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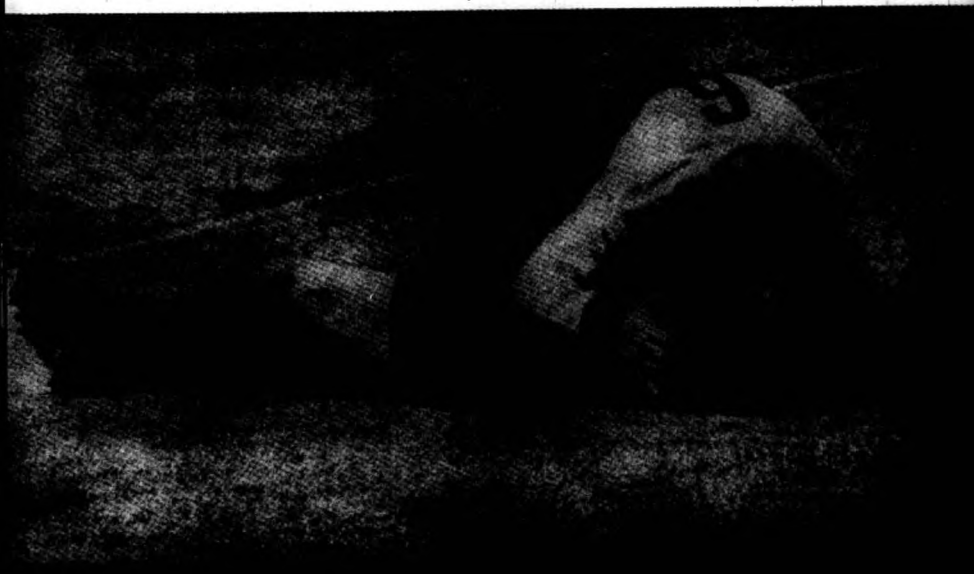
OCTOBER 1963

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

Mattachine Trends

TODAY'S PROBLEMS & TOMORROW'S OUTLOOK

WESTERN VERSION OF "THOUGHT REFORM"
TO "CURE" DEVIATES



\$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.



REVIEW

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Calling Shots

Washington Mattachine President Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, in his prepared statement to the Committee on the District of Columbia (see *Mattachine REVIEW*, Aug. & Sept. 1963), made some interesting observations. To Congressman Dowdy's hackneyed allegations in the *Congressional Record* that the acts of homosexuals are "banned by the laws of God, the laws of nature, and are in violation of the laws of man," Dr. Kameny replied:

"There is much difference of opinion in regard to the laws of God. I need only refer to the recent report published by an English Quaker group, indicating that in their view homosexual practices are not in violation of the laws of God."

"Canon D. A. Rhymes of the Church of England recently said: 'Much of the prejudice against homosexuality is on the ground that it is unnatural—but unnatural for whom? Certainly not for the homosexual himself.' Let it not be forgotten that the homosexual was created and formed by God and Nature."

"In addition, I will point out, just in passing, that the eating of cooked food, the wearing of clothes, and

the meeting of this Committee in a cooled room on a hot summer day can all be considered to be in violation of the laws of nature.

"In regard to the laws of man, it should be noted that among major countries in the entire world, homosexual acts are illegal only in Russia, England, and the United States. In the United States, the State of Illinois has recently removed such acts from its list of criminal offenses.

"If it is objected that homosexual acts are against the laws of man in the District of Columbia, then we say that this Committee makes the laws of man in the District of Columbia and the remedy for the situation lies with this Committee. Change the law and make the acts legal. We take this opportunity formally to recommend to this Committee that Section 22-3502 of the District Code be repealed."

In Mr. Dowdy's haste to pass his own judgment on homosexuals, he had included in his bill not only a bill of attainder (strictly unconstitutional) against the Mattachine Society of Washington, but language so inclusive as to withdraw the licenses of such organizations as the American Cancer Society, the Cerebral Palsy Institute, the Muscular Dystrophy Association of America, and a host of others.

Actually, Mr. Dowdy seemed to be using government channels to give vent to a deeply felt personal bias.

Maybe he was acting compulsively.



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COVER: "NO NEED FOR WORDS" was the caption used by a British sportmen's magazine when it ran the photograph which appears on the front of the REVIEW. The caption continued, "Goalkeeper Ghezzi (on his back) and Trapattoni, of Milan, during the European Cup Final with Benfica." Lest we show ignorance of the sport (is it soccer?) we shall refrain from comment—the photo speaks for itself.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

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Mattachine Trends

TODAY'S PROBLEMS & TOMORROW'S OUTLOOK

WITH 479 PAID SUBSCRIBING AND SUPPORTING MEMBERS IN 43 states, with an annual income that is exceeding \$17,000 per year, with a magazine now in the last half of its 9th year, distributing almost 2200 copies each month, and with a series of ten annual conferences and hundreds of public discussion forums to its credit, the fact is that Mattachine Society, Inc., is truly an idea in action that is making a mark upon the modern social scene.

These visible mileposts which indicate some maturity and growth are also indicative of need and value. Further proof of this is seen in the fact that about 200 persons per month contact the Mattachine Society for some

form of help—by mail, telephone, or in person. And to the greatest possible extent, considering limited staff, time and resources, they are getting it.

To the member, pledgee, subscriber, or interested friend at a distance, these statements carry some impact that Mattachine surely must have "arrived." But this is telling only a part of the story and in many respects it is regrettable that we are still unable to tell the other side of the situation to an audience much greater than the people who have, for the most part, made the Mattachine accomplishment possible.

The other side of the story, as our friends have long known, is the persistent problem of obtaining adequate financial support to make the ever more demanding pressure for service possible. A poverty that continues without letup is choking the very life of the organization, with the effect becoming more pronounced every day. The problems and the expenses strike down the valiant and courageous efforts of the Society's leadership so that instead of seeing how accomplishments *can* be made, the almost constant threat is that they *cannot*.

In short, at this cogent time when the Society's activities should be *expanding*, we are obliged to utilize all available resources merely to *maintain a status quo*.

On the horizon are brighter prospects for significant accomplishment in many areas which need attention and which have never been touched. But unless a way to underwrite the cost which these projects will require is found, then only limited accomplishment, if any, will be possible.

Here are some items of concern and consideration:

1. REVISION OF THE CALIFORNIA PENAL CODE. At the 1960 Mattachine Conference, two California Assemblymen, A. Phillip Burton and John O'Connell, were speakers. Mr. O'Connell, then chairman of the legislature's committee on the judiciary, saw and described the need for a complete revision of the state's penal code, not only in the field of sex laws, but *en toto*. He called for the Governor to appoint a "Blue Ribbon Commission" to study the laws, the codes of other states, and the Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute in order that the legislature could take action in simplifying and modernizing the code.

Then, on September 26, 1963, an item appeared in many California newspapers, released in conjunction with other items from the annual State Bar Association meeting being held at the time in San Francisco: It stated that Governor Brown of California was ready to appoint a "Blue Ribbon Commission" for recommending a revised California Penal Code, and that an appropriation would be available for the job.

While revision of the California Penal Code may seem like a concern that is state-wide only, let it be made clear that Illinois has already done so,

New York is considering the matter, and New Mexico has made some accomplishment in this direction. However in the last named case, pressures from local Roman Catholic officials prevented any improvement in the sex law situation. A penal code revision in California will carry great weight in making such revisions possible in other states.

Mattachine's concern is this: We must have articulate and knowledgeable spokesmen appear before this commission to express important points of view in private adult sexual expression and freedom to read which we hope will be embodied in the new code. Competent persons for this task are at hand (Mattachine already maintains a registered legislative advisor). A strong and solvent organization behind them will be required to give substance to what they will say.

Mattachine makes no claim toward bringing about the Governor's decision to set wheels turning toward a revised penal code; it was only one of many individuals and groups in California which have been working for more than decade to bring this about. And Mattachine has no delusions that it will be any more than partly instrumental in the acceptance of a revised code which will reflect the sexual freedoms for responsible adults which we have advocated. But Mattachine will make its voice heard as one of many groups seeking those freedoms, and opposing those who would lead us further into the dark ages of repression.

2. MORE INDIVIDUAL SOCIAL SERVICES. Mattachine's social service caseload has increased overwhelmingly in the past four years. Today it has reached the volume which makes those experienced in serving the more widely accepted social service agencies wonder how so few do so much for so many with so little resources. The answer has been that we had to. The crying need for immediate help could not go unheeded, even at what was often personal expense on the part of staff members. But this situation has undergone change—the change was forced upon us by the very lack of resources we have mentioned. Today the same—even greater—services are available, but those who are actually helped are now required to help underwrite the cost involved.

Nominal donations must be required from persons seeking referrals, legal aid, employment sources, and other social services. In turn, for these persons there has been set up vastly greater sources of aid on a professional basis.

First, a staff psychologist has been added. On a regular schedule to be announced, this experienced psychological counselor will fill appointments with those who need professional assistance. This marks the beginning of fulfillment of a dream long held by Mattachine leadership—that of providing professional counseling service at the Mattachine offices or in space

adjacent to them. Secondly, a previous step which also partially fulfilled that dream was the establishment of a regular "group therapy" or "group discussion" project which has been conducted successfully under the guidance of Dr. G. Rothman, psychiatrist. Her sessions, held on the second Tuesday evening of each month, have attracted a steady and constantly growing group of persons who enjoy and benefit from the participation. A nominal donation is the only fee.

Third, exploration is now under way to determine the practicality of qualifying a new regular staff member as a professional vocational guidance counselor who can actually place unemployed persons in jobs. This most pressing need has not gone neglected, but the process of referral to established commercial employment agencies, to private employers, and to the state employment service has not been adequate to meet the needs of so many who come to us. Literally dozens and dozens of persons have been placed in jobs—sometimes as many as three persons in a week—but these present referral services do not serve the average of five persons a week who ask us to help them find work.

3. IMPROVEMENT OF CONTENT OF MATTACHINE PUBLICATIONS.

Recently a new assistant editor has been named to concentrate on upgrading the material in *Mattachine REVIEW* and *INTERIM*. Jim Ramp, a professional writer and editor, will assist Lewis Christie and Rolland Howard in editorial and copy preparation capacities, and will provide a more prompt critical evaluation of manuscripts submitted, together with correspondence to authors who send material to us, as indicated. Preparation and distribution of the newsletter has now been placed in the hands of the new Mattachine Project Committee headed by Charles David. This means the newsletter, a stepchild which has appeared infrequently at best during the past year, will be returned to a monthly schedule.

4. RESUMPTION OF DISCUSSION FORUMS AND SEMINARS. Under the new Project Committee, the monthly discussion forums with professional speakers will be resumed in October, and a seminar (afternoon program and evening dinner with speaker) has been scheduled for December 7th. With a strong campaign of direct mail publicity it is expected that the many persons who have asked for these events will respond with interest and support.

5. CONSISTENTLY PROMPT ATTENTION TO ADMINISTRATIVE DETAIL. While this gigantic burden has been capably handled in the past by Don Lucas, executive secretary, assistance in the form of regular volunteer work during the business day is now at hand to ease this task somewhat, and to expedite the flow of this work. Many past offers of volunteers to help in the office have been appreciated, but the fact has been that

with the exception of a few persons, the time and the task are so difficult to coordinate that using the help is almost impossible. Dr. O. M. Bailey, vice president and religious counselor, has long been a consistent and valued worker who has performed the monotonous task of collating and folding publications for several years. When the work is there, he puts available workers onto the assembly line. His services will continue, we are assured, and now there is further assurance that regular help in other administrative details is at hand.

6. AVAILABILITY OF MATTACHINE SPEAKERS TO APPEAR BEFORE OTHER AUDIENCES. Mattachine has long led other organizations in the field with its fulfillment of requests for speakers to appear before church groups, student forums, on radio and television programs, and other organizations, as well as to deliver lectures to university classes and leadership conferences. In addition it has cooperated with dozens of research projects—from formal studies by expert researchers in behavioral science fields, to student teams and individuals doing work on a specific topic for a term paper, thesis or dissertation. Many interviews of staff members have been made. A series of lectures on various topics for a single presentation or a series of talks have been prepared so that significant material, adapted as required to each situation, is now ready and available for presentation upon call. During the past two years, eleven speaking engagements outside the Society, one radio and one television appearance have been made out of the San Francisco headquarters. Several additional speaking engagements are forthcoming, and a television project is under way.

Mattachine is not unmindful of the importance of formal classes, conferences, seminars, discussion forums, institutes and lectures sponsored by itself and other organizations. It sponsors many of these events and participates in those of other organizations upon invitation. It realizes that there is a great need to educate and inform all of those interested—and most often caught up in the problems we are concerned with—about our work and about themselves. But it is becoming apparent that education about varied sex behavior forms and the laws which attempt but fail to regulate this behavior must be brought to the attention of the wider audience. This cannot be accomplished by in-group discussion which has absorbed so much of our time in the past, but by taking information to the general public. Many examples of having done this prove eloquently the soundness of this concept. Mature and thinking adults are quick to see the hypocrisies of so-called "moral standards," and the impossibility of enforcing laws to uphold them; they are as anxious to see changed attitudes which will put reality in place of myth, and truth in place of the lie.

THESE THEN, ARE SOME OF THE PRESSING BOLD CONCERNS OF Mattachine, but by no means is this listing to be regarded as total. Not mentioned, but nevertheless receiving attention every day are problems such as government attitude toward sex deviates and the discrimination, disgrace and tragedy inflicted upon them in civil service and the armed forces; harassment and caprice in the selective enforcement of sex laws; denial of civil rights and due process in these matters; overt and disguised efforts at censorship; violation of rights of privacy by illegal search and seizure techniques, and the failure of society to provide understanding and true habilitation for those who may have committed an offense in this area. And then, most certainly, Mattachine is concerned with a guilt-ridden society which concentrates on symptoms and not root causes, and which attempts to absolve the mass guilt upon a few unfortunates with savage and lasting penalties for what the multitude is doing.

Invariably, a discussion of Mattachine potential and present accomplishment hits and snags itself—inextricably, it seems—on one thing: Funds. Again and again we have made appeals to our contributors, subscribers and supporters. Many respond regularly and at personal sacrifice; yet many many others do not because they are afraid, or couldn't care less.

Unfortunately, no well-heeled entertainers, industrialists or philanthropists have rallied to the Mattachine cause with substantial donations or support spread out over a period of time. Mattachine's income comes from pledges, membership dues, subscriptions, sales of our publications, and contributions. This means it comes in little amounts from the little guy in society, and not the person of wealth who can afford to help but won't because he is fearful his attorney, his bank or his accountant will find out.

We are told of one man who annually gives \$35,000 to charities, but Mattachine is not on his list although his personal concerns are closely allied with us. His excuse is that he can permit no one to find out that he even knows Mattachine exists. So the more acceptable public service organizations—including some which pay handsome salaries—get his contributions. Another man who is deeply interested in Mattachine's achievements announced bequests and gifts to educational institutions already well supported, and again the word came that he was sorry he couldn't give some to Mattachine—but he was afraid.

Who are these people afraid of, if not themselves? And have they explored the ways in which they can contribute when their hearts dictate yes but their minds say no. There are ways. Designated trustees working in the professions, including attorneys and ministers, are on hand to receive these contributions as intermediaries if desired. Write to us—we shall tell

you how. Another technique, and one which we know several persons have used, is to designate Mattachine in one's will. A third is to act through a bank in setting up a fiduciary trust fund as one person has done.

Less involved are the things like money orders or cashier's checks. Anonymity, if it must, can be preserved in many ways of contributing.

If, as an interested reader, you or any friend or associate are holding off with a contribution because you are afraid you'll be known for making it, then remember this: Your fear may result in the spreading of greater fear now and in the future, whereas your courage and help, coupled with that of a dedicated leadership of persons who put their faces behind their names, can work to dissolve the very roots of that fear. But the work of Mattachine absolutely requires the financial support of many, many persons who have not yet seen fit to aid it, because the present resources and even the slowly increasing income are not enough to meet current expenses and retire past debt.

So serious is the situation—and this is not *another* crisis, but just another SOS for the enduring and persistent crisis that has existed for several years—that Mattachine totters on the edge of complete collapse. Withholding taxes, rent, printing bills, and other goods and services unpaid for are such that each month the Society falls several hundred dollars short of keeping abreast, and goes more deeply into debt instead of coming out. Attacking this challenge in the fiscal year ending August 31, Treasurer Conrad Bownan announced that the past 12 months of utmost austerity had resulted in cutting down expense over the preceeding year. This is laudable, and every effort to hold the line will be made—because it is imperative.

But conducting our program of projects and publications to which we are committed does not require that the increasing expenses be met. Continued lack of funds might well mean failure to accomplish much of what has been outlined before, and dictate to us that the public does not consider our program worthwhile to the extent of supporting it. Therefore we would simply limit the operation to that which limited income would pay for.

Getting specific, we must report this sad fact, in spite of a record breaking income during the preceding fiscal year: As we go to press, Mattachine has obligations of about \$1000 which it *must meet in a very few days*; it has further indebtedness of about \$4000 which must be met in a few weeks, and it requires an average monthly income increased by about \$650 to keep abreast of current minimal operations.

WESTERN VERSION OF "THOUGHT REFORM" TO "CURE" DEVIATES

ROLLAND HOWARD

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS STORY in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of August 12 reported the latest Western adaptation of Pavlov's "Conditioned Reflex" theories in behalf of the current fixation on conformity. Headlined "Hope for Cure of Sex Deviates," the story tells of an experiment by a group of British mental specialists on a 33-year-old transvestite. They had the man stand on an electric grill, and then told him to undress (in order to don ladies' wear).

Every time he started to disrobe, the doctors gave him a "sharp electric shock in his feet." Repeated 75 times a day for six days, the memory of the shock associated with his intent to dress in women's clothing became so unpleasant that he "neither desired nor indulged in any transvestite behavior when a check was made six months after he left the hospital."

The doctors hope, reported the article, that their work on transvestites may lead to cures for homosexuality and other sexual deviations.

I, for one, instinctively distrust methods of thought-control. Homosexuality is not a case of measles. It is not something a person "has"; it is something he *is*.

Nor is the use of "conditioned reflex therapy" for its "cure" anything new. Dr. Andrew Salter of New York has been preaching it for years. His methods (by which he claims at least some "cures") include such quaint little remedies as requiring his homosexual patient to concentrate on the pleasant sensation of the "warm, moist vagina." Did you ever try that? If not, do; and I'll join you in a while at the nearest gay bar.

Applying the electric shock 'aversion' treatment to homosexuals seems simple enough. We will simply put the patient on the grill with a "trick" for whom he feels a strong desire, and instruct him to "go at it." Every time he attempts to make some physical contact with his intended lover, we give him a powerful jolt.

So far, so good. Now when he sees a desirable man, he finds he can't even raise his finger.

But are we out to make everyone stop doing the things we happen not to enjoy ourselves? Or do we now attempt to indoctrinate the former homosexual with positive heterosexual impulses?

If conformity is our aim (as I suspect it is), then surely we shall want this second phase accomplished. If the good doctors have not yet devised a plan of approach, I should like to suggest the following:

Save the electric grill; we will need it later. But for the present phase, more pleasant stimuli will be needed. We may start with an appropriately firm but comfortable bed, and put our ex-homosexual thereon. Now, not too suddenly, we gently, carefully introduce a nude female (if our patient is of a carefree, adventurous nature), or an enticingly negligeeed one (if our patient is shy). I must leave it to the doctors to solve such minor side-problems as whether the female's possible pregnancy is of any importance, and, if it is, how to circumvent the restrictions against the use of contraceptives. Assuming these and other difficulties are removed, we are ready to proceed with our treatment.

On the sidelines, we assemble as many doctors as we can. These will constitute the cheering section. Lighting is subdued; romantic music is playing.

Now the female must use all the feminine wiles which her instinct and training can supply her. The cheering section eggs the patient on to conquest, urgingly, but not distractingly.

When the patient at last touches some part of the female (assuming this much success), an automatic device at once injects him intravenously with a shot of extract of beefsteak, and the cheering section bursts into applause and shouts of praise, such as, "Good man!" and "Wow, what a man!" and, "Boy, are you a lady-killer" and, "Say, did you see that stud?"

Experience should soon indicate how much of this treatment is required. Once the patient is cured into heterosexuality, however, it may be necessary to break out the electric grill again and shock the fool off that beefsteak extract and out of all that woman-chasing.

Now if I had an uncontrollable urge to pinch every attractive man on the street, and a bunch of black eyes to show for it, I think I might be interested in this "shock therapy." But I think that, even then, I'd be likely to start licking the backs of their necks, or some other such nonsense. If I could be shocked into an all-out aversion to other men, I dare say I would develop massive muscular spasms or a serious mental illness. But I doubt very much if I could be electrified into heterosexual desire.

You see, my homosexuality is not a simple compulsive act. I am not compelled to do *anything* sexual. Rather, I have, as everyone has, what we might call a kind of "world-view" or an "outlook on life." In my case, it is a homosexual view or outlook. And its homosexual aspect is not a separate "thing" that suddenly appeared on me like a wart. My whole outlook—with its homosexual character—grew up with me. Its homosexual bent may indeed have been provided by far earlier and more impressive "shocks" than any the doctors can give with their silly grill.

Has it occurred to them, I wonder, to try it as a new and better method of cooking hamburgers commercially?

FICTION

Good Old George

MARSH HARIS

GEORGE WAS an extraordinary fellow.

I liked him enormously, but hadn't a particle of respect for him. He was totally unscrupulous, had the ethics of a snake, and was the very personification of immorality. And yet for all this he was perfectly charming, presented himself to me as the most lovable of sorts, and had a first-rate mind that reduced clever people to a state of pea-green envy. He was the sort of man one simply had to admire—even if he didn't.

I have known George now for some seven years, during which time he has continued to shock and appall me, and at the same time I cannot think of a single person whose company I prefer more than his.

Except of course Robbie.

But then it was George who introduced me to Robbie, and although at the time the circumstances seemed preposterous, I am now impressed by the logic of it all. Who else but good old amazing George could have come up with something like Robbie? In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if George has not been the one to introduce Robbie to all Robbie's acquaintances. No one but George is capable. And deservedly so. George deserves Robbie; Robbie deserves George; they both deserve me, and I suppose I deserve

them. In short, we all deserve each other, which is more deserving than most people encounter in a lifetime. And since we have each other, few other people are really necessary. The three of us are bad enough; a quartet might prove altogether lethal.

You see, George and I have never lived in the same city at the same time. Indeed, the very idea is unthinkable. We have instead maintained a minimum of seventy-five miles apart, thus permitting at best week-end visits, which is what dietitians call the 'maximum requirement.' Robbie and I, on the other hand, have made it a point to live in the same city for some three years now. To be more specific, we have made it a point to live in the same apartment, and of course the proximity doesn't actually stop there.

The three of us sat over a few bottles not long ago recalling past experiences. As a matter of fact, Robbie and I sat *around* the bottles; it was George who sat *over* them, hovering like some famished vulture. But then that isn't too awfully unusual since George has resembled a famished vulture as long as I've known him.

As it happened, I had motored down to visit George during the summer of 1960. I went immediately to one particular hotel where I always stayed on such occasions. Naturally I couldn't stay at George's place; his wife and five children were taking up all the room. So of course George came over and we met for dinner.

"George, you look terrible."

"Of course I look terrible. I've always looked terrible. Pass me the salt."

"I mean you look terrible even for someone who always looks terrible."

"Oh. Well you don't exactly remind me of Mr. Universe yourself. Matter of fact, you look like a..."

"Well I have a good reason. I'm withering. What I mean to say is I'm going to seed."

"But you've always been seedy, Charlie. Careful, you're dripping your coffee. Is it possible you're seedier than ever?"

"George, I am in the middle of a drought. For three solid months now I have been absolutely chaste, a veritable nun. In point of fact, I am seedier than I'd have thought it humanly possible."

"Three months! Good grief, I'd have been in an institution after the first month. Gives me the creeps just to think about it."

"So tell me, how's *your* social life?"

"Oh very active, but not what you'd call social. Not a seed in sight, if that's what you mean. And that brings up an important question."

"Oh?"

"Which room are you in?"

"312, why?"

"Would you mind leaving it unlocked tonight?"

"But George, I'm not going to be in."

"Of course you aren't. That's why I want you to leave your door unlocked."

"But I thought I was going to be with you. I came to see *you*!"

"So you're seeing me. And you'll see me some more tomorrow. Now just make sure you're gone for at least an hour. Well don't look at me as if I were the Count de Sade or something. I just happen to have a date, that's all."

Oh well, why not, I thought. It wasn't difficult to busy one's self for an hour or so. I could simply go further to seed while George was up in my room preventing the same situation in himself. Reluctantly, I told him the door was already unlocked.

We finished our dinner, I strolled over to buy a magazine, and George went off in all directions. I purchased a copy of *How to Develop a More Powerful Gastrocnemius*, looked at my watch, then sat down to read. I figured it would take at least an hour to cover the magazine, and besides I needed a more powerful gastrocnemius.

After a time, I came to the end of that highly edifying publication, glanced at my watch again and realized that I had been sitting there upwards of two hours. No telling where George was by now, nor 'what' he was doing. I tucked the magazine in my coat pocket and strolled upstairs.

One twist of the knob and I found it was still unlocked. But what I found when I put one foot inside was even more interesting. Sprawled panting and heaving across the bed wearing absolutely nothing was what might have been the world's most delapidated, fagged out old faggot. He might not have been so completely odious with clothes on, but in his present state it was enough to make you come unglued at the seams. At the same time, George was similarly unclad, sitting in a chair beside the bed looking as though he had just broken some sort of a record.

The fagged out faggot peeped up over the bags under his eyes, then merely rolled off the other side of the bed onto the floor. It wasn't as good as fainting, but it was better than nothing.

"Oh it's all right, Clyde," George said nonchalantly. "This is the nice fellow I was telling you about."

A face peered cautiously over the edge of the bed. "He doesn't look like a nice fellow to me, barging in here like that. Goodness, you frightened me."

"It so happens," I flung back rather archly, "that I barged into my own room like that, and I'm sure you're far more frightening than I could ever be, seedy as I am."

By this time George was almost dressed, and his companion was making nervous efforts in that direction.

"Really, George, how could you?" I went on. "Is that the best you could

do? My God, if that were a horse they'd have shot it years ago."

George turned and studied his companion critically. "Well it didn't look so bad earlier this afternoon. You know, it is kind of a mess, isn't it?"

"Well really!" shrieked the fagged out faggot. "Would you two stop talking about me as if I were a ghost, as if I weren't even here!"

"I wish you were a ghost," I informed him. "That way you wouldn't be so hard on my nerves. And I have more news. You'd just as well not be here, because you aren't going to be a minute from now."

"Oh George!" the old thing gasped. "Take me home; get me away from that horrid creature!"

"I think I will," George agreed. "You are pretty awful. I don't even want to think about it."

In a flash they were both out the door. I went to the bathroom for a glass of water, then poured it over the bed. Moments later someone had come to change my sheets, and I was apologizing for my clumsiness. Perhaps, I mused, there were worse things than going to seed.

The next day George and I discussed the situation.

"Really, George, you've simply got to be more discerning. You don't have to have anything to do with stuff like that. That's not scraping the bottom of the barrel, it's going under it. Gruesome as you are, you can still demand better than that. I just wish you'd promise me that you'd improve your taste a bit. If nothing else, think of your wife and kids!"

BEFORE ANOTHER MONTH had passed I had entered into a state of glassy-eyed doldrums. In all honesty, everything in my life had come to pieces, but then that wasn't so all-fired unusual for me that I couldn't take it. No, the main problem was the seeds. By this time I had gone so thoroughly to seed that the only thing left to do would be to be planted all over again. For four grim months now I had endured total, nerve-jerking celibacy, a saintly condition under which no half-sane man could be expected to bear up. Well, I wasn't bearing up, and by now I was at best only half-sane. And if anyone wants to know why this marathon of virtue, well I don't know. If I had known I'd have done something about it. I guess the only explanation was that nothing came along, despite my considerable efforts. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that I'm a little discerning, unlike old George whose motto is "If it functions, use it!"

Boredom having damn near stifled me, I decided that I could at least drive down again and be alarmed by George. We might even manage a little argument or two.

"Four months!" he gasped. "Charlie, baby, we'll notify the Pope. People have been canonized for less than that."

"People have gone stark, raving mad for less than that, Georgie, baby."

But how about you? No, don't tell me, you..."

"...Have a date tonight, right!"

"Yes, well much as I envy you it's probably some unspeakable pig."

"So what's the matter, you don't like bacon?"

Before I could fling back a befitting retort there came a ring at my door.

"Your friend?" I asked, disgusted.

"Who else?" he grinned, then got up to answer it.

"And how, pray, did he know my room number?"

"I know the room clerk, my saintly ruin. Now may I open the door?"

"Why not? Maybe I'll have a good cry before I go to bed."

With my back to the door I lit a cigarette and listened to their voices.

"Hi," George greeted cheerily. "Come on in."

"Hi, George; hope I'm not late," came a surprisingly young voice.

"You couldn't have timed it better."

Curiosity having completely overtaken me, I turned in my chair and there beside George was a young man in his mid-twenties, as unnervingly beautiful as I had ever seen. Nearly six feet tall, exceptionally well built, and white-golden blond, his deep azure eyes sparkled as his red lips split into a shattering smile when he saw me.

"Well I'll be damned," I said to George. "Now this is more like it. I don't care if you are trying to impress me. He's simply gorgeous; that's all there is to it."

The young man seemed to be fighting off a blush. "Thank you—that's very flattering." Who'd have believed it? Not only was he beautiful; he was also modest.

Of course all this did absolutely nothing for my own state of mental affairs. In truth, it might have been better had George produced one of his typical pigs. At least I wouldn't have been completely shell-shocked with jealousy. I decided I might have that cry later on after all.

George put his arm around the handsome young man's shoulder, his eyes gleaming mischievously.

"Well, Charlie, baby," he began, then pulled away from the young man and started for the door, "like I said, I have a date tonight." He was almost out the door when he flung back, "You two have fun!"

I sat for a long stupid moment, completely slack-jawed, grappling desperately with the situation. The best I could do was to ask myself, "What the hell is going on?"

The blond young Adonis grinned brightly, approached me and took my hand.

"Hello," he said gently. "Please call me Robbie."

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PETER BLACK



**IF ANYONE WISHED TO DEVISE A
SCHOOL FOR SECRET AGENTS THE
WAY BRITAIN TREATS HOMOSEXUALS
COULD HARDLY BE IMPROVED UPON**

A CURIOUS by-product of the Vassall affair may be the end in Britain of the fairly old custom of hunting the homosexual.

I was talking about this with Lord Boothby. Said he: "In the light of this case I am considering the introduction of a Private Member's Bill to the House of Lords."

"It will have just one clause. It will seek to amend the present law which makes homosexual behaviour between consenting males in private a criminal offence."

"I've talked to Sir John Wolfenden about this. He agrees that this one clause would give him the really important reform his 1957 report asked for."

Good for Boothby.

SO THE THREAT IS SHARPER

THE point is that though homosexuals are no more inclined to treachery than you are, the law as it stands gives the Communists a lever against them which they have over nobody else.

If Vassall had not been a homosexual, and subject to this law, the Russians might have got him anyway. I think he had a predisposition to treachery. But they could not have blackmailed him into it.

Homosexuals are specially vulnerable to blackmailers because they cannot appeal to the protection of the law. The blackmailer threatens him with exposure.

If he goes to the police exposure is what he'll get any-

way; for the police can, and sometimes do, charge the victim for participating in the offences he is being blackmailed about.

So the law sharpens the threat of exposure and sharpens the wits of those vulnerable to it.

SO WHO WANTS THIS LAW?

DAME Rebecca West observed that for seven years Vassall had been a cool, efficient, unsuspected spy, to the evident astonishment of Lord Radcliffe, who appears to take the conventional view of homosexuals as giggling queers.

But why should they be? The law forces concealment, pretence, vigilance on them in degrees which can amount to a continuous and successful double life.

If anyone wished to devise a really good secret agent training course which would place special emphasis on dissimulation, toughness and self-reliance, the way homosexuals are treated in Britain could hardly be improved on.

It is, for instance, difficult to enter some public lavatories without receiving a very powerful sensation of being watched by plain-clothes men. The possibility of wrongful arrest is more than enough to freeze on your lips any smile of welcome you might otherwise give an acquaintance down there.

There was the case of the unfortunate Chinese gentleman who for smiling at a man and asking the way to Earl's Court was promptly arrested, charged and convicted of indecent behaviour. On appeal the conviction was quashed and two policemen jailed for perjury; examples of the keenness which this law can rouse in some of its defenders.

Yet, does the law represent public opinion? I submit that a really decisive majority is on

the whole innocently compassionate.

It accepts that homosexuality is an unlucky condition and is vaguely and humorously sorry for homosexuals, whom it believes to be a kind of subspecies.

Wrongly, according to the evidence of Wolfenden. In fact arguments that they are from a special type, bent or class are easy to refute.

For instance, it is observable that a lot of homosexuals are exceptionally fond of the Royal Family and Novello musicals. But nearly everybody is dotty about the Royal Family; and coachloads of mums and dads with nubile daughters and sons would be filling Drury Lane to this hour if Novello's death had not cut off the source.

This general tolerance is withheld, significantly, from acts of public indecency or seduction of young persons; in other words, from homosexual practices that are universally regarded as sexual offences.

Who then does this law represent? Sincere chumps who shut their minds to this subject at the age of 17; a minority with more complex motives, derived from authoritarian and unimaginative temperaments which are crippled by self-doubts and primitive fears of anything outside their own totem.

SO MUCH FOR CONSCIENCE

IF they could not witch-hunt for homosexuals they would go after people with red hair or weak chins. Any recognisable difference suits them.

Lord Boothby thinks his Bill would get through the Lords but be thrown out by the Commons. I'm not so sure. It's true that the witch-hunters have power as rabble-

Continued on page 25

How To Size Up People Correctly

A Summary

By

Ray Monsalvatge

Reprint from October 1961, Sooner Shamrock

Those who "can read character at a glance," or who claim positively to be able to determine personality traits by oral and written tests, Rorschach ink blots, handwriting analysis are as capable of mistakes as the palmists, crystalgazers, and tea leaf readers. Belief in the validity of the latter has long since passed into obscurity, and doubts of the infallibility of the former have been well enhanced in William H. Whyte, Jr.'s appendix to his **THE ORGANIZATION MAN** who demonstrated

Ray Monsalvatge is a happy man who divides his time as a teacher between the North American Continent and Latin America. For half of the year he is a special lecturer at the University of Puerto Rico; and the remainder of the time finds him in the United States, Canada, Cuba, or Mexico, as an industrial consultant, in great demand as a club speaker, or having a wonderful time teaching youngsters to enjoy a tame fox or a Hi Fi set!

"How to Cheat on Personality Tests." To avoid a bad score on these tests, you must be "normal," according to the definition of the test maker. Being "normal" involves feeling, "I love my father and my mother, but my father a little bit more. I don't care for books or music much. I love my wife and children. I don't let them get in the way of company's work."

Who is really normal? A wag once said, "There are two kinds of people in the world, the normal and the abnormal. And the normal ones decide which is which."

People's personalities consist of variations in four basic inherited traits: (1) intelligence, (2) conscience, (3) emotional reaction, and (4) psychosexual development, with Sociability as a corollary of the four, and various Special Ways of Adjustment to the variations in the four basic traits.

The four basic inherited traits are unchangeable fundamentally and can no more be a cause for blaming an individual than the presence of curly hair, blue eyes, or dark skin. In humanity, each varies considerably: in intelligence from idiocy through imbecility through moronic conditions, through the normal through the geniuses; in conscience from slightly developed through overdeveloped; in emotional reaction from dullness to extreme sensitivity; and in psychosexual development from masculine to feminine. Every individual will recognize in himself certain examples of all variations in each of the four basic inherited traits. Physical and psychological sexual variations within ourselves provide an example:

At conception, neither masculinity nor femininity was evident. In embryonic life, there was a stage in which both external and internal sex organs were in existence until either the masculine or the feminine set became useless and the other useful. Yet, every adult male body contains useless Fallopian tubes, and every female body contains useless testes. These can be seen, dissected, studied. The case of the hermaphrodite proves that sometimes both external sex organs exist at birth. After birth, psychologically the male child, for example, is interested only in himself at first, later he plays ball games with his own sex, and still later he becomes interested in the opposite sex. But the normal individual is essentially bisexual, mar-

rying the opposite sex, but golfing with his male friends. Some individuals live an active sex life with both sexes.

In rolling one pair of dice, there are 6 possible numbers that can come up. With both dice, there are 6 possibilities for each side of the other dice, or 6 x 6 possibilities: that is, 36 possible ways that a roll can be totaled. With four dice (or four basic inherited traits) there are 6 x 6 x 6 x 6 (1,296) possible answers. Yet, nature has simplified the job of classifying the various human combinations such that we find less than a dozen basic personality types (but variations even within them). And we can test for these types sometimes by using paper and pencil tests, and interviews, providing we get truthful answers, and providing also that we observe very carefully. The following chart will help us to evaluate what we see (and, while we are observing, we should realize the utter immutability of personality types. . . one type does not, cannot, turn into another type).

Since we do not test positively for personality types by looking for the lack of sufficient tracings on the surface of the brain of the mental deficient, or by checking on the brain waves from the forepart of the brain of the psychopath, or determining the quality of malfunction of the automatic nervous system of the psychoneurotic and the cycloid, or testing the imbalance of the hormones of the homosexual, or examining for the combined reaction of the conscience and emotional system of the schizoid. . . (methods for testing the basic inherited traits), then we must use the tools at hand, specifically, interviews and careful observation. We can hope to get truthful answers in a short personality test, and then depend on close observation to check on their validity:

1. How far did you get in school?
2. What kind of work do you do? How long on each job?
3. Are you married? Do you go with the opposite sex?
4. What do you do in your spare time? Do you drink with others or alone?
5. How is your health?
6. Have you ever been arrested? What for?

	Intelligence	Conscience	Emotional Reaction	Psychosexual Development	Sociability	Special Ways Of Adjustment
Mentally Deficient	70-90 I. Q.	Higher Grade Morons Can Be Taught Moral Standards.	Generally Dull, But Excitable When Ridiculed.	Below Normal, Often Impotent.	Does His Best To Get Along With Others.	Retreating, Alcohol, Hoarding, And The Psychoses.
Psychopathic 1. Emotional, 2. Inadequate, 3. Aggressive.	80-200 I. Q.	Has Impaired Conscience.	Dull, But Easily Aroused.	Cannot Feel Love.	Not Sociable; He Uses Friends For What He Can Get Out Of Them.	Alcohol, "Dope," Fake Amnesia, Transient Psychotic Periods, Glib Talking, Lying, Acting.
Psychoneurotic 1. Anxiety (70%), Expecting The Worst, 2. Hysterical (40%), 3. Tired (4%), 4. Hypochondriac, 5. Fearful, 6. Depressed.	90 I. Q. Or Above.	Shadowed By Feelings Of Guilt (Anyone Under Severe Stress And Strain May Fall Victim, Providing He Is Not Another Personality Type).	Looks On The Dark Side, Has Rapid Pulse, Is Irritable, With Indigestion, Breathes Faster, Prespires, Flushes, Feels Hatred Often.	"Normal," Unpredictable, Immature, Impotent, Unsatisfactory . . . All These Terms Could Apply At Various Times.	Wants To Be Accepted, But Is Fearful And Timid; Is Not Antisocial, And Is Responsive And Cooperative.	The Psychological Mechanisms (Rationalization, Projection, Identification, Repression, Con- version); Arts, Creative Hobbies, Religion, Reform Movements, Alcohol, Good Work Record.
Homosexual Neither Degenerate Nor Psycho- pathic.	Normal Or Above.	Normal, Conscientious, Responsible, And Dependable.	Patient, Long-Suffering, Sensitive.	Sex Drive Is Oriented Toward Same Sex.	As Promiscuous As Heterosexuals, Gregarious, Sincere.	Literature, The Arts, Pseudo-Sophistication, Psychological Mechanisms But Repression.
Schizoid Will Usually Make His Mark, Good Or Bad, Upon The World.	Excellent, Often A Prodigy As A Child.	A Slave To His Ideals, Often Ill-At-Ease With Ordinary People.	1. Dull, 2. Sensitive, 3. Paranoid (Feels Persecuted).	Lacks Sex Drives, Often Shouldn't Marry, Adapts Manner- isms Of Opposite Sex.	Not Sociable, Is Unconcerned, Suspicious, Resentful, Prudish.	Art, The Occult, New Faiths, Political Systems, Bodily Complaints, Alcohol, All Mechanisms.
Cycloid Often In Middle And Upper Classes Of Society.	Normal; People Of Drive, Courage, Initiative, Not Of Genius.	Normal; Especially Wants "To Do The Right Thing."	1. Overactive, 2. Depressed, 3. Variable.	Normal.	Steady Worker Practical, With Few Good Friends, Quietly Sociable.	Strenuous Hobbies Like Horse Racing, Athletics; Uses Alcohol.

EVALUATING THE ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE SHORT PERSONALITY TEST:

People generally are doing a type of work for which they are best suited, and went as far in school as they wanted, barring certain emergency situations. So, questions about work and school give clues to level of intelligence.

Length of time on each job (and reasons for leaving other jobs) indicate presence of or lack of conscientiousness, feelings of duty, loyalty, honesty, ability to cooperate, responsibility and reliability. A job hopper who did not consistently better himself should give suspicion of one with psychopathic tendencies.

The question about marriage gives clues only: long marriages indicate the possibility that we are talking with a "normal" person, a psychoneurotic, or a cycloid. And yet to confuse the issue, psychopaths, mental deficient, homosexuals and schizoids are often married, too. Those who have a tendency not to go with the opposite sex might be homosexual or schizoid, or certain types of psychoneurotic, but there is no certainty here, either.

Spare time activities and drinking alone or with others give ideas about the Special Ways of Adjustment used (athletics, hobbies, researches, alcoholism, etc.).

The question about health is seeking out the inadequate psychopath, the tired psychoneurotic, the hypochondriac, the hysteric, the schizoid. It has been noted that the tired psychoneurotic suddenly becomes very animated when given the chance to describe his condition.

The questions about being arrested are searching mainly for psychopathic tendencies.

Since, with every personality type on the chart, we are studying characteristic behavior that is found in many normal people, to which of the types should we give employment? Barring the difficulties of the least desirable of all, the psychopath, each of the others has special usefulness for special kinds of work. Therefore, our success in putting

the right employee in the right job, whether in initial employment, promotion, or transfer, depends on our ability "to size up people correctly."

THE MENTALLY DEFICIENT is ideal for kinds of repetitive work that would drive the more intelligent to distraction. Some assembly lines, work for gardeners, certain guards, janitors, garbage collectors all are essential to our culture, and valuable indeed are these people who can do work of this kind well. Rather than be snobbish with them, we should appreciate them. And these people will respond admirably to kindness.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC is a bad actor, liar, cheater, who does what will please him most at the moment. He can be helped only by constant supervision in which he is rebuked for wrongdoing and praised when he does better. It is usually the extreme psychopath who is the guilty party in sex crimes.

THE PSYCHONEUROTIC can be one of the most important members of our society, once he comes to realize that he must accept himself as he is. For he, just like all the rest, cannot change his personality. If his stomach has always been in an uproar, it always will be; if he becomes frightened easily, he will, etc. Prescribed medication from a physician can make his suffering more bearable, and then, through his special interests and talents, he can be an excellent worker and relatively happy person. Being unduly sensitive to criticism, he performs his duties on a safe level above reproach. Steady consistent, it is not unusual for a neurotic to remain 15 to 40 years or longer with the same company.

THE HOMOSEXUAL is normal in every respect except for his sex orientation. His dependability, intelligence, good conscience, and sensitivity make him a valuable worker. Once it is realized that he does not and cannot convert non-homosexuals to his sexual pattern, his talents can be better utilized by placing him in positions of trust, authority, and creativity.

THE SCHIZOID, with his keen intelligence and sharp conscience, finds his success depending heavily on the proper choice of vocation, for he is the least flexible individual of all. The scientist, researcher, inventor, artist, propounder of new religious insights and mathematical laws is the schizoid, and he frequently quits a job because he cannot bear criticism, supervision, regimentation, routine, or direct orders. He is a failure often in work that brings him into contact with people, but he may make a good chemist, bookkeeper, writer, archeologist, astronomer, physicist.

THE CYCLOID is often the "executive type," and is the most "normal" of all the personality types. With good intelligence, ambition, aggressiveness, energy, he may become a successful salesman, dynamic minister, prolific author, company president, efficient

organizer. He likes the limelight often-times and performs well while there.

Recognizing the faults and virtues of the six main personality types, what can we do with our knowledge? First of all, we can understand ourselves better so that we can best utilize our capacities and overcome our own deficiencies in so far as possible. Second, finally realizing that "nobody is perfect," perhaps we can at least cease to criticize and blame and ridicule and persecute others for what they and we cannot change; our own personality type. Then, appreciating our own potential and that of others, we are better able to lead them as well as ourselves to greater usefulness for the good of mankind, remembering:

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us that we should be among the first of us to be more kind to the rest of us,"

PETER BLACK, Continued from page 19

rousers, especially in the generally degrading circumstances of election time.

But this is where the Vassall affair comes in. A vote that hitherto would have been left to an M.P.'s individual conscience, like a vote to extend drinking hours or open

the theatres on Sunday, can now be seen as a patriotic duty in the face of threatened security.

What legislation would not do out of compassion, a wiser and more humane understanding of a condition, it may do out of fear.

DORIAN BOOK QUARTERLY—
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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.



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LITERARY *scene*

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

GENE DAMON

NEW TITLES, SOME GOOD, SOME INDIFFERENT, but no dearth of the presentation of homosexuals in current fiction.

The Unicorn (Viking, 1963), Iris Murdoch's latest excursion into the unusual byways of life begins with the always fascinating cliché—the damsel in distress. Young and foolish Marian Taylor goes to Gaze Castle as a governess, only to discover that there are no children at Gaze Castle. She is instead to be the tutor of Hannah Crean-Smith who is virtually a prisoner in her own home.

Hannah's "keepers" are Gerald Scottaw, a brooding Heathcliff sort of male who turns out to be gay, and Violet Evercreech, a cousin of Hannah's, who is a lesbian. Violet is in love with Hannah, but not so involved that she does not happily throw a pass at Marian. Marian seems to respond, but at the last moment, she retreats with a delicious shudder or two.

The chauffeur, Jamesie Evercreech, is the beautiful younger brother of Violet; and also the current love of Gerald. As the plot unfolds (or uncurls) we find that Gerald has been the lover, in the past, of Peter Crean-Smith, the absent husband of Hannah.

This is just a sampling of the characters. For action we have murder, attempted murder, suicide, etc. *Jane Eyre* plus Sigmund Freud plus any number of English murder mysteries. Despite the melodramatic tone this is excellent, and Iris Murdoch is not to be missed.

Henry, the heterosexual protagonist of E. Valentine White's short story, "Goldfish and Olives," (in *New Campus Writing* No. 4, ed. by N. Miller & J. Jerome, Grove Press Black Cat Books, 1962) has many male homosexual

friends. One such friend introduces him to Marie and gradually her relationship with another girl dawns on Henry. His growing realization of the necessary limitations in his friendship with Marie makes up the basic plot of a well written, if overly youthful, story. The homosexual aspects are well handled.

A novel creating lots of critical noise is Thomas Pynchon's *V* (Lippincott, 1963). *V* is a feminine symbol of society. In one chapter she is involved in an overt lesbian affair with a dancer, Melanie L'Heuremaudit. It is all very weird and involved; since things are seldom what they seem to be in this allegory.

Remember the very different *King of a Rainy Country* by Brigid Brophy? Her latest novel to reach America, *Flesh* (World, 1963) is a lesser study but the same quality writing. Marcus, the hero, marries Nancy, who claims an aversion to lesbianism. Her personality, however, soon dominates and effeminizes Marcus into a pseudo-homosexuality. Ilse, sister of Marcus, is attracted to Nancy; and to square off the cast into a neat foursome, Marcus' boss, Polydore, is an aging auntie type. This is subtle English stuff, similar to, and inferior to, Iris Murdoch's work.

There are two stories of interest in *Prize College Stories* 1963, edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett (Random, 1963). In "One Blind Mouse" by Mark Medoff, one boy leads another into instruction using the old D. H. Lawrence theme of sadistic domination heavily tinged with erotic attraction. In "Barefoot in Tangier" by Wendy Gibson, a pregnant girl is befriended by a male homosexual. (Someone's been reading Shelagh Delaney).

It is sad to have to note that the treatment of the homosexual teacher in *The Principal* by Benjamin Siegel (Harcourt, 1963) is the only example of prejudice in an otherwise good novel. A vicious student goads an effeminate teacher into striking him. The principal seems happy to lose both of them; since he fears having to make a decision in the case. The teacher was definitely in the right in this particularly instance.

The reader who enjoys finding a homosexual character or two in each

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS

The Circle (Der Kreis)

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Arcadie

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

book will want to pick up some of these briefly mentioned titles on his or her next library trip.

Top Dog by Mary Cobb (Doubleday, 1960) is all about the superficial aspects of the world of dog breeders, the bitches—not all of them four-legged, and their males—not all of them studs.

Political satire always finds an audience and Constantine Fitzgibbon's *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (Norton, 1960, Bantam, 1961) is a very good entry in this genre. Not kind to homosexuals but that is not surprising in a slams everything gently and sometimes firmly.

Good old Hollywood again in William Murray's *Self Starting Wheel* (Dutton, 1960, Avon, 1961). Standard guaranteed addition to any Hollywood novel, one male homosexual character and, in this one at least, one question mark.

All readers of homosexual fiction know that Frederic Prokosch seldom disappoints. He is very prolific and nearly all of his titles deal with homosexuality at least in part. His *Ballad of Love* (Farrar, 1960, Bantam, 1961) is the life of a bisexual male. He has several erotic relationships, or as one reviewer described it, several semi-sexual encounters. One of the loveliest is with Tony. It is also interesting that the hero's female love treats him in a near sadistic manner.

There are brief incidents in the rather exciting, but thinly written, novel, *The Fraud* by Paul Rader (Viking, 1961, Bantam, 1962).

Historical (or hysterical) fiction addicts will enjoy the lengthy history of the Northwest in Helen Rucker's *The Wolf Tree* (Little, Brown, 1960). A very major character, and substantial parts of the plot are concerned with male homosexuality. Despite this it is an unsatisfactory title.

A better historical novel is *Quintin Chivas* by Barnaby Ross (Simon and Schuster, 1961, Pocket Books, 1962). Quintin is a street urchin who grows up to be a hell with the ladies. He is a loveable rat though. During his early years he is guided and loved and helped by a sympathetic male homosexual character. Soft edges on rough trade here.

A more modern day rogue (and a thorough going bastard at that) is the hero of *The Florentine Ring* by Jackson Stanley (Doubleday, 1962). Victor Baldour of "unlimited sex appeal" (so says the blurb) is, like Quintin, a hell with the ladies. Along the way he takes advantage of a male homosexual. There is a touch of blackmail here, but not born of prejudice, just all in a day's work for Victor. He gets his, as the reader will understandably expect and applaud.

Modern day life among the government officials in India is the theme of Robert Towers' *Necklace of Kali* (Harcourt, 1960). The homosexuality is reasonably incidental, but for the aficionado there is an hilarious refer-

ence to the famous anti-lesbian author Vin Packer-Ann Aldrich.

The aging but engaging *enfant terrible* of England, Colin Wilson, in *Ritual in the Dark* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1960, Popular Library, 1961) gives us a paradox; a sympathetic homosexual figure who is a sadistic killer, a monster, a modern day "Jack the Ripper." The sympathy, of course, is engendered by the author (narrator) who is a friend of the fiend. A year later Mr. Wilson brought out *Adrift in Soba* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1961). This is life among the Greenwich Villagers of England (London). Some are gay of course, but the book is a poor one for Wilson and not worth much effort in locating.

Donald Windham, an excellent writer, who is sadly less prolific even than Salinger, and very sympathetic to homosexuality in his titles, did an excellent study of involuted relationships in *The Hero Continues* (Crowell, 1960). Several reviews alluded to the book's surprising parallels in Mr. Windham's own life.

Young Marianne Sinclair's first novel *Paradox Lost* (London, Chapman & Hall, 1963) is the story of a doomed lesbian romance between a "very" young child-like girl and a semi-sadistic (bitch/butch) 40-year-old. Curiously, Marianne Sinclair is the wife of critics darling, Andrew Sinclair, whose recent novel, *The Paradise Bum* (Atheneum, 1963) describes his futile courtship of a lesbian.

The horrors of prison life, graphic and sexual (homosexual); are well presented in William Wiegand's *The Treatment Man* (McGraw-Hill, 1959; also as *The Incorrigibles*, Belmont Books, 1960).

It is a disappointment when a book primarily concerned with the life of a homosexual turns out to be an unbearably dull book. This is the case with *The Vigil of Emmeline Gore* by Rudolph Von Abele (Houghton, 1962). Emmeline has loved and cared for her husband in the past—even forgave him (to some extent) his overt homosexuality. What she couldn't forgive was her discovery that he has had a child by another woman.

The Gold Rimmed Spectacles by Giorgio Bassani (Atheneum, 1960) was more or less overlooked. This is surprising since it is a very well written novel about a totally homosexual life. It is very similar to the obsession theme used in Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, since it analyzes in depth the obsession of an adult male for a boy.

There is a very, very short, but very good homosexual anecdote, included in Marc Brandel's *Rain Before Seven* (Harper, 1945). It is a good title for just general reading although the pertinent section is just a few pages long. His novel of suspense *The Time of the Fire* (Random House, 1954, Bantam, 1955) has a more substantial homosexual element in the plot but is also primarily "fun reading."

The Second World War as seen by the French soldier is the plot of *The*

Soldier and the Rose by Marcel Haedrich (Putnam, 1962). One of the officers is homosexual and he plays a substantial role in the plot. More substantial for example than the roles in novels by James Jones or Norman Mailer.

The life of the hero of *If Thine Eye Offend Thee* (Simon and Schuster, 1961) is marked by his discovery of the overt homosexuality of a male relative. Heinrich Schirrmbeck, considered an important novelist in Germany, is well worth plowing through for the scant 3 or 4% homosexual content. The one scene the boy watches is rather funny in a macabre way.

POET'S CORNER: Because of the review of the Vazakas poetry in the July *REVIEW*, a staff member of the magazine kindly led me to the works of George Granville Barker and Wilfred Owen.

In turn, I feel all readers will want to look up their works at the library, and possibly ultimately obtain them second hand, for both authors contributed handsomely to the male homosexual poetry shelf.

For Barker the most complete and easiest to obtain work is *Collected Poems, 1930-1955* (Criterion, 1957, 1958). His range is from subtle to explicit and there isn't room to list all of the many pertinent poems. Special mention belongs to the various series called "Sacred Elegies"; "Zennor Idyls"; and "Pacific Sonnets." Unusually important single poems include "In Memory of a Friend," "The Leaping Laughters," "Kew Gardens," "Epithalamium for Two Friends" and "A Song of the Sea." These are just a few of the items in this excellent and quite long collection.

Wilfred Owen, of course, is the sadly lamented World War I casualty of the poetic world. His brief life produced just a slim group of poems. There are older, slighter English editions of his work which may be available in some libraries, but the easiest probably to obtain is the volume *Poems* (New Classics Series, 1949).

Considering that half of this volume (I do not know which poems) was first published in 1920, and attracted enough critical attention to cause a 1921 reprint, it is odd that nothing has been said of his very obvious homosexual preoccupations.

Very little is said in the biographical sources available about Wilfred Owen that would indicate what must have been a major drive in his own life, if his poetry can be said to reflect the man.

He was born in 1893 and killed in 1917 at age 25. He is coupled with Siegfried Sassoon as a "war poet," but his real hall of fame is, or should be, on the homophile book shelf. Virtually all of his poems are concerned with either war, or love of men, and generally both.

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.

LISTENERS SAY THANKS

Following are several excerpts from the 23 letters from listeners who heard Hal Call's series of five sex talks on "The Hypocrisy of Sexual Morality" at the annual summer training school of the Prosperos in Santa Barbara, California, in July (see August *REVIEW* for text of first talk). Thus the following excerpts might better be called, "Listeners Write":

...Enjoyed seeing you again and enjoyed your talks...—Mr. and Mrs. D.P. and Family, California.

You did a bang-up job with your lecture series... Looking for a much closer relationship (with your organization) outside the homophile movement.—Miss D.M., California.

...Thanks again and again for your great help provided through your series.—R.B., California.

It was indeed a pleasure meeting you in person and listening to your talks. Yes, you are a rebel "with a cause," courageous and daring to voice your convictions. More power to you and your associates. I am sending you the book I promised...—(Mrs.) E.R., Texas.

This is a belated expression of appreciation for your presence at Santa Barbara and for your wonderful lectures. I enjoyed them so very much... Dr. H.S., Texas.

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REVIEW EDITOR: According to my schedule, it is time to pay my dues as a subscribing member at \$15.00.

I have looked through several issues of the magazine and find in none of them a list of the several categories of mem-

bership—let alone the corresponding fees. I think you make a big mistake in omitting this in even one issue.

One makes the same mistake, though I am an associate member, for which the fee is \$50.00.

Not only do I think you should list the categories and fees in each issue—I think you should invent some categories at a fee higher than \$15.00. Say a cantankerous membership, costing \$50.00.

I hope that the apparently recurring friction between Mattachine and One will be stopped. Was it you or One who announced that it would no longer advertise for the other? If it was you, then come off it! If it was One, then turn the other cheek and advertise *them*. Each of you serves a fine purpose and I have every intention of supporting you both equally.

Enclosed is my money order in the amount of \$50.00, for which I expect a cantankerous membership for the year.—Mr. H.H., California.

EDITORS' NOTE: It wasn't us.

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.

TO NEWSSTAND PURCHASERS:

You missed September.

—AND IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT—IT WAS OURS.

A heavy publishing schedule on a 370-page legal brief made it necessary to delay September *REVIEW* (it came off the press on the 28th). It was too late to distribute to newsstands.

BUT YOUR COPY IS RESERVED—simply send 75¢ to *Mattachine REVIEW*, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco, California, and we'll mail your copy pronto.

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS a new story by Jay Little (Author of *Maybe Tomorrow & Somewhere Between the Two*)—about Chris and Ray, a lover's meeting. It is the opening chapter in his third novel which he is now writing. There are other great features, too, including an amazing rundown on where to find gay short stories by Gene Damon.

TO ALL READERS:

Jay Little has requested comments on his story mentioned above. Won't you submit a criticism—favorable or not—to us, so we can forward it to him? He'll appreciate it, and so will we—



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REVIEW

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