in recognition. Recognition, his weapon unbrandished, but he remaining on his feet, gazing fiercely and incredulously at Helmer and snarling "What the hell are you doing here?" though already his face had gathered into comprehension—his features pinched and frozen into judgment heaped upon his lover: *you damn fool!*

No matter what hung in jeopardy, Helmer could not have spoken, nor did he try. Rather, he drew closer to his judge with a child's solemn movement, knowing that only brute opposition would halt him as only it would halt his subsequent respiration. He was not opposed. Then, voluntarily, he stopped, inches from his judge and—helpless before the other's outraged stare—lowered his own face but raised his left arm halfway, then rested his curved fingers upon the side of Sergeant Noland's warm damp torso, saying nothing, no longer savoring his terror, but already sensing the beginnings of exhilaration which comes from knowing that you have surmounted your most oppressive inhibitions and simultaneously, as a kind of bonus, done right; though right in a way you could never justify to the Commanding Officer, or a court martial, or the other men in his outfit.

Sergeant Noland cursed, recoiled, slapped away Helmer's hand, cursed again: "Christ almighty! Are you crazy? You want to get the shit kicked out of you?" Calmer now and continuing: "Haven't you got any sense at all?"

Helmer looked at him but said nothing.

"Mister, I'm warning you: from now on you keep your hands to yourself, unless you want me personally to beat your ass. Now get on back to camp!"

Helmer turned around and walked away, saying nothing. It was too early for the wounds to register and bleed, and he felt deceptively stoic. But just before the fog would have utterly obscured the Sergeant he hesitated and looked back and found the Sergeant still glaring at him, though now he could see that the fury had greatly abated—giving away not to softness but something equally uncharacteristic: a sort of harsh pain.

"You can't do that here," Noland said. "This is no place or time for any of that. Later, maybe. If we ever make it through this goddamned island—maybe then. But not now. No."

Helmer, still saying nothing, left him then and returned to the camp and his tent, where the fog, heavier than ever, followed him into bed, and where he lay awake for some time, for once not fantasizing upon Sergeant Noland as the mysterious guardian of all resolutions, but rather considering him as another sojourner in the incomplete, uncertain, yearning realm of anticipation.

BOOKS

AMONG DEMONS AND WITCHES

EROS AND EVIL: THE SEXUAL PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF WITCHCRAFT
by R. E. L. Masters. New York: Julian Press, 1962. 322 pp. 8.50. Reviewed by Gene Damon.

Devils and humans indulging in a multiplicity of sexual acts together does not appear, on the surface, to be of much interest to the homosexual public.

This rather impressive short volume on general witchcraft history from a sexual standpoint, is actually much concerned with homosexuality. On page 75, the author seemingly denies this himself by saying, "Homosexual relations with demons do not figure prominently in the lore of witchcraft and of Judeo-Christian demonology." Then, despite this and the fact that the page 75 cited is the only reference under homosexuality in the index, the book is filled with homosexual incidents.

There are two references to homosexuality in the introduction: one biblical reference, and a much more important philosophical comparison of the people in past times who defended the so-called witches to the people today who defend the homosexual—in the light, of course, that both groups are cited as being tarred with the same brush.

In the chapter on the devil's anatomy, there are references to the bisexuality of demons and their propensity for hermaphroditism, etc. There are references to acts of sodomy between humans and demons in the chapter on "Demons in the Convents" and also lengthy accounts of lesbianism between nuns (possessed by demons, of course).

A supposed demonic possession case in the chapter on sexual magic turns out to be that oft told story of a boy and his schoolmaster. Sadly, the poor schoolmaster was branded as a witch. Of course, in those times, they burnt people for either homosexuality or witchcraft. In the same chapter there are references to cases of sex change (demonic, not surgical) but it was women into men in those days, rather than today's fashion of men into women.

There is even a listing of celebrated individual demons and groups of demons and classes of demons, and among them are several homosexuals. Venus Castina and Venus Illegitima are well known, but Mr. Masters pre-

sents an argument toward the belief that Dionysus was homosexual and it is quite convincing. Oh yes, there are homosexual doppelgangers also.

These are just a few examples. The entire book is filled with sexual lore, some of it hilariously funny. The reader is left with the unshakeable conviction that there is homosexuality everywhere, even among demons and witches.

Of course, this is not a must book, by any means, for the homosexual library. It is primarily a compilation of sex in witchcraft. Nevertheless, it contains homosexual data not easily obtainable elsewhere, and certainly not obtainable in one book otherwise.

CARD GAME

ACT OF ANGER by Bart Spicer. Atheneum, 1962. Reviewed by Gene Damon.

Once, not long ago, the novelist had quite a choice of scapegoats, Negroes, all foreign born groups, minority religions, several professions, many to portray in as unflattering a light as he wished. In those days, homosexuality was still a pretty taboo subject, and ironically most of the homosexual novels of those times tended to be romantic and even occasionally hysterically sympathetic.

Now, most of the old scapegoats have been declared off limits to the writer. Unfortunately, this has left the homosexual population standing on a high thin ledge waiting to be shot off the crest.

This extremely tense, carefully plotted, very well written novel is the sort of sensation-producing blow that tends to undermine every progressive attempt to clarify the true position of the average homosexual in society.

Very few authors have as successfully, cleverly damned the homosexual and still been able to hide the true nature of the damage under a barrage of tear-jerking, chest-swelling emotionalism.

Arturo Campeon, 21-year-old Mexican national kills homosexual Roderick Duquesne defending himself from a homosexual "rape." Basically, that is the whole plot. That, accompanied by the jury's not guilty verdict.

Not satisfied, though, Mr. Spicer really loads the scales:

1. Roderick Duquesne is the son of a rich bastard. This is used in the book as a lever to pass even more sympathy onto the Mexican boy.

2. Every conceivable illegal pressure is brought to convict the boy so that reader sympathy is increased for him.

3. Whole chapters are spirited denunciations of all homosexuals, even to having a Los Angeles police official named Valentine claim to have "a

pretty good line on the homosexual crowd," then insinuating that he has *One* magazine's mailing list (does not use the name, just says the magazine for homosexuals published in Los Angeles). This same official insinuates he knows all about the one in San Francisco, too. In fact, Duquesne (the murdered man) is supposed to have contributed heavily to the *Mattachine Review* (not by name) mostly poetry.

4. The author tries to convince us that Duquesne was the worst and blackest homosexual that ever lived. Supposedly he has raped normal males all of his life (but never gotten into trouble of course).

5. Into the mouth of a fictional psychiatrist Spicer puts these words: "... homosexual seduction or rape is decisive in creating a homosexual."

Most readers will resent the stacked deck, but most of all, I resent the damage this will do to our group image in a thousand minds.

FOUR STORIES IN ONE

ANOTHER COUNTRY by James Baldwin. New York: Dial Press. 1962. 436 pp. \$5.95. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

While most of the reviews of this best-seller by the Negro Hemingway were rather mixed, my reaction has been one of unqualified enthusiasm—it's just one helluva book on every score. It also represents a milestone in the "what words can be printed" progress. In fact, the progress has now reached the end of the road. With the frequent use in this book of *all* and I do mean *all* the words (including the ones that rhyme with cotton-picker and rockducker, respectively), there are now no more taboo-in-print words. Some of the dialogue and repartee (especially in the mouths of the Negro characters, drawn with scathing honesty) is truly incredible and the erotic scenes are hardly behind. Having been in the middle of the best-seller list for many weeks, this book seems to have made an end run, without much notice, around all the vigilantes picking on poor old Henry Miller. Dial Press must share whatever honors have accrued to Grove Press.

The homosexual element developed in this book by Baldwin, best known heretofore for *Giovanni's Room*, is so considerable as to place the work on the borderline beyond which lies the primary homosexual novel. Most of the story takes place in New York (Greenwich Village and Harlem), the rest in various towns in France involved in the idyllic romance of the two young homosexual lovers. Actually, the book is built on the interweaving of about four stories:

Story No. 1 involves a handsome, ornery and bitter young Negro musician, Rufus Scott, who brings to mutual grief his affair with a poor-white Southern

girl who's a melanomacrophallophile nympho. After driving Leona to insanity by his brutality, Rufus kills himself early in the book.

Story No. 2 involves the Silenskis. Richard Silenski is a sensitive writer whose sudden "success" with trashy output undermines the Bohemian happiness he's enjoyed for many years with his devoted but strong-willed and highly-sexed aristocratic wife, Cass.

Story No. 3 is about Vivaldo Moore, an Irish-Italian young man bent on being a writer, without much to show for it. The best friend Rufus had (with some latent homosexual touches), he becomes after Rufus' death the lover of Rufus' sister Ida who shares her brother's one track mind about the evils of white people. Which hardly helps her already difficult life as a white man's mistress.

Story No. 4 involves a young homosexual actor from the South named Eric Jones, who after a bitter affair with Rufus, went off to "exile" in France. In France he has not only prospered professionally, but has attained the happiest period of his life in having found true love with a French ex-hustler named Yves who by his love for Eric has become good. Eric has to part from Yves to seize a great professional opportunity in the U.S. but promises to send for him as soon as he's settled. Sure enough, Eric does get himself on the road to great success on both the stage and screen, and incidentally, has two torrid affairs, a rather surprising heterosexual one with Cass and a homosexual one with Vivaldo. Which means that he has sex with four out of the six other major characters.

The novel closes with the rather unusual touch that the future of the two remaining heterosexual couples is left in some doubt but no doubt is left about the happy future—at least for several years—of the homosexual couple as Eric and Yves rush into each other's arms at the airport. In fact, in the lives of the various characters (at least the portions covered in the book) the heterosexual ones seem to have all the horrible problems and the homosexual ones by comparison seem to just "have a ball."

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 subscription \$11 first class sealed. Bank draft or cash to Lesezirkel 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.

Les Arts Gai

by DAVID LAYNE

THE HOSTAGE: This off-Bdway revival (considered by many to be better than the "on-Bdway" original) is in its 12th month at One Sheridan Square Theatre and is probably the gayest play in Manhattan. Imagine in legit-theatre: a tall Irish wrist-waver flounces on stage with another boy moments after the curtain and explains when caught sneaking him up the staircase, "He's my brother." Not funny? Ah—but the other boy is an American Negro! The two are nearly as normal as anyone else in this Dublin lodging

(?) house. There are two or more loose women, various types of men, a couple of very irreverent religious types, an embittered soldier who either has or hasn't lost the use of a leg, and a gentleman known as "Monsewer"—an ego-maniac who thinks of himself as the Napoleon of the Irish Revolution, which provides the historic background of the play.

The title role is that of a British soldier of 19—charmingly played by Geoff Garland—being held by the I.R.A. Brendan Behan, the author, casts both positive and negative comments at *all* sides (not merely *both* sides) of the political question as well as at honor, courage, sex, religion, and international relations (there's a song about Kruschew and the moon). O, yes—THE HOSTAGE has music too. It's a sort of play-with-music (and comedy, drama, and boys dancing together).

Rio Rita (the willowy one of the waving wrists) and Princess Grace (his American friend) provide most of the homosexual repartee, but the entire show is a pretty gay romp! The nice, innocent country girl, in discussing the assemblage, says of Rio Rita: "I like that tall skinny fellow—there wasn't anyone like that in the convent." There haven't been many shows like this one!

"Marlon on the Bounty" would be my title for Mr. Brando's latest and largest film. Don't stay away from it because it's a "spectacular." It is, but it's also a showcase for some

fine acting, a solid screenplay, and intelligent camera work. Brando is as different in it as he'll ever be, and if you've seen some of his earlier films you'll enjoy the comparison. His characterization of Fletcher Christian is definitely his, and we can safely call it "a camp" (in the theatrical sense). Two or three scenes are straight out of Rudy Valentino! You haven't seen Brando until you've seen the former Stanley (STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE) Kowalsky in scarlet satin—or is it lavender silk?

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF by Edward Albee is the big dramatic success UP-town (as opposed to off-Bdway, most of which is DOWN-town). Its language and thematic material has aroused a great deal of comment this fall, and the word "homosexual" has shown up in several reviews and letters-to-the-editor. You'll get the "straight" (?) scoop as soon as we get tickets!

THE CONNECTION, primarily about heroin but with broader interest in terms of society, sex, and morality, was finally licensed for public showing in New York. It's depressing (in that it's not about "pretty" things) but very powerful. Both the off-Bdway play and the film have been *literally* too strong for some weak stomachs but we recommend it.

BILLY BUDD (film) is beautifully done, beautifully (!) cast, and has

its own subtleties. Watch Terence Stamp in the title role.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (film) is exhaustingly beautiful (or visa-versa) with four "Academy nomination" performances. It would be nice to single out Dean Stockwell, but Katherine Hepburn, Jason Robards Jr., and Ralph Richardson are equally inspiring (in their separate ways).

HAROLD: Anthony Perkins' sorriest vehicle.

There's just too much to cover. We haven't even mentioned **THE COLLECTION**, a new off-Bdway play by Harold Pinter, which concerns two couples: M-F and M-M! We will.

OTHER U.S. ORGANIZATIONS WORKING IN THE FIELD OF SEX VARIANCE

One, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 1232 Market St., San Francisco 2, California.

Mattachine Society of New York, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, New York.

National League for Social Understanding, P.O. Box 29048, Hollywood 29, California

League for Civil Education, Inc., 1154 Kearny St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

Demophil Center, 15 Lindall Place, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

Homosexual League of New York, P.O. Box 318, New York 9, New York.

Janus Society, P.O. Box 7824, Philadelphia 1, Pennsylvania.

Dionysus, P.O. Box 382, Fullerton, California.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington 1, D.C.

READERS *write*

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

REVIEW EDITOR: As I am interested in your society's activities, I wish to subscribe to your regular review, and all of your public and private publications. Therefore I will be thankful if you let me know the price of your review's annual subscription by return urgent first-class air mail as soon as possible to enable me to send you the value soon.

Also I will be much obliged to you if you let me know of any of your branches or agents in London or Bombay, India...—Mr. J.S., Kuwait.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Try the *Homosexual Law Reform Society*, 32 Shaftsbury Ave., London, W-1, mentioned elsewhere in this issue. We know of no organizations in Bombay at present.

REVIEW EDITOR:...I had an opportunity to read some of your back issues while residing in Canada's West Coast City of Vancouver and since then have settled down in Ontario.

I firmly believe in the work you are doing and wish you every success in your endeavors...—Mr. G.B., Ontario.

REVIEW EDITOR:...Last Nov. 11, I was interviewed on the Toronto radio station, CKEY, on my views on homosexuality. The N.Y. State Council of Churches has recently asked its Christian Social Relations Commission to examine the matter of a ministry to the homosexual...—(The Rev.) Robert W. Wood, N.Y.

REVIEW EDITOR: Enclosed is a money order to pay for a subscription to *Mattachine REVIEW*. The amount is slightly more than the recent rate of \$5.00 per year because the money order was originally purchased for something else. Yet I did not use it, and I am glad

Since its purchase I have found a more worthwhile use for it. Do not bother to remit the difference.

The first time I became acquainted with your magazine was a month ago. I saw the November issue on a local newsstand and purchased it. I was surprised, however, to notice how remarkably different it was from *One*, which magazine I am most familiar with. Your magazine—the two I have purchased since seeing it—does not include any works of include any works of fiction, any poetry, or any art work. The articles included were all quite heavy reading, seldom affording any sort of relaxation. May I make a suggestion since now I feel as if I am a member of your organization? Why not encourage the readers of your magazine to submit short stories or poetry, or even drawings and photographs that might be of special interest to all those who read *Mattachine REVIEW*. Perhaps then there might be established a tighter bond around the homosexuals in our society, a bond that unites them without separating them from the rest of society. You could make a suggestion in each issue to the effect that you are looking for articles from the readers. The homosexuals are supposed to include, as a group, some of the more artistically inclined members of society. Let them display themselves in your magazine, I think it might improve the whole format of it.—Mr. J.K., Illinois.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Such material is solicited (see page three of the two issues mentioned), and is frequently published. But sometimes it's best to hold out for quality.

REVIEW EDITOR: Some years ago your address came into my hand through a twilight acquaintance who gave me very

little information on the intent and purpose of your Society.

It is therefore with confidence and confidentiality that I should like to be informed on the original foundation and praiseworthiness of your Society. Since I am intimately involved and intensely concerned with the type of individuals for which your Society is designed to help, I wonder about a number of ideas. ... I am 28 yrs. of age, presently concluding my High School at Night School. My future ultimate goal is to get a Ph.D. and teach philosophy—research in philosophy itself, psychology, moral theology, mysticism and occultism. They have become separate branches of mental and/or spiritual knowledge whereas they should be integrated as a process of the inner search of man.

Your research, concern and studies of a problem which I have been (Thank God) able to settle with my R.C. clergyman and medical doctor with a non-repressive attitude on both their parts is unprecedented. My long years of guilt feelings, etc., have ceased in long sought abiding peace in God.

I wish the world over such would be the case for everyone. Namely that strangeness of behavior and inner lack of capacity for the so-called natural and normal is not incompatible with the chance of salvation.

I've allowed to reveal my personal experience and conviction.

Once I have a degree at the end of my name, I will venture to write to alleviate the suffering of those you are concerned with.

Presently may my deep abiding spirit of peace and love in God permeate to prepare my mission.—Mr. M.G., Ontario.

REVIEW EDITOR: I was reading Rev. Wood's article and I was impressed with his contention that the churches could no longer refuse to face the fact that homosexuality exists and is a problem to many. The church I attend is one of, if not the most liberal church, here. I answered the psychologist, Ellis, in refutation of his allegation that we are all sick. I said that I knew at least a thousand homophiles who led well integrated lives and were perfectly well adjusted. This occurred at a regular public forum in the church attended by about 300 people. I have been elected and appointed to positions of responsibility within the church and I'm happy to say that the members recognize and respect my status as a homophile.—Mr. P.T., Mass.

REVIEW EDITOR: Several years ago I was instrumental in preparing a pamphlet for the local Mattachine Society on the law of arrests. The document was helpful to a number of persons.

Apparently no organized group under that title is operating in Chicago now. Illinois criminal law has seen some important changes since 1961. Arrests, however, to my personal knowledge have in fact increased. There are at least two reasons—first, nothing has been done to lessen prejudice through developing a better understanding on the part of the public; second, persons involved have exercised little personal restraint in public places.

The Mattachine Society could be helpful in both phases if there were an active organization in Chicago. It occurs to me that however limited resources might be, it is necessary that something be done in this seething metropolitan center to acquaint persons with existing hazards.—P.H., Attorney, Chicago.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Chicago is the largest city in the country not to have an active educational and social service group similar to Mattachine so far as we know. Mattachine encourages the formation of such a group and would be pleased to act as intermediary in its formation. Persons living in the area who are interested in forming such an independent organization should write to the REVIEW editor.

CALLING SHOTS

(Continued from page 2)

core of pledgees and contributors have backed to the limit of their capability the tiny regular staff in keeping the "Mattachine Idea" alive for what will soon be 13 years! With a long and ever more difficult struggle, the REVIEW now enters its ninth year, but deeply in debt.

During the past fiscal year (ending August 31), some 2318 social service cases were handled without cost to those seeking help, and in all cases some help was given. Referrals to attorneys, therapists, pro-

spective employers, etc., along with answers to specific questions were furnished these persons. For some, outright handouts (in pittances, and from individual, not Mattachine, sources) were given to people without a meal or a place to live.

The undeniable proof of Mattachine's value is visible every day in our offices, but somehow these concerns and the ability to continue service do not come to the attention of enough persons who CAN afford to give us a hand. More unfortunately, the vast majority of those helped fail to remember their source of aid. They come to Mattachine when all other doors are closed to them. Once they get on their feet, all but a very few forget Mattachine's needs; they take the continued existence of the Society for granted.

So, as we enter 1963 we have more than a little apprehension. Do those who need us realize that Mattachine is NOT a living well but a cistern? Something has to be poured in before anyone can dip out. The bottom has long been scraped. We are now at the point where even a last drop is not to be found.

Yet the work has to continue:

MATTACHINE PUBLIC RELATIONS ACCELERATED

A November speaking date by a Mattachine officer who appeared before the Berkeley (Calif.) Unitarian Fellowship resulted in a call for a repeat performance. The address,

made on a panel with a psychiatrist moderator and with a critique by a clinical psychologist, will be repeated on January 11th.

On December 12, a Mattachine speaker was invited to lecture on the campus of the University of California. The class was Criminology 118, "Alcoholism, Narcotics Addiction and Sex Offenders," with senior students. Review Editor Hal Call discussed the topic of "Mattachine's Approach to Homosexual Problems and the Sex Offender."

Mattachine at San Francisco has been invited to participate in a day-long discussion of venereal disease and the homosexual at the Clift Hotel in San Francisco on January 18. Attending will be public health officers, and officials of the American Public Health Association, sponsors of the fact-finding seminar.

In Washington, D.C., a Mattachine affiliate organization headed by an attorney there has announced that the first of several projected meetings with Federal officials has been held in the Pentagon. The meeting was on October 23rd, and held in response to an invitation from the Department of Defense, and covered a period of almost three hours.

This session represents further groundwork being laid with a view to accelerating a change of policy toward homosexuals as security risks, a move which will include a policy switch in the armed forces as well as in civil service. More about this will be published as developments occur.

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