



# **mattachine REVIEW**

OCTOBER 1964

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS



**the  
COWBOY**

**...and the  
SWASTIKA**

by

roland howard



## BACK IN PRINT AT LAST!

After having been in limbo since March, 1964, Mattachine REVIEW once again appears in print. We hope you have not despaired too much about it in the interim (which reminds us that we have some forthcoming issues of our quarterly INTERIM which will appear soon).

Difficulties, it seems, we must endure, but despair we cannot. The task we have been working at for 15 years in Mattachine and covering for almost 10 years in the REVIEW, is a gigantic one and it appears almost hopeless at times. But progress IS being made. More and more we see evidence of this. Yet our most pressing problem remains--not the hostility of society at large, but a poverty which constantly cripples us here at work every day. We know our loyal friends realize this and help all they can but the fact remains we can do only as much as our resources permit. The miracle is that we accomplish as much as we do--although much of the story is still untold.

For instance, a great deal of time recently has been devoted to an important new project, first of its kind in North America, our "Council on Religion and the Homosexual." In it some 40 clergymen from 8 denominations (including Roman Catholic) are exploring with us ways to help solve the homosexual dilemma and cast out concepts of "disease," "crime against nature," "abnormality" and "cure." There will be more about this amazing advance in future magazines.

In the meantime, we promise that some (possibly all) of missing back issues will be made up, and at any rate we shall extend subscriptions so that readers will get the full twelve issues they paid for.

Our need for financial support was never greater, and while we know this plea is old and tiresome, we do know that you would be pleased to provide even greater support if you could see first hand the work being done. It will continue, it must continue. Of that there is no question.--Sincerely, Hal Call, editor.



Editor  
HAROLD L. CALL

Associate Editor  
JAMES RAMP

Business Manager  
DONALD S. LUCAS

Treasurer  
O. CONRAD BOWMAN, JR.

Trademark Registered  
U.S. Patent Office

Published monthly by the  
Mattachine Society, Inc., 693  
Mission Street, San Francisco  
5, California. Telephone:  
DOUGLAS 2-3799

Copyright 1964 by the Mattachine Society, Inc. Ninth year of publication. Mattachine Foundation, Inc., established in 1950 at Los Angeles; Mattachine Society formed in 1953 and chartered as non-profit, non-partisan, educational, research, and social service corporation in California. Founded in the public interest for the purpose of providing accurate information and informed opinion leading to solution of sex behavior problems, particularly those of the homosexual adult.

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

# mattachine REVIEW

Founded in 1954 - First Issue January 1955

VOLUME X OCTOBER 1964 NUMBER 10

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Back in Print At Last, Editorial.....	2
The Cowboy and the Swastika by Rolland Howard.....	5
Model Penal Code by Frank Wood.....	10
The Prablum by James Ramp.....	12
Protect Homos, Says the Judge.....	19
Literary Scene by Gene Damon.....	20
Readers Write.....	29

## Cover:

Drawing and Painting by Howard  
Gilligan of California.

## TENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION--CASTING A SPOTLIGHT ON HUMAN SEX BEHAVIOR PROBLEMS FOR THINKING ADULTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Accepted only from publishers or authors of books, magazines, periodicals; and book-sellers concerned with sexological subjects. Rates on request.

MANUSCRIPTS: Original articles, reviews, letters and significant opinion, and appropriate short stories solicited for publication on a no-fee basis. Please include first class postage for return.

by roland howard

## the COWBOY

**D**avid sat staring at the rows of liquor bottles behind the bar, lost for the moment in depressing musings about a subject which had, with increasing demand dominated his thought since before the Republican convention more than two years ago. In a kind of inner dialogue, he asked himself once more, "Is it possible I'm wrong about President Quenchthirst? Is he perhaps, after all, merely an honest American devoted to freedom, as his defenders never tire of repeating?"

But although David liked to think of himself as a rational, thinking man, he had long sensed that a great deal of living is done, even by thinking men, on other levels—whether to call them "emotional" or "intuition" or something else, he could not say. At any rate, no matter how rational he tried to be, the near-conviction that Quenchthirst was merely another rising tyrant flooded his mind and made him uneasy.

Possibly, he thought, it's a matter of associations; too many pieces fit too well into the jigsaw-puzzle picture of the tyrant who remains enigmatic until all the pieces are in place. What demagogue, after all, ever announced that he *was* one? Whoever called *himself* a tyrant? What political monster ever admitted that his wanton use of firing squads was anything more than a "necessity in defense of national unity"?

*The following fictional fantasy might be datelined January 10, 1967. Author Rolland Howard, in submitting it in July 1964 stated that "it's pretty volatile stuff... and maybe, for that reason alone, unusable. Still I was compelled (by my own fears, perhaps?) to write it, so here it is." Which prompts the editor to ask, How many millions of adult, thinking Americans harbor the same fears, but lack the courage to write about them like Mr. Howard has done?*

## ...and the SWASTIKA

No, he could not expect this strange little man to admit he was a tyrant. He would only be able to see that, if it was so, in the President's actions.

David sipped his beer and lighted a cigarette. He was forty-five years old, and he had always had a keen sense for tyranny. Had he not known with a kind of fatalistic certainty that Hitler and Mussolini would set out to conquer the world, even though he had been but an adolescent himself at the time? He had enlisted in the navy at eighteen, just before the Nazi attack on Poland, because he took it for granted that America would be in a very big war, and this was the branch of service in which he preferred to serve.

And after that war, on the campus at Denver University, when some of his intensely eager young classmates were trying so hard to be among the avant-garde, the intellectual elite, by defending Communism, had he not argued that Russia's Communism was but one more tyranny made different from the others only by the unending flow of discourse it used to justify and propagate itself?

And when that bearded "emancipator" of Cuba, Fidel Castro, marched into Havana, took over American property, and began shooting down hundreds of people, had he not recognised him immediately as cut from the same old cloth, even though countless young American apologists were trying to excuse these

mass murders as merely the "harshness necessary to insure stability for the new government"?

And now he felt it again. Even when the President was still Senator Harry Quenchthirst, with his eyes on the White House, David had been uneasy about him.

He sipped his beer, and thought back over the nominating convention, which two years ago, had selected this dapper little man as its candidate for President. There had been something in the mood of that convention which disturbed the more responsible press and a large part of the population—and the world—even then earning for itself many comparisons to the rise of Nazism in Germany. But, thought David, fanatics are never deterred by being called fanatics, and the strong-arm men who surrounded Quenchthirst at that convention not only were not swayed by being compared to Nazis, they reveled in the identification even to the point of wearing armbands (though discreetly minus the swastika) and announcing that they represented "national security". These were the men who now, only a little more than two years later, had grown into the highly organized, ubiquitous bands of tough young men now known as "Harry Boys", with their billy-clubs and side-arms, their black leather coats and caps, and the now brazenly exhibited armbands with the insignia of crossed cowboy-boots with spurs. "Brave New World" had warned the world years earlier. Orwell's "1984" had spelled out the consequences of mass mindedness with horrifying clarity, though not specifying how these had come about. And the character of the fascist presence in America had even more recently made itself abundantly known in the activities of the Ku Klux Klan and other racists, the Birchers and the Minutemen, and in the little group of neo-Nazis which now, under new titles, were the top officers of the Harry Boys.

Yet the take-over at the convention had surprised and startled—even frightened—those who saw what had happened. And worse yet, many responsible, intelligent persons had *not* seen what was happening, and even lent themselves and their talents to the proceedings and prestige. General Hardendorfer, the hero-officer of World War II and erstwhile President of the United States, seemed only uncertain of his role in history, utterly naive about his role in politics, and pathetic in his belated decision to support the party's nominee. "I don't know what they want me to do," the General had said. And David had wanted to tell him then, "Just lend them your name, for whatever vote-getting appeal it may still have; that's all they want of you." When the General had finally sensed something amiss in what had happened and in his own part in it, he seemed merely weary and confused, and still unaware of the new character of American politics.

But then, this was true of a lot of people, from the senator who actually nominated Harry Quenchthirst on down to the masses of honest citizens who

continued to think of their candidate as simply the "spearhead of a new revival of an old and proven morality."

In fact—he sipped his beer and looked around him at the youngish men who looked now as if they were huddling for mutual warmth, like a brood of baby chicks, rather than enjoying one another's company—even a large number of these men, homosexuals all, had voted for Harry Quenchthirst in their need for a feeling of moral purpose.

He, David, was himself homosexual; had been all his life, as well as he could tell. Nothing dramatic, he thought; not the Faulknerian product of a decadent Southern aristocracy; not "paranoid neurotic," not even an unusual, "artistic" type. He was just an ordinary citizen, holding an ordinary job, showing an ordinary concern with the world and the people in it. He came from an ordinary family, with two brothers and two sisters—all younger than he, and all married, with children of their own. And he, David, had spent much of his younger life struggling to fit his homosexual nature into his own strong moral convictions, even consulting psychiatrists on two occasions.

Life, he concluded, requires a great deal of thought, as well as experience, and he had years of both behind him. Yet it was easy to see why people readily relinquished this fatiguing requirement when a Harry Quenchthirst came along with a list of slogans that promised to solve everything by their mere pronouncement.

Indeed, David thought, suddenly, it was quite conceivable that President Quenchthirst himself had actually no intention of becoming a tyrant; that, in fact, he saw himself as merely a "completely American American," and that that, in his mind, justified the use of "extremists" or anything else if such measures helped to guarantee his position of American leadership. It might be, further, that he was, even now, not aware that the iron-handed Harry Boys, and his own hand-picked Supreme Court Justices, and the recently-formed State Guard whose divisions enforced the racial segregation decreed by the new Court, were actually running the nation, under the coordination of the Armed Forces Administration.

How unbelievably simple it had all been! And how rapid! David could hardly comprehend it. He sipped at his drink again, and noticed that his hand trembled slightly as he did so.

He thought back again to that fateful Republican convention. A few of his friends had uneasily tried to reassure themselves that the American principles of "checks and balances" would prevent any rash one-man actions on the part of the new President, if Quenchthirst should be elected. But all of the principles on which America was built were functional *only* on the basis of a voluntary spirit among the people. Checks and balances, the Constitution, the law, the courts, civil rights—all these are valid only insofar as the people agree that they are valid, and give them their support.

David, even then, saw that the people were not at that time an American body. They were "peoples"—groups—sections; and many of those groups were obviously ready to withdraw from the old voluntary support of American principles, or had already done so.



And their need for a point of agreement was met when a capricious Fate provided them with Harry Quenchthirst, the necktie manufacturer. Harry Quenchthirst! Why he wondered, were they always such ludicrous characters? David had never understood how the whole German nation could have followed so ridiculous a figure as Hitler; that little buffoon, grotesque in his bloody clowning, his arm-jutting, his bangs, and that domino of lip-hair.

Yet here was Quenchthirst with his own trademarks: the cowboy boots, the horn-rimmed glasses. He didn't even hide the fact that these were sales props; he was nothing even remotely resembling a cowboy, and the glasses were often without lenses! Perhaps even his name had played a part. Years of movie and television "westerns" had firmly associated the "good men" of the golden West with quests for "private property"—gold.

And this parching pursuit certainly conjured up the "good" image of the waterhole. Thus what better associational group of items than cowboy boots and "Quenchthirst"—plus, perhaps, the glasses for studiousness, or to symbolize "prophetic vision"?

In any event, the capture of the required votes was accomplished. And the new President, who had promised the bigots that he would "fill vacancies" on the Supreme Court bench with more sound bigots, began doing just that. Strangely, there had been no rash of fatal heart attacks among the old, pre-Quenchthirst, Justices. The new appointees pretty much had their own way. And when the "checking and balancing" of the Congress seemed to threaten the effectiveness of the new Supreme Court, many of the Congressmen who had not been replaced by the elections had heart attacks, and oddly, there were many who resigned their offices "due to ill health", and still others who "defected to Russia" never to be heard from again.

All the misgivings expressed by critics at the time of the nomination of Quenchthirst had long since been proven inadequate. No one, apparently, had foreseen how far this man would go. No nuclear weapons had been fired at any nation as yet, but that it would happen very soon now was a foregone conclusion.

David looked around again at the fear-shadowed faces. He remembered the bars of only a year ago, still at that time places where homosexuals could meet and have a beer, discuss their confusions, or simply exchange jokes while the jukebox boomed in the background. Now there was no music, no laughter, not even conversation, except in subdued tones of hopelessness.

The country had been building up to it for a long time. Perhaps it could, after all, be blamed on the Communists. Their subversive, sneaky efforts at self-furtherance had been a terrible strain. They were obviously the enemy, yet no direct fighting was called for. America and the West could have united in a war; but without one there would only be pent-up hostility and, gradually fearful Americans banded themselves into lawless groups who, in their self-defensive turn, became fascist in character. The Congressional committee set up to "investigate" possible subversion became so high-handed and overzealous as to become itself a threat to every citizen. Thus no one knew just what he should fear most—the Communists, or the anti-Communist vigilante groups, official and otherwise. The re-

sult was universal distrust and a fearful nation.

David himself, utterly certain of his own patriotism, was torn between trust of other homosexuals through his identification with them, and the occasional fear that, as a group they might be less concerned about their country than about their personal positions.

Yet he knew of not one individual who was any less patriotic than any other. Despite that practical evidence, the old trust in his world, in people—yes, even in himself—was difficult to hold onto. Perhaps, he mused, modern psychology had opened the door to this suspicious modern world. Everybody was in doubt as to what everybody else "really" wanted, and then was jumping to conclusions for the answers.

He wondered idly what the Texas millionaire who had spent money in support of Senator McCarthy, and then helped finance the nomination and election of President Quenchthirst, was doing now that his property and holdings had been confiscated in the name of "nationalization." All great wealth was "nationalized," now, as a safeguard against any threat to the "American free enterprise system" as watched over and preserved by the only agency "qualified" to do this: The Quenchthirstian administration. "Individual freedom," the President was fond of saying, "requires the guarantees that power alone can provide, and such guarantees cost money."

When the press still dared to criticize the early appointments to the Supreme Court when that body declared "unconstitutional" the limit of Presidential tenure to two terms, Quenchthirst merely paraphrased one of his most famous early statements: "Such a measure in the defense of freedom is no vice."

David had his beer glass to his lips when the front doors suddenly flew open, banging noisily against the walls. His eyes turned as he lowered the glass, then his head followed in the gloom just inside the door, three burly men of college age stood silently still, apparently allowing their vision to adjust to the relative darkness. Their faces were hard, unfeeling, sneering. The black leather coats reflected the dim light of the room in the smooth, oiled glints of the new precision age. Slowly now, deliberately, in a kind of instinctive unison, the men raised their machine guns, aiming loosely at the row of customers at the bar.

Here was fulfillment of the campaign promise that should have warned the American people—and *had* warned David—of what to expect from Quenchthirst: he was "making the streets safe for our women."

David's eyes met those of the machine-hard face in the forefront. He felt almost relieved. The scene, he thought, really ought to be frightening, but it's too familiar. He seemed to have been all through it too many times before. He might even have been bored if he were not aware of that one genuine feeling: relief. The worrying and pondering and trying to make sense of things would stop now. In a world that had long since forgotten how to love—or perhaps had never learned—there could only be hatred. And a hate-filled place was a place to leave.

He smiled and raised his glass as if to toast the muzzle which now spat flame—

## MODEL PENAL CODE

by Frank C. Wood, Jr.,  
Attorney at Law of the Los Angeles Bar

Muddle headed legislative drafting at its worst is the hallmark of the morals sections of the new Model Penal Code now being considered for enactment by many states including California. Far from being a "model" code it constitutes a long step backward in the fight for sexual freedom between consenting adults.

Consider proposed Section 251.3 entitled, "Loitering to solicit deviate Sexual Relations".

"A person is guilty of a petty misdemeanor if he loiters in or near any public place for the purpose of soliciting or being solicited to engage in deviate sexual relations."

This section places the freedom and fate of every citizen (whether male or female, heterosexual or homosexual) squarely within the mercy and discretion of the police officer. Under such a statute a person unloved by the police could be arrested almost daily. It leaves unanswered and up to each police officer the question, What constitutes "loitering"? With such a statute in effect could any person unliked by the police stop a moment in a public park to light a cigarette or to view a fountain---especially if he were a suspected homosexual?

The framers, apparently not content with limiting their law to public places, have added the absurd to the extreme by using the words "in or near". Thus, by indirection, they have included virtually every area, public or private, in any modern city for what location is not "in or near" a public place?

Still not content they add a requirement for clairvoyance to the qualifications of a police officer, for the arresting officer is asked to read the mind of the prospective arrestee and determine not only whether he is "soliciting" but even hopes to be "solicited", and if so whether he or the other party intends to engage in "deviate sexual relations".

Another interesting section is 251.1 entitled "Open Lewd-

ness". It reads as follows:

"A person commits a petty misdemeanor if he does any lewd act which he knows is likely to be observed by others who would be affronted or alarmed."

A cynical person might suggest that this section is misnamed and that it should more properly be headed "Rousting" (with a note that it is to be used by police officers when the defendant had not been observed to commit any criminal act but when the officers want to arrest him anyway).

With no clear or ascertainable standard set forth the arresting officer is permitted to subject every person to his current conception of what is "lewd" and what might "affront" or "alarm" others. It is no secret that standards of conduct and morality differ widely. If a person on the public street scratched his backsides could this not be a "lewd" act which would affront some person of tender sensibilities? Even worse, this law is not limited to public places. From the terms of the statute itself it could be committed even in a person's own bedroom! And heaven help the poor potential criminal who admires a pretty girl passing him on the street while her old mother or boy friend are there.

Would it be too much to suggest that the purpose of criminal laws should not be to fill the jails and make transgressors of everyone but rather merely to protect and preserve the legitimate and necessary interests of society.

Were the proposals of the Model Code merely the not too well considered suggestions of some isolated legislator they would still be alarming and merit rebuttal, but when such regressive and ill conceived legislation receives the blessing and encouragement of the American Law Institute with the end in view that it be enacted into law nationally and become the law of all fifty states it becomes calamitous.

It is not enough merely to criticize and find fault. Organizations such as Mattachine must not only actively and continually fight against such enactments as these but must also be prepared to offer properly drafted and carefully considered laws in their places--laws which take in account not only the needs of society but also the facts of modern life.

by James H. Ramp

# The Prablum

Miz Hankins was gathering eggs in the barn, and had a dozen in her pouched apron when she began inching up the squinchy ladder to the haymow, slantwise, with one hand, while she held the end of the apron with the other. She heard a rustling in the hay as she reached the mow, stood and neck-stretched. Her son, Handy, and a neighbor-boy, Art Doolittel were going at it, hammer and tongs in a gasping, tossing way, and she gaped in surprise, sucking in hay dust, which made her sneeze. The boys froze, and she backed down the ladder, lit out across the barn yard, stubbed her toe and fell on the eggs. She got up, mad as blazes, untied her apron,

and shook the mess of broken eggs on the ground. Immediately chickens came running, gobbling the fruit of their own labors, while ducks pushed in, quacking with exasperation. The broken eggs disappeared like magic, and in the fracas a feisty hen tried to crow and mount another hen. Miz Hankins aimed an accurate toe and sent the queer hen flying. A drake chose that moment to clamp the neck of a duck and mount her, but another duck hen rushed him furiously and tried to take over his male function.

Miz Hankins watched the broken eggs disappear down the throats of hens who had laid them. She shook her head and muttered: "You're cannon-balls, that's whut you air!" For a moment her mind was diverted from what she had seen in the haymow, and she trudged into the house, pondering on the pernicky behavior of ducks and chickens. Come to think of it, turkeys, too. That gobbler they eat at Thanksgiving, he never would mount the turkey hens. He chased young gobblers and chicken roosters all around the barnyard till it was a scandal to the jaybirds! And that dirty old shepherd dog, always getting a stick or a corn-cob under his thing, lying down and lunging forward and back, barking... especially if there was company around. He was always chasing boar hogs, and got fast on one... She shuddered with disgust at the memory of what happened. She wondered why cows rode each other when they were in heat... even mares, for that matter. Last year the jack-ass had damaged a young horse colt so bad the colt had to be destroyed. "I do know!" she muttered, "Farm critters is dirty things!"

She busied herself making supper, and was not surprised when Handy did not show up at the table. Prob'ly would sneak in later, grab something from the pantry and skin up-stairs to bed. She was of two minds: to whale the tar out of him, or talk it over with the family first. She looked around the table. Grandma and Grandpa were busy gumming their vittles. Uncle Ben was picky, as usual, probably full of rot-gut whiskey as usual. He had been shiftless and troubled in mind ever since he came back from World War I, but he never talked about his experiences. She had urged and advised him to marry, but he wouldn't, and grew angry at her persistence. Hank, her husband, was an easy-going man, still good in bed, even after forty years. She resolved to



call a family conference after supper.

"I got me a prablum," she announced, "an' I'd be plumb grateful if you-all would come into the settin' room and talk on it."

When the meal was over, she redded up hurriedly, leaving buttered biscuits, meat and pie for Handy to sneak off up stairs. When she faced the family in the settin' room, she felt frustrated, not knowing where to begin.

"You said you had a prablum, Marthy," said Grandma. "I'm a-gittin' sleepy, so trot it out."

Martha took the plunge. "This evenin', when I was gatherin' the aigs in the barn, I clumb up in the haymow and caught Handy and the Doolittel boy goin' at each other like two bull calfs when the skim-milk bucket is empty!" She finished in a rush and waited for an explosion of disgust, but it didn't come. Hank chuckled and said:

"That boy is a reglar young stud. I caught him goin' after himself only last week!"

"And you didn't tan his hide?" asked Martha in surprise. "Hell, no!" chuckled Hank. "I used to do that myself when I was a kid. No harm in it."

"I mind, in the Spanish American War," said Grandpa, "ther was quite a to-do in Teddy Roseveld's cavalry 'bout that very thing. Teddy laughed and said men away from wimmin is apt to do anythin', an' they shore did!"

Grandma elbowed her spouse's thin ribs and cackled: "Tell Marthy 'bout you an' Adam!"

"Uncle Adam?" said Martha.

"That's right," crowed Grandma. "Tell her, William!"

"Well," said Grandpa, "as you know, Marthy, me an' Adam got married at the same time and Ma, here, an' Adam's wife got thataway right away. According to the marriage vows we couldn't go with no other women, and we was fit to be tied. Then Ma, here, and Adam's wife got their heads together and come to us. 'Whyn't you an' Adam git together?' says Ma, says Adam's wife, 'Till we have our young'uns. Thataway, we won't have to worrit about other women!' By durn, it worked out wonderful! Allus after that, fer nigh on to twenty-five year, me an' Adam tuck care o' each other, till our wimmin quit havin' childern. On'y when our wives was carryin', mind you, and never a cross word

from them!"

"It were a right nice arrangement," remembered Grandma. "I was that fond o' Adam, and Susie, Adam's wife, treated William like a blood-brother, and was allus so pleased like when the boys was in bed together, an' we didn't need to worrit about other wimmin!"

"You didn't know it, Martha," said Hank, "but me and Tom Baskins used to do the same thing when you and his wife was periodin' or carryin' babies. It weren't the same as sleepin' with you, but it was right nice and no harm done to anybody."

Suddenly they heard a strangled sob and saw Uncle Ben weeping, his face in his hands.

"Brother Ben!" exclaimed Hank. "What's the matter?"

"Oh God!" groaned Ben. "I never realized my family felt like this! I've lived all these years in an agony of shame and guilt because of what happened to me in France over forty years ago!"

"Can't be all that bad, Son," said Grandpa.

"No, it can't," declared Hank, patting Ben's shoulder. "Tell us about it."

Ben gulped and wiped his eyes. "I've never told anyone before, but I'll try. A young soldier named Andy Williams and I were telegraph operators on the front. We had strung wire from the rear headquarters and set up our keys in a headquarters dugout in the line. There was a German attack and the other men rushed out to man the trenches. A shell exploded, breaking our communication wires and sealing us in the dugout. We had enough air from a hole in the debris, and there was plenty of food and water, but we couldn't tell how the battle was going, and we couldn't dig out. . ."

"You all right, Ben?" asked Andy, when the dust had settled, groping around in complete darkness, searching for his friend.

"Guess so," replied Ben. "Don't feel any broken bones or spoutin' arteries. You?" "Same here. The lantern broken?"

"I dunno. There's a spare and some kerosene in the gear at the back of the dugout. Let's try to find it."

After long fumbling in the dark they found the lantern and kerosene, made a light and looked around. Their hand



cranked generator had been smashed by a fallen timber, and the wires that had tied them to headquarters were severed.

"Can we dig out?" asked Andy anxiously.

"Don't think so. Looks like any pokin' and pryin' would bring the whole shebang down on our heads. We'll just have to sit this one out unless another shell unburies us. We've got water and rations to last a month of Sundays, so all we need is patience. Probably the Germans over-ran this trench and are holding it. We'd better play mousey, lest they hear us talking."

Even with carefully wound watches, they lost track of time, and grew irritable from lack of exercise, and cold food, although they managed to brew coffee over a spirit lamp.

One night as he lay in his blankets, Ben heard Andy crying, softly, desperately. He reached a hand and touched a shaking shoulder. "Andy? What's wrong?"

"I... I'm a virgin!" sobbed Andy.

"Well, so am I, come to think about it," admitted Ben. "Why cry about it?"

"I've been thinkin' about it. To die and never know what love is all about..."

"Who's going to die?" Ben scoffed uncertainly.

"We are! We are, and you know it!" cried Andy, despondently.

"Come over, here, Andy! Come on and share my blankets!" When Andy lay beside him, Ben pulled his head to his chest and put his arms around him. "Don't cry any more," he said, tenderly.

"But we are so young!" protested Andy, pitifully. "So young to die and never know love!"

"But I love you, Andy!"

"Like a brother! I know, Ben, and I love you, too, but not like I could have loved a girl."

"How do you know?" asked Ben softly. "Suppose we tried?"

"With kisses, and all?" sniffed Andy, doubtfully.

"With kisses and all!" Ben insisted, wanting to comfort Andy. "Now..." He raised Andy's head and covered his lips with his own. At first it was awkward, unsure, and the

lips beneath his were stiff. Then they opened sweetly, seeking, asking, wanting. At last Ben lay back, panting, still clasping Andy to his heart. Their hands explored and found passionate response.

"Let's... let's undress!" whispered Andy.

When their naked bodies came together, they lay with lips locked, each stroking the other's swollen parts. Then Ben broke the kiss and searched Andy's breast, his quivering, flinching belly with his lips.

"Oh let me!" moaned Andy. "Let me too!"

Ben reversed his body, clasped Andy's waist and held him, kissed him. Andy gasped and did the same for Ben, tenderly at first, then hungrily, savagely! Their desire exploded together, and they lay panting, amazed by the happiness they felt. Ben turned and laid his head on Andy's breast, and Andy whispered: "Oh Ben, it was wonderful. It couldn't be wrong, sinful, could it?"

"Not for us!" said Ben stoutly, "not when we love each other!" They slept little, not knowing, not caring whether it was day or night.

When their battalion retook the trench and dug them out, their commanding officer was amazed to find them in such good health and spirits. He gave them two weeks furlough which they spent in Paris, in bed. Their need of each other seemed inexhaustible, and the glory of their love dazzled them.

When they returned to the front Andy was killed by a German sniper. Ben held his body, rocked him, weeping like a broken hearted child until ambulance men gently broke his embrace and carried Andy away....

"I was so young," sighed Uncle Ben, "so young and innocent that I was sure God had taken Andy to punish me for giving Andy the comfort of my love. I swore I would never love anyone again, lest I cause them... to die! Later I realized this was a romantic idea, and I tried to find love but I couldn't! No one could ever be as entirely dear and desirable to me as Andy was. I didn't decide to remain true to a memory. It isn't as simple as that. My bones will ache with wanting him until I die. Nights when I can't get drunk, I lie, feeling his warm length along my body, his head on my

breast, and my heart bursts... my heart bursts with an almost insupportable agony of desire and despair!" He got up, tiredly, and groped out of the settin' room.

"Good Grief!" muttered Hank. "Good Grief! He never told me! Poor old Ben."

Grandma was sniffing and Martha frankly weeping. "I wish I had knowed," she cried, "If only I had knowed! I've been so mean about his drinkin'!"

Hank patted her comfortingly. "None of us knowed, of course, Martha. Don't take on. Mebbe it would be a good idee if Ben talked to Handy about how serious this kind of thing can be. Not that I'm agin it, but I wouldn't want Handy broken hearted like poor Ben. What do you think, Grandpa?"

"How old is Handy now?" asked Grandpa.

"Fourteen, goin' on fifteen," said Martha promptly.

"Too young to take that there sorta thing serious. Let him have his fun while he's young. Like as not he fools with the girls, too. You said he was a young stud, Hank. Tell him to git some of these new-fangled rubbers when he humps the girls and bid him be careful else he might get some daddy buckshot in his ass. Other'n that I'd leave him go his merry way. He might feel 'shamed if you chide him, and that ain't no proper way to enjoy the possibles God give him."

Grandpa's right!" said Grandma. "They's no prablum. Leave the boy have his innercent fun an' don't tease him. I never teased Grandpa 'bout Adam, nor slighted him, neither. I figger Adam donated as much to my marriage as posser-ble, keepin' my man true to me till I had a child and could take Grandpa to bed agin."

"I guess I should thank Tom Baskins, too, come to think on it," considered Martha. "Not ackshully, of course, he would be that skittish! Seems to me, after talkin' with you-all, we got not call to make somethin' dirty out of what Handy done. Pore boy! I wonder, has he sneaked up the back stairs yet?"

"Now Marthy, don't you go mentionin' what you seen in the haymow!" protested Hank.

"I won't," promised Martha. "I gist want to know he didn't go to bed on a empty stummick. I'll go look in the pantry and see if he got what I laid out for him...."

(From JUSTICE WEEKLY, Toronto, Ont.)

# TO PROTECT HOMOS WARNS THE COURT

## Homos Will Be Protected Is Warning Of Magistrate

Magistrate Donald F. Graham made it clear in Metro Toronto Magistrate's Court that he is not going to have homosexuals preyed upon despite their "particular propensities."

He sentenced 20-year-old Courtney Headley, of Spadina Avenue, to 18 months; Gray Miller, 22 years old, of Dundas Street West, to three months; and Albert Cleveland 20 years

old, of St. Paul Street, to 12 months for robbing a homosexual on Cowan Avenue.

Three youths went to the fourth man's home where, Headley said, the man asked him to come and live with him and tried to entice him with the offer of a tape recorder and a TV set.

Instead the trio decided to get the goods without further negotiations and stole a TV set, two cameras, a radio, suitcases and clothing to a total of \$1,000.

"Homosexuals tend to be preyed upon because it is thought that they won't go to police," said His Worship in passing sentence on the trio.



## LOVE AND SEX AT ST. TROPEZ

Bikinis and topless swimsuits for women have no shock value on the island resort of St. Tropez, off the southern coast of France. Nor for that matter do complete nudists cause overmuch concern, though arrests are sometimes made. The current rage among the smart young females there is open fly fronts. The French press screams "Iniquitous! Depraved! Shameful!" at girls who buy or borrow snug, low-waisted men's slacks, snip off the buttons, open the fronts as low as they dare, and pin them back so they will stay open. But the targets of the police aren't any of these. It's the perverts! And the aim of the police is "to protect minors." "We don't want amoureux embracing in public view on the streets of St. Tropez," said the head of the morals brigade. "The amoureux of the same sex, that is."



# LITERARY *scene*

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

GENE DAMON

Not many years ago biography and autobiography were fields where some reticence was practiced--or, if not, the books were ignored and/or classified as scurrilous. Gradually, as fiction has become freer, autobiography has become quite candid and now legitimate and serious biographers are also taking a more liberal view. The blue pencil days may be gone forever.

*mattachine* **REVIEW**

Superlatives are so convenient that one never regrets having used them until one actually needs them. This is the case with Vincent Sheean's explosive biography of the marriage of Sinclair Lewis, Pulitzer Prize novelist, and Dorothy Thompson, our most famous woman journalist, in *DOROTHY AND RED*, Houghton, Mifflin, 1963. Dorothy Thompson left her private diaries, sent and unsent and received letters and other papers to Syracuse University Library. Mr. Sheean, who was a close personal friend of both Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson has recreated their tempestuous life together, drawing heavily on these private papers. The heterosexual revelations in the book would have created comment by themselves but the addition of much verbatim quotation from her diaries revealing three Lesbian attachments, at least two of them overt affairs, really has had the critics running up and down the walls of their cages.

The event which prompted Dorothy Thompson to record these chapters in her life in her diary was a 10-day house party held in December, 1932, at the villa Dorothy and Red were then occupying in the hills near Vienna. At this party were many famous people: Mr. and Mrs. John Gunther, Patricia Wallace (daughter of novelist Edgar Wallace), Virgilia Peterson, Prince Paou Sapieha (of Poland), and Baron and Baroness Hatvany. Baroness Hatvany, better known as Christa Winsloe, is the author of *MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM* (THE CHILD MANUELA), Farrar, Straus, 1933, and *GIRL ALONE*, Farrar, Straus, 1936, both Lesbian novels. Dorothy fell in love with Christa Winsloe and talks of her feelings at great length and, in asides, describes her first Lesbian attachment at age 20 with a 37 year old woman.

Author Sheean's introductory notes to this area explain that he has changed some names to initials "for obvious reasons". The obvious reasons are, of course, where the initials are still breathing. Christa Winsloe's name is unaltered since she is dead. (However, Mr. Sheean has also provided clues which make the identity of some of the altered names easily realized.)

After describing her affair with the first woman, Miss Thompson goes on to recall her affair with "M" whom she loved but ended up hating and fearing. Where discussing the then current affair with Winsloe, she says that Winsloe was then in love with "X", a young and beautiful girl present at

the house party. Later she says that although this was true, "X" was "in love with her Pole". The only Polish person apparently present was Prince Paul Sapieha who later married Virgilia Peterson.

Dorothy Thompson makes a polemic explanation of her diary entries by saying: "I put the incident down here as a record of my own sensibility to this woman. What in God's name does one call this sensibility if it be not love? This extraordinary heightening of all one's impressions; this intensification of sensitiveness; this complete identification of feeling? It was so when I read her book (i.e. MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM) and suddenly felt I must translate it, because in its essence I might have written it myself. I was Manuela, as she is Manuela, and everything that has happened to her has in essence, and in other circumstances happened to me. This incredible feeling of sisterhood."

Since Dorothy Thompson has just been dead a couple of years, I can't help feeling a few years should have passed before publishing the book which literally strips her soul for all the world to see. As it also strips Sinclair Lewis's soul and reveals every fear and inadequacy he had. Aside from this one reservation it is a really important book, beautifully handled, edited and dovetailed into a near masterpiece. Mr. Sheean has put together the literary biography of the decade--or perhaps the century.

Anticlimatic but interesting and in the same line, Simon Raven's THE DECLINE OF THE GENTLEMAN, Simon and Schuster, 1962, contains Mr. Raven's own candid revelations of homosexuality which come as no surprise in view of his fictional mastery of various aspects of the subject.

Playright Emlyn Williams includes a frank and very heartbreaking homosexual history from his own youth in his genuinely lovely autobiography, GEORGE, Random House, 1962. This love story is so well told that general review comments were good including one reviewer who indicated that it left one feeling that love was no less real for being beyond the social realm of accepted experience. While that statement will not strike the readers of this column as extraordinary, it actually is when you consider that this clearly indicates a wholesome heterosexual reaction.

John O'Hara becomes increasingly prolific; he also adds steadily to his growing list of penetrating homosexual por-

traits in the very long short story, "Yucca Knolls", in THE HAT ON THE BED, Random House, 1963. This is the story of Earl Fenway Evans, unconventional but electric Hollywood director, and his friendship with comedy star, Cissie Brandon. Earl is a homosexual and his ruses to build a heterosexual reputation are quite funny. His entire life history, public and private, is discussed. Through the years his contacts with Cissie are occasions for personal revelations on both their parts and in the course of one conversation Cissie describes her Lesbian history. Cissie ends her days married to a sweet homosexual male who dotes on her and both thrive in this sexless environment. Earl's end is not so fortunate. As always O'Hara is a fascinating writer.

Joseph Kessel, French writer recently elevated to the French Academy, is the author of a tetralogy quite famous in Europe. It is a long chronicle of world affairs from W.W.I to the present time. The first novel in the tetralogy, THE MEDICI FOUNTAIN, has just appeared this last year in America published by St. Martin's Press, 1963. It contains several minor homosexual characters. Genevieve, the sister of Etienne, is latently Lesbian but little is made of it. Etienne, who is possibly the second most important character in a much-peopled book, is revealed late in the book to be homosexual. This explains much of his previous behavior. However, Etienne is an idealist and he is so shocked by his discovery of his nature that he goes to war with the express intention of not returning. The handling of the latent Lesbianism of Genevieve is similar to Kessel's vague approach to the same field in his novel, THE LION. Knopf, Dell, 1962--both skirt about the Lesbianism as if the author stood in fear of his revelation. Kessel is a powerful writer though and certainly no relative of the current school of no-plot French novelists.

A friend recently called to my attention the science fiction story, "Spatial Relationship", by Randall Garrett in the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, August, 1962. This one is available second hand for very little (15¢--30¢). The story concerns male homosexuality but to divulge any of the plot would ruin it, so happy hunting.

Robert Neumann, reasonably famous in his native Germany and less well-known elsewhere, has expressed an in-



terest in Lesbianism in the past in his analytical book, *PASSION; SIX LITERARY MARRIAGES*, Harcourt Brace, 1932 which covered thoroughly the Lesbianism of August Strindberg's wife.

In his novel, *FESTIVAL*, London, Barrie and Rockliff, 1963, he presents an unusually accurate portrait of a brief but very ardent Lesbian affair. The protagonists are a wealthy married woman of at least 45-55 years of age and a young boy-girl. Through circumstance, and while each is undergoing unpleasant complications in his life, they are thrown together long enough to play out their intimate drama. They are torn apart at the end, of course, by events they have long since lost control over and the reader, while possibly unhappy, has had a thrilling experience. Mr. Neumann deserves to be world-famous for his prose--he is a master.

If the day comes when cruelty to homosexual males ceases to exist as a matter of course, then the next problem to take precedence on the agenda will be the plight of the older male homosexual. The world has more or less provided for elderly females in any societal group and beneficent nature kills sexual need in women much earlier, by and large, than in men. Or at least the need takes a disguised face and becomes motherly or gushy--but less specifically sexual. For the male homosexual the later years are a period of hell on earth in every way and this point is aptly demonstrated in *THE SQUIRREL CAGE*, by Adrian Vincent, Abelard-Schuman, 1962. This is a story of two men in the world of journalism in London. Mr. Gifford has marital problems and Mr. Drew, the Photographer, is an aging homosexual who lives in a dream world. No wonder that he does, really, since in his real world he is described in this manner:

"He sat dejectedly watching a swan float past, thinking: it's madness to go on like this--constantly exposing myself to danger and humiliation. And so futile. He lit a cigarette with shaking fingers and thought of all the years he had wasted, acting as landlord to a succession of would-be writers and poets who exploited him shamefully for free board and lodging, the countless hours spent in pursuit of a non-existent perfect relationship. He touched his bruised jaw gingerly. What a useless, disgraceful life it had been."

Happily, or at least, less unhappily, he decides to go with his sister to a resort town to run a boarding house and one hopes his last days will bring him peace if nothing else. The author is very sympathetic and--sad though it is--the book is well worth reading.

A different approach to Lesbianism is featured in *THE GOLDEN PLAIN*, by Roger Bordier, Houghton-Mifflin, 1963. The narrator, Laurent, an architect engaged in a magnificent enterprise, meets and falls in love with Sli--an unusually withdrawn girl. Though consummated physically, their love is incomplete mentally. Sli's brother, Jean, has been killed and Sli's sister, Agnes, is a Lesbian (although married and the mother of several children). Laurent has to teach Sli to accept the death of Jean and the Lesbianism of Agnes before he can reach her completely. Intentionally or not the treatment is exceedingly sympathetic and says much about the acceptance of all "differences" in general.

Jess Stearn, whose book on male homosexuality, *THE SIXTH MAN*, reached best-sellerdom and stayed there for a time, has a potential repeat in *THE GRAPEVINE; THE SECRET WORLD OF THE LESBIAN*, Doubleday, 1964. As would be expected he has treated the girls better than the boys. Despite the inevitable inclusion of the dregs of society, there is much of real value. His lengthy chapters about the *DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.*, and their publication, *THE LADDER*, are very good. He manages the almost impossible "marriage" of sensational subjects with objective reporting. There are gaffs and some will be ludicrous to the insider but--all in all--he did a better job than he perhaps realizes and the kind of publicity this creates for the groups in general is not to be purchased. You can't buy a better press than an obvious bestseller with a sympathetic tone. There is no doubt that the little groups of homosexuals are accomplishing for their own people the main aim: the focusing of a national spotlight on the problems of living a homosexual life in a hostile society.

There is some doubt that a book concerned primarily with childhood can be considered homosexual, or, indeed, sexually oriented at all. Nevertheless, *THE DEATH OF PETERSON'S WHARF*, by Charles Brooks, Macmillan, 1963, will appeal to aficionados of the genre for its unmistakable portrait of a boy who probably would have been a homosexual had he

lived to adulthood. It is a poignant novel of the 11 year old boy, "Ace" or "good ole Ace", who loves a little too intensely and when his beloved--an older boy--goes away--he dies by his own hand.

For the science fiction fan (and those who enjoy wondering what it might have been if...) Philip K. Dick's prize-winning novel, *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, Putnam, 1962, Popular Library, 1964, is a must. The story is set in a United States of today if the Axis had won World War II. The western half of the country is Japanese and the eastern half is German. The homosexual element is minor and follows the sadistic S.S. line familiar in many novels.

Before the days of paperback a group of hardback publishers turned out popular level sexy novels in hardcovers at low prices (ironically lower than many of today's paperbacks). Despite a general poor level of plotting and writing some of these books (circa the 1930's) compared to more recent "literary" innovations seem remarkably good. Trash perhaps--but often trash with some style and quality. One of these, *SIDE STREET*, by Wright Williams, Phoenix, 1937, Beacon, 1958 contains a sympathetic portrait of a male homosexual being rather brutally victimized. The story concerns the occupants of a run down rooming house and certainly by comparison the homosexual boy is a prince in the presence of scum.

School novels (bless them) come and go. Even when they are only fairly good, they are usually interesting because of the many possible variations of character to be found in any large school or college plus the nice built in conflict of different generations. Geoffrey Wagner's, *THE ASPHALT CAMPUS*, Macmillan, 1963 is one of the "fairly good" novels in this genre. Its failure is mainly in limiting the book to the teacher's viewpoint and in not always developing the plot possibilities fully. Several of the characters are homosexual, notably Paul Kristoff, an English teacher. Paul is the honed-tongued leader of a powerful campus group of homosexuals. Author Wagner wastes no love on him but does treat him fairly. One of the comments on Paul by another staff member is that he is "the senior representative of the Fairy Wing". Very minor but worth hunting out at the library.

The Waugh family has supplied many homosexual titles. The latest entry is young Auberon Waugh's first novel, *THE FOXGLOVE SAGA*, Simon and Schuster, 1961, Dell, 1962. As might be expected, it is a nasty satire and outrageously funny. Read only if you can stand being laughed at.

Gillian Tindall's *WHEN WE HAD OTHER NAMES*, Morrow, 1960 treats the reasonably familiar theme of woman in love with a male homosexual. Unlike many of these, though, this one is well-handled and there is less "breast beating" about the sadness of it all. The by now too familiar setting of "love in a Paris studio" has lost some of its intrigue but Miss Tindall is a very talented young writer.

Lastly a book of real and special interest--an all-male love story--sexual, spiritual, real and vivid--one of the rare ones--*RADCLIFFE* by David Storey, London, Longman's Green, 1963; N.Y., Coward, 1964. The uncle of Leonard Radcliffe, Austin, has had an abortive affair with a male of a different social class which foreshadows the love of Leonard Radcliffe for Victor Tolson. They meet first in that never-land of violence and phantasy we euphemistically call childhood and then again, accidentally, as adults. Their relationship grows steadily, inexorably toward the passion they both require. On a wet morning, in an isolated locale, when their blood and the rays of the sun are one, they ride that great symbol of sexual power, the motorcycle, together and end up in bed in a tent of little beauty--save that beauty they lend it. I should be happy to report they found a way to solve the differences between them and lived happily ever after but that wouldn't be this book. Helplessly, in a sense, they move together and apart, striking sparks of love, sex and sadism from one another. This is further complicated by Victor's involvement with another man, a true madman, married and a homosexual and murderous. In a final series of destructive embraces Leonard and Victor meet and end in the needed death for peace. The power in this book lies mainly in sexual imagery. Parts of the book read slowly and dully and only when Leonard, pale lance, meets the looming dark figure of Tolson does the writing come alive to throb and undulate into the reader's brain leaving a kind of scar-tissue memory and the not quite heard echo of a motorcycle in a wet yet sun-streaked dawn.



BY POPULAR DEMAND ....

The new edition of a collector's item long out of print

# BUTTERFLY MAN

Half World of the "Third Sex"

By

LEW LEVENSON

In response to ever-increasing demands for its re-publication, here is the new edition of a collector's item out of print for more than 15 years. A critical triumph in the original, BUTTERFLY MAN invades the half world of homosexuality in which its victims are no longer men OR women. Mr. Levenson's treatment of this delicate theme is one of daring frankness but with a fine sensitivity and profounding understanding.

AVAILABLE NOW \$3.95



Published by  
CASTLE BOOKS

MAIL YOUR ORDER WITH REMITTANCE TO:

DORIAN BOOK SERVICE

693 Mission Street

San Francisco, California

Please Ship the Following:

\_\_\_\_\_ copies **BUTTERFLY MAN** at \$3.95 plus .10¢ postage each.  
4% sales tax in Calif.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

## 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: Thank you for a great job of preparation and participation in our recent consultation. I think some really significant things are beginning to happen. Let's keep going. —Ted McIlvenna, Dir. Young Adult Project, San Francisco

REVIEW EDITOR: We are a private committee formed last year to investigate the extent of homosexuality in Eastern Canada. At the present time we are investigating the private clubs in Toronto from which I have just returned to report to the other Committee members. These clubs seem to be doing a great deal of work in getting the variants to adjust properly and adopting an acceptable moral code of behaviour. They aim to integrate society and the variants as well as possible. We are familiar with the A.S.K. and are corresponding with them. We are sure that working together quite a lot can be accomplished. We are most grateful for the sincere cooperation that your organization has given us and we will endeavour to keep you fully informed as to our progress.—Mr. G.N., Canada

REVIEW EDITOR: Thank you very much for speaking before our Southern California Conference on Venereal Disease Control. We are very indebted to you for coming so far to fill this engagement. I hope the many requests for the magazine and other material have made the trip worth while for you. I am sure it is through such talks as yours that "Mattachine" will eventually reach its goal. —George M. Uhl, M.D., Health Officer City of Los Angeles

REVIEW EDITOR: Aesop's theory on the origin of homosexuality was this: Someone once asked how effeminate men and

masculine women came into the world. Old Aesop replied that the titan Prometheus made man out of clay (which was broken by fortune) and, making the portions which modesty bides, in separate lots for the whole of one day, in order to fix them to bodies that matched. He was suddenly asked out to dinner by Bacchus. Then flooded throughout all his veins with nectar, he came home late, with a stumbling step. With wits half asleep, in a drunken confusion, he fitted the males with feminine parts and mixed up the masculine members with women. Hence come inverted desires and delights. —Mr. N.G., N.Y.

Editor's comment: A convenient fable, but only a small percent of homosexual men are effeminate, or homosexual women masculine in any way except desire.

REVIEW EDITOR: Congratulations on Wm. Parker's excellent review of the book: "Homosexuality—A Psychoanalytic Study." I hope the review was sent to each psychiatrist who worked in this study and that an invitation was extended to answer Parker in your publication. I wish I had the money to have reprints made and sent to every psychiatrist in the country. We need to win them over from their strait-jacket thinking and just talking among ourselves won't do us much good.—Mr. G.G., Me.

REVIEW EDITOR: About a year ago I remember something being said about the formation of a Mattachine Society in Chicago. The need for such an organization in a city of four million is really acute! Has a branch been established, or does the possibility still exist? I would certainly like to be of service if at all

possible. Please advise as to the status quo.—Mr. P.J., Ill.

Editor's comment: Everyone inquires but no one seems to be willing to spearhead the organization.

REVIEW EDITOR: No doubt you are aware of an article entitled "The Homosexual Next Door" in the February 22, 1964 issue of MACLEAN'S, Canada's national magazine, and of the follow-up article in the March 7 issue. With all best wishes to the dedicated staff at Mattachine, and prayers on behalf of your work for those who are in such great need.—Rev. F., Canada

Editor's comment: The two articles mentioned above have been reprinted as a booklet, "The Homosexual Next Door," available from Mattachine for a dollar plus postage and tax.

REVIEW EDITOR: Enclosed you will find a most interesting, and informative brochure, and a copy of the Virginia Bill of Rights. If only modern judicial courts would hold to this first bill of rights, this "MODERN SOCIETY" of ours would be a much better place to live. I am with your campaign to remove from the law books any charges that may be brought against persons, consenting adults, and without force or violence, any sex act, in private. Please keep up your fight for the upbrining of the Homophile movement, and I will be behind you all the way.—Mr. R.B., Va.

REVIEW EDITOR: Catholics have finally found an answer to the population explosion, according to the Herald Tribune, and Commonweal, May 30, and June 5. It was predicted a year ago that the Roman Catholic Church would finally approve a pill containing a bit of food—like chewing gum, and would say it was o.k. and morally sound to take this pill because it contained food, and was not just another pill or drug to prevent conception. Seems this prediction is coming true, though the amount of food is certainly negligible.—Mr. J., N.Y.

Editor's Note: The Commonweal articles make the point that "marital affection and the proper raising of a limited number of children are correct purposes of marriage, and that the whole of a marital lifetime, rather than each specific act of intercourse should be considered in judging what is moral and what is not

moral." This presents a pretty problem during the act of love when the cohabitators must be discussing at that delicate moment: "Shall we be moral or not moral tonight?"

REVIEW EDITOR: I have read with interest several copies of the MATTACHINE Review and I must say that I subscribe to my interpretation of your ideals. I enclose a year's subscription. Recently the New York Times gave much publicity on the subject of deviation in New York, and on "Gay Bars." This is quite something for the Times. I understand it was the result of the closing of many favorite haunts, the latest police crackdown. Like thousands of others I tried marriage with the hope this would fill the void in my life. It did, and left another void. I have been told (a number of years ago) that there was a statute in New Jersey whereby a man could beat his wife with a bickory stick no bigger around than his little finger. For all I know, this is still on the books, but I'd like to see him get away with it! Let's hope New Jersey will set an example for new Jersey, even though it takes two years—if they don't back hell out of it first.—Mt. D., N.J.

Editor's comment: Have you checked to see if stores carry a supply of bickory sticks?

REVIEW EDITOR: Congratulations for "Heart's Core" by Jim Ramp—one of the best stories I've read in a long time—so good in fact that I spent last weekend translating it into German—for the German section of The Circle. I feel sure our German-speaking readers will be equally delighted with this excellent story. Do please convey my admiration to the author.—Rudolf B., English Editor, Der Kreis, Zurich

REVIEW EDITOR: In a report on Homosexuality, the Committee on Public Health of the New York Academy of Medicine states: "There is widespread need and desire for proper and authoritative sex education, but here the reaction of society manifests an interesting ambivalence. Whereas America seems to have a preoccupation with sex as a symbol, examination of this preoccupation reveals a superficial, immature and artificial attitude toward sex. However, when attempts are made to have society become more mature concerning this subject and capable of

placing it in its proper perspective, there arises a surprising resistance. The argument most commonly advanced is that sex education belongs in the home, but if the home is not providing that education, where will it be given?" What I wish to inquire is this: Can the blind lead the blind? Parents who have not been educated to be frankly objective, due to their own guilt complexes, are not prepared to teach their children anything more than that sex is dirty and furtive—a subject not discussed by nice people.—Mr. W., N.Y.

REVIEW EDITOR: In one of your back issues of the Review, you have an article on the sack dress, and comments made by the late Dorothy Thompson, who accused male designers in Paris of cooking up the sack dress, minus curves for women. Now it seems, it is American women designers and fashioners who have indeed become more masculine and career minded. They want no dress—not even a blouse. They want the man's shirt and they have it. Soon, soon they will have the man's pants!—Mr. M., Ill.

Editor's comment: Brother, where have you been? Walk down any street and you will see a parade of preposterous posteriors in pants that will panic you! They are designed with "cubic man-tailored zipper fly fronts," too!

REVIEW EDITOR: I must say that Tom Wilson's satire—"There, but for the Grace of God, goes a heterosexual," etc.—LOVE AND LET LOVE is most clever. When you see something written so well, your admiration emerges with the thought, "Why didn't I think of that!" Any heterosexual who reads that, without a chuckle, must feel very insecure about himself—and perhaps a bit uncertain. And, beneath the humor, there is a serious note, since the article underlines the hypocrisy of society, its rigidity and prejudice. Whatever a person is in this complex world, the ability to laugh at himself makes him more of a person and more likable. With best wishes, Harold Kenneth Fink, PhD, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

REVIEW EDITOR: Enclosed is a newspaper clipping which I found on the very last page of the paper. If you will read it very carefully you will see what it implies in detail. I know that you all there know of such goings-on in Washington. My personal view is heart sickening and

bewilderment. When they preach freedom, equal rights and justice for all, and on the other hand they in Washington, do the opposite, how can they get away with that? Because no one is doing anything about stopping them. The politicians go to Washington to fill their own pockets and do just enough to get elected. As is pointed out often in the MATTACHINE Review editorial, that each person should be judged as an individual and not as a blanket order of culture. Thank you for your attention. Sincerely,—Mr. C.R.G., N.Y.

REVIEW EDITOR: I believe the interests of most members of male "gay" society would be best served if all gay persons could identify one another when and wherever they chanced to meet—and incidentally, it would also work to the advantage of all people on the "other side" if a system could be devised that would prevent them from being solicited by homosexuals. And this could be done quite effectively if all gay males were to wear a ring which clearly flashes the message to all concerned that the wearer was a homosexual while keeping its particular meaning secret from all "straight people" (all those who do not have homosexual inclinations. But how to get a ring which carries this message efficiently but not obtrusively. I believe this can best be done if the ring merely sported the arabic numeral "6" on one side so when two homosexuals meet and placed their rings side by side, then undoubtedly both fellows would receive the same message almost immediately. And since a ring is easily worn whether a person is casually dressed in suits or slacks and T-shirt for outdoor lounging or is formally dressed in dress suit for some evening engagement, there need never be an occasion when the sign of his homosexual propensities should not be worn by the gay male if he wishes to advertise his sexual inclinations. It will remain completely obvious to all persons he wants to attract, while remaining oblivious to all others. This is impossible if any other article of clothing, such as scarf or necktie, were to be used for this purpose. And just as easily the homosexual male who wanted to escape detection for a period of time for any reason could slip the ring into a pocket.—Mr. F., Canada



Kenneth Marlowe was an active homosexual, a female impersonator, a male whore in an all female cathouse and the "madam" of a homosexual whorehouse that "serviced" an exclusive Hollywood clientele. He was kept in sexual bondage by the Mafia and escaped. He was drafted into the army and raped by fourteen men. He was a mark for every form of sexual atrocity, the lumberjack's darling, the sailor's pet, the "bar girl" who could be had, the object of sadistic acts and degenerate curiosity. **Mr. Madam** is the unvarnished, uncensored truth about his life, exactly as he lived it—day and night. Nothing, absolutely nothing is left out. This book is a shocker!

*A bone-chilling confession! Includes 16 pages of photos!*

# Mr. Madam

by Kenneth Marlowe

## CONFESSIONS OF A MALE MADAM

### SONNY AND HIS BOYS—24-HOUR MASSAGE SERVICE

His business card advertised "massage service." Kenneth Marlowe was "Mr. Madam," queen of a beehive of pretty homosexual slaves who brought in the honey by submitting to the erotic demands of an exclusive Hollywood clientele. Kenny had come a long way. As a child, he found he could win friendship by being the receptacle for the homosexual lust of older boys. Then he found others who would pay for the same service. Now, as queen bee, he could pick and choose while phantoms "milked suckers" behind locked doors to bring him money.

**Dorian BOOK SERVICE**

693 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif., 94105

**\$5.95**

