



mattachine 50c **REVIEW**

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

DECEMBER 1958

In This Issue...

HOMOSEXUALITY

Key to the Future?



How to slay the bogey of fear:

DRAGONS, ANYONE?



Noel I. Garde reviews
Oscar Wilde's

TELENY



mattachine DIRECTORY

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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT (For Subscriber Edition Only)

FIRST ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT PROGRESS SURVEY, WORKSHOP AND SEMINAR, Saturday December 6, 1958, at San Francisco

SPECIAL ARTICLE: TIME USUALLY SHOWS THE FOLLY OF THOSE WHO FAVOR CENSORSHIP, by Frank Daniel in the Atlanta CONSTITUTION—See Center Pages

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Those Sinister Southpaws

SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—It is of interest to note that in 1958 boys of a well-known public school are caned if they are seen talking with girls and are liable to expulsion if the offence occurs again. I do not say that this is typical of public schools throughout the country but my source of information about this one school is reliable enough for me to think it true.

The attitude of the 'powers that be' in public schools towards heterosexual relationships is, however, rather quaint. For a boarding public school boy to have a girl friend is out of the question. No nunnery wall was ever so high.

The origin of all this comes, strangely enough, from the Church. The idea that it is sinful to even think of girls is tacitly propagated and one might almost say that religion was anti-sex; at least, the 'God help me to shoot as many Russians as I can' sort of religion which seems to be the fashion in schools of this sort.

Putting aside the temptation to discuss the immense harm sexual repression can do, I will make two points which I think important. First, homosexuality is already rife in public schools. It is in conditions like these that it breeds. It may get worse. Secondly, an adolescent deprived of sexual outlet for long periods may, when he finally has his girl friend, pursue his relationship to its physical fulfilment—a disaster to all concerned.

Let us hope that something will soon be done. I am the head boy of a public school. Please do not publish my name and address, for this letter 'lets the side down' badly.

HEAD BOY

From *The New Statesman*, London

THERE is a verse tucked away in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Judges that has always pleased me. In describing the army which the tribe of Benjamin had mustered for a raid on Israel, the author notes: "Among all these were seven hundred picked men who were left-handed; every one could sling a stone at a hair, and not miss." I find it highly satisfying that the army "brass" were wise enough to make special use of a group generally thought of as handicapped, smart enough to turn a liability into an asset.

Left-handedness has generally been considered a handicap. Such simple acts as writing and eating have always presented special problems to the southpaw. There are some forms of athletics in which left-handedness is considered a liability—though Lefty Grove and Stan Musial have done all right. At any rate, left-handedness used to be considered more of a liability than it is today, for it was viewed as an evidence of the gods' disapproval, and therefore something of evil omen. That's why *sinister*, the Latin word for "left-handed," has taken on such interesting implications.

So I say, let's applaud the tribe of Benjamin and its high command for showing signs of real maturity in their treatment of people who were different. Instead of consigning its left-handed draftees to the Old Testament equivalent of K.P. or classifying them as 4-F, the tribe welded them into an elite corps.

It is always a sign of maturity in any civilization when its minorities, its mentally and spiritually left-handed, who think and act in original and nonconformist patterns, are valued instead of censured. One can spot the immature, the primitive-minded, the partially civilized by their treatment of persons who are exceptions to the rule or who don't adhere to the tribal customs. All too typical is the attitude of the two English miners who were walking home from the pits and saw a stranger on the opposite side of the street.

"Is 'e one of us?" asked one.

"Naw, 'e ain't one of us," replied the other.

"Then 'eave a brick at 'im!"

That is precisely what society has generally done with those in its midst who were different in the color of their skin, the practice of their religion, or their habit of living. In the developing years of our own national life we have often shown in very painful fashion this particular kind of social infantilism.

Perhaps nowhere is the demand for conformity more in evidence than among the American high school crowd. The insistence on uniformity at this age level extends even to the clothes that are worn—of which the universally worn "Levis," or faded blue jeans, are the symbol. It is part of that huddle for self-protection, for complete identification, which is one of the phenomena of the high school years.

The misfortune is that many in our society who should be safely past that level of compulsive conformity have never graduated from it. Many still tend to shy away from the "long-hair," the person who would rather listen to a good recording of Sibelius' *Second Symphony* than cheer the local basketball team to victory. Others may even be a bit suspicious of the deeply and sincerely religious-minded. In many localities, residents are faced with pressure to conform to some kind of accepted pattern of "picture-window suburbia." Those who yield will continue mentally in Levis and will lose their identity in the faceless crowd.

Throughout history mankind has been continually in debt to the nonconformist, the "odd man out." Most of the truly creative work in the world has been done by persons who insisted on being themselves and not a carbon copy of some popularly approved pattern. We can learn far more from those who are different from ourselves than from those who pretty much duplicate our own ways of thinking and doing. Life is a heaven-sent opportunity to widen our capacity of appreciation. If we make good use of that opportunity, it will mean that we have actually graduated from the Tribe of Levi and moved over into the Tribe of Benjamin.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ORTHOPSYCHIATRY

Reviewed by CHARLES E. SMITH, M.D.

(From the magazine FEDERAL PROBATION)

"Inversion and Homosexuality," by Daniel G. Brown (April 1958). Dr. Brown points out the need to make a distinction between sexual inversion and homosexuality. He describes homosexuality as sexual activity or desire for such activity between two members of the same sex, whereas sexual inversion refers to a condition in which the individual has simply identified himself with the opposite sex. The inverted individual is one whose personality, thinking, and feeling reveal characteristics of the opposite sex. Dr. Brown points out that not all homosexuals are inverts, though the two conditions are related. It is predicted that the invert is likely to be homosexual because his identification causes him to seek sexual gratification with persons of the same sex. He also suggests that homosexuals who tend to identify themselves as members of the opposite sex are best described as inverted rather than "passive" or "feminine." In this instance the term inversion would refer to the personality structure of the individual, rather than to the direction or object of his sexual gratification. In this connection he points out that classifying homosexuals according to their preferred sexual role tends to be unsatisfactory because they are frequently noted to switch roles in their relationships.

J. EDGAR HOOVER'S "GET TOUGH" POLICY DRAWS CRITICISM FROM JURIST ADVISORS

BY WES KNIGHT

J. Edgar Hoover's spoken thesis that only a "get tough" policy will curb increasing crime and juvenile delinquency was denounced recently by a group of 44 highly respected judges in the U.S.

Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, spoke before an American Bar Association meeting. Taking issue with him were the members of the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Probation and Parole Assn. The latter group, meeting in Southern California, wired Hoover a copy of a resolution which wound up their annual convention with considerable umbrage.

The jurists, of criminal and juvenile courts throughout the nation, specifically told Hoover that these beliefs espoused by him were false:

1. "There is a greater general breakdown of law and order among youth today, contrasted with earlier generations;
2. "The complete answer to crime is a 'get tough' policy with primary emphasis upon iron bars as a tool of correction, and
3. "The increase of crime is directly attributable to the 'failure' of juvenile courts in our probation and parole system."

The resolution of the judges, in addition to labeling the above three statements by Hoover as false notions, deplored Hoover's comments as attacks on the probation, parole and juvenile courts of America.

"We must not have America accept the notion that it is a crime to be young," the resolution stated, nor the notion that "getting tough" with serious delinquents is a cure-all.

"We do not believe the younger generation is going to the dogs. On the contrary, this generation is better informed, more inclined toward religious convictions, belief in human brotherhood and law observance than previous generations."

The judges noted that among the factors resulting in "increased crime rates" as listed by law enforcement agencies were such things as increased population, and an ever-extended legal code which sought by law to regulate more and more the lives of individuals, plus nationally accelerated investigative and enforcement practices.

by H. L. S.

Dragons, Anyone?

Remember me? The furtive, frightened guy in your August issue? Well, I've just slayed (?) slewed (?) slaid (?) ... o, the hell with it; I've just killed a dragon. And you (Mattachine) furnished the sword. Want to hear about it?

During my entire adult life, (pre-Mattachine) I don't think I've spent one completely relaxed moment in the company of (or even among) other people. Always I've had a little private dragon on my shoulder whispering in my ear: "Watch it. Act the part. Don't let IT show!"

IT, of course, was my personal problem of homosexuality. Knowledge of my problem, indeed would have been a tragedy for my family of wonderfully fine, but completely naive, brothers and sisters. I offer no apologies for efforts to keep my problem concealed. But my fears of 'give-away' traits kept my dragon working overtime. Kept me jumpy and tense. Pretty unhappy, too.

When I smoked a cigarette, my dragon warned: "Watch how you hold it. Puff like a man." When I drank from a cup, he said, "Be careful of the little finger." When I dressed, he sneered: "Not that tie, for God's sake. Something plain." Or when drinking liquor, he directed: "Take it straight." When 'fairy' type stories were told, he poked me in the ribs and urged: "Come on now - a BIG belly laugh!"

Walking down the street, he'd remind: "Walk business-like. Steel heel-plates would help." With someone and meeting an attractive couple, he cautioned: "Okay to look at the wicker work, but comment on the girl." At the theatre he said: "Don't be obvious in watching the men and the chorus boys and don't forget to rave about the girls."

At parties he coached: "Make a slight play for a sexy gal. Build a reputation for being fickle." At the barber's he instructed: "Keep it short and masculine." In general, my little always-on-duty dragon warned: "Watch your voice; your hands; your clothes; your laugh; your walk; your conversation; your interests; your hobbies. In fact, H.L.S. watch everything - all the time - or IT may show."

Was I at all naturally inclined toward affected mannerisms, gay ties, a mincing gait, effeminate hand gestures? Not in the slightest. But my stupid conception of homosexuals and homosexuality apparently led me along this line of reasoning: "All homosexuals bear give-away traits and mannerisms. I am a homosexual, therefore I MUST also have these traits."

Now, looking back (with a bit more enlightenment) at my operating procedure, I apparently was mentally translating all my natural reactions and mannerisms into what I imagined were universal homosexual reactions and mannerisms. Then my dragon whispered in my ear and I translated back into my natural and unaffected H.L.S. reactions and mannerisms. Stupid? No argument. But that's what fear and unenlightenment can do to a person.

Oh yeah - my dragon, your sword.

The scene is a small shop that I've patronized for a number of years. The owner, a fellow in his early thirties, and I have become fairly friendly. The following conversation is not, I admit, pure Noel Coward. But, coming from me, I feel that my part deserves nothing less than an Oscar, a Pulitzer Prize and the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Well, am I glad to see you! Come on in and sit down and talk to me. I just got rid of a goddam queer!"

Instantly my alert little dragon was at my ear warning: "Careful - watch it. Agree with him and for heaven's sake, get him off THAT subject!" However, for the first time I decided to ignore my dragon and at least try to use the sword of confidence and understanding Mattachine had provided.

"You did? Well, I wish I'd arrived a few minutes sooner."

"Sooner, for God's sake?"

"Yes, I'd like to have met the guy."

"You're kidding. I don't want any of those queers around here. I kicked him out and told him to stay out. I can't stand those bastards."

"What was the trouble? Did he make himself obnoxious?"

"No, he didn't have to make himself obnoxious. With those guys it's standard equipment."

"Well, if he didn't do anything, how do you know he was queer? Was he dressed queer?"

"No, he was dressed just like anyone else. There was just something about his mannerisms. I can always spot them - something always gives them away."

"So? What do you mean, his mannerisms?"

"His gestures. His voice. You know what I mean."

"Okay, I do know what you mean. I just wanted to hear you say it."

Now, look, have you known me long enough not to get sore at something I want to say? I'm dead serious. But I don't want you to fly off the handle—you're a nice guy and I've always enjoyed being your friend."

"Sure, fire away. Coming from you, if it's something critical, I know it's for my own good. Go ahead, I won't get sore."

"Well, swell—please don't. Look, you said the guy's mannerisms gave him away. Apparently there's no doubt in your mind at all that mannerisms constitute conclusive proof."

"Not knowing the guy and not having seen him, I wouldn't know if he's queer or not. But as long as he did nothing objectionable, I don't see why it makes a bit of difference to you. He may or may not be queer. But whichever he is, he didn't choose to be that way and I can't see where it is any of your damned business."

"Well, it's those fairy mannerisms that gag me. Nobody HAS to act that way."

"Okay, I'll go along with that. Nobody does have to act that way. But isn't it just conceivable that they are unconscious mannerisms. And isn't it just as conceivable that no one has had the courage or the kindness to call them to his attention?"

"You allowed mannerisms to constitute positive proof as far as this guy was concerned. And apparently you're pretty proud of the fact that you were nasty and unpleasant to him. If he's a good guy—and a hell of a lot of them are—don't you think he's got enough problems without being insulted merely for being himself?"

"Here's my point. It's pretty definite proof that mannerisms are far from conclusive evidence. And here's where I want you to hang onto yourself and not get sore. Has anyone ever told you that you have a pretty shrill laugh? That you're pretty effusive with graceful hand gestures? And that occasionally your voice takes on some very girlish tones?"

"I'm really not kidding. And I don't want this to sound insulting or offensive. And I don't want to condemn you for allowing mannerisms to at least sway your opinions. I do the same thing myself. And to prove it I've got to admit that I honestly had you spotted as a queer a year and a half ago. Dozens of guys have asked me about you. And up to today I was convinced of the fact."

"I and a lot of other people could have stopped coming in here and patronizing you merely because of a few mannerisms, that according to your thinking, PROVED something. I didn't quit because I think you're a great guy. I enjoy talking with you and, coming right down to brass tacks, I like you a helluva lot. But I don't like your attitude toward queers—it doesn't match your intelligence."

"My point is simply this. You never know. And even though you should know definitely, what does it matter as long as you are not concerned personally? You're not making a friend of gestures and mannerisms—but of a PERSON. There may be a fine person behind those mannerisms and you, yourself, are damned good proof of that fact—plenty good enough proof for me."

Well, at this point I wish I could report that I removed the mask and revealed myself as a homosexual. That the other guy's face paled; then reddened as he stammered an apology. That he promised to love, honor and obey all homosexuals from that time on. It would make a beautiful, dramatic ending. But I can't. Because I didn't. Frankly, I chickened.

But somewhere in this little vignette I know there's a moral—or a lesson—or something. There HAS to be, because I walked out of the place with my chest puffed out as though I had, single-handed, killed a dragon. Come to think about it, that's exactly what I had done. I had slaughtered the nagging dragon that had tortured me all these years. Tortured me over a problem that didn't show at all. Never had shown.

So ... anyone want to bury his dragon along with mine? It's guaranteed to abate fear and increase self-confidence. It'll give a scrotal blow to your inferiority complex. Give you guts enough to stare coolly back with a "Screw you, brother!" expression at the guy who's had you scared because you thought he had your number. You'll sleep better; relax better; mix better. Walk taller, too.

Which brings me to my one line of pure Noel Coward rhetoric. It's a real English drawing-room type gasser. Ready? Here it is:

"Dragons—anyone?"



homosexuality: key to the future?

A true index of virtue in the twentieth century is sex. Indices for past ages were: heresy during the Medieval period (the age of faith), and treason during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries (the age of divine right.) But the age of democracy, seeing the light of day in the nineteenth century, made a transition to the index of sex. The reason for this was a movement toward a more liberal political climate. Yet the paradox is that as man made himself freer politically, he also made himself more sexually inhibited. The age he entered upon was one in which he found it necessary to control sex. In governments dedicated to the well-being of the citizen, it is to be expected that the individual would be guarded against the harmful effects of obscenity of itself. A people's state cannot countenance the dangerous effect that such a virus may have upon its political life. And thus we note the new change in controlling opinion.

In the world before the democracies, individuals moved into ranks already prepared for them, but in our levelling world a new stage of social mobility has been set up. This opportunity does not live up to what it purports to be in that the group, or the people, assume a new moral authority and militate against the iconoclast, deviationist, nonconformist. In other words, the mass imposes a benign tyranny upon the individual.

This is the distemper of our age, the penalty we must pay for our advance in civilization. It is a condition which has persisted since the Victorian age (for the preceding century seemed quite bold in sex matters) and will not abate until man is not only politically free but also intellectually emancipated. The latter implies that he must be individually emancipated by recognizing that there is a reality of the individual as well as of the group. It behooves the individual to define and assert himself but also to go along, within reason, with the group.

We discover, then, that the homosexual lives in a very discomposing climate. He suffers more coercion and intolerance from groups and communities—social entities—than he does from the

authorities themselves. Even sociologists, cognizant of phenomena that arise from people living together, manifest a short-sighted and compartmentalized view of the homosexual in society.

Looking toward the future, some regard homosexuality as the signal of American society in decline. They believe that many men and women are finding asylum in homosexual practices because of the failure in achieving satisfaction in heterosexual relations. Unblamed go the negative factors in the individual but taxed is the negative factor in the Society. The American people have set up a criterion of normality against the background of a dilemma, in effect. They are at once monogamous and hedonistic. It is against this factor that many individuals are repelled. Sociologists believe that herein lies the index that our way of life may be degenerating in its capacity to provide an adequate level of emotional freedom. Further, they assert the belief that there is a tacit acceptance of the homosexual by society as an index of its unadmitted decline.

One of the factors contributing to the so-called recrudescence of the homosexual in our society is the decline of the family. When that noble institution breaks down, some members of the society orient themselves to their own sex. The fact that we are becoming more and more an individual-centered culture seems to some sociologists to suggest that we are experiencing a major breakdown. And the homosexual, an un-familylike, unproductive—but sensual, is the father-type of such a culture. From another standpoint it might be viewed that the homosexual in America is a victim of a society that denies his humanity and makes him, in the process, a caricature of that society.

Place America in the world picture, and one's mind reverts to Rome during the days when it was making the transition from a republic to an empire. The upright and incorruptible Marcus Tullius Cicero deplored the moral revolution that was taking place. Cicero was an idealist and a traditionalist. Caesar, with a more practical mind and a wider view, realized the inevitability of the situation. Ultimately both Caesar and Cicero were betrayed in their aspirations. Our country has produced thus far no tangible solution on the counterparts of either side.

And yet a moral revolution is in progress throughout the world. Only the most gravel-blind and tradition-bound can ignore that. This upheaval was anticipated as early as the dawn of the thirties, but now with the resurgence of the scientific world-view it is proceeding apace. Moderns, regarding sex casually, renounce

the body of ethics and philosophy that once shored up views of family and reproduction. Married life becomes unstable. Unfaithfulness does violence to no law. Things that were considered wrong traditionally have assumed a new status of acceptability.

This breakdown, seemingly propelled as fast as the jets of our new age, does offer one ray of light. Paradoxically, science itself comes to the aid of the stranded individual, the non-plussed homosexual. Science's new tools—in this instance, the use of statistics by medicine and differential psychology—have broken down unity into variety. We may come to live in a world where a number of realities are possible and acceptable. Thus, love can be experienced in different varieties and on various levels. Science, it can be summed up, is striving to broaden the concepts of the sex roles so that more kinds of men and more kinds of women may be accommodated into the social structure.

An eyeless and rapid moral revolution is taking place, but I do not adopt as a counterpart for our society, the views either of traditional intrenchment or liberal progressivism. Moreover, I believe the sociologists' conception of the homosexual index is misplaced. Homosexuality may be a symptom but it cannot be extended to signify an index. In any case, such a vantage is a sociologist's view of social change.

The farther we move away from the proper area of the study of homosexuality—physiology, psychology, and the related sciences—the less certain we are that we can align our scientific instruments to the actual condition. Homosexuality should be viewed more profoundly as a condition that occurs in every society during every phase of its development, and a condition which some members of each society will unavoidably manifest. Worded differently, it is an organic, psychogenic condition that may be symptomatic of social change.

Again, projecting ahead, though homosexuality may be used increasingly as a valve for the sexual energies of people, there is little chance that our society will become anything like the romantic isle of Lesbos, or Hadrian's Rome. There are two possibilities, however, the first with far-reaching beneficial effects. Social antagonism may disappear and more homosexuals may admit their condition openly, making for a healthier climate in which young individuals may achieve maturity. Secondly, society at large may embody a tangible homosexual framework, accepted and autonomous, culturally speaking. In these ways our American world may accommodate itself to the phenomenon of homosexuality, individually and collectively.

BOOKS

SECOND EDITION 65 YEARS LATER

TELENY, OR THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL, by Oscar Wilde. Olympia Press, Paris, 1958. 203 pages. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

For the aficionado of the homosexual novel, the most sensational literary news of 1958 is assuredly the appearance of a fabulous, completely frank (nothing left to the imagination), romantic novel by Oscar Wilde. First printed up in only a handful of copies for Wilde's friends in 1893, it has recently been reprinted by the equally fabulous Olympia Press in Paris.

Basically a publisher of pornographic pot-boilers for the English and American tourist in Paris, Olympia has recently been receiving increasingly kind words from eminent book reviewers for some of the outstanding "exceptions" to its regular "read-one-and-you've-read-them-all" pornography. Among these we may mention THE GINGER MAN, LOLITA, and THE WHITE PAPER, all of which have been subsequently published in the United States. Other items, however, will certainly never be published here, and, alas, TELENY is in the latter category.

It is available only in European or Latin American cities where it is legally sold.

To the modern sophisticated and cynical reader, TELENY readily lends itself to mockery by virtue of its Nineteenth Century sentimentality. In form, the novel is a first-person narration by one Camille Des Grieux to another homosexual friend concerning his fantastic romance with a talented pianist of Hungarian and Gypsy extraction named Rene Teleny when both were in their early twenties. It is set in Paris ca. 1890. In addition to the sentimental and pornographic elements, there is also a mystical gimmick vaguely akin to that in Dorian Gray. Easily read in one evening, it is obviously something dashed off carelessly by Wilde and of no great literary pretensions.

Attending a concert of Teleny's with his beautiful and well-preserved mother, Camille's glance meets with that of the pianist. Not only is there a thunderclap of mutual attraction, but thereafter each can divine the very thoughts of his soul-mate. Teleny is inspired to play as he has never played before. They meet through mutual friends after the concert,

PAGINATION IRREGULAR

*"Program" occurs
between p.p. [16-17]
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FIRST ANNUAL

***Progress Survey,
Workshop
and Seminar***

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1958

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693 Mission Street
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All over the U. S. today there are individuals, groups, associations, postal authorities, law enforcement officials, church representatives, etc., who are busy applying the pressures of censorship, particularly to books and publications which deal in any way with the sex subject.

More and more we learn that movies, radio, television, the stage and all branches of the publishing industry are coming under the ever-prying scrutiny of these would-be censors. Supreme Court decisions notwithstanding, these forces do exert a serious threat to all sex-education publications.

Main purpose of this first annual Publications Progress Survey, Workshop and Seminar will be to examine this principal problem in detail. An editor close to the subject will handle this part of the program.

Also to be examined are other problems in this highly-sensitive publishing field. For instance, can we do anything to speed up the process of sweeping away fear on the part of individuals who are afraid to subscribe? Are newsdealers reluctant to push our magazines, and can we help them to increase our sales? How can we speed the acceptance of our advertising in other publications which do not now accept it? Has the technique of injecting 'more popular appeal' been significant in accelerating acceptance of our magazines? What can we offer writers to stimulate material which will improve our contents?

Some of these questions have obvious answers at the first glance. But many of them are enigmas which have plagued us from the beginning—and solutions for them must be sought. While 'more money' is an obvious answer to many of our problems, we are learning that is not the only simple solution.

Time Usually Shows the Folly Of Those Who Favor Censorship

IF MY OWN experience at reading forbidden books during my impressionable years is any guide, the Georgia Literature Commission is butting its head against a stone wall trying to tell you what you can and can't read.

As a lad, I invariably sought out any book I heard spoken of as dangerous, sometimes with vast effort. I invariably read them. And invariably I was disappointed. The only result was that I wasted a lot of time and developed a contempt for the prurience of the people who had condemned the books.

NO DIRTY BOOKS

I don't believe there are any dirty books, I believe there are only dirty-minded readers. When I was in the eighth grade my teacher warned the class, with many a flirt and flutter, not to read a then-popular novel by Hall Caine called "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Well, as it happened, I

was at that moment reading the story as it was being serialized in the old Atlanta Georgian. I was finding it thrilling, and the idea had never occurred to me that it might be improper. The warning didn't change my opinion of the book but it did change my opinion of my teacher.

Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" enjoyed quite a reputation, before World War I, as hot stuff. I had great difficulty finding a copy. Eventually, however, I spotted one in a neighbor's bookcase, and knowing my request to borrow it would be refused, because of its impropriety, I spirited it out, read it searchingly and with greatest boredom, and then was stuck for years thereafter with contraband goods, which I could not spirit back.

The novels of Robert W. Chambers were regarded as much too sophisticated for a youthful reader, whereupon I waded desperately through

them. The only information I recall gaining from the experience was that champagne was the most delectable beverage in the world. As I grew up in the days when temperance was a euphemism for abstinence, and was confronted by legal prohibition about the time I reached my logical drinking days, it wasn't until I was about 25 years old that I tasted champagne, aboard a French ship, Europe bound.

That, too, was a big letdown. It tasted to me about like apple cider, but certainly lacked all the poetry and inspiration of the romancers. Beer, another contraband of my youth, was another disappointment. People used to write so glowingly about it. I am convinced that it is the most overrated drink in the world, and that the people who drink it are too lazy, or too stingy, or too indifferent, to drink an honest whisky-and-soda.

Once I read a knockout of a book called "Flossie, a Virgin of Sixteen." It had apparently been written to be sold under the counter, but its ideas had become so grotesque that they were merely laughable. Its era was the 1890s, as I gathered from the context. Flossie showed her girlish exuberance by skipping about the room, so that her swirling skirts at one moment revealed what the author referred to as her long

drawers. However arch Flossie may have been at the time, she sounded simply overdressed a generation later. And she further showed abandon by asking to see the plays of Mr. Ibsen.

I've been told the most affecting of poems is the Song of Solomon, and that the five-hour "Tristan und Isolde" is sustained eroticism. But evidently our censors don't read the Bible or attend the opera.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

I think as a boy I came closest to being shocked by "David Copperfield." Like Heywood Brown, I was disturbed because the novel began the day before David's birth instead of the day after. After that experience, I found Rabelais if not mild, at least dull, and four-letter words no more edifying in a classic than in Henry Miller's "The Tropic of Capricorn." In the mid-1920s I smuggled a copy of "Ulysses" into the country, at no end of trouble, only to have it declared legal a few years later, and now it is available on every shelf.

Censorship never shows itself in a more absurd light than in the history of opera. Most were condemned when they were new, but now we know that the trouble lay not in the opera but with the censors and the society they represented.

Mutual discussion and suggestions will be encouraged. Criticism from members, friends and readers will be heard. Techniques for doing a better job will be sought.

This program, it is hoped, will offer an opportunity for four leading sex-education publications to get together on a staff level for open exchange of ideas, and at the same time hear suggestions from outsiders whose viewpoints are important.

FEES. A single fee of \$5.00 has been set to include the cost of the evening banquet. Luncheon and before-dinner cocktails will be "on your own." Complimentary coffee and other refreshments will be served during the morning and afternoon sessions.

By FRANK DANIEL

STAFF WRITER FOR THE
ATLANTA JOURNAL

(August 19, 1958)



PROGRAM

Morning and afternoon sessions are to be held in the Library-Lounge of the Mattachine Society, Inc., 693 Mission Street, Room 309.

10:00 a.m.—REGISTRATION

10:30 a.m.—SOUND TAPE FROM STATION KPFA

THE HOMOSEXUAL IN OUR SOCIETY. The program is composed of two parts. The first one deals chiefly with the problems faced by the individual who is homosexual; the second part attempts to deal with the role society should play in relation to such individuals. The speakers in the first discussion are Harold Call, Editor of the *Mattachine Review*; Mrs. Leah Gailley, housewife; and Dr. Blanche Baker, psychiatrist. Speakers in the second discussion are Dr. Karl Bowman, Professor Emeritus, U. C., and former Head of the Langley Porter Clinic; Dr. Frank A. Beach, Jr., Professor of Psychology, U. C.; Morris Lowenthal, San Francisco attorney; and Dr. David H. Wilson, Department of Criminology, U. C. Both discussions are moderated by Elsa Knight Thompson. This program, which attempts to deal constructively with an especially difficult social problem, should be listened to in its entirety.

12:30 p.m.—RECESS FOR LUNCHEON

1:30 p.m.—PROGRESS SURVEY, WORKSHOP and SEMINAR ON SEX EDUCATION PUBLICATIONS

Hal Call, presiding

CENSORSHIP FORCES IN THE U.S. TODAY
Address by Wallace de Ortega Maxey, Editor, SEX & CENSORSHIP magazine, and author of MAN IS A SEXUAL BEING.

2:30 p.m.—WORKSHOP PANEL and FORUM

Participating:

William Lambert, *Business Manager, ONE magazine*
Phyllis Lyon, *Editor, THE LADDER*
Dorothy Martin, *President, Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.*
Wallace de Ortega Maxey
Hal Call, *Editor, MATTACHINE REVIEW*
Don Lucas, *Business Manager, MATTACHINE REVIEW, and Secretary-General, Mattachine Society, Inc.*
Roy F. Hooper, *Administrative Assistant, and Vice Chairman, Mattachine Society, Inc.*

4:30 p.m.—END OF AFTERNOON SESSION

Evening session will be held in the lounge and banquet room of the Tower Cafe, 1525 Grant Avenue, in San Francisco's North Beach area.

6:00 P.M.—COCKTAILS

7:30 p.m.—INFORMAL BANQUET

Introduction of Guests

FEATURED ADDRESS:

THE BATTLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS
by MORRIS LOWENTHAL,
Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco

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ALL THE SEXES: A Study of Masculinity & Femininity. By George W. Henry, M.D. The result of over 30 years' psychiatric and clinical research, based on the study of more than 8,000 men and 1,000 women, this book concentrates on the problem of psychosexual adjustment as a major factor in nearly all human relations. It presents case histories, an analysis of contributing factors to sexual variance and a summary of the author's studies in sexual psychopathology. **7.50**

THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA. By Donald Webster Cory. Every aspect of this little-understood life is related and evaluated from a subjective viewpoint in a book packed with hitherto undisclosed information, treating the subject frankly, honestly, and with keen analytical perception. **4.50**

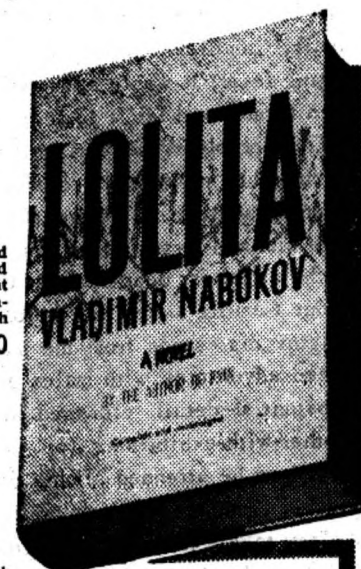
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An Unhurried View of EROTICA. By Ralph Ginzburg. Intro. by Theodor Reik. Preface by George Jean Nathan. Probably the most forthright and lucidly written work on the subject, discussing the 2,000 hard core titles of classical English erotica which repose in Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves of the world's great libraries. Here are a synopsis and passages from *Fanny Hill*, selections from the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, descriptions of the world's great erotica collections, and much more of interest to bibliographic scholars and rare book collectors. Fine binding, boxed 7" x 10 1/4". **6.50**



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amidst a discussion of thoughts evoked by Teleny's Hungarian music. One describes the delights of a beautiful girl's body and, when informed that this is not exactly the vision another had, he goes on to say: "Then it must have been the reverse of the medal--the backside..." and thus the book gets its alternate title.

Camille and Rene go off for a walk and acknowledge their mutual attraction. After some reference to various bits of preliminary love-play, the first chapter abruptly closes (p.25) and when the second takes up again, Camille is in bed in his home, his mother administering to his raging fever. It would seem Wilde meant to do some rewriting here, and then forgot, and let it go in a rather incoherent fashion.

The "problem" now arises, the familiar one in the homosexual novel. Camille has never had occasion to realize the "truth" about his nature, is angry at Rene for confronting him with this truth. He is determined to hate him and forget about him, lest he yield to what he has been taught is the uttermost depravity. At this point, in reply to his friend's inquiry about Camille's sex life before his encounter with Rene, there is a lengthy digression from the main story. Camille tells of various frustrated adventures with males and females during his boyhood, all with substantial detail, climaxed by details concerning the activities at a brother-with-exhibitions (pp. 44-53.) But getting back to Teleny, Camille tells how he attended all his concerts, while remaining concealed, and yet his presence was felt by Teleny. Following him one night, he sees Teleny take a lady to his lodgings, and so close is he spiritually to his beloved, that he is able to visualize all the sexual play between his beloved and the lady, fully described (pp. 59-74.) Teleny's bi-sexual inclinations are reinforced by his having his mind on Camille while carrying on with the Countess. Camille feels this, and subsequently Teleny confirms that it was exactly so.

As if this affair is not enough to anger Camille, he also finds his beloved taking home one night an elegant fop, the very mutual friend who introduced them. He is more than ever determined to forget Teleny in his bitterness and ceases attending his concerts. He also hopes for salvation from a maid in his house who has been greatly attracted to him. Once again, there are rather extravagant excursions into heterosexual activity centering around Camille's attempted seduction of the girl. When his work is completed by a less noble and more virile young coachman, the girl commits suicide and that ends that (pp. 76-93.)

Meanwhile, since Camille had ceased attending his concerts, Teleny's playing had become miserable and he is being mocked by the critics as a fallen idol. Pity now softens Camille's heart and he relents. Meeting Teleny again at a party, he first snubs him and then follows him as

he sets off on a walk with Camille's male rival, Briancourt, the fop. The pursuit leads through the area for homosexual outdoor trysts which gives the author a chance to describe all the different types with all their variations and sundry propositions and interests and behavior (pp.100-103.) Camille is so upset he prepares to jump off a bridge but at the last minute he is saved by, of course, Teleny. This time it's the full clinch for the lovers who agree never to be separated again. The narration then becomes more explicit, first on the bridge, then in Teleny's lodgings, with detailed descriptions of all the doings (pp. 106-27), descriptions tremendously impressive both physiologically and poetically.

The lovers are now inseparable companions, not too worried about gossip, and Teleny's piano-playing is better than ever. A cloud appears on the horizon when Camille receives a blackmail note, threatening to expose him as a sodomite if he doesn't give up Teleny. After terrible brooding, he finally tells Teleny, who laughs in his immediate knowledge that Briancourt is its author and is not to be taken seriously. Teleny persuades Camille to convince himself by going to a gay party where Briancourt is to be found with his new love, a young Arab. Briancourt admits all, and the threat is forgotten, but now there is an opportunity for another colorful episode, involving the carryings-on of the nude guests at the party (pp. 143-63.) One of the guests launches into a brief heterosexual narration within his framework, but the scene closes with a bawdy homosexual exhibition that suddenly leads to tragedy.

Shortly after this episode, the romance moves toward its tragic conclusion. Camille has been suggesting that he and Teleny might be happier if they left Paris for some other place, such as an Italian city. Teleny responds with excuses that his vast debts would not allow this. He promptly refuses Camille's offer to settle them, fearful that gratitude would put a damper on their relationship. During an alleged brief absence of Teleny's from Paris, Camille goes past his house and sees the lights on. Jealous, curious, confused, he knows not what, Camille uses his extra key to the house to sneak in and peek through a keyhole. He finds his beloved carrying on with a beautiful woman, not too young but well-preserved. And here Wilde pulls a gimmick so extraordinary it's never been repeated in any other gay novel: Camille suddenly sees to his horror that the woman is Camille's own mother. He bursts in on the couple and then dashes out, wandering around for days in a daze, near suicide.

Finally he returns to Teleny's house and finds him on the point of dying, a self-inflicted dagger in his chest. Teleny explains that he did it only out of gratitude for Camille's mother having settled his debts, a conclusion in no way warranted by anything previously said, and, of course, the debts had been paid by Camille.

In any event, as Camille tells his friend in later years, the press got the whole story and as a result he has been disgraced and ostracized from Parisian society. He concludes with a promise to tell "some other time" the story of Briancourt, and also of his mother. Apparently Wilde was becoming enthusiastic about his little sideline of "low-road" writing for relaxation from his more laborious "fine" writing and had plans for "sequels" to *TELENY*, none of which appear to have been executed. As can be seen from the various loose ends left in the novel, Wilde seems to have gone a little too far in the slapdash direction. A little more care and rewriting would have resulted in substantial improvement. But as far as readability goes, *TELENY* compares very favorably with its only rival in its small class, Genet's *OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS*.

NOT EVEN BARELY ADEQUATE PORNOGRAPHY

THE GAY ONES, by Eve Linkletter. A Fabian Original Novel (Paperbound). 35 cents. Reviewed by Jack Parrish

There is no getting away from it. It takes a good writer to write effective pornographic literature. Simply describing things supposed to be suggestive is not enough, it has to be done in such a way that the reader is tantalized and fascinated. There has to be enough but not too much, or else the subject loses its piquancy and the reader finds himself growing bored. Also, the writer must have enough of a sense of humor to realize when he is becoming ridiculous instead of suggestive.

The greater the writer the greater his ability to maintain this right quality of proportion. Consequently, it is scarcely surprising that such works as Shakespeare's narrative poem *Venus and Adonis* or Mark Twain's *1601* should pack a wallop to them that by comparison makes Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* seem like a damp firecracker that has failed to go off.

Miss Linkletter's little opus about a mother-dominated boy uncertain of his sexuality who successfully becomes a female impersonator, a movie star, and then a happy heterosexual is not even barely adequate pornography. It is tedious rather than titillating, the characters lifeless, and the dialogue unconvincing. At times the writing is not merely bad, all too often it seems to have been done by a subnormal child, as when a would-be seducer brings up the subject of girlfriends because, "He knew this was the quickest way to get directly on the subject of Sex."

The homosexual characters are bewilderingly depicted both salaciously and as martyrs, thus giving the impression that she is trying to play both ends against the middle so that people in both camps will buy the story. Her novel despite all its faults has one virtue, however—it fits in one's pocket and thus no one need be seen carrying it around.

SPECIAL APPROACH BUT LIMITED APPEAL

Howard Richardson of New York took exception to some of the statements previously published about "The White Paper," the book recently published in the U.S. by Macaulay Books, New York. In the brief article below, Playwright Richardson gives his own appraisal of "The White Paper."

Jean Cocteau, once l'enfant-terrible of French letters—now a member of the staid, conservative Academie Francaise—has come out with a series of sexual adventures, written some thirty years ago, which in a somewhat stiff, anonymous translation is both provocative and disappointing.

In a scant, wide-margined seventy-seven pages this first-person account of the early awakening and development of a homosexual promises far more than it seems able to deliver. It is neither a novel, a memoir, nor a case history—although it has elements of each.

Cocteau's approach to his subject is so special, that he limits his appeal. The heterosexual reader would find little of interest or even comprehension. Indeed, his attitude toward sex and religion is of such personal nature, that it is hard for any reader to identify himself with his protagonist. The characters are so sketchy as to be merely shadows and the personality of the narrator so vague as to be non-existent.

None the less, throughout the work there flashes the fires of an original mind that refuses to conform. No subject is too intimate to be treated honestly and openly, and each episode is presented with style and taste.

The most prudish reader could not be offended. Unlike Jean Genet, who achieves his effects by combining crude, vulgar language with poetic imagery, Cocteau shocks by his candid honesty, by his cool detachment from the events he describes.

The book is introduced by a preface in which Cocteau both disclaims and admits to the authorship and is illustrated with line drawings of the pom-pommed sailors and nude young men for which the author has become so famous.

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(To be Continued Next Month)

READERS *write*

Views expressed by writers of the letters below are not necessarily those of the MATTACHINE REVIEW.

REVIEW EDITOR: We wish to inform you that your suggested 'classified advertisement' for publication in the *DAILY PRINCETONIAN* is herewith returned. Due to the unusual nature of the advertisement, the officers of the publication have decided against its acceptance. —Mr. P.A.K., Business Editor, The Daily Princetonian, Princeton, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The classified advertisement referred to above, soliciting subscriptions to the *REVIEW*, has appeared six times in the *Stanford Daily in California*—three times last spring, three times this fall. The ad was accepted and printed for three insertions in May of this year by the preceding staff of the *DAILY PRINCETONIAN*, too. But not this fall by the new staff.

REVIEW EDITOR: It is quite a search for your publication on the newsstands in New York. The dealer gives a "What's that?" or "Never heard of it?" reply to requests. So I go to used magazine shops once in a while and find a back number that turns up. Being unacquainted with literature on the subject, there is that "groping around in the dark," due to the fear of the unknown—a subconscious reaction—and it seems that only continued education can dispel this fear. —Mr. S.K., New York.

REVIEW EDITOR: I have been interested in your subject (homosexuality) since I was a small boy, and have recently heard of you, but have just obtained your name and address. ... It is very frustrating to read only the stories appearing in the papers to learn news of people of one's own nature, and then only when they are in trouble. The oppressive attitude on the part of society makes us a minority group comparable to the Jews in Hitler's Germany, fit only to be placed in concentration camps or made the subject of strictest pogroms. I have personally made a complete adjustment, and aside from business, do not care who knows my real future. But there are many I have met in the course of religious and psychological counseling who need help. I would like to know what is

being done, and where I might possibly be able to help others. ... —Mr. A.O., Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following a reply to the above, the writer has joined a Mattachine Area Council.

REVIEW EDITOR: Thanks for the Reviews. I was amazed at how quickly they arrived. Enclosed find the additional amount for becoming a subscribing member. —Miss M.M., Calif.

REVIEW EDITOR: Please send me information on the homosexual problem. I am in the Air Force and 21 years of age, deeply interested in the subject. —Mr. R.B., Ohio

REVIEW EDITOR: Please send me a copy of your magazine. I have heard that it is very good. I am a bodybuilder and am very interested in your work. —Mr. J.C., Virginia

REVIEW EDITOR: I am a professor and a painter in my country. Please send me information about the subject of your Review. —Mr. M.L., Cuba

REVIEW EDITOR: It is a shame that the situation in this country is such that it is sometimes necessary to be careful (in receiving) literature of this kind, particularly when the recipient is in a small town where the mail gets more of a "going over" by postal personnel than it does in large cities. Perhaps the work of the Society, in a few years, may be instrumental in changing the intellectual climate to the point where such carefulness is not necessary. As long as the Review comes first class mail (sealed), I can feel secure and keep enjoying it. —Mr. R.B., Minnesota

REVIEW EDITOR: Since my return from — I have discussed the work of the Society with four different people and have revealed my nature to three. All showed interest and in addition to giving me more self-confidence and courage, the talks have convinced me that there is greater interest in this subject than is realized by most of us. I will continue discussing Mattachine privately ... —Mr. J.D., Ohio.

REVIEW EDITOR: "The Recruit," reprinted from DER KREIS in your November issue, is the most beautiful bit of understated, evocative passion I've ever read; completely poetic and satisfying. I hope soon to be able to visit your meetings. The magazine is a great thing: thanks to all of you. —Mr. J.A., Illinois

REVIEW EDITOR: Best wishes to you all. Keep up the good work. Let us protect ourselves, do what we can to better ourselves, and accept ourselves better. Above all, let's forget religion, the public, the "morality" of the times, and the phony institutions that plague us all. —Mr. R.J., Oregon.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am 24 years of age and a college graduate. Over here in New Zealand,

homosexuality is very taboo and in all it is difficult to make contacts with the right sort of people. A good friend in Italy gave me your name and address. I would like to see the Review. —Mr. J.W., New Zealand.

REVIEW EDITOR: ... mother is better now. ... Incidentally, she knows nothing of my homosexuality. Yet I often feel she suspects. I intend to tell her when the time is right, but it isn't just yet. There's so much to tell. I often think I should write a book. Maybe I will some day ... when I see things more objectively. In the meantime, keep me posted and keep your wonderful Review coming. It is a wonderful comfort along with The Ladder. —Miss M.C., New York.

REVIEW readers are invited to submit letters for publication in this department. It must be understood, however, that no letters will be exchanged, nor will names be identified for correspondence purposes or otherwise. No unsigned letters will be considered for publication.

BRITISH CENSOR LIFTS HOMOSEXUALITY BAN

Special to The New York Times.

LONDON, Nov. 6—Britain's stage censor has lifted the ban on homosexuality as a subject for public dramatic presentations.

Plays touching on the subject, such as Arthur Miller's "A View From the Bridge" or Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," have been produced in London but only at private theatre clubs. They have been barred from public theatres by the Lord Chamberlain, whose office exercises official censor-

ship.

The Earl of Scarborough, who is Lord Chamberlain, informed Charles Killick, chairman of the Theatres National Committee, that the ban was lifted in a letter that said in part:

"This subject is now so widely debated, written about and talked of that its complete exclusion from the stage can no longer be regarded as justifiable. In future, therefore, plays on this subject which are sincere and serious will be admitted.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER

mattachine REVIEW

TWO-HOUR RADIO PROGRAM PROBES HOMOSEXUAL SUBJECT

The problems facing the individual who is homosexual and the problems, legal and social, posed for society by homosexuality are examined closely in two discussions by groups of qualified people on a recent 2-hour radio program aired by KPFA, a non-profit listener subscription FM station in Berkeley, Calif.

The broadcast was made on November 24. Sound tapes of the program were made by the Mattachine Society in San Francisco. The first part is concerned chiefly with the difficulties which a homosexual person faces in our society. Participants in this discussion are Harold Call, editor of Mattachine Review; Mrs. Leah Gailey, housewife, and Dr. Blanche M. Baker, psychiatrist.

The second part of the program deals mainly with the attitude of of society towards homosexuals and homosexuality.

Participants in this panel forum are Dr. Karl M. Bowman, professor emeritus of psychiatry, University of California, and former director of the Langley Porter Psychiatric Clinic, San Francisco; Dr. Frank A. Beach, Jr., professor of psychology at the University of California in Berkeley, and Dr. David H. Wilson of the Department of Criminology at the University. Both discussions are moderated by Mrs. Elsa Knight Thompson of the KPFA staff.

NEW YORK MATTACHINE OFFICE HAS NEW ADDRESS

The New York Area Council of the Mattachine Society has a new address at 1133 Broadway, Suite 409, New York 10. A new telephone number will be announced in the near future.

1958 BOUND VOLUMES AVAILABLE NEXT MONTH

The next (January) issue of the Review will carry the annual index supplement for the year 1958. This supplement will also be bound in the new permanent volumes which will be made up to match the bound volumes for 1955-56-57. At the time of binding the 1958 volumes, a number of books will be bound for these first three years, so orders will be accepted for any or all of the four complete years of this publication. Price of each volume, postpaid, is \$7.00. Please send in your orders now to the Review. Shipment will be made late in January, 1959.

Books And Delinquency

(Editorial from the Alexandria, Va., GAZETTE)

For several years past there has existed in this country a steady effort to impose censorship of reading matter. The would-be censors have made shrewd use of the argument that so-called "bad books" are a threat to the morals of youth, and a major cause of juvenile delinquency. They have said, in effect, that to curtail freedom of expression by banning the sale of bad books—meaning books offensive by their standards—would be far better than to let the books corrupt young people.

Opponents of censorship have held that possible danger to young people from books featuring sex and violence would be far outweighed by censorship's threat against a basic American freedom. They have pointed out that banned books are lost to adults as well as to youngsters. But the argument that reading "bad books" is a root cause of juvenile delinquency has been a hard one to combat because not much information on the subject has been available.

Now comes a report made after thorough study by a group of psychologists at Brown University. It strongly supports the view that boys and girls are not pushed into delinquents behavior by what they read, but by a combination of other much more influential factors. These include poor home environment, conflicts among different cultural groups, poor education, psychological defects, and unwholesome uses of leisure time such as drinking, drug addiction, gambling and sex misbehavior.

The psychologists find "no reliable evidence that reading or other 'fantasy activities' lead to anti-social behavior." They add: "There is evidence that such reading or 'fantasy activity' is not an important contributor to delinquent behavior."

This report is not the final word. But it knocks holes in the contention that books should be censored because they may cause youthful crime.

Britain's Problem:

Its Sex Deviates Reformers Prod Nation To Take 'Medical' Action

BY ARTHUR J. SNIDER
Daily News Foreign Service

LONDON—The British have a sex problem that government leaders find impossible to sweep under the rug.

There are an estimated one million homosexuals.

In recent years, clubs with predominantly or exclusively homosexual flavor have sprung up in London and other large cities. The number of public houses and coffee bars frequented mainly by homosexuals has increased.

...

CONSERVATIVE party policy makers have been urged to take cognizance of the problem but so far have brushed it off.

However, they are being prodded by a newly-formed Homosexual Law Reform Society and by a number of med-

Mr. Snider of the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS writes below as if clubs, restaurants and coffee houses catering to homosexuals are something new in England, and only recently discovered. He also refers to what experts regard as a low estimate of the number of homosexuals in Great Britain—figures have appeared elsewhere which put the estimate anywhere up to 3 million. But for all of these things, his article below does point up one fact: The British are aware of homosexuality today as never before, and this awareness is getting some attention from people in high places. Could it be that Parliament will before long permit debate on the Wolfenden recommendations which call for removal of consenting adult homosexual acts in private from British Criminal Law?

ical men, including the British Medical Association committee on homosexuality and prostitution.

The reform society wants a change in the law to make homosexuality a medical problem rather than a criminal one.

But legislative leaders in Parliament, now in recess, have resisted efforts to bring up the subject for debate.

The physicians' group, would like to see some positive treatment approach.

Dr. Rodney Long, a psychiatrist who has treated a number of homosexuals, maintains homosexuals are "essentially

lonely people, living with their problem in shame, fear and despair, isolated and rejected."

The rise of clubs is an outgrowth of their desire to relieve their feeling of isolation rather than make contacts, he contends.

* * *

"**THERE ARE** thousands of homosexuals who would welcome with overwhelming gratitude an opportunity for treatment," Long says.

The psychiatrist has recommended establishment of a treatment center — probably

the world's first—to be concerned exclusively with homosexuality.

While it is not possible to convert the "true homosexual," he believes much can be done with the individual who has an intact personality.

Other physicians here do not share this optimism. They cite numerous failures. While the patients want to be cured and start treatment, they give it up either because of the subconscious reluctance to lose their symptoms or because of lack of persistence.

THE HEMLINE CRISIS

From the LONDON DAILY MAIL



"Calling yourself Marla and standin' about with your 'and on your 'ip won't fool anybody, Investigator Z16."

THE HOMOPHILE PROBLEM
as it concerns the Lesbian....Written and edited
by women,....

the Ladder

Monthly magazine of articles, stories, poems, book reviews, quotes, comment and significant opinion on sexual problems facing the Lesbian in society today. Published by The DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, Inc., non-profit educational, research and social service organization. Subscriptions mailed in sealed plain envelope, \$2.50

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This new publication presents the researches of ONE INSTITUTE and of other scholars working in the field of homophile studies. Designed for the serious student, its appeal is scholarly, not "popular."

\$3.50 per year.....Single issues, \$1

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HOMOPHILE STUDIES

- MORALITY IN ANCIENT CANAAN
- SOME PROBLEMS OF METHOD
- SOCIOLOGY OF HOMOPHILIA
- ROMAN CATHOLIC REPORT
- BYRON'S DISPUTED MEMOIRS

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Details for subscribing memberships are included elsewhere in this issue of the REVIEW. Won't you enroll with us today?

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