

mattachine REVIEW



Casting a Spotlight on Human Sex Problems — For THINKING Adults

November 1956



**REPRINT
potpourri**

ERRATUM

"TIME IS REAL," by Howard Griffin

An error in makeup appears on Page 19 of this issue. In the proper continuity, Line 18 ("frankly, he says," etc.,) should begin the page. The first 17 lines should follow the last line on the page to read, "...behind, etc., dismantling the human person:...", etc. The conclusion of the article on Page 20 then follows Line 17 on Page 19.

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REPRINT POTPOURRI

NO ISSUE of Mattachine Review has ever carried such a variety of typography in its columns. And no previous issue has had as little original material in it as this one. This edition is a potpourri of reprints from other publications.

News items and comments from recent U.S. newspapers, professional and trade journals and the senior homophile magazine, *Der Kreis*, published in Zurich, make up most of the issue. The features and items were selected for obvious reasons.

But most important, the articles do, we believe, indicate a trend that is accelerating: The public is being exposed to more and more information about true aspects of homosexuality than ever before. Such increasing "doses" of information will inevitably result in a pressure for constructive action someday soon we hope.

Hal Call

P.S. - The Review will complete its second year in December with what we think is an outstanding issue - watch for it!

LITHO IN U.S.A.

mattachine REVIEW

Mattachine REVIEW



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Help for Homosexuals Urged

The following report is from a meeting of the California Academy of General Practice, held recently in Los Angeles.

Modern laws against homosexuals are largely unfair, unjustified and ineffective, a nationally known psychiatrist declared here today.

Furthermore, he added, homosexual behavior may "affront certain people" but it generally holds no particular danger for society.

These views were expressed by Dr. Norman Reider, chief of psychiatry at Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco, before the annual convention of the California Academy of General Practice.

"To be sure," he said, "there are sexual acts that can be harmful, against which society has a right to take steps to protect itself."

But the "very great majority" of homosexual acts, he claimed, "do nothing to destroy the social structure or to disrupt the family."

CONFUSION NOTED

Noting that present attitudes and laws affecting sexual behavior stem largely from old religious traditions, Dr. Reider declared that "sin is confused with crime."

Accordingly, he observed, the "vague and confused laws" governing sexual behavior do little to help society and, instead, "give police a dangerous discretionary power."

The confusion in the law books is matched by a similar confusion in the medical books, and there is no complete agreement on the causes of homosexuality or on the best treatments, he said.

Certainly neither punishment nor ridicule has any helpful effect, he continued. The use of sex hormones as a specific remedy has been found to be generally a waste of time and hormones, and has been dropped.

EFFECT OF PROSTITUTES

The San Francisco psychiatrist declared he was encouraged to find one old-fashioned treatment—arranging an alliance between a prostitute and a homosexual, to "teach him the facts of life"—is now beginning to fall by the wayside.

"This attempt to 'make a man' out of a homosexual has precipitated more than one outbreak of severe mental disease," he said.

But medical men are now learning that some homosexuals can be helped by psychiatry and perhaps a few have actually been cured.

"The recoveries from distressing homosexual conflicts are probably greater than we know," he said. "It is quite possible that many a person spontaneously, through ex-

perience; through kindness, tenderness and understanding, is helped to get over his difficulties in ways that are impossible for us at present to do anything more than speculate about."

THREATS NO GOOD

When homosexuals seek medical help, they usually need the services of a skilled and experienced psychiatrist

but some will accept treatment only from a family physician.

In either case, the speaker said, "the doctor must not talk to the homosexual or to his parents as if homosexuality were a sin. Arguments, persuasions and threats surely have no place in the treatment."

-- San Francisco Chronicle

Contented

You have taught me how to live, my dearest one, my love, my friend. In the sweetness of your presence, joys begin and sorrows end . . . When I walk in step with you no hill's too steep, no road too long — every cloud is edged with gold and every sigh becomes a song.

In the circle of your love my world is held, my life contained. I would not wish it otherwise, for see what riches I have gained: a mind at peace, a heart contented; all I have desired is here: happiness, romance, fulfilment, safe from every doubt and fear.

I have found my house of dreams and here with you will I abide — grateful for each happy moment and forever satisfied . . . The gate is shut; no need have I beyond this quiet place to roam — for where you are I too will dwell, and make my heaven and my home.

by P. Strong.

- Der Kreis

Lift Secrecy on Homosexuality, MD Asks

By **DELOS SMITH**,
United Press Science Editor.

To an audience of physicians, a psychiatric specialist said today it was a pity that homosexuality was a tabooed subject.

Otherwise, he said, there wouldn't be so many "statistically induced homosexuals" among present-day youth because of the statistical studies of the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey into human sexual behavior.

If the subject wasn't taboo, Dr. Edmund Bergler continued, in addressing the annual meeting of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, a "medical fact" would be well known to everyone, and no one could be persuaded, on the basis of the Kinsey statistics, that homosexuality is normal, common and "scientifically approved."

This persuasion, charged Dr. Bergler, is being used on youth by "older, experienced homosexuals." He said "it was quite effective with some borderline cases of post-adolescents in their late teens or early 20s in whom the decision 'to be or not to be' has been hanging in the balance."

Emotional Disease.

Since many of these youths are not "true homosexuals," they are misled by Kinsey statistics, "pseudo-modernity, and

misplaced experimentation." They "revert" to healthy sexuality, he said, but they're forever after "burdened with damaging guilt and self-doubt."

The "medical fact" he referred to is the general psychiatric finding that homosexuality is a specific emotional disease. Dr. Bergler himself is a specialist in that disease, author of many technical papers on its nature and treatment.

Indeed, he is the originator of psycho-analytic techniques by which, according to his reports in the psychiatric literature, he has "cured" more than 100 cases—"cure" being measured by lasting conversion to heterosexuality. Previously psychiatric medicine considered homosexuality an incurable disease.

Transitional Period.

He said today that the present time is "a transitional period, when homosexuals claim they are normal and demand recognition, while many heterosexuals still demand that homosexuality be punished with a prison term. The poor psychiatrist, he continued, is caught in the middle and attacked by both sides for stating that both are wrong and that homosexuals are sick people who belong in treatment."

He advocated a lifting of the taboo on the subject, especially by newspapers, magazines, radio and TV, saying their

"conspiracy of silence" was harmful because "by puritanically avoiding discussion of a matter vital to millions they add to the misery of the identical people their silence allegedly protects."

Publicity should be "aimed at homosexuals and potential homosexuals, which will punc-

ture the illusion that there is 'glamor' in 'being different,'" he said. "Information on how to handle the problem if it arises in the family should be in the hands of parents, so 'a great deal of avoidable suffering on the part of these innocent victims could be prevented.'"

NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM AND SUN

CLINIC

ON HOMOSEXUALITY

In 1955 the magazine **PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY** published a section headed, 'The Consultation Clinic.' The following extract is one set of questions and an answer from a psychologist. The reply, we believe, speaks for itself.

A MINISTER writes . . .

I am seeking help for a young woman of our parish who is very intelligent and is of apparently high standards in many ways but who is a homosexual. Desiring to find scientifically Christian answers for her need, I am writing to you.

Already suffering greatly from her addiction, a new angle of distress has arisen in that recently she has become interested in a young man. Some questions she needs answered are:

1. Should she consider marriage before she has overcome?
2. Under the terrific sex urge which possesses her, would marriage be an escape rather than effect a cure? What

is the possibility of reverting to women after marriage?

3. If marriage were consummated, what consideration should be given to the thought of inherited tendencies of children from such a marriage?

4. Should the prospective husband be told?

Can you suggest for my use an authoritative book by a reliable author which deals with methods of helping people of this type?

DR. JOHN A. P. MILLETT, Chief Psychiatrist, Rehabilitation Center, American Rehabilitation Committee, replies . . .

To Question No. 1, the answer is very simple. The degree and nature of her homosexual inclinations should be carefully reviewed by a competent psychiatrist who would then advise her as to whether her anxieties were such as to need special treatment or whether they could be sufficiently resolved to warrant undertaking the responsibilities of marriage with no more than a few simple explanations.

To Question No. 2, the answer depends very largely on what would come out of a review of her problem by a competent psychiatrist. Marriage is rarely, if ever, a "cure" for homosexual inclinations. Many people of both sexes who are alarmed by their own tendencies do enter marriage

without having had adequate preliminary treatment. In such cases the marriage is usually unhappy and often is eventually dissolved.

To the 3rd Question, the best evidence today is that most individuals who lean toward the homosexual pattern do so because of anxieties in their developmental years which were not understood at the time and were therefore never resolved. Consequently, homosexuality in itself is not a contraindication to childbearing. There is no such thing as an inherited tendency to homosexuality.

The 4th Question calls for very special handling. Many women have anxieties about their ability to become satisfying and satisfied sexual partners in marriage. Since many human beings of both sexes have had some measure of homosexual experience during their adolescent years it might be expected that such a woman, if very much in love, would feel increased anxiety on this score if such a tendency had persisted into adult life. She could not, therefore, expect to be happy in entering marriage unless this problem

had been frankly faced and dealt with before undertaking the responsibilities incidental to the marriage state. In this situation she would need particularly the advice and help of a competent psychiatrist who would know from experience how to evaluate the feelings, hopes, fears, and doubts which beset her, and could help her to find the best way of presenting her problems to the man with whom she had fallen in love.

As to an authoritative book I doubt whether the minister would profit greatly from delving into the literature, since there is grave danger that some principle which seems to be generally sound may then be taken as a guide for handling each and every case that comes his way. Problems in this area, however, are so delicate and so individual that the minister's job is to ask himself whether he feels sure that he has the answer to his particular parishioner's problem, and, if in doubt, to urge her to consult a psychiatrist, offering himself to make the referral if it would make it easier for her.

Bourbon Case Watered Down to 'Opposite Sex' Sans Special Permit

Hollywood, Sept. 25.

Trial of Rae Bourbon on a charge of impersonating without a license has been continued to Nov. 9 in Beverly Hills Municipal Court following denial of a defense motion to have the charge dropped on the grounds that the county ordinance under which it was brought is unconstitutional. Bourbon was arrested at the Melody Room on Sunset Strip July 30 af-

ter the first show following a purported "sex change" operation in Mexico.

Understood the question of the entertainer's present sex won't be made a major issue of the case. Instead (Miss) Bourbon's attorneys, Aden & Arden, will fight the case on the basis of the last four words in the charge that the entertainer "did impersonate a person of the opposite sex without a special permit."

Meanwhile the performer will open Thursday (27) night at the Ivar Theatre in a one-man/one-woman (check one) show yclept "She Lost it in Juarez."

Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote.

—Nathan

her son, her son

Reprinted here from DER KREIS, the following is a reply from James Barr Fugate to a lady who wrote to him about a correspondence with her son. The REVIEW publishes the reply because it has more than routine interest.

Dear lady,

Your letter of 1 May 1954 at hand; this, my reply.

From several thousand letters commenting on my first two books which treated the subject of homosexuality, yours is the first to threaten my right to live as a free man and my physical well being while doing so. Your letter, long overdue, has been the matter of considerable speculation by several people here. How ironic that you, a mother wishing only to protect her son, should be the first to spring the trap that my lawyers have prepared so carefully and so expertly to protect me from the vicious brutality of the blackmailer. Whatever else you may think of me, dear lady, you must thank me for instructing those lawyers — who are, perhaps, overly anxious to earn both their fee and the newspaper notoriety such a case will give them — to file your letter only, and to take no action against you. Their defense must await other assaults, and I must answer you for much the same reason.

You begin your letter by advising me never to write to your son again on pain of being exposed publicly by you for what I am, a homosexual. You are attempting to intimidate no guttersnipe, Madame, but a man of education, some command of means and a heritage of courage bequeathed by tyranny-hating pioneers who, for two hundred years, have fought in this country's every war to preserve those ideals of fairplay that are too often unknown in that part of Europe from which your starving antecedents more recently fled. I have anticipated your threat of exposure by explaining to my family (who have read and thoughtfully criticized my books) my psychological difficulties. Further, our small community is aware of the pseudonym I use in my writing career and accords me a grudging respect for having accomplished some small position of acclaim no fellow citizen hereabouts has equalled. Still further, the Navy, in which I served faithfully for five years in two wars, saw fit to discharge me under honorable conditions even after learning of my authorship and homosexuality. Last of all, the FBI is undoubtedly aware

of my two identities and most of my propensities. To whom then, dear lady, would you expose me for what I am? My church? You would do well to consider carefully before you do so. Unlike yours, it has no rich priesthood as well versed in pressure politics as orthodoxy, in fear and hatred as the other aspects of divinity. In my church it is believed that the soul's salvation is accomplished through progressive contemplation and intelligent reasoning rather than blind faith and mechanical rote.

Any man who can account for his actions, or present his ideas logically has a place in this congregation's esteem. In short, I am a Unitarian.

True, my parents may still be vulnerable in several small ways. Perhaps certain members of your clergy could help you devise some way to use your evidence — a few of my letters which you have seized from the personal effects of your son, now several years past a man's estate — to add to their already considerable anguish. One of my parents has been an arthritic; the other is dying bravely of leukemia. Such delicate flesh would, I am sure, appeal to the taste of at least one of the local representatives of your faith, who, to recount but one of his adventures, was taken into the country only last winter by three men of his parish and beaten severely for molesting the wife of one of these men. In such a man's hands, if reports are true, I am sure my letters could be made to appear far more lurid than in reality they are. And the prizes for clever minority-baiting seem destined to reach an all time peak in this present decade.

Or perhaps you could petition the Post Office Department to prosecute me for some slight obscenity of language or confession of unlawful practice that has been sent via the mail, but I doubt it. The content of any and all of my letters is invariably the content of any group of average men engaged in casual conversation, such content being tantamount to a legal confession of nothing, particularly since in this case, during these three years of correspondence with your son, *I have yet to meet him!*

You say your son does not need the kind of advice I can give. Madame, I am an advisor in no capacity to anyone. I am a writer, dedicated to recording life as I see it, not to the shaping of it for others. Your son wrote to me after he had read my first book. Our friendship developed from a mutual interest and respect, not from any advice sought or given.

You say you are responsible for bringing him into the world, that you will leave no stone unturned (and evidently unhurled) to prevent his living the life of a degenerate. If you are really sincere in what you say, you will persuade him to consult a competent psychiatrist to escape the grip of homosexuality. Fighting for my freedom on this new frontier, I know modern psychiatry is often successful in spite of the scorn heaped upon it by the official body of your church. Your son is no degenerate; nor do I think he will ever be, no matter how far you push him with your past and present tactics. He is a fine man, his love for his family is deep and genuine, his faith in his god is abiding. But when his

family and his church adamantly refused to understand his problems, to meet him half way, even if only temporarily until he had repossessed his will to live as society dictates, he sought understanding elsewhere.

Will you then blame me for telling him he must not end his life? For telling him that there are answers to his problems; that others have fought these horrors that inhabit his mind, and have fought them successfully to win the respect and good will of everyone they know? Am I to be condemned for attempting to do what you could not? Would you turn away a starving member of my family who came to you seeking food? Of course you would not. Your son is a reflection of the gentle courtesy and generous kindness that you have taught him all his life. He is a son you could well be proud of, if you were not so selfishly concerned with what your church and your «decent society» might, in their ignorance, say of him and you. Has he ever committed murder, larceny, molestation of children, or any other crime against the state? No. Does he not earn his living honestly and publically conduct himself honorably as an average, law-abiding citizen wherever he goes? Unquestionably he does. Must you then interfere, without being invited, in the privacy of his sins against his god? Is he not capable of answering for himself for his own actions, which, strictly speaking, concern you neither in the face of his 26 years nor in the face of eternity? Must you systematically liquidate all his friends of whom you disapprove, as you say you are doing now, by intimidating or denouncing them to the police? I can think of no quicker way to embitter him permanently and push him over the edge of commendable behavior into a limbo whose hideousness you cannot imagine! Should you bear with him, however, with understanding and respect for his efforts, you may yet have the kind of son you so fervently desire.

You ask me to listen to the plea of a broken hearted mother. Dear lady, my heart was broken by such a plea from one far nearer and dearer than yourself several years ago. If you think your son does not suffer by acting contrary to your wishes, you do not know an important segment of his personality. He is at present ruled by a compulsion second only to the preservation of life itself. Remember that he did not choose to become homosexual. More likely that choice was inadvertently made for him, by you.

You conclude your letter with, «If you wish to lead this kind of life, that is your business, but may God have mercy on your soul.» In the first place, my kind of life is, unfortunately, *not* my business. In addition to Custom — never a respecter of new knowledge — laws have been enacted to deprive me of my rights to a fair recovery should I stumble or fall in trying to lead a life similar to that of my neighbors. Such laws are not uncommon. Only three hundred years ago in your own state which was then but a colony, more than a dozen people who acted strangely and were not understood by the rest of the community were burned at the stake for witchcraft with the pious approval of the citizenry, the law and the church. Today we know how wrong those laws

were. Is it not possible then, that in another three hundred years, or less, people like your son and myself will be understood by their brethren and the laws that now make criminals of us will have been repealed?

As for God having mercy on my soul, dear lady, I do not despair; for you see, the God I believe in did not fashion me in His own image to flatter me, is not guilty of thinking in the poor, petty ways that are the best I know, does not jealously insist that I worship Him above all things for He is all things «good» and «evil» alike, does not inspire me with dread nor fear of Him for He finds my sins far more understandable, far more trivial than I do myself. He does not reveal Himself to me in miracles, for life and every minute of living it, no matter what that minute brings, is the only miracle of God known to the man who is truly, humbly wise.

To conclude: when you say I must not answer any letters from your son, I must reply that I shall, whether you seize them or not. If he asks me a question I shall answer it with that same consideration for my fellow man and innate love of honesty that have always guided me. If he asks me to remain his friend in our present status, I will be grateful for his companionship. And should you, Madame, find some way of martyring me that I have not yet guessed, I will show you what a «degenerate homosexual» can endure from your «decent society» without flinching.

In all other matters, dear lady, I am, for the sake of your son,

Your devoted servant,
James Barr Fugate

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—Emerson

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THE INDEPENDENT

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“FIVE O'CLOCK FRENZY”

On the following center spread, the REVIEW presents another drawing by the talented artist, Bruce Balfour.

Readers will remember that the April 1956 issue carried a drawing, ‘Bohemian Saturday Night,’ by this same artist.

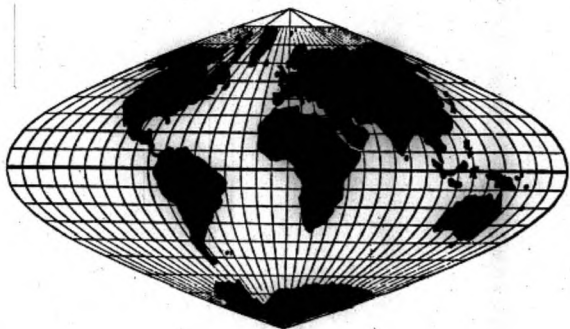
‘Five O’Clock Frenzy’ could be a downtown intersection in any American city. The pressing crowds could be holiday shoppers, or commuters rushing for the subway. But the scene, perhaps, is typically American and nothing else.

The original of this drawing, unframed, is available to the first reader of the REVIEW who makes a reasonable bid for it. The highest such bid received on or before December 1st gets the 12x15 inch original, done in a rich sepia. Interested readers know themselves how much such an original is worth; all proceeds from the sale go to the REVIEW.

Will this drawing make the ideal Christmas gift for someone special you know? Send in your bid for it today...we will notify the ‘winner’ by wire on December 1st, and ship it ready for framing on receipt of remittance.

Send bids to: Mattachine Review, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.





time is real

by

Howard Griffin

Since World War 2 an open systematic revolt against Puritanism, (as well as the desire to escape mother), has sent thousands of young Americans to the more liberal havens of Amsterdam, Portofino or Ischia. As a result, the continent has acquired a population of 'floating homosexuals', who spend their time drinking in obscure bars, by virtue of a small (or large) remittance from home. For the most part, they seem to nourish contempt not only for things American but for each other; it is this scorn and nonacceptance which keeps them drifting like precocious children dominated by sex on the mother-continent, where they are not cherished except for their income. — It is easy to predict what will happen when people without character go to a country with character.

Because they cannot find 8th Street at the Piazza di Spagna or the Café Flore, they continue to sit around Paris or Rome, as if it were a dull suburb of New York, halfheartedly expecting a good time (with aesthetic inspiration), but Europe being the hard shrewd party she is, is not giving anything away.

What happens when a not untypical American goes to Italy?

Morris Cohen is a short, dark, homosexual Jew, whose father disappeared when he was six. He had an awful home life and could not wait to leave America to realize for himself what he thought would be the desired haven, his true psychological home. In New York City he lived for five years with his lover, a young musician, but their relationship was sexually unhappy; the latter had sporadic vomiting spells; the former, migraines and insomnia. With scarcely any money, Morris struggled to escape his obsessive feelings of illegitimacy as well as his sense of the positive hostility of environment. For about ten years he

tried to become an artist and to achieve a name. Underneath this, he desired, above all, to be independent and to belong to the same social class as his father who'd cheated him out of his birthright. In his early thirties, Morris got together money to visit Italy where he lived in great poverty but at first very happy. He lived in Rome and, by a curious coincidence, ceased to be bothered with migraines or insomnia. But, of course, his lover who stayed in New York was no longer subject to vomiting!

Morris fell in love with the Roman smiles, the sun, the Roman way of life. The people he found charming, quick to establish contact on a physical plane (and, too, they often assumed straight off he was Italian.) He picked up the language; he picked up the polymorphous perverse Italians; his emotionally starved nature found emotionalism at almost every street-corner. Even among the very young, he observed a free and natural sensuality (not facing the fact that beneath the convenient laxness lurked the dark memory of war and what it had brought in its train.) In open squares and piazzas he saw the comradeship between man and man, any violence being usually of a verbal sort. He came to the conclusion that, for a variety of reasons including climate and the liberal attitude of the Church, (which concurs with the prevailing temper of the country it happens to be in), Italians expressed their uninhibited natures with great spontaneity. Morris was not surprised that many an Italian attached himself to an American, knowing that for intermittent affection he'd be rewarded financially. To the average Italian, money had a realistic (rather than emotional) meaning. And, in all probability, it would be spent; one-third for the Church when he next attended confession; one-third as a gift to his girl friend and the remainder for himself. Not by this practicality about money was Morris, finally, disenchanted but by other things: the noise, the dirt and the diet. Furthermore, the local wine gave him dysentery and he erupted in running sores; his skin began to be afflicted by what he called «the melancholy of the body.» He got an odd job or two translating and, by phenaigling and economy, managed to travel through France and England and to become in fact the equivalent of the Graustarkian adventurer (nowadays frankly homosexual), who is encountered scribbling a poem on the banks of the Arno, writing a letter from a small Montparnasse hotel or visiting late at night the Munich Volksbad near the river.

— Across the North Sea lies Denmark, a country where the ban against homosexuality is lifted. The Danes are a direct, comradely people. Trying to establish a certain point, a well-traveled friend of mine said: «The Danes look at you as if you were the sky. The French and Italians look at you as if you were the bill of fare.»

Of course in France a liberal attitude toward homosexuality exists, but one must not forget that individual judges, controlled by hostility or unconscious forces, can interpret the law harshly. Among the French themselves there is little homosexuality — perhaps because of the general tolerance. In France whatever homosexuality does exist — apart from the American import — is naturally absorbed into the social background.

Quite a different state of affairs exists across the Channel. The English class system (less strict now anyway) is transcended by the homosexual emotion which cuts across these perfectly arbitrary barriers. Two examples of this: the relationship between Hugh Walpole and Cheevers; that between Edward Fitzgerald and Posh.

Deeply rooted in the public school system, homosexuality remains a common phenomenon in the British Isles but it became the subject of overt indignation and inquiry when, toward November of 1953, a «marked increase in homosexual offenses, coupled with recent court cases of such offenses involving men of high position» (i. e., the Gielgud case and the Montague-Peter Wildeblood case), «troubled magistrates and alarmed the serious sections of the press.» Since 1953 the Interim Report of the Anglican Church and lively press discussion succeeded in bringing about a more tolerant climate of opinion. On this question the average Englishman is ill-informed and/or indifferent. Following the Montague Case, which received enormous publicity on both sides of the Atlantic, came the revelation that two of England's military heroes — men of action, sensitive and religiously inclined — were, in private, homosexual or strongly homophile. These two nationally revered figures were T. E. Lawrence and General Gordon, the defender of Khartoum.

The British and American attitudes toward homosexuality in high places differ. It may not be too widely known that the vast espionage network in the American army during the last war was used less for enemy observation than to ferret out homosexuality in our own forces, through the *agent provocateur* and other methods. Now the usual British point of view is: *Be discreet. It's a personal matter.* If the English officer knows the spies have a dossier of homosexual data under his name he will, of course, fear scandal. If none threatens, and none may — (they were amazingly tolerant in Gordon's case) — he will continue to indulge his sexual preferences. But in America this type of scandal is more darkly embedded in the whole atmosphere of guilt, blackmail and rationalization.

Toward his particular situation Oscar Wilde assumed an attitude that was part-British, part-French. It was typically English that he decided (due, no doubt, to his mother's influence), to face the music. But his way of dealing with the trial was very stylized and full of Gallic *elan*. He continually strove to make something aesthetic of the legal examination. Nothing could be done; it was too late. But Wilde insisted on treating the scandal as only a stumbling-block. With considerable spirit he accepted the situation; he regarded it as a challenge to his charm.

To satisfy his tastes, Wilde had resorted not to the working classes but — more dangerously — the non-working classes, roustabouts and young experienced men with no visible means of support. During the trial Wilde stated, rather disingenuously: «I delight in the society of people much younger than myself. I like those who may be called idle and careless. I recognize no social distinctions of any kind and to me the mere fact of youth is wonderful.» But in «De Profundis», more

the human person. In due time the heterosexual man usually gets married and compromises, by accepting the physical attributes of his wife. Taken out of the framework of this relationship and put in the army, he quickly reverts to the former state. Homosexuals, however, are nearly always in this «free» state. American homosexuals, for the most part, lack the will power to place upon their life any check similar to marriage and hence there is a great deal of compulsive behavior. Americans will have sex with someone *in order to* call someone else up and tell him about it. Often in America a man's sexual life is more important than what he does, his art or profession.

In England and France, this type of split between the psyche and the sexual element does not exist. A Frenchman is more apt to regard his sexual partner, not as a thing or number, but a human being, in whose future he will take an interest. If he meets someone he likes, he anticipates really knowing and developing him in a general way, and somewhere en route constructing a sexual relationship. The French homosexual naturally thinks in terms of a long continuous relationship (a fact, frankly, he says: «People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approach them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. It was like feasting with panthers; the danger was half the excitement . . . I don't feel at all ashamed at having known them, they were intensely interesting; what I do feel ashamed of is the horrible atmosphere into which I was brought . . . Clibborn and Atkins were wonderful in their infamous war against life. To entertain them was an astounding adventure; Dumas père, Cellini, Goya, Edgar, Allan Poe, or Baudelaire would have done the same.»

It is true that men of Wilde's type may have a *penchant* for danger, but probably the real reason for the attraction was the fact that among the lower classes in England one finds fewer anal fears.

Of course the inter-class relationship becomes a personal connection and, when this happens, the fact of guilt and the sense of responsibility come into play. Some such complex of emotions must have caused Wilde to write *The Soul of Man Under Socialism* and the letters on prison conditions. But it is only in the case of genius (or, at least, great talent and sympathy) that what is essentially a special taste can be enlarged into a social concern.

In America the psyche and the sexual element have become divided, and it is this split which causes the coldness of the emotional life. What does the average American homosexual want? Someone to go to bed with once. The general infantilism of this country expresses itself in such phenomena as the gay bar and the exclusively gay party. As Juvenal said a long time ago: «Homosexuals suffer because they cannot bear children to the men they love.»

American homosexuals act, all the time, like G Is on a weekend. One can readily see that this is a masculine attitude carried to an extreme. Men react that way toward women, ogling and selecting the points to admire, commenting on the lips, the wonderful behind, etc., dismantling

incidentally, brought out by certain unpublished letters of Proust.)

For the most part, the modern American only impresses the European with his rootlessness and his romanticism. The American bohemian in Europe, by the very fierceness with which he disowns American attitudes, reveals one of the most American of attitudes: *the inability to believe that time is real.* Europeans themselves would prefer Americans to be more firmly American than they are; it would give both nationalities a cadre, a positive and agreeable ground on which to approach each other.

Actor Replies To Criticism

Not long ago Miss Emilia Hodel, Scripps-Howard drama critic, remarked in print that the characterization of Kirk Douglas in 'Lust for Life' lacked virility to the point of being embarrassing. Here is the reply of the actor who portrayed the painter, Vincent Van Gogh, in the film.

Dear Miss Hodel:

I have just seen your review and I found it extremely interesting. In regard to my performance you say, "It is a competent—even compelling—performance at times, but for some odd reason, it lacks virility—to the point where it becomes embarrassing."

You have hit upon the core of Van Gogh's problem as a man—a tremendous homosexual problem. This was what I attempted to show, with some taste and delicacy, in my portrayal of Van Gogh.

Obviously I succeeded with you because as a woman, you



DOUGLAS

found it embarrassing for "some odd reason." I wanted you to know what that reason was.

The greatest thing an actor can do is to portray a character so that the audience sees only the character and not the actor himself.

Here in Hollywood, when you attain a reputation based on a certain kind of character—such as I played in "Champion," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," etc.—it becomes very difficult to break away from the mold. As an actor, I enjoy breaking away—or trying to—now and then.

Believe me, I am most sincere when I thank you for your discernment in picking out one of the subtleties I tried to inject in my portrayal of Van Gogh.

—Kirk Douglas

tea was diluted

VARIETY

Tea and Sympathy (C'SCOPE—COLOR)

Stirring presentation of 'sissy-boy' theme. Exceptionally well played by Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. Strong boxoffice for sure.

Metro release of Pandro S. Berman production. Stars Deborah Kerr, John Kerr; features Leif Erickson, Edward Andrews, Darryl Hickman, Norma Crane. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Screenplay, Robert Anderson, from Anderson's play; camera (Metrocolor), John Alton; editor, Ferris Webster; music, Adolph Deutsch. Previewed in N.Y. Sept. 13. Running time, 122 MINS.

Laura Reynolds	Deborah Kerr
Tom Robinson Lee	John Kerr
Bill Reynolds	Leif Erickson
Herb Lee	Edward Andrews
Al	Darryl Hickman
Ellie Martin	Norma Crane
Ollie	Dean Jones
Lilly Sears	Jacqueline De Wit
Ralph	Tom Laughlin
Steve	Ralph Tetrain
Phil	Steven Terrell
Ted	Kip King
Henry	Jimmy Hayes
Roger	Richard Tyler
Vic	Don Burnett

First, let Metro be congratulated for not being discouraged and for going ahead with a boxoffice property that presented unique problems right from the start. This is the story of a youngster regarded by fellow students as "not regular" (i.e. not manly). The spotlight is on clearly implied homosexuality—and that was explicit to the stage play's plot.

In fashioning this story for the screen, M-G was called upon to exercise the utmost care. Any cinematic indiscretion would set off howls of protests. And, too, the values of the original play could not be abandoned because, delicate as it was, the original was moving, forceful theatre.

The Pandro S. Berman production at hand is a success on all counts. Robert Anderson's adaptation of his own legiter (which was produced on stage by the Playwrights Company and Mary K. Frank) is a fine translation. Minor

changes were made in the transition and these have the effect of partially toning down a few story points.

But Anderson's rewrite job keeps the essentials in proper focus. The pivotal role of the misunderstood sensitive boy is an excellently drawn characterization. The part is played with marked credibility by John Kerr, a repeat from the original. The housemaster's wife, who offers tea and sympathy to the students, in a character study of equal sensitivity and depth. Deborah Kerr gives the role all it deserves. She's strikingly effective.

The housemaster part, played with muscle-flexing exhibitionism by Leif Erickson, has lost some of its meaning, in the tone-down. On the stage his efforts at being "manly" carried the suggestion that, indeed, he was trying to compensate a fear of a homo trend in his own makeup. The suggestion is diluted to absence in the picture.

Edward Andrews, as Kerr's father, is the brash and understanding parent who would prefer to see his son carry on with the town tart so that this would erase his "sister-boy" reputation. Norma Crane is shown briefly but registers sharply as the waitress with whom Kerr tries but fails to establish his masculinity.

Rounding out the roster of principals is Darryl Hickman, as the only students who refuses to believe the "sister boy" cracks about his roommate, Kerr. Hickman measures up to the part nicely.

"Tea and Sympathy," to wrap it up, is the story of a youth tortured by cruel, outspoken rumor-mongers. Lacking the knowledge that his home background influenced his un-athletic behavior, they brand him "sister boy" because of his artistic tastes—books, art, high-brow music. He can find no sympathy for his aesthetics from his father or his housemaster, but only from the latter's wife. It is only

she. Miss Kerr, who reaches out to him, and eases his own self-doubts by offering herself in romantic embrace. This scene was an electrifying climax to the play, incidentally. It is followed in the film by another shot of Kerr returning to the school 10 years later with the dialog getting across the point that he's married and the father of three children.

Berman's production mounting has given the story additional scope, taking advantage of the flexibility of the cameras. It's a

high-level production throughout, laid against impressive Cinema-Scope and Metrocolored settings.

Director Vincente Minnelli has drawn from his players expert work, somehow balancing one against the other and thus wringing out from the story its full impact. The casting, with the key roles being from the original play, is ideal. Music by Adolph Deutsch provides effective background and all technical assists are fine.

Gene.

Hey, Fellows! Smell Good

Atlantic City, Sept. 30 (U.P.).—A perfume chemist said today that "although he would never admit it, the average American male uses more perfumed products today than the ladies."

Men's purchases of scented preparations total three times as much as women spend on "perfume, toilet water, cologne, bath

salts, bubble bath and so forth," Dr. Oliver L. Marton told the 130th national meeting of the American Chemical Society.

The volume of after-shaving lotion alone — \$27,000,000 — is bigger than the total perfume market, and is 60% as big as the market for all toilet waters and colognes, he declared.

SCIENCE WINS OUT

Dr. Evelyn F. Hooker, UCLA psychologist, recently read portions of her paper delivered at the American Psychological Association annual convention in Chicago (and later repeated in Denver) to a Los Angeles audience which included members of ONE's staff and of the Mattachine Society who had taken part in her trail-blazing research studies on male homosexuality.

For several years she has been conducting a massive investigation, using projective techniques (Rorschach, TAT, etc.), of a group of male homosexuals, each of them paired with a heterosexual male, by age, education and IQ. Her paper was the first presentation of her findings before a scientific body.

No attempt can be made to summarize her two-hour presentation of this formidable manuscript, the stunned amazement of her professional colleagues who overflowed the Grand Ballroom of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago, or the comments of the various experts who have aided her in her work.

However, it was clear that this first scientifically controlled study of non-clinical homosexual males has pretty thoroughly undermined Freudian hypotheses about homosexuality and most of the ponderous writings, pronouncements, and even commitments stemming from them.

Her studies indicate no significant statistical differences in the social adjustment of the two groups, nor could any pathological personality structure be isolated — though she found some such cases in both groups.

The implications of her work are almost limitless, as can readily be seen. There is little doubt that psychology, psychiatry, medicine and the law will be compelled to revise much of their thinking and radically alter many attitudes and practices as her work becomes more widely known.

From ONE CONFIDENTIAL, published by One, Inc.

mattachine REVIEW

READERS write

REVIEW EDITOR: The REVIEW has repeatedly welcomed criticism and suggestion. Here comes: The August issue opened with a concrete, commendable editorial, "License Unlimited." Upon reading the adjoining end page (h2) "Salute to T. C. Jones," the whole dignified editorial was nullified for the high and serious purpose of Mattachine. The "Salute" surely blew a fuse. It was like an ice-cold shower . . . Let anyone attend a public N.Y.C. "drag ball" of several hundred female impersonators, well-supervised by the city's hypocritical police, then closely study the reaction of some six thousand public attendants, and it is like that of visiting a zoo to see the animals on exhibition. The "drags" are like freaks in the side show of a circus, with the audience looking on to see the antics. No matter what the talent, it is a setting from which you cringe. The serious-minded homophile resents that type of identification or salute.

Of six friends who read the salute, five resented the article.

--Mr. M. T., Oregon

Editor's Note: The above letter was the only one received which criticized the item in question. We still hold that Reader M.T. overlooked the two reasons why the salute was printed in the first place: (a) T. C. Jones is not a drag queen in the usual sense, but a professional entertainer; (b) for him to have been selected to play a woman's role in a Broadway production DOES definitely represent a positive move in the direction of tolerance of certain 'deviations,' and a partial piercing of old sex taboos. Not all progress in the understanding of human sex behavior will come through the printed word; many media will be

used. And furthermore, that progress is now evident in activity channels which have nothing to do with sex per se.

Whoever you are holding me now in hand

Walt Whitman

Whoever you are holding me now in hand,
Without one thing all will be useless,
I give you fair warning before you attempt me further,
I am not what you supposed, but far different.
Who is he that would become my follower?
Who would sign himself a candidate for my affections?
The way is suspicious the result uncertain, perhaps destructive,
You would have to give up all else, I alone would expect
to be your sole and exclusive standard,
Your novitiate would even then be long and exhausting,
The whole past theory of your life and all conformity to
the lives around you would have to be abandon'd,
Therefore release me now before troubling yourself any
further, let go your hand from my shoulders,
Put me down and depart on your way.
Or else by stealth in some wood for trial,
Or back of a rock in the open air,
(For in any roof'd room of a house I emerge not, nor in
company,
And in libraries I lie as one dumb, a gawk, or unborn,
or dead,) But just possibly with you on a high hill, first watching
lest any person for miles around approach unawares,
Or possibly sailing with you at sea, or on the beach of
the sea or some quiet island,
Here to put your lips upon mine I permit you,
With the comrade's long-dwelling kiss or the new hus-
band's kiss,
For I am the new husband and I am the comrade.
Or if you will, thrusting me beneath your clothing,
Where I may feel the throbs of your heart or rest upon
your hip,
Carry me when you go forth over land or sea;
For thus merely touching you is enough, is best,
And thus touching you would I silently sleep
and be carried eternally.

Already you see I have escaped from you.

For it is not for what I have put into it that I have
written this book,
Nor is it by reading it you will acquire it,
Nor do those know me best who admire me and
vauntingly praise me,
Nor will the candidates for my love (unless at most
a very few) prove victorious,
Nor will my poems do good only, they will do just as
much evil, perhaps more,
For all is useless without that which you may guess at
many times and not hit, that which I hinted at;
Therefore release me and depart on your way.

But these leaves conning you con at peril,
For these leaves and me you will not understand,
They will elude you at first and still more afterwards,
I will certainly elude you,
Even while you think you had unquestionably
caught me, behold!

Sometimes when I consider what tremendous consequences come from little things—a chance word, a tap on the shoulder, or a penny dropped on a newsstand—I am tempted to think . . . there are no little things.

BRUCE BARTON

NEW MATTACHINE OFFICE IN DENVER

In September a mattachine office was established in Denver, Colorado. The address is Mattachine Society, Inc., Post Office Box 7035, Capitol Hill Station, Denver 6. Persons residing in the Mountain States and the Great Plains sections of the U. S. may write direct to this office. In addition persons in the immediate area should address inquiries to that office if they wish to join a Mattachine chapter which will be formed there in the near future.

sample copies

Do you have several friends or associates, or do you know of public officials in your community who would be interested in subscribing to *Mattachine Review*? If so, and we believe that almost every reader does know many such persons, then here's a proposition whereby you can help them and the magazine as well.

FIRST: Order back number **SAMPLE COPIES** of the Review at the rate of 10 for \$1, 20 for \$2, etc.

SECOND: Mail these sample copies to those persons whom you know might become subscribers. Write a personal letter and enclose it, if you will, so that these "prospects" will know who sent the sample copy.

It's that simple. We on the Review, of course, want to see this kind of selling effort bring in the maximum number of new subscribers. So here's what we will do to help: (a) include a folder, "In Case You Didn't Know;" a subscription blank and a postage-paid business reply envelope in each sample copy to be mailed; and (b) enclose proper size kraft envelopes for you to mail the samples in, if requested. These envelopes will be plain and gummed for sealing.

Now...do these suggestions generate ideas? Many readers have asked about ways to help out the Review and aid its growth. This is one way to do it. And the plan we outline can and will perform 2-way benefits: Broadening the education of the individual while helping the Review to grow!

Sample copies provided under this plan will be from overprinted issues 4-5-6 of 1955, and include some newsstand return copies. Be sure to request kraft mailing envelopes when ordering. They will not be sent otherwise.

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mattachine REVIEW

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