Casting a Spotlight on Human Sex Problems — For THINKING Adults

OCTOBER 1956

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

articles, notes and comment from foreign homophile magazines

SPECIAL FEATURE FROM A 'PERPLEXED GUY' WHO LIVES IN CANADA....

LETTER from a homosexual

Readers Write    Book Reviews
INTERNATIONAL EDITION

As its first major contribution to the Mattachine Review, the New York Area Council has prepared the material for this International Edition, which includes articles that originally appeared in half a dozen languages in various European publications.

It is interesting to note that, because of the greater freedom of expression that exists in Europe, some American authors prefer to publish there. Some of these publications prepare their own translations of articles and stories submitted in English for the benefit of their English-speaking authors and readers.

All of these publications represent high standards of scholarship and literary style. Perhaps we should not advertise this fact to our readers, but we must sadly confess that several of them often surpass our best efforts. We do take occasional comfort in the thought that we have come a long way from the nothingness of a few short years ago, but we shall not rest until we become the model for our sister European publications.

In preparing this edition, each translator read carefully several issues of the magazine he was working on, and then selected the article that, in his judgment, would characterize best the magazine and at the same time be of greatest interest to American readers. In several cases there was such a wealth of fine material that a final choice was very difficult to make. In at least one instance, an exceptionally good article had to be regrettfully bypassed because it had appeared in two parts and only the first part was available. In another, an excellent article was far too long and could not be reduced to the required length without destroying its carefully-worked out logical sequence and its structural beauty.

It should not be necessary to remind readers that even the most expert translator often finds it exceedingly difficult to preserve the full flavor of the original in all its parts. Our task has been complicated by lack of sufficient time to polish each and every individual phrase and by the fact that, much to our regret, cuts have had to be made, largely for reasons of space. However, extreme care has been taken not to alter the meaning or flavor of the originals in any way whatsoever. We extend our most sincere apologies to the authors of the articles that we have been unable to publish in their entirety.

The Mattachine Review thanks the various publications represented here for their permission to use their material. Special thanks are due to the International Committee for Sexual Equality who, through its secretary, was helpful "beyond the call of duty," going as far as supplying us with copies of magazines that are no longer published. Special thanks, too, are due to our good friends S. G. and J. B. who, although not members of the Mattachine Society, contributed generously of their time and knowledge and undertook to prepare several of the translations.
LETTER from a homosexual
... and the reply

Not long ago, JUSTICE WEEKLY, a tabloid weekly published in Toronto, printed the following letter from a homosexual who called himself a 'perplexed guy.' It was followed a few issues later with a reply. Both are reprinted here. JUSTICE WEEKLY, while made up mostly of news that emphasizes the sensational side of sex offenses, has also published many articles from MATTACHINE REVIEW and ONE.

The Editor,
"Justice Weekly,"
Dear Sir:

WAIT! Please do not throw this in the waste-paper basket just because it is anonymous. Prudence rather than insincerity dictates the anonymity! I know of no other place to turn for an answer to the following question:

In the past year, I have gone through a number of painful emotional crises, some of which could have been dangerous to myself or others. Apart from the unhappiness experienced by me, I am ashamed of the trial I have had to deal with me. I can't work out a solution on my own.

Where can one find someone to talk to who is willing to accept that homosexuality is perhaps 'normal to that person,' who won't make one feel guilty or ashamed, who won't (necessarily) launch upon a possibly futile campaign to make the person heterosexual ... but who will help with a personality problem which would have existed in any event due to childishness I am unable (by my own efforts) to overcome?

Someone who will not say "Ah, ha—he is neurotic because he is homosexual."

Someone, in short, who doesn't give a damn (pardon the expression) about how you live your sex life per se but who sees you as a whole human being needing some sort of guidance.

To be childish is bad enough. But to be childish, to know you are, to try again and again to 'grow up' and somehow always fail, to know you are a nuisance at times to your friends or fellow-workers due to your neuritic behaviour, to see yourself in perspective as a sick person ... and yet to know of no one to whom you can turn for perhaps only a word or two of guidance ... this is discouraging, apart from the awareness that too much of one's time is spent in unhappiness.

On the other hand, the prospect of sitting across from someone who may feel a condemnation or even revulsion (however unwarranted) makes one hesitate to seek help. As a final incentive (Cont'd on page 40)
Morals and pseudo-morals

by Prof. E. Servadio

Even before depth-psychology and psychoanalysis had thrown their light on the origin of morals, classical psychology had described many specific cases which clearly revealed the irrational roots of certain mental attitudes. This already allowed us to trace back a distinction between morals and pseudo-morals. Contrary to what certain philosophies and theologies teach, psychoanalysis shows that morals are not innate.

The basic psychological mechanism of all moral structure is what is called in psychoanalysis "projection," which means a process whereby criteria of behavior, as well as inhibitions, are absorbed by the psychological apparatus and develop into an autonomous function. Through this autonomizing mechanism, the ego of the individual liberates itself for the pursuit of other interests, for it has now appointed an inner guardian who now rules the behavior of the individual according to certain principles, and which does not allow any infractions with the ego experiencing the most horrible pangs of conscience, anxiety, and need for compensation. Once this inner judge or guardian has arrived at its ultimate stage of development, it is called the super-ego, and within our psychic structure it is the super-ego which has the duty of controlling, criticizing, and censoring the behavior of the ego and of punishing it in its own way.

No one is unaware today that, starting early in childhood, one of the fields in which inhibitions and guilt feelings are particularly powerful is in the field of sex, and every sensible psychologist or psychiatrist knows very well how prohibition in the field of sex goes far beyond the limits of reason, common sense, and even law and morals. We constantly have the impression that the super-ego, whose most important task was initially the repression of the extravagances of infantile sexuality, has widened its tasks immensely, and lays its prohibitions and taboos on many expressions of adult sex which have no anti-social character whatsoever and against which objections could be raised from the point of view of even the strictest moral or social principles. We all know of men who condemn without appeal all sexual liberty for women, because this liberty is unconsciously in contradiction with the desexualized ideal image of the Mother. These same pseudo-morals, however, do not prevent these individuals from having relations with prostitutes who in their unconscious are only the sexualized, and therefore degraded but accessible, shadows of this same mother image from which they can never free themselves. There are also the cases of individuals who preach one way and act another, the religious hypocrites, the hateful censors who fulminate against all sexual freedom, yet secretly enjoy striptease performances or look for immature girls in special houses. But let us leave aside these despicable enemies of real moral progress, and let us deal with the central problem of the pseudo-morals of honest human beings.

Suppose that a hypnotist, during the induced sleep of his subject, gives him a post-hypnotic suggestion to take his umbrella and open it in his room. The subject is later brought from his trance and has no conscious memory whatever of the instructions given him, but very obediently will go, take his umbrella, and open it. If, at this moment, someone were to ask him why he did so, the subject will rationalize, which means that he will invent on the spot some sort of pseudo-explanation. He may say that he thought his umbrella was broken, or that he intended to show someone the good or bad qualities of the silk, etc. Those who have witnessed such experiments know full well that the subject is only inventing pseudo-justifications, and that in reality he has simply obeyed an order given him by the hypnotist, an order that became subconscious—but one sees this rationalization taking place before one's own eyes, showing to what a degree-alization taking place before one's conscious—but one sees this rationalization taking place before one's own eyes, showing to what a degree
moral ideas is much more complex and subtle, but it gives us the essential structure of the process. All kinds of deep emotional urges may lead an individual or a whole group of human beings to the acceptance or condemnation of certain moral criteria which they will try to justify by all means, or to reject by all kinds of apparently logical, philosophical, historical, or even scientific arguments. This does not mean that these arguments are always totally valueless; it means only that if we want to check and examine them, we must not forget that, beyond the arguments themselves, there is the unconscious tendency to adopt them.

Another very important point in characterizing the rationalizing process and, in the case with which we are dealing, the building of a set of moral ideas, is the compulsory defense which the individual has to set up in order to maintain them, and which very often leads him to extraordinary emotional latitudes in regard to them. If someone were to be so unwise as to tell the subject just mentioned that his justifications or explanations are completely worthless and that he performed his act for motives having no connection with his reasoning, intelligence, or conscious convictions, he would meet with powerful resistance. The subject would try to multiply his pseudo-arguments and very probably would finally become angry and cut short all discussion by saying that you do not understand him, that you have insulted him, and that you are intentionally contradicting him. Well, this is not precisely the attitude we find with some of our opponents when we try to demonstrate, for instance, that homosexuality is not necessarily the abominable crime it is called in English law, or that masturbation at puberty is not a vice but a normal and passing expression of sexual development? Yet, after the demonstration just given, it is hardly of any use to tell him that these pseudo-moral definitions are absurd, or to try to destroy them by rational arguments. Time and again, we will meet not with real arguments, but with emotions and emotional defenses that originate in the unconscious of the individual or of the group, and the only attitude we might adopt as good psychologists is not to face them directly, but to influence them indirectly by ways which may gradually modify the attitudes of the personal, cultural, or national super-ego.

In addition to this we have the principle of homeostasis, by which men always tend to smooth to a common level all things which appear different, or even try to exclude them more or less actively from the field of perception. For example, very precise experiments have shown that if an individual is shown for a few moments a geometrical design having some asymmetrical element, and is then asked to reproduce the design from memory, the subject will rectify the asymmetrical element and reproduce a regular and orthodox design.

This common characteristic of our mental make-up surely has a great importance in the acceptance or rejection of differences, inequalities, and asymmetric aspects in the world of ideas or in human beings. Obstacles are raised immediately at the moment of perception. Parents and educators know of the withdrawal shown by small children when meeting an unknown person for the first time. As Prof. Allport said, everything unknown is a potential danger.

I should like to add that, while repeated experience can easily help overcome the impression of strange-
as would seem today the introduction of moral or religious criteria into the fields of astronomy or nuclear physics.

The direction of this progress will allow us some day to establish more precisely the distinction between morals and pseudo-morals. However, if we have tried to show the unconscious origin of these ideas, of these so-called moral opinions, this should not lead us to the other extreme of agnosticism, or to a total relativism concerning the possibility of establishing moral values and criteria free from prejudice. In some fields we already see a clear development of new morals. For example, we see gradually the idea of fundamental equality of races being substituted for the pseudo-religious, pseudo-moral concepts which preach the ethical inferiority of the Negro or condemn all Jews because of a crime some of them might have committed 2000 years ago. New morals will have to be established according to the principles of psychological truth and pure knowledge, free from all unconscious emotional impulses.

In his well-known book, "Man, Morals, and Society", Prof. Flugel establishes the main directives for all true moral progress as follows: from egocentricity to sociality, from the unconscious to the conscious, from autism to realism, from moral repression to spontaneous goodness, from aggression to tolerance and love, from fear to security, from dependence to autonomy, from emotional judgments to cognitive judgments. Pseudo-morals belong to the first terms of this series of opposites, and they do not take into account the numerous aspects and exigencies of social life. This is engendered by fears of the condemnation of the super ego, and the liberation from this "morbid world of guilt," as Hesnard called it, will lead us to security, to independence of thought and judgment, and to the serenity of the truly learned and wise.

In conclusion I would like to express the hope that these ideas may prove to be useful not only from a theoretical point of view, but also for the practical aim we are all striving for: the birth of a new way of thinking and of a new concept of morals freed from the age-old burden of ignorance—the birth of thought and morals in which the idea of good coincides with the knowledge of truth.

**WAR STORY**

by Gilles Armor

I had just turned fourteen when, upon returning from the exodus, my parents found four Germans occupying their small home in the Paris suburb where we lived. Faced by this new disaster, mother wept and dad tightened his fists while I examined closely the enemy with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

After a number of visits to the kommandatur and several nights spent with more fortunate neighbors, the departure of three of the Germans allowed us to recover our home, except for one room that remained requisitioned and that we had to leave, for an indeterminate length of time, to Lt. Honfstaengl—a name that my mother made a point never to pronounce correctly and that, to my father, still remains a symbol of humiliation and defeat.

He had obviously chosen my room, the one on the first floor, so an army cot was set for me in a corner of the living room. Mother, who firmly believed the tales of atrocities then current, had suggested that I move up to the second floor, but dad made her understand that I was past the age when I could share their bedroom.

My parents limited their contacts with the lieutenant to a few icy greetings, in spite of his frequent friendly overtures, which they attributed to propaganda orders. For
months my behavior was patterned after theirs, and it probably would have remained unchanged for the two years he lived with us had it not been for Theseus.

Theseus was the beloved child of the household—a magnificent blue Persian cat to whom we were never able to make clear that the downstairs bedroom was strictly off-limits. He used to climb in through the window, always left half open, and stay there for days on end, oblivious of our existence unless hunger drove him to seek our company. Mother would have preferred not seeing Theseus again rather than desist herself to ask anything of the cat must have been less all-inclusive or my love for the cat must have been greater, for on a Thursday afternoon, while alone in the house, I decided to go into the lieutenant’s room to get my old playmate. He was sleeping, rolled into a ball on the bed, just as he was used to do. It was touching for me to see my old domain all upset by the habits of another person. My little table was stacked with books in German, among which I noticed a large volume on painting with beautiful reproductions. I saw, on the night table, the little radio that, almost every evening, diffused through the house concerts of symphonic music that exasperated dad. Under the circumstances, all I could do was obey. I refused a cigarette, but could not resist the chocolate bar he offered me. He asked me what I did and I told him that I was in school. He then introduced himself: in civilian life he was a newspaperman in charge of the art section of a large Munich paper. He had been drafted and had participated in the campaigns in Poland, Belgium, and France. His perfect knowledge of the language had given him an envied position with the information bureau.

"I am so happy to see again the Paris where I studied years ago. What an extraordinary city!"

He gave me a second chocolate bar and continued: “This was your room, wasn’t it? Notice that I have changed things very little. I only brought a few personal belongings: books, my radio... the photographs of those I love... that’s my mother, the soldier was my secretary in the paper and is my best friend. He is now in Warsaw... he had worse luck than I...”

I was feeling uncomfortable, for I knew that my parents would soon get back and I could imagine their astonishment if they were to find me thus settled in a room that mother was already talking of having disinfected, listening to Lieutenant Hamlishaengl relating the story of his life while feeding me German chocolate bars.

He finally let me go, but added: “You must come see me again, I’d love to talk to you... I am here every evening... I go out very seldom. We could listen to music... and perhaps I will be able to help you with your German homework?”

He smiled again, and I thought that, in all honesty, he was quite likeable. When he offered his hand, I was not able to refuse mine, and when he asked: “We are friends, aren’t we?” I did not have the courage to say no.

We were not friends yet, but we were accomplices already. I did not tell my parents anything about our interview, but I could not bring myself to paying him another visit. He was still too much a representative of the regime against which the hatred of an entire nation continued to rise.

The first winter of the occupation was a difficult one. The French people had begun to understand that their trials would be long and painful, and that the months would go by, monotonous and depressing.

Finally, on a beautiful summer day, when the weather itself seemed to demand optimism, came a boldly theatrical stroke: Hitler’s armies had invaded Russia. There were smiles in the streets among strangers, many whispered tales with the conclusion that “he” would not be stronger than Napoleon. The hopes of the French had turned toward the East.

Meanwhile, vacation time was approaching, and my parents, not wishing to leave again the house at the whim of its occupant, decided to send me alone to an aunt’s who had a large estate in Sologne, right in the middle of a forest. Lacking other amusement, I would be certain to benefit from a life of physical activity and good, abundant food.

Our actions sometimes appear as if ill-considered and difficult to understand, but this is often because we are not aware of the slow evolution that takes place within us and prepares us for them. On the eve of my departure, when I suddenly decided to say good bye to the lieutenant, I found the idea as stupid as if I had decided to jump into the Seine. Nevertheless, I still ask myself if it was only because of timidity that, while knocking at the door, my heart started beating so furiously.

He did not seem surprised to see me and said: “I’m glad that you have taken time to consider the situation before coming back to see me. It did take you a while, but I knew that some day you would come. My name is Erik. What’s yours?”

It was during the course of this little visit that all that had separated us, that which had kept me from coming back to see him sooner, suddenly seemed unimportant to me. While listening to him, while looking at him, the truth finally struck me: I wanted, I had need of his friendship; I would win it and keep it in spite of everything and everybody.

When it came time to leave, he said to me: “When you return in October we’ll see each other frequently, won’t we? But there is one thing we will have to keep in mind: you and I will never speak of the war. We’ll pretend that it doesn’t exist at all.”

My vacation was unspeakably
dull. In spite of all the efforts my uncle and aunt made to have me enjoy their home and the surrounding countryside, I soon tired of the woods, which I found sad and too still. And also, should I say that already I was missing someone?

One month before I was due back home, I wrote my parents reminding them that I had a heavy school program ahead and suggested that I return early so as to prepare for it. Delighted with this scholarly zeal against my usual habits, they allowed me to return. The trip seemed interminable, and when I finally arrived, our scraggly little garden seemed more beautiful than the vast forest where I had been. That same evening I knocked on Erik's door.

It is difficult to express one's happiness in words, but I shall never forget how happy the succeeding months were, how the solitude of an only child suddenly vanished in the presence of this unexpected and clandestine friendship.

Every evening, after leaving my parents, I would spend an hour with Erik. I never tired of listening to him. He would speak of books he had read, of all he had ever learned. We went through his History of Painting and he initiated me into the other arts. We would listen to the radio and he built the foundations of a musical culture that had been neglected up to that time. Thanks to him, names like those of Goethe, Bach, and Grunewald took for me a significance they would never lose. Other evenings he would speak of his trips across Europe, of Munich, his native city, of the valley of the Rhine, his favorite region of Germany, of Greece and Italy, which would have been the most beautiful countries of the world if only they had Paris. He would speak of his mother, whom he adored, and of his friend Kurt, fighting in Russia, who used to write him frequently—but of him he never said much. Was he trying to avoid touching upon any subject that could remind us of the war? Or had he guessed that I did not like for him to speak of Kurt?

The profound admiration that I felt for this man who knew all, had read so extensively, remembered, so much, and had a personal opinion about so many things, was a stimulus to my classroom work. I ceased being the conscientious if rather dull student I had always been and gave to my studies more than just fire; I became truly intoxicated with a passion for learning.

Erik was often free on Thursday afternoons and, pretending a visit to the Louvre with the history professor, or going to a movie with my schoolmates—I had learned to lie with facility that astonished me—I would meet him in Paris.

Through the eyes of this foreigner I discovered the emotional beauties of this city that he loved so much, my own native city. My schoolmates would be puzzled when I would speak of the apse of Notre Dame when dusk transforms it into a mysterious medieval forest, of the unique perspective of the Champs Elysees, of the touching poetry of the little shops and flower stalls along the Madeleine. I also became aware of how young and light-hearted he was when we spent hours in the zoo, laughing at the grimaces of the monkeys and bears. Dressed in civilian clothes, speaking such flawless French, he could have passed for my brother.

I remember the Paris of that time so well! I think that all who knew it felt the same: the city of lights, the city of banal pleasures, the city of luxuries, now plunged into darkness, seriousness, and material difficulties of all sorts, had never been so beautiful. Its beauty was of a less dazzling kind, of course, but more profound, more human, more captivating, much like a truly beautiful woman remains so without makeup and jewels, even when garbed in the most severe mourning dress.

One evening my parents allowed me to go into town, where I pretended I had been invited by a schoolmate. In reality I was going to the opera with Erik, to see a performance of Die Walkure that was intended to serve as a Franco-German bond. I do not believe that German propaganda ever suffered a more serious setback. The enormous hall, poorly heated, was occupied exclusively by German officers and garishly-dressed women collaborators in the orchestra, and a handful of musical fanatics in the gallery. The rest of the theater was empty, for the Parisian public avoided Wagner. This quarantine that my compatriots had imposed on the German composer amused me, and I sincerely wanted to go, particularly since Erik had tactfully dressed in civilian clothes, but I was distressed by my companion's obvious disappointment. He pointed out that the opera was poorly staged and that neither singers nor orchestra had done their best.

As a matter of simple precaution, my parents kept their radio in their bedroom and every evening would listen quietly to the London broadcasts. From the Arctic to the Black Sea, the German advance progressed only slowly. Here and there the Russians made counter-attacks, some of which would succeed. The Paris papers said that one of these had caused about a hundred German casualties. Mother, her ear glued to the set, heard through the static the official communiqué from Pravda: they estimated at over two thousand the number of encircled German soldiers who had died in action, of cold, of hunger. She would always comment on such news with the same phrase: "They will never kill enough of them."

When I went into Erik's room I found him lying on his bed. He turned toward me with an expression of infinite sadness and said simply: "I have just received a letter from Kurt's sister... he was killed in a battle near Leningrad." Then, without waiting for my reply: "Please be a good kid and leave me. Tonight I need to be alone."

This grief, its silent dignity, overwhelmed me. I was furious at not finding words that I could say to him. I thought that Kurt's death was the...
long time to fall asleep, and in the morning Mother would be amazed at finding the bed clothes all tangled up. I would have strange fantasies whose outcome was always hidden from me by the arrival of sleep, but in which the central character was Erik.

After Kurt's death, Erik's attitude toward me changed. Sometimes he would stare at me for long minutes and then would fire a barrage of embarrassing questions. Did I have good friends in school? Was I fonder of one than the rest? Had I kissed a girl already?

He would also make plans. The war would not last forever; whatever its outcome, he would settle in France as a newspaper correspondent, and nothing would then stand in the way of our friendship. My mind would wander while he spoke, and I would concentrate on his face and think him very good-looking.

For my sixteenth birthday mother invited some 15 of my young friends and relatives. Erik had given me, the day before, his History of Painting which we admired so often together. This splendid book, which I was forced to hide for many years to avoid embarrassing questions about its origins, has always remained to me the symbol of our friendship.

After the guests had left, I went usual to spend a few minutes with him. He was much amused with my tales of the party. He seemed very light-hearted. I thought he was laughing far too readily. When it was time for me to go, he gave me a hug and said: "Happy birthday, kid."

I am unable to analyze my feelings... it was summer... I had been drinking some wine... my face barely reached to his shoulder, and I let it rest there.

His subsequent reaction took me by surprise. "Get going now, that's enough." His voice was trembling. "What do you know about me, little French boy? Nothing. You are only a child and our countries are at war. Your parents are right here, a couple of steps away... And don't look at me with that stupid expression. Can't you understand anything?"

It was true. I did not understand until years later that he, that very night, had wanted me with all his being, that my confidence in him was such that I would have done anything for him, but that he preferred to destroy all so as not to influence that which he did not know was my own true nature, and, above all, to leave untouched the purity of a memory that was to brighten my entire life.

"Go on," he kept repeating, "you won't be angry at me forever, but right now get going, please, go away." He was almost shouting as he pushed me toward the door. I believe he would have hit me if I had not got out as I spat the first insult that came to my lips: "You dirty kraut!" Behind my back, the door slammed like a slap.

On the following days—I shall regret this all my life—out of pride or out of rancor, I avoided Erik, and left on my vacation without seeing him again. While away I received a letter from my mother saying with undisguised joy, in spite of her fear of the censors, that I would not see the German again: he had volunteered for action on the eastern front. Fort he benefit of my relatives, I expressed great joy at recovering my room, but when I found myself alone, when I was finally able to bury my face under the covers so no one could hear my sobs, I wept bitterly for hours my last grief as a boy and my first grief as a man.

I never saw him again. I know that he was killed somewhere in Russia, like Kurt.

Less frequently now than before, but with a more profound meaning, some evenings when alone I leaf through the book he gave me, the only thing I have to remind me of him. My fingers glide over the thick cloth binding, then turn the pages one by one. Among the paintings of Durer or Holbein I sometimes find his likeness—something tightens in my throat, something that pains, and will not pass on.

On the first page he had written our first names and a date: July 23rd, 1942.
Under the strong personal direction of Andre Baudry, "Arcadie" has set standards that would be almost impossible to surpass. For its readers it offers a remarkable well-balanced variety of material: superlative fiction, scholarly and thought-provoking articles, much truly great poetry by poets of past and present, detailed reviews of books, plays, movies, radio programs, etc. One of its most interesting features is its inclusion of sections, sometimes quite extensive, of new books. Its frequent contributors include internationally-known names like Peyrefitte, Portal, Commissio, and many others.

"Arcadie" also has a definite policy, but this is best expressed in the words of Mr. Baudry himself.

"The problems concerning necessary changes in the law cannot be solved unless we respect all opinions—not by attacking and destroying all around us. It will be our honesty, our wisdom, our dignity that will accomplish our aims. Accordingly, we shall not permit ourselves to attack any legal bodies or churches. Homosexuality is a way of life that must integrate itself into the life of the country, it should not destroy, it must be tolerant. Let us stop criticizing, demolishing—let us instead build together, united and free."

Prince Philip Friedrich Karl Alexander Botho von Eulenburg was born in Koenigsberg on the 12th of February of 1847. Actually, Eulenburg was not born a prince: he became one through an emperor's friendship, a friendship that would eventually destroy him. But let us not anticipate. The Eulenburgs were an old Prussian family. When the boy was 19, his father became heir to an enormous fortune and retired to live the life of a great lord in his chateau at Liebenberg. But this was not a family of country gentle- men without culture or breeding: Philip's uncle was a statesman, one of Bismarck's close collaborators, and his mother was a fine artist and musician, a friend of Cosima Wagner, Liszt's daughter. Of course, like every young Prussian aristocrat, our hero had to taste military life—he joined a regiment in 1866 and later went to the Army College in Cassel. But he did not enjoy the life there, even though he did not find the atmosphere totally unbearable. One of his schoolmates especially, Curt von Moltke, a relative of the celebrated strategist of the war of 1870, also had refined tastes; together they cultivated music and poetry, escaped the bars, and avoided the duels that were so popular at the time. Together they undoubtedly discovered also unknown horizons and forbidden territories to which they were drawn by their true natures. Moltke undoubtedly liked the Army in spite of its shortcomings; he had a brilliant career, and became a general and military governor of Berlin. Eulenburg was decidedly a born "civilian," left Cassel, and entered the diplomatic service. In 1877 he joined the Office of Foreign Affairs, in 1880 he was sent to Paris as secretary to the Embassy, and, the next year, to Munich as secretary of the Prussian Legation. Moltke and Eulenburg would meet each other again, tragically, many years later.

For the moment, a successful career lay ahead of Philip: he had a name, protectors (Bismarck was interested in him), and all that was necessary to succeed in embassy life—the right-bearing, elegance, a seductive personality, and that dazzling typical of the true aristocrat. Munich itself, neo-Gothic a la Walter Scott and neo-classic in a heavy Teutonic way, was also an intellectual center, far less conservative than Berlin. The King of Bavaria was none other than the unhappy Louis II, as famous for his admiration for Wagner, and his passionate attachment to his coachman Hornig as for his artistic tastes. Philip von Eulenburg--Philip to his numerous friends—felt at home in hospitable Bavaria.

The gods of Walhalla had given him numerous gifts, perhaps too many. From his mother he had inherited an astonishing aptitude for the arts—his musical compositions spread beyond the society salons and became popular. Throughout Germany, his poems and plays became known, even though their style is too sugary for present-day tastes. He also became a connoisseur of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Since not everyone appreciates these refinements, some in Berlin were of the opinion that this diplomat lacked depth, as if this were an indispensable requirement for an ambassador. But Philip the Troubadour (as his closest friends called him, much to his delight) continued to seek the company of painters, poets, mystic philosophers—and also of sailors and gardeners... but this was not known yet.

The Day of Destiny for Philip came in the month of May, 1888, when he met the heir to the German Empire, Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, grandson of the reigning emperor, and later to enter history as Kaiser Wilhelm III. Wilhelm was an unstable personality with an inferiority complex due to the partial paralysis of his arm, and at the same time, a sentimental, intense, and weak person who needed next to him a force stronger than he, but discreet. He was also a vain individual in need of an atmosphere of friendly adoration. From the first day he felt for the dazzling Philip some sort of admiring passion. "I have known many enthusiastic listeners," said the Troubadour, "in the various circles..."
He was reproached with “enclosing” Wilhelm, monopolizing him, making him devote his time to Phil’s nonsense—poetry and music were not meant for an emperor of Germany. Worse still, all were sure that he delved in mysticism and the esoteric, and it was feared that he might lead his imperial friends along these paths. Stories were told of seances with the spirits, all the more unpopular because that at that very time Nicholas II of Russia and the Tsarina Alexandra Fyodorovna had fallen into the hands of charlatans and mediums, much to the consternation of their empire. And then it began to be rumored that perhaps these things covered something far worse, for homosexuality was very much in the public eye those days.

In 1902 the Krupp affair had rocked Germany—the great industrialist from the Ruhr, accused by

...
the Black Eagle, the highest honorary distinction in the empire.

On February 2, 1907, Harden wrote bitterly: "Prince Friedrich Heinrich of Prussia, the victim of a congenital perversion, had to give up the Knights of St. John... Will the statutes of the Order of the Black Eagle prove more accommodating?" A short time later, Harden recalled Henri III of France and his magnificos. Then the campaign spread. Eulenburg was game too big to hunt without danger in the open country, so the attack now became centered on his old schoolmate, General Cuno von Moltke, now military governor of Berlin, who was now described as "a lovely person," "so sweet, so sensitive, so refined," "known among his intimates under the poetic name of Tutu." The scandal grew to enormous proportions. Public opinion, getting Eulenburg, Moltke and the whole Court confused, began to think of the emperor's entourage as a debauched camarilla made up of traitors—even a French diplomat was gratuitously implicated by Harden.

Harden and Bernstein, realizing the danger of dealing with actual incidents, which could always be denied and argued, endeavored to prove that Moltke had "abnormal tendencies." They had not accused him, they said, of having committed acts forbidden by the law. But as far as tendencies were concerned...

The testimony that really carried away judges and public opinion alike was that of Moltke's former wife, Frau von Elbe. This lady asserted that her erstwhile husband did not like women and that his friendship with von Eulenburg reminded her of a pair of lovers. After Frau von Elbe, the celebrated Magnus Hirschfeld gave a medical examination to General von Moltke and declared that he was of homosexual tendencies. On October 29, Moltke was condemned to pay the court costs and Harden, acquitted, was cheered in the streets.

In this Moltke-Harden trial, Eulenburg had taken only a secondary role from time to time. However, his name had been mentioned too loudly in public, and now that Moltke demanded a revision of the trial, new publicity was to be feared.

At that time an absurd episode came to compromise Eulenburg's position in a most unexpected manner. A certain Adolf Brand, notorious homosexual and, unfortunately, some wise insane founder of an anarchist magazine and later of a magazine for the repeal of Article 175, had, with the best intentions in the world, referred to Chancellor von Bulow as a homosexual. Not only was this not true; it was also madness—a Chancellor of the Reich possesses sufficient power to stop an attack of this nature, particularly since the unfortunate Brand was not trying to compromise the statesman, but to "vindicate" him. Needless to say, Brand was immediately found guilty of libel against the Chancellor and condemned to the maximum penalty of 18 months in prison, in spite of the efforts of Prof. Hirschfeld. But what was Brand thinking of when he referred to "the noble, the courageous Prince von Eulenburg"? The unfortunate Phill was already in a delicate situation. This admiration showered upon him by Brand was like the kiss of death.

In the meantime, the second Moltke-Harden trial was proceeding in a most satisfactory fashion for the general. The famous Frau von Elbe appeared in court to retract her previous statements and to disappear, crushed by Moltke's lawyer, who had shown her to be a "woman who leads a scandalous life," "a liar and a comedian," "a wife without honor." Harden himself, sick, tangled himself up, said, unsaid, fainted, apologized to Moltke who, in turn, swore on his honor never to have committed "immoral acts." And the judges, in accepting his version, condemned Harden to four months in prison and court costs for both trials.

Why was it necessary for Phill to affirm under oath in front of the judges that he had never committed any "immoral acts"? And for him to repeat this the following day to Commissioner von Treschow?

Just at that time Harden was suing the Bavarian paper, "Neue Freie Volkszeitung," which had accused him of having received 1,000,000 marks from von Eulenburg for keeping his mouth shut. A new trial was then started, this time in Munich. Eulenburg was not connected directly, but instead of being an advantage, this merely paralyzed him, for he could not take part in the arguments.

From the beginning Harden attacked. Since the trial was taking place in Bavaria, where he could more easily obtain testimony against Eulenburg, he exerted himself, not in showing whether he had or had not received any money from the prince, but in establishing his guilt. Once this was established, of course, the rest would follow of its own accord.

And that is why there appeared in court an unexpected personage: Georg Riedel, milkman in Munich, 46, son of a fisherman of the Starnbergsee, the lake where the unfortunate Louis II had perished. Riedel related that in 1882, when he was 19, he had gone out with the diplomat for a boat ride on the lake, and that he had submitted to indiscreet caresses. Later, while serving in the army, he had seen Eulenburg again in Munich and had been introduced by him to one of his friends, who had made such precise propositions that he had been forced, in all decency, to flee.

What can one believe, from these declarations? Reidel had a bad reputation and a record of 32 convictions, although for petty infractions. But why would he destroy Eulenburg without reason?

After him appeared another man of the people, Jakob Ernst, fisherman of the Starnbergsee, 43. Contrary to the milkman, the fisherman was deficient in his testimony, so that Harden's lawyer had to pull the words out of his mouth. Bad conscience? A put-up job? Fear of retribution? Simple
timidity? How can we tell? But he finally acknowledged that while boating in the lake, he had allowed Eulenburg certain liberties.

There, too, Phil made an error. He wrote Ernst a letter asking him to say nothing. The effect was deplorable; the prince had to swear that the letter asked only that the fisherman restrict himself to speaking the truth, but the judges considered that there was an attempt at intimidation against a witness.

And Harden won his case against the "Neue Freie Volkszeitung. Anyone remember that?

Eulenburg, convicted of having violated Article 175, could not be sentenced for acts committed 25 years before, on account of the statute of limitations, but he was liable for perjury and false testimony given during the second Moltke-Harden trial. Events proceeded rapidly. Accused almost as soon as the Munich trial was over, he fell ill and was kept under guard and in isolation. Even his wife who, faithful and courageous, had not failed him one instant, was not allowed to see him. And the letter that, full of indignation, she wrote the emperor, is a masterpiece: “You who called yourself our friend, you who have sat at our table... will you keep me, his wife, from being near to him? Is such a conduct, Sire, worthy of a sovereign?”

Eulenburg's health deteriorated. His nerves and his heart were weakened. He was 61, and an old man. For the trial, which began on June 29, 1908, he was carried in, but on July 14 the trial was transferred to the hospital and later adjourned. Freed, under parole, he went to Liebenberg during the recess, which came to an end on June 14, 1909, to be adjourned again, as the accused had fainted immediately upon opening the trial. He returned to Liebenberg, never to leave again. In the meantime, Harden had succeeded in breaking the judgment that had condemned him for libel and had reconciled himself with Moltke through an open letter.

The Eulenburg trial was never finished. The unhappy Philip lived 12 years, forgotten, sick, dishonored, ruined. And it was only after the First World War, after the destruction of the German Empire and the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty, that he finally died in obscurity, on September 17, 1921, Philip Friedrich Karl Alexander Botho, Prince of Eulenburg and of Hertfield, former Knight of the Black Eagle, former Ambassador, the victim—like Oscar Wilde and many more—of a hypocritical morality and of a society without soul as much as of the unyielding hatred of his implacable enemies.

SOMEONE YOU KNOW
Among your acquaintances, there are probably one or more persons who would appreciate more information about true aspects of human sexuality. Parents, educators, attorneys, judges, police officers and many others often have incomplete knowledge and erroneous information on the subject. You can aid their understanding of the conditions and aspects of sex variation with a subscription for one or more such persons to this magazine. The cost is low—only $2.50 per year. The benefit can be of immeasurable value. (Note: All such orders must be signed by you.)

In the days of the Prophet Mohammed there was a class of "Gamyedes" in Arabia who used to dress and speak like women. The majority of them used to bear feminine names, such as Hamduna, Bint el Jinn, Nau mat el Dhuha, etc., and used to speak of themselves as women. Abu 'l Unbuss, in his treatise on sodomites, relates how many men preferred the company of boys, considering them more faithful than girls and at the same time free from the annoyances of menstruation and pregnancy.

Throughout the Middle Ages, many of the great in the Arab world were homosexuals: statesmen, great lawyers, poets, caliphs, writers—among them we even find many of the great ascetics and mystics. As a matter of fact, it may be said that not a single book on love written during this period failed to include sections on the love between men.

The segregation of women in the harems and their absence from social life was the primary cause for the increase of male homosexuality in the Near East. This situation has influenced conditions in those countries right to the present time, and one can see that the incidence of homosexuality decreases as the woman becomes emancipated.

It is interesting to note that men fall in love with mere children, and one thing that I noticed while travelling through southern Iraq and Iran was that these children often return this love. Some 20 years ago, during one of my travels in the region of the Persian Gulf, a child of 13 used to come to my clinic. I used to be pleasant to him from a strictly humanitarian point of view, of course. One day I noticed that he would stay in front of me with his eyes full of tears. I asked the reason for these tears to my servant, and I was flabbergasted to learn that the child was in love with me and insisted on leaving his tribe to follow me.

Throughout this region I noticed that most sheiks had their lover-boys, whom they treated with great respect and with more affection than their own children. These unhappy children were even kept segregated in harems. They were referred to as

SESSO e LIBERTA
(Sex and Freedom)

Monthly publication in Italian, apparently no longer published. Nonfiction articles exclusively, on all aspects of sexuality. Former address: Fratta-Viale Montesanto, 12, Milano, Italy.

HOMOSEXUALITY
in the near east
by A. Amin

Fratta-Viale Montesanto, 12, Milano, Italy.
This shame is the greatest dishonor that may befall a man, and extends to his entire family.

Some active homosexuals become passive as they grow older, when their virility begins to fail. They take to their service strong youths and pay them well to take the active role.

And now in conclusion, a few words about the Sha'ars already mentioned. The members of this class are professional dancers, or, rather, prostitutes. They carry out their professional duties in female attire. They imitate women in their speech, walk, and mannerisms, and generally take on feminine names. In their own private lives they dress as men, but nevertheless give themselves away by a glance or by their speech. When they become old and lose their youthful aspect, they generally become procurers of fresh talent or become servants of other prostitutes. It is disgusting to see some of these unhappy creatures who have lost their physical attractiveness, with their bald pates covered with a cheap wig, with false breasts, huge round stomachs, always clean shaven, smiling to every passing man. The number of these Sha'ars is decreasing rapidly thanks to the influence of Western education and the emancipation of women. By the next generation, this case of abnormalities will most probably disappear completely.

YOU CAN PARTICIPATE

Any person over 21 interested in taking an active part in the program of the Mattachine Society may do so. The plan is simple: Write to the Society obtain general information, and set up a discussion group or chapter with your friends and associates.

At the present time when the witch hunt on homophiles — guilty or not—is in full swing and everything looks rather hopeless, it is well to remember the comment made at the time by an important police official in retirement regarding his efforts to introduce a modified penal law in Norway and which also applies to us here in Denmark.

This police official was highly respected everywhere as a great humanist and his words carried weight; thereto he was a tolerant and understanding man towards all, and both heterosexuals and homosexuals have a lot to be grateful to him for. Here are some of his comments:

Translation from the Danish. This article was in Vennen of February, 1956, No. 2, 8th year of publication. This magazine, published in Denmark in the three main Scandinavian languages, with occasional short articles or notices in German or English, is dedicated to sexual enlightenment and information. It also accepts personal ads for purposes of contacting—platonic or otherwise—in order to avoid the wrong type of associations and disreputable meeting places or haunts. It also contains, in addition to the articles of scientific or informative nature, others of a purely literary value, either in prose or verse.

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where environment has brought in its train of development, from my practical experience, the influence has taken place at a much earlier age, often in childhood.

Regarding punishment for homosexual seduction of persons between 18 and 21 years, I have always held to the opinion that such a regulation is rather preposterous, particularly taking into consideration that the age limit for heterosexual relations is placed at 18 years of age in the Danish penal code. There is no reason whatever to be of the opinion that a male, 18 years of age would not be sufficiently mature as to be able to resist a homosexual seduction...

I wish to add, due to my host of experiences in my numerous cases, that, to the contrary, time and again it has been proven that young people, both below 21 and 18 years of age, and also at an even younger age, are extremely well aware of these situations and offer themselves and even on many occasions, for the sake of gain, they have practically forced themselves on the older person whom they knew to be homosexual, the result being that the older person fell to the temptation. I agree with the opinion of Professor Hjalmar Melweg—of which I have received a copy—that such a regulation is rather preposterous, particularly taking into consideration that the age limit for heterosexual relations is placed at 18 years of age in the Danish penal code. There is no reason whatever to be of the opinion that a male, 18 years of age would not be sufficiently mature as to be able to resist a homosexual seduction...

Finally I wish to observe that among the proportionately rather large number of young men between the ages of 15-16 to 21 which I have had to deal with professionally due to their having pursued homosexual relations for gainful purposes, I have hardly ever come across a single one of them who, properly speaking, has been seduced by a grown-up. The vast majority have learned from more experienced comrades that they can earn sizable extra money in this manner and it is therefore quite by their own accord that they embark upon this gainful trade. A few have stumbled upon this means of earning money by a change encounter with a homosexual grown-up, but even on these occasions the minors, as a rule, have been quite willing as soon as they realized the economic or other advantages involved, so that actually "seduction", properly speaking, is out of the question. Practically none of the young men I have referred to have been of a homosexual inclination. In other words, even a long period of gainful relations with homosexual adults has not altered their heterosexual dispositions; it has not even contributed or conditioned them to a bisexual attitude. They consider it coldly and cynically as an easy means to acquire money.

that homosexual tendencies have such a comparatively wide distribution within practically any society that one is not to consider or label homosexuality as an abnormality, but as a kind of divergence from the norm. I have time and again, in writing and speech pointed this out and have strongly opposed the concept that homosexuals are more or less inferior, abnormal and consequently dangerous people against which the penal laws should train all their guns.

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Books

Viewpoints Will Vary


For three years an unparalleled public discussion of homosexuality has been going on in England. The issue on which the battle has raged is whether or not the law relating to the homosexual acts of consenting adults in private should be repealed. Catering to the popular interest, a number of books have appeared to inform or misinform the public. THEY STAND APART is likely to do a little of both.

Half a dozen contributors to this collection discuss various aspects of the homosexual problem as it exists in England and (with some modifications) in the United States. The several chapters vary considerably in quality, in viewpoints and in the tone adopted toward the homosexual.

Judge Rees, in his chapter on the English law, how it got that way and why it should stay as it is, finds it necessary to speak of “filthy practices”, “evil pursuits”, “disgusting practices” and “guilty planter of corruption in the innocent”. Here in a very few pages is a real mine of misinformation about homosexuality and homosexuals.

A similarly harsh attitude more philosophically put characterizes Viscount Hailsham’s chapter on “Homosexuality and Society”. Like Judge Rees, this distinguished lawyer and politician is convinced that the homosexual problem is primarily a problem of the corruption of the young. He believes that seduction by an older homosexual is the primary cause of the development of homosexuality in the impressionable and still undecided adolescent or young adult. If that were true—and there are some experts who think so—then a heterosexual society, believing homosexuality harmful, would be justified in using every available sanction to prevent the contamination of the young. Somewhat sadly, therefore, Viscount Hailsham comes to the conclusion that the law better not be changed. He consoles himself with the thought that not many consenting adults committed homosexual acts in private get caught any way.

Dr. W. Lindesay Neustatter, a leading London psychiatrist, questions whether seduction alone can create a homosexual. In his somewhat meandering but generally satisfying and sensible survey of the current state of medical and psychiatric knowledge, he is very much aware how little is actually known. Moreover, since he is not personally committed to any particular theory of causation, he can give a fair description to all that have any possibility of validity. His treatment of the Freudian theories is perhaps inadequate—which some may feel is a rather refreshing reversal of current fashion.

Dr. Neustatter inclines toward the belief that an as yet unknown physiological element may be a predisposing factor toward homosexuality. This is not of course necessarily in conflict with Freud—who never foreclosed the possibility of a constitutional predisposition—but it cannot be reconciled with the more rigid formulations of some of Freud’s successors.

Dr. Neustatter is even willing to consider the possibility that homosexuality is not a sickness at all but only a “normal variant of personality.” He thinks the law should be changed as far as consenting adults are concerned, and he adds an interesting and not unimportant detail: that importing of one adult by another—in other words, cruising—should also not be punished.

Rev. D. Sherwin Bailey in a chapter on the religious aspects suggests that homosexuality should be a matter of morality rather than legality. He too would change the law. Dr. Bailey begins his stimulating discussion with a summary of the main points of his excellent book, HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN TRADITION. But he does not stop at that. Having demolished by hard-headed historical analysis the major props of the Christian attitude on homosexuality—such as the Sodom and Gomorrah story—he then proceeds by a different sort of reasoning to reconstruct the very same attitude on other grounds. But Dr. Bailey is a kindly man and he provides several theological, though not necessarily logical, loopholes through which the homosexual may escape the consequences of his sin. Those homosexuals who have not resolved their religious doubts may find, much of interest here, for Dr. Bailey makes good reading even when he is not completely convincing.

Extracts from the 1954 Parliamentary debates on homosexuality and a useful summary of homosexual laws in various countries of Western Europe are also included in the volume.

This is a sobering book. The recommendations of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council and to a lesser extent of the British Medical Association have encouraged the belief that the Departmental Committee considering homosexuality will propose a liberalization of the law. The final decision however will almost surely be made by lawyers, judges and politicians rather than by psychiatrists or enlightened ministers. In the last analysis men like Judge Rees and Viscount Hailsham are apt to have greater influence than men like Dr. Bailey and Dr. Neustatter. Unfortunately, that is as true here as in England.
That Awful 'In-Between'


The author of MAYBE TOMORROW (whose hero was subtly named Gay) has now written a novel about a female impersonator (who is just as gay) named Terry Wallace. It is curious how many times the words "maybe tomorrow" appear in the new book, SOMEBWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO. Whether they have some mystical significance for the author—or are used for advertising purposes—is hard to say. At any rate, in the last line of SOMEBWHERE Terry meets Gay. What happens after the hero of Book One meets the hero of Book Two is not revealed. That is the only thing in the novel left to the reader's imagination.

Bedroom scenes take place at predictable intervals of fifteen or twenty pages. They are described in explicit, even alarming detail in the oddest combination of unprintable (but printed) four letter words of unmistakable meaning and fancy language, much of which I am convinced has no meaning whatever.

This novel has no literary merit. But it does report fairly accurately the way a great many homosexuals live, including some who have never seen a female impersonator. Here are the mores and the morals of the sexually active homosexual. In some recent gay novels relationships are so etherealized that the reader may wonder whether homosexuals ever have sex; in this novel there is no doubt about the predominating role sex plays in the lives of many homosexuals. Casual liaisons, one night stands, are plentiful. More enduring relationships are established; they last awhile, but not forever.

This way of life is familiar enough. That a working code of moral values is often a part of the pattern is perhaps less well known. Deprived of the ready moral props of family, law, religion and social convention, the characters in this novel like other sexually active homosexuals, must work out their own moral code. The values likely to be emphasized are honesty (especially an absence of hypocrisy), loyalty, love and courage in what is often a lonely, sometimes a desperate situation. The demonstration (whether or not intended) that such moral values can be operative even in shabby circumstances is a redeeming feature of this book.

How Long Have You Been One?


Audrey Erskine Lindop, the writer of this book formerly published as a hardcover under the title of THE OUTER RING, would appear to have a remarkably well-thought out and detailed set of views concerning male inversion. One of them is that psychotherapy administered by a competent psychiatrist, can be of great assistance to most homosexuals. For most of them it would be an aid in helping them to adjust to themselves. For some, it can clear up the internal situation that prevents them from following an innate, heterosexual bent.

The central character, Jimmy Stretton, embodies this view. A clear and detailed picture is given of the social environment and circumstances he was born into. Then are depicted the influences brought to bear upon him during his babyhood, childhood and adolescence. His resultant adult sexual pattern is the logically inevitable outcome of all that has gone before.

At the moment, there seem to be several schools of opinion as to the causes and nature of homosexuality. Where medical men, psychoanalysts and social scientists fail to agree, laymen can only cower in silence. However, in the case of Jimmy Stretton, the explanation and description given of the forces that made him into what he became seems to be a logical one. Miss Lindop's views as to how the present legal codes and social attitudes concerning homosexuals ought to be changed also seems to be based upon an objective appraisal of the actual facts rather than merely an unthinking echo of religious or social prejudices.

The characters are all believable, and the heterosexual and homosexual groups depicted with an accurate eye. The writing flows smoothly and has a pleasantly literate quality. As a whole, the book is completely convincing, especially in the section describing the small boy feeling completely alone in the world, sure that his father does not love him because of his mother's having died when he was born, and because of some mysteriously nameless fault he has committed.

The one portion that does not ring true is the section describing his feelings when he is hesitating between assuming a responsibly active heterosexual role in life or a passively dependent homosexual one. Apart from this however, this is an intelligently conceived, well-written story, possessing depth, lucidity and perception. There is also a certain dry humor, as when Jimmy's psychiatrist's mother, who has been chatting about her cooking prowess in Vienna in the twenties and thirties, cheerfully asks out of a clear sky, "Have you been a homosexual long, Mr. Stretton?"
mattachine PUBLICATIONS

THE PRINTED WORD has long been the most effective educational medium. In order to advance the Mattachine "Idea" and create an intelligent understanding about the Society and the homosexual problem, several publications have been issued by Mattachine's publications department. Others are in preparation. Why not order a supply of the booklets and the folder listed below for distribution to your friends and associates?

2-Color Folder
"In Case You Didn't Know"

This brief, direct leaflet points out that there are 12-15 million homosexual men and women in the U.S. today and outlines the problems they face. Information about Mattachine Society included. Prices: 100 for $1.50; 50 for $1.00, or 3c each in smaller quantities.

YELLOW BOOK
"Mattachine Society Today"


BLUE BOOK

Available after November 1, this booklet contains constitution, by-laws, articles of incorporation and policies of the four departments: Public Relations, Research, Legal-Legislative and Publications. 28 pages. Per copy, 25c.

AREA NEWSLETTERS

Monthly mimeographed newsletters are published by New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., offices of the Mattachine Society. Subscription price, $1.00 per year, mailed first class sealed. Order direct from offices listed in the Directory of the Mattachine Society in this issue.

ORDER DIRECT FROM

mattachine REVIEW

693 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am just reading my first copy of the REVIEW and I find it very interesting. Congratulations on a fine job. With such publications as yours and ONE magazine, I feel there will be not only a brighter future but a better present. I have many straight friends, all of whom know about me. I can honestly say that I have not lost one friend because of what I am. When I discovered it, I announced it to them and told them if it made a difference in our friendship that I would understand. Instead, all of them became interested in the subject (of which they had their own ideas or had hardly ever thought about it) They said that since a close friend had discovered himself as homosexual, they now wanted to learn about it and understand it. In the beginning I knew little other than the fact of desiring men instead of women. Otherwise it was a mystery. Then I met others like myself, friendships became close, and I introduced these friends to my straight friends, many of whom are married couples. Wives are just as interested as their husbands, and have come to know and understand, respect and like my gay friends. The latter are invited into the homes of the straight couples for dinners, parties and so on. They have come to understand homosexual couples, and we enjoy their company. In fact, 10 such straight couples are subscribers to magazines on the homosexual subject..... My family knows about me, too. At first they did not understand, but since one of their own was involved, they began to learn about the homosexual subject and appreciate my situation. My gay friends are welcome in my home at any time.

--Mr. R. K. O'C., New York

REVIEW EDITOR: I enjoy your publication very much and as yet have not been able to find anything in it bad enough to criticize...

--Miss PJ B., Calif.

REVIEW EDITOR: Four years ago I was in the nightmarish throes of a complete nervous breakdown, and things looked pretty hopeless. After struggling with my conscience, an ill-gotten misconception of religion and a bitter taste of social ostracism (due partly to a rather callous disregard for diplomacy on my part), I had begun to believe that I was no longer a human being but a freak monstrosity that had just stepped from the pages of popular science fiction. Naturally my distorted concepts were rather hard on my ego... (but) after treatment with sympathetic social counsellors and several copies of MATTACHINE REVIEW, the ego has started on the upgrade again. Today I am managing my own business, and, for the first time in years, I feel like a living, breathing human soul! Thanks!

--Mr. J. R. M., Ohio
REVIEW EDITOR: My experiences with the Mattachine Society have been rewarding and beneficial. I shall never regret the time which I have spent in its service. To see a group of persons unselfishly devoted to an organization which would protect the rights of so many untold individuals, and whose ideas are as elevating and constructive as those of the Mattachine, provides a constant challenge to each of us to discharge our duty and responsibility in furthering this work. I have seen the Mattachine Society grope in trepidity and insecurity. I have seen its members make wrong decisions, its members falter, and go away disillusioned. But through this period of painful maturing, I have been privileged to see an organization and a group which embody all the noble aspirations of those whom I would wish to speak for the homosexuals in America, and of the world. The mistakes which the Society has made do not crumble the ideals and the visions of its leaders. The unselfish devotion to duty and the countless hours of service performed by the Board of Directors are evidences of the faith and the optimism with which they face such a formidable task.

As I have contemplated the role which I could play in this organization now when I am removed from its organized activities, I came to the conclusion that the best method I can employ to further the aims of the Mattachine is to inform others in an inauspicious and intelligent way of the work which the Mattachine is doing. One after another of my heterosexual friends, whether they knew of my inversion or not, have been given literature about the Society. The aims and principles, the scope, and the activities of the Society have been explained. Everywhere I have met with responsive understanding. On the train, during my frequent visits to California, I commenced conversations which very often led into the Society and the important place it can and does fill to alleviate the misunderstanding and bigotry of the heterosexual majority towards the homosexual. Each one of these conversations brought the condition of the harmless homosexual in our society to someone interested, and through this interest much can be accomplished. Each person who wholeheartedly accepts the cause of Mattachine, must understand and accept his responsibility in it somewhat as a crusade. He must be able to see beyond personal idiosyncrasies and selfishness, toward the higher goal of the common good of the group as a whole. Then, and not until then, can he become an effective force in the Mattachine movement. The road is not easy, and often discouragement obscures the goal. But the strength of Mattachine is not only that it exists after these several years but that it is today more solidly built upon a rational and realistic foundation. It is the strength of Mattachine that a small nucleus of workers still remains from the very beginning of the Society, that this group has not given up nor allowed seemingly insurmountable obstacles to obscure their vision of the goal of sexual equality. It is this group and its sizestiveness which persons everywhere are responding to, and which makes them willing to share in its work, and in its glory. There are still changes to be made, adjustment not only to the growth of the organization itself but to the moral atmosphere of society in general. It is up to the leadership of Mattachine to recognize the need for these periodic changes and move along, not become stagnant in satisfaction over past achievement.

The heritage of the Mattachine Society and the homosexual group is great. The challenge of great achievements of those of our own group should always impel us toward the same creativity and elevation with which they lived and brought forth their work, that even we today can enjoy. This heritage carries with it a constant challenge. It is a challenge which faces each one and all of us who are a part of the homosexual group. It is a challenge that cannot easily be cast aside by a claim of false individualism. It is a challenge which could provide in our lives the impetus of growth and service which perhaps would take away much of the unhappiness which we now may feel. Realizing that we are pioneers for freedom, speaking not only for our own selves or our own group, but indeed for countless others who suffer the infringement of personal rights in any form, we may take courage and strength from our understanding of our individual responsibility and go on to make even greater contributions to this cause. I am proud to be a part of Mattachine, to be counted as one of the supporters of an organization which "speaks for Man," to be able to visualize the fulfillment of the goal for which we work, and to be able to share in the glory of that goal as it is being obtained. I pray God that the heritage which is ours may daily provide the challenge to make us go on in unselfish devotion until our goal has been reached and our destiny fulfilled.

—Mr. E. V. G., Utah

REVIEW EDITOR: Because the success of Mattachine depends largely on how effectively it communicates ideas, the Society might well adopt semantics as a method of turning spears into plowshares and hostility into support. The aim of the semanticist is to explore the subtle, intangible and elusive relationship between language and thinking, between meaning and words - the psychological effect of words we use and hope will eventually bring about a clearer, more accurate thinking by clearer, more accurate ways of speaking and writing. Semantics is the simple observance of journalistic economy plus the avoidance of words that cause disagreeable sensations (euphony), or disagreeably expressing something that can be expressed more agreeably about disagreeable matters (euphemism).

The use of "homophile" in place of "homosexual" is a step in the right direction. Even though the word is obscure it has a more agreeable sound. The Greek "homos" means "same" and the word "homosexuality" stems from it. The Latin "homo" means "man." One might say, the word "homo" used in either sense is harmless and innocuous. But as an abbreviation of homosexual it seems to carry a feeling of derision, no matter who utters it. Homosexuals who employ it in a flippancy; non-homosexuals who use it, if of a certain hostile breed, use it in a derogatory sense, as if with distaste. For some reason homosexuals have inherited the word "deviate." Even though broadly it means departure from the normal, it has somehow become a synonym for homosexuality, whereby homo-
sexuality has become confused with crimes against small children and rape. Newspapers prefer deviate because it is shorter, but they employ it as a synonym for homosexual when in truth the word is only made synonymous through association.

One thing that lexicographers insist upon is that "meaning" is arrived at by "usage," especially words that stem from the Romance languages or the Greek.

--S. E., Illinois

REVIEW EDITOR: A man can carry on an intelligent discussion in ratio to how much reflection he has given to his reading, plus the sum total of his direct contact with reality. To be sure, direct contact with reality may not always teach the full impact of truth and herein is valuable time lost. Not one of us in the sex variant realm has escaped this perhaps. Sometimes the most sensitive natures among us will suffer the most and the longest before we learn. We must realize that the idealism fostered in youth in an honest individual must give quarter to reality. It is as though ideals are theory and reality the final thing we must accept—not so much what we want, but what we get. Pride goes and humility remains.

--Few people read, let alone reflect what they read, and reflection is the important thing. Those who find threadbare excuses not to read are the very ones who fit the idea of the hollow pot. The more you pound on it the more the insufferable noise. These people in their ignorance judge harshly, as they never reflect. They will slap the Kinsey Report around not having once even seen a copy, let alone opened its covers. Some big unforeseen smack in the face of reality is the only thing that can possibly wake them up, and then a certain degree of humility is experienced, if they have the latent intelligence to catch up with themselves. Tolstoy said this static ignorance is always with us, and Christ knew its harshness and extreme cruelty, for ignorance always uses violence. Anything some people don't understand, they kill!

So many concepts on half-truths are foisted on us in youth it isn't any wonder that later they must remake their complete outlook. As Dr. Kinsey says, "We have never added to the happiness of man by perpetuating ignorance." Likewise society will have to pay the high price of wrong teachings of parents who refuse to see the light about sexual matters. A narrow mind is like a vacuum and will contribute nothing to the cause. And nature abhors a vacuum. Some reading and reflection along the way can smooth the path of life considerably. We can read and glean the good from it, leaving what does not apply to wisdom.

--Mr. H. S., Ohio

TO REVIEW READERS: Some letters published above ran to somewhat greater length than we wish to publish, however we believe that it is important to permit readers to speak when they have something to say. Letters for this column are solicited. Before long, we hope that replies to the REVIEW will be answered more promptly. We are making progress in that direction. In addition we have discussed the idea of an issue made up principally of letters from you who buy and read the magazine. Would such an issue be of interest? Let us know.

--Hal Call, Editor.
HOMOSEXUAL SEEKS HELP

is the awareness that just possibly in a storm, one might do something regrettable.

I am an intelligent, well-read and thoughtful person, respected and liked by my fellow-workers. Sometimes a solution to my problems seems right in my hand . . . then escapes.

What can you suggest?

"A PERPLEXED GUY."

P.S.—I do hope you can help me. I am appealing to you because while "Justice Weekly" is no exponent of the "gay way", it does try to treat both sides of the question.

JUSTICE WEEKLY printed the letter without any additional comment.

Here is the reply which followed:

London, Ont.
Dear Perplexed Guy,

I am writing this letter to make certain facts clear to you, and to all others in need of advice or assistance who may read it.

First of all, homosexuality as commonly understood is not the lecherous perversion of self-indulgent degenerates, but one of the manifestations of a powerful unconscious force to which, IN OTHER FORMS, civilization owes much of its strength and some of the greatness of its achievements.

Secondly, all men are unconscious homosexuals re-

inquiring only a strong enough tip of the unconscious balance to throw them into manifest homosexuality.

Thirdly, the greatest obstacle to an objective understanding of your sex problem lies in the moral prejudice either conscious or unconscious, of your friends. But remember this, whether it manifests itself in gales of beer hall laughter, in the harsh disapproval of the sexually inhibited "hearty," or the more pious reprobation of the moral Philistine, the common prejudice regarding homosexuality can be traced to a common cause namely the tendency of the average man to despise in others the impulses that lie hidden in his own unconscious mind.

Once you accept these three facts you are well on your way to understanding the problem that lies before you.

As with all problems there are two sides to each case, and homosexuality is no exception. Let's take a look at both sides:

Every large town in Canada has its recognized street corners and parks where homosexuals can be sure they will meet others of their kind. One park in Toronto is so well known that it has become almost a show place; people who want to see the life of Toronto are often taken to see this haunt of homosexuals.

When a visitor passes one of these street corners or enters one of these parks by mistake, he cannot fail to be aware of the fact that he is in a homosexual meeting place. Most people will leave as soon as possible. Those visitors have stumbled upon the edge of a problem so large that no matter how much one may attempt to shroud it in secrecy, it must spill over into public life.

Occasionally when the homosexuals get too obvious or the place gets too infamous, the police will initiate a campaign to "clean up the town." But the police campaign is no more effective than beating a blanket to get rid of bed bugs. It is impossible to "clean up" these places because the problem is too large. All the police can do is to move them on, to spread the vice over a wider area.

The ordinary man thinks of a homosexual as an effeminate, over-dressed man with high-pitched voice and a peculiar walk. But most homosexuals are not physically different from the normal man and are most careful to hide their abnormality from the rest of the world. For every recognizable homosexual that the public may see, there are 20 more hidden away from the unsympathetic eyes of the general public.

Even if the problem were limited to the street-corner loiterers and the underground homosexual societies of the big cities, they would still present a challenge to society to put its house in order. But they are only a small minority. Most of the homosexuals live and work among normal people and cannot be distinguished from normal people in any way. For the most part, they are decent, intelligent men most anxious to toe the social line as anyone. Physically they are exactly like their heterosexual fellows, but underneath there is the recognition that their tendencies are all against the law of the country and the moral code of our society. Inside there is a continuous emotional war, outside they guard the secret of their abnormality with a fearful tenacity.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT PERHAPS THE MAJORITY OF HOMOSEXUALS SHOW LITTLE TENDENCY TO COMMIT PERVERSE ACTS ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR HIGH ETHICAL STANDARDS. HOMOSEXUALITY, AS WELL AS ORDINARY SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR, CAN DEVELOP ON THE HIGHEST PLANE.

Finally, "Perplexed Guy," you must decide whether or not you are a "TRUE HOMOSEXUAL." Homosexuality is an ATTITUDE OF MIND in which the affections are turned towards a member of the same sex, nothing more, nothing less. If you do not fall into this category you are not a true homosexual and therefore must be one of the following:

(1) THE PSEUDO HOMOSEXUAL is the man with
heterosexual inclinations who indulge in homosexual intercourse as a substitution. Nearly all pseudo-homosexuals are of sub-normal intelligence; many of them are feeble-minded.

(2) THE INFANTO-HOMOSEXUALS are attracted to young boys. It is a much more complicated perversion because not only is the sexual impulse directed to the same sex, but also all the normal associations of a sexual attraction are sacrificed. The infanto-homosexuals can expect to find no sympathy or companionship in the boys they seek AND ARE OFTEN OF THE SAME MENTAL AGE AS THE CHILDREN

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THE EDITOR SHOWED

by ALLAN HELLMAN
(Translated from Swedish in VENNEN)

Some time ago a West Swedish newspaper carried a notice about a gardener who had a homosexual relation with a boy under 18 years of age. The newspaper in question made this illegal act into a front-page news item. A few days later the same paper carried the information that a chauffeur had raped a girl not 16 years old. This news item could be read in some remote place in the back pages.

The undersigned got in touch with the editor and pointed out to him the injustice of making such a vast difference in the press presentation between two comparably equal illegal acts. The first one being of a less serious nature, since it had occurred voluntarily, as compared to the second, where force admittedly had been used. By singling out so sharply a homosexual act the public was being consequently given the impression that this is a particularly serious crime and furthermore that all homosexuals are criminals.

Since this was pointed out many sex crimes of both categories have been committed, yet both are now always given an equal treatment in this newspaper. All honour is due to the editor for saving the property of Mattachine Review.

"G.M.H."

CONSIDERATION

THEY TRY TO SEDUCE.

The genuine (true) homosexual turns towards adults of his own sex as naturally as a normal man is sexually attracted by a woman as a potential mate and he is no more attracted to a young boy than a heterosexual is attracted to a young girl. In spite of popular ideas to the contrary, it is rare to find a man who is greatly attracted to both men and boys.

The facts and opinions I have given above are bound to cause a great deal of argument, but if they have helped you in any way I believe that they have been well worth the effort.

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