



# mattachine REVIEW

JANUARY 1961

## Transsexualism and Transvestism as Psycho-Somatic and Somato-Psychic Syndromes

HARRY BENJAMIN, M.D.

New York, N. Y.



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## BEGINNING OUR SEVENTH YEAR

The past several months have been rough for the National Staff of Mattachine Society at the headquarters in San Francisco. After a successful matching "dollar for dollar" fund appeal in September and October, income took a tumble to the end of the year.

But at the same time the call for help and service from the Society continued—at an even greater pace than ever before. A record number of legal referrals, calls for information on medical and psychological problems, and requests for help in finding a job came in during the final quarter of 1960. In just about every case the situation was the same: those needing these helps were so situated that they could express gratitude only with words of thanks.

A result of this trying period has already been observed by REVIEW readers. The magazine has been late, and some recent issues have been put together with least possible expense. Two issues—November and January—have not appeared on newsstands because they were too late.

But the February issue, says a determined staff, will appear on time on the newsstands and in the mail to subscribers. One small encouraging note is an increased order for newsstand distribution in Southern California. The calls for help in these repeating "crises" have been many and the response generally has been gratifying. The needs for your continued support areas great—or greater than ever.

Meanwhile, this first issue of the REVIEW's seventh year of publication comes to you with our best wishes and thanks for all past support to the work we are trying to do. For the privilege of reprinting another interesting story from the Swiss magazine, DER KREIS, we are grateful, particularly after having presented two stories from this source a month previously.

During the year ahead there is a lot of excellent and significant reading scheduled for the pages of the REVIEW. Don't miss a single issue, and whenever possible aid us where it counts the most by encouraging friends and associates to subscribe.

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## The Sergeant with the Rose Tattoo

He was almost the first person in my little shop, for I had been officially open only three hours. He came tentatively to the door and stopped there, outlined against the lovely pale pearl of the Paris dusk, his face turned a little sidewise so that the red and green and yellow of my new neon sign made a kind of jewel around his head. His uniform was neatly pressed, the ugly familiar khaki of the American army, the three stripes of a sergeant's rank on his left sleeve.

I was more than astonished, for when one opens a tattoo shop in Paris, somehow one thinks the first visitor will be a Parisian. How he ever found his way up the high hill of Montmartre to the dark little alley near the white dome of Sacre Cœur was almost a major mystery. I turned from putting up the last of my design cards and said, «Oui?»

In a dreadful halting pidgin French and English, he said. «Vous — you ... er ... ah remuer lez tattoos?»

In the smoothest French I could muster I said, «No, I regret it—you must go to a plastic surgeon for that; the whole cell structure must come out.»

He looked so comically blank and woebegone that I had not the heart to deceive him any longer. «C'mon in, Mac,» I said in English, «and take the load off your feet. You got a problem with a tattoo?»

His mouth opened slowly and then closed. «You—you're American,» he said. It was almost a gasp. It had wonder—and lonely heartache—in it.

«I sure am,» I said, «and you're the first customer.» I turned to look at him more closely. I had been wrong in thinking that the last rays of the sun had somehow illumined my shop when he came in; instead, he brought light with him, in his golden close-cropped hair and the brilliance of his friendly smile. He was a distillate of all fraternity men and young football players and husky farm boys from the Midwest that I had left so far behind—and I found myself in a kind of homesickness opening to him, as I knew he opened to me—a com-patriot in a foreign land.

«Holy cow,» he said, «how'd you ever come to be working here in—in this place?»

«It's a long story,» I said, and it was. I hardly knew how to tell it, nor that I even understood it myself. I remembered reading long ago somewhere in Gide that a man should make at least one decisive break in his life—with his family, his thought, or even the room in which he lived. And I had made two—one, when I gave up being a music and drama critic for a San Francisco paper, and shocked my friends (most of whom could not survive the blow) by becoming a tattoo artist. But the second—and greater—separation came when I renounced my country—tired to the death of its phony optimism, its stifling puritanism, its bigotry—but most of all its hypocrisy, which in a kind of idiot dance-of-death publicly denied that it tolerated what nearly all of its citizens practiced in private on the sly. So I renounced its sham, rejected its money-grubbing ideals, called it the only country which had ever passed from youth into decay without going through maturity—and left. My first papers of application for French citizenship were already amongst the bureaus.

«Pull up a chair and sit down,» I said, and he did. He moved with an easy grace, throwing one leg over the back so that he straddled the seat, and clasped

his hands on the chair edge in front of him. I saw the hand-made letters on the lower phalanges of his fingers, but said nothing about them.

«You asked why I was here,» I said. «Well, it was just a case of my geographical birthplace not coinciding with my so-called 'spiritual' home. I never liked America or its attitudes.»

He thought about that for a moment. «I guess I don't know where my home is,» he said. «I kinda think it's not in Germany, where I'm stationed.»

«What are you doing there?» I asked.

«Military police,» he said. He made a fist and rubbed it into his palm. «But I've been doing a lot of boxing for the company. Even some exhibitions. If I can get permission, I been thinking about doing some pro work around the German towns.»

«I thought you might be an athlete of some kind.» His shoulders were broad enough so that you had to turn your head slightly to see both of them, and his waist so narrow he could have swapped belts with a chorus girl. «What are you doing in Paris?»

«I got a week's leave,» he said. «Another guy and I came over. He knew a babe here, and he's shackin' up with her.»

«That kind of leaves you at loose ends, doesn't it?» I said.

«Yeah.» He looked at the floor a moment, and then caught sight of his hands down between his legs, clasping the chair. «See?» he said, holding them out for my inspection. «I did that with a needle and some India ink. I wish to God I never had.»

I had seen similar lettering before. On the fingers of one hand were the letters: L T F C; on the other—well, never mind. When you put both hands together, palms down with the fingers interlaced, it spelled out an obscene invitation. «That was a foolish thing to do,» I said, but without reproach.

«Guess I thought it was funny at the time,» he said ruefully. «Can you take 'em out?»

«I'm working on a simple method,» I said, «but it's not ready yet. The only way now is sanding, or skin graft.»

We talked for a half an hour, a kind of nuzzling little conversation like two dogs sniffing each other to the extent of our friendliness. His name was Buck, he came from Seattle, where a girl waited for him. Before he left, she had tried to use on him the oldest of the devices to snare a man. «But I didn't quite believe she was gonna have one,» he said. And now the letters were spacing themselves farther apart; either she had cooled, or he had—he didn't know which. His father and mother had separated. His mother, he indicated with more delicacy than I would have thought possible in him, was a tramp; he adored his father, but had lost him somewhere—a simple case of desertion when his old man had caught his mother in bed with a sailor.

A tattoo shop is usually a friendly place. The intimate nature of the operation stimulates confidences. In my long and battered career, I had seen thousands of young men, and with a greater patience than a bartender's, heard their tales of joy and woe and defeat and triumph. But as I listened to Buck, and urged him gently on like a father confessor, I was amazed at what was revealed. There were no tough and artificial overlays of brutality and sophistication to be cut through; his very real purity lay close to the surface. Oh, he had been in bed with a few women—but somehow he seemed to have retained a virgin quality that was most attractive. And like the romantic I am, and have always

been, I began to project my own desires and idealizations upon the screen of his youth and charm.

He had a wonderful body; its beauty shone through the drab mustard-colored cloth. A few courses in life-drawing years ago had taught me how to see through clothes. I noted that the definition of his muscles was superb; in the position in which he sat, the cloth was drawn taut across his magnificent thighs, and his calves were strong as the fabric tightened down to his well-polished army boots. His hands, big and well-shaped, a farmer's hands, lay quietly powerful as he talked, or moved a little to emphasize a point.

It has been said that no one ever asks another person to stay the night without having an ulterior motive in mind. But I can honestly say that such a thing was not in mine. I suppose, in a sense, I was as lonely as he was, for the wrench of leaving my homeland had been a strong one. So it was with a heart nearly as clean as his that I asked him . . .

«Where are you staying?»

He gestured down the hill. «At a dump on the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette,» he said. «I think maybe it's a—how you say it? maison de passe. Girls keep screamin' and runnin' up and down the hall, and drinkin', and people rent rooms but they're in 'em for only about thirty minutes.»

I laughed. «And you trapped there, the innocent in the whorehouse. I have an idea. How would you like to come stay in my apartment? There's an extra twin bed so . . . so you won't be bothered, and I—» But I need not have felt guilty. His face lit up, and his warm friendly grin was that of the long-lost returning home.

«Chee!» he exploded. «Wouldja mind? I'd like that a heluva lot. And say—» he leaned forward and laid one of his great hands on my knee. Mentally I shivered and almost moved, but I controlled my reaction. «—wouldja have any time to show me a little of Paris?»

If I haven't, I'll make it, I thought, and nodded. «As much as I can,» I said, «and I'll steer you where to go for the rest.»

«That's swell!» he said. His joy was touching, and his excitement grew. «Tell you what—I'll go down to that flophouse and get my gear, and bring it here, huh?»

«That's the best idea,» I said.

He laughed in high glee, and sprang to his feet, knocking the chair over. He picked it up, smacked his fist into his palm, laughed again, and tilted his cap forward until the visor came down on his nose so far that I did not know how he could see underneath it. He almost pranced. «Geel!» he said again, grinning. «I'll get goin' right away. Now—now you wait for me. You won't go away, huh? You'll be here? For sure?»

«For sure,» I laughed. His excitement was catching. «I'll be here.»

And I watched him move out into the deepening night, jaunty, alert, handsome, trim. The streetlight picked out the spots of shine on his boots and belt. A few feet away he turned, gave me a half-salute and another grin, and then walked rapidly down the hill.

\*

And thus began an odd and troubled week for me. I was disturbed in the first place because I had broken a cardinal rule: never mix business with pleasure. It might be hard to believe, but of the unnumbered thousands of young men

who had passed under my needle, I had never in any way overstepped the bounds with a single one. It was too dangerous, in a business sense. Amongst the young of a city, such a bit of gossip would flash like fire through a forest; and had any of them known my secret—well, I would have been popular, no doubt, but I would never again have made a cent in my business. Thus gold conspired to keep me pure, as far as my clients were concerned; certainly the strangest thing that gold ever did. The motivation, I'll grant, was hardly of the kind to gain me admission to the *civitas Dei*, but it did for all practical purposes make me keep my hands off my customers.

For the rest—well, I was no different from most of the brotherhood. Any handsome young man, provided he was not a customer, was a direct challenge. By cajolery, flattery, outrageous bribes, talk, the bait of records or books or pictures or liquor, or money itself—I'd get him sooner or later. But what was Buck—customer or handsome young man? Distressed, I pushed the problem away and refused to face it for a while.

That first night was both a pain and an ecstasy. We hailed a taxi when I closed the shop, and piled his gear inside, then crawled in ourselves. I directed the driver to pass by the Place de la Concorde, to show Buck the lights, and the great jewel box that was Paris by night. He laughed and hollered, and asked continually, «What's that building?» or said, «Chee! lookit dat babe!» and pummelled me on the shoulder and back like an excited child. And when we reached the Rue des Saints-Peres, where I had an apartment formerly occupied by two fairly wealthy Americans, his enthusiasm overflowed.

«Chee, what a pad!» he exclaimed. «Have you read all dose books?» He walked to the one wall where I had shelves to the ceiling. And then he peered through the door into the bedroom and saw the bath beyond. «And a real honest-to-god shower!» he said. «That's the first one I ever seen in Europe, outside the barracks! Does it work?»

«It sure does,» I said.

He started to unknot his tie. «I'm gonna take one,» he said. «You mind?»

«Of course not,» I said, «the place is yours.»

He stripped off his shirt and then his tee-shirt, and quickly stepped out of his trousers. And the room was filled with radiance. I had not been wrong in picturing his body—like a warm and living marble, sculptured with the hand of Praxiteles, descended from the Parthenon frieze to grace my living room. As he turned his head, a great muscle on his neck flowed smoothly down into his excellent shoulders; the torso was flat and ridged, and the great ligament that held his belly swooped down like a birdflight into one side of his tight white shorts, and up the other, to vanish in the warm curve around his back. The torso of a faun—*Behold my beloved, he cometh leaping upon the mountains . . .* In a moment of near faintness, I shut my eyes for a second, and then turned to busy myself. My mouth was dry.

«I'll get you a towel,» I managed to say, «and then I'll wash my face while you're in the shower.»

He strode like a conqueror into the tiled cubicle, and a moment later I heard the rush of water. I shook my head, took a deep breath, and took off my own shirt. Then I got him a towel and went to the bathroom with it. I drew the water and washed my face, and then sat down in the bedroom until he finished. The April air was cool, but not unpleasant. From a corner of my window, I could look out at the lights along the Quai Voltaire and see the black shimmer

of the Seine. The trees were misted over in the circles of light with the first faint green of their spring leaves.

The water stopped running in the bathroom. I heard the shower curtain being pushed aside, and the small soft sounds as he dried himself. And then he burst into the room like a blond panther, the towel wrapped around his middle.

«My gosh,» he said, electrified. «What a beautiful tattoo!»

I looked down at the garland of roses and flowers that hung across my chest from each shoulder. «You like it?» I said, feeling as foolish as a high-school girl in her first formal.

«I never saw anything like it!» he said with real enthusiasm. «Does it go clear around the back?»

«Yes,» I said. He put his hand on my shoulder and pulled it around to see. «Beautiful,» he said. Then, «Gee, you're all goose-bumps.»

«Your hands are cold,» I said, but it was not that. I stood up and put on a light dressing gown, and threw him a dark red one. «Be careful you don't split the back out of that with those shoulders,» I said.

«I'll be careful,» he smiled. «Don't worry.»

Then we talked some more, and I poured him a glass of cognac, and at last we went to bed—he to his, and I to the twin beside him.

To judge from his breathing, he was asleep almost at once. But I—I lay for a long time listening to the night sounds of the city. The strong silhouette of his shoulder and back under the covers lay between me and the faint light of the window.

And I concluded, finally, that I'd rather have him as a friend . . . and then, partly at peace with myself, I fell asleep.

\*

It was a wonderful week, but I must confess that I neglected my business—a bad thing to do when one is just beginning in a new place. Together we did all the silly and wonderful things that tourists do, and the thrill was great for me. I was continually refreshed and stimulated as I saw Paris through his young eyes; it was almost like a first visit again, and once more I fell captive to the sweet grey spirit of the old city. We walked up the Champs Elysées, had apéritifs at little sidewalk cafés, and strolled through the Bois de Boulogne, marvelling at the recurrent miracle of spring in Paris. I introduced him to the cafés of the St. Germain district, and we went once to the Folies Bergère. In the mornings the air was cool and sweet and thin as a golden sauterne, with little sparklings in it; the evenings were sometimes chill and lemon-colored still—but it was all beautiful, seen with the eyes of love.

And I must confess, again, that the wall of my resolution lasted about three days; then it began to crumble from the repeated onslaughts of his beauty. His shyness disappeared, and whenever we got into the apartment, the first thing he did was take off his clothes. Not that I objected, of course; but the effect weakened me, to see him walking in his young glory nearly naked around the rooms, or playfully taking the boxer's crouch, or showing me a few judo holds over my protestations. Contact with his body chilled and frightened me, for I saw the end of it that was hidden from him. And then gradually I began to say things, leading statements that he could hardly misinterpret—and he was not stupid.

I think it was the fifth evening. We had gone to bed, both mildly soused from a good deal of wine at dinner and cognacs afterwards at La Reine Blanche. The light was out. I was greatly depressed, and lay on my back in bed, biting my wrist and aching with desire.

Suddenly he switched on the lamp between us and propped himself on his elbow. His handsome face was serious. He bit his lip a moment, and then said, «I'm sorry.»

I stopped acting like a cheap theatrical ham and turned to face him. «Sorry for what?»

He flushed with embarrassment and looked down at his pillow, and punched it. «I—it's kinda hard to say. But—but I guess I know what's in your mind, these last few days . . .»

I said nothing.

«Well, the thing is, I just can't. The idea of it . . .»

«That's okay, Buck ole boy,» I said. «I'll get over it.» And then out of my frustration or spite or something like it, I added with some bitterness, «Besides, there'll be others coming along.»

He looked at me for a long moment without speaking, and I saw the cornflower blue of his eyes turn frosty and darken. Then abruptly, without saying more, he switched out the light and turned on his side.

But by the next morning it was as if nothing unpleasant had happened at all. He had to leave the day after, so we made a real celebration of the last twenty-four hours. We even went up the Eiffel Tower, over my loud complaints, for in all the years I had been going to Paris I had carefully avoided that excursion. Then in the afternoon, a lot of Pernod, and in the evening an excellent bouillabaisse. At the end of the meal, he leaned across the battlefield of our dead dinner and said, «I've got just one more favor to ask of you.»

«Name it,» I said through a happy haze.

«I want you to put a rose in the middle of my chest. Like in your garland. And someday I want the rest of it, too.»

His request shocked me a little, and pleased me a lot. «You quite sure you want it?»

«I've thought a lot about it,» he said. «Yeah, I want it. And in addition, that's one way I can be sure I won't ever forget this week.» He toyed with a fishbone fallen to the tablecloth. «Or you,» he added in a low voice.

So we got into a taxi and climbed back up the hill of Montmartre to the Rue Gabrielle, and opened up the shop. Then I went to the back room and got out the slanted bench. I put the screen up and did not turn on the shop lights—just those in my working area.

«Well, uncover the muscles,» I said, and he took off his shirt. «And lie down.» I put a pillow under his head and got my needles ready. Just before I started, I looked down at him stretched out on the bench, and said, «It's not too late to change your mind, you know.»

He shook his head. «Nope. I want it. The big one just like yours.» And then suddenly he put his arms up and clasped his big hands around the back of my head. He drew me down towards him, as startled as I had ever been in my life, and kissed me full on the mouth. Then he let go, and grinned up at me. «Now, go ahead,» he said. «I just wanted you to know how I felt.»

Trembling, shaken, I dipped the needle in the ink, and drew the first lines of the great scarlet rose upon the smooth and swelling plateau of his chest.

It was a little over a year later, almost at the beginning of May. My shop had begun to prosper somewhat, and although I was not yet the rage of Paris, I had a good flow of customers. The number of women wanting tattoos surprised me, and to protect myself from the predatory females of Montmartre (and their vengeful *macquereaux*), I had bought a plain gold wedding ring, which helped to scare them off.

I still remembered Buck, of course, but in the deluge of young French *durs* and hoods, of sailors and soldiers, and in the making of new designs to satisfy their tastes, he had begun to recede into that pleasant opalescent realm of the past where we keep our best memories. My frustration had lost itself in a vague glow of pleasure that I always felt when I thought of him. He had written three letters to me, each enclosing some clippings. He had won bouts in his company and regiment, and the write-ups in the Army paper were flattering—"The Rose Boy-Cop," they called him. And then there were some clippings from German papers, and one victory picture of a referee holding Buck's hand high in the air, and he grinning like a Cheshire cat, with the rose plainly visible on his chest. When he went 'pro', the crowds went wild over him; he turned out to be one of the most popular young boxers in Germany. And what was his name in Frankfort and the other towns? Why, it was a natural: *Der Rosenkavalier!*

It was ten at night and I was getting ready to close. I heard my doorbell tinkle, and looked up. It was Buck. He had on slacks and a windbreaker, and was bareheaded; his golden hair shone in the light.

«Well, here I am,» he said.

I played it very low-key. «So I see,» I said quietly.

He came into the working area through the swinging gate, and sat down. «I'm outa the army.»

«Really?» I said. «You're a pretty famous boy now.»

He grinned in the old way. «Mostly your doing,» he said. «That rose sure caught on. I guess you made me, all right.»

The opening was there, and I said with a faint bitterness, «Hardly the way I intended, however.»

He smiled briefly and then sobered, and moved his toe in a small circle on the floor. He said, without looking up, «I guess I've learned a lot in the last year. They always said travel was broadening. So what I'm really here for, in a way, is to apologize.»

I felt a churning inside that formed into a tight knot, and then suddenly released. «No apologies needed, Buck ole boy,» I said. «It's all in the past.»

He looked up with his eyes, keeping his head down, and smiled. He said nothing.

«What's all this leading to?» I asked.

He stood up, raised his arm high in the air, and stretched like the handsome young animal he was, and looked down at me.

«To a final question,» he said. «How's about putting me up for the night?» He lowered his arms, and put one hand on each of my shoulders. «We've got a lot to make up for,» he said, and playfully cuffed me alongside the ear.

I looked at my ink-stained hands, lying in my lap. I had made myself a good life with them, and regained a measure of self-esteem. Why should one be at the mercy of the Bucks and Tonys and Chucks and Jonnys of this world? For me, there had been too much experience, it had multiplied itself until I was no

longer under coercion from any person or thing. It was not my fault that it had taken this young man so long to learn, under how many faceless tutors I would never know. And it was not flattering to hear him now say something that I had known for many years, and had once told him was true. It would be so easy to show him the wedding ring, and tell him that I was married, and that my wife would not understand.

And yet, from the slowly unrolling frieze of the young men that had passed before me in life, there were few that had stepped down to join me, and call me friend; and fewer still who had offered me love. And was not love the answer, the bridge between soul and soul, the joyous agony at the very heart and end of being?

It took me less than three seconds to have these thoughts. Then I looked up and said, «Okay, Buck. I'm glad to see you back.»

—Ward Stames

## ABOUT THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE

Harry Benjamin, M. D., eminent gerontologist and sexologist of New York and San Francisco has extended to us the courtesy of reprinting the following important article on an unusual subject: Transsexualism and transvestism (beginning next page). It originally appeared in the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*, April 1954.

As an unofficial advisor and a frequent speaker, Dr. Benjamin has long been an understanding friend of the *Mattachine Society*. He appeared on the Society's annual convention program in 1957, delivering a paper entitled "In Time We Must Accept Our Homosexuals," which was later published in *SEXOLOGY* magazine, and later in *Mattachine REVIEW*. He has addressed discussion forums in both San Francisco and New York. He commented upon an article which appeared in a West Coast newspaper, and which was later reprinted from the *REVIEW* in the pages of *REALIFE GUIDE*. In 1960, Dr. Benjamin was featured luncheon speaker at the Society's 7th annual convention, discussing "The Seven Sexes of Man." This paper became a featured article distributed by Science News Service of Hearst newspapers, an article in *SEXOLOGY*, and will be reprinted in full in *Mattachine REVIEW* in a later issue.

Many important sexological books carry introductions, commentary and quotations from Dr. Benjamin. Notable among these is his introduction to the English translation of Dr. Rene Guyon's "Ethics of Sexual Acts." And many professional journals in various "branches" of the medical field—gerontology and endocrinology as well as psychiatry and sexology—have carried the important writing of this brilliant practitioner to the "ills" or adjustment problems of those who are in some way "different."

## Transsexualism and Transvestism—A Symposium\*

### TRANSSEXUALISM AND TRANSVESTISM AS PSYCHO-SOMATIC AND SOMATO-PSYCHIC SYNDROMES

HARRY BENJAMIN, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

#### DEFINITION

Transvestism has become the accepted term for the desire of a certain group of people to dress in the clothes of the opposite sex. This term, first used by Magnus Hirschfeld (1) has the disadvantage that it names a disturbance of behavior and emotion after only one of its symptoms, although the most conspicuous one. This symptom, which is also known as "cross-dressing," is the symbolic fulfillment of a deep-seated and more or less intense urge suggesting a dis-harmony of the total sexual sense, a sexual indecision or a disassociation of the physical and mental sexuality.

Havelock Ellis (2) proposed the term "eonism," naming it after its prototype, the Chevalier D'Eon and as a parallel to sadism and masochism. Hamburger and his associates (3) in Denmark reserved the term eonism for severe cases of so-called "genuine transvestism." They also characterize it as "psychic hermaphroditism." This is the same extreme degree of transvestism for which I have used the term transsexualism (4) because a transformation of sex is the foremost desire. Cauldwell (12) spoke of Psychopathia transsexualis.

Naturally not every act of "cross-dressing" is transvestitic. Only if it occurs in an atmosphere of emotional pressure, sometimes to the point of compulsion and is accompanied by a more or less distinct sexual satisfaction can the term be applied. Otherwise it would be simple masquerading of a non-affective nature.

#### SYMPTOMATOLOGY

Transvestism can be a form of fetishism. If a man, for instance wears under his suit a female corset, or panties or long stockings, he may just want to be close to his beloved fetish. In other cases, however, such action may be a compromise for the transvestite because it might entail social, sometimes marital, complications or it may involve legal risks to dress completely as a woman and appear

\* Held before the ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PSYCHOTHERAPY, December 18th, 1953.

as such in public. Another compromise is dressing as a woman only in the privacy of the home. Both ways leave transvestites, and especially transsexualists, greatly frustrated and unhappy.

The transvestite wants to be accepted in society as a member of the opposite sex; he or she wants to play the role as completely and as successfully as possible. The male transvestite admires the female form and manners and tries to imitate both with an intensity that varies greatly from case to case. The female transvestite, being legally immune, has it easier to identify herself with the male sex, acting the part of a man in appearance as well as in conduct. Gutheil published an analyzed case of female transvestism in Stekel's book on Fetischism (5).

Transsexualism is a different problem and a much greater one. It indicates more than just playing a role. It denotes the intense and often obsessive desire to change the entire sexual status including the anatomical structure. While the male transvestite, enacts the role of a woman, the transsexualist wants to be one and function as one, wishing to assume as many of her characteristics as possible, physical, mental and sexual.

Transsexualism as well as transvestism are decidedly more frequent among men than women, like most other sexual deviations. Due to the more permissive fashions in women, female transvestism is less conspicuous, but naturally can involve for the individual the same frustrations and often tragic situations as in men. Since the social and legal complications are infinitely greater in male transvestism and transsexualism, this present discussion is largely confined to them.

The transsexualist is always a transvestite but not vice-versa. In fact, most transvestites would be horrified at the idea of being operated. The transsexualist, on the other hand, only lives for the day when his hated sex organs can be removed, organs which to him are nothing but a dreadful deformity. Therefore the transsexualist always seeks medical aid while the transvestite as a rule merely asks to be left alone.

To put it differently: In transvestism the sex organs are sources of pleasure; in transsexualism they are sources of disgust. That seems to me a cardinal distinction and perhaps the principal differential diagnostic sign. Otherwise there is no sharp separation between the two, one merging into the other.

It is quite evident that under the influence of sensational pub-

licity a reasonably well adjusted transvestite could become greatly disturbed and fascinated by ideas of surgical conversion so that his emotional balance may be endangered.

#### RELATION TO HOMOSEXUALITY

Homosexual inclinations always exist in the transsexualist whether they result in actual physical contacts or not. The libido as far as sex activities are concerned is usually low and seems to be completely occupied with the sex conversion idea, indicating the close relationship to narcissism. The interpretation of the libido as homosexual is strongly rejected by the male transsexualists. They consider the fact that they are attracted to men natural because they feel as women and consider themselves of the female sex. For them to be attracted to "other females" appears to be a perversion.

Transvestites on the other hand are in the majority heterosexual, although their principal sexual outlet seems to be auto-erotic. Some are married and raise families, but the marriage rarely endures. Others have understanding girl-friends with whom they sometimes share their wardrobe.

Kinsey and his associates (6) consider transvestism and homosexuality "totally independent phenomena." So they are, as far as overt behavior is concerned. Most homosexuals would not be interested in "cross-dressing" just as most transvestites reject homosexual relations. Furthermore, the transvestitic behavior is chiefly a social problem, non-sexual on the surface, affecting one individual only, while homosexual behavior is an open manifestation of sex involving a second party.

However, I can see a relationship between the transvestitic and homosexual behavior in the fact that both are disturbances of the sexual unity of the individual, both constitute a split of soma and psyche in the field of sex, both are instinctive drives, quite beyond the individual's power to control or to change, no matter what the underlying cause may be.

#### ETIOLOGY

Speculations as to the causes of transvestism and transsexualism have led to much controversy in the past. There were, and still are, those who believe that all cases have an exclusively organic etiology. They consider transvestism in all its stages (as well as homosexuality) a form of intersexuality, an intermediate sex of

genetic or endocrine origin. Hirschfeld spoke of metatropism as an organic state.

On the other hand, there is the strictly psychoanalytic explanation which traces all such deviations to psychological conditioning, infantile traumata, childhood fixations, or an arrested emotional development.

I believe that in the face of clinical facts, logic and objective observations, either approach as an exclusive key to the phenomenon is untenable.

An organic explanation of intersexual phenomena would have to be looked for either in the genetic mechanism or in the endocrine constitution or in a combination of both. Organically, sex is always a mixture of male and female components. The ratio varies with the individual, determining the constitutional makeup, physical and mental. Between the "full-female" and the "full-male," constituting the two extremes on either side (and they are naturally not 100% either), there is every possible intermediate status.

The chromosomal sex (or "genetic sex") normally producing the homogametic female (bearing XX chromosomes), or the heterogametic male (bearing XY chromosomes) is subject to disturbances most strikingly evidenced by hermaphroditic and pseudo-hermaphroditic deformities. Investigations into the chromosomal sex (11) have shown that it is probably contained in the nuclear structure of all body cells. It has been detected and demonstrated in the epidermal nuclei of the skin. It does not always correspond to the respective gonad, that is to say, the endocrine sex. Future research along these lines may thus determine the dominant sex in an individual and may do much to clarify our still incomplete knowledge of the nature of sex. To speak of a male when there are (or were) testicles and of a female when there are (or were) ovaries may be the most practical way to differentiate the sexes, but it is scientifically incorrect and unsatisfactory to the geneticist.

Similarly the term "transsexualism" answers a practical purpose and is appropriate in our present state of knowledge. If future research should show that male sex organs are compatible with (genetic) female sex or female sex organs with (genetic) male sex the term would be wrong because the male "transsexualist" is actually female and merely requires a transformation of genitals.

The endocrine aspect of the problem is intimately related to the genetic. If we find in a transvestite underdeveloped gonads and



other signs of a congenital hypogonadism or if there are undescended testicles or hypospadias, we may be justified to suspect the sexual deviation to be due to a primary genetic disturbance also. But on the other hand all physical abnormalities can secondarily have far-reaching psychological repercussions.

The all-important role of environment and of psychological conditioning need not be stressed before this audience. There are any number of situations in early childhood that can be held responsible for the development of a sexual deviation. From the "smothering mother" to the dominant female in the family and the cross-dressing of the little boy to please a parent, each case of transvestism can have a different inception. Emotional development arrested during an early phase may play the most frequent role.

In some case histories the transvestitic tendency appears to have developed spontaneously at an early age. It may be well, therefore, to recall the fact as Dukor (7) expressed it: "The possibility of a purely psychological cause for a sexual deviation does not prove its correctness." There may be other factors besides. In a recent published monograph Bürger-Prinz, H. Albrecht and H. Giese (8) express the belief that there is no single principal cause for transvestism. Alden of San Francisco includes the realm of all mental and emotional reactions into the individual's constitutional equipment.

The effeminate male may look and behave as he does on a purely psychosomatic or psychological basis (imitating his mother, for instance) but he may also be the product of a somato-psychic mechanism originating in his chromosomes. It is often impossible to distinguish between the two.

Havelock Ellis has this to say in regard to etiology: "Early environmental influences assist but can scarcely originate Eonism. The normal child soon reacts powerfully against them. We must in the end seek a deeper organic foundation for Eonism."

### THREE TYPES OF TRANSVESTITES

Let me briefly sketch my impression of the three principal types of transvestites as I have seen them in my practice and as the etiology suggested itself to me.

1. *The principally psychogenic transvestite.* He is anatomically a normal male but may lack masculinity. The feminine component in his make-up is sufficient to allow an early psychological condi-

tioning to form the transvestitic pattern in later life. This psychological conditioning takes place long before the age of 12 or 13 when the principal attitudes are generally well established. His desire for sexual contacts is usually low, more often hetero- than homosexual. He is miserable when dressed as a man and immediately comfortable and relaxed in the clothes of a female. He has become an expert in cosmetic make-up, yet is occasionally in social or legal difficulties. He assumes a female first name and wants to be referred to as "she." He is usually introverted, non-aggressive, and his peculiarity hardly interferes with a smooth functioning of society. His conflict results from social pressure and legal prohibition. In fighting his peculiarity he sometimes over-emphasizes masculinity and becomes known as a "tough guy." In one case the over-compensation took the form of the patient having his entire body tattooed. Here masochism may have entered.

More than anything else the psychogenetic transvestite wants to see a change in the existing restrictive laws, so that he can lead a woman's life. *He* does not want to be changed but wants society's attitude toward him to change, again revealing narcissistic tendencies. Treatment is therefore rarely attempted. But if so it would be principally psychoanalytic. Endocrine therapy is rarely indicated. Only if there are signs of hypogonadism, masculinization may be attempted with testosterone. Simultaneously, a belated reinforcement of the maturing process with chorionic gonadotropin would be logical.

2. *The intermediate type.* His symptoms and problems are fundamentally the same as in type #1, but decidedly more pronounced. Therefore, he inclines at times toward transsexualism, but is at other times content with merely dressing and acting as a woman. He wavers between homo- and heterosexual desires usually according to chance meetings. He can be a very disturbed person. His masturbation fantasies are narcissistic and he visualizes himself functioning as a woman.

The gonads are usually within normal limits, but may incline toward underdevelopment suggesting a psycho-sexual infantilism. Skeletal measurements sometimes are of eunuchoid character. He rates low in masculinity and rather high in femininity on the respective M.F. scale. There may be more or less feminine markings in his physical make-up, for instance wide hips, breast development, female hair distribution, etc. Adverse childhood influences, often

quite evident in his history, were therefore able to make a correspondingly deep impression on the personality structure. Psychosomatic and somato-psychic factors intermingle.

An attempt at therapy may be considered but prognosis—I believe—is poor. Personally, I have never seen a cure, but the patients usually do not persist in treatment long enough or have no real desire to be cured. The constitutional factors are possibly too deep and resist psychotherapeutic endeavors too strongly. Under the powerful suggestive influence of publicity like that of the Jorgensen case such transvestites may, for the first time, turn toward transsexualism.

3. *The somatopsychic transsexualist.* This type is well represented by the case of Christine Jorgensen, who published the facts of her own case frankly and with a well-conceived self-analysis.

Feminine appearance and orientation is often striking in these people but masculine features are compatible with full transsexualism. The conviction of these endocrine males that they are really females with faulty sex organs is profound and passionate. Suggestive childhood influences are often evident in their histories, but may, in other cases, be vague and not sufficiently plausible to help in explaining the phenomenon. Therefore a still greater degree of constitutional femininity, perhaps due to a chromosomal sex disturbance, must be assumed in spite of the fact that the gonadal status may appear within normal limits. Here, psychic hermaphroditism seems to be an apt description.

Sex life is largely cerebral and non-genital, satisfaction being derived more from their paraphilia that is to say their feminization fantasies and endeavors than from auto-erotism or homosexual contacts.

Hamburger and his associates have portrayed such a case in an article in the A.M.A. Journal (3). They analyzed the clinical facts and the surgical treatment with much insight and common sense, reaching the conclusion that "It is highly probable that eonism, (their term for transsexualism), is constitutionally conditioned."

After their report appeared, an interesting attempt was made in a letter to the A.M.A. Journal (9) to interpret the same case of transsexualism from a strictly psychoanalytic angle naturally with rejection of any treatment except psychoanalysis. Unfortunately, a theory that disregards biological factors in such cases—in my opinion—cannot convince and does not ring true.

Freud himself—I believe—would have disagreed with such a one-sided approach. During one of my visits to Vienna about 30 years ago I discussed the psyche-soma relationship with Freud and he agreed fully that a *disharmony* of the emotions may well be due to a *disharmony* of our endocrines.

All therapy, in cases of transsexualism—to the best of my knowledge—has proved useless as far as any cure is concerned. I know of no case where even intensive and prolonged psychoanalysis had any success. If we are dealing with a constitutional deviation, we can hardly expect to influence it. Testosterone, for instance, would not change the desire for sex transformation either. It would merely increase libido and perhaps masculine appearance aggravating instead of diminishing the conflict. These people seem to me truly the victims of their genetic constitution, step-children of medical science, often crucified by the ignorance and indifference of society and persecuted by antiquated laws and by legal interpretations that completely lack in wisdom and realism.

#### THE NORMAL BOY

To complete the picture, I would like to mention the normal masculine boy who was exposed to adverse psychological conditioning. In former years it was quite customary that many boys kept their long curls till they went to school and some of them were dressed and treated more in a feminine than masculine fashion. That took place during the formative years of—say—2-5. Naturally not all of them became transvestites or homosexuals. When this kind of conditioning went against their nature, nothing happened. They grew into normal manhood. But when it harmonized with a constitution of a high feminine component, then it was a different story.

In this connection I would like to raise a question of cause and effect. Parents who do bring up their boys as girls and give them female names usually do so to please themselves and to compensate for their disappointment in having a boy when they wanted a girl (or vice-versa). But is it not possible also that, in other instances, the boy—for constitutional reasons—looked and behaved so much like a girl that it seemed more natural to the parents to forget about his gonads for a while and bring him up as a female?

In one case that I observed recently a reversed situation actually seemed to exist. The parents wanted the boy that was born to them

very much. But at the age of 3 or 4 the child rebelled and wanted to be dressed and treated "like other girls." The parents and two older sisters fought for a son and brother, but finally gave in. To keep peace they allowed the girl's dresses but—for a while at least—insisted on regular boy's haircuts. These constituted the most distressing moments in the boy's life. He grew up into an extremely feminine-looking transvestite and transsexualist. He was studied by two groups of psychiatrists. One group recommended the conversion-operation as the only way to preserve the patient's sanity; the other group advised against it as unlikely to solve the underlying psychological problems. In September of this year, however, the patient succeeded in realizing his life's ambition and did have a conversion-operation performed abroad.

I saw him a couple of weeks ago and can only say; so far, so good. He is happier and seems better balanced emotionally than when I saw him two years ago. However, I would make no prediction for the future; much will depend upon follow-up therapy.

I am fully aware that I am repetitious, but I feel that occasionally there is justification for it. Allow me, therefore, to summarize briefly my opinion: Our genetic and endocrine equipment constitutes either an unresponsive, sterile or a more or less responsive, that is to say, fertile soil on which a psychic trauma can grow and develop into such a basic conflict that subsequently a neurosis or sex deviation results.

Or, differently expressed: Our organic sexual constitution, that is to say the chromosomal sex supported and maintained by the endocrines, form the substance and the material that make up our sexuality. Psychological conditioning determines its final shape and function. The substance is largely inaccessible to treatment (except in its endocrine constituent.) The function is the domain of psychotherapy.

#### LEGAL ASPECTS

The legal aspects of transvestism, transsexualism and conversion-operations will be discussed by Mr. Robert Sherwin. The fear of arrest when they venture out in female dress and the utter frustration when they resist the temptation makes life truly miserable for these patients. A comparison to drug addiction readily comes to one's mind. One can only wonder that their neurotic symptoms are often not more pronounced.

#### FREQUENCY OF TRANSVESTISM

The number of transvestites and transsexualists in the United States is enormously difficult to estimate because too many of them keep their secret well-hidden; some are discovered only after death. An investigation is now in progress in California to procure an approximate idea of how many may be in that state. While there could be several hundred or more, they are hardly enough to constitute a problem for society even if restrictive laws were relaxed with the help of medical certificates.

#### TREATMENT

As far as the treatment of transvestism is concerned, my previous remarks may suffice on this occasion. The management of transsexualism, however, requires a few supplementary comments, especially as far as the conversion-operation is concerned.

Transsexualism is undoubtedly a rare condition, rare in proportion to the population. Its treatment is even more perplexing than that of etiology because medical considerations are so greatly complicated by social and legal ones.

In my opinion, psychotherapy for the purpose of curing the condition is a waste of time. A basic conflict would be too firmly anchored in the constitution. All that the psychiatrist can possibly do is to relax tension, to develop and reinforce realistic thinking, and to supply guidance. That, of course, is not a cure.

The transsexualist is primarily interested in having a conversion-operation performed and therein lies the dilemma which taxes the physician's conscience to an unusual degree.

The operation itself would consist in castration, the amputation of the penis (peotomy) and the possible plastic formation of an artificial vagina. But, alas, even if the patient had reached this goal, it may not always solve his problem. His feminization cravings may never end. The later realization that a complete change of sex including the ability of child-bearing is impossible and that only a change of secondary sex characteristics has been and can be accomplished, may leave some patients still frustrated even after a more or less extended period of relief. That is the tragedy and the pitfall in consenting to this irreversible procedure. And yet, in some cases, it may be the lesser evil and we may have to accept this chance as a calculated risk.

The patient who is constantly on the verge of a reactive psy-

chosis or is in danger of suicide or self-mutilation cannot be turned down with an unequivocal "no." On the other hand the physician's sympathy should not tempt him to give in too easily to the patient's persuasive arguments and thus obscure his sound clinical judgement.

The psychiatrist must have the last word. He has to evaluate the personality in regard to possible future consequences and also as to the likelihood of somehow making life bearable under the status quo. If it is evident that the psyche cannot be brought into sufficient harmony with the soma, then and only then is it essential to consider the reverse procedure, that is, to attempt fitting the soma into the realm of the psyche.

In weighing the indication for the operation, another factor should be considered, namely the physical and especially facial characteristics of the patient. A feminine habitus, as it existed for instance in Christine Jorgensen, increases the chances of a successful outcome. A masculine appearance mitigates against it. Such patient may meet with serious difficulties later on when he expects to be accepted by society as a female and lead the life of a woman.

A conversion-operation is an infrequent procedure, even allowing for the fact that it may often be kept a deep secret (as a supposedly illegal procedure). Treatment with estrogens would have to follow in order to control castration symptoms, aside from having its feminizing effect. We must remember, of course, that castration produces a eunuch and not a woman.

Whenever the surgical intervention is contraindicated, "chemical castration" can be attempted with large doses of estrogen (naturally in combination with psychotherapy.) The psychological side-effects of such endocrine therapy can be of great value in addition to its hormonal result which is the suppression of the androgenic activity of the testes and the adrenal cortex. Repeated determinations of the 17-ketosteroids could show the degree of suppression. These steroids would be best kept at an average female level. If the estrogens do not suppress the 17-ketosteroid production sufficiently, cortisone may be used in addition. In that case the treatment of male transsexualism parallels that of female virilism (10).

Clinically, the hormonal castration can gradually produce an increase of mammary tissue, a reduction of body hair, and probably a slight atrophy of testes and penis. A decrease of libido and correspondingly diminished sexual tension is likely.

## CONCLUSIONS AND SUMMARY

Let me leave you and my highly incomplete presentation with these conclusions:

Transvestism and transsexualism are symptoms that may have a great variety of causes. A constitutional predisposition is essential; then comes adverse psychological conditioning followed by the respective syndromes. The intensity of these two causative factors and their interplay determine the character of the final clinical picture (which may range from mere effeminacy of an otherwise normal man to deep-seated exclusive homosexuality and transsexualism.

Transvestism may be successfully handled by psychotherapy if the patient desires a cure. Otherwise it can only be treated by treating society and our legal statutes with their interpretations.

Transsexualism is inaccessible to any curative methods at present at our disposal. Nevertheless the condition requires psychiatric help, reinforced by hormone treatment and, in some cases, by surgery. In this way a reasonably contented existence may be worked out for these patients.

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# READERS *write*

REVIEW EDITOR: Recently I was arrested and convicted on a homosexual charge. The other person was 24 years old; I am 35 years old. I have never been in trouble before and have an outstanding record of 16 years employment for the U. S. Government. Of course, I was fired from my position because of this incident and have not yet been able to find employment. I am to appear for my sentence in a few days (or perhaps few weeks). I have not been told exactly when. My lawyer believes I will not have to serve any time in jail as this is my first offense and I have never been in trouble before; however, he believes I will be put on probation 1-3 years. At the present time I am undergoing psychiatric treatment. I have heard that if one registers in California as being homosexual or having homosexual tendencies he is protected by the law. By this I do not mean that I want to come to California so that I may continue homosexual relations. I am making a strong effort to curb these desires with the help of the psychiatrist, my parents, and my spiritual director. However, I have heard that many homosexuals cannot be cured or that the tendencies may reappear at a later time. And of course I would be greatly penalized if I was convicted of a second offense (which I believe is a sentence over 10 years in Colorado). Would you please give me any information on the laws regarding the homosexual in California; would I have to be confined to certain areas. Would there be chance for employment under these circumstances?—Mr. A. M., Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Certain sex offenders must register in California, but as such they are not exactly "protected."

REVIEW EDITOR: After long deliberation and thought on the matter I am daring to write someone on a personal and controversial matter, and I am just wondering if one would dare to reply to my letter. I am one of possibly thousands the U.S. Army has seen fit to relieve from the service with an "Other than honorable" discharge because of homosexual charges (made against me). Up until the time I was forced to resign my position as a Warrant Officer, Junior Grade, reserve status as a reserve Captain, and regular Army rank as a M/Sgt, I had no mar or blemish on my record. My service had been honest and faithful, with no "bad time." I had never had even as much as company punishment or a Summary Courts-Martial. I served in the U. S. Army from Nov., 1940, being inducted into the Federal service with the National

Guard, and except for a few months in 1947 when I was out of the service and then re-enlisted, I served until my ultimate separation in March, 1952. I was accused by two enlisted men of my headquarters of acts upon them. This was alleged to have taken place in a hotel after they willingly accompanied me from a bar where we had been drinking beer. One of them, in particular, shared complete interest in homosexuality. The facts of the matter, as I stated in the U. S. Army Discharge Review Board, who twice turned down my request for review of discharge, is that I did not use any force, violence or undue persuasion with either of them although I did buy them beer, which of course can be considered an inducement. My personal opinion is that someone—or rather some group of people, and I hope it is the Mattachine Society—is going to work toward the justice of homosexuals who have been abused by the U. S. Armed Forces. I did no harm, hurt or injury to these men, nor have I over to anyone. I know the policy the Army (and I suppose all the other branches of the U. S. Armed Forces) has toward homosexuals and I think it is unfair. So far as I know, I will never again under the present provisions have an opportunity to serve in the Armed Forces. But the main point I'd like to make is that I will likewise never get an opportunity to gain an honorable discharge—instead of the "Other Than Honorable," and "For the Good of the Service." As I understand it, this is only one step above a dishonorable discharge, and about the same as an "undesirable" discharge. Likewise, the Veterans Administration takes the attitude that such discharge is undesirable and dis-honorable as well, and therefore withholds all Veterans rights and benefits—such as the G.I. bill training. They say—the U. S. Government—that the homosexual is a security risk. This may be true of some, but a lie, I think, of others. Anyone could be a security risk. Well, this is briefly my case. I've lived in mental anguish and torment since my discharge. I think the Army could afford to at least give me an honorable discharge, even if they don't want me in the service. What attitude does the Mattachine Society take? Would like to hear from you.—Mr. R. F., Mississippi.

REVIEW EDITOR: I am a student at Long Island University in Brooklyn, New York, and have been assigned to do some extensive research on the subject of Homosexuality. I have written to several countries, through the United Nations, for information on their particular country. I have not as yet received any reply. Since there is so much material to be obtained, and since I am already aware of how backward the laws of my own country are on this matter, it has been recommended that I turn to you for help. I want to make this paper to be most objective if it is to do any good at all. I would like information on this subject including: the laws of the country, treatment (if any), military service, publications (how they have benefited the homosexual), progress in this country (if any), progress in others, statistics, etc.—Mr. T. J., S. N., New York

REVIEW EDITOR: I was very fortunate to pick up a copy of the October issue of *Mattachine REVIEW* on a newsstand recently. I never knew that a magazine existed which deals with a homosexual theme. It is very interesting to know what other people with the same leanings as I have, are thinking. My contact with others is very limited, mainly because of a sense of shame on my part. I never try to contact others and if I should be contacted I try to keep the relationship short and impersonal. I believe your magazine may be helpful in helping me to red myself of this sense of shame and live more normally. Please start my subscription to your magazine with January issue with the enclosed check for \$5.00.—Mr. A. Z., New York.

REVIEW EDITOR: Of course I want to renew my subscription! I read these from cover to cover. I think you're doing a fine job; and I hope good old United States will soon wake up and realize that they're living in the middle ages as far as certain types of laws are concerned. Keep up the good work.—Mr. D. D. K., Oregon


REVIEW EDITOR: I discovered your fine magazine, the Nov-Dec, 1960 issue, last night, at a magazine store in the Village. I am a staff member of a national church organization. (However I am a humanist, personally). I am enclosing a check for a year's subscription to *Mattachine REVIEW*. I hope 1961 will be your best yet! You deserve full backing from all us homosexuals.—Mr. D. S., New York

REVIEW EDITOR: I would like to start a yearly duty in which I will send you a \$1.00 and a card every month. I'll try to sell the idea to my friends also. I wish to very sincerely thank you for the work you are doing. Safeguarding our freedoms and the development of full freedom for both the individual and our country is completely necessary if the free world wishes to survive. Merry Christmas and again thank you.—Mr. G. J. G., California

REVIEW EDITOR: Please drop my name for your mailing list. I was shocked to discover the type of book this is. The less said about such scandalous subjects, the better.—Mr. W. A. B., Tennessee

EDITOR'S NOTE: Individual replies have been sent to all above correspondents, discussing specific problems outlined, and handling specific requests for information, etc.

Letters from readers are solicited for publication in this regular monthly department. They should be short and all must be signed by the writer. Only initials of the writer and the state or country of residence will be published. Opinion expressed in published letters need not necessarily reflect that of the *REVIEW* or the *Mattachine Society*. No names of individuals will be exchanged for correspondence purposes.



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BY HARRY OTIS

REVIEW READERS everywhere will be saddened to learn that Blanche Montgomery Baker, M. D., Ph.D., aged 54, died at her home in San Francisco on December 11, 1960, after a long illness.

Dr. Baker has long been active in the psychiatric field, specializing in consultation with sex behavior problems, particularly those of homosexuals. She has actively supported the work of the three U. S. organizations working in this problem field: *Mattachine Society*, One, Incorporated, and Daughters of Bilitis. In addition to these groups, many, many additional friends, associates and patients mourn her passing.

In 1958 Dr. Baker participated as a panelist on the history-making two-hour radio program, "The Homosexual in Our Society," prepared by Pacifica Foundation, Berkeley, Calif., and aired over KPFA-FM; KPFB-FM, Los Angeles, and WBAI-FM, New York. She wrote an introduction for the book, "Gay Bar," which was later quoted extensively in a California Supreme Court test case. She conducted a highly valuable column in *One Magazine* for many months, "Toward Understanding." And most important, she appeared in person before the three groups named above to express ideas of wisdom and deep human understanding.

*Mattachine Society's* current news quarterly, *INTERIM*, carries a detailed account of Dr. Baker's work and association with the Society. Her death was a great loss, indeed, not only to us but most of all to her husband, Bill, and a sister in Columbus, who survive.



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MATTACHINE SOCIETY GOALS

--BECOME A SUBSCRIBING  
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--Open to all persons over 21 years of age seriously interested in aiding solution of human sex behavior problems. Participation in activities of established Mattachine Area Councils not required. Principal purpose of subscribing membership is to provide the organization and its publications with vital financial support. Included are subscription to *Mattachine Review* (monthly) and *Interim* (quarterly). Fee, \$15.00 per year. Please make check or money order payable to Mattachine Society, Inc., San Francisco 5, Calif. Subscribing members may attend meetings of the Society and its Area Councils, but may not vote unless qualified to active membership by payment of local dues and accepted by Area Council concerned in accordance with local rules for active membership.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS

### THE CIRCLE (DER KREIS)

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

### ICSE NEWSLETTER

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

### ARCADIE

Monthly literary and scientific review in French, A. Baudry editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address  
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## INFORMATION FOLDERS

Two folders, designed to be used as companion mailing pieces, are available from national headquarters of the Mattachine Society and its branch offices. They are "In Case You Didn't Know" and "What Has Mattachine Done?" The first outlines the homosexual problem in the U.S. and describes the purpose of the Society; the second tells how the Society is dealing with the problem and what the organization is doing. Prices are: 100 for \$1.50; 50 for \$1.00; smaller quantities, 3 cents each. Unless specified otherwise, orders will be filled with equal quantities of each folder.