



mattachine REVIEW

APRIL 1963

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

HeterosexualISM as Dogma

13TH

ANNIVERSARY

ISSUE



Calling Shots

HOMOSEXUAL CONTACT AND VENEREAL DISEASE

The New York *Post* reports that spread of VD by homosexual contact was the most significant feature of the joint report issued recently by the American Social Health Association, the American Venereal Disease Association, and the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers.

"Thirty-four states and forty-four cities reported homosexual VD as an important and increasing problem."

"Of 1,734 male syphilitics and contacts who were interviewed in New York, 51 per cent admitted homosexual contacts."

If these figures are to be interpreted accurately, it is necessary to isolate the various factors involved. As this is impossible to achieve under the scrutiny of those who demand chastity or monogamy of everyone, we can only surmise as to their meaning. They can indicate an increase of homosexual activity. Or they can mean that enough persons have gained enough faith in public medical facilities to presume

that they can be truthful in their confessions. There is no indication that "homosexuals" are more promiscuous than "heterosexuals," as this is one of those instances where persons cannot be so categorized. But they do indicate that many men are bisexual and that, as the statistics presumably refer to men, males are more promiscuous than females. So what's new?

Now this is a grave situation when studied in the context of the overall increase of venereal disease and it calls for a great deal of soul-searching in higher places than on street corners.

For years dedicated workers in some public health facilities have striven to create an atmosphere of mutual faith in which patients and contacts could be treated with as little embarrassment as possible, so that the disease could be terminated and that other persons exposed could be notified and treated. The object has been clearly that of reducing the incidence of venereal disease, and any clear-minded person can see that punitive measures such as advocated by certain politicians, police groups, and sensational newspapers can only defeat that purpose.

But what about the muddle-heads?

What effect can such newspaper headlines as "Law Fixers Fight VD Rise—SD INSPECTION," and the remarkably asinine activity reported in the accompanying article. Yet this is the unique and collective

(Continued on page 35)



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SOME IMPLICATIONS OF

HeterosexualISM as Dogma

A friend of Mattachine contributes the following commentary on contemporary sociological manifestations. American society, today, is perhaps the most heterosexualistic society that the world has ever known. The writer points out some grave dangers that arise when "Heterosexualism" becomes a doctrine so strong that morality, itself, loses significance—and it becomes more important to be heterosexual than it is to be honest.

Although addressed to William J. Helmer, writer of an article, "New York's Middle-class Homosexuals," in the March issue of HARPER'S, because of his "courage and equanimity in considering this emotionally explosive subject," it is also of great interest to all readers.

I HAVE BEEN MOST FAVORABLY IMPRESSED with the article, "New York's 'Middle-class' Homosexuals," in the March issue of Harper's. For a few days I considered writing to the author, William J. Helmer; and then, for a number of reasons determined that my purposes might be better served by addressing Mr. Helmer through the channel of your columns.

Thank you, Mr. Helmer. You have done all of society a very substantial service. Your courage and equanimity in considering this emotionally explosive subject speaks a very great deal of you, yourself.

I hope that this article may lead to a second one: one which will pursue the line that society, in the best interests of society—probably self-defense, might be wise to consider this subject carefully. There is a very serious threat to the welfare of society in this subject: but it does not arise from the homosexual—it arises from the extreme sanctions which society has imposed against manifestations of homosexuality, which in turn lead many men to conform to the heterosexual pattern, outwardly, thus doing violence to their most

intimate feelings; and then, in turn, revenging themselves upon society for this outrage.

Some individuals of this category revenge themselves against other individuals; others revenge themselves against society as a whole. It seems rather astonishing that most informed people recognize that Hitler was a seriously deranged person; a small number of the well informed recognize that among other mental-emotional maladies, he suffered from paranoia. Many of these well informed are aware that paranoia is caused by disturbances resulting from conscious or unconscious homosexuality and/or the guilt associated with such factors.

It is not unreasonable to observe that paranoia has become institutionalized in our society, i.e. those who are not too ill of paranoia can find a way of partially stabilizing their anxiety and tension through seeking and wielding power, and society has come to accept and approve of such careers. It is only when an individual is wildly "off-beat," as in the case of Hitler; or only somewhat less so as in the case of a recent United States Senator—it is only in these exceptional conditions that anyone at all becomes concerned about the subject.

Even then, almost no one recognizes that paranoia is so commonplace that it must be met with social procedures akin to widespread public health measures: that is, the social climate must be modified to the extent that the true homosexual can be relatively free of guilt for being what he is, and modified sufficiently so that fewer bisexual men will need to conceal their homosexual component, oftentimes even from themselves.

I urgently suggest, Mr. Helmer, that you read the three following books:

Why Was Lincoln Murdered by Otto Eisenschiml, 1937. A fascinating interpretation of the mass of material relating to this subject. The author suggests that Stanton quite possibly was fully informed of the Booth plot, and aided this plot for purposes of his own.

Lincoln, A Psychobiography by Leon Pierce Clark, Scribners, 1933. One of the themes of this interpretation of the life of Lincoln is that Lincoln had a substantial, yet secondary tendency toward deviation which he had suppressed and sublimated: his ability to sublimate this aspect of his personality appears to account for his great love of his fellow men. It must also have made him exceptionally attractive to the aggression of men who had the same component of personality, and whose component had not been resolved in benevolent fashion.

Stanton, B. P. Thomas and H. M. Hyman, Knopf, 1962. No book on Stanton could completely ignore the book of Otto Eisenschiml; but biography of Stanton dismisses Eisenschiml in a footnote which

describes his study and interpretation as unsound in method and conclusion, and not meriting consideration. But both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hyman are patient and competent scholars, although totally lacking in capacity or inclination to interpret psychological evidence. After dismissing the work of Otto Eisenschiml, they very carefully dig up and document an enormous amount of information concerning the childhood, youth, health, personal and public life of Mr. Stanton which makes it very clear that Stanton was a profoundly neurotic individual who appears to have not once in his career hesitated to betray or eliminate anyone who stood in his way. These authors and students do not consider the psychological nature of Stanton; there is no mention of deviation or any other attribute of his psychological anatomy; but they do make clear that in addition to his remarkable, positive qualities, he also had qualities which just might put him in the category of the perverse and deviant if he had not been consumed in his drive for power over other men (a substitute for love, all too commonplace) and for money.

It must be noted that Eisenschiml manifests no interest in the psychology of either Lincoln or Stanton: Thomas and Hyman profess not to find any merit in the study of Eisenschiml, and then proceed to document a personal history which has some resemblance to a pathological case history.

I want to point out that this is a fascinating adventure; but there is no acceptable proof that Stanton did in fact murder Lincoln. But in a variety of ways it is made clear that any prudent person, knowing what we know now of Stanton, would not under any circumstances have entrusted him with power. But Lincoln's repressed aspect of personality made him oblivious of the danger in this type of person. It is the drama, all over again, at a high, complex and very sophisticated level of the deviant individual with masochistic tendencies, who cannot resist the enticement of the sadistic policeman or tough who intends to use him, then do him in. And so often—so often—this little drama is played out on the grounds that pious necessity makes it imperative that life must be played out on these terms. Stanton was a very pious man.

In the field of fiction there are two classics which illustrate aspects of this problem, which I recommend. *The Prussian Officer* by D. H. Lawrence and *Mario and the Magician* by Thomas Mann. The circumstances that Mussolini forbade publication of the latter speaks for itself.

The problem relating to this question is not one of scarce material; it is, rather, the one of selection of material which will catch your interest, and develop the thesis I am pointing out.

In the light of the foregoing article, one may seriously wonder if any good at all is accomplished by discouraging homosexual manifestations in anyone. This is a subject for a great deal of study, and it should be financed—by someone.

WHILE IN AMERICA we hear frequent reference to the homosexual "problem," and certain newspapers busy themselves in creating such a "problem," the small but intelligently governed country of Holland has come a long way toward solving that "problem."

Consenting sexual acts in private are not deemed to fall within the province of the law; thus, police officials do not have the licence to conduct prurient investigations such as that which, it would seem, is now the chief preoccupation of the Los Angeles Police Department.

While the Hollywood Citizen-News continues to feed fuel to a medieval bonfire sparked from the police department, and alleged "sex deviates" are being harrassed and arrested en masse, and so-called homosexual "hangouts" are being raided and padlocked—while local politicians are attempting to pass unconstitutional laws and women's organizations are making ill-founded resolutions and circulating naive petitions (at the instigation of the Citizen-News)—while immature vice officers (specially hired for the situation) are employing any means available to detect homosexuals with the sanction of police administration—Dutch policemen are calmly referring interested individuals to the Centers for Culture and Recreation in Amsterdam and other leading Dutch cities.

A club for homosexuals

ROY PERROTT

REPRINTED FROM THE OBSERVER (LONDON)

A meeting-place not only where homosexuals gather openly but to which they are directed by the police—this may sound unbelievable to English people but it exists in Holland, as Roy Perrott tells.

HOLLAND HAS LONG BEEN ONE of the more tolerant European countries in her attitude to homosexuals, at least as far as the law is concerned. In permitting homosexual relations between consenting adults in private and allowing inverts all legitimate freedom consistent with public decency Holland's attitude is broadly similar to that of Belgium, France, Denmark, Sweden, Spain and Italy.

But there is one feature probably more advanced than any. This is a large-scale club organisation run by homosexual men and women for other homosexuals. It has established close and mutually helpful co-operation with the police and a number of outside social organisations. In its 16 years of existence, though by no means all its hopes and aims have been realised, it has gathered a unique body of practical experience on helping the homosexual to accept himself and his situation and to adjust sensibly to society as it is, however unsympathetic its disciplines may seem to him.

The organisation is called the *Cultuur-en Ontspanningcentrum* (C.O.C. for short), which in translation emerges somewhat inadequately as "Centre for Culture and Recreation." It began in 1946 as a discussion group with fewer than 100 members. Feeling the need for more scope, the members asked police permission to open permanent premises in Amsterdam, and this was granted so long as they were decently conducted and no one under 21 and no homosexual prostitutes were admitted.

WIDE SOCIAL RANGE

The C.O.C. has grown rapidly since. It now has just over 4,000 members—1,600 in Amsterdam and branches in Rotterdam, The Hague,

Utrecht, Groningen, Arnheim and Eindhoven. From the start, lesbian women have been eligible to join and they now total 500 members. The whole organisation is governed by a national board of 10 members, though the final say is with an annual delegate conference.

Membership costs £2 8s. a year and covers a wide social range from the artisan class to leading professional men and women, though the middle-income white-collar worker is probably most strongly represented. The general administrative headquarters, in one of Amsterdam's main streets, has a permanent office staff of four. The main club premises consist of dance-floor, bar and meeting rooms. The social activities include discussion groups, play-reading and music circles, and expert lectures, most of which, of course, relate to the special problems of membership.

The guiding spirit of the club is its chief officer since 1948, Mr. Bob Angelo (a pseudonym employed because he often appears under his real name as an actor on Dutch television). A small, undemonstrative man, he impresses visitors with his combination of idealism and hard sense. He has defined C.O.C.'s aim as: "The promotion of humane judgment and treatment of homosexuality; the giving of psychological, moral and legal assistance against prejudice and and harmful legal codes; and the discouragement of homosexual prostitution."

WITHOUT FURTIVENESS

C.O.C.'s philosophy rests on the same basis as that which both Wolfenden and the Church of England Moral Welfare Council have accepted as essential. The homosexual, it says, must be allowed to integrate himself into the wider community as himself, accepting his own nature (how abstinent or active he is thereafter remains, of course, his own decision). Only in this way can he adjust himself tolerably to the social disciplines and get the same chance of personal development as other people have. "I want my friends to lose their cynicism," Angelo says.

Club members are helped towards adjustment in several ways. The fact that they can meet their fellows without furtiveness, and in decent social surroundings, is perhaps the biggest single relief from tension. The club has a panel of five psychiatrists (who give their services free); it can also call on the help of a number of sympathetic pastors and priests. Since Holland is a much more actively religious country than Britain, spiritual conflicts loom relatively large in the lives of Dutch homosexuals. The road to self-acceptance for many can be as stony as it is in countries with a less amenable law.

Some of the more practical lessons in adjustment are acquired at the expert-guided discussion groups. How, for instance, can the homosexual be "himself" and fit into a job? The view here is that, if it can be managed, it is best for him not to conceal his nature for

this leads to sham and misses a chance to educate others by his "ordinariness."

He shouldn't flaunt his difference in dress or behaviour nor look to working colleagues for his closer relationships. But it is accepted that the more obtrusively feminine types among men may be better off in one of the more tolerant professions, such as the arts or entertainment.

What would the averagely sceptical member of the public regard as the shortcomings of a club of this sort? How far, for instance, could it be regarded as a "pick-up joint"?

MINORS EXCLUDED

Mr. Angelo replied: "That possibility, of course, exists and I suppose in about the same degree that you would find in any heterosexual social club. Our whole aim is to encourage members' capacity for more lasting relationships and I think we have a high degree of success there."

I asked a senior officer of the Amsterdam police to what extent he thought the club might act as a recruiting centre and involve sexually indeterminate people who might otherwise have a chance of a normal life. He did not think there was much risk of this. He had found the club punctilious about excluding the under-21s, and since nearly everyone knew their sex orientation past this age, no "recruiting" was likely.

The officer said that while homosexuals were not exactly "popular" with the police, even in Holland, he thought the club had justified its public value. His impression was that it had reduced cases of importuning and public indecency. If a club member had broken the law (by having relations with a minor, say) and was being blackmailed, the club invariably encouraged him to tell the police. In such a case the normal procedure was to pursue the blackmailer and dismiss the homosexual concerned with a warning.

FEWER BREAKDOWNS

To sum up, the club's merits largely show themselves in personal terms. Members one meets are visibly more at ease with themselves than similar individuals here. The achievement in terms of the relief of personal unhappiness and isolation has probably been quite high (Angelo reckons it by the reduced number of nervous breakdowns he hears about).

The club's impact on public attitudes has probably been very slight so far. Even in Amsterdam, a good deal more tolerant of homosexuals than the Catholic south, tolerance is only a matter of "minding one's own business" (though this is impressive here) and falls short of the wholehearted acceptance the club aspires to. Still, the club has helped to carry its troubled minority at least one step forward.

ERIC

CARL RICHTER

I'VE KNOWN ANDY for four years. We used to work together at the state hospital which Andy called the "Chock-Full-O'-Nuts," after the restaurant where he used to be a bus-boy, until he got tired of living in the city. I wouldn't have called it that myself, but then Andy always has a joke for those things that average folks don't understand. You would be amused by his smile when he says it, showing his white teeth and looking at you with one of his eyes, while you are not sure where the other one is looking.

Well, Andy has this little shack down by the river he calls his castle. He built it himself. He even piled rocks out from the shore for a foundation, and even though the land is actually city property, they let him use it 'cause he's a veteran and has a bum leg he got when he was a gunner in the navy. Everybody likes Andy, or, at least, for some reason it seems that everybody likes for Andy to like them. He doesn't live in his "castle," but lives at home with his old mother and just goes there when he wants to get away, or go for a swim, or take a short cruise with his outboard motor. But in the summer he's there most of the time, selling bottles of soda to the people who come down from town to look at the river and get the sun. Eric lives there, right now.

Anyway, I took the train up there a few Sundays ago. It only takes a half hour, plus a short walk to the river, down hill all the way, and then across the railroad tracks over this steel footbridge which lands a few hundred yards above Andy's place.

I saw Andy coming out of the boat house, which is near his place, with a gallon jug of water. There was a kid with him. Every kid in town knows Andy and practically worships him—like he was a father substitute or something.

"Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming, you bastard," he said, punching me in the stomach lightly. "How'd you know I'd be here?"

"Well, I took the chance," I said, glad to find that he was. We walked down the bank between the tracks and the river. I took the kid's jug of water while he ran ahead to open the door.

"Oh, I got troubles," Andy said without waiting for me to say anything else. "You remember Eric, that fellow I told you about that stole all the automobiles and ended up in jail. Well, I got him on

my hands again. Don't know what to do about it. Won't go away—no place else to go. Won't stick to a job. So that's that. I don't know what to do with him. I can't turn him out, 'specially after I told him he could stay. He's not so bad as long as he's by himself, but I don't like his pals hanging around. He's in with the wrong bunch."

Yes, I did remember Eric—that is, from what Andy had told me about him. Andy knew him when he was only fourteen years old and sold newspapers on the street. He used to take him home for his mother to feed, and sometimes, when he went out in the morning, he'd find Eric sleeping out in the hall, curled up on a newspaper. He wouldn't knock on the door. "Didn't want to wake up nobody," he explained.

Andy has a way of feeding people, and lending them money without embarrassing them. He doesn't eat much himself. Just a cup of coffee and cigarettes. Sometimes some eggs. He says most folks eat too much anyway. Many times he's asked me to dinner when I wouldn't have had anything but doughnuts and coffee otherwise. He makes it a casual invitation, like he didn't know you were hungry, and then he acts like his feelings would be hurt if you didn't accept. He's really a gentleman except when he has a reason not to be.

Well, later, Eric stole nine cars and left them in various parts of the county, out of gas, before the police finally found out who was doing it. Then Andy tried his best to get him out of jail. He went to see the district attorney and some of the people whose cars had been stolen. Eric stayed in jail eight months anyway, and Andy was the only person who went to see him. Now, he was twenty-two, out of jail, husky, and mean as he could be.

We reached the gate and crossed the little fenced-in front yard where Andy has rose bushes, two juniper bushes, and all kinds of cut-flowers. A persian kitten came out the door and meowed at us, stretching her mouth and front legs at the same time. "Hey, Frank, you got any use for a cat," he said. "This is Minnie. Fellow gave it to me 'cause it's a female. If you'll take good care of it, you can have it. I ain't got no use for it." He opened the ice box and gave the cat some ground fish on a saucer. Minnie approached it with all her kittenish enthusiasm. "Eric likes that cat. She sleeps with him, right up in his arm pit. He sure is crazy about that cat."

For the first time, I knew Eric was a human being, not very savory perhaps, but still he liked that cat fur on his bare flesh, and I felt the skin get tense on my shoulders. I tried to visualize a mean, husky man like this sleeping naked with a kitten on his chest.

Andy and I sat on the porch drinking orange sode. Then Teplovitch came by, looking for Eric. Andy didn't know who he was. He was one of Eric's friends. I didn't like him, so I went for a swim. The water was cold. I swam out a little ways, and swam back ex-

hausted and panting. It was the first time I had been swimming that year, and I didn't know just how tired I was, until I lay down on a cot in the side room and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a loud voice: "You tell Teplovitch to keep his ass away from here, or I'll bust it for him."

"I ain't got nothing to do with it." Andy was talking now. "You tell him. He's your friend. I didn't ask him to come here."

"Well, if he knows what's good for him, he'll keep his ass out."

The door swung open suddenly, and Eric walked in. I knew it was him, and I was lying on his bed. I pretended to be asleep. Then I opened my eyes, slowly as though I were just waking up. But it didn't make any difference. If he had seen me when he came in, he wasn't looking now. He kicked off his shoes, and called, "Hey, Andy, mind if I go for a swim." He took off his shirt. There was a scratch on his left shoulder and it was bleeding a little bit.

But he was not like I had imagined him. He was beautiful—like he had not grown, but just been built out of soft marble blocks. He started to take off his jeans, and then his eyes met my unconscious stare as I saw that they were as blue and as soft as the kittens, and he turned away.

"Who's this?" he motioned to Andy who was now standing in the door.

"Frank," answered Andy. "Frank, meet Eric," he said briefly and went out again.

"So you're Frank," he said, still looking the other way. "How's New York?"

"Fine," I answered, not aware of what I was saying, as he pulled up his trunks and walked out.

In the next room, Eric put the oars over his shoulder and walked out the door which faced the railroad tracks. He walked with a kind of subtle goose-step because he knew everyone was watching him. I watched him from the small north window as he walked along the river bank, swinging his left hand and holding the oars over his shoulder with his right. He crossed the plank and disappeared into the barge. A moment later, he came out the wide door at the south end (I thought of a white Apollo advancing out of a black niche), and crossed to where the rowboat was tied. He threw the oars down into the rowboat and they landed exactly where he had meant for them to. Then he climbed down into the rowboat, his limbs moving as a marble Apollo's could never move. Now, I knew why Andy let him stay. He just liked to look at him. Eric loosened the rope and pushed away. Then he took the oars and began towing. Rowing further and further away and getting smaller all the time. When he was near the middle of the river, he stopped, taking in the oars while the boat coasted and turned downstream slightly. Then he stood up and stretched and then dived in.

The sun had sunk below the palisades now, but the sky was still bright—all full of little pink and blue clouds; and the river was just like it—pink and blue. And out near the middle was a rowboat, and Eric was swimming around it—all alone out in the middle of the river. I watched him from the porch of the shack Andy had built with his own hands. Eric would be locked up again soon, and maybe he would be better off, or somebody would be better off; but I knew that when he was, a part of me would be locked up too. But if I had tried to tell that to him, he would have thought I was just another crazy human being.

May Mattachine

REVIEW will

feature sixteen pages

(the section on homo-

sexuality) of the much

discussed "Quaker

Report."

This we consider to be

the soundest and most

objective view yet pub-

lished on the subject,

and may well serve as

a manual for all

organizations working

in this field.

OTHER U.S. ORGANIZATIONS WORKING IN THE FIELD OF SEX VARIANCE

Los Angeles Mattachine Society, Inc.,
806 South Robertson, Los Angeles 35,
California. OL 5-9665.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 1232 Market
St., San Francisco 2, Calif., UN3-8196.
One, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los An-
geles 6, California, RE5-5252.

Mattachine Society of New York, 1133
Broadway, New York 10, N.Y., WA4-
7743.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O.
Box 1032, Washington 1, D.C.

Janus Society, 34 South 17th Street,
Room 229, Philadelphia 3, Penna.

Demophil Center, 15 Lindall Place,
Boston 14, Massachusetts.

Dionysus, P.O. Box 382, Fullerton,
California.

League for Civil Education, Inc., 226
Embarcadero, San Francisco, Calif.,
SU1-8361.

Homosexual League of New York, P.O.
Box 318, New York 9, N.Y.

National League for Social Understand-
ing, P.O. Box 29048, Hollywood 29,
California.

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paper clippings and press cuttings
received from all over the U.S. and
England, sent in by subscribers reg-
ularly. These items help immeasur-
ably in keeping the magazine abreast
with what is going on in English
speaking countries.

All readers are invited to join in
this service of providing clippings
of newspaper items in the sex sphere
for use in future issues of the mag-
azine. Please be sure the publica-
tion, city and date are included with
each clipping submitted.

LITERARY scene

An informal column of reviews of fiction and
non-fiction books on themes of sex variation

GENE DAMON

THE DELINQUENT IS OFTEN CREATED because of the struggle against homosexuality. Much has been written about the walk-alike, dress-alike, community sex life antics of the "gang." Albeit these boys frequently fight or even kill if their "manhood" is questioned.

These three relatively current novels each deal with delinquency as a substitute for homosexuality.

The sensational *McCaffery* by Charles O. Gorham, Dial, 1961 and reprint by Fawcett Crest, 1962, is an overdone novel on male prostitution ending in the old violent death solution to the problem. It unfortunately features a supporting cast of stereotypes but the protagonist, McCaffery, is very real and in some senses pathetic.

Early in the novel it is made clear that he is as much a homosexual as the anonymous pickup who calls him a "precious little darling."

The much more talented Edmund Schiddel in *Scandal's Child*, Simon and Schuster, 1963 (c. 1962) develops this theme fully.

Prentiss Rhoden, son of a college professor, buddies about with "town boy" Carlos Sheedy, popularly known as "The Snake with Eyeglasses." They are real tight, these two, and how they swag-ger on heroin from the "slim steel needle which brings JOY." Dope and other activities are paid for by visits to the "old bone Daddy," a male homosexual more advanced than Wing Biddlebaum—he pays them to masturbate in front of him.

It is perhaps sad that, worthless as they are, one of them kills the other over the suggestion that they may be homosexual—especially since they rob, take dope, and finally kill an innocent old woman without any remorse whatever. Yet they cannot accept the suggestion that they are indeed homosexual. (In a future column I will discuss Edmund Schiddel's much more compassionate earlier novels written before the famous *Devil in Bucks County*.)

For the male, homosexuality presents possibly a greater threat so the female delinquent counterpart of McCaffery and Prentiss and Carlos is less violent but equally pathetic.

Sonya Arcone's second heroine in *The Golden Hammer*, Athenium, 1963 (c. 1962) is Barbara Weiler. Daughter of the hero, 17 years old, possessor of all the love, protection and money anyone could want, she is unable to stem a precocious impatience. Because of the society we inhabit, she is unaware that her moods, etc., stem from her repressed Lesbianism.

She first loves her teacher, Grace, but shys from the physical expression of this love. She ends up in a menage with two dissolute prostitutes and a marijuana induced death (speeding in her "white bird" Cadillac).

At least three of these four adolescents might have lived decent constructive lives had they been allowed to face up to their homosexuality. Barring the natural exaggeration for dramatic effect, these stories could, sadly enough, be yesterday's headline.

IN THE DEPARTMENT of overlooked headlines, here are two worth searching out.

Attention was recently called to John Selby's *Madame*, Dodd, Mead, 1961. However, early in 1955, Rinehart published John Selby's *The Man Who Never Changed*. It is the portrait of a genius, a rather cold one, but an interesting character study.

Denis Sandzen is a musical prodigy, a composer of renown at an early age. He is almost without emotion except for his career, although he has had sexual experiences with both sexes.

The secondary theme of the novel is the love felt for him by several women and by his dearest friend, Terry. Terence (Terry) Meyer is presented with the same wholehearted approval as the homosexuals in *Madame*. He is 10 years older than Denis when they meet and he loves him—rather hopelessly but faithfully—all of his life. He acts as buffer against the world, guide, friend and tormentor—never actually his lover despite sexually tense interludes.

The importance of the novel is twofold—Terry is a real person, a man first, a homosexual second. He is neither eulogized nor damned. Secondly it believably presents a relationship which is at best difficult; an enduring friendship where the sexual tension does not dim the love and respect. Denis, who can love no one, comes nearest to peace with Terry.

In this age of the mixed blessings of the paperback originals it is easy to forget that once upon a time beautiful and sensitive lesbian novels were written.

Surplus by Sylvia Stevenson, Appleton, 1924, is one of the loveliest of the early major studies.

Sally Wraith is a typical English heroine—the leggy healthy type. At 26 she meets and falls in love with Averill, who almost returns the affection. They live together, happily, until Averill decides her life can never be complete without children. She leaves Sally and marries.

After a serious breakdown, Sally begins to build her life again, almost marrying a man she likes and respects but does not love. A fleeting glimpse of Averill and she realizes that for her love was Averill and nothing else will do. She deliberately chooses to live her life out alone.

Perhaps this is a sad novel, but the ending is right and good and the reader is left feeling clean, if tearful.

How Unlucky Is 13 ?

To Members, Subscribers and Friends of the Mattachine Society
Everywhere:

A Frank Statement of Fact

Did you ever hear of a "business" operation performing a service worth at least \$50,000 per year operating on an income of about \$16,000 per year ...and further did you ever hear of such an operation reaching its 13th birthday?

Something was out of step, you might say. Or you might go a little further and tack on an appropriate cliché—"Out of Luck." O, bitter 13!

Today as Mattachine Society rounds its 13th anniversary and as *Mattachine REVIEW* finds itself in the middle of its 9th year of publication, some formidable obstacles to continued operation stare them in the face. These obstacles are the stark reality of a paralysis which threatens to silence the action, the service and the voice of America's foremost manifestation of a call for reason and sanity in matters of private human behavior. The fact is that Mattachine is more seriously faced with immediate curtailment of its operation than at any time in its brief history. And oddly enough, its existence is threatened *not* by forces of reaction against what it is trying to accomplish. The threat comes from lack of support by the very people most concerned—those whom it is seeking to help, and those who seek help from it. Whatever it is—fear, selfishness or apathy, or a combination of these—Mattachine is sinking because people who might need it couldn't care less.

Or could they?

WHO needs problems?

Most of us have our own and it takes most of our inner strengths and material resources to keep them solved as fast as they come along. But many of us have literally more problems than we can cope with.

Thus a lot of people turn to the many public agencies—governmental, commercial, social, civic, professional or otherwise—for helps which we cannot seem to provide ourselves. Our nation has an honored record of being comprised of people who have concerns for others beyond ourselves. But many of us have problems that are almost unspeakable to our relatives, associates and friends. In matters of sex behavior and adjustment, the places where one can turn for help and understanding are not easy to find. This problem area is still out on a fringe. Those who tread this frontier and dare to seek and recommend solutions walk a razor's edge indeed. On the sidelines stand more fearful souls who are ready to cry, "It cannot be done—why try?"

In Mattachine, as in a baker's dozen other independent similar groups in this country today there ARE those brave enough to believe the difficult is not impossible. These are forward thinking, humanitarian persons who dare to face the challenge of change, and to help bring change about—when it is known that such change is for the enlightenment of a burdened mankind. Their work has not been without effect. In the previous year alone, for instance, 2318 adult men and women came to one organization—Mattachine—for various helps. And to varying degrees these persons received help.

Mattachine's work is such that it cannot and does not set a "fee" for its service. Letters and phone calls receive considered replies that require experience, knowledge and time. Persons in need of professional services—legal, therapeutic and otherwise—are referred to capable and understanding counselors. Direct aids such as assistance in finding employment, a bail bond, emergency subsistence and so on are met generally head-on with direct assistance, often out of pocket of some understanding friend who can ill afford it.

But Mattachine is not a living well from which help can be dipped again and again. More properly it is a kind of cistern—nothing can be dipped out unless something has been poured in before.

And right there is where Mattachine's real problem is. On the one side, the line of persons seeking help is always there. On the other, the line of those making this help possible almost never forms at all. To this imbalance Mattachine must find a solution.

Time and again Mattachine has made "fund appeals." So often, in fact, that it has been almost one long fund drive for the past decade or so. Some who have read these messages over and over are weary of them. But many have never been too concerned because upon them, fortunately, the boom of misfortune or tragedy has not fallen.

Unfortunately, however, the majority of those seeking help from Mattachine (and the other similar project organizations as well) are so involved with problems that once their immediate stresses are relieved or somehow resolved they forget where they came for help in the darkest hours. Often they are never heard from again. But this does not mean the door can be closed on them. To do so would be to make mockery of a social service program. It must be accepted that not all who are helped will help back.

That's where the more fortunate among us come in. We can give extra meaning to our own lives and achieve a higher purpose for our own existence when we make actual effort to aid the plight of those with heavy burdens. And in any event, we can add to the growing total knowledge about sex behavior by helping to spread education on the subject to dispel the ignorance and prejudice that now prevails.

These projects—coupled with aid to research—comprise the Mattachine program of public service. For obvious reasons, many who would like to serve in this work cannot. But there are those who dare to stand up and be counted, who struggle to continue to give valid meaning to the very word and concept of Mattachine. Never doubt that those in need of help will continue to come along, and in greater numbers. For those who may have recently been arrested and charged with a sex offense, Mattachine holds no fear—particularly if they need bail and an attorney who understands the case.

The same holds true for the veteran kicked out of the armed forces, or the professional person whose credentials have just been revoked, or many others. Once the chips are down, Mattachine is no longer beyond the pale for them. These people and countless others in the future who will smash headlong into these or similar problems will look in vain for a place to turn for understanding and aid unless Mattachine is maintained!

There we have said it. Keeping the name and service of Mattachine alive is a responsibility far broader than the capability of a few. The help—the dollars—of many are required.

Recently we announced that Mattachine's minimum budget requirements totaled \$20,000 per year, yet the income then was under \$15,000. Today the picture changes in spite of efforts to hold costs of operation down: Costs are climbing upward toward \$25,000 per year (as demands for service would require twice that amount). Yet the income is barely passing the \$16,000 mark. Of this, \$4,800 goes for meager salaries. The rest goes

to advance the projects in the form of materials and essential minimal overhead. Postage alone has increased almost 30% in the past few months—there is now more outgoing mail at a higher rate. The Society has been forced into debt.

With gratitude to those who have contributed in the past and who are contributing now, Mattachine once again asks those others among its members, subscribers and friends to come to its aid immediately. And for the fearful among those who read this, please remember that nothing is so anonymous as cash (we are mindful and appreciative of a friend in a high position who folds a \$50 bill into a sheet of paper several times a year and mails it to us). Thus there is no excuse to avoid your responsibility to help.

Urgently, Mattachine needs to raise \$5,000 within the next 60 days to assure its continued operation.

This appeal is for help desperately needed, but not for "pie in the sky" promises of grandiose gains to be made in a day. Mattachine's "war chest" against ignorance and injustice is no one-shot thing. Change IS taking place; old prejudices and outmoded attitudes are slowly giving way to the forces of enlightenment and knowledge. This takes time, but it is happening and Mattachine is a factor in this humanitarian progress. One need only to read some current books and magazines, or to hear some radio and television programs to learn this fact. But in the meantime, greater numbers of individuals are caught up in problems that are Mattachine concerns, and more and more of them are coming to us. We cannot close the door in their faces. Will you help us keep it open and let the light shine through for the good of all?

A little from a lot of you will make it possible. A lot from a few of you will make it even more assured. Finally, it is gratifying to learn that Mattachine is remembered in many wills and bequests from people who believe in what it is doing. This is fine, but unless the project survives and overcomes its problems here and now, the bequests of the future will be of no benefit.

So we ask again: *WHO* wants problems? None of us. We all want solutions. Mattachine is now entering its 14th year of solving problems for others. Will you dig deep and help Mattachine solve its most pressing problem?

Thanks a lot from all of those who will be helped to a happier and more meaningful life as a result.

A column of commentary and criticism on
the fine and lively arts from New York

performing ARTS

DAVID LAYNE

NOW THAT WE are "The Performing Arts," it has been suggested that your columnist move to Lincoln Tower Apts. near *Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts*, but the rent's too high, and the Village is a performance arty enough! Now with spring, the Village is warm and peaceful amid its chaos. Everyone seems to be walking around looking for buds...or is it buddies?

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF just didn't reach my expectations of a play with valid homosexual probabilities. There *is* the mother-son incest motif (albeit the son was never born!), and there *is* an underlying tension between the two men...if you want to find it; but the main plot device and most of the dialogue has to do with the illusions humans depend upon to bolster egos, protect relationships, and maintain a status (*quo* or otherwise). The script is a brilliant exercise in vulgarity, profanity, and sacrilege (and I loved every 7-ltr word of it!). Never have two couples played such evil games on stage (one "game" is called "Hump the Hostess"). Edward Albee, acclaimed far, wide and handsome as the 60's O'-Neil, Williams, Strindberg, ETC., strips four people to the marrow, and then they devour even that. Uta Hagen, as the older wife, savagely portrays the ultimate earth-bitch. Arthur Hill, her husband, is nearly as bitchy; Melinda Dillon plays a young bitch, and Ben Piazza is "a bitch of a stud." Surely the four resemble the bitchiest people you know, and perhaps the two couples represent four bitchy homosexuals: defensive sadists who cover their masochism by changing partners and bitching!

TCHIN-TCHIN with Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton reminded my companion of the same situation. No other reviewer has made the comparison, but the two couples here (Leighton and her husband; Quinn and his wife) seem just as promiscuous and nearly as bitchy. The play isn't as good (the plot isn't certain of its own existence), but the performances are worth seeing, and my friend may be right. Maybe the entire world is getting "that way." Is bitchery all we have...married or single...straight or gay...on or off stage?

No, there's always gorgeous Vivian Leigh in frothy, corny TOVARICH, Dane Clark (replacing Jason Robards) in A THOUSAND CLOWNS, and Gertrude Berg in DEAR ME, THE SKY IS FALLING to convince us that life is a delight. A THOUSAND CLOWNS, by the way, is a marvellous exposition of individuality and "you've got to know what day it is." Seldom does such a funny evening carry so many penetrating ideas (by Herb Gardner, creator of the Nebbishes). I have seen it three times and each time gathered greater freedom of the soul.

THE CAGE is a modern number of exceeding frankness by the NYC Ballet. A tribe (animal, insect, human?) of females requires initiates to kill a male. The choreography is so graphic one feels he has just witnessed a lesbian orgy. APOLLO, danced by Jacques d'Amboise, is a performance of outstanding beauty and excitement. D'Amboise is utterly masculine, as beautiful as only Apollo should be, and, I have from an authority, too happily married to encourage our dreams. *C'est la...*

FREUD's fine reviews had not prepared me for the excellent film it is. Most significant is the fact that a movie has probed deeper into the sexual theories of the "first analyst" than last season's Bdway play, A FAR COUNTRY. This is amazing since Bdway can, and generally does, exercise greater license in its use of vocabulary, images, and the expression of ideas. FREUD is never "sensationalism," but it is candidly written and directed. Since both play and film were based on Freud's experiences during the formulation of his basic concepts, the cases are similar; but, whereas in A FAR COUNTRY the emphasis is on a heterosexual problem with only objective reference to parental influence, in FREUD even the heterosexual maladjustment, in the primary case, is affected by strong subjective Oedipus and Electra influences. The film smoothly and frankly handles oral fixation and the full impact of infantile sexuality. One case concerns a boy who is so "Hamlet" it's frightening; another more significant in the doctor's "breakthrough" into the subconscious is of a girl who is not only very "Electra," but who also dreams of snakes, staffs, and towers; the third important study is of Freud, by Freud, and involves not only a serpent bracelet of his mother's but the inclusion in a dream of the Hamlet type boy whose symptoms had so threatened Freud when he first observed them. Clearly, these cases lead to the Oedipus theory and are tastefully presented by a discerning director who knows just how much to "give away" and how much to mask from those who won't quite understand. The film offers material for empathetic self-analysis but is not bogged down in pretentious (or "sick") psychoanalytic mumbo-jumbo. You should see it.

CURRENT CAMPS: Brendan Behan, author of THE HOSTAGE (see Jan. REVIEW) is in town (Gawd help us!) and showed up the other night at the play singing, swearing, and interrupting throughout, was called to the stage for curtain calls, and sang a most vulgar ditty. ... A line in BEYOND THE FRINGE goes something like, "Why go to movies to see narcotics, adultery, incest and perversion? You can enjoy all that at home!" ... One lawyer, specializing in certain cases, is leaving his card in certain men's rooms—a timely reminder. ... There's a wind-up-doll joke about one of NY's actors: "You wind it up, and it cruises the front row."

In May: "Men on Canvas" ... with illustrations!

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 subscription \$11 first class sealed. Bank draft or cash to Lesezirkel Der Kreis, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

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Monthly literary and scientific review in French. A. Baudry, editor. Subscriptions \$9 per year. Address 74 Blvd. de Reuilly, Paris XII, France.

DORIAN BOOK QUARTERLY.

Published in January, April, July, and October. Subscription \$2 per year (\$5 for 3 years), mailed sealed to any address. Published by PAN-GRAPHIC PRESS, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, California. Telephone: EX 7-0773

Primarily concerned with censorship and the right to read books relating to socio-sexual themes, particularly fiction and non-fiction works on homosexuality and sex-variation topics.

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BOOKS *in review*

THE TRUTH ABOUT GEOFFREY

THE NAME OF GREENE by Jocelyn Brooke. New York: Vanguard. 1961. 192 pp. \$3.95. Reviewed by Noel I. Garde.

The author of this entertaining British novel (it was called "Conventional Weapons" in England) has been fairly well known in the British postwar literary world, both for some minor novels and short stories and as the editor of the *Journals of Denton Welch* (a sort of British Proust who died in 1948 at the age of 33). One of the most unique things about this novel is that it is in the form of a first-person narrative by a homosexual writer who has no name in the story and all of whose biographical details coincide with those of the author.

The novel is described appropriately as a comedy of manners and there's not too much plot. The narrator, while on vacation in Malta in the late 1950s, happens to share a table in a restaurant with an aggressive-type middle-aged Englishman whom he had seen shortly before and tried in vain to "place." Only after the Britisher dashed off does he at last remember, and most of the book is a flashback. Although it's been almost 20 years since he last saw the person, named Greene, it's hard to see how anyone could ever fail to recognize instantly someone he's known so well.

The aggressive Englishman is Geoffrey Tufnell-Greene, scion of an extremely wealthy but irrepressibly vulgar and common clan to which the narrator is related distantly. For years the Greene family was actually a neighbor of his own family, the lives of both groups having been interlocked for a period of almost twenty years between the time the narrator was eight and in his mid-twenties. Most of the time the domineering Geoffrey is found reacting in various ways to his father, his mother, his fiancée and later wife Madge, and most of all, to his younger brother Nigel (about the same age as the narrator). In striking contrast to Geoffrey, Nigel is effeminate, precious and torn between a fierce hatred and a masochistic love for his athletic brother. Nigel is bent on proving himself as an artist, either a painter or a composer, but he happens to be completely lacking in any talent.

While Nigel is obliged by his family to work in a London office, he comes to meet quite often the narrator, who is apparently fairly well established sexually. Nigel gets taken to bars and parties, es-

pecially parties given by a social-minded, bisexual woman named Frankie who has a succession of husbands, all deeply-troubled men who need "rescuing" by her. Nigel takes the narrator to see a choir-boy with whom he's infatuated, and subsequently, after he's been able to abandon the business world for painting, he takes the narrator to his grubby abode where he's found living with a physically and otherwise repulsive ex-con named Reg to whom he's become a sort of masochistic slave (and of course by whom he's subsequently beaten, robbed and deserted).

Geoffrey's increasing suspicions about Nigel come to a head when he discovers some of the books Nigel's been reading (most apparently acquired from the narrator). Aside from *The Well of Loneliness*, there's a book about homosexual doings in public schools called *Tenants of the House*. When Geoffrey confronts the narrator (with whom he's continued to enjoy fairly friendly relations) with these facts, he goes off into the usual spiel about rather seeing his brother dead than homosexual. All those people ought to be killed, not just killed but castrated—he'd be glad to do it himself, etc. Geoffrey is somewhat shaken, however, when informed that the author of *Tenants of the House* is none other than the virile, athletic Rugby hero whom Geoff has always admired so much.

With the coming of the war, practically everyone is in one service or another and the narrator loses track of the Greenes for the most part. However, while in southern France with Frankie, he does come across Nigel beaten up badly by sailors. Frankie of course cares for him.

With the flashback now more or less over, the narrator can complete the story of the Greenes by his current research. He is able to get most of the story from John Causton, his rather swishy host on an English "Capri" near Malta called Gozo, and since Geoffrey himself lives on Gozo, Geoffrey is able to fill in the final missing pieces. It seems that Nigel was badly wounded by an air attack (a victim of paraplegia), and being married to Frankie, is nursed by her the remaining four years of his life. While in this Proustian state, he has written an agonizingly personal novel, mostly involving his love-hate relationship with Geoffrey and also a brutally frank revelation of what a complete fraud he has been in everything—his music, his painting, and supposedly even his homosexuality. The novel becomes a best-seller after Nigel's death and posthumously he has at last achieved artistic distinction.

But for the final surprise twists, Geoffrey is found to be divorced from Madge, married to Frankie and a complete and genuine homosexual, in contrast to his supposedly phony brother. It seemed that his Rugby hero was a homosexual was what really did it. He is, however, filled with remorse about each of his many adventures with servicemen, etc., and is found mostly drunk. This soon leads to his death.

Frankie is once again a widow. But only for a short time. As the novel closes, she has taken another homosexual husband to rescue if not reform, the narrator's swish host from Gozo.

A rather puzzling aspect of the novel is why Brooke should have made a number of details about his "Nigel" coincide with biographical facts about Denton Welch, including even the same art school. His own apparent feelings about Welch (as expressed in the Introduction to the *Journals*) and those of many other leading British literary figures, would not seem in any way to support an identification of Welch with the untalented and "phony" Nigel.

Towards a Quaker View of Sex

Herein the REVIEW presents the introduction to the recently publicized "Quaker Report" on sex. The views expressed are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Friends Home Service Committee, or of the Religious Society of Friends. They do, however, very much reflect the attitude of the Mattachine Society, and that section of the report devoted to homosexuality will be featured in the May REVIEW.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The material for this essay has been prepared by individual members of the group, considered and amended by the group as a whole several times, and finally cast into its present form by the Editor. No apology is made for the evident variety of styles that has survived his pruning and re-arrangement: to have sought complete literary unity would have robbed the matter itself of life and vigour.

A word must be added, for non-Quaker readers, about the use of the word *concern*. In Quaker experience a concern is: "a gift from God, a leading of his Spirit which may not be denied. Its sanction is not that on investigation it proves an intelligent thing to do—though it usually is; it is that the individual, and if his concern is shared and adopted by the Meeting, then the Meeting knows, as a matter of inward experience, that here is something which the Lord would have done, however obscure the way, however uncertain the means to human observation." (Roger C. Wilson: *Authority, leadership and concern*. Swarthmore Lecture 1949.)

Grateful acknowledgement is made of generous financial assistance from the Joseph Rowntree Charitable Trust (made available through the Friends Temperance and Moral Welfare Union) and of the practical help afforded by the staff of the Friends Home Service Committee. We are particularly indebted to Jean James, who cheerfully and efficiently reduced our complicated drafts to excellent typescript on several occasions.

I. INTRODUCTION AND BASIC ASSUMPTIONS

The origins of this essay lie in problems brought by young Quaker students, faced with homosexual difficulties, who came to older Friends for help and guidance. It appeared that the Society of Friends as such had little to say to people troubled sexually, and that at the same time many Friends were in serious doubt whether the Church's traditional view spoke to this condition. The need was clear for research into sexual problems and morals: and for Friends to ask themselves where their responsibility lay. A group of concerned members of the Society accordingly gathered in 1957 to re-examine through thought and prayer this most difficult of problems. It has met regularly ever since and includes those with experience in teaching, penology, marriage guidance, psychiatry, biology, psychology and the law.

At some of our sessions we have had representatives of the following Quaker bodies: Young Friends; Headmasters of Quaker Schools; Marriage and Parenthood Committee; Temperance and Moral Welfare Union; Penal Reform Committee; and the Guild of Social Workers, as well as individual Friends. It was clear that many had thought deeply about these problems and welcomed a chance to discuss them. The reception accorded to our article in *The Friend* of 20th May 1960, setting out our concern, and to a report of a later one-day conference (together with later correspondence) has further convinced us that even where Friends know little of these problems, most are ready and anxious to examine them with care and sympathy.

Primarily the task of the group was to consider what the Quaker faith could say to homosexuals and to others who found that society strongly condemned their sexual feelings and who found, too, that the expression of those feelings could lead to victimisation, blackmail, and imprisonment, whereas "normal" heterosexual conduct, however irresponsible, went virtually unchallenged. The group soon found that the study of homosexuality and its moral problems could not be divorced from a survey of the whole field of sexual activity: a few pieces of the jigsaw-puzzle could not be identified without the whole picture.

In the course of its meetings the group has asked what is known about sexual behaviour and its patterns, and whether sexual behaviour is to be found "worthy of all men to be received" and in accord with both Christian thought and scientific discipline.

The questions are sweeping and time has not been unlimited; consequently our answers are tentative and incomplete. With the help and encouragement of Friends and others it is our hope that further study of the moral and scientific questions will become possible.

To begin with we were aware that there is much needless suffering and human failure which Friends, in their own way, would wish to relieve; and that in subscribing to a moral code, some of which it no longer accepts, society merits the charge of hypocrisy and its

authority is weakened. The insincerity of the sexual moral code may well be a cause of the widespread contempt of the younger generation for society's rules and prohibitions.

It is not possible to be certain how the present situation compares with the situation as it was a few generations ago, but these appear to be the developments we are faced with today:

(a) A great increase in adolescent sexual intimacy.

(b) An increase in transient pre-marital sexual intimacies generally. It is fairly common in both young men and women with high standards of general conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they will ultimately marry.

(c) It is even more common for those who intend to marry to have sexual intercourse before the ceremony. This is true, probably, of the majority of young people in all classes of society, including those who often have a deep sense of responsibility.

(d) The incidence of extra-marital intercourse is great, but it is not possible to estimate whether there is an increase. There must be very many instances which do not lead to divorce or obvious harm and which are kept secret.

The central concept of sexual morality in Christian countries is the integrity of the family. Most people—religious or otherwise—in our own and other countries would agree that the family as a social unit should be safeguarded and sexual practices that threaten its stability vigorously discouraged. The Christian family is a monogamous one held together by understanding love and responsibility and by an acceptance of a faith and purpose in life.

This concept of the family is esteemed both by religious and secular interest. The secular interest sees in marriage and the family an institution that preserves the structure of society, that maintains responsibility for children and provides them with security. The religious interest sees the institution as one ordained by God, and thus dignifies what is socially necessary. This might seem an ideal and permanent conjunction of interests, but it is not. This very fact that we think of marriage as an "institution" or a pattern will explain why many people have been led into a distorted idea of what is Christian. Over long periods of history, illegitimate children in Christian countries have been shockingly treated compared with their counterparts in a polygamous African community; a Christian pattern has thus involved cruelty to those born outside that pattern. But not only to those outside the pattern. Parents urgently seeking to establish what they think to be a Christian pattern of family life have in the past subjected their own children to barbarous punishments; or they have created conditions that are defensive, restricted, inhibited—and not in any way a source of the "abundant life". It is evident that we must sort out a confusion if we are to understand the components of what we call morality.

A distinction can be made between a social code and an ethical or religious code. A social code will express a norm that seems to be necessary to maintain the existing structure of society and community life. It cannot be fixed for ever, for the pattern of society has

always changed with the development of knowledge and needs, and will continue to change. The social code changes in this process, not because society changes it deliberately, but because an increasing number of people break away from it. The ethical or religious code is simpler but far more demanding and long-lasting. If it is truly religious it is, in its essentials, changeless and eternal.

During a period in which the social code is changing rapidly while at the same time the ethical and religious codes are being widely questioned, it is inevitable that a great deal of distress will be encountered by many, young and old, who do not "know where they are" in matters of sexual behaviour. Fear of misunderstanding and rejection discourage many from bringing forward their distress, yet the sexual instinct is common to all, and it is our duty to be informed and sympathetic. Particularly does this apply to elders and overseers in the Society of Friends. This essay may help to show that though each individual is unique, specific problems are not. Sexual difficulties are infinitely more common than is realised and the isolation of the individual, arising as it does from society's repressive outlook towards the sexually troubled, is more apparent than real.

This still repressive and inhibited outlook towards sex, whether heterosexual or homosexual, has brought difficulties to the serious student of human behaviour. It has invested a normal function with guilt, mystery and ignorance; it has hindered the gathering of facts, and, what is worse, it has devalued the sexual currency to the levels of sensation and pornography. When one considers the universality of the sexual drive, understanding of its origins and manifestations is surprisingly small: nevertheless a body of knowledge has been built up and in what follows we draw freely on published works (see book list). Sexual behaviour and moral outlook are much more conditioned by upbringing and by prevailing cultural beliefs than most people realise. We might well, therefore, have examined other human communities, and even the animal kingdom, in order to understand the society in which we live (see Appendix B). But what we shall not here attempt is an ABC of sex: basic knowledge of the elementary physical facts is well provided elsewhere. Instead we hope through this essay to share our concern and findings in greater detail, to assist those facing these problems in their own lives or in the lives of others.

The Society of Friends is often spoken of as "a peculiar people", but exemption from human frailty in general or from sexual difficulties in particular is no part of their peculiarity. In what follows we have drawn frequently on our personal experiences of Friends' needs. If Friends are at all peculiar it perhaps lies in their rejection of a professional priesthood and their acceptance of the total equality of men and women in the life of their religious Society. In a priesthood of all believers there must be a democratic sharing of pastoral duties; we are bidden to watch over one another for good.

The essentials of Christianity are simple but demanding. Christianity is concerned with relationship: the relationship of man with man and man with God. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy*

strength, and . . . thy neighbour as thyself . . . On these commandments hang all the law and the prophets. In the course of our discussions we have several times recalled St. Augustine's statement: *Love God and do as you like*. This is a statement of the greatest freedom, but also of the deepest obligation. In so far as we love the good and know the mind of God we do not need rules and moral codes to guide our conduct. This offers, however, a freedom of action and judgment that we might grasp at too easily, assuming that we know our own minds and the mind of God. In fact it demands a disciplined search.

All attitudes to sexuality are biased by the individual's own upbringing, experience and desires, and it is difficult to be objective. The attitudes of professed Christians tend to have a definite bias—not necessarily good—that is to be explained in the light of Church history. The group was therefore obliged to impose on itself a discipline that would enable each member to examine himself and to discriminate between habits of feeling and thought acquired from church and society and those that sprang from experience that was sincerely examined and assimilated. We have sought to act on our faith that the light of God is at work within us all and will, if quietly but energetically sought for, make this discrimination possible and lead to a unity of awareness.

Those who have written or spoken about sexual matters as professed Christians have too often given the impression that their sexual path has been smooth; that, apart from a hint of solitary difficulties in adolescence, it has fallen into line with Christian principles. This is a false impression. What may outwardly fall in line with principle may not inwardly be good. Distinguished members of the Church sometimes have to seek humbly for advice in sexual matters. A devotion to high ideals may co-exist with sexual incapacity and marital frustration: idealism can be accompanied by a startling insensitiveness to immediate human need.

All this applies to Quakers as to others, but there are certain historical characteristics of the Society of Friends that ought specially to lead to a clear and wholesome understanding of the significance of the sex relationship. The Society has maintained throughout the three hundred years of its history the complete personal and material equality of the sexes. It has an attitude to authority that enables it always to say in the words of John Robinson's farewell to pilgrims setting off for the New World: "The Lord has yet more light and truth to show forth"—and on every conceivable question. For Friends, God's will for man can never be circumscribed by any statement, however inspired; the last word has never yet been spoken on the implications of Christianity, and every religious expression is open to critical examination. Quakerism involves a continuous search; and, because it is a genuine and not a formal search, it may lead to surprises and unexpected demands. Lastly, Quakerism has never accepted a distinction between the sacred and the secular. Sometimes the Society may have failed to achieve this synthesis. When this has happened, it has been through human weakness and not through any departure from the conviction that such a distinction is wrong. In sexual matters the unity of the sacred and the secular involves this implication: that the

sacramental quality of a sexual relationship depends upon the spirit and intention of the persons concerned, not upon any atmosphere or circumstance provided from outside.

Quakerism was not a Puritan movement, though it did pass through a phase in which many activities that we associate with the gayer side of life were rejected. For us today, to say that every experience can be sacramental does not mean that it is equally serious and joyless, and the members of the group have not approached their work in this spirit. The nature of our investigations has often been sobering; we have had to hear of tragic case-histories, squalid conditions, outrageous miscarriages of justice; and much of what we have thought and written has therefore been deeply serious in content and feeling. But at the same time we have recognised that sexual experience does not need to be sober in order to be deep; on the contrary depth and commitment are precisely the conditions for freedom—for the carefree and delightful, for humour and gaiety.

We do not claim that our views represent the views of the Society of Friends as a whole. But it can be said that the Society has recognised recently that love cannot be confined to a rigid pattern:

"Marriage is to be taken seriously, but not always in grim earnest; its problems take perspective from fun, adventure and fulfilment, and joy and sorrow are mingled together. We rejoice in success, but we must also be glad that we can console each other in failure . . . For some, there is a monogamy so entire that no other love ever touches it; but others 'fall in love' time and time again, and must learn to make riches of their affection without destroying their marriage or their friends. Let us thank God for what we share, which enables us to understand; and for the infinite variety in which each marriage stands alone."*

Some Friends were disturbed by this statement, fearing that it condoned extra-marital relationships, but one of those primarily responsible for the drafting made it clear that the reference to falling in love was intended to be "a statement of observed fact" and that the statement about "making riches of their affection" recognises that "there is a problem; that it involves responsibilities to others beyond themselves; and that there may be various ways of tackling it—not the same way for everybody".†

It has been the tradition of the greater part of the Christian Church to lay down firm rules as to conduct, to fix a definite pattern as to what is "moral" or "sinful" but to be humanely tolerant of the waywardness and sinfulness of the ordinary man, offering him a ready opportunity for contrition and atonement. It might be claimed that there is practical wisdom in this. The group, however, felt compelled to question the whole basis of judgment as to what is right and what is wrong. We shall have reason to say that sexuality, looked at dispassionately, is neither good nor evil—it is a fact of nature. But looking at it as Christians we have felt impelled to state without reservation that it is a glorious gift of God. Throughout the

* Christian Faith and Practice in the experience of the Religious Society of Friends, 1960, Sect. 493.

† Wilfred E. Littleboy, *The Friend*, 23.2.62, p. 219.

strength, and . . . thy neighbour as thyself . . . On these commandments hang all the law and the prophets. In the course of our discussions we have several times recalled St. Augustine's statement: *Love God and do as you like*. This is a statement of the greatest freedom, but also of the deepest obligation. In so far as we love the good and know the mind of God we do not need rules and moral codes to guide our conduct. This offers, however, a freedom of action and judgment that we might grasp at too easily, assuming that we know our own minds and the mind of God. In fact it demands a disciplined search.

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whole of living nature it makes possible an endless and fascinating variety of creatures, a lavishness, a beauty of form and colour surpassing all that could be imagined as necessary to survival.

But like every gift of God it can be misused, and when it is misused the degradation to which men and women can be lowered reflects the heights to which they might be raised by its proper enjoyment. It seemed to us that morals, like the Sabbath, were made for man, not man for morals, and that, as society changes and modes of conduct with it, we must always be searching below the surface of human behaviour—to discover what is in fact happening to people, what they are seeking to express, what motives and intentions they are satisfying, what fruits, good or bad, they are harvesting. Again, as Quakers, we put our faith not in traditional judgments but in the accessibility of the Grace and Will of God in every situation in our own world.

There will be many reading this essay who will be disturbed at what may appear to be an acceptance of the present weakening of moral code, and we should therefore state with emphasis and conviction what are our positive hopes for men and women and society. A moral code, even when accepted for the best of reasons, necessarily tends to be negative rather than positive, to be concerned with "Thou shalt not" rather than with what an individual should give to his fellows. We are much concerned about the whole content of human relationship, about the meaning of "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" in the full range and depth of its implications. Loving does not merely mean doing good works; it goes further than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. It means warmth and intimacy, open-heartedness and overwhelming generosity of hand and spirit. It means a desire to know and a courageous willingness to be known. Loving implies commitment to the other person, involvement in that person's life whatever it may cost in suffering, whether that suffering comes through being repudiated or through identification and sharing.

The life of society desperately needs this warmth of contact and intimacy. Everywhere we see sociability without commitment or intimacy, and in our towns intense isolation and loneliness can exist amid a surging throng. We see human energy that should be creative and loving deflected into activities that are coldly power-seeking; we see love inhibited, frustrated or denied, turning into its opposite—into ruthlessness and aggression.

Some members of our group have found themselves compelled to surrender assumptions that they had long accepted as good and right, because the emphasis on morality has so often gone with a cold and inhibitive attitude.

We have had to ask ourselves insistent questions and we want to record these questions whether we can answer them or not. Christianity for us is concerned primarily with what is true, not with approved patterns of conduct. We believe therefore that it is right for a Christian to ask every kind of question fearlessly in the search for truth. If Christianity is a true faith there can be no ultimate contradiction between what it demands of us and what in practice works—works towards complete human fulfilment. We have no

hesitation in taking every now and then an empirical approach—to ask, for instance whether homosexual contacts are really "unnatural" or repulsive, whether pre-marital intercourse is necessarily a bad preparation for marriage, whether to have a variety of sexual partners does in fact weaken intimate relations and destroy a community.

To many such questions there is as yet no answer, or only a tentative one; and a small group, however long it continues its work, cannot provide all the answers. A much wider research is necessary on the part of those concerned with modern sexual conduct, and a more open willingness on the part of men and women to assess their own experience honestly. Those who live by traditional standards should be more ready to include among their friends, without condemnation or prejudice, those who may have no use for these standards.

Many other groups have already recognised that the kind of morality that includes a vehement and categorical condemnation of the homosexual is not Christian, for it lacks compassion for the individual person and it lacks understanding of the human problem. Is it equally recognised that heterosexual morality—the morality of marriage and family life—though believed in with conviction, may be defensive and insensitive? The state of mind that ensures loyalty to the marriage partner may in fact shut other people out from the warmth and friendship they need. Morality may involve fear and rejection. Among the married, faithfulness may be achieved by "working to rule", but at the cost of depth and understanding; among the unmarried chastity may be upheld at the cost of charity towards those in different circumstances.

It may be that there can be no truly abundant life, no really open heart, without risk. Here is what one of the greatest of modern theologians, Paul Tillich, has to say about this, stimulated by the thought of the woman of questionable morals who broke the costly jar of ointment over Jesus and was criticised by the bystanders for her wastefulness:

"Jesus knew that without the abundance of the heart nothing great can happen. A religion within the limits of reasonableness is a mutilated religion. Calculating love is not love at all. Jesus did not raise the question how much *eros* and how much *agape*, how much human passion and how much understanding was motivating the woman. He saw the abundant heart and he accepted it without analysing . . .

The history of mankind is the history of men and women who wasted themselves and were not afraid to do so. They did not fear the waste of themselves, of other men, of things in the service of a new creation. They were justified, for they wasted all this out of the fulness of their hearts. They wasted as God does in nature and history, in creation and salvation . . . There is no creativity, divine or human, without the holy waste which comes out of the creative abundance of the heart and does not ask, 'What use is this?'

We know that lack of love in our early years is mentally destructive. But do we know that the lack of occasions to waste ourselves is equally dangerous? In many people there has

been an abundance of heart. But laws, conventions, and a rigid self-control have repressed it and it has died. People are sick not only because they have not received love but also because they are not allowed to give love, to waste themselves."

We shall start by tracing the course of normal sexual development from infancy through adolescence and the adult lifespan, only then turning our attention to homosexuality in men and in women. With this essentially factual basis we can then consider the need for a new morality, and finally its implications for those seeking to help others experiencing sexual difficulties.*

THE GROUP

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E And one member who for professional reasons must remain anonymous.

(E = Elder in the Religious Society of Friends)

* *The New Being*

CALLING SHOTS

(Continued from page 2)

contribution of the Hollywood *Citizen-News*, some Los Angeles politicians, and the very top echelons of the local police department.

Now we would suggest that the editorial offices of the *Citizen-News* is one of those "high places" where a great deal of soul-searching ought to be scheduled. For if the work of those who have dedicated themselves to the destruction of those communicable diseases which are contracted by intimate physical contact is to be accomplished, they must not be interfered with by "Law Fixers," ambitious politicians, voyeuristic policemen, or sick editors.

Or do such persons really desire that venereal diseases be obliterated? They would be deprived of their most awesome weapon. They well know that sex is here to stay. Are they determined that venereal disease shall stay with it?

Mankind has recently been given the weapons with which syphilis and gonorrhea could be almost annihilated. If we were referring to any other than these specific diseases, this would have been accomplished long since. But because we are dealing with diseases that are still regarded as "punishment for sin" by certain otherwise intelligent people, this has not been done.

The fight against venereal diseases is in every respect as worthy as the fight against polio, mea-

sles, or cancer, and if it is to be won, it must have the support of all.

It is ridiculous to accuse "sex deviates," "women," or "negroes" of spreading it. People spread it, and people suffer its effects. And bigotry is most certainly not the cure.

If the work of those men and women who have dedicated themselves to the destruction of these diseases is to be accomplished, it can only be done in an atmosphere completely devoid of threats of punitive action or even the slightest suggestion of such. If homosexual contacts are indeed responsible for an inordinate percentage of infections, then that is all the more reason why the persons making such contacts *must* be protected from exposure to fallible intelligence or law enforcement agencies, and all the more reason why any leaks of information must *not* arise.

It is up to our legislative and law enforcement bodies to make absolutely sure that any such leaks—and what is more—any *rumors* of such leaks cannot *possibly* arise.

The homosexual has suffered more than his share of betrayals at the hands of self-righteous authorities, and he may need a great deal of reassurance to counteract that. Otherwise, all the anti-biotics and sulfa-drugs, and all the medicines yet to be discovered will be of little avail.

And if our state laws would withdraw from the field of consenting and private sexual behavior, that, too, would help.

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