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RELIGION AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

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IDEAS ARE NEEDED

MATTACHINE REVIEW regards the forthcoming Seventh Midwinter Institute of One, Incorporated, to be held January 26-29, 1961 in Los Angeles, as an event of importance for all who are interested in the problems of homosexuality.

An announcement of the event which tells the basic plan for this year's Institute appears on the outside and inside back covers of this issue. All who can attend should plan to do so; those who cannot should study the announcement and contribute their ideas to the questions asked.

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Having attended five of the previous six Mid-Winter Institutes of One in Los Angeles, it is with complete assurance that we can recommend this next event to all members and friends of Mattachine. To miss this outstanding conference which will bring the understanding of homophiles into sharper focus.

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Addendum:

IDEAS ARE NEEDED

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by Joseph Charles Salak

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HOMOSEXUAL RATE HIGH AMONG ALIENS IN JAPAN
by Gyo Hand

Cover Drawing by C. C. Hazard
...New Book from Pan-Graphie

Our Episode this week is set on the social scene of "Distant Albion," written by one who has traveled to Ceylon to Cairo as correspondent. Harry Ots, author of The Knell and Other Day Adven-
tures, does it again. In Camel's Farewell you'll go with him to the
British Caribbean Islands of Bombay, to the Orient in Constantinople to
Naples of Tea ("Meeting Place of the Dead").

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CIVIL WAR
HEROINE

By Joseph Charles Salak

Ninety-nine years ago Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, was fired on by
the Confederate troops. President Lincoln called for volunteers from the
northern states. Among the thousands of patriots shocked by the sudden sur-
render of the fort was Jennie Hodgers a slim young Irish lass. She wanted
to do her part but she was a woman and a pretty and shapely one at that.
She toyed with the idea of becoming a man fully realizing that to do so
called for action and sacrifice, adventure in the face of danger.

Finally reaching a decision, Jennie, slight of build and only five feet tall,
appeared at the recruiting center. She was attired in a baggy pair of trousers,
a loose fitting shirt and hair was cut short. Lips squeezed tight, pale faced
and with trembling fingers, Jennie Hodgers entered her name on the muster
roll as Albert D. J. Cashier. The country was in a state of emergency and
though her slim figure and attractive looks may have drawn a second glance
military induction was a mere formality.

In August of 1862 Jennie and 17 other young volunteers marched off to the
Civil War from Belvidere, Illinois. And for the next three years her adven-
tures took her over some 9,960 miles, most of them on foot.

With that Jennie became a man and successfully masqueraded as such for
49 years. Unsmiling she was almost mournfully proud of her uniform but she
wore it with honor. As Private Cashier with the 95th Illinois Volunteer In-
fantry she saw action in many engagements of the Western campaigns. She
bundled and concealed her feminine charms in a heavy military overcoat and carried off her deception in the man's world of a fighting army by accepting any assignment given her including a regular turn on the firing line. Many times she grew drowsy at her sentry post and struggled with her fear of the brooding darkness. It was so comfortable to make believe there was no war going on. But peering into the night with its strange noises made such thoughts difficult when every shadow threatened to be an enemy lusting to kill. Jennie did a lot of thinking but she didn't shirk her duty.

On the field of battle she was present at the Red River fiasco where complete frustration and utter failure met her regiment. In 1863 she was with General Grant in the midst of violence and bloodshed at the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

The war ended in 1865. Jennie received an honorable discharge but instead of returning to her feminine roll and revealing her natural beauty within the caress of lace and satin she kept her male identity.

According to research by Dr. Gerhard P. Clausius, Belvidere optometrist and amateur Civil War historian, Jennie still as Private Cashier secured employment as a handyman for Illinois State Senator Ira M. Lish at his Saunemin estate.

All went well until 1911 when Jennie suffered a broken leg and while having her twisted leg set the attending physician discovered her 49 year old secret. But the physician was understanding and respected the secret of her sex which was shared only with the superintendent of the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Quincy, Illinois where Jennie later spent the remaining days of her life.

Other than the fact that she served her country faithfully no historian has ever learned what led her to switch sexes in the world's eyes unless it was a desire to do her part regardless of the sacrifice.

Finally on October 10, 1915 peace of the brave came to the courageous Jennie Hodgers who still as Private Cashier was given a military funeral. Her identity assumed and tested in the fire of battle is memorialized by a granite tombstone over a small grave in Saunemin cemetery respectfully engraved with the words:

Albert D. J. Cashier,  
Co. G., 95 Ill. Inf.

From Garland Hicks: "At my boss's physique we no longer laugh, for he is a peak on the Kinsey graph." . . .

(Contributed)

ENTRAPMENT BACKFIRES

By Stanley Norman

One Saturday evening while strolling about the streets in Colorado Springs near the County Court House I became aware of a young fellow passing and re-passing me. I felt he must be cruising me so I took notice of him. He was of medium height, light build, dark hair, dressed in baggy slacks and light colored shirt. His type did not interest me but his effort to attract did. Finally he doubled back immediately after passing me for the fourth time and asked for the time. I told him it was about nine o'clock and waited for him to continue the conversation.

"I guess I am lost," he feigned confusion and embarrassment.  
"Where do you want to go?" I queried.  
"To Platte and Broadway." I indicated where it was and offered to walk there as I was going that way. As we walked along he remarked that he had been drinking too much and inferred that this was his excuse for being lost. We had not walked more than a block when he said, "Let's go down here to a tavern." Not knowing that there was a tavern in that direction my curiosity was aroused as to just what was down there.

"What sort of place is this tavern?"  
"Oh, it is a place where interesting people go."  
"What do you call interesting people?"  
"People who are not afraid to be different."  
"That's for me," I remarked. "I like to meet people who are not afraid to be different." This remark could be construed as a leading one and I wanted to see what his reaction would be. I followed it up by asking what he did and where he came from. He answered that he was located at Camp Carson, had been there only three months and came originally from New York.

"Are you acquainted with any of the gay bars in New York?"  
"Oh, yes, many of them." He began naming a few, none of which I had heard since I had only been in New York a short time and that before I knew of gay bars.
"How about San Francisco or Los Angeles, have you been there?"

"No, I have not been farther west than Colorado."

We walked in silence for a short distance and suddenly he reached down to grope me. I resisted this maneuver and remarked that I didn’t go for this on the street.

"Do you have any place to go?"

"No."

"Do you have a car?"

"No."

We walked a ways further when he started up a dark alley, motioning me to follow. "No," I said, "there are too many patrol cars roaming the streets."

I told him of my recent stroll around the Court House shortly before meeting him. I was walking slowly along the streets when I became conscious of a patrol car slowing down and the occupants looking me over very carefully. I was the only person on the block at the time and I felt conspicuous. I was dressed in Levis, T-shirt and boots, the clothes I regularly wear in my construction job. It occurred to me that the cops had taken me for a suspicious looking individual and were giving me a thorough looking over. I walked on without stopping and pretended not to be disturbed. It was only ten minutes later that I had met this fellow who had taken such an interest in me.

"Boy, I sure wish I had a place to sleep tonight. I am bushed." This was, of course, an opener for me to invite him to my room. I told him I had no place but he was welcomed to come with me if he wanted to chat for a while. When I told him I was staying at the "Y" he lost all interest and immediately changed the subject.

In the mean time we had walked back and forth along the same three blocks, all in the vicinity of the County Jail, without ever getting to this tavern we were supposedly going to. I was getting bored with the whole thing and said I was going to walk back to the bright lights.

Suddenly, this fellow changed his whole personality. He stood up straight as if to over-tower me, took on a very stern, officious expression and said, "Yes, I think we are both going for a walk but this time it will be to the jail!" He quickly pulled out a thick wallet and flashed an impressive identification card.

"I am with the military police at Camp Carson and we have been watching you for some time. I am working with those police cars you saw a short time ago."

Frankly, I was scared. I knew I had done nothing illegal but my conversation could have been sufficient to involve me with the law. We walked a short distance toward the county jail and I tried to act calm when I asked, "On what charges are you taking me to jail?"

"I don't have very much right now but when we get to jail we will have plenty on you. You see, everything you have said has been recorded on this recorder I have on my arm."

This was indeed alarming. I didn't know the police had such devices and some of my statements could certainly be used as evidence if a police officer was out to entrap a person. That this was the case was becoming more and more apparent. I had read about such cases and the unfortunate results of the persons entrapped. Little did I ever believe I would get caught in such a situation. But here I was being led off to jail. I kept going over the conversation we had had and just what I said that could be held against me. I tried to appear calm but was far from it.

This fellow realized he had me scared. We were within a half block of the jail when he spoke, "Now, for a sum of money maybe I won't have to take you in." This was music to my ears. I felt quite certain now this individual was in the wrong and that blackmail was a far worse crime than any I could be held for. Without asking him what his price was (for which I later was sorry not to find out) I said, "Let's go to the jail. I am curious to find out just what you fellows will do. I have never been in a jail and this will be a new experience."

We were now opposite the county jail and instead of going there we continued up the street toward the business section. "I am taking you to the city jail which is uptown. We will wait on this corner for the squad car to come by and pick us up."

We waited a few minutes. I had butterflies in my stomach, not knowing what was in store for me. I was married, had a child, was in a sensitive job. I could lose everything that was near and dear to me if the police wanted to misconstrue my conversation with this fellow. On the other hand, I had done nothing to involve me with the law and I was curious to know just what they could pin on me. Furthermore, this individual had tried to blackmail me. Whether my testimony to this fact would hold water was, I believed, very unlikely. He could deny everything.

Then a curious thing occurred. This fellow told me to wait there on the corner while he went to get the squad car. This seemed very odd. He made it quite clear that I was not to leave but to wait there. He would be right back. He went off down the block and across the street toward the county jail. I waited a few minutes trying to decide whether to run for it or to stand on the corner as I was ordered to do. I knew full well that if I ran it would be held against me as an admission of guilt. I also knew if would be difficult to do far without a squad car spotting me. On the other hand, I really didn't want to go to jail and here was a chance to get away. So, without further ado, I walked towards the business district. At first I thought I should disappear in some alley or hotel lobby but as I approached them I decided to walk on as
calmly as I could toward the "Y". If they wanted me they could find me as I had already mentioned that I was staying there.

It was almost ten blocks from where I was instructed to wait to the "Y". My heart was beating hard although I was not walking fast. I expected any minute to hear the squad car approach. As I neared the "Y" it occurred to me they could be waiting for me there. No police car was outside. At least they hadn't come yet. I went to my room and tried to read awhile. It was difficult to keep my mind on the story as it seemed that what I was living at that moment was far more dramatic than the story I was reading. My thought kept reverting back to how all this started, what I said, what I did that got me into this fix.

I resolved then and there that I would no longer stroll the streets alone after dark, talk to strangers, nor in any way let my conversation involve me with the law. This experience would be a lesson not to let idle curiosity draw me into dangerous situations.

The next day was Sunday and I had to work. I was relieved, of course, that the law had not picked me up. But the more I thought about the experience the more convinced I became that the fellow who threatened me was not really connected with the law. If he was attached to the Military Police then the city police should know about this attempted entrapment and blackmail. But, what did I have in the way of evidence to give to the police? By Monday I was sufficiently cooled down to realize there was nothing much I could really do.

Monday night I had just finished my supper in the downtown area and was walking back to the "Y" when suddenly I spotted a familiar figure coming toward me across the street intersection. I waited for him to pass and stood there staring at him so hard that he had to look at me. He showed no sign of recognition but I knew quite certainly he was the fellow who had caused me such a freight two nights before. I watched him go into one of the bars and without further hesitation went straight to the city police department.

I asked to see the police captain and after explaining briefly to the desk sergeant my problem I was shown into the captain's office. I gave a short account of what happened Saturday night. The captain then asked for my name, address, date of birth, occupation and left the room for a few minutes, coming back with a card showing my name and finger prints. This was indeed startling to find that they had my finger prints on file. I had never been involved with the law and only recently had moved to Colorado from the Pacific Coast. He asked me if I thought I could identify this fellow and I answered that I felt reasonably sure of doing so. He said he was going to send out two plainclothesmen with me and I was to point out this individual to them. It was fifteen minutes before they came in and I had to repeat my story to them. I tried to describe this fellow as best as I could, giving them what little I knew about him.

We then drove to the bar where I had last seen the fellow. Over an hour had passed since I saw him go into this bar. If he was there I was to indicate this to the plainclothesmen. He was not there. Then we went into at least six other bars and he was not in any of them. I began to despair of finding him. I knew if we didn't find him the police department would take me for a crackpot. We were about to go into another bar when I saw him crossing a street intersection not far away. I spoke quickly to the plainclothesmen who stepped into the shadow while I followed this fellow. As I did he quickened his pace. The plainclothesmen soon caught up and passed me. Before he had gone a block they stopped him, showed him their identification and asked him for his, at the same time frisking him. Just as I had caught up with them I heard the fellow ask, "What is this all about?"

Then I spoke up and said, "Don't you remember me? You tried to arrest me Saturday night."

"I never met this man. I don't know what he is talking about."

"You had better come with us to the police station. We have some questions we want to ask you."

As we walked back toward the car this fellow repeated, "I never saw this man before. I don't know what this is all about."

At the police station I was again ushered into the captain's office to repeat all that I knew about this fellow, where I had met him, the time, where we went, our conversation. Then he was brought into the office while I waited in the hall. Ten minutes later he was taken to a different part of the building. I waited another twenty minutes before one of the plainclothesmen asked me to come into a side room. He then told me that the fellow had confessed everything, that our stories coincided pretty much as to time and place. He said this fellow will never do this again. The Military Police at Camp Carson had been notified and were on their way to pick him up. His attempted entrapment had backfired!

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VILLAGE BOOKS
114 Christopher Street New York, N. Y.
It is 11:30 p.m. and we have just completed another "work party" at which
we put out another newsletter covered by some beautiful artwork and con­taining articles on our cause. We have mailed them out to subscribers and
friends and dropped in at Denver's "gsyest" bar. I stroll about through the
crowd, nursing a beer and exchanging pleasantries with beautiful young men
in smart, casual clothes chosen to show slender young masculine physiques
at their best, and with other men who are not so young nor so beautiful, but
who are nonetheless friendly. I nod once more the futile nod at those other
young men—a minority, happily—whohave been habitues here for years with
a much better record of consistent attendance than mine, but who exhibit, as
if their lives depend on it, an attitude of aloof superiority, speaking to very
few, and maintaining on their faces a look (lip curled disdainfully, looking
down their noses) which some psychiatric theorizers have described as a
frozen reaction to their earlier exposure to the malodorous uncovered pot.

I have long since noted that the mass attitude in the bar varies from night
to night, and I have tentatively classified them. Some nights are drunk
nights, when virtually everyone is alcoholically out of control. Some nights
are jolly nights, and people dance and tell jokes and their exchanges are
humorous and everyone laughs a lot. Some nights are sexy nights when, as
Dorothy Parker might say, everyone is "lusting after" someone else. And
some nights are hostile ones, and people are "catty" or "bitchy" and one
or two actual outbreaks of minor physical violence occur. Tonight appears to
be one of these last, and I decide not to stay beyond one beer.

And then I hear my name and I see Dan beckoning to me from a stool at
the bar. I join him and he asks me if I will buy him a beer. I do.

Dan is a full-blooded Indian from a Mid-western reservation. I met him sev­
eral years ago, when he was rooming where I did. He was only a boy, then,
experimenting with his new freedom from the reservation. Slightly built, dark
and very handsome, he had been wearing an eye-patch to cover the unseen
hole left when he lost an eye in an automobile accident on the way to Den­
ver. Harvey, a friend of mine who owned the rooming house was trying to get
some public agency or other to provide a glass substitute for the boy, and
two months and several dollars later, he had succeeded.

Since then, I had seen Dan only occasionally. Only slightly educated, he
took odd jobs in mountain towns and when he came to Denver I would see
him with first one older man and then another. I hoped that at least some of
them had more interest in him than the mere bedroom-companionship a square
meal could buy.

The last few times I had seen him, he was always with the same man; a
short, thirty-fivish, well-dressed man with a mustache and a possessive air.

Now Dan was telling me he had been "married" to this one for two years,
and was getting "sick of it." He has been considering heterosexual marriage.

I tell him in my cynical fashion, but as sympathetically as I can, that "mar­
riage," as he and his companion think of it, means the union of a man and a
woman, and that two men or two women may have mutual dependencies, or
companionship, or sexual play, or close friendship, or even love, or combina­tions of these, but not marriage in the usual sense. Nevertheless, I continue,
don't marry a woman as a social "front" or out of bitternes; marry her, rather, when you know that's what you really want
to do.

He has been too drunk too often of late. "Tell me," he says now, "what
should I do—stay at home or come down and drink?"

"Must you decide between the two?" I ask, somewhat surprised at the
simple polarity of his subjective debate. "Why can't you do both? Come down
for a beer or two when you feel like it, and spend some time at home."

He simply shakes his head slowly, somewhat hopelessly, I think.

I have noticed some new scars about his upper lip and I inquire about them.

"Didn't I tell you about that?" he asks, surprised, and proceeds to do so.

Another night, same bar. He is offered a lift home, and accepts. His "ben­
efactor" walks him to his car in a parking lot where they are joined by sev­
eral other young men who Dan assumes are other friends from the bar. All
get in the car. They drive out on a lonely country road and beat this dispos­
essed American senseless, take his billfold and wristwatch and leave him
at the edge of an orchard. Recovering and regaining the highway, he event­
ually is assisted into town and left at a hospital where six stitches are put
into his already world-von young face.

"You've really had a hard go of it," I smile, trying to keep my own spirit
high enough to support his.
He chuckles weakly. "And always it's my face," he agrees in his boyish voice. The voice, I think, bespeaks a man's courage, and I marvel at the insistence of the human spirit to persist and endure and survive, and my own marveling causes me to ask myself which of us is really the stronger.

Shortly I tell him I must go, and he bids me "Be careful," and I leave another thirty-five cents and tell him to have one more beer, and as I turn to go I take his hand for a moment. He thanks me and his grasp is more than a mere handshake and the things it expresses wordlessly are echoed still more strongly in his gaze. Even the artificial orb seems, for a moment, not sightless.

Our hands part as a drowning man loses his grip on a proffered lifeline, and I wonder which of us is in the sea, for I am as unable to help him as he appears to be to help himself.

I leave the bar feeling the weight of the seeming futility of man's attempts to counter the tragic essence of his existence. This youth, with so little to to fight with—pitched against a brutal world which, despite all our fine wordage about "spiritual progress" actually grants survival to the "fittest"; lost in a confusion of psycho-sexual misidentity, at worst, or lack of identity, at best (or should that be the other way round?); assigned a fixed position low on the ethnic list; beset on all sides by a society of Tennessee Williamsonian carnivorous birds which seek to overturn the helpless, fleeing, newly-hatched turtles in order to feed on their flesh—this youth had really asked me where he might find his missing self. And all I had been able to offer was a few minutes' friendly conversation and the price of a beer. It was more than anyone else in the place had offered, but it was nevertheless only solace, not solution.

In this world the thinkers are ignored or ridiculed ("eggheads" and "longhairs"), and the sympathetic and concerned are ignored or ridiculed ("maudlin," "weak," "hypersensitive"), and the weak are ignored, or ridiculed, or used, or despised ("all is psychosomatic"; a Catholic book examines the "moral responsibility" of mental illness, offering only judgment where help is what is needed). It is the emotional and the strong in this world who get the following and the adulation. The hero, the conqueror, the victor. Theirs are the monuments, and it is they whom even the weak would emulate or usurp (Napoleon or Caesar is in every psychiatric ward).

It is a brisk, clear night, and as I climb the hill homeward I note the myriad stars overhead, and I wonder whether the proper framework in which to view them is the poetic one which shows them as "candles of the sky" and "eyes of the night" and "heavenly lights," or the coldly scientific one which knows them as merely larger, if more distant, manifestations of primordial energy, violent, imperdonably reasonless, purposeless.

I prefer a touch of poesy. There is a more important reality in the brief, personal exchange between this Indian boy and me than in all the wild ani-

RELIGION AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

By The Reverend Norman Benson

(First of Three Articles by a Protestant Minister)

Understandably many homosexuals reject organized religion. In a sense, they should. After all, organized religion rejects them. And, as a matter of fact, this organized religion's greatest mistake and weakness.

Rightly understood, it doesn't happen to be the business of religion or the churches to reject anybody. Religion, as I understand it, is a structured endeavor to relate to life, or to God. Its premise should be that God, having thought up life in the first place, does not reject any form of life. Rather individuals are given the right to reject God, just as a teacher gives a pupil the freedom to reject the teacher, but never himself rejects the pupil no matter what.

The difficulty with churches, and their organized religions, is that they have seen themselves in an appallingly arrogant light. They have presumptiously set themselves up as agencies purporting to represent God, and, just as you can't purchase a manufactured article without going through the properly designated agent, so churches have claimed to have a monopoly on God, saying, "You can't reach God except through us; we are His representatives. Furthermore, we alone know what or who God is and will tell you just what you must do and believe before you can have access to God."

Such, of course, is absurd nonsense. It staggered one's credulity to think that any adult above moronic level would give a second thought to such a claim by any church.

It seems to me that our starting point must be to realize that churches are not created by God. They are man made organizations, and, as such, can perform a wonderful mission. But churches to do so, must teach a religion, not of authority, but of the spirit.
How dare any person, or group of persons, have the unmitigated gall to set themselves up as an authority between God and man? I have but one authority: God. The church that seeks to usurp that authority only injures my life. Nevertheless, a church, properly constituted, and its organized religion, can be a tremendous aid in my life. To do so the church must make itself a fellowship to give acceptance, support, and guidance where needed and when asked for in my life. A real church is a group of kindred spirits met for the common purpose of growing toward God, or, in other words, for achieving the abundant, whole life. A real church, then, need not have a building or a minister or a budget or a constitution. But it must have the pull and challenge of natural growth toward life fulfillment. (I suspect in many senses that Mattachine is a real church to some of its members.)

So it is all very understandable that so many homosexuals reject the churches and their organized religions. They should reject any person or group of persons who presumptuously take over God's prerogatives and seek to judge their lives. (This is not to say that society doesn't have the right to set limits and to make laws and judgments. It does have the right whether wisely used or not.) If there is any ultimate judging, only God can do it. Therefore the religion of the spirit insists that each person's religion will be different with there being no two exactly alike. There is, therefore, no such thing as a heresy or heretic. As long as one's religion is sincere and is growing, it is valid.

Such a church as this, propounding a religion of the spirit, would welcome homosexuals, and homosexuals, if they understood their need as human beings, would welcome the opportunity to be part of such a church. A tumbler is a useless ornament until it is filled with water. Then it is fulfilling its purpose. So, too, with our lives. They are useless ornaments until they find their fulfillment. This is the business of religion—it is an organized, structured attempt to fulfill life.

The homosexual needs this as all people need it. But I have yet to hear of the church that will thus accept the homosexual. Of course I know of some sickening examples of churches which say that they accept them as sinners who need help and regeneration. Such condescension as this Jesus effectively condemned in his parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

Nevertheless, the homosexual who wants to make his life, not a bitter rebuttal of society's errors, but a positive witness and demonstration of truth and goodness and happiness, needs the best church he can find. It can, even in its shortcomings and errors, be an aid. Homosexuals do well then to search out a free church, one which makes no required doctrinal assent or ritualistic performance. And it should be a church which teaches a positive, affirmative way of life.

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**CAN THE HOMOSEXUAL LOVE AFFAIR LAST?**

*By William Roeder*

Many men go into homosexual affairs seeking much the same relationship of personal stability and companionship that they might find with a woman. Once having had them they return to their original heterosexuality because of the repeated charge that homosexuals are shallow, promiscuous, insecure and too sex-bound to have the necessary personal attributes for a lasting liaison.

Many homosexuals who recognize themselves as intelligent, sensitive, hard-working, serious-minded, loyal in their personal relationships and circumstances in sexual matters will wince at the charge.

It goes without saying that on a personal level every combination of both extremes will be found. But generally it is agreed that homosexual lovers endure for short periods of time and the change of partners is the order of the day. (Kinsey, et.al.)

If the ultimate aim of a lasting socio-sexual relationship is a desirable goal to aim for, the question presents itself—can the homosexual attain it in the mass?

**BY THE VERY NATURE OF THE HOMOSEXUAL RELATIONSHIP—HE CANNOT.**

Any such relationship, to be stable and endure must be based on many factors, such as (1) The Suasion of Law, (2) the Sanctions of Orthodox Morality, (3) An Adult Personality, (4) the Urge to Procreate, and (5) the Harmony of the Opposite Sex in Marriage.

A cursory treatment of a few of these questions might take each of the opposed positions:

**AGAINST: (1) THE SUASION OF LAW:**

Love and virtue are qualities of the individual that to be fully realized must have community identity within the established confines of legality. Where the law rules against a mode of such love it stifles it in the individual. Technically, homosexual relations are illegal and an individual attempting to live such a life is necessarily restrained. The emotional instability that follows is a natural consequence.

**FOR:**

It is due to the suasion of law that he is helped to become insecure as he seeks security. But it must be seen that law has become more lenient in the past and is continuing to do so. There is such a thing as a changing legal
climate and the plausibility of stable homosexual relationships is a growing fact that must be assisted in an ever growing number of deviates.

AGAINST: (2) THE SANCTION OF ORTHODOX MORALITY.

In the face of a hostile environment such a relationship must be done in hiding. No stable relationship can grow in an atmosphere where it is segregated like a disease.

FOR:
The argument may also be made against much heterosexual activity. In the modern world there is a trend toward finding personal happiness without unnecessary reliance on the large public edicts. The idea of a personal morality that may not be necessarily shared by others is a fact of life.

AGAINST: (3) AN ADULT PERSONALITY.
The old theory that holds that homosexuality in puberty and adolescence is a normal development that is outgrown by the adult deduces that the adult who doesn't outgrow it is stunted in his emotional growth. When we are confronted by so much foolishness and silly behavior on the part of homosexuals at large this theory deserves a hearing. It is to be expected that a man who has never matured can have little chance of enduring in a relationship that demands much of an adult personality.

FOR:
In rebuttal we'd like to quote Ashley Montague from his book Human Heredity, "... the vast majority of homosexuals are produced in response to an environment in which one or the other of the parents was markedly inadequate in some way..." We doubt very much that the personality development of either orientation is much different in terms of emotional growth. We further add that the vast social forces set against the homosexual love relationship is responsible for the difficulties among lovers—not their maturity or the lack of it.

AGAINST: (4) THE URGE TO PROCREATE.
The homosexual leads away from procreation and the many social gratifications arising out of children and family. In rejecting these values he adopts a more confining one which sooner or later must starve for being fed on a purely sexual approach to life.

FOR:
This reminds us of the argument on birth control. We answer with the same argument. If homosexuality was widely accepted as a way of life, we are of the opinion that babies would go on being born because we believe most men would still make the opposite sex the first object choice. The question here is one of social integration—not of heterosexual segregation.

AGAINST: (5) THE HARMONY OF THE OPPOSITE SEXES IN MARRIAGE.
The positive male in his quest for an answer to the riddle of existence interprets and contacts nature through the negative aspect of his life—the fe-

male (Simone de Beauvoir). The harmonic union with the opposite sex is short-circuited when man sees man as flesh. The resulting disharmony does not allow him to hold on to a lover for long.

FOR:
Simone de Beauvoir makes a powerful philosophic argument. Could it also be added that men may attempt this contact with nature in ways other than physical union with the opposite sex? Surely this argument is much too restrictive. A man may enter into a homosexual contact in order to better understand the opposite sex (Phillip Wylie). Also man is not alone in his quest. In a union with the same sex he comes to realize much of the nature of mankind that he could not experience with the opposite sex.

One of ‘Ostrich Eggs’ Hatches Strange Bird

By Charles Stinson

(From the Los Angeles Examiner)

As we all know, the French, when they put their minds to it, do things very well. As to precisely WHAT they are doing at any given time—that is a separate question.

This reviewer had not checked on them for a while and therefore was unprepared for the surprise he got when he went out Friday evening last to the Sunset Theater to see “The Ostrich Has Two Eggs.”

Novelty From Paris

“Ostrich” is a well made, drily amusing little comedy about sexual lapses. Which is, heaven knows, normal fare from Paris. The novelty—even for Paris—is that the lapse to be satirized this time is homosexuality.

Now this has, of course, been a staple in private and night club entertainments for decades. But this seems to be its debut for the public screen which has traditionally treated the subject only as the somberest drama. One thinks of France’s “Pit of Loneliness,” Britain’s “Oscar Wilde” and our own “Suddenly Last Summer.” It would seem to be a major development in cinematic sex mores. And certainly its passing U.S. Customs could not be more sociologically significant.

The veteran M. Pierre Fresnay diverts as a pompous, Babittish Parisian...
business man who is shocked to discover that his 17 year-old son is the after school gigolo of a widowed young contessa.

A 'Conversion'

He is even more jolted to find out that his older son, a peroxided and bejewelled chéri, is not only a rising young couturier but a confirmed invert. Deftly enough, both he and his "ami" are kept off camera. But in five or ten years they will not be. This ostrich egg will be hatching indeed.

The point of the comedy lies in Papa's gradual reconciliation to the situation. His conversion is aided immeasurably by realization of the commercial advantages of darling sónny's female fashion talents. M. Fresnay is supported smoothly by Simone Renant, as his calm wife who has known all along, by Georges Poujouly as the normal if amoral younger son and by Marguerite Pyriy as doting Grand'mère.

The script by Sherban Sidry, Frederick Grendel and Andre Roussin is clever; it's based on the play by Roussin which was, we were informed, a hit in Paris and in London, too. The direction by Denys de la Patelliere tends, however, to be a bit static.

For the companion feature we have "His First Affair," one of France's older style boy and girl stories. It's confused. It's stereotyped. But at least c'est la nature.

MEDECINE, ANYONE?

When at length the semen is ejaculated, it contains various substances which may be separated from it, and possesses various qualities, some of which have only lately been investigated, while others have evidently been known to mankind from a very early period. "When held for some time in the mouth," remarked John Hunter (Essays and Observations, I, 189), "it produces a warmth similar to spíces, which lasts some time." Possibly this fact first suggested that semen might, when ingested possess valuable stimulant qualities. In eighteenth century Europe, Schurig, in his Spermatologia, still found it necessary to discuss at length the possible medical properties of human semen, giving many prescriptions which contained it. The stimulation produced by the ingestion of semen would appear to form in some cases a part of the attraction exerted by fellatio. De Sade emphasized this point; and in a case recorded by Howard semen appears to have acted as a stimulant for which the craving was as irresistible as is that for alcohol in deipsomania (Alienist and Neurologist, January, 1896). (From Havelock Ellis, The Mechanism of Detumescence, p. 172)

ANTI-CENSORSHIP GROUPS

START TO ORGANIZE

A wave of censorship activities fanned by the U.S. postoffice and groups crusading under the "Citizens for Decent Literature" banner has resulted in the inevitable: There are now two distinct anti-censorship movements under way in the nation, one of the East Coast, the other in California. Some comment about them has been made here before.

In Washington, D.C., the League for the Abolition of Postal Censorship is now at work. Officers are H. Lynn Womack, Ph.D., director; Stanley M. Dietz, legal counsel; Donald F. Bania, vice president, and Angela G. Carlisle, secretary-treasurer. Address is P. O. Box 1647, Washington 13. An annual membership dues of five dollars per year entitle one to a newsletter and the annual financial statement. Dr. Womack, the director, has told us that a recent newspaper release printed nationally which declared that certain physique magazines had been declared obscene was false. It simply involved, he said, an attempt to obtain second class mailing privileges which was denied, but this decision has been appealed and is pending before a higher court. This organization has issued a leaflet calling for help in fighting "the new McCarthyism." It challenges the authority of lay postal officials who have assumed the authority of national censors and who have declared that they must circumvent U. S. Supreme Court decisions which stand in their way.

In California, the "Freedom to Read Committee" has become more active and is now calling for workers from a growing number of interested adults to provide speakers for clubs, to analyze proposed legislation which may loosen the already vague obscenity definition, and to promote other activities designed to protect constitutional guarantees against the inroads censors would make. Prominent in the roster of those most interested in this San Francisco group are a number of leading attorneys.

PUBLICATIONS SEMINAR

NOW SET FOR JANUARY

Although early December has been announced as the date for the 3rd annual Publications Day Seminar of the Mattachine Society at San Francisco, the date has been moved up to early next year—probably sometime in January. Reason for the postponement is the fact that some individuals desired as speakers will be unable to appear in December. As in the past, the problem of restrictions placed upon publications dealing with sex will be a main theme—with present plans call-
ing for a panel of published authors discussing this from the creative writing standpoint, and possibly a legal expert discussing it from the standpoint of the courts.

Announcement of the date and program will appear in advance of the event.

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SHIFT IN SCHEDULE AHEAD FOR REVIEW

Mattachine REVIEW will appear in a slightly shifted schedule for the remainder of 1960. This issue, dated November-December, will be followed next on newsstands by the January 1961 issue, due out just before Christmas. But for regular subscribers a special "Christmas Issue" will be produced and mailed in December, making the regular 12 copies for the year. Not since the REVIEW's first year (1955) has there been such a special edition. There will be fiction and other entertainment features in this special number. Newsstand purchasers may also obtain it by mail order for 50 cents per copy, since it will be unavailable to them otherwise. It will be included in bound volumes, of course.

Homophilic BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following installment concludes this special feature which has been published intermittently for the past three years. The main part of the bibliography, which began in the March 1958 issue, has seen titles identified in accordance with a set of symbols published at that time. These symbols are repeated below in order to make the more recent installments of greater value to readers. Sometime during 1961 Mattachine REVIEW hopes to publish the complete bibliography in a single booklet.

The order will be alphabetical by author. Since the majority of the works deal with male homosexuality exclusively, no further identification is needed in such cases. Works dealing with female homosexuality are indicated by a single asterisk (*), and those dealing with both male and female homosexuality are preceded by two asterisks (**). The author's name will be followed by the title and then a parenthetical notation to indicate the type of work as follows:

- **n** — novel
- ss—short story, followed by the title of the collection in which it appears.
- d—drama
- p—poetry
- bg—biography or biographical material such as letters, memoirs, biographical comments, etc. When the title of the work does not make clear the identity of the subject, this will also be indicated. No attempt at completeness has been made in this category; only works of particular interest or unusual value are included. For example, the hundreds of essays, studies and biographies of Tchaikowsky are represented by only a few significant ones here.

- fb—fictionalized biography
- nf—miscellaneous non-fiction materials—such as essays, special studies, certain personal and historical accounts which do not qualify as biographical material, etc.
- I—works in which homosexuality is only implied, suggested, or presented in a veiled fashion.
- II—works in which homosexuality, while appearing in clear-cut fashion, plays only a minor part, or in which a minor character is a homosexual.
- III—works which include a major or important homosexual episode, or in which a major character is a homosexual.

IV—works dealing primarily with homosexuality, or in which homosexuality is the most important theme.

0—indicates the work has not been examined by any of the compilers, but is believed to contain pertinent material.

Classifying a work as I,II,III, or IV has proved to be a most difficult task in a number of instances, for it was not unusual for strong disagreements to arise among the compilers. The same passage would be declared by one to be absolutely, clearly and definitely homosexual in nature; by another, veiled to the point of unrecognizability. As a result, a residual element of personal opinion has been unavoidable in several cases. In class I will also be found a few of such works as Melville's MOBY DICK which were kept in this bibliography in deference to highly-respected scholars of an earlier day who may have seen implications that the jaded, or more demanding eye of the modern reader fails to notice. It should also be stated that date of publication was a further deciding factor in some cases, for it was felt that the briefest allusion in an 1850-vintage novel, from a time when the subject was absolutely forbidden, warranted its inclusion, while the same passage in a 1950 work was, in the light of current publishing mores, utterly trivial and not deserving of inclusion.

The classification is followed by the place, publisher and date of first publication, with the following exceptions: np and/or nd—the book in question does not give place and/or date of publication.

vp, vd—"classics" which may be found in numerous editions published in various places at various dates.

Reprints are indicated only in certain important cases, whenever reprints were accompanied by a change in title, and for paper-bound reprints.

No effort has been spared to make this bibliography as complete, accurate and reliable from every point of view as possible. We shall be grateful indeed to any readers who let us know of any errors or omissions that may have been overlooked by the compilers.

Williams, Tennessee. HARD CANDY. (ss; I & IV). Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1954.

Williams, Tennessee. ONE ARM. (ss; I & IV). Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1955.

Williams, Tennessee. A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (d; II). Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1947; Reprint: Signet 917.

Williams, Tennessee. SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER. (d; I). Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1958.


BOOKS

WHO SAYS COLLEGE MEN DON'T LEARN ABOUT SEX


As all well-informed people know, though we speak of ourselves as so emancipated sexually as compared to the Victorians, in reality we're nothing of the sort. The so-called emancipation is of the mind alone and solely a matter of professed intellectual beliefs. Underneath, our emotional attitudes are almost exactly those of our forbears. As in former times sex education if given at all to the young, is still usually given too late to be of any use.

Just the same, even if this is known, having the fact dramatized with the vividness with which it is shown in this study of sexual patterns of college students at an East Coast college makes the realization come as a shock. Practically none of the young men examined by the Kronhausens received any information on sexual matters till they were sixteen or seventeen. Usually whatever was given was fragmentary and passed on to them by their parents in an atmosphere of embarrassment. In one of the few cases where the parents made any detailed effort to answer the child's questions when he started passing on what he had learned to his playmates, their parents immediately forbade him to play with him since he was a bad influence.

The authors cover all the aspects of sexual behavior they encountered, from masturbation to prostitution on to homosexuality and sex with or without love. As they point out, the sexual drive is strongest from the mid-teens to the mid-twenties. In most other cultures and civilizations this was and is understood, whereas our society makes no provision for the fact. The wonder, under such circumstances, is not that so many of the young are bollixed up sexually, but rather that so few are.

Of special interest is a case described where the student when a little...
boy told playmates that one of them had molested a little girl in the woods. The others promptly beat up the supposed molester. As the writers show, the student's remarks show that he was accusing the other boy of what he himself really wanted to do. The Kronhausens' comment:

"Perhaps we can learn from the childhood example how adult men and women can single out individuals or groups, such as racial or political minorities, for persecution by displacing onto them their own guilty impulses or fantasies."

The entire book is written in the Kronhausens' usual clear, lucid style. The one complaint to be made is that they give no percentages on the social backgrounds of their interviewees, or how many of them were from the city, suburbs, or country. Apart from this one objection, they have produced an exceptionally illuminating and valuable work.

NOT ALL CRUSHES ARE PLATONIC


It would be a wonderful thing if this play about schoolboy homosexuality in an English boarding school were to be given in this country. It is probably the only one of its kind published in English. It is both witty, amusing, and yet deeply moving. There is a hilarious scene in the first act in which a fifty year-old Housemaster instructs two young boys in the facts of life, while one of them who has forgotten more than the Housemaster will ever learn, manages to keep a straight face and ask seemingly innocent questions.

The characters are all completely convincing and consistent in their development. The young school official who informs on his best friend's intrigue with a fifteen year-old boy out of a mistaken sense does so out of the highest motives, because he is the sort of person he is. The young boy who responds to the young man's advances is both pitiful and ludicrous in his innocence, whereas his sexually highly experienced friend of the same age is outrageously funny in his precocious worldliness. The scene in which the young man who has been involved with the boy desperately explains to the Housemaster when he may be expelled for not being sorry that he cannot pretend to himself that what had happened was wrong, is especially moving.

It would be a great step forward in terms of a healthier attitude toward sexual matters if this play were to be presented on the boards in this country. That "crushes" and strong attachments constantly occur among the students in both boys' and girls' schools is well-known. What else can be expected with youngsters whose sexual impulses are just beginning to develop who have practically no contact at all with the opposite sex? That the attachments sometimes cease to be purely emotional may be deplored by some, but it is a fact and facts continue to exist even when they are deplored.

Though privately discussed, this knowledge is publicly ignored. Most experts agree that experiences of this sort have little, if anything, to do with individuals becoming homosexuals later in life, though this does not give any adult the right to seduce minors, of course. However, if the actual state of affairs were acknowledged and faced a great many young people who undergo much inner anguish because of having to face such problems unaided would be spared considerable internal agony.

Mr. Gellert's play is excellently stageworthy. Nowhere do you have any feeling of any attempt to sensationalize or shock. He simply shows things as they are. His play has been shown in London. Are we yet mature enough to show it in this country?

LOVE IN A CONVENT SETTING


Some things cannot be argued with. There is little that is unique about the plot of this novel. Sylvie, a seventeen year-old girl studying in a French convent, falls in love with Julienne, her twenty-five year-old mathematics teacher. Sylvie is expelled. She besieges Julienne with despairingly entreatying letters.

For a while they meet outside the convent, purely as friends. "I love you, Julienne," says Sylvie, "and you mean to destroy that love... We're told we've got to love our neighbor as ourselves, and when, for once, we think we've at last managed to do it, we're demanded to renounce this much vaunted love and put an end to it." "We definitely can't understand each other," replies Julienne at the end of their argument. "The most we can do...

"Love each other!"

Julienne resists her own feelings. She breaks off the relationship and enters the religious order. Sylvie kills herself.

What is so inarguable about the book is its passionate intensity. An extraordinary power of strong feeling pervades it like something electrical.

It could be pointed out that Sylvie's problems are partially of her own making. For her life is either absolute darkness or absolute light. She cannot accept anything in between. In the end it is not so much Julienne as her own incapacity to adapt that kills her. But the power of the book remains no matter what you say. It has the walk of a world heavyweight champion and an impact that stays in your mind long after you've read it. It was its author's first novel and it is deeply regrettable that she committed suicide shortly after it was accepted for publication. She had an unusual talent that many far more sweeterly reasonable writers lack completely.
REVIEW EDITOR: I guess you're right. I should review. Frankly, I hadn't intended to for selfish reasons: I've found in the articles more and more reiterated quite predictable ideas and I was beginning not to read everything and to skin off what I did read, sometimes quitting when I saw the gist of the article. I wonder if the problem (if not altogether in myself) does not lie in the very nature of the magazine's purpose? After you've stated a few basic ideas, what more is there to say? And of course, your aim is also an exhortatory one, and in how many different ways can you declare that homosexuals should "accept" themselves, that laws should be tolerated? I'm afraid you're obliged to repeat yourself endlessly.

As much as I'm ashamed to admit it, I'm afraid my own grand passion is not for social reform (though I ardently desire it) but for homosexuals themselves. You can be sure I'll read every short story no matter how faulty, and scrutinize every anatomical cover, however anamorphous. I'm the sort of person who, in short, that your frequent statements of high ideals tend to exclude from your readership... And by the way, after almost two years of subscribing, I still don't know what the symbols mean in the "homophilic Bibliography." Isn't it time they were replaced? —Mr. E. D., Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: You have pinpointed what we consider our greatest challenge: How to hold interest of readers who have developed their own self-acceptance and who understand what Mattachine's purpose is all about. Over considerable resistance we have decided to print stories, and plan to use more of them if they are forthcoming. In other ways the REVIEW is, we think, evolving and maturing, but it's a slow process. On the bibliography: Symbols are repeated in this issue, which contains the final instalment. This project has been of great value, we are assured, and we are grateful for the effort and skill put into it by the compilers. But readers will join us, we believe, with relief that it is concluded for the time being.

REVIEW EDITOR: When I read my letter in Readers Write I was startled by the clumsiness of its style. Still, I think that some of the stories you're referring to are "gushy." But only some. —Mr. J. S., Quebec
JAPANESE DOCTOR SAYS
HOMOSEXUAL RATE HIGH
AMONG ALIEN RESIDENTS

(From "The Japan Times")

A number of semipermanent Occidental male residents in Japan have homosexual tendencies, according to a Japanese psychologist who believes the rate to be as high as one-fourth.

Dr. Hitoshi Aiba, of the Department of Neuro-Psychiatry of Keio University's medical college, based his findings on a series of "depth interviews" with 60 foreign residents.

All of the men interviewed have chosen to live in Japan because they prefer this country, and not out of necessity, Dr. Aiba said.

The "depth interviews" used by Dr. Aiba consist of a list of inter-related questions designed to reveal the inner workings of the subject's mind. This technique is frequently employed by psychologists.

Dr. Aiba told The Japan Times he will announce the results of his one-year study at the fifth annual General Congress of the Japan Psychoanalytical Association of Kyushu University.

He said each of the men interviewed had given him permission to publish his findings, on condition that he does not reveal their identities.

Dr. Aiba, who has studied in the U.S. for four years and in Germany for two, said he launched his survey of foreign residents in an attempt to study the Japanese mentality as reflected in the minds of foreigners.

He explained that he was interested in finding out how Japanese appeared to foreigners in day-to-day impressions and what drew the foreigners interviewed to settle in Japan.

Dr. Aiba said he intends to continue his study of American and European residents here and will publish his findings in Japanese and English.

Gyo Han
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He said each of the men interviewed had given him permission to publish his findings, on condition that he does not reveal their identities.

The 34-year-old psychologist said he was surprised at the high rate of homosexuality he found among foreigners living the lives of expatriates here. He suggested the fact that Japan is more tolerant of this vice than are many Western nations might be partially responsible.

The foreign residents he interviewed showed a common pattern of seeking escape from their own culture, Dr. Aiba said. He said those interviewed displayed a desire not to identify themselves with their relatives, nationality or environment.

As a result, he added, most are in a dilemma in that they find it difficult to merge with the Japanese culture, while they are repelled by their own culture. The psychologist described them as "caught between the East and West" emotionally.

Dr. Aiba, who has studied in the U.S. for four years and in Germany for two, said he launched his survey of foreign residents in an attempt to study the Japanese mentality as reflected in the minds of foreigners.

He explained that he was interested in finding out how Japanese appeared to foreigners in day-to-day impressions and what drew the foreigners interviewed to settle in Japan.

Dr. Aiba said he intends to continue his study of American and European residents here and will publish his findings in Japanese and English.

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ONE's 1961 MIDWINTER INSTITUTE in January will tackle questions such as these, and will attempt to extract from a weekend of discussions something like a HOMOSEXUAL BILL OF RIGHTS. The program, now being planned by the Institute's Monday night class-committee, will be something like a constitutional convention. Delegates from all parts of the country will have the chance to participate in drafting resolutions defining the extent of those rights which are, or should be, ours, and planning ways in which to make the best use of such a Declaration of Rights—or Manifesto. Full activities will be dovetailed into the program to enlist those persons who are of a less theoretical turn of mind.

A complete departure from the program-format of previous Midwinter Institutes, this, we feel, will be the most exciting, and the most significant program in the history of the American homophile movement. Instead of waiting passively for heterosexual organizations to come up with recommendations urging society to go a little easier on the homosexual, join us in preparing a frank statement to the world of what the homosexual wants.

ONE'S Seventh Annual MIDWINTER INSTITUTE will be held in Los Angeles, January 26-29, 1961, in conjunction with ONE, INC.'s Ninth Annual Business Meeting (Friday).

Advance registration will be necessary. Exact prices (including meals) and place to be announced.

Much advance work is needed to prepare such a program as this, and much of it is work in which you can participate. We need your ideas (whether or not you can be in Los Angeles in January) on what ought to be included in a Homosexual Bill of Rights, and how such a document should be used to further the homosexual cause.

As a starter, we invite you to submit your ideas on these questions:

What do you think about homosexual rights?

How aggressive do you think such a Declaration ought to be?

Should it stick to 'safe,' short-term, minimum demands, or should it go the limit?

Let us know if you are willing to participate, in person or by mail, both before and after the Drafting Sessions in January, on this project.

And let us know if there is an outside chance that you might be able to attend in Los Angeles at the end of January.
The EDUCATION DIVISION of ONE, INC.,

Announces its

SEVENTH
MIDWINTER
INSTITUTE

in conjunction with the

NINTH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING of ONE, INC.

Theme:

"A HOMOSEXUAL BILL OF RIGHTS"

to be held in Los Angeles, January 26-29, 1961

Do homosexuals have a right to congregate in public?
Are the present repressive sex laws unconstitutional?
How much sexual freedom do we actually want?
Do the English Wolfenden recommendations go far enough?
Should homosexuals have "the right to swish?"
Ought homosexuals be taxed to pay for heterosexual's children?
Should homosexual "marriage" be legally recognized?
How much discrimination does the homosexual now suffer?
Should police powers be curbed? How much?
Are homosexuals really security risks?
Are they unfit for military service?
By what means should the homosexual demand his rights?

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)