



# **mattachine REVIEW**

**Casting a Spotlight on Human Sex Problems --- For THINKING ADULTS**

**50c**



ON THE SUBJECT  
OF HOMOSEXUALITY:  
NEWS, COMMENT  
AND FICTION  
FROM AROUND THE WORLD...



**THIRD ANNUAL**

**INTERNATIONAL  
ISSUE**



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# INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

This third International Edition of *Mattachine Review* is different from those in the past. For the first time in its publishing field in the U. S., articles are included in foreign languages, a practice long followed by some European magazines of this type.

*Mattachine Review* is grateful for the support received from readers and friends in Europe and elsewhere over the world. Total membership in the *Mattachine Society* now exceeds 200—with members in the U. S., and a few in England, Canada and Australia. We invite persons everywhere to join our movement which calls for social justice and responsible citizenship.

Die dritte Ausgabe des Internationalen Monatsheftes der *Mattachine Gesellschaft* ist von den früheren dadurch unterscheiden, dass zum ersten Mal Aufsätze auch in anderen Sprachen veröffentlicht werden, wie es schon längere Zeit in Europa bei Ausgaben dieser Art üblich ist.

Die Schriftleitung des Monatsheftes der *Mattachine Gesellschaft* ist voller Anerkennung für die moralische und materielle Unterstützung, die sie von ihren Freunden und Lesern in Europa und anderen Teilen der Welt empfangen hat.

Über 200 Mitglieder gehören jetzt unserer Gesellschaft an, wovon die meisten in den Vereinigten Staaten wohnhaft sind und andere in England, Kanada und Australien. Wir laden gerne jeden, den unsere Arbeit anspricht und der sich für soziale Gerechtigkeit und Menschenwürde einsetzen will, ein sich als Mitglied zu melden.

La troisième Edition Internationale de la *Mattachine Revue* est différente des numéros précédents; pour la première fois dans l'histoire de notre publication la rédaction publie des articles en des langues étrangères, comme c'est fait pendant des années déjà en Europe.

La Rédaction de la *Mattachine Revue* est bien reconnaissante pour toute l'assistance reçue des amis et des lecteurs en Europe et en autres parts du monde. L'ensemble de membres de la *Mattachine Société* excède maintenant les 200, dont

la plupart habite les Etats-Unis et quelques-uns l'Angleterre, Canada et Australie. Nous invitons tous, qui sont intéressés dans la cause de la justice sociale et de la respectabilité de l'individu, de bien vouloir nous joindre.

Esta Edición Internacional tercera de la revista *Mattachine* se diferencia de las ediciones pasadas. Por primera vez desde la publicación en los EE. UU., artículos en los idiomas extranjeros han sido incluidos como de hábito europeo en revistas de esta clase.

La revista *Mattachine* agradece mucho a sus amigos y lectores en Europa y en cualquier parte del mundo. En la sociedad no hay más que doscientos miembros, la mayor parte de los miembros son de los Estados Unidos y los demás encuentran en Canada, Inglaterra y Australia.

Invitamos a todos las personas que están interesadas en esta organización, a participar en mantener la integridad del individual y pedir al mundo justicia social y ciudadanía responsable.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT—The Review is grateful to Der Kreis (The Circle) of Zurich for the two stories reprinted here on pages 14-23 of this issue. In the past, much has been said about this tri-lingual homophile magazine. Der Kreis is now almost 27 years old, and as such it has been the pioneer in its field.

# Das bewusste

## Leben

von Foltro

*Wenn uns Stunden rufen, in denen sich  
—unverhofft—der Sinn unseres Lebens  
zusammenballt, so haben wir ihnen zu  
gehorchen und alle—alle—Rücksichten  
schweigen zu lassen.—HENRY BENRATH.*

Ich war fast 40, da begann ich zu leben.

Damals verschlug es mich aus einem schwäbischen Dorf—in das ich als Heranwachsender gezogen war—in eine grosse Stadt. Hier umging mich die Einsamkeit, der grosse, von den Menschen so wenig geschätzte Wohltäter. Mir wurde mein Wesen bewusst. Es was kein Süßes Erkennen. Die Wahrheit wird immer unter Schmerzen geboren. Und der Ort—wo mir die Erkenntnis kam—wurde von den Moralischen gemieden. Jedenfalls begann ich mit diesem Tag wirklich und ganz zu leben.

Über jeden von uns kommt früher oder später diese Erkenntnis. Die meisten verschliessen sich ängstlich vor ihr. Sie werden sich ihres tatsächlichen Wertes und ihrer wirklichen Fähigkeiten somit niemals bewusst und während sie physisch heranwachsen, befinden sie sich geistig zeitlebens im Entwicklungsstadium eines Embryo. In dem Augenblick wo der Mensch die notwendige Klarheit über sich selber gewinnt und er entschlossen das sich aus dem eigenen Bewusstsein ergebende Gesetz respektiert, fängt er an, wirklich und ganz zu leben. Die meisten Menschen verwenden viel zu viel Zeit dafür, die Meinung ihrer Umwelt zu den kleinsten und wichtigsten Dingen zu erforschen, anstatt sich eine eigene Meinung zu bilden und diese ihre eigene Meinung zum Gesetze ihres Handelns zu erheben. Die Masse ist zeitlebens ängstlich darauf bedacht sich anzupassen, um nicht aufzufallen, anstatt sich kraft ihrer Persönlichkeit durchzusetzen.

Das Anpassungsbestreben der Mehrheit ist überhaupt das Grundübel unserer Zeit. Daraus resultiert in Wirklichkeit der Mangel an wirklichen

Persönlichkeiten, die Verflachung in der Kunst, die geistige Leere und beängstigende Ratlosigkeit, welche uns völlig hilflos den mannigfaltigsten Situationen gegenüber sieht. Die Meisten erschrecken, sobald sie an sich einen Wesenszug entdecken, der nicht von einem anderen übernommen wurde und mit dem sie von der Norm abweichen. Leider wird in dieser Hinsicht in jungen Jahren am meisten gesündigt. Fast alle Eltern verhindern mit einem Stoizismus ohnegleichen die Persönlichkeitsentfaltung beim Kinde, weil sie sich nicht im geringsten darum bemühen, die Wesensart ihres Kindes zu ergründen und die Zügel der Erziehung einfach in die Richtung des "guten Tones" und des respektierlichen bürgerlichen Anstandes lenken. Trotz aller—von Gesetzesparagrafen weidlich unterstützten—Gleichschaltungsbestrebungen ist der Primat des Freien die ungezwungene Entfaltung der Persönlichkeit geblieben.

Vor allem die Menschen unserer Art müssen sich dieser Tatsache wieder voll bewusst werden. Viele fliehen zeitlebens wie ein gehetztes Tier die Erkenntnis und sie verabscheuen nichts so sehr, wie die Wahrheit, die sie zum bewussten Leben zwingt. Sie glauben mit der Wahrheit vor der Öffentlichkeit nicht bestehen zu können, weil sie sich nicht nur in ihrer Liebesfähigkeit, sondern auch in ihrem übrigen Wesen so sehr vom Einheitstyp der Masse unterscheiden. In Wirklichkeit liegt gerade in dieser Wesensverschiedenheit das positive Element der Homosexualität, die sich wie ein roter Faden durch die Geschichte der Menschheit zieht.

Herunter mit der Maske! Mehr Mut zum Selbst! Mehr Glaube an die eigene Integrität!

Zwar existieren in vielen Ländern Gesetzesparagrafen, die der freien Persönlichkeitsentfaltung eine enge Grenze setzen; leider müssen wir es aber immer wieder erleben, dass der verbleibende enge Spielraum durch die fehlende eigene Courage weiter eingeengt wird.

Die Freiheit erringt nur, wer sie sich immer erneut kämpfend verdient! Wenn wir mit geschlossenem Visier immer auf Rückzug gehen, werden die Einzelnen, die aus der Rolle fallen, immer geächtet und verfolgt werden, weil die Priorität ängstlich darauf bedacht ist, die Maske nicht zu verlieren und das, obwohl einzig und allein dieser Verlust die Urkunde unserer Anerkennung in sich schliesst. Sich selber erkennen, um bewusst leben zu können, das ist die Forderung, welche an jeden von uns ergeht und der sich aus wahrer Solidarität keiner unserer Freunde in der weiten Welt auf die Dauer zu entziehen vermag!

*(This article is translated into English and appears on the following pages)*

**mattachine REVIEW**

# The Conscious LIFE

BY FOLTRO

*The following is a free translation of the preceding article in German, written especially for this issue of the Review by a reader in Nuremberg, West Germany. English translation is by Dr. Henri Lormier, of the Review Staff.*

"When that unexpected hour comes which reveals to us the 'sense' and meaning which comprises our life, we have to obey and disregard all else."

—HENRY BENRATH

I was forty years old when I started to live.

At that time I moved from a village, where I had lived since my adolescence, to a big city. Here I lived a life of solitude, a great benefactor seldom appreciated by most people, but here I became conscious of my essential being—a kind of a shock.

Truth will always be born with labor. The place where I recognized myself was shunned by moralizers, but there, in the "gay" big city, I began to live really and fully that day.

To each of us this recognition of ourselves comes sooner or later. Until that happens, we are not conscious of our real value and possibilities, and, while we may mature physically, we remain embryonic as far as mental development is concerned. Only at the moment that a human being sees himself in clear perspective and decides to respect the laws of his own personality does he start to live in the fullest sense. That, I have learned!

Most people lose too much time trying to learn and follow the opinions of others—even in the most trivial things—when they should, instead, form



their own opinions and base their actions on these decisions. Many persons are afraid to seek self-adjustment in accordance with individual personality; instead they seek to conform in order not to attract attention. This effort to adjust one's self to others, this conformity, is a basic evil of our time. The result is a lack of real personalities, the degrading in art, the spiritual emptiness and the alarming desperation which makes us face manifold situations in life in utter hopelessness.

Homosexuals, for instance, become afraid as soon as they recognize in themselves that which is essential to them, but which may not be shared with others. They panic when they learn that they deviate from the "norm." It is a pity that much harm is suffered in this during younger years. Many parents hinder the development of the child's personality with an unbelievable Stoicism, not bothering to learn the essential characteristics of their children, while they content themselves to direct the child's education toward middle-class respectability. However, the all-important free development of the personality in the child must be permitted, notwithstanding all the endeavors to the conformity that is so widely supported by laws and social mores.

Homosexuals above all, should be aware of this fact. Many of them flee from this recognition like roused animals all their lives and they forever detest the truths which will permit them to live consciously. They believe it is impossible to live truthfully in public because they feel out of step with the mass not only in their love life, but also in their entire essence. The positive element of homosexuality, however, lies just here in these essential differences. And it can be traced throughout the history of mankind as a plainly visible line.

Off with the masks! Face your real self with courage! Take greater faith in your own integrity!

Laws in many countries mark narrow boundaries for the development of the personality and it is a pity how we have to witness again and again the fact that this narrow zone is made narrower still by the lack of courage in ourselves. Freedom is won only by those who earn it, because they are ready to defend it at all times. While we may withdraw and thereby escape a pointing finger, we must always be aware that the few who take off their masks will always be scorned and persecuted, but at the same time, we are indebted to them because their coming into the open makes our own recognition possible. To recognize one's self, and to live consciously—this is the demand which all of us should meet, in solidarity with all our friends over the whole wide world.

**Constantine P. Cavafy:**

## **The Last ALEXANDRIAN**

BY PHILIP JASON

Men born out of their time often exercise a certain fascination on their contemporaries, especially if they are touched by genius. But they rarely call forth emulation. This was certainly the case with the poet Cavafy.

No miracle of rejuvenation worked by Isis' magic, but the private vision of this modern Alexandrian, restores to us a world of life and feeling nearly 2000 years dead. In objective time, Constantine P. Cavafy was a man of the 20th Century—a modern Greek born of Constantinopolitan parents in Khedival Egypt in the decade that saw the opening of the Suez Canal. In his own subjective time—the age of his inner vision—he lived and worked in the half-Christian, half-pagan Alexandria of Graeco-Roman times. If the adherents of reincarnation theories want to make out a case, they can do no better than to consider the Cavafian paradox.

A countryman of his, C.A. Trypanis, professor of Byzantine and modern Greek at Oxford, writes in the introduction to an anthology of medieval and modern Greek poets that "The one remarkable man who stands outside any particular school Constantine Cavafy, because of his very personal poetry, although greatly admired in Greece, has never exercised a real influence upon the course of greek literature..." Though fact, this explanation may be a little oversimplified. The question arises: How can a modern literary school result from the work of a man whose achievement, as it were, is to have written the postscript to the poetry of the classic twilight?

Whether it be in his themes, chosen from obscure incidents in ancient times, from the daily life of Graeco-Roman Alexandria, or from his own view of life, in which his own homosexuality stands as self-

evident fact requiring no explanation, he breathes the spirit of the Greek Anthology. Yet he, living in this century, knew, as the poets of the anthology could not, that the world he is celebrating is doomed regardless of how the gods are bribed, and it is this that informs his work with an overpowering melancholy. Melancholy, yes, but never maudlin sentimentality, rather an irony, which, once removed, would be cynicism.

Rex Warner, in an introduction to an English translation used here (*The Poems of D.P. Cavafy*, John Mavrogordato, trans., Hogarth Press, London, 1952), describes Cavafy's private world as one "which most English schoolmasters would describe as 'decadent'. It is a world without any of the obvious epic, lyric or tragic grandeurs. Yet it is a world that existed and exists. It can be examined minutely and dispassionately. And to this examination Cavafy brings a peculiar point of view together with a singular integrity."

The acid pen of a contemporary, Nikos Kazantzakis, the recently deceased author of *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion* (Christ Crucified), meeting Cavafy during a trip to Alexandria, characterizes Cavafy as "one of the last flowers of a civilization, with double faded leaves, with a long, asthenic stem, without seed. Cavafy has all the typical characteristics of a distinguished man of decadence—wise, ironic, hedonist, proud, full of memories. He lives like one 'without a care', as one who is 'bold'. He gazes, stretched out on a couch, out of his window and awaits the 'Barbarians' to invade".

Given his realization that states, their cultures and values are transitory, it is not difficult to see why Cavafy holds to his "peculiar point of view." Warner calls this "the inversion of the heroic," and, quite rightly, points out that Cavafy "loves to insist not on some great completed accomplishment or successful quest, but on the importance of first steps or of incidents by the way. In the end the effect is often one of heroism, but it is the quiet heroism of the individual rather than of the heroism of cause or state or professional strong men." A valuable viewpoint indeed, in this century of behemoth states, fanatical causes and rampant anti-individualism!

In this he invites comparison, by way of contrast, with the giant of modern Greek poetry, Kostas Palamas, who used the Hellenic past for epic displays of heroic *volksgeist*, as in *The King's Flute* and *Dodecalogue of the Gypsy*.

What, for instance, says Cavafy of the epic resistance at Thermopylae? Only this:

"And again greater honor becomes them  
When they foresee (and many do foresee)  
That Ephialtes will be there in the end,  
And that the Medes, at last, they will get through."

He sees ends merely as incentives, dream-symbols never real in themselves. The *Odyssey* is such a symbol, with Ithaka as its end.

"You must always have Ithaka in your mind,  
Arrival there is your predestination.  
But do not hurry the journey at all.  
Better that it should last many years;  
Be quite old when you anchor at the island,  
Rich with all you have gained on the way,  
Not expecting Ithaka to give you riches.  
Ithaka has given you your lovely journey.  
Without Ithaka you would not have set out.  
Ithaka has no more to give you now."

"Poor though you find it, Ithaka has not cheated you.  
Wise as you will have become, with all your experience,  
You will have understood the meaning of an Ithaka."

Yet, despite his classic allusions and world-weary historic irony, there is the man Cavafy—a man, moreover, who exposes the innermost part of himself to full view.

What sort of man, then, was Cavafy, and how had his life informed his poetry? The geographical data seem prosaic enough. This brief notice was given by him in a Greek periodical publishing poems of his: "I am a Constantinopolitan by origin, but born in Alexandria—in a house on the Rue Cherif. I left young and spent a great part of my childhood in England. Afterwards I visited this country as an adult, but for very short duration. I resided in France. In my adolescence I lived for more than two years in Constantinople. I haven't been to Greece for many years.

"My last job was in a government office connected with the Department of Public Works of Egypt. I know English, French and a little Italian."

His own statement that he was born in 1868 has long been accepted, although several researchers found records in the Orthodox Patriarchate of Alexandria stating the correct date to be April 17, 1863. The son of a prominent family, he had no financial worries until a series of reverses in the family business, capped by his mother's death in 1899 caused him, in 1903, to return to Alexandria to a modest and immobile life. From 1903 to his death of throat cancer on April 29, 1933, he scarcely left his second-story apartment at number 10 Rue Lepsius, an apartment, according to literary visitors, cluttered with an ill-gathered assortment of furniture and bricabrac that reflected the character of the occupant. The character, perhaps, but not the outer man. Habits of English punctuality were with him to the end, and there was meticulous method evident in both his public life and in the laconic verse he produced in dribblets and circulated among a close circle of litterati. A solitary figure even while relatives lived

he was utterly alone after 1923 when a brother died.

These are the formal biographical facts. His poetry tells us far more. The personal poems are inspired by his own memories, just as his poetry on historic themes derives from Hellenistic literature. "The years of my youth," he tells us, "my life of pleasure—how clearly I see the meaning of them now." Well he might, for yesterdays remembered are the stuff of all his personal verse as they were that of Proust's prose.

"Under the dissolute living of my youth  
Were being formed the intentions of my poetry."

A wall seals him off from today. It is always a long-spent passion that he is capturing in his mind and fixing in verse. He muses:

"Of course it is like him, this little  
Drawing of him in pencil.

"Quickly done, on the deck of the ship;  
An enchanting afternoon.  
The Ionian ocean all around us.

"It is like him.  
But I remember him as better looking,  
He was sensitive to the point of morbidity,  
And that illuminated his expression.  
Better looking he appears to me  
Now that my mind recalls him, out of Time.

"Out of Time. All these things are very old—  
The sketch, and the ship, and the afternoon."

And he knows too, in the anguish of his solitary musing, that memory alone preserves what time has all but obliterated. In one poem he asks:

"What a distillation can be found from herbs  
Of enchantment," said a certain sensualist,  
"What distillation according to the prescriptions  
Of ancient Grecosyrian sorcerers made  
Which for a single day (if for no more  
Its power suffices), or even for a little while  
My three and twenty years should bring me back  
Again; my friend at two and twenty years  
Should bring me back again — his beauty, his love.

"What distillation can be found by the prescriptions  
Of ancient Grecosyrian sorcerers made  
Which, in accordance with that turning-back,  
Our little room should also bring again?"

In another poem, he himself answers his tormented question by a pathetic appeal:

"Looking at an opal a half grey opal  
I remembered two beautiful grey eyes  
I had seen it must have been twenty years before. ...

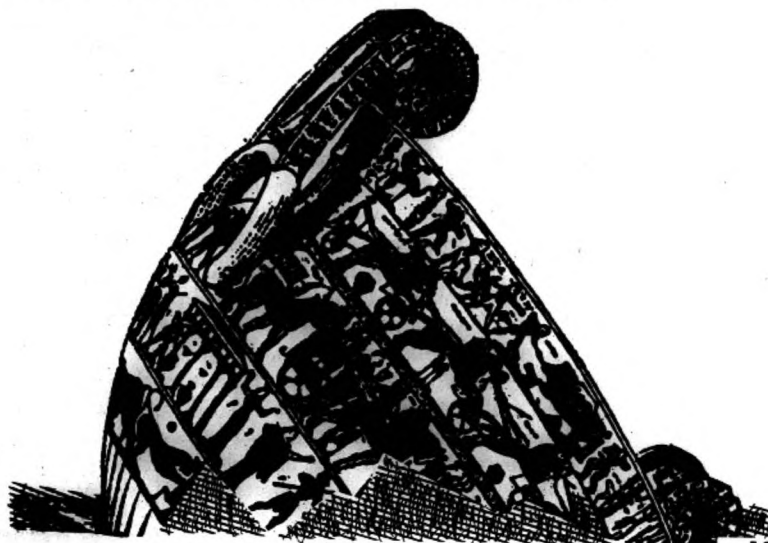
"For a month we loved each other.  
Then he went away, I think to Smyrna,  
To work there; we never saw each other again.

"The grey eyes —if he lives— have lost their beauty;  
The beautiful face will have been spoiled.

"O Memory, preserve them as they were.  
And, Memory, all you can of this love of mine  
Whatever you can bring back to me tonight."

Examples of this strange refusal of the present can be multiplied many times. In almost every single poem of Cavafy appears this obsession with continual evocation of past times, past experiences, past loves. In all of Cavafy there is not a single attempt to capture a moment in present time for its own sake, and rarely even for the sake of its relation to the past.

Cavafy is not for those who never look back, though others will find this poet, whose cultural and geographic environment seems so distant, a revelation. In his quiet, sad understatement there is a spirit that transcends time and race and erotic temperament. Cavafy will not inspire us to move mountains, for cavafy's historical imagination is peopled with anti-heroes whose theatrical flourishes merely hide their emptiness within. But so much of life is like that! Cavafy's personal verse is, in the final analysis, another echo of "vanitas vanitarum," but life, again, is all too often just that. Yet the journey through life is priceless for its own sake, and the final reward is merely to have lived it. This is the sum of Cavafy's message, if it can be called that. As such, it is perhaps worth pondering over as each of us slowly travels toward his Ithaka.





## The Recruit

Among those familiar with the South Radar Station, to stand the watch there was to be in limbo. This referred to the station's remoteness from the island's inhabited areas, and to its lack of diversions. It stood stark and lonely as a lighthouse, at the island's south end, out on a point of land surrounded by ocean, sand and sky, the companion of palm trees and seagulls.

It had been established there during the war because the site was extremely advantageous: the radar screen commanded an unimpeded sweep of three hundred twenty degrees of the ocean and sky, and the visual sweep was almost the same. In those days the distance from the main installations, six miles to the north, and the lack of anything between except mountainous jungle had been no deterrent, for the war's prosecution had required extraordinary measures. But now the war was ended, and the necessity for constant vigil was removed almost entirely; it would be only a matter of official orders — time, in other words — until the station would be abandoned.

But this had not yet happened. For most of the radar personnel, the one thing in their lives to look forward to was the day when the watch would be secured forever, and the station and its site given back to the gooney birds. To them, assignment there was an exile from civilisation even as it was in the islands. It was banishment from the land of the living. The hours hung heavy.

To some, however, it was idyllic. These were they who never became adapted to military life; they to whom its unremittingly regimented nature was rancorous; to whom it was irony that he is called a private who eats, sleeps, washes, worships and dies en masse. For them, the watch was a reprieve, a time of respite, a holiday. Excepting visits from the duty officer and the officer of the day, the station was left entirely to the watch; accordingly, they spent most of the time pursuing their private inclinations.

One such was a marine. He liked the station because there he could sit under a palm tree and watch the ocean and give himself up to day-dreaming, or throw off his uniform and swim or stretch his limbs in the sand and sun himself. But he was not indolent. He had the marines' *esprit de corps*, manifested in a certain self-conscious self-assurance, and he knew he had it; but he often reflected, while looking at his body, that his pride was not unjustifiable.

Another was a sailor who prized the watch because the station's situation appealed to his logic and pleased his esthetic sensibility. This produced in him a feeling of proprietorship, so that he spent much time in keeping the station shipshape and the area around it free of trash and driftwood. He was ignorant of his own surpassing beauty.

The first time these two stood the watch together, the marine was already there when the sailor arrived. He stood at the door and watched him approaching along the beach. He liked the way the other walked. He also liked the boy's appearance itself. He looked on as the sailor bent down, picked up a shell and sent it skimming far out over the water.

«How do they get into those uniforms?» he asked himself. «When you get a boy like this dressed like that, you really have something.» He gave a low whistle.

The sailor, coming inside from the brilliantly sunlit beach, was blinded by the comparative gloom of the station's interior, so that for some moments he could not recognize any object in the room. When his vision began clearing, he was surprised to see the marine so close. But he extended his hand in a cheerful greeting. The marine, impressed by this departure from the conventional rivalry obtaining between the navy and marines, returned the greeting. The marine's hand, and the warm, strong handshake pleased the sailor, so that he shook off the vestiges of blindness and looked more attentively at the marine's face. That, too, pleased him. But he was startled by something in the expression of his eyes. At other times, in other places, chancing to turn about, he had found a man or a boy watching him with this same expression; they, upon seeing him turn, had averted their gaze, but not before he had seen this look. Each time before, he had been with someone else, or had been occupied so that there was no opportunity to investigate the thing; but he had mused upon it long after. Sometimes it seemed that he almost understood what it meant; but not quite. Now it was there again, and this time he was by himself, and unoccupied. He glanced around the room to ascertain whether they were alone. They were. Apprehension smote him. He sought refuge in conversation, and mentioned the admittedly banal subject of the station's remoteness. The marine smiled, and replied that it was not necessarily an inexpedience, that there were compensations; that, indeed, this was a quality highly valued by some. The marine's steady, unequivocal look unnerved him. He could not face it. So he stared at the floor instead, and was enormously chagrined. He wished that he might be so self-assured, to enjoy whatever interior calm it was in the marine that afforded him that candour. He also wished he could fathom that expression in his eyes. It was quite enough in itself; but he also found it impossible to look for more than a moment at a handsome boy, if that boy were looking at him. It had always been that way. He wondered why. He suspected there was something wrong with him.

The marine offered him tea, and this broke the impasse, and the sailor was glad, and accepted it readily. The beverage fortified him, and he was able to converse suitably, although he noted, with considerable discomfort, that the marine continued looking at him. He tried to be unaware of it. He strove, too, to avoid thinking how handsome the marine was, and how uncommon his behavior, because these things disquieted him, and he could not tell why. Then the radio signalled, and the marine took up the earphones. The sailor, greatly relieved by this interruption, immediately recognized the opportunity to scrutinize the marine in turn, and did so. He saw that he was, indeed, handsome; exceedingly so. He observed, too, that the uniform was admirably designed for such a one, that it was especially commendable in not having hip pockets in the pants, thus leaving that area uncluttered and neat, and the natural contours of the body uninterrupted. It occurred to him that he would



like to see the marine naked. This disturbed him. He had seen countless boys and men naked since he had begun highschool, had graduated and joined the navy, and few of them had seemed to him worth a second glance; he had thought, therefore, that when his shipmates made jokes about queers he could laugh with them, for they were not referring to him. On the other hand, they also talked about the innumerable women they knew or had known, and they always spoke in superlatives about how deliciously those women were put together. He realized that he could not remember having seen any woman built as well as this.

The marine finished the message, secured the gear and turned around. The sailor, surprised at his perusal, looked quickly away, blushing. The marine saw this and smiled. He followed the sailor to the window and laid his hand lightly upon his shoulder. The sailor, however, was not prepared to assign a forthright explanation to his own conduct; so that, while he was anything but displeased by the marine's friendliness, he withdrew and put a space between them. A long silence followed, during which they looked out of the window. Finally the marine said, «May I ask you something?»

«Yes.»

«What do you do when you go on liberty?»

«Nothing much. — Why?»

«Nothing at all?»

«Well, not quite that. I haven't been on the island long. Sometimes I go swimming but usually I go to the ship service or to the library. Sometimes to the movies at NOB. — Why do you ask?»

«Idle curiosity — or because it's significant what one does with one's free time. Certain types of men lie in their bunks and sleep or read or write letters; others sit in the PX and drink beer or coke and talk or play cards or dice or marble machines. Still others swim. Some slip off and go the village.»

«But that's out of bounds.»

«True; but that doesn't keep some away; in fact, it appears to make it more attractive.»

«Did you ever go there?» the sailor asked.

«Sure.»

«Why?»

«It was something to do.»

«What is it like there? Are there grass huts and do the natives wear sarongs? And why is it out of bounds to military personnel?»

«Do you really mean you don't know?» the marine evinced disbelief. «There are wooden shacks just like they have them in the slum areas in the States, and the people dress the same way as they do in the slums. The only difference is that they have palm trees here.»

«Then why does anyone want to go there?»

The marine stared at him. After a while he asked, «How old are you?» «Nineteen.» The sailor strove with the problem. Then he looked hopefully at the marine and tentatively said, «Girls?» The marine nodded. Encouraged, the sailor went on, «And they all have diseases, and that's why the fellows can't go over there?»

«That's partially correct. But the main reason is that the natives simply don't want their wives and daughters fooled with. The ban is a sort of joint action by the military and the natives.»

The sailor watched the ocean. The marine watched the sailor. «What,» he said, «do you do on liberty in the States?»

«About the same things I do here, I guess.»

«Don't you ever go with girls?»

«Sure. Sometimes.»

«What happens then?»

The sailor suspected that he was being crossexamined. He glanced at the marine with a trace of annoyance; but again his courage failed the quiet, steady gaze, and he answered, «It depends on the girl.»

«Well, of course. I should ask, what kind of girls do you go with?»

«Oh, well, three or four of us fellows used to go ashore together, sometimes. That was in my San Diego days. I didn't know anybody there, so one of them always fixed me up with a date. We'd all walk around in town or go out to Balboa Park, or get something to eat and go to a movie. It was lots of fun. They were always talking and laughing. Silly, at times. But I liked them a lot. It was what happened late at night that wasn't so good.»

«What happened then?»

«Well — you see, everybody's been running around all afternoon and evening, living it up. Suddenly, everybody gets quiet, the group breaks up into pairs, each fellow with his date, and everybody sits on park benches and makes love. — You know, hugging and kissing.»

«And you didn't go for that?»

«I don't know. I guess it was all right. But it happened so suddenly. There we'd be, all together and having a bang-up time of it. Then all at once I realize I'm the only one doing it. Everybody else is quiet and looking sick at each other. Even my date has a funny look in her eye. She just walks along, not saying anything. I feel as if I had missed the boat. Everybody got the same idea at the same time, except me. — So we go sit down. My date and I just sit there. I try to think up something to say, but I never can. She doesn't say anything, either. So I can't tell whether she's tired and wants to go home or what. I look around at the others, and they're kissing up a storm; so I think maybe that's what we ought to be doing, so I put my arm around her shoulder and kiss her.»

«And then what?»

«And then she leans against me as if she's cold. — It's cold in San Diego at night — but she's got a big coat on, and I can't see how she could be cold; but they say some girls are anemic, so I don't know. Pretty soon she says something like do you have a girl friend back home, and she says why not, a nice boy like you ought to have lots of girl friends, so I say thanks for the compliment, and then I kiss her again.»

«What are the others doing by this time?»

«They usually disappear. They call over and say they're going for a coke or something and will be right back. But they don't come back, I don't see them until the next morning at muster. — The fellows, not the girls. They wink at me and ask me how was it, and when I say how

was that, they laugh like madmen, as if I had gone to bed with the girl and was trying to act as if I hadn't.»

«But you hadn't done any such thing.»

«Well, no. After all, it was the first time I'd been out with the girl. I hardly knew her.»

There was a silence. The marine rubbed his cheek. «Didn't it ever happen otherwise? I mean didn't you ever meet a girl you *liked* to sit with in the dark and make love to, and after five minutes you felt as if you had known her always?»

«Not that I remember.»

The marine made a hopeless gesture. «Incredible!»

The sailor said, «I guess there's something wrong with me.»

«It's fantastic,» the marine said, «nineteen years old, and he doesn't remember having kissed a girl and liked it.» The sailor looked confused and miserable. The marine appeared to turn the matter over in his mind. «Tell me this,» he went on, «how does the *idea* of kissing strike you?»

«I guess it's all right. Everybody seems to think it's great.»

«But you're not so sure?»

«I don't know.»

«Then we had best settle the matter. Stand where you are, and don't move. Now, don't become frightened, and please do not act silly. I'm going to kiss you, and you tell me whether you like it.»

The sailor looked frightened. «Wait a minute — *wait!*»

«What's wrong?»

«You're a boy!»

«So what?»

«Boys aren't supposed to kiss each other.»

«Why not? Who said so?»

There was no answer. But the sailor continued looking frightened. The marine proceeded. «Now get this. I think possibly the only thing wrong with you is that you have never been kissed properly. If that is the case, then you wouldn't be in a way to know whether you do or do not like it.» He placed his hands upon the sailor's shoulders and disregarding the knitted brows, leaned over and gently kissed his cheek.

«Did you like that?»

Below the knitted brows, the sailor's eyes, clouded with confusion, looked searchingly into his. «Yes.» The marine leaned forward again, and lightly caressed the sailor's lips with his own. Tongues of fire surrounded him. «Did any of these girls kiss you like that?»

«No.»

«I can't understand —» the marine stopped, a soft, warm glow had suffused the sailor's eyes. His brow was quite smooth. Moreover, he made no move to withdraw. The marine closed his arms around him, and pressed their lips together. The sailor's arms encircled his neck.

by hr.

## The Trouble About Nilo

A Story of 200 A.D.

by O. F. Simpson.

I am Agathon, aged 52, a freedman, head of the household of my employer Q. Laertius Columella in Rome. I first entered Laertius' employment as a slave thirty years ago; then I was able to do him some service in his absence over the accounts of his Tarentine estates, and when the post of head-of-the-household fell suddenly vacant, Laertius took a chance and gave me the job, with my manumission at the same time. I do not think I have given him cause to regret it; I myself have certainly never regretted it — my master's service has been my life, and though no master is perfect to those who serve him, yet he has always treated me with justice, and it has been a fruitful partnership.

Let me tell you about him — though if you lived in Rome you would scarcely need me to do so. He is immensely rich, with various commercial interests which take him on travels all over the world. His beautiful wife died young, and he finds little to interest him in his three children, who are brought up here with everything of the best but yet lack the love and attention of their father, who devotes his time exclusively to his work.

Of one thing only is Laertius especially proud — the quality and appearance of his slaves, each one of whom he chooses himself in the course of his journeys. My instructions are to receive and train only those hand-picked young men whom he sends back to me from his travels with a special password known only to him and me. He likes to be attended only by young men between 17 and 25 as perfect in physical form as it is possible to find. All the big slave-markets know him by now and get ready their special prizes for him when he comes through. We have fifteen or sixteen in the house now, all from different parts of the world, yet each chosen with the discrimination of a connoisseur, and paid for at the very highest price. Laertius makes no secret to his friends of the pleasure he takes in his «collection» of young men, and when he is in Rome his invitations to the dinner parties where these slaves are on show, serving the food and drink, are very much sought after.

Nilo — whom this story is about — he found in the market at Alexandria. Laertius' secretary gave me the story afterwards. Laertius was well known by now to all the dealers, as was his habit of insisting that all possible candidates should be paraded in the sun completely naked before he bought. He liked to test the youths' spirit with a pinch on their thighs, or a slap, or a slash with his stick across their calves as they stood up smartly to attention under the dealer's eye. Of course most of the slaves were cowed already and took no notice, but a few of the higher-spirited ones scowled back at him, and occasionally one of the younger ones would even blush. Nilo was one of these — a superb physical specimen from one of our outer possessions, Hibernia — with a fair skin, a shock of reddish curls, a snub nose and attractive freckles all over his face. When Laertius slapped him, he blushed scarlet and squared up with his fists at once as if to hit back, until he heard the dealer cursing him and telling him to stand still; but Laertius was captivated by the little extra show of spirit and temper, bought him at once and shipped him back to me in Rome for training, while he went on further east into Asia on his journey.



I had had through my hands youths from just about everywhere in our great Empire — swarthy Negroes with glistening black skins, long-limbed fine-drawn Arabs, blond Germans, tough thickset Scythians, acrobats from Spain, slim and perfectly shaped boys from the Greek islands — and throughout the years I began to be quite proud of the way I welded them into a perfect team of servants, choosing the various jobs best suited to each, keeping the peace between them (and there were frequent quarrels with so many young men confined in one house), teaching them their duties, and always watching over their physical condition so that they should be a credit to the household in which they appeared. Often we found them unsuitable — they might turn out to be too rough and boorish to take on the necessary polish for serving a gentleman, or too girlish and effeminate to stand up to the quite hard physical training they were given — and so we sold them.

Nilo was from the start a rather reserved and silent youth — I felt sure that he missed his native land, and he found our Latin tongue difficult — but he gave many signs of strong currents of feeling running under that quiet exterior — too strong for a slave perhaps. His physical beauty however was great, his frank and open smile most engaging (again, most unlike a slave), and his muscular young body responded magnificently to the attentions of our skilled masseur. The fair skin that belongs to his northern skies was something quite new to us, but when we saw what a wonderful silken sheen it took when oiled by the massage we were all very pleased and knew we should have something good to show our master on his return.

A week after Laertius got back, in September, we gave our first dinner party. As I have said, these were something of an occasion — a dozen well-known senators and business acquaintances were asked informally for the evening, and the food and drink for which my master was famous was quietly served with one of the young slaves to each guest. The boys wore a special house uniform for the occasion — a tight-fitting, pure white cotton singlet from the throat down to the top of their thighs with a strip between the legs, and a soft red leather belt — nothing else. Their arms, shoulders, thighs and calves were all bare; and woe betide the sewing woman who made each youth his singlet individually to measure, if there was a single fold or crease in the garment to interfere with the contours of the splendid young torso underneath.

It was a busy and tiring time for me superintending every detail of these parties, but we had done our work well and all went smoothly till just before midnight. Then the storm blew up suddenly. I had noticed with half an eye as I looked round that the elderly — and as I thought highly respectable — senator whose couch Nilo had been allotted was caressing the boy's thigh with his hand; and I thought no more of it — after all we're all human, aren't we, the wine was good, and he wasn't the only guest who behaved like that. Then suddenly I heard a loud cry of pain from Nilo and saw him kneel down on the couch and begin to beat the old man about the face and head for all he was worth, swearing at him all the while in a language I couldn't understand. I hurried forward and with some difficulty got the scowling, furious boy off the old man and with the help of other slaves frogmarched him out of the room. But of course the damage was done; it was a terrible disgrace for a guest to suffer a public indignity like that in our house, and my master was rightly beside himself with indignation. Laertius never raised his voice when angry, and all he said was «Have him whipped tomorrow, and dismiss him, please, Agathon»;

but I noticed the tightening of his lips that always portended extreme rage, and I knew how deeply he felt the sudden blow to his prized reputation for hospitality. He then turned to the much more difficult task of pacifying the old senator — having his couch moved up to Laertius' own, plying him with more wine, and so on. I sent in a relief slave in Nilo's place, a stolid Thracian; but the pleasure had gone out of the party and it broke up soon after. I had a most unpleasant ten minutes with my master; I do not take criticism easily and could not stomach his insistence that the incident was my fault, since the slaves were my responsibility. But I got out of the room somehow.

I hate whippings, and have all along set my face against them in this household, believing that there are no situations that cannot be better handled by the exercise of a little ingenuity or cunning or common sense, or even sometimes simple kindness. Indeed I had earned myself the contempt and hatred of Lorio, the very low-class slave from the gymnasium round the corner who carried out for us such whippings as were necessary, for which he was paid a special fee — since so few had been necessary in my time. Nilo, however, could not be saved without myself disobeying orders and losing my job — not that I felt much like begging him off since I was as angry with him as anyone. But when I saw him next morning bound to the acacia tree in our inner courtyard where the whippings were always done, I almost relented. It's not that I think twice about the pain — I've been a slave myself and know well both how searingly and desperately painful the process is, and how soon you forget all about it afterwards; it was just that I thought it hopelessly unsuitable for this particular young man. I couldn't help contrasting the skill and artistry which the Egyptian masseur had devoted to perfecting his glorious body the day before, with the treatment it was now about to receive. The sight of Lorio licking his lips as he strung Nilo's wrists up by a single leather thong across the bough didn't improve matters.

Well, Nilo could bear pain no better and no worse than the rest of us. He began to scream early — as I had advised him from my own experience to do. It was not the first time I had seen a beating, but today I stopped my ears and turned away, being neither able to trust myself to look or listen. I had, however, taken the precaution to pay money to the only other person present, our house doctor, to intervene and stop the punishment a good bit earlier than was strictly necessary. This trick worked. Much to the annoyance of Lorio the doctor strode up to Nilo and called the beating off. Nilo was cut down, and fortunately gave colour to the doctor's story by fainting on the stretcher.

The doctor and I moved the stretcher at once into my own room; for I must now reveal that it was my intention to disobey the second part of my master's instruction. I would not dismiss Nilo, but bide my time and reintroduce him much later into service again, when I found Laertius in a good mood. For the present, however, Nilo would disappear — the slaves' dormitory knew him no more. The only people at first privy to my secret were the doctor, who had to treat his wounds, and the cook, who had to prepare his food; but they were both trusted friends of mine.

I will not weary you with details about the weeks Nilo spent in recovery secreted in my room. For the first days he lay most of the time on his face on his pallet in the corner of the room. Later when he got up, he fretted a lot

at the enforced imprisonment, and I had to let him out at night for exercise, though always with misgivings. During the day he would tell me stories of his native Hibernia, and I learnt of the astonishing adventures he had as a boy before Laertius found him in Alexandria. He told me too something of the strange beliefs of the new sect of Christians, whose «services» held secretly in crypts and cellars he had often attended. These were disturbing things indeed — a religion that catered even for slaves! It cannot succeed, I am sure. In all, as we were thrown so much together and his character seemed as fine and well formed as his person, I think I fell more than a bit in love with him; but there has never been much time in my life for love, and I feared that my whole scheme might go awry — and my post in the household with it — if I gave rein to my affection for him.

And so the day came when, with his scars healed, Nilo was in perfect physical condition again, and it was time for me to attempt the boldest part of my plan — to get him reinstated in Laertius' favour. I chose one of those lovely still autumn days that we get in Rome, and waited till my master was sitting quietly alone on the terrace at the end of the day, at peace with the world — or as much so as so dynamic, restless a man can ever be. I had spent many hours beforehand with the masseur oiling, pounding and kneading Nilo's muscles to restore to his healed skin that wonderful sheen my master liked. One of Nilo's friends among the slaves, who was now in the secret, went out wrestling with him every evening in a gymnasium in another part of the city (I did not trust them out during the day); the barber did his best with the unruly shock of red hair, which was really the better for being left unruly; and on the great day I myself dressed him in his tight-fitting white tunic and red belt. Actually in the course of the time since Nilo's disgrace we had changed the slaves' uniforms — their torsos were now completely bare and the new uniform was nothing but a short kilt of gold brocade; but I had the idea that confronted suddenly by Nilo after so long, my master, who was a man of many concerns, might not remember who he was, and the old uniform would serve quicker than anything to remind him.

I was in a state of great agitation, because my disobedience would certainly recoil on my own head if all didn't go well; but I chose my moment, sent the boy in alone to Laertius and withdrew to watch through a convenient hole in the curtain. Nilo was indeed lovely, a masterpiece, the perfection of a radiantly healthy, athletic young Apollo. I was glad to see that he was not as nervous as I was, but bore himself proudly and with confidence, though with all the necessary deference and respect. He got right up to Laertius' couch before being seen, then knelt on one knee and began to recite the short speech I'd made him learn. His Latin was so bad I thought it essential to prime him in full with what I wanted him to say. Laertius, after a first start of amazement, said nothing, but I saw his eyes moving to and fro over the kneeling figure. In business circles his «poker face» was legendary, so I never expected his feelings to appear at all in his face, and they didn't.

All this while Nilo continued with his little oration, speaking the clipped, broken Latin I had come to know so well, but always in a low, musical tone. When he came to the end, my instructions to him were to raise his face and look Laertius straight between the eyes. He did so. I thought I had never seen anything so exciting as this flushed, handsome lad, poised forward on one knee,

the very essence of submission and devotion, searching his master's stony face for the first sign of mercy. All was absolutely still in the room for nearly half a minute as Nilo held his blue eyes unwavering on his master's brown ones; but in the end it was Laertius who looked away first — and I knew Nilo had won.

I then saw something which made me rub my eyes, something I'd never seen before in all my years' service with Laertius, and never expected to see. Laertius told the boy to get up, and himself rising from the couch put his arm round Nilo's slim waist, straining the boy's hard, athletic young body close to his side, and talking to him all the while in urgent, vibrant tones, as they paced the room together. My eye took pleasure in the contrasted colours of the scene — the green Assyrian carpet on which they walked, my master's Tyrian purple toga with its threads of silver wire, Nilo's glistening golden-brown legs and his muscular torso clearly outlined by the tight white singlet. From my point of concealment I couldn't catch all they said, but there was no denying the extraordinary tenderness and affection in Laertius' voice, the forgiveness offered (and dutifully received), and even — most unexpected of all — the occasional twinkle in his eye as they shared some joke together, which I couldn't hear but guessed to be at the expense of the old senator who had started it all. So much humanity and warmth I had never conceived to exist in Laertius at all; but he seemed now in a moment to have bridged that unbridgeable gap between master and slave, and to be treating Nilo like a son — the erring boy that it is a father's special delight to forgive after punishment and love again. How long would it last, I wondered. I had not recovered from my amazement when, still talking, they passed together out of my sight into an inner room.

## MAN IS A SEXUAL BEING

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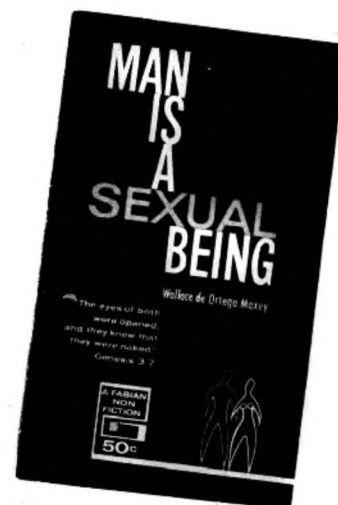
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# Leaves from a Journal

## PAGES DE CARNET

par

ROBERT AMAR

*The following three 'pages from a diary of reflections' are translated from the April, 1958 issue of ARCADIE, published in Paris. A fourth follows in French, taken directly from the magazine. The translation is by Dr. Henri Lormier, Review staff member of San Francisco.*

1 Homosexuality is a reality. At the same time it constitutes a problem that begs for solution in accordance with the results of scientific research, psychology and morality; in accordance with justice that is fair and benevolent. To deny the reality of homosexuality and the problem it creates is as stupid as it is ineffective. Nevertheless, many do deny it.

Roger Martin du Gard, author of the play, "The Taciturn," has one of his characters say to another, Armand, "It happens, even to the best people." Juvet, a famous French actor, was afraid of protests from the audience, and omitted the word "even." But the next day he went further and omitted the entire clause, "even to the best people," and said only, "it happens." This was real progress, chided Andre Gide, who reported the event. "And though he (Juvet) does not say it any more, it happens nevertheless, and the indignation of conformists cannot change this fact."

There are still too many who hide their heads in sand like ostriches when it comes to facing the reality of homosexuality. In our time the homophile has only the choice of being forgotten, or laughed at, or to be used—as martyrs of whom Camus speaks—but is there never understanding.

It is permissible to pay homage to those who know how to free themselves from the dark clouds of obscurity and who are the forerunners, who open up the ways to new discoveries which will help succeeding generations. And no one can deny that these generations will need this help.

2 Simone de Beauvoir, author of "Le Deuxieme Sexe" ("The Second Sex"), scores an all too-common vicious circle, one which creates internal unhappiness.

"We know," she says, "the sally of Bernard Shaw when he said substantially: 'The white American puts the Negro on the level of shoe-shiners and then draws the conclusion that the Negro is fit only to shine shoes.'"

We find this vicious circle in all analogous circumstances. When an individual or a group is kept in an inferior position, the result usually is that he then IS inferior. But here we have to come to an agreement concerning the verb *to be*. It is bad faith to give this verb a substantial value here, whereas it has a dynamic character, in the Hegalian sense: "to be,"—that is having *become* to be, is to have been made such as one does himself come to be known.

While society refuses to acknowledge homosexuality as a reality, and while society speaks about it as if it were an anomaly, a perversion, a vice, or a neurosis, it puts a whole group (and the public in almost every country would be amazed to learn just how large this group is within their midst) in a position of inferiority. It puts a derisive stamp on them and later forces the group to become, in a certain way, the very evil which society accuses it to be.

A vicious circle, a dramatic circle also for all human beings with a heart, mind, and body, who are the victims of this unjust transmutation. Thinking men and women should not rest until each has done his part to level this "Bastille" so that it will meet, sooner or later, its own "July 14th." (The French revolution started with the levelling of the Bastille in Paris on July 14, 1789.)

3 There are those of us who are sometimes inflamed with a sensual curiosity when we meet a certain face on the street, a curiosity which chokes and palpitates our breathing and which sweeps away our deepest fears and cautions so that we are forced to follow the other. We must meet by all means.

Andre Gide was one of those persons, a pawn for sensual curiosity.

He acknowledges this in his journal, calling it an "imperious propulsion, that is so insidious, so secret a counsel, a custom so inveterate, that I doubt often if I can resist it without help from the outside."

This curiosity which brings with it a kind of intoxication, is also tyrannical. It gives us the keys to a domain which can be either a heaven or a hell when unlocked. Here the intuition is not much of a sure guide; it is too much confused by contradictory elements of reason, sentiment and passion. It makes no sense to ask oneself if one has to envy such human beings, or to deplore them. Each of us would ans-

wer such a question in accordance with his own temperament, depending upon whether he gives preference to his sense of intoxication or to his fear of tyranny. And if he is inclined to be fearful, could it not be that he will be conscious of a secret longing while he knows that love, as all things grandiose, involves an enormous risk?

Isn't the most important thing to be ardent? Ardor is the device which one could see in the imaginary emblem of all those who are born to love—a magnificent calling, and one that is not commonplace.

Isn't it possible that many sorrows of men arise because this calling is such a rarity? And is it not true that the conscious human being who had only himself as a goal suffers an abominable emptiness?

**4** Il y a le camp de ceux qui — peut-être faute de mieux — séparent dans leur existence les choses de la chair et celles du cœur; il y a le camp de ceux qui ne les conçoivent qu'associées, se croyant dégradés s'ils ne donnent d'eux-mêmes que la part charnelle, sans l'autre.

Les censeurs ont des réactions contraires; parfois, il fustigent durement le premier, réservant une certaine indulgence pour le second; parfois, c'est l'inverse.

Le procès d'Oscar Wilde montre que la société anglaise de son temps, si elle savait fermer les yeux sur des comportements qui n'engageaient que des épidermes, se refusait à reconnaître la grandeur d'un amour qui porte l'être au-delà de ses limites pour le hausser à la dimension sans mesure du don total.

Dans le débat jamais clos, André Gide apporte, d'expérience, ses arguments à la défense moins aisée de ceux qui cultivent les voluptés faciles : « Aucune honte... Sorte de paradis vulgaire et de communion par en bas. L'important c'est de ne pas y prêter d'importance, ni de se croire avili par elles : l'esprit n'y est nullement engagé, non plus que l'âme, qui n'y fait pas trop attention. Mais, dans l'aventure, un amusement et un plaisir extraordinaires accompagnent la joie de la découverte et de la nouveauté. »

En somme, le culte de la sensation pour elle-même, érigé en finalité; un des beaux-arts, aussi, dès lors que l'esthétique y a sa part.

Tout à l'opposé, le Marcel Jouhandeau du *Pur Amour* : « Quelqu'un a dit : devant la beauté, on est sans courage. Devant la pureté, je les ai tous et d'abord celui de la respecter. Du moment qu'il n'y a que le vice, je me retire, ce n'est pas ce que je cherchais. »

ROBERT AMAR.

## ARCADIE WILL CELEBRATE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY IN PARIS NOV. 8-11 WITH SPECIAL PROGRAM

The following letter is an invitation to friends and members of the Mattachine Society to attend the 5th Anniversary celebration of Arcadie in Paris in November, together with a reply.

Dear Friends:

Arcadie will soon celebrate its fifth anniversary in Paris. This letter is to invite you to attend the various activities that will take place on this occasion. We invite, of course, all members of your organization, and hope they can come to Paris.

There will be lectures, addresses, a banquet — with official representatives of

the French arts, letters and sciences. These activities will be held November 8-11, 1958. We will do our utmost to arrange free lodging for all foreign friends who may attend. The French National Railways offer a 20% discount on all rail tickets for foreign visitors from the frontier to Paris and elsewhere within the country. Please let your members and friends know of this event. We would be especially pleased if the directors and presidents of similar organizations in foreign countries can be present on this occasion.

With friendly regards, André Baudry,  
Director of Arcadie

### ARCADIE

REVUE LITTÉRAIRE ET SCIENTIFIQUE  
paraissant le 15 de chaque mois

*ARCADIE présente le problème homophile, et apporte à une multitude qui se cherche, se refuse, qui souffre, un moyen efficace, régulier de se connaître et de mieux vivre.*

*Articles divers (nouvelles, études, philosophie, médecine, histoire). Dessins.*

*ARCADIE, mieux connue, soutenue, poursuivra son chemin dans la Justice, le Respect et l'Amitié.*

Le N° : 200 F

#### ABONNEMENT

	6 mois	1 an
France, Italie .....	1 300 F	2 500 F
Etranger .....	1 500 F (\$5)	3 000 F (\$9)

Envoi sous pli fermé

162, rue Jeanne-d'Arc - PARIS-XIII<sup>e</sup>

Cher Monsieur Baudry,  
De la part des quelques milles lec-  
teurs de la *Mattachine Revue aux Etats-*  
Unis, nous présentons nos meilleurs  
vœux sincères et nos félicitations à  
l'*Arcadie* en France avec son cinquième  
Anniversaire.

Beaucoup des amis de la *Mattachine*  
Société qui lisent le français, ont lu les  
publications diverses d'*Arcadie*, lesquel-  
les vous avez bien voulu échanger avec  
les nôtres.

Ils ont exprimé toujours leur grand  
estime pour vos publications. Comme  
vous avez bien noté, nous avons traduit  
de temps en temps des articles d'*Arcadie*  
en anglais et nous les avons publiés dans  
notre Revue, toujours avec le même résul-  
tat.

Nous avons tenu récemment à New York  
notre cinquième Convention-Générale,  
quelque notre organisation s'est consti-

tuée en 1950. Cette occasion était pour  
nous un fait mémorable et elle nous a  
permis de nous rendre compte de l'import-  
ance de votre anniversaire.

C'est avec un grand et sincère plaisir  
que nous envoyons nos meilleurs vœux  
à toute la Rédaction d'*Arcadie* et ses  
lecteurs en France et ailleurs dans le  
monde.

Aux Etats-Unis, nous puisons de la  
force dans l'accomplissement de notre  
travail, du bon exemple, que votre Revue  
excellente nous a montré.

Vous et vos amis êtes cordialement in-  
vités à visiter nos bureaux, lors de votre  
séjour dans notre pays, ou nous serons  
heureux de vous recevoir et du meilleur  
accueil vous sera réservé.

Hal Call,  
Directeur des Publications  
de la *Mattachine Société*

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(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)



# READERS *write*

REVIEW EDITOR: I want you to know that the October issue is far superior to preceding issues. I am married, have children, an adoring and beautiful wife, yet am one who leads the double life that is all too common. ...Am plagued with fears of detection because of business, friends etc., yet keep searching. ...As a result I find the REVIEW like a friend; company to me in this problem with society as a whole. I shall look forward to future issues. Mr. C.M., Pennsylvania.

REVIEW EDITOR: Dr. Bowman (see article p. 31) put the legislators on a spot with their own hostilities deriving from their own latent homosexuality, in doing nothing or opposing legal reforms. But, as usual, I do not think that legalizing homosexuality, will help the homosexual much, if any. His faults in mistreating his own kind are mostly responsible for his loneliness and unhappiness. His promiscuity and lack of regard for those he has enjoyed relations with, even if satisfactory to all concerned really stand out as a blight on his happiness. —Dr. K.M., California.

REVIEW EDITOR: I note that the address of SEX & CENSORSHIP magazine is the same as that of the Mattachine Society in San Francisco. Is there a connection between them? —Mr. C.H., Missouri.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Offices of SEX & CENSORSHIP are located on the 4th floor of the same building in which the Mattachine Society and the REVIEW are located. Our offices are on 3rd. Mid-Tower Publishing Corp., publishers of S&C, is in no way connected with Mattachine. However, S&C is available through the REVIEW, at 50¢ per copy, or by subscription, \$6 for 12 bi-monthly issues. This new magazine is chiefly concerned with maintaining the right of individuals to read, particularly about matters and problems in the sex sphere which have so long been the object of censors.

REVIEW EDITOR: I would like sample copies of foreign magazines like DER

NEUE RING, VRIENDSCHAP or ARCADIE. Don't they have such publications in Sweden and Norway? I know they have some liberal views. Is there any way one can write to them directly? Perhaps you can tell me what are International Reply Coupons and how one may obtain them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The REVIEW is unable to supply copies of most foreign publications (listed elsewhere in this issue), except the now monthly ICSE Newsletter (published in English, \$10 per year). However readers may obtain sample copies of these magazines by sending 7 International Reply Coupons to the addresses listed. These Coupons are obtainable at U.S. post-offices in 8¢ denominations. One Scandinavian magazine is published, in Danish, to serve Denmark, Sweden and Norway where the "Forbundet af 1948" organization is located. The magazine is called PAN. The address is Postbox 1023, Kopenhagen K, Denmark.

REVIEW EDITOR: With some statements in the Sept. Review I certainly disagree: "... it nevertheless declares that the concept of homosexuality as a disease is unacceptable." Viewed from the criteria of the homosexual's long-range happiness with society and himself, it seems homosexuality in the majority of cases is a problem to the individual even when accepted by friends. At any rate, the word "problem" appears often enough. ...I disagree with points 4,5 and 6 by Mr. Leroy, some comments by Mr. DeWees, etc. ... (But) because I see the REVIEW as an honest attempt at freedom of expression useful in my better understanding of the problem of sexual deviation, rather than propaganda designed to mislead, please find enclosed a check for subscription to the REVIEW and THE LADDER. —Mr. R.S., Massachusetts.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Society and the REVIEW use the term "disease" in the commonly accepted usage (definition 2 in Webster) and not in the archaic sense of definition 1.

## Ease Up Sex Laws, Urges Dr. Bowman



DR. KARL M. BOWMAN

REPORTED BY CHARLES McCABE  
IN THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

An internationally known San Francisco psychiatrist yesterday asked the California Legislature to throw sex crimes out of the lawbooks—except crimes of violence and those against young children.

Dr. Karl M. Bowman said he believed any sex act—including overt homosexuality—carried out "between two willing adults in private" should not rank as a criminal offense.

As if to make certain he would not be misunderstood, Dr. Bowman said, he advocated translating into United States law the sex provisions of the European Code Napoleon.

The Code Napoleon—the body of civil law promulgated by Napoleon in 1804—provides, Dr. Bowman said, "that any sexual act carried out by two consenting adults which does not result in physical harm and does not offend public decency is not consid-

ered a crime."

Dr. Bowman was medical superintendent of the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute from 1941 until he retired in 1956. He gave his views to a visibly stunned audience of professional and business people at a weekly Commonwealth Club luncheon at the Sheraton-Palace.

### DISAPPROVAL

"However, I don't want people walking out of here saying Dr. Bowman approves homosexuality. I am not arguing with you that it is to be approved. I am arguing it is not a crime. You should draw



a line between things you disapprove of and things you want to change by law."

Dr. Bowman took the view that it is society that determines what is a sex offense rather than some universal moral law.

"The society in which one lives," he said, "decides what sort of sexual behavior can be practiced and what type of sexual behavior would be forbidden by law.

"These forbidden practices are commonly referred to as perversions."

### PROTECTION

He added that society had the "right to protect itself against certain behavior, such as sexual crimes of violence and against young children" and should use strong laws to do so.

Present attitudes toward homosexuality, Dr. Bowman said, "are largely inherited from and based on an ancient Jewish code of 2000 years ago."

Early Christians referred to sodomy as "the abominable sin not fit to be named among Christians" and punished it with death by burial alive.

Biologically, the psychiatrist remarked, there "is no such thing as a perversion."

Dr. Bowman said he was also against any law which interfered with the sexual life of married people, such as laws depriving them of birth control information.

"A great many books on marriage counseling recommend acts which are felonies in most of our states," he said.

### HOMOSEXUALITY

Most of his talk, however, centered on homosexuality. "I agree homosexuality per se is not an offense and all laws should take this into consideration," he said.

Yet California has passed progressively sterner laws against "anyone guilty of this infamous crime against nature,"—in the language of the California Penal Code—until the present point where it can theoretically be punished by life imprisonment.

The Federal Government takes an even sterner view of the offense, he continued. "In the Federal Government an inductee risks a blue discharge because of homosexual tendencies as well as homosexual acts."

Using the "tendency" test a psychiatrist could "justly label a large segment of our population as latent," he said.

In fact, the doctor declared the latent homosexual element in many persons is a roadblock to solving the problem.

"It is possible," he said, "that the tremendous amount of emotion often aroused against homosexuality is largely due to stirring up of the individual's own repressed or latent impulses."

The test of latent homosexuality, he indicated, would make it fairly easy for a psychiatrist to label justly "a large segment of our population as latent."

In fact, the doctor declared, the very problem of homosexuality may fall short of being solved because of the latent element existing in many persons.

### EMOTION

"It is probable," he said, that the tremendous amount of emotion often aroused against homosexuality is largely due to stirring up of the individual's own repressed or latent impulses.

"And therefore many persons who can discuss murder and other serious crimes in a calm, intelligent manner cannot discuss homosexuality without becoming highly emotional."

He urged that California

legislators should get behind "a serious study by a qualified group in California going over the whole problem of homosexuality and perversions and getting recommendations.

Dr. Bowman is a past president of the American Psychiatric Society. He has had for years challenging views on our sex laws.

Note: The two paragraphs in the story above that are identical except for a single word, have been reprinted here just as they appeared originally.

The above report was published in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. Two days later, however, the report below appeared in the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS, telling of a stroke of censorship applied by an Oakland, Calif., radio station, which decided not to air the talk. (The station is owned by the OAKLAND TRIBUNE).

## Radio Station Rejects Scholarly Sex Speech

Radio KLX refused to broadcast a scholar's discussion of sex laws before the Commonwealth Club, The News has learned.

The Oakland station has been carrying the club's lectures for many years, but for the first time declined to do so.

THE LECTURE was by Dr. Karl Bowman, professor emeritus at UC, retired head of Langley Porter Clinic, and an internationally-known authority on the sex legislation.

In his speech, Dr. Bowman contended that society should not try to govern sexual behavior to the extent that it does. And he added that laws cannot con-

trol homosexuality.

KLX Station Mgr. Bud Foster said he had received many calls asking why the program had been dropped.

"It was one of those ticklish things," he said. "It was an excellent speech, but some of those words shouldn't go on radio."

BEFORE THE speech was to be aired, the Commonwealth Club sent Foster and Central Valley stations that were to carry it this wire:

"In view of varying individual station policies, suggest check tape Dr. Bowman's Common-

wealth Club talk, 'Repressive Sex Laws'. The wire bore no name.

Club officials today were surprised to learn there had been no broadcast.

**IN REPLY** to the censorship Dr. Bowman said today, "This simply proves one of the most important points I made. The public and those in authority are not willing to have a free discussion on sex legislation.

"There are things the public ought to know. The great issue is whether we are going to have laws regulating in great detail our sexual behavior . . . among married couples, among any consenting individuals."

Dr. Bowman's talk brought forth a favorable response from some newspaper readers in California when they read the report on it. Reproduced below are two of the letters published in the **SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE**:

Editor—Karl Bowman, M. D., recently emphasized his previous belief that laws directed at the criminal prosecution of the homosexual should be removed from our statutes.

In general, I agree that homosexuality as an entity is not criminal and, therefore, efforts to eliminate or control it should be social and clinical rather than punitive.

Homosexuality is a biological impasse or detour . . . It is ubiquitous throughout history, at one epoch condoned and at another condemned. It would seem that neither attitude is the best . . .

Live and let live is a sound precept but let us not lean too far in our permissiveness or indiscriminate acceptance of one of such deviations. Homosexuals need understanding, but not approval . . .

It is for the psychiatrists, anthropologists, and other students of

human behavior to view this problem dispassionately and deal with it in an objective and unemotional way. Homosexuality has always been with us. It is not a disease and can never be eliminated. Let us face it for what it is, with neither scorn nor sanction. The seduction of the young and the mercenary pursuit of homosexuals must be dealt with punitively which accounts, in part, for the severity of our legal penalties. Its prevention is often possible and it is here that our efforts should be concentrated rather than in the futile efforts to abolish behavior that, unfortunately, is inherent in some human beings . . .

**MARK LEWIS GERSTLE, M.D.**  
Chief Psychiatrist,  
Youth Authority,  
State of California.  
Sacramento.

Editor—Having read the story on homosexuality quoting Dr. Bowman and the commentary by Dr. Gerstle, I agree that consenting, adult homosexuals should not be subject to the present laws.

If Dr. Bowman is correct in stating that the sanction for these laws is given by codes dating from antiquity, might we not all hope that in these same ancient judgments mention is made that sin consists also in the pain and misery we inflict upon our fellow man from unenlightened and shallow decisions? For in this age when the individual spirit of man is being threatened, what virtues need we cultivate more than those of human understanding and tolerance?

If our Legislature cannot remove this section from the Penal Code, they could at least reword and rephrase it so as to rid it of its condemnatory tone. This, I feel, would insure violators of more humane treatment.

*matachine* **REVIEW**

**one**

**ONE MAGAZINE**—"The Homosexual Viewpoint"—Monthly, 50c per copy, \$5 per year; 2 years \$9, first class. Articles, fiction, poems, drawings.

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THE  
**Ladder**

Monthly publication of Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 165 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco 5, Calif. Subscriptions: \$2.50 per year, first class. Concerns Lesbian aspects of homophile problem—written and edited by women.

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**IN THIS CORNER...**



(From **VRIENDSCHAP**, Amsterdam, September 1958 Issue)

**SUBSCRIBING MEMBERSHIP (Non-Voting)** is available to anyone over 21 years of age. Participation in activities of organized chapters is not required. Fee is \$15 per year (12 months from date received). Special offer to current subscribers of the Review: \$12 pays for subscribing membership status for remainder of subscription, up to 12 months from date received. Subscribing Members also receive four issues of **INTERIM**, national news quarterly of the Mattachine Society, Inc.

Joining the Society as a Subscribing Member is simple: Write to the Board of Directors and enclose appropriate fee. Additional details and subscribing membership card will be mailed to you.

## **FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS**

### **THE CIRCLE (DER KREIS)**

Published monthly since 1932, in French, German and English (no translation duplications); contains photos, illustrations and art reproductions, Rolf, editor. Annual subscriptions \$11 first class sealed, Bank draft or cash to Lesezirkel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

### **DER NEUE RING**

DER NEUE RING—Monthly review in German. Contents include literary and scientific articles, photos. Subscription rate, \$7.00 per year (DM 29.60) sealed, orders by International Money Order. For sample copy send seven international reply coupons. Address: Verlag Gerhard Prescha, Alsterchaussee 3, Hamburg 13, Germany.

### **ICSE NEWSLETTER**

Mimeographed English edition, published monthly by International Committee for Sexual Equality, Jack Argo, editor. Annual subscriptions, \$10. Address Postbox 1564, Amsterdam, Holland. (Single copies 50 cents each --may be ordered from Mattachine Review.)

### **VRIENDSCHAP**

Monthly magazine in Dutch with articles about male and female homophile problems, published by Cultuur en Ontspannings Centrum (C.O.C.), Bob Angelo, editor. Subscriptions \$4 per year. Address Postbox 542, Amsterdam, Holland.

### **ARCADIE**

Monthly literary and scientific review in French, A. Baudry editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris 13, France.