



mattachine **REVIEW**

FEBRUARY 1964

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Calling Shots

COP CATCHALL CHARGES ARE ILLEGAL, ruled a State Circuit judge recently in Florida in the case of a 19-year-old man arrested on a disorderly conduct charge. Defense counsel argued successfully that such a charge and the statement that the defendant failed "to give a satisfactory account of himself to police" was a clearly unconstitutional situation. "What does 'satisfactory' mean," the attorney asked, declaring that the charge is vague and violates due process of law - police use it as a catchall.

BLOOD TESTS FOR CONVICTED HOMOSEXUALS were instituted by one Los Angeles municipal judge in November, in what he called an effort to reduce spiraling venereal disease rates. Those convicted of the so-called "homosexual offenses" (mostly disorderly conduct cases) number 70 to 100 per month in Los Angeles, Judge Mario Clinco said, and these now must undergo blood tests for syphilis and examination for gonorrhea, just as female prostitutes do, when they go through his court. He further said he hoped other municipal judges would follow the same requirement.

YOSEMITE NOT A PANSY PARADISE, said a Federal judge in Sacramento recently after a case involving two men arrested in the famed National Park on morals charges. The men were reported as saying they came to Yosemite because they heard many California homosexuals go there. But Park Rangers have apparently intensified their observation and the number of arrests has increased. "I hope others of this kind will take note and keep away from Yosemite before it is ruined by their conduct," the judge declared as he sentenced the men to three years in prison, suspended 30 months of it, and ordered them to undergo psychiatric treatment.

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FROM THE ALBANY TRUST
IN LONDON—

TOWARDS A SEXUALLY
SANE SOCIETY

By Antony Grey

The Albany Trust of London is perhaps the organization most closely parallel to the Mattachine Society, Inc., in all Europe, and yet there are many structural differences between the two. Albany Trust operates and administers the Homosexual Law Reform Society of England; it publishes a scholarly magazine *MAN & SOCIETY* twice annually, and issues a monthly newsletter, *SPECTRUM*.

The foundation type organizational structure represented in the Albany Trust is one which is today being studied for adoption by Mattachine Society. This seems to have made it possible for dozens of British leaders in behavioral sciences, politics, religion, law and the arts to rally to the support of the project which keeps reform of the law as its principle and immediate goal. In contrast, the Mattachine Society numbers an almost equal corps of active men and women in the professions who are supporting the Society in various important ways, but in the main they have not been named or listed on a letterhead.

Secretary of Albany Trust/Homosexual Law Reform Society is Antony Grey. In March 1963, Mr. Grey delivered one of his organization's series of "Winter Talks" to a public audience, and it was followed by some questions and discussion. While the presentation is completely British, the concerns expressed are just as equally applicable in the U.S.—even to the ramifications of law, religion and politics.

His topic, "Towards a Sexually Sane Society," is therefore rich with meaning for *REVIEW* readers and is here-with reprinted in full, including the discussion which followed.

Not strongly hinted in the talk, however, is a problem shared equally (and agonizingly) by Albany Trust and Mattachine: that of obtaining adequate financial support from the public. Just as those dedicated to enlightenment on sexual matters in England are severely limited in what they can accomplish by a meager income, so is Mattachine in the U.S. Fear and apathy seem to keep those able to support the effort away in both countries, yet the need to help bring forth a brighter day is equally seen on both sides of the Atlantic.

MR. GREY: Ladies and gentlemen, may I very briefly introduce my Chairman, who will then introduce me? Mr. Keith Wedmore is the Assistant Treasurer of the Homosexual Law Reform Society,* he is a barrister, is married and has four children. He is a member of the Quaker group which recently produced a report called *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*, and he has just been adopted as Liberal parliamentary candidate for West Bristol.

MR. WEDMORE: You may know that a few months ago, Mr. Antony Grey took over from Mr. and Mrs. Newall, and is now Secretary of the Homosexual Law Reform Society and of the Albany Trust. He has been connected with the Society for many years, in fact ever since its foundation in 1958, and has been Treasurer since 1960. This evening he is going to talk about the future of society's attitude towards sexual problems.

MR. GREY: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the title which I chose for this talk is a deliberately vague title—but I hope it is not going to be a deliberately vague talk. I did, in fact, have a fairly precise idea in my mind of what I meant by this title, "Towards a Sexually Sane Society," because I believe that the society we are living in today, at any rate in this country, is not a particularly sane one in this respect. It might even be described as a sexually insane society, or at least one that is mad about sex in various ways. This, I think, is an unfortunate state of affairs which we should try to put right.

I believe it was Bernard Shaw who said that there has been more nonsense talked about sex than about any other subject; and if one reads the newspapers or listens to debates in Parliament, one certainly gets the strong feeling that this is true. I once talked to a rather eminent member of the House of Lords who had previously sat in the Commons for many years, and he said to me: "You know, when those fellows get up and talk about sex they completely take leave of their senses. From the way they carry on, you would think that every girl was a shrinking young virgin and every young man was a brute who wanted to rape the first woman he came

*He resigned this position in May 1963.

across, and it is terribly difficult to get them to be in the least balanced or sensible about anything of this kind."

Sex, of course, is just one aspect of life. It is a very important aspect—indeed, a fundamental appetite, like sleeping or eating or thinking—and one cannot ignore it. By trying to ignore it or suppress it, one merely succeeds in making it into an overwhelmingly important thing which gets out of all proportion in life, and lots of people nowadays make far too much fuss about it, usually in quite the wrong ways. Three main categories of these spring to mind. First of all, there are the puritans—the people who think the whole thing is dirty and ought to be suppressed. These are the people who provide the censors and the punishers, and unfortunately they still dominate our law-making and law-giving. Secondly, there are the people who set out to exploit sex in a commercial way; not just the people who live on prostitution and make big profits out of that, but the sexual titillators, among whom I would include not merely the pornographers, but also the sensational Press, who do it under the guise of preaching good behaviour and saying "How shocking all this is", while all the time they are really creating more relish for it. And then there are the unfortunate people who as a result of all this titillation and repression become utterly obsessed by sex, so that it gets out of all proportion in their lives and their whole thought and life-drive is dominated by the unsuccessful search for satisfactory sex.

I think that all these English attitudes are particularly unbalanced and immature; in fact, we are quite rightly regarded as the laughing stock of the Continentals in this respect (although I sometimes wonder whether they are all that much better than we are). You may have read Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge in this week's *New Statesman*, commenting on the Quaker report. He says: "Sex, to the French, remains pleasurable or humorous. They cannot grasp it as a duty. The wrongs of homosexuals condemned to seek their pleasures in public lavatories, which so harrowed the Quakers, leave them cold." So those who seek a healthier and more matter-of-fact approach are themselves sensationalised in this sort of way. The Quaker report has been commented upon in the Press in ways which are simply a grotesque garbling of what they did in fact say—I am sure Mr. Wedmore will agree with that.

MR. WEDMORE: Emphatically.

MR. GREY: The more one tries to do social work to help people who have sexual problems, the more one realises that workers in all the fields of family difficulties and sex matters come up against a mountain not merely of prejudice, but of wilful ignorance. People don't want to know about sex; they not merely don't know about it, they actively don't want to know. This is especially true of homosexuality, because homosexuality is a subject about which one either knows a good deal or else one knows nothing at all;

and those who don't want to know will not be told. I have been told of an eighteen-year-old boy who was troubled with homosexual feelings, and who, having hesitated for months, finally screwed up his courage to the sticking-point, came down to breakfast one day, and said to his parents: "Mummy and Daddy, I've got something very important to tell you: I'm homosexual". His mother, who was pouring out the coffee, did not even bother to look up. She said, in reproving tones, "Don't be silly, dear, that's not a funny joke at all". In other words, "This couldn't possibly happen to my child—it's always those nasty people down the road". I have also had the extraordinary experience of discussing this subject with one of the Members of Parliament who had expressed himself most violently against the Wolfenden Report in a House of Commons debate, and who, after a certain amount of quite friendly and reasonable conversation with me, suddenly looked very puzzled and asked: "Is it really true that these homosexuals actually find the idea of going to bed with a woman distasteful?"

This is the basic problem which we at the Albany Trust are up against. Almost in spite of ourselves, we are becoming a social service agency for quite a lot of our time, and in the process we are learning quite a lot about all sorts of people. The ignorance which exists about this problem of homosexuality is quite appalling. I have heard of a couple of cases only this week of parents who have been so shocked and upset by finding that their children had homosexual tendencies that they either turned them out of the house or assaulted them. And the children, the people who come to us for advice, will often say: "Well, I have lived with my parents for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and I don't know what to do, and life is very difficult." Usually I ask them whether their parents have any idea about their homosexuality, and they reply: "Oh, no—I couldn't possibly tell them. I would not know how to start". This is a very difficult problem, which everybody has got to solve for themselves, but which far too few people are making any attempt to solve at all.

These attitudes are of course largely due to the law, which is why we want to change the law; but it is not the only factor. I believe that quite apart from any question of the law, there is a genuine fear among the population at large of the unknown, and a dislike of the different. However silly it may be, there are many people who feel that homosexuals are a threat to their security—to their emotional security, if not their physical security—and that is why it is not sufficient for us to speak of "persecution", and to present homosexuals as a minority which has a legitimate grievance, in order to get the law changed. This is, of course, true; but we have got to take a more positive approach, and somehow to make society surer than it is at present that the homosexuals in its midst are not a danger to it.

How are we to move towards a more sexually sane society?

First of all, I think that everyone who wishes to do so could usefully begin by making an honest self-criticism of their own lives and characters, seeing if they could be more objective about them and moving towards a better outlook in themselves. And those who are homosexual must be sufficiently honest with themselves to think seriously about some of the most common criticisms of homosexuals which are made by the public at large, in the Press, in Parliament and so forth, even if they feel that these criticisms are largely unfounded and born of ignorance. I would ask everyone, nevertheless, to try and think what they can do about these things, both as individuals and as members of a community; and in discussing them, I would like people also to speculate how far the situation with respect to these matters will or ought to be different a few years after the law has been changed?

The first of these very common criticisms is that far too many homosexuals are indiscriminately promiscuous, and that they positively enjoy indulging in furtive and sordid sexual activities, often in public places—not merely because they are forced to do this, but because they prefer it that way and get a kick out of it. Possibly there are far worse things than promiscuity; and much of the public misbehaviour which goes on may not bother anybody else. But, to say the least, it does not help to improve the public's idea of homosexuals one little bit; and I think we should lose no opportunity of stressing that the present state of the law against private relationships tends to increase the amount of promiscuous and public misbehaviour, rather than to curb it.

Then there is the common belief that homosexuals are a danger to youth, because they would all like to seduce teenagers if they got the chance. This also may be a wild exaggeration, but I cannot help being conscious that behaviour of this sort does go on. Of course, it is unrealistic to expect that teenagers who are homosexual will happily refrain from all sexual activity until they reach their twenty-first birthday; and it may be that implementation of the Wolfenden Report will create a difficult situation for youngsters if the law is altered to make twenty-one the consenting age. As you know, the Homosexual Law Reform Society stands for the Wolfenden Report, and for this particular recommendation; but I think there is no harm in discussing its possible consequences. Perhaps, with the spreading frankness that there is these days about heterosexual teenagers' sexual activities, there may also come about a greater degree of frankness and understanding about homosexual teenage behaviour as well. But it would surely be a good thing for anyone who does have contact with teenagers in this category to think very hard about the desirability, in their own best interests, of discouraging them from a path which we all know is fraught with personal difficulties and dangers, and also with some inevitable unhappiness.

In *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*, the authors deny the notion that all homosexual relationships are necessarily sinful just because they

are homosexual. This is rather a remarkable view for a Christian body to put forward, and some of the Press commentaries on the Quaker report have said, quite rightly, that it is not remarkable so much for what it says, but it is remarkable because of the people who are saying it, as this is the first time that a Christian group has come out so clearly and explicitly in favour of revising entirely our ideas about what is and what is not sinful. To the Quakers, what matters is the quality and depth of any human relationship—the extent of sincere care and feeling for the other person. It is this which determines whether or not any relationship, whether heterosexual or homosexual, is good or evil. "Members of this group", they say,

"have been depressed quite as much by the utter abandon of many homosexuals, especially those who live in homosexual circles as such, as by the absurdity of the condemnation rained down upon the well-behaved. One must disapprove the promiscuity and selfishness, the utter lack of any real affection, which is the stamp of so many adult relationships, heterosexual as well as homosexual. We see nothing in them often but thinly disguised lust, unredeemed by that real concern which has always been the essential Christian requirement in a human relationship. But it is also obvious that the really promiscuous and degraded homosexual has not been helped by the total rejection he has had to face. Society has not said 'if you do that, that is all right, but as to the other, we cannot approve of that'. It has said 'whatever you do must be wrong; indeed you are wrong'. We must consider whether it is not the relationship that matters, rather than the acts that it may involve. Then homosexuals will be helped to face the moral implications of their selfish relationships, and society will accept homosexuals as human beings."

This brings me on to my third critical talking point. It has been said that homosexuals can usually have some lovers and plenty of acquaintances, but they have very few friends. Is this true, and if so need it be true? Is there anything, in other words, in the essential nature of a homosexual which makes him inevitably bound to be more self-centred and less capable of friendship than a heterosexual is, because he is unreliable, or even downright dishonest, in his treatment of other people? I do not think so, and I know a lot of homosexuals who are the opposite of all these things. But there are also a great many who are like this, and what can we do to persuade them that it is unnecessary, and a mistake, both for themselves and for everyone else?

In Holland, there exists an organisation called the C.O.C., which you may have read about recently in *The Observer*.^{*} It has worked for sixteen years with considerable success to foster a degree of *esprit de corps* among both men and women homosexuals in a way which unfortunately is still impossible here until the law is changed, but which points a way ahead. This is much more than just a social club, although there is quite a good clubhouse. They aim at helping people to resolve their personal problems in the most fruitful and constructive way that they can; and wherever possible, to establish permanent relationships based on affection in place of

^{*}13th January, 1963. 'A Club for Homosexuals', by Roy Perrott.

casual, promiscuous ones. And not only do they encourage people to face up to their own position and accept themselves honestly; they also help them to establish franker and more sincere and honest relationships with their families, with their employers, even, and with the community around them. Their whole aim is not to separate homosexuals off from society and bring them together in a little cliquish group, but to integrate them with the community. In other words, they do not encourage them to live the whole of their social lives within the homosexual group; they rather try to provide an atmosphere of background relaxation which will enable their members not only to be friendly amongst themselves, but to be more sociable with other people and to mix in heterosexual society. This, I think, is a good thing—this aim at personal integration into the community, rather than at separating the homosexual's life as a homosexual from the rest of his life. If the Dutch can do it, why is it so impossible in this country? Even if it cannot yet be done in an organised way, because of the law, why is it impossible for people to attempt it individually, by bringing more of this sort of spirit into their own lives and into the lives of others?

I ask this because I do feel that the sort of attitudes and behaviour that one finds among numbers of English homosexuals are not particularly healthy, or particularly helpful to other people. At the Albany Trust we do come up against some hard cases, and one cannot help seeing what a large part human selfishness plays in creating a lot of needless unhappiness. The callousness with which so many people treat others, when they ought to be only too aware from their own experience of life how vulnerable other people can be, is quite lamentable. Over the past month, for instance, I have seen about twenty people whose basic trouble was the same in every case: they were all lonely. And several of them had reached the pitch of depression needed to drive them into our office to talk about it because somebody else had let them down.

I should like to think that most of the Albany Trust's active supporters are not in the habit of letting people down, and that they would even make a point of seeking out—instead of running away from—the difficult person who presents a bit of a problem, and trying to repair some of the damage. I do think that a lot of the personal problems which homosexual people have in their lives, and the dangerously nervous states which many of them get into, are caused by the legal and social attitudes of our society, because these cause a "splitting off" of the sexual part of a homosexual's nature, and of his sex life, from all the rest of it—his working life and his family life—so that everything becomes unnecessarily difficult and confused for him. In these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that some homosexuals develop rather fragmented personalities, and become incapable of sustaining a really deep, mature relationship with anyone.

Now, you may fairly ask me, "What are you doing about it at the Albany Trust?" So for the rest of my talk, I want to give you a

brief outline of what we are doing, and what we hope to do in the future if we have the resources. I am not going to say a great deal about law reform tonight, because we have had two talks on this and it has been fairly exhaustively discussed, but the Homosexual Law Reform Society is continuing as much active publicity as it can afford. Executive Committee members are giving various talks; there are quite a lot of articles being written, and altogether we are campaigning as hard as we can. Recently I have taken part in two university debates, which I won respectively by 147 votes to 1, and by 63 votes to 3. We are going ahead with selective local advertising in various large towns, in the hope that this will stimulate support in these particular areas. When the time seems suitable—which probably will not be until after the next General Election—we shall of course promote a Bill or have the subject raised again in the House of Commons.

I believe that our main achievement in the five years that we have existed is to make it possible to discuss this subject openly at political meetings, university union debates, rotary clubs, religious groups and sometimes even Mothers' Unions. Until about five years ago, homosexuality was totally unmentionable, and it is a very good thing that it is now an accepted topic for the average discussion group's winter programme, so that over this winter we have been getting a request for about two talks a month.

The Albany Trust is pursuing three main aims—those of education, research and social help. In the field of education, we publish, besides *Man and Society*, various pamphlets and literature aimed at parents, teachers, magistrates, doctors and other people who have influence or authority, and who should know about this problem, with the aim of making them more acquainted with the facts (as distinct from the myths) about homosexuality. We have just co-operated with the National Council for Civil Liberties in producing a booklet called *Arrest*, which is a guide to the citizen's rights if he is taken into custody by the police.

As regards research, we have two projects in blueprint, and are only waiting for the necessary funds in order to get them started. Fund raising is a long and difficult business, and one has to be patient, however unwillingly. The first of these research projects is for a study of court cases during a specified period in the London area, and also in a provincial centre. The second proposed research would attempt to find out what public opinion about homosexuality is, as distinct from what we are told it is. We are always being told, by Home Secretaries and Members of Parliament and other knowledgeable persons, that there is a terrific weight of opposition to this reform. Yet whenever we go around speaking, we always win debates by huge majorities: we always find everybody we talk to agrees with us once we have put the case for reform to them, and they are often quite indignant that the law has not been changed long ago. Perhaps we would find, through some research, that most

people who have not had it drawn to their attention have no strong views on the subject at all, but are probably mildly hostile on the strength of reading or hearing occasional things such as court reports. A lot of these people probably know very little about homosexuals, and it would be very useful to find out if this is so, and what their impressions are.

In the sphere of social help we have, as I said earlier, a continuous stream of people coming to us at our office, whom we try to help as best we can by putting them in touch with suitable doctors, clergymen, lawyers and other advisers. If we had sufficient time and money to advertise the fact that we help people in this way, we would get more than we could cope with. The fact that all the people who come to us just arrive, without our doing any advertising to bring them in, does make us feel that there is a great need for very much more positive social help than exists at present for people who are puzzled and worried about their sexual lives. Some of the people who come to us are in quite dire straits, and we have had men admitted as in-patients to psychiatric hospitals within twenty-four or forty-eight hours; but most of them are just people who feel much better for a friendly chat, and go away after it with a rather more balanced outlook on life. Our counsellors in this work give a great deal of time and trouble to it—far more than we could do ourselves. We are especially grateful to people like the Camberwell Samaritans, who have been a great help to several people with quite serious problems just recently, and also to bodies such as the Voluntary Hostels Conference, who had a very interesting symposium on homosexuality a few months ago, attended by a great many probation officers, hostel wardens and others who wield a great deal of influence in the social work field.

We find that people who have been in prison and come to us asking for help in finding jobs are a big problem, because unfortunately there is more prejudice against ex-prisoners who have been in prison for a homosexual offence than there is against somebody who has merely stolen a few thousand pounds from the petty cash, for instance. This is a fault in social attitudes which is going to take a long time to put right, but we do what we can for ex-prisoners, even if it is not very much—I know of some professionally qualified men who have been six or nine months without succeeding in getting even the most menial job after they have come out of prison.

Growing out of these small beginnings, there is a very healthy realisation among social workers of all kinds that homosexuals are human beings with problems—not people who automatically deserve punishment; that in this respect the law is an ass, and that the social and human problems of homosexual people have got to be coped with rather regardless of what the law theoretically demands. All this growing awareness of the problems that homo-

sexuals are up against is a hopeful sign, and it has made us feel that the time may be riper now than it was two years ago (when we first suggested it) to get funds and backing for the idea of a psychosexual out-patients' clinic, where not only homosexuals but anybody with sexual difficulties and problems can go for help and guidance which is skilled, sympathetic and inexpensive. The Albany Trust convened some meetings about this at Church House two years ago. They came to nothing, unfortunately, but we are now trying to revive the idea and get wider support for it.

From what I have been saying, you will see that there is a great deal to be done and not nearly enough people, time or money to do it with. I have been helping the Albany Trust and the Homosexual Law Reform Society in one capacity or another ever since they started, and I am more than ever convinced as a result of doing so that law reform is an essential step towards a sexually sane society. I have also come to realise that law reform by itself is not enough; it will be merely preliminary to the real job which the Albany Trust must continue doing after the law is changed, of helping everybody in this country who has a sexual problem, whether it is a heterosexual one or a homosexual one, to find the way towards a happier, a healthier and a fuller life. After all, our lives here on earth are very short, and we should not be having to waste a minute of them on unnecessary or artificially created problems.

Eleventh Annual Conference of The Mattachine Society, Inc., will be held in San Francisco on Saturday, August 29, 1964. Location and program details will be announced at least a month before that date.

The liberties of none are safe unless the liberties of all are protected.

—Justice Wm. O. Douglas

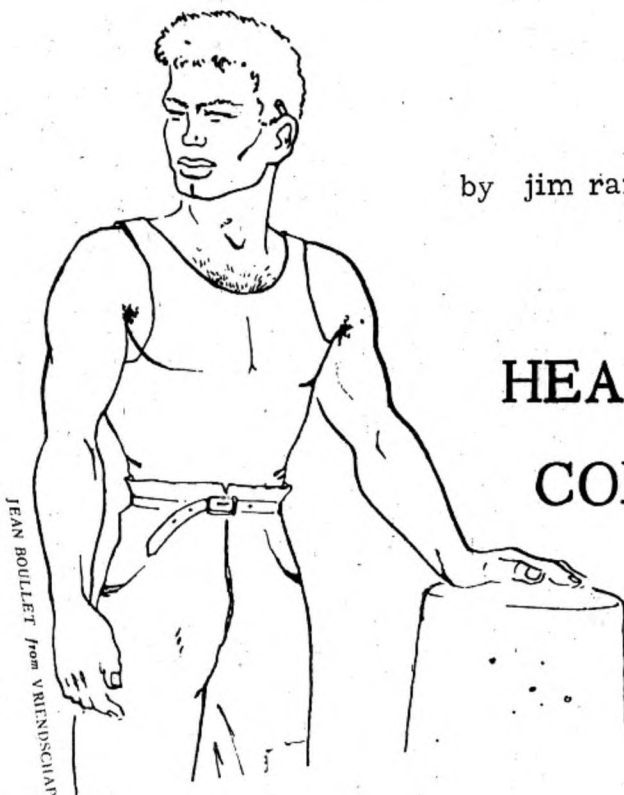
SEX GUILT—A NATIONAL DISEASE

"Because of the enormous disparity between our sex laws and actual sex practices, literally millions of Americans are consciously or unconsciously guilty about many of the harmless sex acts that they perform. There can be no question that considerable emotional disturbance is directly attributable to groundless sex fear - the kind of fear that is encouraged by many of our existing laws against perfectly harmless forms of sex behavior." - Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

FICTION—

by jim ramp

HEART'S CORE



Tell me. How do you walk up to a big guy--bulging with muscle--a mattock in his hand--or a shovel. Sweat running down his heaving chest, making tracks through the black hair. How do you look at his granite face? The white teeth gripping a stubby black pipe? The broad, brown cheeks smeared with muck where he has swiped at it with impatient hands that look like cleavers in a slaughter house? The icy glare of blue eyes under heavy brows that say roughly: "Go to hell, you!"

Tell me... If you are a brand new college instructor--straight out of a Methodist grant University--a piddling school with grim-minded professors and Halleluhahs echo-

ing from the belfry when you need another fifty-winks in the mornings. Well--my starving gut was stuck to my backbone when I got my sheepskin and made tracks for another idea-hatchery which had offered me a job.

Teaching English, business methods--and short-story--no less.

And I was happy as a longnecker clam in warm sand on a deserted beach. I arrived in this small western city in June. Got myself a job in a small hotel downtown as a night-clerk and took out a library card. And then this guy had to turn up.

He drew me like steel to a magnet. The city had decided to gut the street in front of the hotel. And I had a ring seat in the front of the hotel--second floor. What in hell was going on I don't know. Something to do with sewers, gas mains, electric cable. It looked like a summer long job--and the yakking of pneumatic hammers during the day did nothing for my sinus headaches. I yenned for September and the opening of school. Meanwhile, I was pinned like a fly upside down on fly paper by this guy.

I hung around on the street with other gawkers. I watched him from my window. I started dreaming about him at night. Even wet dreams. To which I'm not accustomed--not being a horny guy. And certainly not a....homosexual one. I let my grub burn on the double gas plate I was allowed for "lite housekeeping" (as the euphemistic landlady called it.)

My belly cramped. And my balls. I felt guilty. I took cold showers. I would have joined the YMCA if I could have afforded it. I read books till my eyes ached. It was, I figured, a matter of mind over sex. And sex won - hands down.

Now look! I come from a long line of lean, clean-living Americans. Sex is a kind of hush-hush proposition. Children are born. You look at your blushing neighbors and think--privately, of course--"so you went and sinned." And you forgive them--if they are properly married--and the nine months of decency have passed. Sex--according to my father--is just one of those things even the God-fearing has to put up with. It's a kind of mechanical thing and started away back in Bible days. So-and-so begat. Why, it doesn't say. It seemed necessary, I guess. But it wasn't nice. And Good People didn't talk about it. Even in the university we skirted skittishly around it, and I expect Onan had more descendants than any one of the Begats. Me--I think I was his eldest son.

That's all very well--if not good. But it would never explain my dedazzlement with the construction worker. Understand, now. I'm not a panty-waist. I'm near six feet, of good solid Dutch-American construction. Girls and guys look at me going down the street--and I get a lot of eyes I don't know what to do with. Sure--I don't make a display like some boys I see in tight pants - but I've got a right to be proud. But this thing had me spooked. I hung around my window like a sixteen-year-old girl with the green sickness, and once in a while that Brahma Bull would look up, see me, spit and put a brogan to his spade, swinging the bite of sand up with ease. And I ached with frustration.

One day my landlady knocked and came in with fresh linen for my bed. Guess she knew I was thinking dirty--for she said: "We got a new girl in the house. You--bein' on the night desk--don't interfere--unless she brings in a drunk to roll. I don't allow that. You can get a special rate--if you want."

I gulped and thanked her--no thanks, saying I wanted to keep myself clean--or some silly thing. She smirked and said she admired such a nice young man..."

Well...there you have it. I was fit to be fried. So one day I went out and joined the sidewalk gawkers. And when noon boomed from a nearby clock tower My boy put on his shirt, stuffed the tail in his pants and went into a beanery. I followed and sat next to him at the counter. He ordered a huge meal without looking at the greasy menu, turned and looked at me and grinned. "Well, hello--perfesser!" he said. "Make up your mind?"

I gulped and I think I turned purple. It felt like it.

"How...how in Tunket...."

"How in hell do I know who you are? Look, fella, you've been breathin' down my neck for nearly a month. And anyways, Ma Ferguson--your Madam Landlady--told me who you were when I asked. She came out special to drop a word about the new girl."

"You...asked about me?" I asked the waitress for a hamburger and coffee, and stared at him.

"Sure. It's a free country, ain't it? You sit in your window by the hour, giving me the eye. So I got a right as a private citizen to know who's lookin' at me, ain't I?"

"Was it so ...obvious?" I felt my ears turn red.

"Hell...don't be embarrassed!" he chuckled. "Oh yeah.

Guess I'd better tell you. I'm buildin' muscle for the fall football season. I'm a senior at St. Marys."

"Well, I'll be go to....!"

"Go to hell!" he said agreeably. "Spit it out like a man. I heaf you're going to teach there. Sorry I can't enroll for any of your classes. I'm taking a degree in Math and Engineering. Ain't got time to mess with Belly Letters."

Our food came and he dug into his with evident hunger. "Tell me," he said softly, looking at me quizzically - "you serious about me?"

I strangled on my coffee and grabbed for a paper napkin, whooping. He banged my back.

"Don't take it so hard!" he chuckled. "Nothin's changed. You ain't been insulted--and if I said somehin' you didn't want to hear--you didn't hear it."

"Jesus Christ!" I muttered, taking a swig from my water glass, "it's what has been pestering me for amonth. It's just--well--I don't know how to handle this kind of thing."

"Neither do I," he said, pushing back his empty plate and gulping his coffee. He threw some change on the counter. "For both of us," he said to the waitress.

When we were outside he laughed. "Look," he said--"you look like a startled virgin. I got to get back to the excavation. I got a bachelor apartment not far from here. I wouldn't give Ma Ferguson farting room--hanging around outside your door. This is my address. I get home about six. Cleaned up by seven. Give you a steak and potato with garlic salad and coffee. If you ain't fancy. But this you've got to know. I've watched you--almost as much as you've watched me. Don't come with any puny moral reservations--or gutless ideas. If you do--out you go on your ass. I ain't up for grabs or silly games. I'm a one track guy. You think about it this afternoon. If you're not there--I'll know it's not for you. No fuss, no bother. But if it's not for you--please don't watch me any more. That a deal?"

He offered a calloused hand. I took it in a daze. This man walked too fast for me. He winked, grinned, turned away toward his tools and I stumbled up the stairs to my room. Fortunately my night turn on the desk was from twelve to eight--so if I went to his apartment....who in hell was he? I turned and raced down the stairs, stumbling over gear until I reached the trench where he was digging. "Look, I" I said, "I don't know your name!"

"About time you did, don't you think?" he said, heaving a full shovel over his shoulder. "Bill Bates. What might you be called?"

"Tag--sort for Taggart--Weaver."

"O.K." He shifted his shovel and stared at me levelly. "You comin' over to play tag with me this evenin'?" And all of a sudden I froze. If I had had any silly idea this was a game - it wasn't. The quiet hunger in his eyes told me. He jested about it and I gagged on an ache in my throat--as though he had taken me in his blunt hands and choked me. Then he stooped to his labor and somehow I got back to my room, fell on my bed and stared--at nothing. It was a painful, bewildering thing. Like--like being born full-grown into a world of possibilities I had never even considered. When my heart stopped slamming, I tried to equate--in my usual plodding, reasoning fashion--what had happened to me. But my mind wouldn't jell.

I finally got up, showered, shaved, dressed methodically and hit out for the library. I asked for Freud, Krafft-Ebbing and some other standard works on this here new bug I had - and took them to a solitary table and tried to read case histories. They didn't mean a damn to me! I looked at them swimmy-eyed and thought--like the old woman in the fairy-tale: "Lawd Amighty! This is none of it!"

So I turned in the books and took a bus to the zoo. I usually find watching the behavior of animals soothing and settling when I am tizzying. But--after an hour--standing before Monkey Island, I thought suddenly: "Oh My God! Is anyone watching me?"

And I got out of there. I walked the hard beach just above the tide reach - and gradually I was able to wipe the slate of my mind clean. I opened my heart and heaved all the trumpery of my confused young manhood into the ocean.

This thing that had been building up in me--ever since I first saw Bill Bates--was right for me. I might not be happy. Perhaps I had deliberately misunderstood him. But he had reached me--moved me in perhaps half an hour of conversation--as no one--nothing else had ever done.

The bus was forever getting me back downtown and my pulse was in my ears when I pressed Bill's buzzer and went up to his apartment. He smelled fresh and new hay--slipped, in shorts, a towel around his neck. "Just in time," he said, closing the door and scrubbing his short

curly black hair. "Just got outa the shower. You drink?" I started to say no but he didn't wait. "Time you did," he said carelessly. "Time you did a lot of things. I got some Gibsons here." He flipped on the hi-fi.

"Hope you like Mozart. If you don't you're no friend of mine, not nohow. That stack should last the evening." He poured and handed me a cocktail, then came up close, stood toe to toe, eye to eye--and I started to drown in his blue gaze as though I was sinking in a bottomless pool.

"Later," he said and kissed the end of my nose. "You got a nice schnozz. I better get some pants on. Put your coat in the closet. Can you make salad?"

"I peel a mean carrot," I said dizzily, gulping my drink and looking around for a place to park the glass.

"Here," he said, taking the glass. "Gibsons are to be sipped - not slurped. Put your coat away. And your shirt. It's hot tonight. Anyway I want to look at your architecture. I'll get my pants. Come out to the kitchen."

I shucked my coat and shirt and joined Bill in the kitchen. He looked at me with approval. "Glad you got muscles and hair on you," he grinned. "Can't abide skinny guys. Here's the greenery."

He removed a crisper from the refrigerator, brought out a huge wooden bowl, a garlic button, wine vinegar and olive oil, herbs, salt.

"Rub the bowl with garlic first..."

"You go teach your mother to suck eggs!" I said, leering. "Got any more of that there likker left?" It kind of popped out. I felt suddenly warm and easy with him. He looked at me for a moment--came toward me--and then shook his head. "No. Better not. Let's eat first. Baked potatoes are about done. Steaks are thawed. You like yours bloody? Good. Better put the coffee on. Hurry up with that salad! Oh yes--you said you wanted a drink. I'll get the pitcher and some more onions. And set the table. We'll eat here at the counter..."

Suddenly I chuckled. He looked at me. "What did I say?"

"Ain't what you said. It's how you were saying it. Bill--you were chattering!"

"Was I?" He looked at me, his eyes misted. Then he turned his back and busied himself with napkins, silver, china. "Tag--" he finally said softly. "You don't know how it can

be with a lug like me. I'm rough as a cob--and I'm ...shy. I got no finesse. All I got is a tough face and a big...fear in me of being hurt...being sold short. Leave us not talk about it now. I do my best soul-baring in the dark." He paused--and I knew I should keep my mouth shut and my hands busy. But I thought my heart would burst. A Mozart symphony shimmered like a golden rain in the small apartment--and I remember thinking: Dear God! Don't let me cry! I felt such a surge of tenderness and desire I was breathless.

Somehow I finished the salad--and Bill praised it. We destroyed the steak and sat, drinking hot, black coffee with our cigarettes. Mozart was well into the "Marriage" when we slicked up the remains of our dinner and drifted into the living room. Bill poured brandy and we sat, yakking--about nothing much--on the surface of words. But we were telling our hearts in quiet, casual ways. And I thought, looking at Bill: This is the why of my life. This is what I have been living for. Not hoping for. Not expecting. Not even dreaming about - except in a confused way this last month. Here is my heart's core--the glory of my youth--why God gave me breath. And I might--so easily--so carelessly have passed it by!

A little accident--a no-thing in the procession of stupid days--and I would not be sitting here--warm--replete with good food and fine brandy. And not giving a damn about good food or fine brandy--but only the need....the need!

"Tag--" said Bill, stirring at last, and putting his brandy snifter down. "You aren't expected home tonight. I told Ma Ferguson when I got off work that you and I were going out for a night on the town. She suggested we...visit her new girl but I said you were interested in "chesty brunettes." As you know, Ferguson's new broad is a floppy blonde."

"So..." I swallowed the last of my brandy, feeling high as the world and twice as handsome. And then I was cold sober. I stood up and looked at him. I started to say: "How about some soul-baring--in the dark?" And it seemed so cheap--so sharp--so mean. And I didn't want to be smart or cheap or sharp. The thing in my heart bubbled up and choked me. My lips trembled and I looked at Bill blindly.

"You too?" he said softly, and came to me quickly--taking me, holding me, kissing me--and my tears were salt on our mouths.

LITERARY *scene*

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

GENE DAMON

In early 1963, Putnam, braving several hundred years of the censors' wrath, published John Cleland's semi-pornographic classic, MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE, better known as FANNY HILL. On the heels of Henry Miller and others of similar skills, this is a pretty innocuous bit of "sexy" stuff. Cashing in on all the gravy, a small West Coast publisher, Brandon House, put Fanny in 95¢ paperback form in October, 1963.

Brandon House claims it to be a "French" edition but comparison of the text shows it to be nearly identical to the Putnam version. The book contains Lesbian and male homosexual activity but just the "titillating" kind--no real subjective value. It's fun to read though and assuredly reaffirms that human nature is a pretty static affair. People don't really change much basically from century to century.

Henry Treece, British historical novelist of some reputation, has twice in recent years placed a homosexual interpretation on the mythological figures of history. In 1961, in JASON, Random House, also Signet, 1962, Mr. Treece retold the Quest of the Golden Fleece tale depicting Hercules as a strong man with a strong yen for "weaker" boys. His latest book, ELECTRA, London, Bodley Head, 1963; also as THE AMBER PRINCESS, Random House, 1963, is an altered version of the private lives of Electra, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra and Orestes and life in the Palace of Mycenae. In Mr. Treece's eyes Electra is a Lesbian (although she prostitutes herself to support her many travels).

Among the unhappy and unusual "inmates" of THE UNCOMFORTABLE INN, by Dachine Rainer, Abelard-Schuman, 1960, is a male homosexual. This is another novel in the new and unfortunate trend to writing thready novels with non-action plots and characters who slip and slither rather than walk, all the more unfortunate when the writer has real talent as Miss Rainer certainly does.

A series which appeared in the NEW YORKER MAGAZINE and which met with considerable success was gathered together in book form and called VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL by Lillian Ross, Simon and Schuster, 1963. The author's motives are hard to discern. She is obviously pointing more than slightly sarcastic fun at psychiatry but the point of the book is still very obscure. The homosexual man in it is the very vicious stereotype variety. Critics raved over it, but...

Another unpleasant, but not unbelievable, major treatment is included in THE BIG ROCK CANDY by Annabel Johnson, Crowell, 1957. This is another of the many overlooked books well worth locating at your library.

Also overlooked and very good from both a writing and a homosexual standpoint is George Johnston's CLOSER TO THE SUN, Morrow, 1961. It is the gentle story of a group of people who live in a Mediterranean town, both the native inhabitants and the "permanent" visitors. The visitors, of course, are the assorted expatriate artists and writers and former diplomats and the like that make such good fictional fodder. There is very little plot, the book depends heavily upon characterization and description of the beautiful scenery, but it is a much more enjoyable reading experience than many current novels. The homosexuals are well presented, neither glorified nor damned.

Because of our society's present restrictions on sexual behavior, the frustrated of the world dominate the scene. You've seen it, I've seen it, a dozen times each day--the not quite homosexual struggling to keep his breath in a world of anxiety--the fall over the imaginary cliff into the imaginary hell of homosexuality that so many people make for themselves. BREAKING UP by W.H. Manville, Simon and Schuster, 1962, Dell, 1963 is a good example of this personal hell of indecision and anxiety. It is a novel of many surfaces. On one level it is the simple "end of the road" theme for a heterosexual marriage between advertising executive, Bill, and his wife, June. On another level it is Bill's ever present, but nearly rejected, feeling of love for men. The constant meticulous, loving, homosexual detail he sees about him in his daily life: the ever present wanting and the recounting of every little bit of homosexual activity he witnesses. For June it is a story of the failings and inadequacies she sees in herself that make her turn from Bill to a male homosexual who is dying of tuberculosis and whose

love for her is wholly maternal. He wants her only as his mother and masochistically she wants him as a man. In a scene between Bill and June she calls him "Mary" endlessly and considers the very obviously heterosexual woman he is dating (Helene) a "dyke". It is a neat bit of transference. June is frigid and full of Lesbian desires and Bill staggers nearer and nearer to overt homosexuality. The future of these two is never in doubt, they haven't any future. The futile ugly ways in which they fight themselves and each other are poignant proof of our need, and soon, of a new and cleaner moral code, where sex is in itself accepted regardless of its outlet. From the standpoint of literature the book is a tour de force and Mr. Manville is a very talented man.

It isn't only in fiction that we find the recounting of theoretical heterosexuals fighting homosexual tendencies. The trend in honest autobiography has disclosed many such cases. THE MEMOIRS OF A PUBLIC BABY by Philip O'Connor, British Book Centre, 1958, London House & Maxwell, 1963, is a good example of this. Mr. O'Connor, unfortunately, cannot write worth a damn, but the book is interesting as a case study, if not as literature.

It is unlikely that literature differs from life in any substantial degree, and, accepting this, it is very clear from the more honest books written since the end of the second World War that people simply cannot be divided into comfortable male-female dichotomy. The constant attempt to do this is, at least, foolish and it is in our black and white world of all one or the other that we create our own foolish swishy boy and his "rough trade" counterpart or the "dyke" girl and her femme other half. The less honest novelist attempts to present the evenly divided camps. Hans Hellmut Kirst in his novel, THE OFFICER FACTOR, Doubleday, 1962, 1963, Pyramid, 1964, describes a training school for Nazi officers in 1944. For several hundred pages we are treated to descriptions of "bad guys" and "good guys". Needless to add, all the bad guys are homosexual and sadistic; all the good guys are heterosexual and purer than Lancelot, who, after all, was an adulterer. Mr. Kirst may feel some national guilt he has to expiate; but his novel is an unnecessary item--even in his character's names he vents spleen, i.e., Captain Ratschelm, the gym instructor.

A much more honest portrait, and a very frequent dilemma, is presented in INSIDE DAISY CLOVER, by Gavin Lam-

bert (Viking, 1963). Daisy is a young singer with more than enough hard knocks on her road to fame. Along the way she falls in love with Wade Lewis, a beautiful male leading man who is as "gay as a jay" and fighting it all the way. He likes Daisy and the reader is compelled to like him. They marry but Wade runs away, understandably, and begins to face up to his homosexuality. The marriage is unconsummated and the handling of the affair is very good. The author has resisted the opportunity to present Wade as a bastard. Just another novel pointing up the unnecessary hells many men go through to be able to throw off insidious sexual conditioning.

A really major literary event is the publishing of four short stories by Robert McAlmon in *THERE WAS A RUSTLE OF BLACK SILK STOCKINGS*, Belmont Books, 1963. The first of the four stories is the famous male story, "Distinguished Air", which appeared in the rare and now nearly priceless anthology, *AMERICANA ESOTERICA*, Macy-Masius, 1927. McAlmon was an American expatriate and a friend of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. His career has never received the critical attention deserved by his magnificent writing. The other three stories in the collection, "Miss Knight", "The Lodging House" and "The Highly Prized Pajamas", have never appeared in this country before, so far as I can determine by fairly extensive checking. "Miss Knight" describes the life of a "drag queen" in Europe after the "Great War" and it is both poignant and funny. In "The Lodging House", one character asks, "Are all the roomers at this place queer women, or buggers and fairies?" The best possible answer would have been "Yes, and that's not the half of it". "The Highly Prized Pajamas" tells of Yoland, a girl of the "half world" who prefers girls and of her brief affair with a psychiatrist who wants to cure her but ends up falling in love with her. All of the stories make light of love--normal or otherwise--but underneath there is that sad tone of the last drink at the last party, surrounded by ashtrays overflowing with yesterday's discards.

Mystery fans will enjoy Dell Shannon's (Elizabeth Linington) *DEATH OF A BUSYBODY*, Morrow, 1963, for the presence of substantial characterization of the homosexuals of the cast in a genre given to rapid fire stereotypes for the sake of sensation or just speed or both. The fiancé of the deceased and his two friends are very important to the plot.

Not at all sympathetic, but very interesting.

It's a safe bet that if one had time to read the plethora of military and war novels, which have appeared in this country in the last 20 years, one would find some male homosexuality in the great majority of them. One previously overlooked title in this group, *TROUBLING OF A STAR*, by Walt Sheldon, Lippincott, 1952, 1953, Bantam, 1956, is a very substantial treatment with a major character and specific incidents. Collectors will like this better than the more famous war studies, more to this book, and less pages to wade through looking.

Muriel Spark's 1961 novel, *THE BACHELORS* (Lippincott), is a provocative satire, including some "bachelors for cause", of course. Mainly recommended for its funniness, a fairly rare thing.

D.H. Lawrence's loyal legion of fans do not admit that anyone touches on his ability but Robert Creeley, already famous as a poet, has written a good "Lawrencian" novel, *THE ISLAND*, Scribner's, 1963, available both in hardback and quality paperback. It is a situation similar to Lawrence's *WOMEN IN LOVE*. John and Joan and their friends, Artie and Marge, inhabit the island where they wish to "love free of a continuity of roads, and other places". The love, however, is mainly between the men in a muted tone. Even in the relationship of the men with their wives, the latent homosexuality is present. John prefers to be wooed, prefers the female position in bed. Artie is dominated and ridiculed by Marge. Only in the men's relationship with each other are they whole and except on the island the relationship is impossible. It can be hoped that Robert Creeley will spare some additional time from his poetry to write another novel.

Colette, beloved and much missed student of human nature, recounts, among other things, her relationship with actress Marguerite Moreno in her last book, *THE BLUE LANTERN*, Farrar, Straus, 1963. This collection of essays and memoirs lacks the fire of the earlier Colette but for her fans it is a must. History will accord this remarkable woman her rightful place in literature. Four important things interested her and she mastered the psychology of all four: men, women, cats and nature. For any reader, even casually, she holds one great gift--she can be read again and again and again without tiring.

In the fall of 1964, Little, Brown, plans to publish a first

collection of poems by an unknown poet, Lynne Lawner. From what I've seen of her magazine published poems and two poems, "Woman to Woman" and "Jacoba" in NEW WORLD WRITING NO. 4, edited by Nolan Miller and Judson Jerome (Black Cat Books, Grove Press, 1962) her work will be of interest in this column.

Brigid Brophy, close on the heels of the American publication of her novel, FLESH, brought out in England her latest novel, THE FINISHING TOUCH, London, Secker and Warburg, 1963. It is the wry and castigating but witty account of an English girl's school, on the Riviera of all places, run by a pair of Lesbians. Possibly, hilarious lampooning is not to be encouraged but it's fun for all really, except perhaps for those who run establishments for the finishing of young women.

The English novel reaches only a small portion of the interested readers in this country unless chance interests an American publisher in the "rights". This is doubly sad for the "special interests" readers since their books are usually few enough.

Hazel Thurston's 1959 novel, THE GARLANDED LAMB, London, Chapman and Hall, is a sad and poignant story about a young boy from the country and what happens to him in the city. Sound familiar? Michael Foley's major misfortune is having Mrs. Foley for a mother. Mrs. Foley, hoping that the sensitive Michael can better his life, helps him to go to London where he becomes the employee of Johnny Lavington and ultimately his companion and lover. After a foolish fight Michael goes "back to the Irish bogs" where he is understandably miserable. Through a ruse, Johnny contacts Michael again and Michael goes to him. Johnny makes it clear to Michael that he cannot go on without him and threatens to follow him back to Ireland if necessary. They fight and their car swerves off the road. From this point on the book becomes overly melodramatic but it is an interesting study of homosexual relationships and an excellent picture of the well-meaning "loving vampire" type of mother. Johnny Lavington is theoretically the villain,

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but he is such a loveable character that dislike would be impossible where Michael, as the hero, is a bit much at times. Possibly these flaws are caused by the feminine authorship. With few exceptions (Murdoch and Renault, for example) women do not make convincing writers on male homosexual themes just as men do not convey the emotions of Lesbians adequately.

The life of Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, known to the world as Moliere, the comic master, is told in MONSIEUR MOLIERE, by Michale O'Shaughnessy, Crowell, 1959. His life was first bound up with the notorious court of Louis XIII of France and the attendant notables, the lovely arrogant Cinq-Mars, beloved of Louis, and Richelieu, the mighty Cardinal and real ruler of France. It is, of course, the relationship between Louis and Cinq-Mars that makes this book of interest in this column. While the story revolves around Moliere, we are still told much of the scandal of this affair which was the talk of the French Court for many months. Later, Moliere was a favorite of Louis XIV and there are amusing incidental references to the widespread homosexuality in the court at that time.

The bubbly stew of emotion beneath the golden crust of snobbish English rural society is cleverly revealed in THE PERFECTIONISTS, by Isobel Strachey, London, Anthony Blond, 1961. Paul Musgrave, botanist and writer, and Claude Garland, artists, were friends and lovers from their Oxford days. The "blazing honeymoon of kindred spirits had gradually burnt itself down to the warm ashes of a steady, jealously guarded friendship". When they began life, leaving the university with their degrees, they "were as handsome as Apollo and Hyacinthus, so handsome that contemporaries swooned and died for them...Like young Greek Gods descending from Olympus (they) set up life together in a lovely hollow of the Sussex Downs". Into their ideal lives come new neighbors, a Lawton Gregg and his young wife, Susan. Paul falls in love with Susan (inexplicably) and the tangles begin. Lawton is annoyed and harassed by a former mistress, the servants copulate all about them, and Claude (sadly) falls in love with Reg, the gardener. The halcyon days are over forever and the beautiful love becomes just a yesterday. This is possibly the saddest kind of story, and Miss Strachey has handled it surprisingly well, without any dra-

matics or display. Everyone will want this very major treatment.

SHORT NOTES:

There are incidental homosexual passages in Earl Conrad's CRANE EDEN, Bernard Geis, 1962, Pyramid, 1963. The novel is loosely based on the life of Errol Flynn.

The March 23, 1963, issue of The New Yorker magazine contains a subtle male homosexual short story by Vladimir Nabokov called "Triangle Within Circle". It is very good and worth a trip to your library to read.

Incidentally, those of you who have access to a large library will find that most of them will xerox or similarly reproduce short stories and other short items for a nominal fee from any book or magazine in their own collection (not from borrowed material, however). This saves the effort and expense of locating and buying large volumes for smaller pieces.

A DIRECTORY TO COMMUNITY RESOURCES FOR YOUNG ADULTS IN SAN FRANCISCO is the title of a concise and recently printed booklet which is a valued handbook for newcomers to the city. It lists many public and voluntary agencies, employment agencies, residences with social services, residence clubs, social and sporting clubs, church organizations, social welfare agencies, and community supported group work and recreational agencies in a pocket-size 16-page booklet. Included among the listed social welfare agencies is the Mattachine Society, along with many others. The booklet was prepared under co-sponsorship of the Young Adult Committee, the Group Work and Recreation Council, the United Fund and the Glide (Methodist) Foundation. It is primarily of value in the San Francisco area. Copies are 10 cents plus postage from Mattachine Society and other listed agencies.

Inevitable quip resulting from the government's report on tobacco: "After I read the Report on Cigarettes, I did the same thing I did when I read Kinsey's Report on Sex," he said as he reached for a match.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE—

For Jean Cocteau:

...UNIQUELY WHAT HE WAS

(translated by J.R.S.)

Jean Cocteau has passed through the mirror. He who played with death so often has been taken in by the game. Now he plays at being truly dead, but isn't entirely convincing.

What were his impressions on entering the kingdom that he more than any other poet described so often for us, making it an almost familiar place? He must feel at home along the bare walls and in the great wind of Orpheus, while we find ourselves alone and stunned before a hard mirror that reflects only ourselves. I wouldn't be surprised to see him reappear, even thinner and paler, with his cheeks more deeply lined and his bushy hair lightly touched with green. He would have cast a spell on the faceless judge, harassed him by paradox, and tamed him with candor. He might even be able to bring back with him those leather and metal clad motorcyclists who had the beautiful face of Jeannot. Won't

death itself--a masculine noun in many languages--fall in love with him.

Meanwhile we wait for him. No one can believe that his departure is final. Jean is still there in the mirror, in the dark picture of the entresol of the Palais-Royal with its low ceilings like the passage to a theater box, in the red velvet of some stage curtain, in the autumn mists of Milly, between the covers of books that were read, reread, loved, and now necessarily read again and rediscovered with happy surprise to be like memories of him: poems, plays, novels, memoirs, essays, which by rare privilege, are in little danger of purgatory. Work that the fadists will in time discover with wonder when they have outgrown the age of ingratitude. Work that is for all times.

Who would have believed it? It was often said, and likely with some truth, that Cocteau was a juggler and trickster. For nearly fifty years he created fashion or gave the impression that he was the creator. He was accused of aping, in turn, Victor Hugo, Edmond Rostand, Racine for RENAUD ET ARMIDE and Henri Bataille for LES PARENTS TERRIBLES or LES MONSTRES SACRES, but it turns out that he imitated Jean Cocteau alone. He caricatured and copied himself without the slightest self-betrayal. It is he that is inimitable.

Where is he now? One wing of the Palais-Royal came down when Madame Collette died, and now the wing which stands along the Rue de Monpensier will be forever empty.

Where is a welcome like his to be found: those three minutes granted a visitor that lasted three hours, those fireworks he set off in an intimate interview with a new admirer in search of an autograph, a preface or material assistance?

Is he in the herb garden at the chapel of Milly where he was buried? Those who were at the funeral can believe it.

Is there a better place to find him? He himself covered with long-stemmed flowers and beautiful faces the white walls of the small sanctuary--small like the entresol of the Palais-Royal. He was buried in the apse of this chapel surrounded by mint, evergreen, and willows. One last transformation? A final symbol? It is a far cry from those ambivalent scenes of Oxen on the roof, and from the purples and powders of backstage.

Was he playing a role again? There was a joyful autumn

sun, a quiet gathering without sadness, a few duchesses and academicians, ten movie stars who mingled with the crowd, the firemen's brass band, and the village school children, and everyone very much moved saying, "How beautiful". Is this the final transformation of the magician? If not, where has the sorcerer gone, the only true sorcerer of the half-century? How many others who would like to appear witty are only annoying alongside him? How many who would like to appear wise seem childish compared to him?

Where is he? In his works? Really very little if we're really looking for him. More than anyone else he rearranged and hid things, omitted mention of himself. Except for a few poems and drawings there is no self-portrait of Jean, neither in LES GRANDS ECARTS, nor in LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES. Was he the young man who loved the student Dargelos? He was not THOMAS THE IMPOSTER. He imagined rather than lived the intrigue of his books. He often described others, but never himself except perhaps in his most beautiful collection, the summary of his thought which he so admirably called LA DIFFICULTE D'ETRE.

No one should ask me--no one should be asked--about Jean Cocteau and homosexuality. The question is sacrilegious and an odious stupidity. The extreme reserve he showed about these matters in his work was not without reason. Alongside him, Gide, Mauriac, Jouhandreau and even Julien Green are bereft of secrets, indiscreet, banal, and loquacious. They have not known how to protect the enchantment. What do we actually know of Cocteau in this regard? It has been said, perhaps justly, that his life is his masterwork. But all that can be said about the life of a writer is a rehash of hearsay. What remains is the written work and in a hundred years when the little scandal sheets have long since been forgotten, the work of Jean Cocteau will appear singularly pure. He once wrote or said, "It is necessary to know just where one can go too far." Even though he has been extremely bold in matters of art, language and symbolism, and even if he more than anyone else has popularized the mysterious without cheapening it, he always stopped short, with a sort of disgust, on the threshold of an indiscreet confession.

Where is he now? For future generations, he will be in his works. Of this there can be no doubt, since it is imme-

diately evident that the man who was for fifty years the man of fashion, the avant-garde of all fashion, is in his work beyond time, beyond fashion. While waiting for time's judgment to confirm this classicism, he is more man than writer, more warm life than rhetoric, in the hearts of those who met him. To meet him was to know him, and to know him was to discover with wonder--how can this word be avoided when speaking of him?--what friendship means. He enriched everyone. Only a few of those who relied on him need be mentioned. Without considering those creative people with whom he was as an equal from adolescence: Proust, Anne de Noailles, Apollinaire, Satie, Poulenc, it is enough to recall Raymond Radiguet, the comedian Jean Marais or the painter Edouard Dermit, beautiful faces, true personalities, in order to know what the friendship of such a man can bring.

If these friendships were homosexual--something Jean Cocteau never tried to hide since in his private life he was indifferent to prejudice, neither innocent nor hypocritical, but hating only the provocative--it is to the glory of homosexuality and a singularly rare model.

It is enough in the end to realize that this example is the most noble, the most pure and the farthest removed from scandal given to us for a long time. Francois Mauriac, "the great Catholic writer", looks like a black angel next to this luminous archangel. Since the transversed mirror is clear again, the passing of Jean has destroyed nothing, and more than ever, his works illumined by the hereafter resound and reflect uniquely what he was.

(From DER KREIS, Nov. 1963)

NO PROBLEM?

Columnist Merla Zellerbach of San Francisco Chronicle was taken on a tour around the chapel of San Quentin prison recently by Warden Dickson as she interviewed him for a story. She asked him about homosexuality in prison. "Kinsey found that only about 7% of men had NOT had homosexual relations before entering prison," he said. "Homosexuality is not as great a problem as the public thinks."

READERS *write*

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

Review Editor: Enclosed is my monthly pledge of ten dollars. The pledge statement enclosed is a splendid idea.

Please allow me to criticize the story of "Good Old George" by Marsh Haris. Honestly, it is disgusting, cheap, vulgar trash, nonsense, never happened, couldn't happen, and far below the standards of the Mattachine Society and the Mattachine Review.

I personally do not approve of most of these short stories anyway. They begin (with) a sandy background, twisted mental and emotional dialog. They end with sex or a let down with no reason or meaning. So what is the point of it all in the first place? Please do not get me wrong, I still support you and the staff and will continue to help whenever and wherever I can.

C.R.G. New York City

Editor's Reply: We always welcome criticism as it is our only way of knowing what our readers desire. It is impossible to please everyone but we continue striving to do so. Thank you for your comments.

Review Editor: I am in no way trying to exploit or be facetious about your Society. I have been studying about your organization and am in complete sympathy with you. In fact

I have become so interested that I have decided to do research and make your society the theme for my term paper. This brings me to the meat of my letter. Am hoping you will sympathize with me now. It seems information about your society is very limited. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to send me any available information. Please try to understand my position as I am trying to understand yours. And let me add again - I am in complete sympathy with you. Our society is very unfair with their facetious and ridiculing remarks.

(Miss) D.W., Oregon

Editor's Reply: Thank you for your sympathy and interest in our cause. It is very gratifying to know that so many people volunteer their support. We trust you received the material forwarded.

Review Editor: A few months ago I received your mailings but when seeing the envelope I got the impression the letter might have been opened by someone from the Postal Authorities (I suppose here in Winnipeg.) As you can see by the enclosed envelope it has been sealed by Scotch tape. This gives me the impression someone - maybe even someone not even authorized for censorship did interfere with this

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A.J.J., Canada

Editor's Reply: The fact that The Circle letter had been tampered with indicates that it happened in Canada... whether by Postal authorities or someone else, we could not venture to say. We suggest you take the matter up with your Postmaster.

Review Editor: If possible I would appreciate being added to the mailing list of your organization, the address of which I obtained from reading Cory and LeRoy's THE HOMOSEXUAL AND HIS SOCIETY. I am a Sociologist whose specialty is 'deviant behavior' or, as it is more euphemistically stated, that of social problems. I am presently teaching a course which devotes considerable attention to homosexuality and, if possible, I would like to incorporate the homophile organization into its content. I am particularly interested in obtaining background information on your organi-

zation, as well as some idea of its structuring, its support, its aims, etc. Any aid you can give me will be appreciated.

J.B., South Dakota

Review Editor: I see you are running true to form. Not once, during all these years, has Mattachine printed anything about DOB without making some sort of error. Please note the correction: Barbara Gittings is now editor of THE LADDER. However, I do appreciate your running my article. It is something I had to get off my chest, and I did want to share it with some of the others in the movement. Some additional notes: DOB's San Francisco chapter is starting quarterly meetings again, with the first one scheduled in the Tamalpais Room of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel on Friday evening, Feb. 21st. It is open to the public. DOB has also announced its 1964 Convention to be held sometime in early summer in New York City, and has called for contributions for the Blanche M. Baker Memorial Scholarship Fund for 1964, to be announced in detail soon. Last year the organization awarded two \$75 scholarships - one of them through the Chicago chapter to a budding author, and the other through San Francisco chapter to an aspiring teacher.

Del Martin, San Francisco

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CALLING SHOTS (Continued from page 2)

BOYS AND GIRLS APPROVE SEGREGATION, at least that's a report from Culpepper, Va., where such an experiment in an elementary school is working out favorably. Ten classrooms in a school for pupils through sixth grade seem to be making progress in both learning and discipline when the boys are separated from the girls. Teachers like it, too. One fifth-grade boy remarked he liked it because that way he had made twice as many boy friends as before. Girls like it because the boys don't pick on them so much.

HOMOSEXUAL EXPRESSION ISN'T THE ONLY CULPRIT on the sex scene, writes Betty Friedan in Detroit, in a discussion of her book, THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE. She says the role of the mother in homosexuality was pinpointed by Freud and the psychoanalysts. But the mother whose son becomes homosexual is not the "emancipated" woman who competes with men in the world, but the very model of the feminine mystique. But the homosexuality that is spreading "like a murky smog over the American scene," is no less ominous than the restless, immature sex-seeking of the young women who are the aggressors in early marriages that have become the rule rather than the exception. Nor is it any less frightening that the passivity of the young males who acquiesce to early marriage rather than face the world alone.

SEX PERVERSION AMONG OVERSEAS JOB APPLICANTS is a real problem, contends John F. Reilly, assistant secretary of state for security in Washington. A few months ago, 60 out of 152 applicants were rejected because of sex perversion in their background. During a part of last year, he added, 41 overseas employees resigned rather than face charges; 24 of these were persons with sex perversion accusations against them. Officials hold that the State Department is not a particular magnet for such people, but that "they feel life is a little freer overseas." Could it also be that accurate and complete investigation of the sex lives of most of us would reveal substantially the same percentage of persons engaging now and then in behavior called perverse by our government?

IN AN UNUSUAL ACTION, a provincial court in France recently sentenced a prominent singer to a year in prison (suspended) and a \$2000 fine for morals charges. "Code Napoleon" doesn't apply if behavior becomes notorious.

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