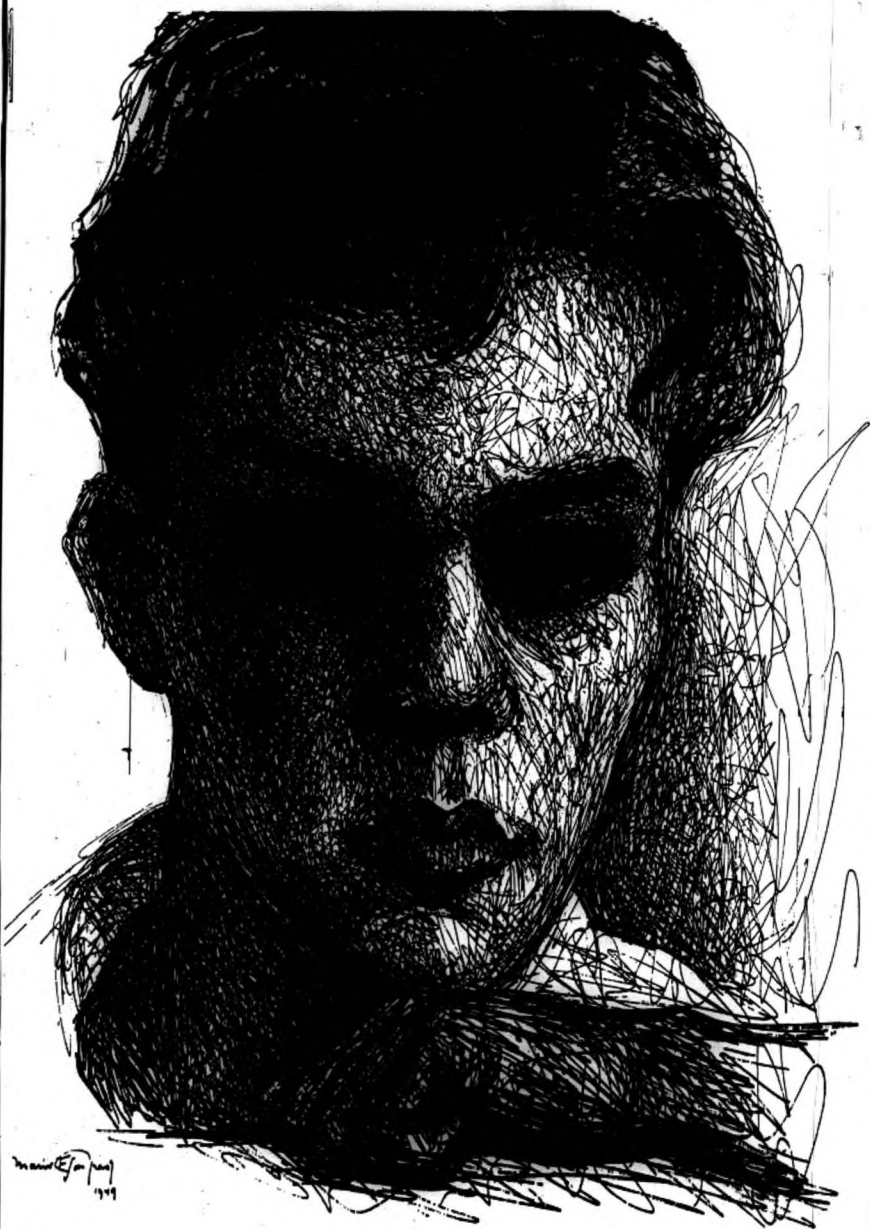




# **mattachine REVIEW**

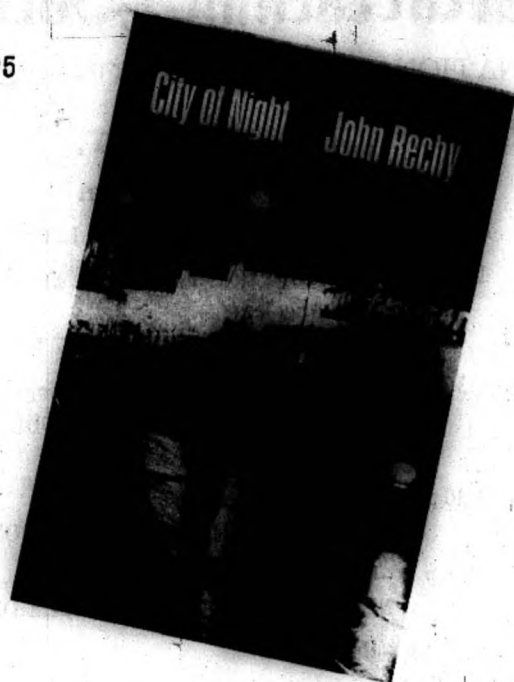
SEPTEMBER 1963

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS



# City of Night

PRICE: \$5.95



Various selections from Rechy's novel have appeared in *avant garde* literary magazines. One of the most popular extracts was "The Fabulous Wedding of Miss Destiny," in an early issue of the now defunct *Big Table*. It told of the seamy life and dreamy hope of a Los Angeles drag queen to have a big wedding, lace, gown, "bridesmaids" and all—when she married her next gay "husband."

But a far more serious aspect pervades Rechy's work than just to highlight the lives of various characters in the gay world. It is a novel about loneliness, about love and the ceaseless groping search for love. As a novel about the world of hidden sex, it is a departure from all other novels of this kind. It is not lurid or defensive; it treats the subject squarely and forthrightly, revealing many facets of this subculture which have never been revealed before, even in the works of Jean Genet.

**Dorian BOOK SERVICE**

693 Mission Street

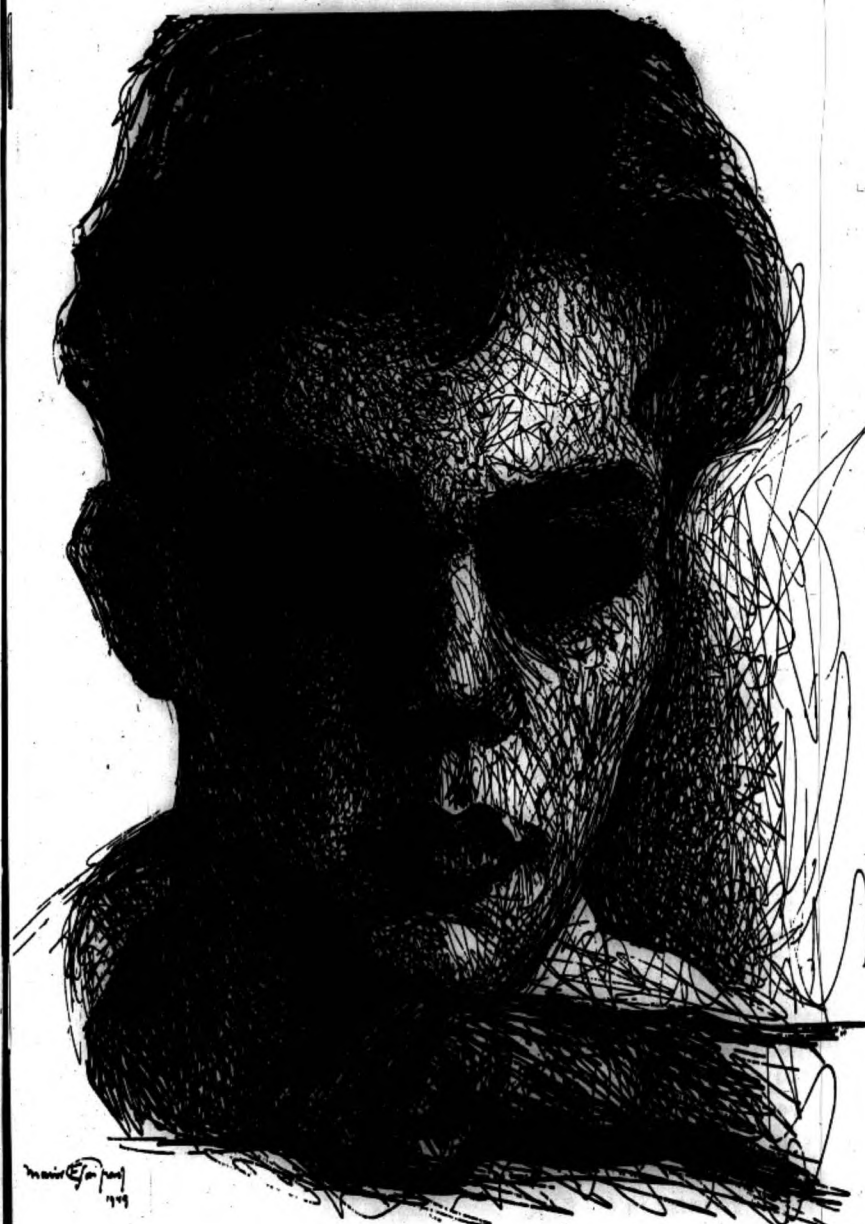
San Francisco 5, Calif.



# mattachine REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1963

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS



# Calling Shots

10TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE,  
MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC.

The Tenth Annual Conference of the Mattachine Society, Inc., was held in two sessions: August 17 at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel in Los Angeles, and August 24 at the Backstage in San Francisco.

It was disclosed during the sessions that a registered lobbyist had been sent to Sacramento during the recent committee hearings on proposed legislation intended to violate further the rights of persons suspected of being homosexual, and it was resolved to maintain a lobbyist in the future in order to air those viewpoints which otherwise would not receive a hearing. It is significant that the proposed legislation did not get out of committee, despite an emotional outburst on the part of Police Chief Parker of Los Angeles, who was there, too, naturally.

Following, is a report of the San Francisco session as reported by Paul Avery in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

## A Rights Program for Homosexuals

Homosexuals must follow the course of other minorities if they are ever to attain social equality in America, an audience of 200 was told yesterday at the tenth annual conference of the Mattachine Society, Inc.

Efforts to change public opinion and laws adversely affecting the homosexual must be made in the same way the Negro is attempting to achieve equality—through a program of political action.

"An active program, conducted with dignity and discretion, is the most direct way toward a mutual understanding between society and the sexual variant," W. E. Dane Mohler Jr. told the convention.

Mohler, a law clerk who is chairman of the Los Angeles Mattachine Society, Inc., was among a panel of six specialists in the field of sexology who addressed the conference held at The Backstage, a theater-restaurant at Bay and Mason streets.

Other speakers included Ted McIlvenna, a San Francisco research sociologist; Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York; attorney Frank C. Wood Jr. of Los Angeles; and authors Gavin Arthur of San Francisco and Wallace de Ortega Maxey of Fresno.



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 1963 by the Mattachine Society, Inc. Ninth 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 and informed opinion leading to solution of sex behavior problems, particularly those of the homosexual adult.

The REVIEW is available on many U.S. newsstands at 75¢ per copy, and by subscription (mailed in plain, sealed envelope). Rates in advance: \$7.50 per year.

## mattachine REVIEW

Founded in 1954—First Issue January 1955

Volume IX SEPTEMBER 1963 Number 9

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 2 CALLING SHOTS
- 4 THE CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON
- 11 WHAT IS MATTACHINE DOING?
- 14 CHRIS AND RAY, fiction by Jay Little
- 22 LITERARY SCENE
- 28 BOOKS IN REVIEW
- 30 READERS WRITE

Cover from VRIENDSCHAP  
Amsterdam

### 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 or authors of books, magazines, periodicals; and booksellers concerned with sexological subjects. Rates on request.

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 Controversy in Washington

"Rep. John Dowdy of Texas may have done the homosexuals a great favor," writes a reader from Dallas after seeing the excerpt from *Congressional Record* and the proposed bill in Congress (August issue). In many ways we agree. One needs only to absorb the cool and logical statement of the *Washington Post* (also August issue) to realize that bigoted actions such as those of Congressman Dowdy are transparent. Thus the bill he proposed never got out of committee.

But it did make a flurry in the press of the District of Columbia for a few days. Because of the unique situation and the interest it has for *Review* readers, we reprint in full the comment and coverage of the incident:

THE EVENING STAR, August 8

## D.C. Fights Bill Cutting Help for Homosexuals

A bill aimed at crippling operations of a Washington group that is working to improve the lot of the homosexual was attacked on constitutional grounds today by District government officials.

The Commissioners opposed the measure at a hearing before a House District Subcommittee.

The bill, introduced by Representative Dowdy, Democrat of Texas, the subcommittee chairman, would revoke a fund-raising permit issued by city officials to the Mattachine Society of Washington. This organization, according to its charter, was formed to protect homosexuals from discrimination.

At today's hearing, subcommittee Chairman Dowdy expressed shock that a situation could have developed where District officials have no legal choice but to approve a fund-raising license for such an organization.

### Amendments Ordered

"I've grown up in a wrong age," Mr. Dowdy said.

Near the close of the hearing, which will be resumed tomorrow, city officials were instructed by the subcommittee members to draft amendments to the District's Charitable Solicitations Act that would provide legal ground for block-

ing fund-raising drives for objectionable goals.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Robert F. Kneipp explained that there are no provisions for controlling the issuance of fund-campaign licenses provided the organization falls under one of several broad categories.

Mr. Kneipp drew some critical comments from some subcommittee members when he testified that the Mattachine Society's charter brings its fund campaign under an educational category.

The bill by Mr. Dowdy, which was opposed in person by the president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, has two sections. One section specifically calls for the revocation of the organization's fund-raising license.

Mr. Kneipp said the Commissioners oppose this provision on constitutional grounds.

### Second Section of Bill

The other section of the bill would provide that no solicitation permits would be issued unless the Commissioners decide that the "solicitation which would be authorized by such certificate will benefit or assist in promoting the health, welfare and morals of the District . . ."

The Commissioners object to



this section, Mr. Kneipp said, because it would require hearings on all permit applications, which would impose "a heavy and difficult burden" on the city.

In a letter to the House District Committee, the Commissioners, after spelling out their objections to the bill, emphasized that disposition "is not to be construed as approving homosexual practices."

The president of the Mattachine Society of Washington,

Franklin E. Kameny, began to read a prepared statement but was cut off when the subcommittee was forced to close the hearing after the House went into session.

The subcommittee put into the record a letter stating that the District Republican Committee supports the Commissioners in opposing the bill. The letter carried the signature of Margaret A. Haywood, identified as special counsel for the Republican committee.

THE WASHINGTON POST, August 9

## 'Morality' Talk Slows Sex Hearing

By John M. Goshko  
Staff Reporter

A Congressional hearing on a bill to hobble the Mattachine Society, a group dedicated to protecting homosexuals from discrimination, bogged down yesterday amid questions of legal constitutionality and public morality.

Most of the House District Subcommittee members debating the bill seemed to be for "morality"—as described by Rep. John Dowdy (D-Texas), the subcommittee chairman and author of the bill. Said he:

"If these people are a charitable organization promoting

homosexuality, I've grown up in the wrong age."

### Law Requires Permit

The object of his frequently expressed indignation is a small group of homosexuals and persons sympathetic to them who have obtained a fund-raising permit under the city's Charitable Solicitations Act. The law requires issuance of a permit to any group whose representatives answer permit application questions.

Dowdy's bill would limit issuance of such permits to organizations that the Commissioners determine to be beneficial to "the health, welfare and morals of the District of Columbia." It also would specifically revoke the permit already issued to the Mattachine Society.

Robert F. Kneipp, Assistant Corporation Counsel, told the subcommittee that the Commissioners oppose the bill. His objection was based on these grounds:

- The number of hearings required by the first part of the bill would impose an "unreasonable" administrative burden and expense on the District Government.

- The singling-out of the

Mattachine Society for a specific penalty appears to be unconstitutional in the light of Supreme Court rulings against legislative acts that inflict punishment without judicial trial.

### Dowdy Cites Other Curbs

These arguments were brushed aside by Dowdy who said: "You contrast that with permitting the solicitation of funds for perversion and immorality. Which is more important to the community?"

Dowdy also noted that Congress has passed laws designed to curb the Communist Party and remarked: "As far as I know, all the security risks that have deserted the United States have been homosexuals. Do you place them on a higher plane than Communists?"

He was joined by Rep. Basil L. Whitener, who asked if the Commissioners "want to repeal the section of the Criminal Code dealing with sodomy."

Kneipp replied that "the position of the Commissioners is not to be construed as

approving homosexual practices." He also noted that the D. C. Court of Appeals had ruled that homosexual relations may not be criminal acts if committed in privacy between consenting adults.

### Will Try To Draft Bill

His only support came from Rep. B. F. Sisk (D-Calif.) who said he would vote against any bill imposing sanctions against a specific group. However, Sisk also won Kneipp's tentative agreement to try drafting a bill that would give the District power to investigate and revoke charitable solicitation permits.

Also testifying yesterday was the Mattachine Society president, Franklin E. Kameny, an astronomer who was fired from the Defense Department after refusing to answer questions about alleged homosexual affiliations.

Kameny also dodged the subcommittee's questions about whether he is a homosexual. He was just beginning to read a prepared statement when the hearing was adjourned until today.

THE EVENING STAR, August 9

## Society Refuses List To District Committee

A spokesman for a Washington organization formed to protect homosexuals from discrimination today repeatedly refused to give membership information to members of a House District Subcommittee.

The subcommittee is holding hearings on a bill aimed at weakening operations of the organizations, the Mattachine Society of Washington. The measure, introduced by Subcommittee Chairman Dowdy, would revoke the group's permit

for fund raising activities in the District.

Today's hearing was marked by unsuccessful efforts by subcommittee members to get personnel details on the organization from Franklin E. Kameny, its president.

Mr. Kameny refused to give the names of members, other than officers of the organization who already are listed on the application for the District fund raising license. The witness also declined to give addresses of the officers and to say whether the names listed on the license application papers are or are not pseudonyms.

Mr. Kameny said he was

limiting his testimony in line with the organization's constitution. The questioning was led by Mr. Dowdy, Democrat of Texas, and Representative Horton, Republican of New York.

At one point, Mr. Dowdy quoted from the Bible passages condemning homosexual acts. The witness retorted that he thought it is "grossly improper" for a member of Congress to use arguments based on religion.

Mr. Kameny told the subcommittee that a major goal of his group is to try to erase the image of a homosexual being a "horrible monster."

group not deemed beneficial to "the health, welfare and morals" of the city.

He opened yesterday's hearing by declaring that previously expressed opposition to the bill had left him "shocked speechless." As the day wore on, however, he regained his tongue sufficiently to do the major share of the questioning.

When Kameny refused to divulge the names of the Society's membership to the subcommittee, Dowdy charged that it's a secret organization dedicated to changing laws that were designed for the public good."

#### Hope to Change Law

At another point, Kameny said the Society hoped to influence public opinion into changing the law so that homosexual acts committed in private between consenting adults would not be regarded as criminal conduct.

When Kameny protested that the issue was not the morality of homosexuality but the right of the Society to press for acceptance through "the legal exercise of its freedom of expression," Dowdy broke in to ask:

"What kind of expression are you talking about? Are you talking about sexual expression?"

On another occasion, Dowdy broke in again to say that "down in my country if you call a man a 'queer' or a 'fairy' the least you can expect is a black eye."

When Kameny replied that Texas also had its homosexuals, Dowdy said: "Maybe, but I never heard anyone brag about it."

Freedman also spent a considerable part of his time before the subcommittee answering questions about his per-

sonal life.

This was caused by his refusal to tell whether he had ever given legal advice to homosexuals. He took the position that this was not germane to a discussion of the bill's merits.

"The issue," he contended, "is not whether we agree or disagree with the aims of the Mattachine Society, but whether we are going to interfere with their right of free speech."

"The National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union is not concerned with the success or failure of the Society in pressing its views," he continued. "It is concerned solely with its freedom of expression."

Freedman stated at seven points during his testimony that he was speaking only for the civil liberties group and did not represent the Mattachine Society. Nevertheless, Dowdy and Rep. Frank J. Horton (R-N. Y.) referred to him repeatedly as the Society's lawyer.

#### Two Short Paragraphs

Freedman said that in his view the proposed bill violated the constitutional ban on legislation that imposes penalties on an individual or group without benefit of judicial process. Said he:

"The bill is rather remarkable in regard to the amount of unconstitutionality packed into two short paragraphs."

When Horton pressed him for his views on how the legislation should be drafted, Freedman replied: "My recommendation to you, sir, is to tear up this bill and forget it."

He also defended Kameny's refusal to reveal the names of Society members, saying that the obviously hostile attitude of Dowdy and other sub-

THE WASHINGTON POST, August 10

## House Group Continues Homosexuality Hearing

By John M. Goshko  
Staff Reporter

A congressional hearing on a bill to curb the activities of the Mattachine Society continued yesterday amid a series of digressions that ranged far afield of the legal implications of the proposed law.

The Society president, Franklin E. Kameny, tried to tell the House District Subcommittee members debating the bill about the organization's purpose. He described it as a group attempting to protect homosexuals from discrimination through public education and persuasion.

And Monroe Freedman, a George Washington University law professor who testified as representative of the

National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union, attempted to talk about the constitutional aspects of the bill.

#### Not Much Headway

Except for brief and scattered moments, however, neither managed to make much headway. Instead, a majority of the subcommittee members chose to spend most of the day talking about what their chairman, Rep. John Dowdy (D-Tex.) kept referring to as "perverts."

Dowdy is author of the bill that would strip the Society of its permit to solicit contributions and would require the District Commissioners to deny similar permits to any

committee members could easily result in their being subjected to reprisals.

In this regard, Dowdy broke in on Freedman at one point to ask if his superiors at George Washington Uni-

versity were acquainted with his views and his defense of the Society.

"No," Freedman replied after a pause, "but I'm sure that they will be before very much longer."

THE EVENING STAR, August 10

## Bill on Homosexuals Held Unconstitutional

A bill aimed at cracking down on a Washington group that was formed to protect homosexuals from discrimination has drawn a legal broadside from an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer.

The measure would revoke the fund-raising permit of the organization, the Mattachine Society of Washington.

At a hearing yesterday before the House District subcommittee, attorney Monroe H. Freedman, representing the National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union, of the national union, attacked the bill on constitutional grounds.

Mr. Freedman, who is an associate professor at George Washington University's Law School, testified:

"The bill is rather remarkable in the amount of unconstitutionality packed into two short paragraphs."

Mr. Freedman's major attack, which reflected the same position taken earlier by the District Commissioners, was that the bill would violate the Constitution in singling out an organization and taking away its permit without a court hearing.

Members of the subcommittee, headed by Representative

Dowdy, Democrat of Texas, have made it clear that they want a tougher law on fund raising in the District. The city's current rule is a "disclosure" statute and provides little control over fund-raising activities.

At yesterday's session the president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, Franklin E. Kameny, repeatedly refused to give the subcommittee a list of the group's members and other personnel information.

Mr. Kameny said his testimony was in line with restrictions carried in the organization's constitution. The witness said that the reason for the organization's secrecy provisions was obvious, that the members would lose jobs and suffer other types of harassment if their names were made public.

A subcommittee member, Representative Horton, Republican of New York, questioned Mr. Kameny closely on the stated goals of the organization.

Mr. Horton was particularly critical of the group's aim to erase from the criminal statutes any ban on the committing of homosexual acts in private between consenting adults.

## What Is Mattachine Doing?

FREQUENTLY, MATTACHINE RECEIVES INQUIRIES as to the nature of its work. Typical of such requests is the following received from a case worker at a federal correctional institution:

"One of our inmates has asked for permission to write to your organization. As we are unfamiliar with your society we would appreciate any information you can give us regarding your function before we make a decision."

In essence, Mattachine is an educational, research and social service (not social) organization working in the field of human sex problems, and providing certain information and service to all interested adults. To a great extent we are called upon by male homosexuals (and here we define this term to mean the individual predominantly oriented with a sexual attraction for his own sex). Our concept is by no means limited to such a restricted area, but it so happens that our sex laws and the selective enforcement of these laws hits hardest upon these people.

We sponsor educational programs, group therapy projects and study seminars in areas of our subject field. We provide speakers for churches, civic organizations, universities and colleges, etc., and in addition provide panelists and participants in case of request for appearance on radio and television programs. We cooperate with other community agencies in fields of mental health, veteran's affairs, public health (VD), law enforcement and education. We have conducted seminars on the subject of homosexual-



ity for the Veteran's Administration (9th regional office), for Mt. Zion Psychiatric Clinic, for the Northern California Public Health Association, and so on. We have for years been called upon to provide some informational and training services for the Public Health VD Clinic in San Francisco, specifically to help acquaint VD investigators with the reality of human sex behavior, including homosexuality, and to aid these persons in adopting a non-judgmental attitude about methods of sexual contact which may result in VD, in order to facilitate their work in treating the diseases. We have provided interviewees for specific research projects with about a dozen universities and colleges in California and over the U.S., and have further assisted many advanced students in the behavioral sciences to learn more about varied sex behavior patterns.

On the individual level, we provide vital services without cost: employment referrals (to state employment service offices and to licensed employment agencies); legal referrals to persons in need of counsel when charged with a crime, or for other reasons; medical, psychiatric, psychological (therapeutic counseling) referrals upon request; referrals of veterans (and prospective inductees) to professional counselors for specific reasons—such as bad discharges, questions about declaring oneself as homosexual before induction, etc. We aid in bail bond after an arrest upon call. We do provide limited "lay counseling" (which is carefully gauged so as not to be in conflict with professional and governmental regulations) upon request.

We aim our work at creating in individuals the desire to achieve responsible citizenship which avoids conflict with the law and the censure of society. We advocate no forms of sexual activity—illegal or otherwise. Most strongly we state that all adults should conduct their sex lives in private with another consenting adult, and without harm, force or violation of the rights and integrity of anyone. This means further that we oppose sexual exploitation of the young, public sexual activity, and sexual assault in any form.

We maintain an extensive library open to responsible adults with valid interest in our subjects, and this library is frequently used by attorneys, teachers, students, and federal, state, and local health agencies, and persons concerned with mental health problems. The library does contain restricted materials which are closed to the public, except when specific and proven reasons are indicated for its use in research, legal matters, valid scholarship, etc.

No aspect of Mattachine Society's work is secret. We maintain offices open to the public almost 60 hours per week. We cooperate in many ways and maintain liaison with local law enforcement agencies and have acted as intermediaries in cases of blackmail, for instance. Our mailing and mem-

bership lists are highly confidential and have never been sought by or revealed to any public agency. Our records of financial matters have, however, been audited upon occasion by the state, and approved without criticism.

We do not inquire as to the specific sexual orientation of any person, and therefore we cannot truthfully say that ours is a "homosexual" organization, but we presume that a major portion of our supporting (and non-voting) membership is composed of men and women so oriented, because it follows that these persons are most "in pain" from the stigma and restrictive sanctions of society.

We do call for a change of law which will make consenting sex acts between adults in private no longer a crime (and we are mindful that oral-genital or anal-genital copulation is as much a felony when practiced between husband and wife as when practiced between two men or two women). To this end, we seek to end what we believe is a socially wasteful, disruptive and dangerous burden of fear, frustration and guilt from the vast majority of adults—not just for a limited group such as homosexuals alone.

We are further mindful of the tremendous waste of manpower which our old laws and puritanical attitudes perpetuate at great expense to us all. Corruption in law enforcement, widespread and destructive tragedy inflicted upon those individuals caught (as in the armed forces, or a result of police enticement, etc.)—these things are among the evils we work against. We are aware that homosexual activity involves almost half our male population over age 15, and that something like every tenth man (or more) is predominantly so oriented. We do not buy the old nonsense that religious myths which can no longer hold validity in an atomic and space age should be retained to dictate a standard of moral conduct which evidence proves again and again is nothing more than a seething hypocrisy and dark-ages inquisition which present knowledge condemns.

These statements may sound strong. Fearless seekers of truth by the hundreds have joined us in endorsing our stand, however. Finally, Mattachine is not anti-religious; it is pro-American and pro-Freedom in a responsible and just sense. It is in no way connected with any political group or front and in no sense is it a tool of any party, such as the Communists. It might be stated that the U.S. has no monopoly on sex problems. Homosexuality, prostitution, adultery, fornication, and even the more serious and revolting acts such as rape, assault, harm to the young, etc., exist in Russia as well as in the Western World. Our aim is through knowledge, education and enlightened self-acceptance we can cast off the shackles of "sexual misery" and thereby increase the joy, happiness and well-being of humanity. We are in a "way out" field by some standards. We have a difficult task. But changes are being made, and progress is being noted.



# Chris and Ray

Jay Little

INVISIBLE, BUT STILL MAKING ITSELF KNOWN, a hot breeze tore itself in and between the sand dunes lifting and splattering small particles of sand and desert seeds over and into the faces of two young men walking lazily upon the shifting, whispering sands. A thin, whining sound rose unsteadily around them and seemed to come as a warning from the ghost-like outline of distant mountains all around them.

They were young men—very young men. Their sun kissed faces were covered with a thin veil of sand, and as they walked they held their bodies with the easy, gangling poise of youth—indifferent to physical discomfort. Their clothes—tight youthful jeans and short sleeved shirts—were splattered with sweat and dirt to which an accumulation of grime and sand had attached itself. One shirt showed a distinct stripe, the other a light-spotted blue; and the stained creases of their collars were open showing bare, bronzed chests. Their shoes had been white at one time but that time seemed long ago. The larger of the two carried a small bag with an airline insignia on it, and over the shoulder of the other was a leather strap holding a brown, round shaped container.

With a sudden swing, one turned, putting a long-fingered hand over his forehead, and gazed down the barren road. He was the larger of the two—fully six feet as he stood, and his damp and tangled, streaked brown hair made him appear as wild and unkempt as the desert about him. He put the small bag under his armpit and with his free hand pulled and tugged at the uncomfortable wet seams of his light, tight jeans. He lowered his other hand and ran it across his bare chest as if to wipe away something unwanted. His hand moved down to his flat stomach which he rubbed as some do after a large meal. Then it reached up and took the bag from under his

arm. Gracefully, it fell to his side and kept time with the slow motion of his steps. With each breath his broad chest tried to escape from under the tight shirt. His face had what one often hears from the lyric poets but seldom sees—very dark eyes, chisled features, and hair of the clearest gold. It swung like golden threads across his brows which were strongly drawn and lifted outward. His nose was nobly carved and his mouth sensuous but strange—brooding and secret. As he spoke he gave a great yawn.

"Not a damn car in sight. That bastard would put us out in the middle of nowhere. I wonder how far the main highway is. Can't be too far... seems like we've walked twenty miles at least." He kicked at the loose sand and tossed back his handsome head to stare at the bright blue sky above him.

Without bothering to look around, the other youth kept his slow pace. The hot breeze which had been whimpering up and down the desert all day slipped among the cactuses again and threw a hot and needlelike cape over the boy. He wiped his face and stretched his shoulders within the thin protection of his shirt, and then fumbled in his pocket and finally drew out a roll of mints. He put one in his mouth and offered one to his companion, and for a while they sucked stoically at the sweet lifesavers. As he walked through the sun and sand he thought to himself... "What am I doing here?"

He looked at his companion, Chris Holmes, and knew why he was here in this Godforsaken part of America. He thought of the Indians who used to roam this land—of the struggles, deaths, and hardships they must have endured; but now, the quiet of peace and exhaustion lay like a miasma over the desert.

As Ray Domain struggled through the quicksand tangle, he was little

concerned with such family regulations as covered his unceremonious departure from home. With the announcement from his step-father—"How about a little loving, Ray... I've had my eyes on you for a long time"—he had walked out of his home and followed young Chris Holmes on his trip. Chris had been surprised and shocked at his overnight decision. He did not know the real reason why he had left so hurriedly.

He wondered about his home now and about his mother, Elaine, and his step-father... good-looking Woodrow Wilson, named after a president of the United States—but there the resemblance stopped. Woody, as his step-father was called, was a woman chaser from way back. It just seemed he couldn't get enough, and his conquests were many because he was tall, good-looking as hell with a brassy charm. He did have charm and his mother had fallen like a ton of bricks. He was only thirty, his mother forty-two. He thought of his twenty-two year old brother, Steven, who had sort of looked after things after their father had died, and who had been mighty upset when he had told him he was leaving. He supposed he'd have to tell him the real reason someday. Steven did not like his step-father either. He didn't care for him at all but he just couldn't tell him that morning. He could not hurt his mother. Anyway Steve would take care of things. He was a great hand for running things and his father had left Steven in charge of their estate. His mother was glad the older boy had taken over because business bored her. She loved parties, she loved clothes, gay evenings... she loved love and Woody was all she cared for right now because he had them all.

Ray stopped reminiscing and looked down at his soiled clothes. He hated dirt and grime and he wondered if he could ever be able to get all this sand off his face and hands. "To hell with it," he thought to himself. He thought of the two men who had picked them up and the thought must have traveled to his companion because he said...

"Wish I would have given in to the son-of-a-bitch. We could have been in Phoenix by now."

"I'm glad you didn't, Chris," answered Ray rapidly as though in a hurry to get the words out before his companion could interrupt. "I'm glad you told him to screw himself. I don't mind walking." He grinned apologetically. "I was afraid you were going to tell him to have at it and I would have known you were doing it just because of me. You didn't want to see me have to get out too." He hesitated and put his hand on the other's hip... "I'm glad you didn't."

Chris waited for a second before answering—keeping to the side of the road where the footing was easier. "Just wasn't my type," he grinned, patting the hand on his hip. "But if they came back right now I'd tell him

to have at it." He let out a loud laugh... "Bet he'd get a mouth full of sand to boot."

Ray grinned and said, "Someone will come along pretty soon. When we get to the main highway there will be more traffic."

Chris went on just as though Ray had said nothing. "You know what really pissed me off is when that big goon started patting you. I knew they were kookie when the one got in the back seat and told me to sit with him and for you to sit in front. I listened to the big buildup about how big my hands were and was saying, big hands, big cock true... I listened to what a cocksman he was with the women but he liked changes and variety... So I was the variety I thought as he felt between my legs... I shoved his hands away but he wouldn't let up. I felt like slapping the shit out of him but I was afraid to start something... I didn't want any trouble and sometimes you don't know how those things might end. And I didn't want that guy in front knocking the hell out of you... You know, I'm sort of responsible for you, Ray..."

An indulgent smile flitted across Ray's young face and came to rest in his eyes. This man, this Chris Holmes, who had burst upon his life with the sudden fury of an equinoctial storm, was a vital animal filled with a great delight for the world and everything in it. Never during their ten years of almost constantly being together had he been aware of the magnetism, the slightly bewildered feeling which crept over his complete body at this moment. All of a sudden he wished they were naked beside the cool bank of a river and they could lie face down on the growing ground and he could press his face and body against something cool and green. In sudden panic he shook his head to clear away the reverie. He reached down and grabbed a handful of hot sand, tightening his fist until he felt the yielding softness trickle out of his grip while passion tightened itself within him and his breath came in gasps. Once before he had felt this same way toward his pal, Chris. He had experienced for the first time that special dread brought by the first touch of love, a love that could not let itself be known. A love that must live in concealment as a permanent condition of his life—a longing, an almost ungovernable impatience, a feeling of the utter waste of time involved. All this he must endure. He looked back now with wonder at the times when he had waited, in so much doubt and uncertainty, for Chris to make himself known. Ray found himself repeating Chris' words about the man who had picked them up. "I should have given in to the son-of-a-bitch..." A kind of starter's pistol went off in his head. He knows about such things but does he know about me? To make him aware of it, thought Ray quite clearly, would scatter his whole capital of belief in himself. He must never know.

Abruptly he released the handful of sand and wiped his palm against the

side of his pants... "Wish we had a coke," Ray said fervently.

"Wish I could give you one, Ray. How's the water holding out?"

"We've got plenty. I'm not really thirsty, just tired." He gazed over the scraggly and unkempt countryside. Over the heads of the giant cactuses that flanked the scene, he rested his view on the dim haze of mountains. He wondered about home again and about his mother... wondered if she suspected anything... about his step-father. Wondered about Steven who had been mighty upset that an eighteen year old boy had gone off with Chris instead of going to summer school like he had told Steve he would do to make up for several subjects he had not passed. He supposed he'd be in for it when he got back. That is if he ever got back. But Steve liked Chris and he would forgive him...

The road by which the youths had been walking steadily was turning now because of the ruin of an adobe house. It was windowless, roofless and the limply standing walls were resting on insecure foundations. At one side was a lean-to which threatened to collapse any minute, but the beams overhead, covered with patches of tin, weeds, mixed with a variety of desert objects, gave a patch of shade. To one side were five giant cactuses—beautiful, green, and living. The only living things in this world of desolation besides themselves.

Young Chris stood and stared uncertainly down the road. A lullaby sound of distant winds floated with the dust in the heavy air. The muted sounds were like those that filter through to a sickroom during a placid convalescent doze, pleasanter than the exercises of recovery for which one pretends to be eager. The enchantment cradled him... "Look, Ray, our summer home. Shall we have a bit of a snooze in the master bedroom or do you want to take a swim in the pool before? We might just as well, there's no one coming to dine this evening, is there? No cars coming up the drive... Come on. Last one in has to do the dishes." He thrust out a hand to Ray, then cried again, "Come on."

Ray took the hand offered him and together they ran over the sand which sucked greedily at their feet, and stumbled across the road to the uneven sand floor of the lean-to. It felt good under the shade and they were surprised how much cooler it was. Ray offered Chris the small canteen. He took a drink of the warm water, smacked his lips, and returned it to Ray. Chris then stretched his long legs and shifted uncomfortably to make the sand contour to his form. Ray sat down and shook his shirt trying to free it from the sand collected upon it. He wiped his face, took out a comb and combed his hair. He looked at Chris stretched out on the sand. Legs wide and gladiator's arms spread as though they were nailed to the sand. His open shirt looked like a muddy wave breaking on the honey-colored arch of his chest, and Ray's eyes lingered there on the muscles of his throat that

emphasized by their strength the softness of the shadows toward the shoulder. Of the face he could see only one cheek; the hair lay snarled with bits of sand. A tangle of melted bronze rolled over his forehead lacing a Greek key of shadows there. On his temple, a heavy vein swollen by the heat pumped the bright blood into his cheek and charged this dark God with an arrogant and sullen look of a rebellious arch-angel, with a voluptuousness more violent than the arrogance of his features when he was standing in the sunlight.

Ray went back over their whole life together—the life that excludes parents and teachers, and deliberately applied himself to remembering nothing but the hours when they were together. He remembered the many times they had gone swimming. What days those were! He tanned slower than Chris, but after weeks of lying in the sun they were both so dark that people would turn to stare at them as they walked through town for both had the beauty which fresh air and a country life lavished on them—the blood high under the tan of their cheeks and their young bodies so magnificent they looked like the jewels of the earth.

Already Ray loved Chris secretly. Sometimes it became unbearable and Ray would run in the water and swim until he was breathless. Chris would always follow and the fury of feeling indispensable to each other gave this enchantment the colors of a rivalry. Each had talked of running away, without saying a word, but when one would abruptly decide that the day of his independence had come, the other, inspired by an ungovernable impulse, would find the gesture that enslaved, like saying a word that hovered on the verge of love. That evening he had told Chris he was ready to go with him, he remembered Chris' voice, confident but low like that of a boy whose heart is beating too fast, assuring him... "We'll have a ball, and don't you worry, Ray... I know my way around..."

Now, Chris turned and looked at him, and grinned. He unbuttoned his shirt, took it off and wadded it under his head. He unbuttoned his pants and breathed deep. His brilliant body insulted the ripeness of the most beautiful hot-house fruits. He stretched again on the warm sand and Ray saw that he was examining him between his lashes. His expression was so strange that Ray suddenly felt he had never been so naked, even though they had seen each other's naked bodies when dressing and undressing in front of each other down at the river; even without anything on when they had been swimming raw. It was only modesty that had checked Ray's glances as they dried off and pulled on their mantle of civilization. But Ray had not missed the moment when Chris' body was naked in front of him. There was always something new to discover—his round hips, the curve of his shoulder, his rounded buttocks, his powerful hands; and in the moment of abandon, when he stretched with his towel in his massive



arms and his shorts at his big feet, the perfect form of this bronze statue to which warm blood gave life.

Ray sat motionless. The blood tingled in his legs, loins, and in his arms, and the impulse to lay his head against the other, to put his arms around him, lay heavy within him. Chris, Chris, his soul's voice was deep within his throat... Oh Chris, should I tell you I love you... should I kiss those beautiful lips and taste the nectar of the Gods within them...

Life to Ray was meaningless without Chris... as empty as the desert that belongs neither to death nor to existence. Unable to endure this agony any longer, Ray pulled up a stiff sprig that was the color of the sand. He held it in his hand for a moment, put it to his mouth, looked at Chris' now closed eyes. He ran the sprig very lightly over Chris' cheek. Chris opened his eyes slightly, smiled, stretched his hands toward Ray and pulled him down close to his side and embraced him with all his strength. A sulky pout distorted his lips, making them look very large. Ray smiled and tried to pull away, saying, "I'm sorry I woke you up."

The arm around him did not leave and the warmth and odor of the chest under him left him weak as an adolescent who had been dreaming. Ray picked up the twig he had dropped when Chris had embraced him and held it as if for protection. They stared at each other in silence, breathing short, the blood beating in their temples, in their arms, in their loins. The sun painted Chris' face gold, enlarging his eyelids where the lashes had no shadows under them now, powdering his rumpled hair, lining his ear with a transparent pink, and stringing beads of sweat around his neck that was tipped back like a victim's. Ray was so close to that beautiful mouth he had only a second to spy on his abandonment. It was a moment of wild combat of self against self, a moment of delight and torture. Chris stared at Ray, his jaw slack and the look in his eyes conquering Ray's flesh and and blood.

All of that face that he loved was beneath him and from those parted lips the warm obstacle of his breath became a part of his own as he bent over even more and kissed those two wanted lips.

Many times they lost their breath, and caught it again by breathing the same air without moving apart. Never was Ray's heart more immortal, and never did joy seem so close to pain. He kissed Chris' face so much it seemed to be made of thousands of mouths. He was a new boy; the past no longer existed. Their friendship stripped off the mask, and slowly, on their true faces, love laid its hand and pierced their eyes. He dared not move now, clumsy and feverishly he stayed there, one mouth glued to the other's lips. How long he did not know but it seemed hours and when he could endure no more, he felt Chris' tongue seeking his again. He gave in willingly and in the fever of their first desire he rolled over beside him. Chris'

strong arms were around him and his face was over him. They discovered each other's palate with all the amazement of children in a mysterious house. Chris kissed his eyes and cheeks, but came back to his mouth as if that was the only place where he could pay homage. His saliva was cool as water, but his kisses made it burning. No words were spoken—only their eyes declared their admiration for each other. Everything was the same, everything different. The hot day was no longer a day of sweating in a desert, but the first day of the world. A curtain dropped around them, and yet they were free to run as in the past. Chris' cheek was warm and he touched it with his hand, his palm caressing its curves and the severe lines which, despite a voluptuous dimple almost at the bottom, already outlined his virile face.

Again their mouths met and Chris' body was a wanted weight upon him. He closed his eyes as the warmth licked his ear with a sweetness that dissolved Ray's courage. He closed his eyes and within him the whole landscape reflected the rushing of boiling waters and unreal trees which uncoiled stiff, large branches against him. He was no longer lying on the sand, there was no ceiling over him, no living cactus, no sand. Only this boy smelling of ripe fruit was alive, the bronze naked chest against his open shirt, the tight pants burning his thighs, his loins—the spread fingers that gently squeezed his face—the warm lips that met his again and again...

Chris heard a whine like a million bees descending upon them and all at once there was no security. No protective wall to hide them from the oncoming deluge. He leaped up, for down the road coming toward them very fast was a dark, whining object.

"Here comes a car," Chris said eagerly. He looked down at Ray, still half-lying on the sand, bent down and caught his head in his hands and hurriedly kissed the swollen lips... "let's go flag it."

He pulled Ray up to his feet and leaped out of the lean-to. In front of him a lizard imitated a stone. Chris kicked at it, crying, "Run, you little bastard, run like hell, go tell your mother it's because I feel so good that you can run tomorrow..."

Ray followed him to the road. The sun, drowning the horizon's curve in a dim mist, had slipped down the golden sky. Ray looked back at the lean-to for a second. He looked at Chris and back down the road. He hated the dark object coming rapidly toward them. He hated the road which made this possible. Again, he looked back to the lean-to. The most beautiful day of his life had ended, but his heart was still beating fast in anticipation. He bit his lip as he looked back at his palace, at the imprint in the sand...

He looked at the ghosts of two boys at their first lover's meeting.



arms and his shorts at his big feet, the perfect form of this bronze statue to which warm blood gave life.

Ray sat motionless. The blood tingled in his legs, loins, and in his arms, and the impulse to lay his head against the other, to put his arms around him, lay heavy within him. Chris, Chris, his soul's voice was deep within his throat... Oh Chris, should I tell you I love you... should I kiss those beautiful lips and taste the nectar of the Gods within them...

Life to Ray was meaningless without Chris... as empty as the desert that belongs neither to death nor to existence. Unable to endure this agony any longer, Ray pulled up a stiff sprig that was the color of the sand. He held it in his hand for a moment, put it to his mouth, looked at Chris' now closed eyes. He ran the sprig very lightly over Chris' cheek. Chris opened his eyes slightly, smiled, stretched his hands toward Ray and pulled him down close to his side and embraced him with all his strength. A sulky pout distorted his lips, making them look very large. Ray smiled and tried to pull away, saying, "I'm sorry I woke you up."

The arm around him did not leave and the warmth and odor of the chest under him left him weak as an adolescent who had been dreaming. Ray picked up the twig he had dropped when Chris had embraced him and held it as if for protection. They stared at each other in silence, breathing short, the blood beating in their temples, in their arms, in their loins. The sun painted Chris' face gold, enlarging his eyelids where the lashes had no shadows under them now, powdering his rumpled hair, lining his ear with a transparent pink, and stringing beads of sweat around his neck that was tipped back like a victim's. Ray was so close to that beautiful mouth he had only a second to spy on his abandonment. It was a moment of wild combat of self against self, a moment of delight and torture. Chris stared at Ray, his jaw slack and the look in his eyes conquering Ray's flesh and and blood.

All of that face that he loved was beneath him and from those parted lips the warm obstacle of his breath became a part of his own as he bent over even more and kissed those two wanted lips.

Many times they lost their breath, and caught it again by breathing the same air without moving apart. Never was Ray's heart more immortal, and never did joy seem so close to pain. He kissed Chris' face so much it seemed to be made of thousands of mouths. He was a new boy, the past no longer existed. Their friendship stripped off the mask, and slowly, on their true faces, love laid its hand and pierced their eyes. He dared not move now, clumsy and feverishly he stayed there, one mouth glued to the other's lips. How long he did not know but it seemed hours and when he could endure no more, he felt Chris' tongue seeking his again. He gave in willingly and in the fever of their first desire he rolled over beside him. Chris'

strong arms were around him and his face was over him. They discovered each other's palate with all the amazement of children in a mysterious house. Chris kissed his eyes and cheeks, but came back to his mouth as if that was the only place where he could pay homage. His saliva was cool as water, but his kisses made it burning. No words were spoken—only their eyes declared their admiration for each other. Everything was the same, everything different. The hot day was no longer a day of sweating in a desert, but the first day of the world. A curtain dropped around them, and yet they were free to run as in the past. Chris' cheek was warm and he touched it with his hand, his palm caressing its curves and the severe lines which, despite a voluptuous dimple almost at the bottom, already outlined his virile face.

Again their mouths met and Chris' body was a wanted weight upon him. He closed his eyes as the warmth licked his ear with a sweetness that dissolved Ray's courage. He closed his eyes and within him the whole landscape reflected the rushing of boiling waters and unreal trees which uncoiled stiff, large branches against him. He was no longer lying on the sand, there was no ceiling over him, no living cactus, no sand. Only this boy smelling of ripe fruit was alive, the bronze naked chest against his open shirt, the tight pants burning his thighs, his loins—the spread fingers that gently squeezed his face—the warm lips that met his again and again...

Chris heard a whine like a million bees descending upon them and all at once there was no security. No protective wall to hide them from the oncoming deluge. He leaped up, for down the road coming toward them very fast was a dark, whining object.

"Here comes a car," Chris said eagerly. He looked down at Ray, still half-lying on the sand, bent down and caught his head in his hands and hurriedly kissed the swollen lips... "let's go flag it."

He pulled Ray up to his feet and leaped out of the lean-to. In front of him a lizard imitated a stone. Chris kicked at it, crying, "Run, you little bastard, run like hell, go tell your mother it's because I feel so good that you can run tomorrow..."

Ray followed him to the road. The sun, drowning the horizon's curve in a dim mist, had slipped down the golden sky. Ray looked back at the lean-to for a second. He looked at Chris and back down the road. He hated the dark object coming rapidly toward them. He hated the road which made this possible. Again, he looked back to the lean-to. The most beautiful day of his life had ended, but his heart was still beating fast in anticipation. He bit his lip as he looked back at his palace, at the imprint in the sand...

He looked at the ghosts of two boys at their first lover's meeting.

# LITERARY scene

An informal column of reviews of fiction and non-fiction books on themes of sex variation

GENE DAMON

AS I POINTED OUT IN AN EARLIER ARTICLE in the *Mattachine REVIEW*, the short story reader is a rare bird. The many theories on the cause of this are not germane here.

However, some of the most artistic literature is in the short story form. Here are some of the better and more interesting lesbian stories listed in the hope that readers will enjoy discovering them and reading them.

I will not repeat the well known stories listed by Jeannette H. Foster in *Sex Variant Women in Literature*, nor duplicate the list of science fiction titles which are incorporated later in this column.

Poet Jean Garrigue wrote an intense study of an evil dominating mother destroying the lesbian-oriented happiness of her daughter in "The Other One" (*Cross Section*, 1947).

Adolescence, the forever target of all memories, is captured, pinned to a board, and served up in pathos and tears in "The Blackberry Wilderness," by Sylvia Berkman (in *The Blackberry Wilderness*, 1959).

Djuna Barnes, famous for her novel, *Nightwood*, did an early study of a pathetic lesbian in "Dusie" (*Americana Esoterica*, 1927). It is almost unnecessary to add that it is beautifully written.

Calder Willingham, young man of mixed talents, contributed a bitter but telling story of a lesbian waiting for her girlfriend in "The Sum of Two Angles" (*The Gates of Hell*, 1951).

An unknown, but very talented author, Anna Kavan, had a brief unusual literary career in the late 1940's. Her stories are all centered around insanity and life in an insane asylum. In "Asylum Piece No. 8" (*Asylum Pieces*, 1946), she describes the growing dominating and protecting influence of an older woman inmate on a young girl, also an inmate. It could be considered a horror story, but it carries conviction and is well handled.

The brief candle of life for the prostitute, "Gitanette" (*Mitsou and Music Hall Sidelights*, 1958), is another woman. Author—the famous Colette. No one needs add anything to that name as recommendation. Her short novel, "Bella Vista" (*Tender Shoot*, 1958) is an exceedingly clever use of suspected lesbianism. The theme use is so important in "Bella Vista" that it belongs in every complete collection.

Wambly Bald, one of the lesser literary lights of the expatriate 30's, clinically and savagely (disguising all tenderness) covered the Paris gay scene in "Dreary" (*Americans Abroad*, 1932). This is a misleading title, since the story is far from "dreary" and so is the writing.

The shadowy world of another bohemia—a little newer, a little more tinsel—is covered in "The Headless Hawk," by Truman Capote (1947). Since this is a more minor study than most in this group, I should explain that it is included for quality and because of the author who must be considered an important contributor to gay fiction in general.

A real camp, all sexes, in all sizes and types can be found in Louise King's hilarious "The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies" (*New World Writing* No. 17, 1960). Comedy that is not satire is infrequent in homosexual literature. This story is one of the rare examples of a funny gay story.

Subtle Angus Wilson, well known for his male homosexual portraits both in novels and short stories, touched on lesbianism in the stories, "More Friend Than Lodger" and "Once a Lady" (1957).

"Something Jolly," by Dorothy McCleary (1948), a prize winning short story, foreshadows the same plot used by William Carlos Williams in his much more famous lesbian short story, "The Knife of the Times."

Adolescent narcissism, with strong variant overtones, is the theme of Kay Boyle's "Your Body Is a Jewel Box" (1936). This is another of the debatable titles, but collectors will want this much on the same grounds as the story by Truman Capote.

Phyllis Bottome, good solid English novelist and short story writer, wrote one of the nearly perfect lesbian stories in the "French" manner in

**DORIAN BOOK QUARTERLY.**  
Published in January, April, July, and October. Subscription \$2 per year (\$5 for 3 years), mailed sealed to any address. Published by PAN-GRAPHIC PRESS, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, California. Telephone: EX 7-0773

Write  
for  
Free  
Sample  
Copy



Primarily concerned with censorship and the right to read books relating to socio-sexual themes, particularly fiction and non-fiction works on homosexuality and sex-variation topics.

**Dorian  
BOOK  
QUARTERLY**

"Drole de Gens" (*Walls of Glass*, 1958,59). It is in sharp contrast to her clinical and tragic lesbian novel, *Jane*.

The lesbian as villainess of the worst order is a not uncommon theme. In the hands of Joan Vatssek in her story, "The Balcony" (*Butcher's Dozen of Wicked Women*, 1960), the villainess takes on new dimensions. Unsympathetic but excellent.

A very romantic, very tragic story of a triangle, handled entirely without the sexual preoccupations ordinarily found in such stories, can be read in "Bliss," by the much honored Katherine Mansfield. This particular much anthologized story is a hotly debated item since many do not consider it relevant. Personally, I consider it a very major treatment.

Paul Morand, another of the lesser lights of the 30's and earlier, handled the subject in an unusual manner. A dinner party for two is the theme of "New Friends" (1927), but it is a different sort of pair, consisting of the male and female suitors of the same woman.

The lesbian as seductress of the young is also an overworked theme. Paul Eldridge handles it with objectivity and just a touch of humor in "Virgins" (1946).

One item for the literary "headshrinker" type of reader is William Goyen's esoteric "The Letter in the Cedarchest" (1952). As beauty is traditionally in the eye of the beholder, the interpretation of this story is up to the reader.

Several excellent stories have appeared in very recent years: Maude Hutchins' study of a tormented spinster in "Tonight My Love Is Coming" (*The Elevator*, 1962); the overly intense but promising "Sing Sad Slow Songs" (*Two Cities*, Summer, 1961); and Albert Waller's portrait of a lesbian as heroine in "Always a Gathering" (*Stories for the Sixties*, Bantam, 1963).

## 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.

One of the forever new and forever entrancing themes is that of the aching love of a young, young girl for an older woman, where the child is entirely the protagonist. The loveliest example of this theme in many, many years is Helen Essary Ansell's story, "The Threesome" (*Best College Writing*, 1961 (1962 Publication) and *Prize Stories*, 1963, the O'Henry Awards).

Many of these stories appear in several collections. The sources for the earlier items can be found in the *Short Story Index* in your local library. The newer titles will be, for the most part, easily available. Where the titles are rarer, too new for listings, or in paperback original collections, I have indicated the publisher and collection to assist in locating them.

We can only speculate on the intentions of the writers in the science fiction genre; but there is an apparent sympathetic approach to science fiction portraits of homosexuality.

For years there has been a gradual relaxation in the taboo against the presentation of female homosexuality in almost any sexual light. This is not yet wholly true of the male despite Genet and Rechy and Baldwin. Surely there aren't over 15 romantic treatments of the male homosexual in the last 25 years of American fiction. Yet in science fiction (a much smaller body of work in general) there are several excellent treatments. Possibly some of this is due to the other worlds idea which implies that "what I'm saying is somewhere else and in another time and therefore I can say anything." This, of course, doesn't affect reader enjoyment at all and we are often treated to good propaganda in a genre already a favorite for its relaxed and easy reading. (This propaganda is often oblique, and thus even more important.)

Edward Hamilton Waldo, known to the science fiction buff as Theodore Sturgeon, has contributed several different approaches to the subject. The bizarre story, "Affair With a Green Monkey" (in *A Touch of Strange*, Doubleday, 1959), concerns a man reputed to be a homosexual (and mistreated for this reason) who has an abortive love affair with a woman. Finally the reader realizes that the thing that prevents the consummation of the affair is not homosexuality but the man's enormous physical structure. Subtly, Sturgeon injects the story with strong general anti-prejudice propaganda.

In *Venus Plus X* (Pyramid PBO, 1960, 1962), he again "beats the drum" for homosexuals; indeed for any sexually different person.

His most remarkable contributions, however, are a pair of stories in the collection entitled *E Pluribus Unicorn* (Abelard, 1953; also Ballantine). One story, "The Sex Opposite," concerns a fey creature who is a masculine personality with men and women or a feminine personality with both sexes—but equally in all accounts attractive to all. The other story is a



beautiful love story, "The World Well Lost," and the plot is so charming that I will not comment on it. It covers the gamut of romantic emotion between men, and if Edward Carpenter had lived today and written fantasy or science fiction, he might have done something like this.

Male homosexuality in science fiction is not necessarily a new addition; except in the sense that sex of any kind was rare in the field until a few years ago. There are, however, a few old examples. One of the most explicit though minor of the older titles is *Odd Jobn* by Olaf Stapledon (Dutton, 1936, *Viking Science Fiction Portable*, Viking, 1954 and Beacon, 1959).

Many of the stories and novels of Marion Zimmer Bradley in this field have been touched with both male and female homosexuality. The pair of novels, *The Planet Savers* and *The Sword of Aldones*, published in the same volume (Ace Double Novels, 1962) both contain minor male and female portraits and attachments, including an alter ego who is heterosexual in one personality and homosexual in the other. Her very recent novelette, "Another Rib" (with co-author John Jay Wells in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, June, 1963) is the male homosexual solution to a world entirely without women. They even solve the problem of perpetuation of the race.

Judith Merrill's *The Tomorrow People* (Pyramid, 1960, 1962) includes the theory that whatever tomorrow brings, all of today's flora and fauna will still be around. This same idea is put forward in a more negative way by Isaac Asimov in this novel, *The Currents of Space* (Doubleday, 1952; also in *Triangle*, Doubleday, 1961). Among the leaders of a planet in another time and far away, is a very swishy type man.

Harry Brinton's *Purple Six* (Walker, 1962), a novel in the *On the Beach* group, features a homosexual in a highly sensitive government position. Unlike the trend to show them as traitors, or worse, too senseless to handle a difficult job, this man is shown in a quite heroic light. It is not overplayed and this lends conviction.

*World Without Men* by Charles Eric Maine (Ace Books, 1958), as the title implies, would have to be a wholly lesbian society. This is well written (*sui genre*) but it is based on the ridiculous premise that women in a peaceful and wholly lesbian society, would desperately attempt to create a male.

Walter M. Miller's novelette, "The Lineman" (*Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, August, 1957) concerns work-a-day life in an isolated outpost in another world. There is considerable homosexual content, more lesbian than male, but enough, particularly in the propaganda line, to make this well worth searching out second hand.

Amazingly, Day Keene's *World Without Women* (Fawcett Gold Medal, 1960) turns out to be a lesbian title, rather than a male homosexual title. It seems a few women are still alive after the death of most women. Hum-

orously, only a group of lesbians survive. It is a rather grisly tale, and one of the few in the science fiction group which bow to society and have a few strong men around in the last reel to show those girls a real time.

Fritz Leiber's fantasy novelette, "The Ship Sails at Midnight" (in *The Outer Reaches*, Pellegrini & Cudahy, 1951) is a very beautiful love story. It is as moving as Theodore Sturgeon's "The World Well Lost," but it is lesbian rather than male in emphasis. A strange woman, who is working in a bar frequented by a group of college students, becomes involved in all of their lives. The group is made up of three boys and one girl. The woman becomes all necessary things to each of the very different students and enriches all of their lives. When they discover her unspoken deception she vanishes on a mysterious ship (air ship).

The shortest story in recorded homosexual fiction is the single page "Nightmare in Green" by Frederic Brown (in *Nightmares and Geezenstacks*, Bantam, 1961). It might even be classed a horror story, but the kind of "horror" will produce more laughs than chills.

The oldest lesbian (or variant) novel in the science fiction field is *A World of Women* by John Davis Beresford (Macaulay, 1913). This depicts the world destroyed and all the males mysteriously dead. We have always had the "doomcasters." This one predates Phillip Wylie's *Disappearance* (Rinehart, 1951, Pocket Books, 1958) by a great many years, but has many similarities to the later book. Admittedly, the Wylie novel was more specific and included both male and female homosexuality.

John Wyndham sees humor in many things. In "Consider Her Ways," a novelette (in *Sometime, Never*, Ballantine, 1956, 1962 and in *Infinite Moment*, Ballantine, 1961), a world of women is almost a bee-hive colony but the strong variant undertones are all there. In his charming novel, *The Midwich Cuckoos* (Ballantine, 1957 and also as *Village of the Damned*, Ballantine, 1961), the town's lesbian pair nearly "divorce" when one becomes pregnant. Poor thing, it's all science fiction after all.

From a literary standpoint, the novel, *The White Widows* by Samuel Merwin, Jr. (Doubleday, 1953 and as *The Sex War*, Beacon Books, 1960), is very poor. However, it is an amusing story of a diabolical lesbian plot to take over the whole world from an all lesbian island. Needless to add, they lose the war.

Taken together, these writers (and others in the field) give us a better percentage break than the picture of homosexuality in any other specific area of literature.

In future columns I will mention other science fiction items with certain special features of interest.



beautiful love story, "The World Well Lost," and the plot is so charming that I will not comment on it. It covers the gamut of romantic emotion between men, and if Edward Carpenter had lived today and written fantasy or science fiction, he might have done something like this.

Male homosexuality in science fiction is not necessarily a new addition; except in the sense that sex of any kind was rare in the field until a few years ago. There are, however, a few old examples. One of the most explicit though minor of the older titles is *Odd Jobn* by Olaf Stapledon (Dutton, 1936, *Viking Science Fiction Portable*, Viking, 1954 and Beacon, 1959).

Many of the stories and novels of Marion Zimmer Bradley in this field have been touched with both male and female homosexuality. The pair of novels, *The Planet Savers* and *The Sword of Aldones*, published in the same volume (Ace Double Novels, 1962) both contain minor male and female portraits and attachments, including an alter ego who is heterosexual in one personality and homosexual in the other. Her very recent novelette, "Another Rib" (with co-author John Jay Wells in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, June, 1963) is the male homosexual solution to a world entirely without women. They even solve the problem of perpetuation of the race.

Judith Merrill's *The Tomorrow People* (Pyramid, 1960, 1962) includes the theory that whatever tomorrow brings, all of today's flora and fauna will still be around. This same idea is put forward in a more negative way by Isaac Asimov in this novel, *The Currents of Space* (Doubleday, 1952; also in *Triangle*, Doubleday, 1961). Among the leaders of a planet in another time and far away, is a very swishy type man.

Harry Brinton's *Purple Six* (Walker, 1962), a novel in the *On the Beach* group, features a homosexual in a highly sensitive government position. Unlike the trend to show them as traitors, or worse, too senseless to handle a difficult job, this man is shown in a quite heroic light. It is not overplayed and this lends conviction.

*World Without Men* by Charles Eric Maine (Ace Books, 1958), as the title implies, would have to be a wholly lesbian society. This is well written (*sui generis*) but it is based on the ridiculous premise that women in a peaceful and wholly lesbian society, would desperately attempt to create a male.

Walter M. Miller's novelette, "The Lineman" (*Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, August, 1957) concerns work-a-day life in an isolated outpost in another world. There is considerable homosexual content, more lesbian than male, but enough, particularly in the propaganda line, to make this well worth searching out second hand.

Amazingly, Day Keene's *World Without Women* (Fawcett Gold Medal, 1960) turns out to be a lesbian title, rather than a male homosexual title. It seems a few women are still alive after the death of most women. Hum-

orously, only a group of lesbians survive. It is a rather grisly tale, and one of the few in the science fiction group which bow to society and have a few strong men around in the last reel to show those girls a real time.

Fritz Leiber's fantasy novelette, "The Ship Sails at Midnight" (in *The Outer Reaches*, Pellegrini & Cudahy, 1951) is a very beautiful love story. It is as moving as Theodore Sturgeon's "The World Well Lost," but it is lesbian rather than male in emphasis. A strange woman, who is working in a bar frequented by a group of college students, becomes involved in all of their lives. The group is made up of three boys and one girl. The woman becomes all necessary things to each of the very different students and enriches all of their lives. When they discover her unspoken deception she vanishes on a mysterious ship (air ship).

The shortest story in recorded homosexual fiction is the single page "Nightmare in Green" by Frederic Brown (in *Nightmares and Geezenstacks*, Bantam, 1961). It might even be classed a horror story, but the kind of "horror" will produce more laughs than chills.

The oldest lesbian (or variant) novel in the science fiction field is *A World of Women* by John Davis Beresford (Macaulay, 1913). This depicts the world destroyed and all the males mysteriously dead. We have always had the "doomcasters." This one predates Phillip Wylie's *Disappearance* (Rinehart, 1951, Pocket Books, 1958) by a great many years, but has many similarities to the later book. Admittedly, the Wylie novel was more specific and included both male and female homosexuality.

John Wyndham sees humor in many things. In "Consider Her Ways," a novelette (in *Sometime, Never*, Ballantine, 1956, 1962 and in *Infinite Moment*, Ballantine, 1961), a world of women is almost a bee-hive colony but the strong variant undertones are all there. In his charming novel, *The Midwich Cuckoos* (Ballantine, 1957 and also as *Village of the Damned*, Ballantine, 1961), the town's lesbian pair nearly "divorce" when one becomes pregnant. Poor thing, it's all science fiction after all.

From a literary standpoint, the novel, *The White Widows* by Samuel Merwin, Jr. (Doubleday, 1953 and as *The Sex War*, Beacon Books, 1960), is very poor. However, it is an amusing story of a diabolical lesbian plot to take over the whole world from an all lesbian island. Needless to add, they lose the war.

Taken together, these writers (and others in the field) give us a better percentage break than the picture of homosexuality in any other specific area of literature.

In future columns I will mention other science fiction items with certain special features of interest.

# BOOKS *in review*

## THAT OLD-FASHIONED LOOK

**VIOLATION OF TABOO**, *Incest in the Great Literature of the Past and Present*. Edited by Donald Webster Cory & R. E. L. Masters, The Julian Press, New York, 1963. 422 pp., \$7.50. Reviewed by Jack Parrish.

Well, there are a few pleasant experiences left in the world! At first glance this looked like the same old story: a publishing firm seeking to increase its circulation brings out an anthology of short stories all dealing with the same provocative sexual theme. The title is as salacious as is possible and a would-be "scientific" introduction, in its own way far more immoral than any of the contents, tries to prove that the contents are essentially an invaluable addition to human knowledge about a little-explored subject. Hence the reader is free to enjoy himself with the knowledge that he's not being indecent, he's being enlightened thus satisfying both the demands of his libido and his conscience.

Since in the case of this anthology, however, the editors are both Donald Webster Cory and R. E. L. Masters for once we have the real thing rather than the would-be titillating fraud. As is pointed out by them in their introduction, incest taboos are world-wide but the definition of what constitutes incest varies considerably from society to society. Thus among some American Indian tribes it was forbidden to marry a girl from your mother's clan and at some periods in medieval Europe even sixth cousins were forbidden to marry. In Bali, conversely, twin brother-sister marriages were allowed, on the grounds that the twins must have been intimate in the womb.

In many cases the taboos seem to be of relatively recent origin. The daughters of Lot tricked him into cohabiting with them to insure the continuance of the human species, but later Judaism firmly laid down incest as one of the three prohibitions binding up Jews at all times no matter what the danger from persecutors (the other two being, of course, idolatry and murder). The story of Oedipus and Jocasta as told by Homer is purely a narration of fact; the later version by Sophocles from which Freud drew so heavily stresses the essential sinfulness of the incidents and its consequent results.

Time and place also produce different attitudes. The French clergy of the Middle Ages were upon occasion so extreme in their behavior as to necessitate a decree in 1208 that sisters and mothers were forbidden to share dwellings with their clergymen-brothers and sons. During the Renaissance, however, the subject was usually treated lightly and sometimes even humorously in the contemporary literature.

At the present date conditioning against the subject seems to go so deeply as to distort the opinions of even supposedly scientific and unbiased writers. Thus we are continually informed that incest is undesirable on "genetic" grounds when actually inbreeding is only detrimental to the stock when it already possesses undesirable traits. There is considerable evidence to show that incest is far more frequent than is generally realized, particularly between father and daughter, in our times yet most material on the subject speaks of it in the past tense as something known only to our forefathers.

The same avoidance of contemporary reality exists in the world of literature. As is shown by Cory and Masters, many illustrious writers of our age have dealt with the subject, among them being Melville, Maughn, Thomas Mann and others. Yet when the published works for any one year or period are examined, those dealing with incest are virtually nil. Apparently we aren't as free from inhibitions as we like to believe.

The stories in the present volume are from all periods, among them being Sophocles' play *Oedipus the King*, the Elizabethan play *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* by Ford, which contains one of the frankest expositions of the subject ever written in English, Maughan's "The Book Bag," a tale by Marguerite of Navarre and an abridged version of Leonhard Frank's *Brother and Sister*. On the whole it is remarkably complete, only lacking Idris Seabright's science-fiction story in which the heroine, a Southern hill girl living on Mars, comments, "Paw had that old-fashioned look in his eyes that meant incest."

An interesting fact pointed out by Cory and Masters is that incestuous homosexual contacts do not seem to shock as much as heterosexual ones, presumably because the factor of offspring does not enter into them.

# 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: In your January, 1963 issue a Mr. J.K. of Illinois (Readers Write) was lamenting the small amount of fiction appearing in the *Mattachine REVIEW*, and suggesting that you encourage more such submissions from your readers. Your answer to him pleased me greatly. You said, "Such material is solicited... and is frequently published. But sometimes it's best to hold out for quality."

Bless you a thousand fold for this attitude. Because of it you immediately outrank America's other leading homosexual publication, *One, Inc.*, to the point of no comparison whatever. I cannot recall having read any fiction in your pages that was not very well done, and frequently altogether excellent. *One, Inc.*, on the other hand, has consistently appalled and embarrassed me with its incredibly amateurish short stories, and its nonsensical glooping together of words which it calls poetry.

I myself have been a writer by profession for a number of years now and so feel myself in some way qualified to speak.

I am sick to the death of bar stories, sailor stories, beach stories, and in general merely one account after the other of 'how Jim put the make on Dan.' One of the great failings of the American gay short story is this stifling, worn-to-a-frazzle formula. The only progress I have seen in many years is the avoidance of the suicide ending.

Two things are desperately needed. One, a little craftsmanship. There is too much straight reporting of what happened, with no literary quality whatever. Secondly, it is a commonly recognized fact that to be able to laugh at one's self is a sign of maturity. Genuine hu-

mour in the gay story is almost nil, and lamentably so for obvious reasons.

With a desire to improve the status quo, I am submitting to you the enclosed manuscript, "Good Old George." No, I am not a great roaring egotist; you may still have to hold out for quality.

With deep admiration and appreciation for the quality of your work, I remain / Yours faithfully / Marsh Haris

EDITORS' REPLY: We enjoyed "Good Old George" immensely, and are passing it on to our readers in the next issue. Send us some more!

REVIEW EDITOR: I would greatly appreciate it if you would mail to me at a very early opportunity five copies of the June issue of *Mattachine REVIEW*. ...I need them for distribution to various destinations, mostly in New York City—e.g., for one clinic I am connected with, and a few individuals... I had intended to write you simultaneously to express my particular appreciation for your effort and achievements in this June issue. But this would merely delay the posting of this letter, which should reach your office sooner in order to make the filling of the order still feasible.

Thus, I hope you won't mind if I try to write you more fully at my earliest opportunity.—J.M., M.D., New York City

REVIEW EDITOR: Many people have told me they have heard of Mattachine, but not one of them want to help. I don't understand this even with the fear, shame and guilt. Common sense tells us only through organization can we succeed in any mission we take in our cause. There is a way to succeed if only they would try. We need schools to teach

most gay people how to act, do and adjust. We need lecture halls, clinics and clubs. We need money for money is power. Power will get us across to the people. First of all we need gifted people like you to lead the way. That's my idea for now. My regards to you all there and the best of health to you.—Mr. C.G., New York

REVIEW EDITOR: Have heard recently of your society and its interests and I would appreciate very much your informing me of membership etc. Should you have any brochures etc. I would appreciate receiving these in the enclosed self-addressed and stamped envelope. It would be appreciated also if you do not mark any return address on the envelope. You will realize that this request comes from Canada and all mail is passed through customs department before being passed on to ourselves. There is a reason for my request and I would appreciate your honoring same. Do you have any person in the Seattle area I could contact regarding your society or is this information listed in your brochures. I am enclosing one dollar American bill to cover any costs involved. Thank you.—Mr. G.C., B.C.

REVIEW EDITOR: I received *Directory 63* and among the magazines I saw your name. I wanted for such a long time to read such a magazine. I am enclosing \$1.00 and would appreciate very much to receive a copy of your publication and information. Hoping to read yours very soon, I thank you in advance for your kind attention.—Mr. E.L., Quebec.

REVIEW EDITOR: I read about the Mattachine Society in the March 1963 issue of *Harper's* and am interested in learning more about it.—Mr. G.W., D.C.

REVIEW EDITOR: Some time ago I saw the *REVIEW* mentioned in *The Sixth Man* and after hunting around got a copy of *Directory 84* and found the address. I enclose a money order for \$1.00—.75 for a sample copy as mentioned in the directory and a quarter to cover air mail postage. The author of *The Sixth Man* mentioned, I think, a branch in Boston. Whether I could get courage to walk in to a meeting I don't know but it would be good to know there is a group there. Perhaps it would be a relief to sit in on a meeting and not feel like walking on a wobbly plank a hundred feet in the air where a misstep means a quick tumble down. Thanks.—Mr. C.H., N.H.

The *REVIEW* is grateful for newspaper clippings and press cuttings received from all over the U.S. and England, sent in by subscribers regularly. These items help immeasurably in keeping the magazine abreast with what is going on in English speaking countries.

All readers are invited to join in this service of providing clippings of newspaper items in the sex sphere for use in future issues of the magazine. Please be sure the publication, city and date are included with each clipping submitted.



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

Los Angeles Mattachine Society, Inc., 806 South Robertson, Los Angeles 35, California. OL2-2282.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 1232 Market St., San Francisco 2, Calif., UN3-8196.

One, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California, RE3-5252.

Mattachine Society of New York, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y., WA4-7743.

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

Janus Society, 34 South 17th Street, Room 229, Philadelphia 3, Penna.

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

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

League for Civil Education, Inc., 226 Embarcadero, San Francisco, Calif., SU1-8361.



\$1.95

LIVING DANGEROUSLY IN FREEDOM is the theme of this book, while the coined word concept, **CASTRAMETATION**, is the process. In these pages, Wallace de Ortega Maxey shares with readers an existentialist approach to constructive rebellion and individuality in a culture loaded with pressures to make men conform into a mass of automatons.

For those willing to develop consciousness in creative expression, the self-satisfied world of individual mediocrity and the all-powerful church-state can be swept away, and in its place can come solutions to all of our pressing social problems which are centered about human freedom:

Integration v. Segregation; A Free Press v. Censorship; Birth Control v. Population Bomb; Freedom of Assembly v. Police State; Right of Privacy v. Wire Tapping, and Continued Separation of Church and State.

So much better than the "neurotic world of make-believe," in which so many of us lack any sense of self-expression, is the creative time-space world of existence. We must cease listening to promises and myths that are not manifest in truth and reality; we must cast out the concepts of dimension and materialism and permit free development of the infinite capacity of the



human mind. Fears must be shattered; tensions must be turned into strength; change must be welcomed!

By the author of *Man Is a Sexual Being*, this new book gives a clear insight into the sexual nature of man, answers questions about what is "normal," and explodes the myths of the anti-sexual mores. It attacks the psycho-dictatorship of "individualized love-desire," and recommends a new code of behavior, morals and ethics which will provide a guidepost for an enlightened society.

Material in the book was delivered as a lecture before the Mattachine Society in May, 1963 at San Francisco. Thus the book is first in the Mattachine Society's series of "Lectures in Contemporary Thought."

*Dorian*  
**BOOK SERVICE**

693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.