

the LADDER

January 1963

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purpose of the

Daughters of **BILITIS**

**A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING
THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:**

- ① Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.
- ② Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.
- ③ Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.
- ④ Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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COVER BY KATHY ROGERS

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It's Time for a Change

It may be a New Year's resolution or an old political saw, but the saying, "It's time for a change", has a great deal of value to an organization or a movement or a publication. Change - a re-evaluation of old ideas and policies incorporated with new ideas and new blood - is essential to progress.

As expressed in the May, 1962 issue of THE LADDER: "DOB has never been conceived as a mass membership organization, but rather as an ever-changing membership with an evolving leadership developing as new people come into the group and the older members move out into society. Without change, the organization would become static; there would be no growth - and our purpose would not be served."

This concept must apply equally to the magazine published by DOB. And it is indeed time for a change!

R. E. L. Masters in his book, "The Homosexual Revolution", put this need very aptly. THE LADDER, which began as a newsletter in October of 1956, has been to date primarily a "house organ" for an in-group circulation. But times have changed, and the magazine must reflect this change. The organization must review its publication and its policies in the light of the attention now focused on the homophile movement by the mass media of books, newspapers, radio and TV.

Madison Avenue created the "image", which has become all important in American life. The advertiser, the politician, the business man, the teacher - yes, even the homosexual - must forever be aware of the "image" he projects. It is said the homophile organizations must do away with the negative stereotype of the homosexual characterized by the ultra-feminine man or the over-masculine woman, and create a new "image". This new image would portray the homosexual as an intelligent, responsible citizen who cannot be distinguished by appearance, but only by his or her choice of love partner. The new image would be positive, creative, productive - a model indeed for the entire populace.

The new image would be a dream or goal for those homosexuals who had not attained this exalted state. The new image would be, and is, a mockery to the intelligent and discerning professional persons who, in the course of their work, come in contact with the many, varied types of homosexuals who run the gamut from the very poor to the very rich in economic, educational, intellectual and spiritual levels. The new image would be a myth to the general public who would continue to see only the old image of the negative stereotype.

Images are shadows or stick figures without heart. They lack the human quality, the human failing, and the human desire to rise above it. The only "image" that will change the public's attitude would be of flesh and blood. And these are the ones who hide their faces, who shy away from their fellows, who refuse to stand up and be counted. Those who deny their fellows deny themselves, and the "image" becomes a hollow shell without substance.

Today is also the day of the "sales message" - the efficient propaganda machine that grinds out the polished, sophisticated phrase of gobbledygook that has little meaning for the average individual. Americans have become a nation of salesmen with a slogan for everything. To carry on a successful sales campaign it is said that an organization and its publication must have a fixed goal and a fixed policy, from which it must never waiver. For a propaganda machine cannot see several sides to a question. It can't afford to; it would lose its effectiveness. In the American marketplace of ideas there is no room for discussion, thought and decision. Just beat the drums loud and clear, drown out the high note of the flute, the delicate music of the violin. There is only ONE way. Either a thing is right or wrong, black or white; there are no shades of gray. Perhaps that is why the brain is called gray matter - because it's fuzzy and doesn't always recognize the fixed goal or the only way, because it is necessary for it to mull things over before a decision can be made, and once a decision is made can change it.

The hour of decision is at hand. The membership of the Daughters of Bilitis and its Governing Board of Directors find themselves at a turning point. They are faced with

(Continued on page 22)

LESBIAN LITERATURE IN 1962

By Gene Damon

The tide rises and no end appears in view. Despite rumors of blue-nose activity and cracking down on literary freedom, the opposite is actually true. Many previously forbidden titles were published in the U. S. this year.

The quantity of Lesbian titles is so overwhelming that no brief report can begin to discuss them all. I would like to acknowledge assistance from T. R. H. who gave me excellent data.

Over 200 books are listed at the end of this report and they are nearly all 1962 titles with perhaps 15% 1960 and 1961 titles previously missed. The list is twice as long as last year's list.

For the second year in a row, the general quality is high despite the usual plethora of junk items.

Hardbacks of unusual interest include some "school" titles: Short Pleasures by Anne Bernays, The Garden by Kathryn Perutz, The Phoenix Hour by Sarah Kilpatrick, The Chinese Garden by Rosemary Manning, and the beautiful love story, Winter Love by Han Suyin.

A very special love story is told in Cassandra at the Wedding by Dorothy Baker. Iris Murdoch, who has formerly confined herself to male homosexuality, convincingly handles one aspect of Lesbianism in An Unofficial Rose.

Surrealistic overtones of tragedy and sensuous writing mark the "quality" paperback Strange Affection by Edna Anderson and Helen Nonam.

Over 15 years after the end of World War II, we have two novels concerned with Lesbian relationships in concentration camps. The Whole Land Brimstone by Anna Langfus and the very superior Passage Through the Red Sea by Zofia Romanowicz.

A welcome touch of humor appeared in a posthumously discovered novel fragment by Ronald Firbank called The New Rhythm (sic).

The subtle English touch is well presented in the major novel The Compromisers by Ernest Borneman. Frederic Prokosch, who hardly ever fails to include some homosexuality in his novels, adds lengthy variant passages to Seven Sisters.

H. E. Bates in A Crown of Wild Myrtle handles the subject poorly but he writes well, even so. The esoteric Theodora Keogh writes realistically for a change in The Other Girl.

There were several meritorious Lesbian short stories published in 1962: "Murder at Merryoak" by Margaret Austin, "Tonight My Love is Coming" by Maude Hutchins, and the very, very lovely "The Threesome" by Margaret Austin.

Happily there is a poetry entry and one of great value, May Sarton's Cloud, Stone, Sun, Vine.

As is usual, the tone in the hardcover novels tended toward acceptance and equally expected the paperbacks varied greatly in tone.

However, the quality in paperbacks was really up from the last few years. Among the better paperback titles were: Gay Girl and In the Shadows by Joan Ellis, the hilarious satire Love Like a Shadow by Kimberly Kemp, My Lovely Adele by Adrian Bennett, Libido Beach by Alain Abby, The Strange Women by Miriam Gardner, Tender Torment and The Soft Sin by Randy Salem, The Flesh is Willing by Dorcan Knight, The Shades of Evil by Bonnie Golightly, The Infidelity Game by Elaine Dorian, I Am a Lesbian by Lee Chapman, Harriet by Tom Karsell and By Flesh Alone by March Hastings.

Three other paperbacks must have special mention. The first is an unusually good non-fiction title which includes a comprehensive history, The Lesbian in Our Society by W. D. Sprague, M. D. The second is the first wholly Lesbian anthology, Lesbian Love in Literature by Stella Fox, editor.

The last of these is the year's most outstanding title in any form, The Dark Side of Venus by Shirley Verel. It is a credit

to Bantam Books, the paperback publisher, since this was a hardback in England in 1960.

On that happy note, I'll close this report for another year with one last note. For obvious reasons this report is compiled in November of each year and by the time it reaches you, many new titles will have appeared. Please forgive these omissions, they will be in next year's list.

List of 1962 titles, including 1960 and 1961 titles discovered too late for inclusion in last year's list.

*Indicates hardback title originally. 1962 copyright is understood unless otherwise indicated.

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>PUBLISHER</u>
SHELDON LORD	COMMUNITY OF WOMEN	BEACON, 1961
DAVE CARSON	SEX III	BEACON, 1961
JUAN GOYTISOLO	ISLAND OF WOMEN	*KNOPF
KATHRIN PERUTZ	THE GARDEN	*ANTHENEUM
ROBERT KIRSCH	MADELEINE AUSTRIAN	*SIMON & SCHUSTER, 1960
		POCKET BOOKS, 1961
ALAN KAPELNER	ALL THE NAKED HEROES	*BRAZILLER, 1960
		POPULAR LIBRARY, 1961
MARCH HASTINGS	THE OUTCASTS	MIDWOOD TOWER, 1961
JUDSON GREY	WANTON WITCH	EPIC BOOKS, 1961
MARYSE CHOISY	A MONTH AMONG THE MEN	PYRAMID
HODGE EVANS	LASH OF LUST	BEACON, 1961
JOAN ELLIS	IN THE SHADOWS	MIDWOOD TOWER
LILLIAN DOWLING	SEX PSYCHO	NEWSSTAND LIBRARY
LOUIS LORRAINE	BLONDE DYNAMITE	BEACON, 1961
FRANK KANE	THE MOURNING AFTER	DELL, 1961
DOROTHY BAKER	CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING	*HOUGHTON
LESTER LAKE	LADY LOVERS	ALL STAR BOOKS
DEAN MCCOY	SEXBOUND	BEACON, 1961
ARTHUR ADLON	BY LOVE DEPRAVED	BEACON, 1961
LOREN BEAUCHAMP	STRANGE DELIGHTS	MIDWOOD TOWER
SLOANE M. BRITAIN	WOMAN DOCTOR	MIDWOOD TOWER
KIMBERLY KEMP	LOVE LIKE A SHADOW	MIDWOOD TOWER
JAMESON HARVEY	HARLOT MASTER	EPIC BOOKS, 1961

ELAINE DORIAN
ADRIAN BENNETT
VICTORIA KELRICH
MORHAIN
ALAIN ABBY
MARY RENAULT
SARAH KILPATRICK

FREDERIC BROWN

ANDREW SHAW
MIRIAM GARDNER
RANDY SALEM
JOAN ELLIS
MARCH HASTINGS
KIMBERLY KEMP
DORCAS KNIGHT
W. D. SPRAGUE
HELEN E. ANSELL

DON HOLLIDAY
BONNIE GOLIGHTLY

STELLA FOX, EDITOR
ANN BANNON
IRIS MURDOCH
JUDSON GREY
SHELDON LORD
JIM LAYNE
JERRY M. GOFF, JR.
DALE KOBY
DON BARTELL
BEN CHRISTOPHER
SLOANE M. BRITAIN
JASON HYTES
ARTHUR ADLON
CHARLES E. ISRAEL

SUBURBIA: JUNGLE OF SEX
MY LOVELY ADELE
THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

LIBIDO BEACH
THE BULL FROM THE SEA
THE PHOENIX HOUR

NIGHTMARE IN GREEN, SHORT
STORY IN NIGHTMARES AND
GEEZENSTACKS
BUTCH
THE STRANGE WOMEN
TENDER TORMENT
GAY SCENE
THE DRIFTER
PERFUME AND PAIN
THE FLESH IS WILLING
THE LESBIAN IN OUR SOCIETY
THE THREESOME, SHORT STORY
IN BEST COLLEGE WRITING,
1961

LUST HOUSE
THE SHADES OF EVIL

LESBIAN LOVE IN LITERATURE
BEEBO BRINKER
AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE
TWILIGHT GIRLS
THE THIRD WAY
THE SIX-WEEKERS
LIVE WITH ME
PERVERTED WIFE
WILD WOMAN
STRANGE EMBRACE
LADDER OF FLESH
THE DOCTOR AND THE DIKE
THE ODD KIND
RIZPAH

BEACON
AVON
SIGNET

AVON
*PANTHEON
*ABELARD, 1961
1962

BANTAM, 1961
NIGHTSTAND BOOKS
MONARCH
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER

*RANDOM HOUSE,
1962
MIDNIGHT READERS
HILLMAN BOOKS,
COPYRIGHT, 1960
RELEASED, 1962

AVON
FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL
*VIKING
EPIC BOOKS
BEACON
BEACON
MERIT BOOKS
EPIC BOOKS
REX BOOKS
BEACON
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
BEACON
*SIMON & SCHUSTER,
1961. CREST, 1962

ELAINE DORIAN	SECOND-TIME WOMAN	BEACON
LEONIE ST. JOHN	LOVE WITH A HARVARD ACCENT	ACE
SHIRLEY VEREL	THE DARK SIDE OF VENUS	*LONDON, QADRIGA, 1960, BANTAM, 1962
EDIE FISHER	PRISON OF MY PAST	MIDWOOD TOWER
LIZ CROWLEY	I SELL LOVE	MIDWOOD TOWER, 1961
ELAINE DORIAN	LOVE NOW, PAY LATER	MIDWOOD TOWER, 1961
JIM HARMON	AND SUDDEN LUST	EPIC BOOKS
ORRIE HITT	TWO OF A KIND	MIDWOOD TOWER, 1960
VAL MUNROE	AFTER HOURS	BEACON, 1961
SID KANE	JILL	HEADLINE BOOKS, 1960
ALAN MARSHALL	THE WARPED ONES	BEDSIDE BOOKS
MONIQUE LANGE	THE PLANE TREES	*PANTHEON
ERNEST BORNEMAN	THE COMPROMISERS	*LONDON, ANDRE DEUTSCH, 1962
KEVIN NORTH	SHAME SLAVE	IMPERIAL PUBLISH- ING COMPANY
KIMBERLY KEMP	OPERATION SEX	MIDWOOD TOWER
JACK LYNN	3 PASSIONATE SISTERS	NOVEL BOOKS
FRANCIS KING	THE CUSTOM HOUSE	*LONDON, LONGMANS, GREEN, 1961
E. V. CUNNINGHAM	SYLVIA	DOUBLEDAY, 1962
DALLAS MAYO	THE CRAVING	*DOUBLEDAY, 1962
EDWARD CULVER	PLAYHOUSE OF PASSION	CREST, 1961
DON HOLLIDAY	LUST RING	MIDWOOD TOWER
DON ELLIOTT	SIN QUEST	NEWSSTAND, 1960
ANDREW SHAW	FLESH PARADE	NIGHTSTAND
HAN SUYIN	WINTER LOVE IN TWO LOVES	NIGHTSTAND
ANNA LANGFUS	THE WHOLE LAND BRIMSTONE	MIDNIGHT READER
MAY SARTON	CLOUD-STONE-SUN-VINE (POETRY)	*PUTNAM
ROSEMARY MANNING	THE CHINESE GARDEN	*PANTHEON
LOUISE BELLOCQ	FLED IS THAT MUSIC	*NORTON
SARA BERENSON	SING SAD SLOW SONGS, SHORT STORY	*LONDON, CAPE *LONDON, SIDGWICK & JACKSON
		TWO CITIES (MAG.) SUMMER, 1961

DEE WINTERS	WEEKEND ARRANGEMENTS	BEACON
JAMES HARVEY	LADY WRESTLER	MIDWOOD TOWER
ANDREW SHAW	PASSION NIGHTMARE	MIDNIGHT READER
DON HOLLIDAY	HARLEM HARLOT	NIGHTSTAND
DON HOLLIDAY	LUST SISTERS	NIGHTSTAND
DOMINIQUE NAPIER	NEVER LOVE A MAN	BEACON
DALLAS MAYO	VOLUPTUOUS VOYAGE	MIDWOOD TOWER
STACEY CLUBB	TRAP OF LESBOS	BEACON
TONI ADLER	A WOMAN'S WOMAN	BEACON
RANDY SALEM	THE SOFT SIN	MIDWOOD TOWER
JAY CARR	UNNATURAL WIFE	BEACON
PAUL GREGORY	THE OFFICE COUCH	BEACON
ELAINE DORIAN	THE INFIDELITY GAME	BEACON
T. D. KENDRICK	GREAT LOVE FOR ICARUS	*LONDON, METHUEN
J. R. SALAMANCA	LILITH	*SIMON & SCHUSTER, 1961, BANTAM, 1962
MATT HARDING	FLY GIRL	BEACON, 1961
WARNER ELLIOT	NYMPHO TWINS	ALL STAR BOOKS
D. W. CRAIG	STRANGE SIN	VEST POCKET BOOKS
A. E. OLIVER	MOTEL GIRL	VEST POCKET BOOKS
STEPHEN LONGSTREET	THE FLESH PEDDLERS	*SIMON & SCHUSTER
JEANNETTE KAMINS	EVERYTHING BUT A HUSBAND	*ST. MARTINS PRESS
ANN BERNAYS	SHORT PLEASURES	*DOUBLEDAY
ZOFIA ROMANOWICZ	PASSAGE THROUGH THE RED SEA	*HARCOURT
ARTHUR ADLON	PASSION NURSE	CHARIOT, 1961
SETH AHRIMAN	RING-A-DING LOVER	FRANCE
TROY ALDEN	I AM A NYMPHO	MONARCH
BEN ANDERTON	WILD OATS	CHARIOT, 1961
DON BARTELL	PRISONER OF PASSION	REX
LOREN BEAUCHAMP	SIN ON WHEELS	MIDWOOD, 1961
LOREN BEAUCHAMP	THE FIRES WITHIN	MIDWOOD, 1961
ANNE DE BOLLENE	VOYAGE TO EROS	BERKLEY
ALEX CARTER	I WAS A \$100 A NIGHT	
JOHN DAVIDSON	CALL GIRL	KOZY
JOHN DEXTER	PASSIONATE TRIO	ART, 1961
MEL DUMONT	SINFULLY YOURS	BEDSIDE
DON ELLIOTT	VICKY	CHARIOT, 1961
JOAN ELLIS	THREE SINNERS	MIDNIGHT READER
ARTHUR FARMER	STRANGE COMPULSION OF LAUFA M SIN SHIP	MIDWOOD PRIVATE EDITIONS

OWEN BAULT	SEX CLINIC	ALL STAR, 1961
JERRY M. GOFF, JR.,	LIVE WITH ME	MERIT
PAUL GREGORY	PASSIONATELY YOURS	MIDWOOD
LAURA HALE	ZIPPER GIRLS	BEACON
MARCH HASTINGS	CRACK UP	NEWSSTAND
MARCH HASTINGS	CHICO'S WOMEN	MIDWOOD
CLAYTON HICKERSON	DIPLOMA OF PASSION	NEWSSTAND, 1961
ORRIE HITT	PARTY DOLL	CHARIOT, 1961
DON HOLLIDAY	CIRCLE OF SINNERS	BEDSIDE, 1961
DON HOLLIDAY	HELLS HARLOTS	MIDNIGHT
JAN HUDSON	SATAN'S DAUGHTER	ART, 1961
DEAN HUDSON	SIN SEARCH	NIGHTSTAND
PAUL HUNTER	MORALS CHARGE	MIDWOOD, 1961
JOHN D. KEEFAUVER	TORMENTED VIRGIN	EPIC
WILLIAM LIND	LITTLE MISTRESS	PARAGON
KIM MARCH	BACHELOR NURSE	BEACON
LAWRENCE MARSH	MIDNIGHT TO DAWN	PARAGON
ALAN MARSHALL	OFF LIMITS	BEDSIDE, 1961
RALPH C. O'HARA	THE DIVORCEE	MONARCH
RICK RICHARDS	ABNORMAL	MIDWOOD
RICK RICHARDS	RIPE	MIDWOOD
RICK RICHARDS	HOTEL HOSTESS	MIDWOOD, 1961
ROY RIDELL	PORTRAIT OF PASSION	ATHENA, 1961
DAN ROSCOE	THE GIRLS ON MAIN STREET	ALL STAR, 1961
PAUL V. RUSSO	RESTLESS VIRGIN	MIDWOOD, 1961
PAUL V. RUSSO	STAG STARLET	MIDWOOD, 1961
DUKE SHANNON	MALE NYMPHO	FRANCE
ANDREW	PASSION ALLEY	NIGHTSTAND
PHILIP STOREY	FOUR O'CLOCK ON FRIDAY	NEWSSTAND, 1961
L. T. WOODWARD	SEX FIEND	MONARCH, 1961
KAY MARTIN	THE DIVORCEES	PYRAMID
LOUIS-CHARLES ROYER	THE FLESH	PYRAMID
MARION Z. BRADLEY	SWORD OF ALDONES	ACE
LEE CHAPMAN	I AM A LESBIAN	MONARCH
DON ELLIOTT	WILD FLESH	NIGHTSTAND
ANDREW SHAW	REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS	NIGHTSTAND
ARNOLD WARMOR	WARPED PASSIONS	TUXEDO
WILLIAM KANE	BOOMTOWN SINNERS	MIDNIGHT
J. X. WILLIAMS	THE SIN PROPHET	MIDNIGHT
PEGGY SWENSON	EASY	MIDWOOD
MAX COLLIER	THORN OF EVIL	MIDWOOD
MIKE AVALONE	THE PLATINUM TRAP	MIDWOOD

ANDREW SHAW
JOHN DEXTER
TONY CALVANO
KAY ADDAMS
TOM PHILLIPS
D. W. CRAIG
JASON HYTES
ROBERTO ORSI
MIKE AVALLONE
DALLAS MAYO
PHILIPPE MASSART
ROBERT TURNER
LESTER LAKE
FREDERIC PROKOSCH

MAUDE HUTCHINS

EDNA ANDERSON &
HELEN NONAM

RONALD FIRBANK

NED CALMER
H. E. BATES

HEIMITO VON DODERER
DALLAS MAYO
KIMBERLY KEMP
W. H. MANVILLE
MARCH HASTINGS
KIMBERLY KEMP
ARTHUR ADLON
PAUL V. RUSSO
JOAN ELLIS
ALAN MARSHALL
FLETCHER BENNETT
TONY CALVANO
AMY HARRIS
THEODORA KEOGH

HOUSE OF 7 SINS
PASSION PIT
LUST JOB
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
SORORITY GIRLS
LONELY WIFE
COME ONE-COME ALL
ROME AFTER DARK
SEX KITTEN
SCANDAL
THE LOVE EXPERT
STRANGE SISTERS
BABES BEHIND BARS
7 SISTERS

TONIGHT MY LOVE IS COMING,
SHORT STORY IN THE ELEVA-
TOR AND OTHER STORIES
STRANGE AFFECTION

THE NEW RYTHUM (SIC)

ALL THE SUMMER DAYS
A CROWN OF WILD MYRTLE

THE DEMONS (2 VOLUMES)
ISLAND OF SIN
INTIMATE NURSE
BREAKING UP
BY FLESH ALONE
LAP OF LUXURY
THE SET
APPOINTMENT FOR SIN
GAY GIRL
THE PAGES OF SIN
MOMENT OF DESIRE
LINGERIE MODELS
TOUCH ME GENTLY
THE OTHER GIRL

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

NIGHTSTAND
NIGHTSTAND
NIGHTSTAND
NIGHTSTAND
MONARCH
CHARIOT
MIDWOOD
MACFADDEN
MIDWOOD
MIDWOOD
BERKLEY
BEACON
PRIVATE EDITIONS
*FARRAR, STRAUSS,
CUDAHY

*MORROW
PRIVATE PRINTING
DAWSON'S BOOK
SHOP, L.A. 1961
*(POSTHUMOUSLY 1962
DUCKWORTH, LONDON
*LITTLE, BROWN, 1961
*LONDON, MICHAEL
JOSEPH, 1962
*KNOPF, 1961
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
*SIMON & SCHUSTER
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
BEACON
MIDWOOD TOWER
MIDWOOD TOWER
NIGHTSTAND
ORIGINAL PLAYTIME
NIGHTSTAND, 1961
MIDWOOD TOWER
*LONDON, SPEARMAN

mood miscellanea

NIGHT FLIGHT

Here, in the neon oasis
Of wasted tears
Hours,
 days,
 lifetime pass
With the handling
Of a crumpled paper bill.

Lost silhouettes,
Presence without being,
Give to each other what
Silence softly breathes
To none
 and all
 too soon
 forget.

- Jann Miller

GONE ON VACATION - I WAS ALONE

Your absence does a violence to time,
Extends the moment cruelly.
The forlorn demon of my loneliness,
My single friend,
Says that a lover's journey is the tenderest crime.

I'm hurt to hollowness by silence. My pet is pain.
Your going wrongs me,
But I am angels deep in hope
For your return.
A throne is empty and waiting for your reign.

- R. A. Lorence

TRIBUTE

We had countless discussions, he and I,
 on thousands of things;
They were often heated and always held in public places.
Each new session we tried to solve every problem tackled
And tuck it neatly away in its own little box.
All our ruminations never resulted in anything
 being resolved;
This was due solely to the termination of a meal
 or the arrival of a trolley.
He was blond and fair,
And flared at the slightest provocation.
He was an avid adversary and always stuck stoically
 to his views.
We touched on such topics as,
The benefits of blind aid,
The growth of the gay population,
The beginning of being,
And as he put it, "The finality of death."

He decided that when his law practice was going full tilt,
He would expend all his energies on helping the homosexual.
But before we had a go at having the aid increased,
Before he could help all the gay guys,
And just as we were on the brink
And had practically penetrated the beginning of being,
Before we could realize any of these manifest mutations,
Nature chose to intervene.

And we argue no more,
For I am here
And he is there,
And death is very final.

--Dubby

Edam and Cheeve

A story by Belle Howland

They were always there.....

These two.....waiting.....for the big bright red and white Super Save Today Market to open its 'IN - OUT' doors. He had even decided one morning-crazy man....fat kid man....to not go 'IN' where it was plainly marked 'IN' but to wait until the beam of light had opened for an out-coming customer.....fat, child man put out his hand and held the door from swinging out its 'OUT' duty....He quickly slipped through 'IN' the 'OUT ONLY' door....She, this round ball, companion of his watched and tittered behind her grimy paw hands....With his child like ways he once more started to go 'IN' Then....with the whirling idea of it he went 'IN' and 'OUT' and 'IN' and 'OUT'....See me mama! See me!..... A fast moving hop of a Manager put a stop to this be gleeful merriment...."The idea, a grown man....Boy!," he couldn't figure some of these quinks, who came into his store----- even if it was a public place....there were....limits. Sour stomached manly Manager this He. Who did that old geezer think he was? Couldn't he read 'IN' and 'OUT'?And.... that fat-assed wife of his. Filthy old bitch....old hog.... old fat pair of goons....Well, a customer is....blah..... blah.....always right.

They were always there.....

These two.....waiting.....for the white-coated clerk to unlock the doors. Holding hands, smiling dumb cluck smiles and grinning on the same-alike faces. He was he? Or was it she? Husband? Wife? Lover?...Loved?....Who could tell by the overalls she wore....Huge legged, slouch kneed, droop seated, they were....these overalls with the one gallus slung over one huge rounded shoulder. She forever pulled this old gallus, took it loose, refastened it, twisted and often sucked on it. Her fat man companion often chose to wear these same overalls----and the womanly fat ball wife wore his waist pants, the belt did not meet across either of their stomachs....but. she liked to wear her "daddy's" pants. And his shirts with the sleeves cut off above the elbow---great stitches of black thread showing where they had been hemmed up, by....that man

child man of her....She didn't like to sew much, this old hog wife....Just wasn't one for the tiresome details. On this day in the store, they had knocked over a pile of canned baked-burnt beans in their struggles as to who would wear the little leather billed cap, that they shared, these two face-alike man woman beings. She simply grabbed hold of it to tear it from his balding-greasy dome, and he put both his hands over it pressing it to his dumb head, silently screeching....opening his mouth, closing it....in idiot gawps...."It's mine today! Mine! Mine! You, wore it yesterday." She raised her great work-shoe, covered-with-mud, foot to kick him into submitting to her. He simply grabbed hold of her kicking cow's foot and pushed it back with all his 250 pounds of lard, white skinned, lumped fat body. Down she went, on her great prat with a small shush-grunt pig sound. Man child walked away from her then....Soon, however, she rejoined him and they made their silent way down the million canned-glass jarred-paper boxed aisles, in their unending search.

They were always there.....

These two.....waiting.....From what street did they walk....from where did they come? No one cared to ask and they did not tell not one, no not anyone did they tell. Those two dirty old Mom and Pop ----Seedy old stringy haired dirty blonde harridan today. And yet....yesterday she was old Pop with the leather billed cap....Coming....you could tell sometimes who was He, and who was She....But....going they looked ass-alike, back alike and ears-alike. Her eyes... were washed out blue denim blue....and...his were....work-shirt faded out blue...Pretty....much the same these four eyes, in these two....crazy old twosome. When they weren't holding hands those two I am You and You are Me beings, they both placed their two hands over their immense fat-bellies, interlaced...the fingers, resting them passively over the round lump pots. The reddened and swollen hands, with great square tar-tipped broken nails. Chapped pink and puffed purple...with bursting blood....Shameful things to look upon ...those ancient scar studded four hands of these He, She pair. It was April Hop-skip-crazy day. She....wore the leather billed cap and he combed his four blonde-grey greasy strands to the left of his noggin instead of the right. Mama...."I want to go barefoot! ----please Mama"... The clerk who opened the 'IN' and 'OUT' on just that Spring morning, sucked in his Life-saver breath, when he saw those two moldery stinking feet with their lumps and bunion bumps....

the greenish toe nails above the wiggle...wiggle toes and that old grunion standing there holding Her hand...in his bare feet! "Yeh! Honey he was bare-footed as hell...and you know what?....After these two old nuts had been up and down the aisles for a couple of hours, they went through the check stand. Edna said 'will that be all for you?' They shook their heads....yes, yes,and she rung up one bunch of green onions---four cents I think they were!"

They were always there.....

These two.....waiting.....for the Giant Big Superoo Old Save Today Store to swing open her golden 'IN' and 'OUT' gates. Old Dad wore the gallus overalls with the drooped drawer-seat. Old Mom...was in a squashed, cool-old-strawy-man-its-summer hat. She was barelump-legged, bare-footed--pink they were her toes---under their coating of street dust-filth. Waggle-wiggle toes and Him standing there holding her hand on the First day of August. In....they came...with all their wide-eyed wonder....Standing in front of that meat case eyeing goggled old bats...at the pink lamb, red beef, white bacon, yellow cheeses and weenies-----Big white chickens, cool blue fishes, flat grey oysters, and light brown turkeys.. Big female....breasted....turkeys.....He put his hand down on the big full breast and stood there humming to himself, stroking that big old turk..dreaming, stroking and patting.... Smiling his toothless nut grin. She touched his back, and soon they moved on down the can walled aisles in their mad-cap search for a dream. A green-aproned Lady Queen of a Demonstrator offered up a dainty tray laden with minute sized teeny cocktail lumps...."Try the onion one," she hinted...."or. the cheese....Take two...Choose." They stood there then with the Queen of the cocktail crackers. Each moved a hand gently over the lace lined tray and couldn't make a choice.....Started the hands moving again, looking at her smiling, smiling and the hands came away, not having made a choice at all----No. "Green-aproned lady, which shall I take? Please tell us"....they asked with their toothless silent mouth.....the Lady took two crackers from the tray and held them out - but her two old reprobates - those would-be tasters walked away down the path of tin cans they had chosen that day. "Yeh! Edna....she said....Imagine! I was giving the damn crackers away, but they were the only ones who turned me down all the day, yeh! all the damned day---- and you know I saw them go out of the store and there in the parking lot, some kid had dropped his ice cream bar...

You know what that crazy old fat man did? He picked it up and licked it and licked it...then he held it out to that old fat woman that was with him and she licked it, and licked it....I almost died watchin em--yeh!"

They were always there.....

These two waiting.....for their own Super Duper Grocery Store to open....This morning....they....stood close together their arms entwined-----smiling and nodding at no one in-particular. As a matter of fact, no one particularly at all, they were just standing there facing the store's stone wall nodding and giggling together. The old He-Goat Man had a bright yellow ribbon tied around his hairless gnome four-hair head...She carried an old crushed artificial flower some one had thrown in the garbage-----a pretty pink garbage rose..... she stroked it....pulled at its pink petals...Smelled it.... pulled it some more...pushed it in front of His nose...and he smelled it....In through those pearly doors they went then... A clerk found them standing in front of the coffee grinding machine....that good smelling grinder....and they were blowing at the stray chewed up brownie bean bits..... sniffing and blowing. She wet her finger....picked up one of the grains...stuck out her tongue placed the grain there-on and sucked it with her slobbery old pink mouth. He stuck out his white fur tongue too and she carefully placed one brown speck on it...he....smacked and sucked on it and bowed to her. He pushed the wire silver-wheeled cart--put things in, and she took them out...She put things in..and...he took them out...back on the shelves they all went...whirling up the aisles-roads, and around corners to the check out stand. Edna said. "Will that be all, now?" They shook their old faces - two alike faces in unison. She put their one-half dozen day old, crushed---raisin-cookies in a bag..and..rung up seven cents. They carried the sack out between them.... giggling, patting each other's backs. He slapped her a good whack on her big fat shaking behind.

They were always there.....

These two.....waiting.....for their very own dearest Garden Gate to open....Out in, out in lovely shining gate that was all theirs. These two old round fat male, female people. It was Autumn now. Crack....Chilled....fall day. The two of them moved restlessly from side to side like baby elephants. Foot to foot, trunk to trunk...shiver for shiver....Slapped their freezing hands together....slap....

spat...slap. Squinched their faces....blink, clicked their eyes.....Direct to the fruit counter they hustled....They stood long there...longer than any other time...this dazzling orange, red, yellow, green, sweet fruit juicy, crunch, beautiful display. She stroked a red, yellow, green, sweet fruit juicy, crunch, beautiful display. She stroked a red apple-pat---pat---pat...shish, shushing to it..sh...sh..sh....ohing and ahing. They moved among their dearly beloved familiar store-garden for three-maybe four...I said it was five...hours...There was nothing in their cart at the check out point...Not anything for you today. Some school-children had set up a stand in the lot outside. She stopped there her face abeam, she tittered ...pointed...at the glistening red candy apple...shining red sweet apple...dug down in her overall pocket, brought forth a shiny coin. Paid....and then.....took that apple on the wooden stick kissed it, licked it...bowed deep from the thickened waist and presented it...this apple...to her old beat-up, fat-assed.....child man...He smacked over it ...chomped and tongued it that sticky rosy red apple...and they went out from their garden.

They were always there.....
These two.....waiting for the door to open....the snow...
Lay heavy this freezy frost grey morning....the clerk.....
SHOUTED out from the unlocked door "MY GOD! Edna....they
aren't HERE! and he began to cry.....

Chicago Psychiatrist Speaks

DR. DAGA WIED, PSYCHIATRIST, WAS THE GUEST SPEAKER FOR THE SEPTEMBER GAB 'N' JAVA OF THE CHICAGO CHAPTER OF DOB. DR. WIED SAID AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PROGRAM THAT SHE PREFERRED NOT TO GET INVOLVED WITH FREQUENTLY STATED THEORIES, BUT WOULD RATHER EXPRESS HER OWN OPINIONS.

THE QUESTION WAS ASKED IF IT IS POSSIBLE FOR TWO MEN OR TWO WOMEN TO LIVE TOGETHER WITHOUT INVITING COMMENTS OR TROUBLE. THE SPEAKER FELT THAT IT IS EASIER FOR TWO WOMEN TO SHARE THEIR LIVES THAN FOR TWO MEN. SEVERAL REASONS WERE ADVANCED FOR THIS IDEA;

IT IS CONSIDERED NATURAL FOR WOMEN TO WANT A HOME, AND SECONDLY THAT SCHOOL TEACHERS HAVE LONG SHARED HOMES WITH OTHER WOMEN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOMOSEXUAL IN A HETEROSEXUAL WORLD WAS RAISED. THIS PROVED TO BE A PROVOCATIVE QUESTION WITH THE AUDIENCE AGAIN PARTICIPATING. THE GENERAL FEELING WAS THAT THE HOMOPHILE IS MUCH TOO SENSITIVE AND TENDS TO SET HIMSELF APART FROM THE WORLD IN GENERAL. DR. WIED FELT THAT HOMOSEXUALS FREQUENTLY INVITE ATTACKS AND COMMENTS BY THEIR DRESS AND ACTIONS. THE DISSIDENTS TO THE GENERAL FEELING GAVE GOOD EXAMPLES AND REASONS WHY THEY FELT THE SENSITIVITY WAS JUSTIFIED AND NOT IMAGINED OR MAGNIFIED. IT WAS AGREED BY BOTH THE DOCTOR AND THE AUDIENCE THAT HOMOSEXUALS SHOULD STRIVE FOR MORE UNDERSTANDING WITH HETEROSEXUALS. DR. WIED ALSO FELT THAT HOMOSEXUALS SHOULD TRY TO BE MORE TOLERANT OF HETEROSEXUALS. SHE FURTHER BELIEVED THAT HOMOSEXUALS BY RAISING THEIR OWN STANDARDS AND PERSONAL CODE OF CONDUCT COULD ACCOMPLISH MORE.

THE SITUATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL VERSUS RELIGION ELICITED LITTLE RESPONSE FROM THE AUDIENCE. ACCORDING TO DR. WIED THIS IS THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM THAT THE HOMOPHILE FACES. THE CHANCE OF CONCILIATION BETWEEN THE TWO IS PRACTICALLY NIL AND IN SOME RELIGIONS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

REGARDING THE EMPLOYMENT SITUATION IT WAS AGREED THAT THE HOMOSEXUAL HAS QUITE A PROBLEM. IT WAS POINTED OUT THAT A PERSON IS FREQUENTLY FIRED FOR THE MEREST SUSPICION OF HOMOSEXUALITY.

THE PROGRAM WAS MORE OF A DISCUSSION THAN A LECTURE. SUMMING UP DR. WIED'S OPINIONS, IT APPEARS THAT SHE FEELS THE HOMOPHILE IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM HIS HETEROSEXUAL COUNTERPART, THE MEANS OF PHYSICAL GRATIFICATION BEING THE MAIN DIFFERENCE.

- JEAN SAND

* * * * *

I SEE YOUR SMILE
AND REASON CEASES.
SUCH PAIN IS LOVE.

- PAT PRINZ

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE

(Continued from page 5)

the problem of finding a new editor for the magazine. They are faced with the problem of promoting circulation and financial backing for THE LADDER.

But before they solve these problems they must re-examine the motives for publishing this magazine. They must evaluate the audience they are reaching now and the audience they wish to reach. They must determine the "image" they wish to project and the "message" they wish to present.

DOB has a declared purpose - "to integrate the homosexual into society" through education of the homophile and education of the public. Can both these audiences be served at once? If not, which is the more important? To some this is like the question, "Which came first - the chicken or the egg?" And the tendency for the other organizations in the homophile movement is to lay the onus of the problem at the door of a hostile heterosexual society. "They" are the ones who must change, who must learn to understand, because it is "They" who malign, because it is "They" who persecute and prosecute. And above all, it is "They" who fail to view homosexuals as persons - human beings.

Think about this indictment for a moment. You've heard it many times. Do you know what it really means? It is the voice of the homosexual indicting himself, convicting himself and demanding his own doom.

For his own salvation the homosexual must learn that his life is not directed by the great god, "They", who he worships and condemns at one and the same time. The homosexual's life is self-directed. He is a homosexual because he "chose" to be. This is one of the hardest things for the homosexual to come to understand. The choice may not have been a conscious one, but the homosexual's pattern of behavior and the course of his life is directed by his own reactions toward himself and others, by his own deeds. For he is the product of his own thought, and what others see in him is the "image" which he projects. If he is hostile, "They" will be hostile. If he hides from himself, "They"

will hide from him. If he is fearful, "They" will fear him. If he is hateful, "They" will hate him.

When the homosexual comes to the realization that his is a self-imposed exile, that his limitations are the barriers he himself has put up, then a whole new world will unfold before him.

There are countless of "They" who have already accepted the homosexual because they have known him as a kindly neighbor or a congenial employee or a thoughtful daughter or a dear friend. And it is this "image" of the homosexual who has accepted himself as a human being and who contributes to the society in which he lives that will bring about the change in society's attitude as a whole.

DOB has to date dealt primarily with helping to create this "image". DOB is a self-help, do-it-yourself organization. It is a group of people whose primary purpose is to serve one another. In this there is growth-- the change that is progress - for both the individual and the organization.

This then is one of the greatest values of DOB - to help the individual to know himself and where he is going. And the only glory in it is self-knowledge - the greatest gift of all. Is this to be traded for the more modern and popular Madison Avenue approach of the "public image" and the "sales message"?

These are the questions I am impelled to raise. These are questions I have asked of myself as I have "gone through the chairs" of DOB. As I have sought the answer and as I have guided others toward their answers, they have come - these simple, direct bits of Truth. I am the problem and its solution. To know this is to know freedom, but it is a freedom with responsibility. Freedom without responsibility is without freedom. I and I alone am responsible for what and who I am. No one did anything to me; it was my reaction to whatever happened, it was what I did with the experience or the memory that has shaped my personality. I cannot blame others for their limited insight; I can only understand and have compassion for their limitations. I can seek to bring them to understand, but I cannot condemn them if they do not hear me. Because they as individuals must learn in their own frame of reference and in their own time.

And so, with this self-knowledge I have gained from DOB, with an immeasurable reward for whatever service I have rendered the organization and its publication, I must "retire" from active duty with DOB to give others the opportunity to learn and to grow as I have.

It is indeed time for a change!

Del Martin

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF THE LADDER TO BE EDITED BY DEL MARTIN. HER RESIGNATION WHICH IS EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1963 WAS GIVEN TO THE NEW GOVERNING BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS LAST JUNE. TO DATE A NEW APPOINTMENT HAS NOT BEEN MADE. HOWEVER, BARBARA GITTINGS OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER HAS GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO EDIT THE FEBRUARY AND MARCH ISSUES TO GIVE THE ORGANIZATION TIME TO MAKE THE CHANGE-OVER.

READERS AS WELL AS MEMBERS ARE CALLED UPON TO VOICE THEIR OPINIONS OF THE MAGAZINE - WHAT ITS FUNCTION AND PURPOSE IS, WHAT EDITORIAL CONTENT THEY WISH TO SEE INCLUDED. READERS AS WELL AS MEMBERS ARE CALLED UPON FOR SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO OBTAIN NECESSARY FINANCIAL BACKING, HOW TO INCREASE THE CIRCULATION OF THE LADDER, HOW TO OBTAIN THE DESIRED EDITORIAL MATERIAL. AND - APPLICATIONS FOR THE EDITORSHIP ARE BEING ACCEPTED!

EVERYONE HAS IDEAS - PUT THEM ON PAPER. AND IF NOTHING ELSE COMES TO YOU, HOW ABOUT YOUR SIGNATURE ON A CHECK? YOUR CONTRIBUTION IS YOUR RECEIPT FOR FREEDOM.

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Here and There

AN END AND A BEGINNING. . . . DUE TO EXPANDING NATIONAL MEMBERSHIPS AND INTEREST AS WELL AS LEGAL REQUIREMENTS, THE HOLLYWOOD ASSISTANCE LEAGUE'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS VOTED TO CHANGE THE ORGANIZATION'S NAME: THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL UNDERSTANDING. NEW DISCUSSION GROUPS WILL BE ESTABLISHED IN SAN FRANCISCO, PHOENIX AND LONG BEACH. COUNSELLING AND EMPLOYMENT SERVICES WILL BE DEVELOPED IN THESE AREAS AS WELL.

REV. ROLLO BOAS, EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN, DISCUSSED "ALCOHOLISM VS. HOMOSEXUALITY" AT THE DECEMBER 6 MEETING IN HOLLYWOOD, AND WE UNDERSTAND THE CITIZEN NEWS (THE THIRD LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN LOS ANGELES,) COVERED THE EVENT.



"DOESN'T IT ALL MAKE YOU WONDER SOMETIMES WHERE THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS COMING FROM?"

TO THEIR LIST OF ADVISORS THE LEAGUE HAS NAMED REV. ROBERT WOOD, AUTHOR OF CHRIST AND THE HOMOSEXUAL. THE GROUP MAY BE CONTACTED BY WRITING BOX 29048, HOLLYWOOD 29, CALIFORNIA, OR BY PHONING HOLLYWOOD 9-3439.

* * * * *

H. KEITH THOMPSON, JR., ADDRESSED THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC., OF NEW YORK NOVEMBER 15 ON THE TOPIC, "THE HOMOSEXUAL AS A SECURITY RISK, A POLITICAL SCAPEGOAT, AND A TARGET OF THE RADICAL RIGHT."

* * * * *

FROM "THE INSIDER'S NEWSLETTER", AN EVERY MONDAY REPORT FOR BUSY MEN WHO NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK:

"...THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS HAVING A CONTINUING PROBLEM WITH HOMOSEXUALITY IN OVERSEAS POSTS. ONLY A RELATIVELY SMALL MINORITY IN THE VAST FOREIGN SERVICE ORGANIZATION IS INVOLVED, BUT IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO KEEP SECURITY OFFICIALS WORRIED. 'WE OFTEN HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO THEY ARE,' ONE OFFICIAL EXPLAINED, 'BUT THE TROUBLE IS THEY'RE USUALLY SO CAREFUL AND DISCREET IT'S HARD TO PROVE ANYTHING. THEY PROTECT THEIR OWN, TOO.'...ONE VETERAN FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER, JUST BACK FROM A FOREIGN MISSION, WAS TELLING FRIENDS LAST WEEK THAT HOMOSEXUALS AT THE POST HAD BEEN ONE OF THE BIGGEST PROBLEMS IN HIS LIFE - AND THAT HE THOUGHT THE TRICKIEST ANGLE WAS THAT THE HOMOSEXUALITY COULD GIVE FOREIGNERS THE IDEA THAT THE RUSSIANS ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY CALL AMERICANS 'DECADENT.'"

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LESBIAN LITERATURE IN 1962

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

EAMON JEFFY	THE LOVE HUNTERS	ALL STAR BOOKS
DON ELLIOTT	SIN SICK	NIGHTSTAND
WILLIAM KANE	LUST LOTTERY	MIDNIGHT READER
TONY CALVANO	VIXENS OF SIN	MIDNIGHT READER
DON HOLLIDAY	TRAMP STREET	MIDNIGHT READER
TOM KARSELL	HARRIET	AVON
PATRICK DENNIS	LITTLE ME	*DUTTON, 1961
		CREST, 1962

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