



mattachine **REVIEW**

JANUARY 1964

75c



BEGINNING OUR TENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY (1917-1963)

DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts
in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind.
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains--but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter,
the love,
They have gone to feed the roses...

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

--Edna St. Vincent Millay in
"The Buck in the Snow"



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THE "FLIP" SIDE OF THE RECORD---

LOVE AND LET LOVE

By Tom Wilson

I believe that our attitude toward heterosexuals should be one of tolerance and love. It is true that the Kinsey Report and other reliable sources indicate that the men and women who are 100% heterosexual throughout their lives are probably in the minority, but this is no reason why we should condemn them or discriminate against them.

Heterosexuality, in my opinion, is not a disease or an illness. It is found in all nations and all cultures, and is as old as civilization. Adam and Eve, indeed, were the first heterosexuals. Washington, Lincoln, Columbus, Betsy Ross and many other famous men and women in history were straight, and theirs is a heritage of which they may well be proud, despite their heterosexuality.

Just because we prefer members of our own sex as love partners is no valid reason why we should persecute or harass men and women who choose to love members of the opposite sex! After all, it is no concern of ours what two adult heterosexuals of sound mind do in the privacy of their own homes so long as they do not prey on minors or flaunt their eccentricities in public, they should not be prosecuted.

I further believe that heterosexuals should be allowed to congregate in public places such as bars, restaurants and clubs, as that is their constitutional right as American citizens. Nor should we frown upon public dancing between men and women, much as we may deplore it as an odious practice. We must learn to be tolerant in these matters.

Furthermore, I believe that heterosexuals should be allowed to serve in the government and the armed forces, without being investigated by the F.B.I. regarding their private lives. I believe this, despite the fact that the majority of Americans involved in security risk situations are heterosexuals. Although it is true that more straight people become involved with the law than homosexuals (paradoxical as that may sound), this does not justify our unleashing a campaign of prejudice against them. They have many emotional and psychological problems which probably account, in part, for their apparent instability and we should do all we can to "understand" and alleviate their "problem."

It has not yet been fully determined just what makes a heterosexual. No doubt environment, bed-wetting, broken families, early mother or father fixation, and many other complex problems play a part. Frankly, there has been very little scientific investigation into the origin and development of the heterosexual, except in the past decade or so, and such research still does not scratch the surface. In any case, it is obvious that most heterosexuals consider themselves normal and would not want to be "cured" (I use the word advisedly) even if there was any legitimate treatment. It is important to emphasize the fact that heterosexuals are not criminals. I have, on occasion, invited them into my own home and some of my best friends are heterosexuals.

I realize that I will probably be attacked by some conservative homosexuals for my rather radical views on the subject but I believe tolerance and love should be extended to all God's creatures. Always remember when you see a heterosexual: There, but for the Grace of God . . .

Organizations of heterosexuals and periodicals devoted to their way of life should be allowed full freedom under the law and their press should be unhampered so long as it does not encourage pen-pals and utilize pornography. Poems and stories involving 'girl-meets-boy' themes should, of course, be permitted, and movies and plays dealing with heterosexual love should not be censored. This is, after all, the twentieth century, and we must progress with the times.

Further, I believe we should fight for the repeal of all laws which penalize sex between heterosexuals (in fact, a "Wilson Report" on this important matter will be the next project your reporter will undertake). Many ancient laws, often unenforced it is true, but still on the books, call for

ART'S GALLERY *by Art Finley*



(In the San Francisco Chronicle)

Don't knock it if you haven't tried it

penalties up to ten years in prison (and higher in some states) for certain sexual acts between men and women, even if they are married! I feel that any type of sex-play between members of the opposite sex is just as natural and right as that between members of the same sex! I may not agree with what heterosexuals do, but I will fight to the death their right to do it!

mattachine. **REVIEW**

In some fields of endeavor it is a notorious fact that straight people are the victims of discrimination: in the dancing profession, in the theatre, and in allied fields. I am violently opposed to this unfair practice. Heterosexuals must eat and earn a living and they should be accorded complete equality in every line of work, provided they are otherwise qualified. While it is true that they often lack the genius and talent required in these highly specialized fields, we should make special efforts to find employment for them whenever possible. It may ultimately be necessary to work for the establishment of a Fair Employment Practices Act in this connection. But I am hoping this will prove needless. Once the people in these fields see the handwriting on the wall, I feel they will act voluntarily.

So I ask my brothers and sisters to join in this great campaign for the full emancipation of heterosexuals. Any curtailment of their rights is a direct attack upon us all. Only when the heterosexual enjoys his full freedom to love as he wishes will we enjoy ours.



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AND THEN THERE WERE THREE

by

Marsh Haris

On the 18th day of May, 1959, Her Majesty's Ship Melville sailed from Port Brundage en route to Castina in the Delias Islands. On the 19th day of May she sank to the bottom of the Caldean Sea.

As a matter of record, all went well for crew and passengers during the first day out, save of course for Mrs. J. Haversham-Koch getting thoroughly stoned shortly after dinner and spending the rest of the evening rendering somewhat strident variations of the Marseilles to all who would listen. Then just after breakfast on the following morning things began to go to pieces. Sir Percival Fledgling, Minister to the Delias Islands, was stricken with a severe attack of the gout and was confined to his cabin. Mrs. Haversham-Koch remained in her cabin also, having entirely abandoned all forms of music. At the same time, a small, rather vicious little Pekinese by the name of Dunkirk became overwhelmed by *mal de mer* and staggered overboard, causing his mistress, an obese matron from Australia, to go into something approaching trauma. Doom then began to rush in from all angles when shuffleboard was rained out, and Captain Glazebrook developed trouble with a wisdom tooth.

Now as sinkings go, it was a relatively neat one, there being absolutely no panic whatever. In fact, to be quite accurate, there was no interest. Indeed the great majority of the passengers had their own problems and felt that if something were amiss within the bowels of the ship it was the problem of the chief engineer; they knew nothing of such things. And the chief engineer himself would no doubt have

agreed with this philosophy had he been in any condition to agree with anything. Unfortunately as it turned out he too had been stricken by an attack of 'mal-aux-entrailles' and was in no condition to give thought to any other part of the vessel save its plumbing system, which he devoutly hoped would remain in the best possible working order until his own private crisis had passed. Insofar as the crew themselves were concerned it was their turn in the pool and they apparently were none the wiser when their own little body of water merged with the sea.

Indeed the only person actually aware of what was happening was the captain himself, and he not very sharply. Pity it is that he did not survive as he had an excellent vantage point and watched the entire episode from beginning to end. The only trouble was that he had consumed such a prodigious quantity of pills to dull the ache of the fiendish wisdom tooth that it had managed somehow to dull him more or less all over, including his mind. This, coupled with the fact that he had had the benefits of a strict British upbringing, brought him up to an extraordinary degree of Stoicism. Consequently the best he could manage was a strategic 'damn' as the water level began to rise about the handsome collection of sea stories in his cabin, and of course remove his shoes.

The entire contretemps took somewhat less than an hour.

Survival was hardly worth mentioning. A mere two managed it, and depending on how you look at it, Fate could hardly have done worse, or better. Joyce Matthews, a scarlet-haired and alarmingly well constructed young woman, found herself washed violently out to sea just as the deck burbled under. Happening to be an expert swimmer and one-time lifeguard, she decided this was perhaps as good a time as any to take advantage of her aquatic abilities. Spotting a pool table floating aimlessly about, she swam to it and hoisted her voluptuous body aboard.

"Hell," she said. "And not even a cue stick to paddle with. This is worse than being up that proverbial creek. As it is, I'm somewhere out on that proverbial sea." Joyce Matthews was American.

Suddenly a spot of froth on the water called out to her. It was British froth. "I say," the froth sputtered, "are you by any chance heading for shore?"

"Beats the hell out of me," the attractive young woman yelled back at the froth. "You?"

"Matter of fact," the froth answered, "I don't even know where it is. You might say I'm --- lost."

"Oh, I don't know. I mean where would a churning mess of water like you want to go anyway?"

"You'll forgive me," the froth flung back, "but I happen to be a drowning man."

"Oh. Well from here you look for all the world like a churning mess of water." Joyce Matthews sat with legs akimbo, fluffing out her magnificent head of hair in the sunlight. "All I know is that I'm suddenly the captain of the smallest sea-going vessel in the history of sailing. I call it the HMS Pooltable. Care to come aboard — seeing as how you insist you're a drowning man?"

A dripping thing of a man pulled itself from the water and slopped across the table top. "Excuse me for looking such a mess," he apologised, "but you see, the ship I was on just sank, or something."

"Mine too. Which either means that we were on the same ship, or that this sea is lousy with sinking ships this morning. I'm Joyce Matthews."

"How d'you do, Captain Matthews. My name's Philip Thaxter."

"No, no, skip the captain bit. Just call me Joyce. The HMS Pooltable is a friendly craft, to say the very least. So what the hell happened? Or would you have any idea?"

"Well not very much, I'm afraid. As I said, it appears the ship sank, though I'm not a sailor, mind you; I don't know too much about this sort of thing."

"No," she said, looking at him strangely, "I can see that."

"Say," Philip suddenly said. "Something just occurred to me. Pool tables don't float."

"They probably don't," Joyce admitted, still fluffing out her hair. "But nothing's working right today. If the fool thing doesn't have enough sense to go to the bottom then who are we to tell it?"

She had a point.

As Philip Thaxter busied himself with removing his jacket and tie and making general repairs, the American girl watched him with fascination. He might not know anything about sailing, nor even a decent swimming stroke, but he was attractive. Oh indeed, she thought, very attractive. His hair was made glisteningly dark with the water in it and his

deep blue eyes fairly flashed among their abundant, cold black lashes. Structurally, he wasn't what you could have called Hellenistic, though there was plenty enough there to intrigue her.

"Listen," she said, "why don't you lie stomach down on one side of this amphibious table and I'll take the other side and we'll paddle with our arms. No sense in bobbing about aimlessly like this when we could be bobbing about in a particular direction."

"Glad to oblige," he said, "but who wants to paddle farther out to sea?"

"Nobody in his right mind, and I'm not about to. Look about you. You see that faint dark haze at the horizon over there to your left? Well I'll bet my lace step-ins that that's land, some kind of island, probably."

Not wanting to jeopardize the young woman's lace step-ins, Philip agreed. And thus it was that the long, laborious navigation began. Infinitely slowly, however, the dark haze at the horizon grew larger and more distinct until just before sunset vivid silhouettes of palm trees could be seen against the sky.

At long last the table and its two hitchhikers drifted up to the sandy shore. Philip slid off one side and looked up at his companion. "I say, let's drag this thing ashore. If there are any civilized people here they might have balls."

"Might have what?"

"Balls. The natives here might have balls. And if we're nice to them they might let us play with them."

Joyce gave it thought for a minute. "One of us," she said sternly, "has an extremely dirty mind, and under the circumstances I hope devoutly that it's me. Now let's get this thing moored."

Together they dragged the noble craft onto the beach and soon the two were fast asleep on the sand, exhausted from having paddled a distance of more than three miles.

The following day investigations had to be made. Since Joyce had been a Girl Scout in her younger days and Philip had seen a robust number of movies about people being stranded on tropical islands, not to mention having read Swiss Family Robinson twice, they made a more than adequate team. Joyce took the route to the left and Philip shot off to the right in the direction of the lagoon. Three hours

later they met on the other side, their clothes somewhat the worse for wear.

"Pretty," Joyce avowed, "but I'll bet Saturday nights aren't worth a damn around here."

"I always knew something like this would happen to me," Philip groaned. "I just knew it."

"You knew something like *what* would happen to you? Being stranded on an island with a woman?" The very idea brought a gleam of delight to the comely features.

"Stranded on an island, yes, but not necessarily with a woman. How about you? Did you ever think you'd be stranded on an island with a man?"

"Not really. But a girl can always hope."

Unconsciously, Philip flinched. Nervously, he fiddled with an earlobe and changed the subject. "Here," he said, "I've gathered some funny looking things that might be edible. I'm starved."

"Good, me too."

"They might be poison, you know."

"True, true. Then on the other hand they might all be aphrodisiacs too."

Philip might have ultimately eaten more had this remark not been made. However, they tromped back to the beach and sat down to investigate their strange victuals.

"Hell," Joyce fussed. "Here we are with this massive table and not a chair to our names. You married?" she asked as she did ravenous things to a banana.

"Single."

"Necessity?"

"Choice."

"Oh."

"You?"

"Matter of opinion. Depends on how you look at it. What we call a part-time job back in America. Anyway, I've always felt that being stranded on an island without your husband constitutes divorce. Pass me that purple thing, will you?"

"They're very good. I just had one, whatever they are." He picked one up and handed it to her. As the object passed from his hand to hers their fingers touched slightly and she looked deeply into his face.

"God, you're handsome," she said quickly.

"Uh---thank you. You're---very attractive yourself."

"Yes, I know. But I'd begun to wonder if you had noticed."

Suddenly she bent forward and kissed him sharply on the mouth.

Philip drew back quickly, dropping a mango. "I think I'd better start---building a signal fire on the top of that ridge. In case a ship happens to come by." He jumped up and brushed the sand off his now sadly bagging trousers.

"Oh no," Joyce called up to him. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Because somebody might see the fire, of course, and rescue us. The world is full of busy-bodies."

Philip looked at her curiously and felt nervous all over. "What a depraved woman," he thought to himself, "what a thoroughly loose, wanton female." Quickly, he went off for driftwood. Now more than ever that fire had to be built in all haste.

With the days that passed there appeared two small huts on the beach, one for her and one for him. There was also a permanent place for cooking and a place for hanging their clothes as they were washed. Soon, however, these garments grew fewer and fewer with wear and more threadbare by the day until Joyce's wardrobe dwindled to naught but a thing now only vaguely resembling a dress and Philip claimed part of a white shirt and possibly the only pair of tweed shorts in the history of clothing.

As a daily ritual, Philip would climb the highest point of the island twice and pile enough driftwood onto the fire to last twelve hours and return hopelessly to the beach where most of his time was spent gazing wistfully across the water in case a boat should pass.

Daily also were the overtures from Joyce. She was adamant and determined to get what she wanted, her ammunition seeming to replenish itself on the very rejections themselves. Then one day she went too far. Suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, she threw herself savagely upon Philip and gave him a bomb-like kiss.

The attacked man quickly broke the hold and stepped back.

"Do you mind? *Do you mind!* I would appreciate it very much if you would use a little control and keep your personal members off me."

"I'm beyond control; I went stark, raving mad days ago. Now I'm going to attack you; I'm going to ravage you to within an inch of your life. Are you ready to be ravaged?"

"I am not. As a matter of fact, I'm not even ready to be mildly molested."

"You aren't going to be mildly molested. You're going to be thoroughly and entirely pillaged. Ready or not, here I come!"

"Hold it! Do you know what you're about to do?"

"Yes, I am about to pillage you."

"But I don't want to be pillaged. In all honesty I am so against it that I might faint any second now. I might collapse in a disgusting heap on this very sand."

"Look, we've been on this over-grown island now for months and you haven't so much as shaken hands with me. What are you, a -----?"

"Please! Don't say that word. But what would you do if I told you you're right, I am?"

"I'd collapse in a disgusting heap on this very sand. But you aren't going to say it, are you? Are you?"

"Well let's put it this way: No, I don't want you to pillage, attack, or molest me. But I do sympathize with you. Oh you can't imagine how much I sympathize with you! I do because I realize how much you want a man. Well---so do I."

"Oh my God, I'm going to become a disgusting heap. Quick, take it back; say you didn't mean it!"

"I want a man, I want a man, I want a man!"

"Ohhh!" Joyce shrieked as she began to flee across the beach in the direction of her hut. "A ship, a ship, this miserable island for a ship!"

More months passed until finally Joyce and Philip could hardly remember ever having lived anywhere else but on the island. All track of time was lost. "What day is it? Don't ask," Joyce griped. "It's a day, that's all. The sun shines; the sun doesn't shine. That's the whole bit." After a while Joyce finally became accustomed to the particular nature of her fellow inhabitant and the problem was never mentioned. It was obvious they had enough problems of survival without further complications. And so they adjusted. Joyce became considerably adept at weaving garments from plants and tree fibres and concocting quite edible dishes from what the verdant island had to offer, while Philip discovered never before suspected talents in the line of carpentry, fishing, and hunting. All in all things were quite satisfactory, save for the one nameless frustration. Paradoxically, it was this very mutual frustration that seemed to bring them closer

and closer together; they could not help but sympathize with one another.

"Cut off," Joyce bemoaned to herself, "cut off in the very prime of life! If there were only some reasonable facsimile of a man on this abandoned paradise. Why even half a man would be better than nothing. I wouldn't care if he were deaf, dumb and blind, just so he had a little spirit. Christ, an immoral monkey from one of those damn palm trees would be worth considering at this point. I wonder what they would do in the movies about a mess like this."

At the same time, Philip lay across his mat doing a little self-sympathizing of his own. "Decidedly worse than prison," he thought, "oh, decidedly worse. At least there one might find an inmate willing to cooperate. Here I am in a world bitching about a population explosion and there's not a man in sight. Why couldn't there have been savages inhabiting this bleeding place? God, what I could do with a good savage right now. A man-eating one."

Then one morning during breakfast Joyce got a sheepish look on her face.

"You have a sheepish look on your face," Philip told her as he peeled a large green thing.

"Phil," she said slowly, not able to look him in the eye, "wouldn't it be nice if there were someone else on the island."

"Right now I'd settle for a good book of dirty pictures. Why, were you planning on asking friends over?"

"No, I mean if we could do something to get someone here, wouldn't you be for it?"

"Well---sure, of course I would." (Just so it's a male, he thought to himself.) "But you know very well there's nothing we can do about it. Maybe one day we'll get lucky and they'll start testing hydrogen bombs out here."

"No, you're wrong. There is something we can do. Phil, I --- I want a baby."

"Oh," he said dryly. "That's nice. A baby *what*? Now you know perfectly well we went through all that a long time ago. And if you----."

"Now just one mango-pickin' minute, Mr. Thaxter. It's not what you think. I'm not trying to pull something sneaky on you. I just thought that if we had a child it might take our minds off other things. Oh Phil, please! Just this once is all

I ask. If I could only have a child I'd never say another word. I promise."

For a brief moment the idea didn't seem all bad. "Not another word? Not ever?"

"Cross my heart and hope to be hit on the head by a falling coconut."

"I don't know, I don't believe I could go through with it, Joyce. I'm not altogether sure my stomach could take it."

"What a thing to say! Why if I weren't so desperate I'd ram this banana right down your throat!"

"And if I weren't such a gentleman I'd tell you what I thought of *that*!"

"Oh Phil, let's not fight. Won't you please say yes? Oh don't you see, if I were a mother all my time would be taken up with the child."

"Then what about me?"

"But it would be your child too!"

"Oh my God, I think I'm going to be ill. First of all there isn't a fatherly bone in my body, and secondly I am aware of certain minor obligations I would have to take care of in the process of becoming one."

"Phil, just say you'll think about it! That's all I ask. Just Promise me that. Please?"

He got up and started to move away very rapidly. "All right, all right, I'll think about it. As a matter of fact I'll probably never be able to forget it. But don't be surprised if I'm too sick to eat any lunch today."

For the rest of the day and most of the night Philip did think about it. He fluctuated from cold shivers, to racing pulse, to telling himself he was wholly and entirely mad to even give it the first moment's thought. Then when he finally dropped off to sleep he had an unhinging dream which insisted upon coming with him into his waking day and all the way down onto the beach for breakfast.

"All right," he said uneasily, "but just for you, you understand. One less frustrated, neurotic person on this island might do us all some good. But if we ever get off this place and the word leaks out, I'm ruined. My entire social life will be down the drain."

Suddenly, as though she had gone completely berserk, Joyce rushed across and violently embraced the nervous man. "Oh Phil, thank you! Oh how wonderful! Just think--- I'm going to be a mother!"

"Now hold on," he reminded her as he gently pulled away. "Isn't that rather like counting your chickens before they hatch?"

Three months later, very early in the morning, Joyce came bursting into Philip's hut. Her face was beaming. "Phil, Phil, what do you think?"

"A ship! You've spotted a ship!" He jumped up wildly and tried to push past her.

"No, no, nothing like that, silly. It's something else. I'm---I'm pregnant!"

"Well of course you're pregnant; why shouldn't you be?"

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Well let me see. Don't climb stairs and all that sort of thing, I suppose."

"But there are no stairs here to climb!"

"Well then don't climb palm trees. I once read somewhere that pregnant women should never climb palm trees. Shall I heat you some water?"

"Why?"

"Because that's what they always say in books when a woman is pregnant."

"Oh forget it. I'll just go off somewhere and be pregnant all by myself. Maybe I'll die and some horrid beast will suckle my poor child for me."

Philip looked at her and couldn't help but feel a bit ashamed of himself. He put his hands gently on her shoulders and smiled. "Joyce, I'm only teasing, really. I'm truly very happy for you. You'll be a good mother; I know you will. And for that matter, I guess I'll just have to try and be some kind of a father, won't I. Now come on, let's go have something to eat."

It wasn't the easiest of pregnancies. But Philip allowed her to do next to nothing at all, taking what seemed to be the utmost precautions that the delivery be normal and that there be no mishaps in the meanwhile. Joyce seemed to grow larger and more contented by the day until at last the gruelling nine months passed and the crucial moment arrived. Shortly after sunset, labor became severe and the two parents were nervous to the breaking point, though doing all they could to hide it from one another. Philip stuck anxiously to her side and did everything possible to make her comfortable. At one particularly difficult moment he even knelt beside her and sang to her.

"Now wait," he said, "hold on just a second longer. I'm going to run over and get my mat. I'll spend the night here beside you."

"Thank you, Phil. But don't be too long. I can't guarantee a thing now."

When he had gone, she lay there with a wondrous expression on her face, a look of utter triumph. "Oh, I know, it isn't the most decent thing to do to him---he's such a sweet old thing---but it's the only way I know. Besides, he might enjoy having a son. And it *has* to be a boy, a boy who'll grow quickly into a strong, handsome man. *My man!*"

The unsuspecting Philip darted quickly into his hut and scooped up the mat from the floor. Once outside in the night air again he paused for a second and looked across the beach to the lighted hut where the woman lay. The stars and the moon overhead turned the sand to silver, and the sea rolled in lazily as though it had nothing else to do.

"How brave she is," he thought to himself. "Well, maybe it'll work; maybe once she's a mother she'll forget about everything else. A boy! Oh please, *make him a boy!* He will be her son, but I will be the one to take him into the dark shadows of the jungle to hunt!"

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS

THE CIRCLE (DER KREIS)

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LITERARY *scene*

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

GENE DAMON

In most of the places where this column will be read it is cold and possibly bleak. Perfect weather for warm fires, good books, and your favorite beverage. While I cannot lead you to the first or the last of these, here are a few books for times when the other two are available.

John Broderick's, *THE FUGITIVE*, Ivan Obolensky, 1962, appeared in England in 1961 as *THE PILGRIMAGE*, a title as apt or more so for this story of the I.R.A. It is an example of a worried family member's view of a male homosexual liaison. Paddy and Ward are the "fugitives" and Paddy is dangerously weak. His sister disapproves of the homosexual aspects of his relationship with Ward and is herself in love with Ward. (She incidentally hates Ward as well.) It is an overly tense book -- but then that is the view from here. From there it was, no doubt, more than a momentous time.

Pearl Buck (an unlikely inclusion) contributed a bit of anti-Homosexual propaganda in her novel, *DRAGON SEED*, John Day, 1942. This is interesting because the homosexual is a sadistic Japanese officer. A sort of "gilding the lily" in reverse.

Ned Calmer, whose very first novel, back in 1934, *BEYOND THE STREET*, was quite pertinent, contributes cameo male and female portraits in *ALL THE SUMMER DAYS*, Little, Brown, 1961.

Each reviewer has different standards for determining the importance of a homosexual novel. Many fail to consider any but the most major books. Yet many titles are very substantial but handle the subject quietly without any fanfare or violent sexuality. These often get passed over and this is almost as often unjustified. William Cooper's novel (autobiographical), *SCENES FROM LIFE*, Scribner's, 1961, is a good example of this. The style rambles a bit as English

novels are wont to do but the plot is quite intimately concerned with male homosexuality and one such character is examined in great detail. The book is well worth reading.

Julian Green, an American author who writes in French and then is translated into English, has often written of homosexuality. In 1955 his play, *SOUTH*, was published in England. Expanded and novelized into, *EACH IN HIS OWN DARKNESS*, Pantheon, 1961, it is an excellent minor treatment. The hero of the novel is violently loved by a boy cousin. Mr. Green is very frankly sympathetic to homosexuality and his handling of the story will disappoint no one.

Rayner Heppenstall has been writing for many years, not prolifically but steadily. His 1941 novel, *THE BLAZE OF NOON*, is a hotly-contested novel in that some consider it homosexual where others fail to see this in it at all. No one will question the presence of the theme in his 1961 novel, *THE GREATER INFORTUNE*, New Directions. Although it is a very major treatment, its lack of focus is disturbing. There is almost no plot, only loosely connected characters in slightly related incidents. It is concerned with the social and philosophical ramblings of a large group of "oddballs" in London just preceding World War II. The hero is ostensibly heterosexual but his friends are almost all entirely homosexually oriented.

An odd bit of literary "history" by Aldous Huxley should appeal to some of the readers of this column: *THE FARCICAL HISTORY OF RICHARD GREENOW*, a short novel in, *LIMBO*, London, Chatto & Windus, 1920 and 1946, and N.Y., George H. Doran, 1920. This is one of those transexual romps where the hero/heroine flits about the edges of homosexuality conveniently changing sexes just in time. Libraries will have this one and it is fun to read.

Reprints make collecting less expensive and the fall and winter months each year usually abound in reprints of reasonably popular titles from about a year or a year and a half before. William McGivern's sympathetic, *A PRIDE OF PLACE*, is available in a Bantam edition, for example. If you are seriously interested in keeping up with the inexpensive reprints of homosexual titles, it is wise to subscribe to the Bowker Publication, *PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT*. It is very expensive \$16 per year, but for this you receive a monthly listing and quarterly cumulative indexes and the savings in not having to purchase everything in hard-

cover is very substantial.

John O'Hara's novel, *THE BIG LAUGH*, Random House, 1962, Bantam, 1963, contains a substantial male homosexual portrait, and as always his writing demands attention. The theme of true blue bastard climbing to success over the bodies of various men and women is always interesting. The homosexual in the novel is doubly well-handled by O'Hara because he is a sympathetic character but still has flaws. This makes him believable, and the book more enjoyable.

The role of the female in wartime is very limited and slight compared to the male role. We have many titles about homosexual men in the service at home and abroad and in prison camps under all possible conditions. There are very few female homosexual titles about women in war, either in active or passive roles.

During the war years and the years immediately after, a handful of novels about women "left behind" in wartime appeared. Several of these included excellent Lesbian portraits: Margaret Long's, *LOUISVILLE SATURDAY*, Random, 1950, Bantam, 1951, et al; Hanna Lees', *TILL THE BOYS COME HOME*, Harper, 1944, and others with a similar theme. There were also scattered titles about women in the service of various countries. The most famous, of course, is Tereska Torres' *WOMEN'S BARRACKS*, Fawcett, Gold Medal, 1950, etc. The others were generally inferior to the Torres' novel, oversexed and underwritten.

It is surprising to find in one season, so many years after the end of the war, two books which seriously treat the same aspect of war. This one plot or theme, is the only one visited equally on men and women in all its horror, the Prison Camp Story, or the Concentration Camp Story.

THE WHOLE LAND BRIMSTONE by Anna Langfus, Pantheon, 1962, is an autobiographical novel containing a blood-chilling account of imprisonment in such a camp and the moments of passion (comfort?) between the incarcerated women.

The much less grim, and more artistic, *PASSAGE THROUGH THE RED SEA*, by Zofia Romanowicz, Harcourt Brace, 1962, deals with an unconsumated but violently intense Lesbian passion set in a prison camp. The denouement, which takes place in Paris, years after the war is over, is

a chiller. One is left believing the heroine was happier in the concentration camp.

Since someone is always delighted to poke fun at homosexual foibles, it is nice to see the reverse at work. In *STICK YOUR NECK OUT*, by Mordecai Richler, Simon and Schuster, 1963, a man, Jock, poses as "Jane" for "political" reasons and falls in love with a girl, Jean-Paul who is posing as a boy. He, thinks he is "queer" and she thinks she's a "dyke." In a hilarious scene they tell the truth of their identities, breathe a mutual sigh of relief and fall into each other's arms, forgetting in their moment of bliss the foam-rubber breasts of "Jane" between them.

It is gratifying to be able to report that Gwyn Griffin's latest novel, *A SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1963, is far superior to his earlier novel, *THE MASTER OF THIS VESSEL*, which was reviewed in an earlier column. Where the earlier novel sprawled tediously, this book is tight, intense and very brutal.

Through an accident of fate a 17 year-old boy, Van der Haar, meant for an important language interpreter's job for intelligence service, is placed in a British training school for officers. His Captain, a sadist and a homosexual, arranges (inadvertently) for him to be "caned" or beaten to teach him proper attitudes. D.H. Lawrence's "The Prussian Officer" is a Sunday School picnic next to this one. The surprise ending, at least as applies to Captain Lutwyche, somewhat compensates. It is unfortunate, though, that the homosexual aspects will be the focal point for many readers, where actually the flaw is in the system which allows the beating of children under 18 to make "men" of them.

Shirley Jackson's novel, *THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE*, Viking, 1959, Popular Library, 1962, has been made into a movie, successfully retaining the strong erotic Lesbian undertones. Claire Bloom, the more clearly Lesbian oriented of the two female protagonists, is very wise casting; her beauty tinged with masculinity, is very effective. ("The Haunting" - M.G.M. - 1963)

There have been several Lesbian paperbacks of interest this last year, many of substantial value. The pseudo-intellectual reader tends to discount them as tripe. However, in the midst of all the trash which admittedly does flood the market each year in ever increasing volume, there are always a few titles which, while not masterpieces by any

means, are still well plotted, well written, generally sympathetic, and entertaining titles.

Valerie Taylor, one of the three top writers in this small group of worthwhile Lesbian paperback original authors, has a good entry in her novel, *UNLIKE OTHERS*, Midwood Tower, 1963. The story is trite enough, but the handling of the girl needs girl, finds girl, wins girl theme is enhanced by her quality of writing.

Another of the paperback original writers, March Hastings, whose career has been very uneven, has a potentially very popular title in her book, *THE HEAT OF DAY*, Midwood Tower, 1963 (just one of several titles she has published this year). The story of post-adolescent Lesbianism changing into adult responsibility and a more stable Lesbian attitude has, of course, been done many times before. March Hastings brings a fresh background and approach and a more than competent writing ability to this book and it is superior to the vast majority of the paperback originals which appear in quantities each year.

Colette's life, thinly fictionalized, is the subject of Tereska Torres' new novel, "BY CECILE," Simon and Schuster, 1963. The most interesting part of the novel is in the setting and chronology. The author brings the story of Colette's life with her first husband, Willy, to Paris after the end of the second world war and attempts to recreate the same events as they would have been lived in that time. The Lesbianism which permeates Colette's writing and which existed in her life is retained here, and perhaps embroidered a little. Tereska Torres is, in a sense, the female Prokosch, in that she has Lesbianism or variant women in all of her books, just as he almost always includes male homosexuals in his novels.

Kay Martin who has previously written two Lesbian paperbacks (neither very good but both containing interesting and attractive characters) includes a Lesbian triangle in her sensationalized story of a scandal in a big city hospital. *ALL THE GODS AND GODDESSES* is the Putnam prize novel for 1963 and won \$10,000 in advance royalties for Mrs. Martin. I have no doubt the book has more than earned this back by now. Kathy, a young nurse, is a major protagonist. Her battle to suppress her homosexuality (helped along by drugs) and her battle to bear the horrors of the operating room (she is ill-fitted emotionally to be a nurse) are

graphically described. Peg Shanks, a most attractive older and well handled Lesbian nurse, makes an effort to save Kathy from herself.

Unfortunately the attempt is abortive, and it is too late for Kathy. The author is definitely not sympathetic, but she has the knack of creating intensely desirable women (to other women) even if she doesn't happen to approve of them at all.

PLAYBOY says things so eloquently.....



"You realize, of course, that you started out with two strikes against you."

BOOKS *in review*

SEX IN THE OLD SOUTH

DRUM by Kyle Onstott. New York: The Dial Press, 1962. 502 pp. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

For those who enjoyed reading the author's earlier book, *MANDINGO*, this book is *must* reading. And in fact, in its final third, it is really a sequel to *MANDINGO*. The story is set in the first half of the 19th century, ranging from Western Africa through Cuba to the Old South and has three black heroes, respectively a Negro prince and subsequently slave, Tamboura, then his mulatto son, Drum, and the latter's son, Drumson.

The original hero is a teenage Royal Hausa prince sold into slavery by his own brother on the eve of his circumcision ceremony. This Tamboura, whose name is similar to the word for drum in various Romance languages, at first has it made in Cuba with a kind master who intends him for stud duties and offers him a soft job as a valet. Tamboura, however, is undone when his stud service is demanded by his master's French mistress, whose jealous Lesbian maid denounces him to the master. Tamboura is shot and whipped to death.

Tamboura's pregnant French mistress goes off to New Orleans and becomes the proprietor of the city's classiest whorehouse. Her mulatto son, Drum, has been brought up believing himself the son of the Lesbian maid and chief assistant of his mother. He is trained as the star of sexual exhibitions at the whorehouse, in which he services a succession of wenches while the enraptured customers watch enviously. Subsequently, he also becomes New Orleans' leading boxer. Drum also meets an early death when his best friend is forced to kill him in self-defense in a fight-to-the-death over Drum's woman.

With the third generation, this one named Drumson, we're soon back in MANDINGO country. After following in his father's footsteps as a sexual performer at the whorehouse, Drumson is sold to Hammond Maxwell, the co-hero of MANDINGO, renowned as the proprietor of the Old South's leading Negro farm for the scientific breeding of Negroes, an enterprise that has proven far more profitable than cotton. Maxwell, who has always regretted his boiling away of the magnificent Mede, title character of MANDINGO (a penalty for Mede's forced servicing and impregnating of Mrs. Maxwell), finds in Drumson something of a reincarnation of Mede. Although intended as the prime stud of the farm, Drum's sexual services are minimized when he is drafted as butler and chief aide of the white woman hired by Maxwell in New Orleans at the same time he bought Drumson. Though hired only as hostess and mistress of the plantation, and governess for Maxwell's dreadful young daughter, who's already taking after her mother (she goes around masturbating all the young Negro bucks), the lady has other ideas. Maxwell, who reviles all Southern white "ladies" after his experience with his late wife, has been given to understand that the new mistress, of northern origin, is a former prostitute. As it turns out, she is pure, noble, able and devoted, in the best traditions of the 19th century American heroine, and wins the love and marriage of Maxwell. But before this takes place, there is a slave uprising in which Drumson gives his life for his master (however, he has already impregnated two wenches, including Big Pearl, the sister-mistress of MANDINGO'S Mede, so the ground is laid for another sequel).

Although the homosexual material is minor combined with the massive heterosexual erotic parts, nonetheless homosexual characters keep popping up, always with eyes popping at the enormous penises common to all three heroes. There is a young Lieutenant Tangle on the slave-ship transporting Tamboura to Cuba; there is an aristocratic bisexual young man-about town, Marigny, who gets some servicing himself from Drum in New Orleans; there is Captain Jenkins, surely the swishiest ship's captain in literature, who has a Negro both for his own use and to keep order amongst all those nasty brutes on his ship; there is again reference to the elderly New Orleans homosexual

Roche, from MANDINGO; there is one Duplessis who pops up at a slave auction to get a choice young number; there is Holcomb, a neighbor of Maxwell's who comes to Falconhurst, Maxwell's estate, as a guest and seeks to hire the service of Drumson at least, since his master won't sell him. The only really developed homosexual character is Holcomb's swishy valet-lover, the mulatto Bruno, who tries during a well-described scene in Drumson's bed to seduce him. Properly unstereotyped however, Bruno proves brave and resourceful, and a crack shot, during the defense against the rebel slaves.

It might also be noted that even in the erotic scenes without homosexual import one is reminded of those typewritten homosexual pronographic stories: people look at big bulges in the crotch with a grin, the heroes have trouble getting their trousers closed when they get up in the morning, buttons are always about to pop off, etc. etc. The reader may draw his own conclusions. In any event, he will enjoy DRUM, because it is well written, however harsh and sexual is the reality of its story.

For Subscribers Only

TO BE MAILED JAN. 15

In the December 26 edition of NEW YORK TIMES (Dec. 27 in its Western Edition) there appeared a lengthy article stating that the "Growth of Overt Homosexuality Provokes Wide Concern," stressing that the condition can be prevented or cured according to many experts, but also presenting conflicting points of view, particularly from New York Mattachine spokesman. This article will be reprinted with a commentary and criticism in the next Mattachine INTERIM which is mailed to all members and subscribers.

interim

Author of the following commentary which takes a look at the homophile movement--leaders and followers alike--is a woman who has led organizations and groups in the past decade. Del Martin has been a member of the Mattachine Society, was a founder of Daughters of Bilitis, and is now editor of its magazine, THE LADDER. Therefore she is qualified to make the piercing observations which can be food for thought at the beginning of another New Year....

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.....

Perhaps I am dating myself when I call to mind the once popular song with the words, "The music goes round and round ... and it comes out here." It was a long time ago - twenty or thirty years perhaps. And the significance of these words were a long time coming. I have only now caught a small glimpse of it.

Since the outset of the homophile movement with the formation of the first Mattachine Foundation in 1950, we set the pattern, grinding out the words and the music. "Round and round" we've gone for years following the standard procedure.

We have been talking at and to others, and at and to ourselves. We have had round table discussions and conventions. We have been on T.V. and radio. We have written articles and published magazines. We have interviewed and been interviewed. Words, words, words going "round and round" but never quite "coming out here".

We have written and spoken trillions of words to the tune of a lullaby. Though we have thought we were screaming ourselves hoarse to the beat of the marching song. For we never stopped and listened to the music we were playing, and it lulled us to sleep. We spoke words of wisdom which we thought we were directing at "them" - society. They weren't really meant for us. They were for "them". So, just as "they" didn't hear, neither did we. And the words were never heeded - they never "came out here" where they belonged.

The myriads of words are a never-ending soliloquy - a broken record of Hamlet at its hammy best. They stand as an indictment of the self that talks, screams, sings, retorts, argues, yells, bellows, cries. They mark the sound of music that "goes round and round" jumbled in a maze of tongues

connected to the headbones that have no ears. Listen a minute. Listen. There is beauty, there is wisdom in these words. If we apply them to ourselves. If they "come out here".

Listen to the words you have mouthed. Listen to the joys in your pain and to the tears in your laughter. Hear the gnashing of your teeth as you chew at your own flesh. Open your eyes and see beyond the blinder's you have strapped to your scalp. Smell the stench you have vomited and spewed in your path. Dare to touch the hideous scar tissue you have designed from your own guts.

For it all began in your own mind. You accepted the values. You repeated the words in the ritual you didn't believe in - until you did believe them. And you became the liar, the hypocrite, who took the easy way out. Only the easy way was not really easy. You stubbed your toes on the rocks of your lies. You squirmed in the knowledge of your deception. For you "the music went round and round ... and it came out THERE!" There - away from you. Because you could not accept the mockery reflected in the mirror - the Frankenstein that was you.

For you had to know "the music couldn't come out there". It had to come out *here*. So then you wouldn't let it come out at all. You bottled it up inside yourself, and it "went round and round" as it does go "round and round" and as it will go "round and round" until you place it on the turntable and play it through to its entirety and "it comes out here" - in your own mind where it all began. For it is only here where the values you deplore originated. It is here where the re-evaluation must be made. It is here that you discover that in your aloneness you can never be alone. For you are collective self (society) as well as individual self. And it is only you who can resolve the conflict within your selves.

You are both the accused and the accuser. Listen. Listen to what you say about yourself. And listen to what you say about others, realizing now that what you say about others you are also saying about yourself. For as part of society you are also the others. You have tried to set yourself apart, but you couldn't. Because you could not possibly set yourself apart from yourself. You are always with you - in life, in sleep, in death. "The music goes round and round ... and it comes out here." You are what you think

you are - both as the ego-self and the society-self. Change your thoughts (your values) and the image changes.

How can society love you if you cannot love yourself? How can society cease feeling ashamed of you when you grovel in your guilt and self-pity? How can society take you into its fold when you cry out that you are different, that you don't belong, that you must have your own "gay" bars as a privilege for this difference? You say you have a right to congregate in a public place, but when you turn a bar "gay" doesn't it in essence become your *private* territory? Isn't the "straight" unwelcome? Then what's so "public" about this public congregation? Who drew the line? Who sets the bounds and defies and asks for misunderstanding? Who is really misunderstood? And who is it that misunderstands?

"The music goes round and round ... and it comes out here." Always it comes out *here*. It began with you and it can only end with you. You have projected your own hate, your own defiance, your own guilt, and your own punishment.

Society is the mirror of your deception. That which you see is the scene you created in your own imagination of self-importance. For you were so important you had to set yourself apart, and once there you cried out to be turned loose from the cage of your own creation. For the truth is, and you know it, that homosexuality is accepted in society every day. People in general are not unaware, but it seldom becomes an issue unless the accused demands the accusation by flaunting himself in public or by otherwise drawing attention to himself in a negative manner.

We complain of society's values. We live outside of these values, but at the same time are caught up in them. We even demand these values, which we rebel against, of others and ourselves. We talk about "them" - society. But who are "they"? Who is society? *We* are. And it is we who help to formulate and perpetuate the very values we do not believe in. When are we going to get off this merry-go-round? When are we going to assume our responsibility?

You say, "What can I do about it? It's the way things are. It's the system. I have no control over it." But how did it get that way? Because the I's said it **before** you. Because many I's shut their eyes while Eichmann murdered

the Jews. You reply, "But he did it. I didn't." Are you sure?

Oh - "the music goes round and round ... and it will never end until "it comes out here" - self.

Freedom is a choice of responsibility. As long as "they" are responsible for you "they" can hold you. And you shall remain in bondage to them so long as you set yourself apart from society. Only when you can assume full responsibility for yourself and for the society which you are a part of can you be free. And as I free myself and you free yourself, society will be freed from the ills and the burdens we have heaped upon it.

We cannot ask society to understand us unless we understand ourselves and our part in society. And when we come to understand ourselves and this society we are part of, we will no longer have need to ask for understanding. For *we* will be the society that, having seen and understood, will change its values by separating the folklore and superstition from the reality of that which is.

Just as we expect society to discard outmoded concepts and laws, we in the homophile movement must learn the art of periodic re-evaluation of our purpose and our program of action. We must learn to be flexible in our thinking and in our actions and be able to "change with the times". Progress is the opposite of rigidity, and there is always the danger of meeting rigidity in society with rigidity in our own movement. We must learn to think in alternatives and to make room for compromise. Truth is more apt to be found in the middle than to the left or the right. And the extremists serve their purpose in alerting us. They are the direction signals, and we must regulate the flow of traffic and see it safely to its destination.

All that we have ever had to work with is an idea. We have toyed with it, chewed on it, worked with it, puzzled over it, touched its surface, fought over it, lived it. We have approached it from every angle possible - or so we thought. But as we grow, as we learn individually and collectively, we will find many new approaches. Freedom is a choice. It is a responsibility. It is growth.

"The music goes round and round ... and it comes out here."

- Del Martin

DON'T BE LEFT OUT

THREE important issues of MATTACHINE REVIEW did not appear on newsstands during 1963. They were the editions for May, September and December. Each contained outstanding reading which the editors believe no one who purchases single copies will want to miss.

Here is a "rundown of the contents" of these issues:

MAY ISSUE—Editorial, What Do We Want; Part 2 of Quaker Report on sex; Literary Scene; Mattachine Newsletter and other features.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE—The Controversy in Washington; What Is Mattachine Doing; A Rights Program for Homosexuals and other features.

DECEMBER ISSUE—Commentary on the Perfumo Scandal; "I Want to Change My Sex," an article by Dr. Harry Benjamin; Girls Are How You Find Them, fiction by Curt Curtiss and other features.

If you are not a regular subscriber and missed these issues, why not put a check in the mail and order them from the REVIEW direct? The price is 75c each, post-paid (no tax). And at the same time you may order any of the other 1963 issues you may have missed as a single-copy purchaser.

Finally here is another good idea (for the REVIEW, at least): Enclose \$7.50 for a year's subscription. Your magazine will come in the mail each month in a plain sealed envelope--you get 12 copies for the price of 10 on newsstands, and you are assured receipt of each issue. And the REVIEW will get almost twice as much income as it does from your newsstand purchases in a year! In the REVIEW's case that means a lot.

mattachine **REVIEW**

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