

THE LADDER

MARCH
1964

A Lesbian Review

*For
Sale
To
Adults
Only*

*50
cents*



*In
This
Issue:*

Dr. James Barry,
The First Woman Doctor in Britain

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

March 1964
 Volume 8 Number 6

Published monthly by the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 1232 Market Street, Suite 108, San Francisco 2, California. Telephone: UNDERhill 3 - 8196.

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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 picture by an unknown 19th Century portrait artist

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The First Woman Doctor in Britain: Dr. James Barry

by Vern Niven

James Miranda Barry, an Irish-English woman, was born in approximately 1795. She made history while living most of her life as a man. For over 40 years she was an officer and surgeon in the British Army and enjoyed a highly distinguished career.

In 1809 (at fifteen), posing as a boy, she entered Edinburgh University to study to become a physician, and in 1812 (at eighteen) she was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine. This seems far-fetched today, but it was not an unusually short training for those days; indeed, her education was extensive for the period in which she lived. However, her extreme youth, coupled with her short stature (just five feet tall), adds a phenomenal quality to her success after graduation.

She went to London and took a special course in surgery under the most famous surgeon of the time, Sir Astley Cooper. In June, 1813, she passed an Army Medical Board examination, and was commissioned in July. As a "junior" person she spent two years in the Plymouth garrison as a hospital assistant (a term not used today). Then in December, 1815, she was sent to the garrison at the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa as an Assistant Surgeon. Travel being what it was then, she arrived in August, 1816.

She is described as a "young officer of considerable assurance" and given to "a certain flamboyance in dress." Since her normal dress as an Assistant Surgeon in 1818 included a plumed cocked hat, long spurs, and a sword, one wonders what could be flamboyant beyond that? We do know now that she had 3-inch false heels in her boots and was called by the African Negroes "The Kapok Doktor" because she had cotton padding in her uniform shoulders. Dr. Barry "flirted openly" with the "best-looking women in the room at balls."

She became friends with the Governor of Cape Town, Lord Charles Somerset, and he appointed her Physician to his household in 1817 at an excellent salary. Later she saved

his life in so spectacular a manner as to insure her permanent medical reputation. However, her private reputation may have been somewhat different, for Governor Somerset is quoted as referring to her as "the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men." (He did not know her true sex.)

Her medical fame was phenomenal and there is much evidence, recorded by reliable authorities, that she must have been a vastly superior doctor for her time. Her most famous medical feat was the successful performance of a caesarean section in 1819 in Cape Town. Only one medically-proved caesarean section preceded this—in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1818. It was not until 1833 that such an operation, with both mother and child surviving, took place in Great Britain. Dr. Barry's own successful operation preceded this by 14 years.

In 1822, Dr. Barry was promoted to Colonial Medical Inspector, a position of some honor.

Intimate details of her personal life from sources written before her death are rare. (It is important to segregate "facts" about her which were recorded before the discovery of her real sex because these are likely to be more reliable than the questionable statements made after her death.) Since Dr. Barry's positions were always fairly important ones, her name and anecdotes about her exist in various military and medical memoirs and from these it is clear that she was a Lesbian as well as a transvestite.

She was drawn to tall and pretty women and was described in so many places as a flirt that she must have been outrageously so. On the other hand, she is supposed to have been "a perfect gentleman who did not swear in the presence of women."

There is evidence of an affair between Dr. Barry and a Mrs. Fenton (a young married woman with a two-months-old child) which resulted in Dr. Barry's only really "unmilitary" action—she went A.W.O.L. to accompany the woman to England. This took place in 1829. Before leaving Cape Town, Dr. Barry initiated a reform in the care of lepers—just one of the many dietary and cleanliness innovations credited to her.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that she had certain "feminine" instincts regarding dirt, and her career is dotted with examples of her attempts to "wash up" the British Army. She was heard to mutter during inspections, "Dirty Beasts, go and wash up."

Dr. Barry remained in England (no record is made of her being punished for the journey there without permission) until 1831 and then was posted as Staff Surgeon to the garrison at Jamaica. She ran into serious trouble when

an officer there objected to her attentions to his wife. She could not have had much time for personal life, however, for disease was rife in Jamaica in those years. After four years of working in a sort of living hell, she was granted leave to return to England in 1835.

After a year in England she received a promotion and was sent to St. Helena as Principal Medical Officer. Again she instituted medical reforms, but made enemies in high places and was sent home in disgrace. Though demoted to Staff Surgeon and posted in 1838 to the West Indies, by 1842 she was again Principal Medical Officer, in Trinidad.

Here personal misfortune struck her—she became ill with fever. An Assistant Surgeon, knowing she was very ill, took another man with him to see Dr. Barry "at the house of a lady friend." Dr. Barry had left "strict instructions" not to call on this house. They discovered her sex while examining her but she swore them both to secrecy and apparently they both kept the vow until after her death.

After her recovery (a slow one) from the fever, Dr. Barry was posted to Malta as Principal Medical Officer in 1846 and remained there until 1857.

Her last post, a cold and cheerless one, was Canada. She was over 60 when she went there in 1857 and, after years in the tropics, the 18-degrees-below-zero weather was hard on her health. By this time she had reached the rank of Inspector-General of Hospitals, which is comparable to a Major General today.

She was forcibly retired in July, 1859 by a medical board which declared her too ill for active service. She protested this decision vigorously, to no avail, and lived on retirement pay for 6 years, dying in England in July 1865.

Only after her death was her real sex discovered—and, humorously, not by the attending physician but by the charwoman who prepared the body for burial.

It is sad that we actually know very little of her feelings, and little of the reasons behind her wish to be a man, and so little about her early life that no guesswork is possible. Many secrets lie buried with James Miranda Barry in Kensal Green, England.

* * * * *

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All of it gone - withdrawn -
The trifles I treasured

The voice I harkened to,
the footsteps measured,

Spectre for company
keeping the vigil,

waiting to labor me
with its cold cudgel.

What have I really lost?
Can one sun, sinking,

signal the end of life -
blacken all thinking?

- Blanche Small

LINES FROM LI PO

Willows bend over the river
Diamonded with ice
This frosty morning,
And the sun rises round and red
Over snowy fields.
But you are not here
To make the new day glitter.

- Valerie Taylor

WITHIN REASON

Is it your wish, Beloved One,
to come to me?
Then come.
Or if you cannot find the path,
no matter;
only idle dreams are torn;
and we each
seek our own;
our own seeks us in turn.
No useless star can ever burn.
And what is mine shall cling
to me alone;
and what is not,
shall wander on...
Each morning comes itself.
I do not coax the dawn.

- Jay Wallace

IN THE DARK

A Short Story by Ruth Saylor

They were practicing for the show when the lights went out; but the chorus kept singing, as if nothing had happened. When the song was finished, someone in the bass section very calmly lit a cigarette. The flame of the match cast a little glow for just a minute; and the singing started again.

Between the soprano and alto sections there were a few baritones. But in the back row, only one man separated the women. He had often considered this a rather curious arrangement on the part of the director; but since he had managed to have his two favorites among the women placed on either side of him, he had no reason to object. In fact, he had begun to resent the occasional baritones who visited the chorus, since they were invariably placed beside him.

The dark presented all sorts of opportunities to his mind. The idea of a good howling wind and rain storm that could cut off a whole city's lights intrigued him, and he was very aware of the alto to his left and the soprano to his right. It was really very pleasant being between them with only the glow from four or five lighted cigarettes—and those occasional damned flaring matches.

He considered the part of the group who planned to visit a new night spot after practice. Tonight, he had even persuaded both women to go with them.

He had known Merle would come. She'd learned to love the evenings out as much as any of the men. She was the alto that sat to his left—a huge person, cynically amusing, and according to her own accounts, not too moral.

Ella sat to his right, not quite so young and much more sedate. She broke conventions imposed by her invalid sister at times, just to prove to herself that she was still a free individual. He knew she would be hard to approach; but there was something desirable about her. You always felt that there was something warm and giving beneath that cold exterior; and after all, he was getting a little too old to play games.

The darkness increased his consciousness of the nearness of the two women. He knew that Merle was aware of it too, because she sat there waving a cigarette close to his hand and then away, teasing him.

As the darkness continued, he sensed Ella's uneasiness and finally offered to drive her home to be with her sister.

A match flared, and they got up and made their way through the aisle of feet. Merle held a match as they went, watching his hand on Ella's arm.

"Are we going as we planned?" he asked her, as her match went out.

"Sure. Meet me at the station where my car's parked when you get back."

He guided Ella out of the practice room and into the hall where employees, too, were lighting matches in order to see where they were going. One or two gave them a knowing look, and Ella muttered something embarrassedly.

"Watch out. There aren't any stop lights," one of the boys in the hall told them.

They ducked out the door and into the rain. The whole city was dark—no neon signs, no stop lights, no lighted restaurant windows, not even a sign of candles or kerosene lamps—but then, they were hardly standard equipment for the downtown of a city.

On the streets, there were many car lights. Everyone was trying to get home, and the pavement was even more crowded than usual. Once the car had turned onto the highway, other cars seemed to wait for them. It was almost exhilarating, never knowing quite when a car would come popping out from a side street.

"I was looking forward to our outing," Ella said.

He turned toward her. "We can do it some other time."

"Not everyone would be so understanding about my having to go home."

From the tone in her voice, he knew she hadn't wanted to go home and resented knowing that she had no choice; but for some reason, he was suddenly very glad that she was here and that he was going back.

She unlocked the house door by the car headlights. Her sister insisted on being locked in at night. He saw Ella raise her arm slowly, unwillingly, in a signal that she was in the house; and he turned the car back toward the highway.

The air was oppressive and electric from the storm, and the rain beat steadily against the car. It seemed to make him feel electric, too—and expectant. Driving time was

really cut by not having to stop at stop lights, he decided. How fortunate that Ella lived so near the highway. It was amusing to see other cars stop for him.

Downtown, the streets were still crowded. At one of the theaters, a car was pulled up on the sidewalk, its headlights shining brightly on the doors. It shouldn't have taken all that time for the meager middle of the week audiences that were the usual thing. Someone must have had a nice case of hysterics.

He drove into the parking lot behind the station. Merle was sitting in her car waiting for him, and the station owner had come back to see that all of his equipment was put away to escape the wind and rain.

Merle rolled down her window and said something too softly for him to hear. She was smiling, but it didn't look like a very happy smile. He waited a minute, and then slid out of his own car and into the front seat of hers.

"Well, are we going?" she asked.

"I doubt if it would do much good."

She lit a cigarette and held the match over for him to blow out. Her skirt had ridden up well above her knees. She looked down at it, passed her hand over the hem without moving it even a fraction of an inch, and then she looked at him and smiled. He could feel the sparks jumping. They'd been friends for quite a while, and she loved to make insinuating remarks to him; but this was a different sort of night and there was none of the usual crowd around them. He wanted to reach over and put his hand on her shoulder and tell her that he wasn't just fooling around, and that he hoped she wasn't. But there was something in her eyes—it was always there—that stopped him now, just as it had stopped him many times before.

They sat in the car for a long time. For a while neither one said anything, and then they talked. He discovered that her family had left her feeling as insecure as his own had left him. She spoke of searching for something—and he knew what it was that she wanted—that unattainable perfect love and perfect satisfaction that someone insecure and unsure of himself always wants and needs and never finds. She must be very young, he thought, not to have discovered that it doesn't even exist. But he didn't tell her that, because even when you knew it, you still kept looking; and you might as well hold your hopes as long as possible.

She told him that she achieved satisfaction temporarily, implying sexual satisfaction with her voice; but he thought she meant all kinds of satisfaction. She said somehow she had to find someone to give her permanent

satisfaction. He felt a little sad, but he wanted to hold her and try to give her as much of it as he could.

She looked over at his car, a Rambler.

"Now, that would be interesting. With the fold-down seats and all, I mean. We ought to get a couple of people and have a good time."

He could feel her cold, blue-grey eyes staring at him, piercing him. "Where do you intend to look?"

"Well, failing that, we could go anyway."

He could feel hope begin to rise deep inside him, and his heart began to pound, and he tried not to be afraid of hoping.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"What do you think it means?"

He knew what he wanted to answer; but something stopped him again. It was her stare, he decided, the way she looked at him over the top of another of her infernal cigarettes.

"Why don't you say something?"

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, and he turned toward her, hoping she would make it easier.

She was leering at him—a grin of pure self-satisfaction.

"Well, not what you want me to say. You may not like what I am, but I don't want you. I'm afraid I just can't help you at all."

Her stare and grin merged into one motion, and he knew that she had intended to hurt him, that it had been a substitute satisfaction for the unattainable. He'd seen that same look before.

A pain that was very sharp, very real, and probably very psychosomatic, shot through him. He knew it was a wave of pure disappointment—disappointment at not finding what he was searching for, even though he had known he wouldn't. Not finding it would have been enough, but this was worse. He buried his head in his hands, until the pain would leave.

She touched his shoulder lightly and then drew away.

"Feeling sorry for yourself?"

Her voice held a little sadness, but it was still full of the triumph of having inflicted as great a pain as her own on someone else.

He sat straight again, angry at himself for allowing anything to hurt him, and for not realizing what some of her remarks had meant long before this. It was a temptation to be angry with Merle, but it wasn't her fault and it wouldn't do any good anyway.

Slowly, he took out his car keys.

"I can't guarantee you lasting satisfaction, but I know where you can find what you want for a while, anyway."

"No one's ever willing—just like that."

"This one would be, Merle, and it would be a long night. I think that's what you'd like."

She nodded. "But I don't like to be fought off."

"You wouldn't be fought off." He laughed, a pleasant laugh.

"Do you really think—"

"Of course." He looked at her, feeling sorry for himself. "I know my wife. She'd find you very appealing. Just let me know—anytime—anytime at all."

The house is sighing
softly, softly.

Gone is your voice with its bell of bronze
and the Jasper deeps of your eyes.
The house sighs.

Sighs with the sound of the sea
and the white gulls' wailing,
and, sighing, I.

The house is still,
still.
The slow air sleeps in the sun
The tide is run.

But soon the turn,
and I will turn too,
toward home
toward you.

- Blanche Small

DOB Convention Bulletin

THE TABOO WHICH HAS SO LONG DAMMED FRANK EXPRESSION OF VIEWS ON HOMOSEXUALITY HAS BEEN BROKEN. AN IMPRESSIVE FORUM OF OPINION MAKERS, SPOKESMEN AND LEADERS OF PROFESSIONAL, CIVIC AND COMMUNITY GROUPS WILL BE HEARD AT THE THIRD BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, TO BE HELD JUNE 20-21, 1964, IN NEW YORK.

THE TENTATIVE PROGRAM INCLUDES LECTURES AND DISCUSSION PANELS ON TOPICS RANGING FROM "THE CONCEPT OF FEMININITY" TO SEXUAL MORALITY AND THE LAW." THE CONVENTION THEME, "THRESHOLD OF THE FUTURE," WILL BE THE BASIS FOR PROVOCATIVE EXPLORATIONS OF WHAT THE FUTURE MAY HOLD IN REFERENCE TO THE PROBLEMS OF THE FEMALE HOMOSEXUAL IN OUR SOCIETY. ALTHOUGH NO LONGER TABOO, THE SUBJECT OF FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY IS STILL INTENSELY PERSONAL TO WOMEN, EMBARRASSING TO SOME AND MYSTIFYING TO MANY. THIS CONVENTION IS UNUSUAL IN THAT IT PROPOSES TO FEATURE THE OPINIONS OF WOMEN — OUTSTANDING AND OUTSPOKEN LEADERS FROM MANY PROFESSIONS. THE MALE VIEWPOINT WILL BE REPRESENTED BY DR. WARDELL POMEROY OF KINSEY SEX-RESEARCH FAME, DONALD WEBSTER CORY (AUTHOR OF THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA), REVEREND ROBERT WOOD (AUTHOR OF CHRIST AND THE HOMOSEXUAL) AND JESS STEARN (AUTHOR OF THE GRAPEVINE) AMONG OTHERS.

SITE OF THE CONVENTION IS THE HOTEL NEW YORKER, IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN NEAR THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHOPPING CENTER, NOT FAR FROM THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, AND LESS THAN 20 MINUTES BY RAPID TRANSIT FROM THE 1964 WORLD'S FAIR. THE HOTEL NEW YORKER HAS MAINTAINED A REPUTATION FOR SERVICE RANGING FROM SUPERIOR TO SUPERLATIVE, AND ITS COOL, SPACIOUS NEW ORLEANS ROOM WILL ACCOMMODATE 150 GUESTS FOR DOB'S CONVENTION BANQUET AND MEETINGS.

Calling Canada....

REDUCED-RATE TRAVEL FARES WILL BE AVAILABLE TO CANADIANS WHO WANT TO ATTEND THE DOB CONVENTION IN NEW YORK THE WEEKEND OF JUNE 20-21! ALL INTERESTED IN JOINING A GROUP TRAVELING FROM TORONTO TO NEW YORK AT CONVENTION TIME ARE INVITED TO WRITE TO DOB NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

Lesbian Literature in '63

A Comprehensive List by Gene Damon

257. *SOFT IN THE SHADOWS* BY JOHN TURNER. MIDWOOD TOWER, 1963.

ROBERT AND ALMA ROME BEFRIEND THE RECENTLY WIDOWED JEANNIE HOOD. BOTH FALL IN LOVE WITH HER AND ALMA MAKES LOVE TO HER. JEANNIE ULTIMATELY REJECTS BOTH OF THEM, BUT THIS DOES NOT SAVE THE MARRIAGE. ALMA TAKES THE MASCULINE UPPER HAND IN THE MARRIAGE AND BOTH AGREE TO TACITLY HAVE SIDE AFFAIRS IN THE FUTURE. IT IS A GOOD HANDLING OF A MUCH MORE COMMON SITUATION THAN EXISTED A FEW YEARS AGO: THE NARROWING LINE BETWEEN MASCULINE AND FEMININE ROLES IN MARRIAGE AND THE INCREASE IN ROLE SWITCHING.

258. *ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR MISUNDERSTANDING* BY ROBERT GOVER. GROVE PRESS, 1961, 1962.

A SECONDARY LESBIAN THEME IS INCLUDED IN A VERY WELL WRITTEN AND VERY FUNNY NOVEL ABOUT AN ILLICIT WEEKEND BETWEEN A STUFFY COLLEGE BOY AND A NEGRO PROSTITUTE. KITTEN (THE PROSTITUTE) HAS A "CO-WORKER" FRANCINE WHO PURSUES HER FROM TIME TO TIME. FRANCINE ALSO HAS A WHITE GIRLFRIEND (MORE OR LESS PERMANENT BASIS). SOME OF THE ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN KITTEN AND FRANCINE ARE HILARIOUS. HARDLY AN ENLIGHTENING PICTURE OF TYPICAL LESBIAN BEHAVIOR, BUT FOR ITS KIND, A RIOT.

259. *TWILIGHT WOMEN* BY L. T. WOODWARD. LANCER BOOKS, 1963.

A NOT UNSYMPATHETIC COLLECTION OF CASE HISTORIES, SOMEWHAT FICTIONALIZED. HOWEVER, DESPITE THE BORAD-MINDED APPROACH TAKEN BY DR. WOODWARD, THE COLLECTION IS SLANTED TOWARD THE SERIOUSLY DISTURBED PERSONALITY AND WILL MEAN VERY LITTLE TO THE AVERAGE LESBIAN.

260. *THE TREE AND THE VINE* BY DOLA DE JONG. NEW YORK, LYLE STUART, 1963.

THIS BOOK APPEARED IN ENGLAND IN 1961 AND WAS REVIEWED IN THE LADDER. IT IS, HOWEVER, WELL WORTH MENTIONING AGAIN ESPECIALLY NOW THAT IT IS AVAILABLE IN AN AMERICAN EDITION.

IT IS A SENSITIVE AND UPSETTING STORY TOLD BY THE NOW 40-YEAR-OLD BEATRICE WHO RECALLS THE YEARS 1939-1941 SPENT IN HOLLAND. THE ONLY PLOT IS THE LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN ERICA AND BEATRICE, AND THE ACTION IS LAID IN HOLLAND WHEN THE WAR IN EUROPE CASTS A PALL OVER EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING. THE LOVERS ARE AT CROSS PURPOSES AND THE TONE IS MELANCHOLY THROUGHOUT. ALTHOUGH HEARTBREAKING, IT IS A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

261. *HONEYSUCKLE* BY RANDY SALEM. MIDWOOD TOWER, 1963.

AND

262. *THE SEX BETWEEN* BY RANDY SALEM. MIDWOOD TOWER, 1962.

WITH THESE, HER 6TH AND 7TH TITLES, RANDY SALEM HAS EARNED HER RIGHT TO BE INCLUDED WITH THE IMPORTANT WRITERS IN THE FIELD—BANNON, CHRISTIAN, AND TAYLOR. BOTH THESE TITLES ARE IMPROVEMENTS OVER THE PRECEDING ONE, *TENDER TORMENT* (MIDWOOD TOWER, 1962). TOO MANY WRITERS, ESPECIALLY IN THIS GENRE, START OUT WITH A GOOD NOVEL AND THEN RAPIDLY FALL DOWN IN QUALITY. RANDY SALEM STARTED HER CAREER WITH *CHRIS* (BEACON, 1959) AND FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED AS THOUGH SHE MIGHT GROW POORER AS A WRITER; HER NEXT TWO TITLES WERE DISAPPOINTING.

HONEYSUCKLE COVERS A SUMMER IN THE LIFE OF TRACY, A WRITER, AND HER LOVER EVE. THEY ARE LONG PAST THE HONEYMOON STAGE AND FACING THE "DOG DAYS" OF THEIR MARRIAGE. MISS SALEM HAS A GOOD DEAL TO SAY ABOUT THE ADJUSTMENTS PECULIAR TO HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGES. SHE ALSO TALKS ABOUT THE DAY TO DAY PROBLEMS WHICH AFFECT SUCH A RELATIONSHIP. THE PLOT DOES VEER INTO THE TOO-OFTEN COVERED SUBJECT OF INFIDELITY, BUT IT DOESN'T LINGER LONG ENOUGH TO GET STICKY. THE ENDING IS WEAK, ALBEIT HAPPY, AND DESPITE SOME MINOR FLAWS (SUCH AS THE USE OF WITCHCRAFT EARLY IN THE BOOK TO ADVANCE THE STORY, WHICH MAY DETER SOME READERS) THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PAPERBACK AND DESERVES A WIDE AUDIENCE.

THE SEX BETWEEN IS VERY DIFFERENT IN TONE. THE HEROINE LEE (LESLEY) IS AN OVERLY AGGRESSIVE LESBIAN WITH AN UNSAVORY PROMISCUOUS PAST WHO IS IN LOVE WITH HER FIRST COUSIN, MAGGIE. THE NOVEL IS MOST INTERESTING FOR ITS DISCUSSION OF THE FAMILY SITUATIONS WHICH KEEP LEE AND MAGGIE APART. IT IS VERY WELL WRITTEN, AND WHILE NOT AS GOOD IN SOME WAYS AS *HONEYSUCKLE*, IT TOO DESERVES WIDE READING.

STAGE TWO OF RESEARCH

Special message to DOB members, LADDER readers and their friends who have filled out research questionnaires:

Dr. Gundlach's research team needs a comparison group of heterosexual women similar to the Lesbian participants in age, socio-economic status, and region of the country. As a DOB member has suggested, there is no better way of getting this comparison group, than that those who filled out the questionnaire encourage friends they grew up with, friends of today, and non-Lesbian sisters to join the ranks of participants in this research study! This member wrote, "I know of 3 good friends who would be happy to comply. We all grew up together as close-knit as sisters. (Sisters? Why not then get blood sisters to fill out questionnaires?) We went through school together, were intellectually and emotionally compatible, were in the same socio-economic bracket. These women today are happily married with droves of offspring. What better subjects for a comparison group?"

Clip out the coupon below (or make a facsimile) for a friend or sister willing to take part in the research project! Have her fill it out and mail it to the DOB Research Committee, Suite 108, 1232 Market St., San Francisco 2, California. A questionnaire will be forwarded to the respondent.

NOTE for those who can induce a sister to fill out a request for a questionnaire: Please ask her to indicate on the coupon what your name is as well as her own. The anonymity of both sisters is assured, since the same forwarding arrangements will be used as for the first part of the study—no names will be seen by Dr. Gundlach's research group, and the DOB Research Committee will not see any completed questionnaires.

- DOB Research Committee

TO DOB RESEARCH:

I want to sign up for the comparison group for the DOB research project and I will fill out the questionnaire.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(If you are sister to a Lesbian participant in the research, please give your sister's name.)

Champagne for Breakfast

A Short Story by Anastasia Briton

When you want champagne for breakfast, it's a lonely life.

There were many nights, a few years ago, and they were long. The north wind was cold, and my red plaid muffler did very little to keep it from chilling my neck.

What did I do with those years? I walked. I must have walked along every street in town. But if I were to go back there now, I doubt that I'd recognize even Rush Street—and that was the one I liked best because there weren't any street lights and the sidewalk had cracks in it. I wouldn't recognize the streets because I walked at night.

I thought as I walked. I guess most people do. There is something about the regular plop, plop, plop of walking that makes you think, whether you want to or not. I wondered where I was and who I was and why I couldn't find a purpose as all my college friends had. What was there about me that was so different?

I dreamed, too. I dreamed that I was twenty years old, that I was finished with school, and that I had no place to go. Sometimes I would look at the moon and think that I would like to soar up there and pluck a few stars out of the Milky Way to hold in my hand as I went to sleep. And sometimes I would gaze into the little puddles of rain-water on the sidewalk and wonder how deep they were and if I, like Alice in Wonderland, could float down, down, down into an exciting abyss of nothingness.

I loved rain in those days. Sometimes I would go walking in it at night without an umbrella. I would cry so hard in those gentle rains that passersby weren't quite sure whether it was rain on my cheeks or tears or diamonds. But they were selfish tears. I hadn't lost someone I loved; I had simply never found anyone. That's what I mean by champagne for breakfast. Beauty—dignity—they were my ideals, and I had never found them, and probably never would.

It was last December that all this happened—what I've been trying to tell all this time. It was late at night

and all the streets were deserted. I had walked to the part of town where the little stores are, thinking that maybe the buildings would shield me from those icy winds that mean snow is on its way. The shop windows were all dark, but that didn't make too much difference because I wasn't really looking at them anyway.

I had stopped in front of the jewelry store to light another cigarette, when I felt something soft brushing against my leg. The cat purred, and I reached down to gather its warm black body into my numb hands.

"So you like my bad little panther?"

I whirled around to find that the voice belonged to an amused young woman in a trench coat. Her eyes were exactly the same as the cat's—green with yellow flecks in them. I was staring at her. Slowly, the smile faded from her fine-boned face and she returned my stare. She reached over and calmly took the cat from my arms, never taking her eyes from mine.

"It's almost dawn," she said. "I have some champagne in my apartment."

Applicants Wanted!

Applications are now being accepted for the three \$90.00 scholarship awards to be made for the 1964-65 school year by the Daughters of Bilitis from the Blanche M. Baker Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Two types of scholarship are available. Group I is for any woman (regardless of race, creed, or sexual orientation) who is over 21 years of age and a full time student in an accredited college or university. It is necessary that the applicant have a B average and a major in one of the following fields; anthropology, education, journalism, law, medicine, political science, psychology, social welfare or sociology.

Group II is for the Lesbian who wishes to further her business career or increase her earning power by obtaining additional vocational training. This would include business school, art school, etc.

Awards will be based on consideration of scholastic attainment, financial need, ability and promise.

Applications may be obtained from the following chapters of DOB: San Francisco - 1232 Market St., Suite 108; New York - Box 3629, Grand Central Station; Chicago - 409 Armitage Ave. Please specify group classification desired. Applications will, of course, be kept confidential.

Cross-currents

The Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, meeting in New York last fall, heard a discussion on the problems of transsexualism. Referring to sex-conversion operations, Dr. Harry Benjamin concluded that since the transsexual's personality cannot be adjusted to the body by psychotherapy, adjustment of body to personality may be justified. Dr. Benjamin and Dr. Johann M. Burchard agreed that transsexualism (the condition where anatomical and psychological sex are opposite) is a more serious form of transvestism.

* * * * *

A Dallas correspondent indicates that mayor Earle Cabell is continuing his campaign against homosexuals. Latest maneuver there: a raid in January on a club where undercover officers had supposedly observed "morals offenses." Forty-seven persons were arrested. Police said some men were dressed as women and some women were dressed as men. 25 of those arrested were booked into jail for investigation of vagrancy and sodomy. Another 20 were charged with disorderly conduct. Our correspondent claims there are only two gay bars left in Dallas, "and private parties just are non-existent anymore."

* * * * *

The Commission on the Status of Women, in a report last fall to the late President Kennedy, conceded that discrimination against American women does exist, despite the fact they outnumber men by nearly 400,000. The majority was advised to seek an end to discrimination via the courts. The commission also placed some blame on women themselves, declaring "Their failure to use the vote converts them into a political minority."

* * * * *

In New York a 16-year-old girl, prompted by a neighborhood censorship group, bought a copy of FANNY HILL, the again best-selling "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure." New York state law explicitly prohibits selling to persons under 18 any book or magazine that "exploits, is devoted to, or is made up of descriptions of illicit sex or sexual immorality." Now the book store proprietors and the clerk who sold the book face a maximum penalty of up to 3 years in prison. A three-judge Criminal Court had to decide last November if the state's prohibition applied to FANNY HILL. The court's opinion: The book "consists of 298 pages, almost entirely devoted to a detailed description of and

recital of illicit intercourse, lesbianism, female masturbation, male homosexuality, sex flagellation and sex orgies in and out of a house of prostitution. While it is true that the book is well-written, such fact does not condone its indecency. Filth, even if wrapped in the finest packaging, is still filth."

* * * * *

Pavlov revisited: Again, British researchers report successful conditioning through treatment based on aversion technique. Last summer the publication "Behavior Research and Therapy" described the cure of a transvestite, saying the method may lead to cures for homosexuality and other sexual deviations.

A 33-year-old male patient had strong desires to dress in female clothes since childhood. The doctors instructed him to put on his favorite female clothes while standing on an electric grill. As he did so, he was suddenly told to undress. At that moment he was given a sharp electric shock in the feet. This was repeated 75 times in 6 days. When checked six months later, the patient was found in men's clothes. The memory was so unpleasant, he had lost his desire to dress as a woman. Volunteers for research?

* * * * *

New York City's Health Department is conducting a study (with Federal assistance) on Selective Service rejections in New York. Dr. Jules E. Vandow, project director, indicates that homosexuals and narcotics addicts who come to New York from other parts of the country cause, in part, the city's comparatively high rate of rejections for military service on psychiatric grounds. Dr. Vandow said the purpose of the study is to determine what can be done to discover and correct medical defects in young men "so that they may become healthy, productive citizens and fathers of families."

* * * * *

The Population Reference Bureau reported a net increase in the world's population of 65 million in the one year from mid-1962 to mid-1963.

SPECIAL BOOK SALE...

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Lesbianism Around the World

by R. Leighton Hasselrodt. (Midwood Tower, 1963)

This book is an anomaly for several reasons.

Non-fiction, to have any serious significance, must be carefully documented so the serious reader can verify the date in the book by checking the author's sources. In this paper-back, few footnotes, fewer identified quotations, and the absence of any form of index or bibliography, make it a case of accept or reject on content alone.

The book purports to be a study of the sexual preferences or "acts and habits" of Lesbians everywhere, today, and in some cases through the centuries. As charitably as possible, I maintain that if even 10% of this book is based on documented fact, the author has had access to hitherto unknown deposits of knowledge in the field. Also, since this covers the world in some detail, he has spent many years preparing for this one paper-back appearance!

In 11 years of reading almost everything available in English on Lesbianism, I have yet to find support for dozens of things this author states in his book as cold, incontrovertible fact. For example, he attributes to Lesbians widespread use of dildoes, and claims a high incidence of anilingus among Lesbians. Both these practices are said, by virtually every student in the field, to be rare - so rare the statistics are almost negligible. He gives details about the kinds of sex acts preferred by Lesbians in Kansas and Missouri as contrasted with those in New York and California. One wonders how he collected his data!

Over 90% of the book is entirely sexual in content. Then suddenly, and infrequently, the author throws in an item of interest, such as: "Two large Lesbian groups...have emerged in Japan. They are the Sei Shonagan and the Murasaki Shikibu clubs... The purpose of these clubs is to ...fight for the rights of female homosexuals." Of course it is hard to accept anything in the book as accurate, in view of the majority of the text.

The writing is breezy and not at all snide. But it will take far more scholarship to produce a book on this topic with any real value. It is unfortunate that this title, aimed at the "masturbation-minded male," will probably be a hit at the local newsstand and disseminate more erroneous information on a subject about which too few serious studies have been written.

- Reviewed by Gene Damon

READERS RESPOND

CORRECTION TO THE FEBRUARY READERS RESPOND SECTION, PAGE 24, LAST PARAGRAPH:

"NOW IN JAPAN THERE IS MUCH DRINKING. IT HASN'T HOWEVER THE MORAL STIGMA IT HAS IN THE U. S. WHERE PROHIBITION WAS ONCE TRIED. IN JAPAN DRINKING IS RITUALISTIC, CUSTOMARY. BUT IN JAPANESE GAY BARS YOU JUST DON'T SEE DRUNKS. NOR AMONG JAPANESE HOMOSEXUALS DO YOU FIND THE UNHAPPY DRINKING WE SEE IN OUR FRIENDS AT HOME FAR TOO OFTEN. THIS MAY BE DUE TO THE PERMISSIVENESS OF JAPANESE LAW RE HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITY. THERE IS NONE OF THE IDENTIFICATION OF SEX WITH SIN THAT CHARACTERIZES THE BIG SEMITIC RELIGIONS OF ISLAM, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY. MANY CUSTOMERS TAKE SOFT DRINKS IN JAPANESE GAY BARS. THE WAITER ISN'T A SALESMAN, PUSHING YOU ON TO ANOTHER DRINK OR ANOTHER BEER AS AT HOME. SO EVEN FOREIGNERS HERE HAVE FRUIT JUICE OR SOMETHING ELSE NON-ALCOHOLIC. BEHAVIOR AND ATMOSPHERE ARE PLEASANT AND RELAXED, WITHOUT FEARS OF THE EXPLOSIVE BELLIGERENCE OF A LOT OF DRUNKS.

* * * * *

"I SHARE G. M. OF AUSTRALIA'S FEELINGS TOWARD THE JEANNACE FREEMAN CASE, AND I WISH TO THANK HER FOR HER SYMPATHY.

"MISS FREEMAN'S LAST APPEAL WAS DENIED. SOON SHE WILL BE TAKEN BACK TO MADRAS (SITE OF THE ORIGINAL TRIAL) FOR RE-SENTENCING. AGAIN, ANOTHER EXECUTION DATE WILL BE SET.

"THIS NOVEMBER, A REFERENDUM IS COMING UP CONCERNING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. IF PASSED BY THE VOTERS, CAPITAL PUNISHMENT WILL BE ABOLISHED FROM THE OREGON SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT. IT IS THE HOPE OF MANY, MYSELF INCLUDED, THAT MISS FREEMAN'S EXECUTION DATE WILL BE SET FOR AFTER NOVEMBER. IN THIS WAY, IF THE FORTHCOMING BILL IS PASSED, SHE MAY BE RE-SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

"THERE IS NOT MUCH THAT WE CAN DO TO HELP JEANNACE IN THE WAY OF ACTION, BUT SHE DOES NEED OUR PRAYERS AND SHE NEEDS TO KNOW THAT WE DO CARE.

"AGAIN, MY THANKS TO G. M. AND TO ALL WHO HAVE EXPRESSED THEIR SYMPATHY—AND ESPECIALLY TO D.O.B. FOR THE WRITE-UP ON JEANNACE FREEMAN (AUGUST 1963 LADDER)."

—J. B., OREGON

EDITOR'S NOTE: WHILE I WAS PREPARING THIS ISSUE, THE COUNTY COURT SET A NEW EXECUTION DATE OF MARCH 6—WITH THE REFERENDUM ON REPEAL OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ONLY 8 MONTHS AWAY! IT MAKES IT APPEAR THAT OREGON IS ANXIOUS TO DISPOSE OF THIS LESBIAN MISFIT BEFORE THE CHANCE IS GONE. . . A FEW DAYS LATER IN FEBRUARY, A FEDERAL COURT GRANTED JEANNACE FREEMAN HER FIFTH STAY OF EXECUTION, ON GROUNDS AN EARLIER APPEAL TO THIS FEDERAL COURT HAD NOT YET BEEN SETTLED. THE HEARING IS SCHEDULED FOR MARCH 16. ALL PREVIOUS APPEALS BY JEANNACE'S ATTORNEYS HAVE FAILED. IF HER SENTENCE IS CARRIED OUT, JEANNACE (NOW 22) WILL BE THE FIRST WOMAN—AND VERY LIKELY THE ONLY ONE—TO DIE IN OREGON'S GAS CHAMBER.

* * * * *

"MY FRIENDS AND I HAVE STRONG OPINIONS ABOUT THE ARTICLES ON SECOND-BEST SOCIETY (JULY AND AUGUST ISSUES). I CAN'T SEE HOW THE AUTHOR CAN GROUP US IN SUCH DISTINCT GROUPS. FOR US HERE IN WESTERN CANADA, THE SO-CALLED FRINGE SOCIETY (THAT IS, BALLFIELD AND BAR ORIENTED) IS REALLY AN HONEST WAY OF LIFE. MOST OF US PLAY BALL OR PARTICIPATE IN OTHER SPORTS—IN OUR TOWN, THERE JUST ISN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO. BESIDES, CANADIAN WOMEN IN GENERAL SEEM TO GO IN MORE FOR ACTIVE SPORTS THAN AMERICAN WOMEN. AS FOR THE BAR ENTERING THE PICTURE, MOST OF US DO ENJOY A BEER OR TWO AFTER A HARD-PLAYED GAME!

"THE SECOND OR MIDDLE CLASS GROUP JUST DOESN'T EXIST IN THESE PARTS. MOST OF US HOLD DOWN GOOD AND STEADY JOBS. NONE OF US DEPEND ON OTHER COUPLES; WE PICK OUR OWN JOBS, LIVING QUARTERS, SOURCES OF ENTERTAINMENT. OF COURSE THERE IS AN OLDER SET IN TOWN BUT THEY ENJOY THE SAME THINGS WE DO AND WE ALL GET ALONG FINE.

"WE DEFINITELY DO NOT THINK WE ARE A 'FRINGE' GROUP. WE ALL HAVE TO LIVE IN A HETEROSEXUAL SOCIETY, AND ALTHOUGH WE HOLD OUR OWN AND YOU WON'T FIND US HANGING OUR HEADS IN SHAME, WE MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS AND LIVE QUITE PEACEABLY.

"WE ARE QUITE PLEASED WITH THE WAY THE LADDER IS PROGRESSING AND HOPE IT WILL CONTINUE TO GROW. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. WE REALLY ARE BEHIND YOU ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!"

- D. P. AND S. D., ALBERTA, CANADA

* * * * *

"LAST YEAR ONE READER EXPRESSED A DESIRE FOR MORE HUMOR, SO I THOUGHT I WOULD WRITE TO AMUSE HER IN A GENTLE WAY. FOR WANT OF A BETTER, THE TITLE OF THIS 'STORY' COULD BE THE LESBIAN MOTHER.

"NOW, ONCE UPON A TIME (EVERYONE KNOWS THAT ALL GOOD STORIES BEGIN THIS WAY) THERE WAS A LARGE AWKWARD GIRL WHO THROUGH SOME MISCHANCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES MARRIED AT A YOUNG, BUT NOT TOO YOUNG, AGE. AS OFTEN HAPPENS, A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR LATER SHE HAD A CHILD, A BOY. BEFORE MANY MORE YEARS HAD PASSED THE NOW SOMEWHAT OLDER AND A LITTLE WISER GIRL KNEW SHE MUST END THIS MARRIAGE; THUS BEGAN THE 'ADVENTURE.' AN ADVENTURE OFTEN FRAUGHT WITH DESPAIR, AND SOMETIMES WITH HARDSHIP, YET ONE WHICH WAS FULL OF HUMOROUS INCIDENTS - FOR, I ASK YOU, HOW MANY BOYS' MOTHERS HAVE TAUGHT THEM TO TIE KNOTS, CHANGE A TIRE, OR THE SKILLS THAT GO WITH CAMPING? FOR THAT MATTER HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE BEEN TOLD (QUITE INNOCENTLY) 'MRS. _____, WE NEED A SCOUTMASTER FOR THE TROOP AND EVERYONE SAYS IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T BE IT!' YET THIS IS THE WAY THE TALE GOES, FOR, YOU SEE, THE NOW NON-WIFE EMBARKED UPON THIS TASK OF BEING A MOTHER AND A LESBIAN.

"IT WAS SCOUTING THAT ACTUALLY BROUGHT ABOUT THE EXPOSURE OF THIS MOTHER'S 'UNIQUE' QUALITIES, FOR THOUGH SHE HAD BEEN ACCUSTOMED, THROUGH FINANCIAL NECESSITY, TO DO MINOR REPAIR WORK ON HER CAR, AND IN THE PROCESS TO TEACH THE BOY, IT WAS THE BOY'S STRUGGLES TO MASTER THE MANLY SKILLS THAT REALLY SET THINGS GOING. TIME PASSED. THE BOYS OF THE TROOP AND NEIGHBORHOOD BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE WOMAN WHO POSSESSED SUCH UNUSUAL SKILLS AND INTERESTS AND IT BECAME THE PERFECTLY NATURAL THING TO DO TO GO BY MRS. _____'S HOUSE LATE IN THE AFTERNOON. SHE WAS NEVER TOO BUSY WITH THOSE UNENDING HOUSEHOLD TASKS POSSESSING MOST OF THEIR MOTHERS (FOR SHE WAS NOT HAMPERED BY 'FAMILY') TO STOP AND HELP A GUY TIGHTEN THE SPOKES OF HIS BIKE OR LET HIM USE HER WHET-STONE TO SHARPEN HIS POSKET KNIFE, OR HER DRILL TO PUT THE HOLE IN THE COWHORN JUST WHERE IT WOULD BLOW WITH THAT STRANGE AND PIERCING MOAN.

HER TOOL BOX WAS ALWAYS OPEN, HER MANNER INTERESTED. IT BECAME COMMONPLACE TO SEE HER IN THE MIDST OF A GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS, ALL EQUALLY ENGAGED IN SOME GRUBBY TASK.

"IF THE 'NORMAL' ADULT MEMBERS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD THOUGHT THIS ODD, THEY KEPT IT TO THEMSELVES - AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T CAROUSE AND ENTERTAIN MEN, IF SHE WISHED TO DO ALL THIS? AFTER ALL SHE WAS A MOTHER!

"TIME PASSED; THE BOY GREW OLDER.

"NOW EVERYONE WHO KNOWS ANYTHING OF CHILDREN KNOWS THAT AROUND A CERTAIN AGE PARENTS AND THEIR BEHAVIOR BECOME A POINT OF CONCERN IN THE CHILDREN'S MINDS. IN THE NOW-WOMAN'S SITUATION, THERE WERE HOWEVER COMPLICATIONS OTHER THAN SIMPLY 'MOTHER, PLEASE DON'T WORK IN THE FRONT YARD IN THOSE AWFUL OLD PANTS!' FOR MOTHER, BY NOW HAVING LIVED THROUGH THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SIDE-WALK PUTT-PUTT, HAD COME TO THE STAGE WHERE SON BEGAN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN CARS. NO LONGER COULD SHE BE SEEN TINKERING AROUND. SHE HAD TO SIT IN THE HOUSE PRETENDING TO BE ABSORBED IN SOMETHING THERE WHILE THE BOYS LEARNED MECHANICS THE HARD WAY. NOR COULD SHE ANY LONGER PUT HER BOOTS ON ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, LOAD A CAR FULL OF BOYS AND ENJOY HERSELF THOROUGHLY ON A HIKE. NO. RATHER, NOW SHE MUST (IN A DRESS) DELIVER THEM, LET THEM ENJOY THEMSELVES, AND PICK THEM UP LATER. OF COURSE THERE WERE OTHER PROBLEMS TOO, FOR AS BOYS GROW OLDER THEY MUST LEARN OF 'THE BIRDS AND THE BEES.' BUT I ASK YOU, WHO COULD MORE GENTLY AND WISELY TELL A FATHERLESS BOY SUCH FACTS THAN A LONG TIME TRUSTED 'GAY' MOTHER! THIS HURDLE WELL PASSED, THE BOY GREW, AND GREW TO HAVE A SANE, HEALTHY OUTLOOK ON MATTERS OF SEX - LIKING GIRLS, SPEAKING OPENLY OF THEM, BUT SO FAR PREFERRING (MOST OF THE TIME) TO SPEND HIS MONEY FOR A QUART OF OIL FOR HIS OLD JALOPY.

"AS THE MENTION OF A CAR BELONGING TO THE BOY HIMSELF WOULD INDICATE, THE ADVENTURE IS ALMOST AT AN END (OF ONE PHASE, AT LEAST) FOR THE BOY IS SOON A MAN AND WILL, THE WOMAN PREDICTS, IF AND WHEN HE LEARNS THE TRUTH - A NAME REALLY FOR WHAT HE HAS ALWAYS KNOWN - ACCEPT IT CALMLY. WHY DOES THE WOMAN FEEL THIS? BECAUSE ONE LOVELY SATURDAY AFTERNOON NOT LONG AGO WHEN SHE FELT THE NEED OF EXERCISE, TWO PAIRS OF FEET STUCK OUT FROM UNDER THE JALOPY AND TWO SHORT-CROPPED, BROWN-HAIRED HEADS BECAME GREASY. AND WHEN THE WORK WAS DONE AND THE MOTHER COMMENTED 'NOW I ASK

YOU, HOW MANY BOYS' MOTHERS WOULD HELP THEM FIX THE BRAKES?' THE
REPLY WAS 'NOT ALL BOYS' MOTHERS ARE AS CRAZY AS MINE!'

"THIS IS, OF COURSE, ONLY ONE SIDE OF THE STORY. THE LIFE OF THE
MOTHER IS NOT ALWAYS SO HUMOROUS. NONETHELESS SHE HAS NOT STAG-
NATED AND THOUGH HER BROWN HEAD IS STREAKED WITH GRAY, HER HEART
IS YOUNG."

- L. P., TEXAS

* * * * *

"THE REVIEW OF 'TO DEPRAVE AND CORRUPT...' BY D. K. IN THE JANUARY
ISSUE COMES CLOSEST OF ANYTHING THAT HAS APPEARED IN THE LADDER TO
WHAT A REVIEW SHOULD BE, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE CRITERIA SET
BY THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST IN ITS SUBSCRIPTION
BOOKS BULLETIN SECTION. THIS IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE KIND OF
COVERAGE WE NEED, AND I FOR ONE HOPE TO SEE MORE FROM D. K."

- DOROTHY LYLE

* * * * *

"I WISH I'D HAD THE LADDER ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS FLOATING
AROUND LOOKING FOR THE STORY-BOOK LIFE. IT MIGHT HAVE HELPED ME
AVOID A FEW OF THE HAIRPIN TURNS I RAN INTO. BUT SOME OF US LEARN
THE HARD WAY. I WAS LUCKY; SOMEONE SAT ME DOWN AND EXPLAINED TO
ME WHAT I WAS DOING TO MYSELF, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE REST OF GAY
SOCIETY. I WAS DEGRADING MYSELF AND SPOILING MY CHANCES FOR THE
RELATIONSHIP I WANTED SO BADLY - THAT STRONG, LASTING RELATIONSHIP
WITH A FIRM FOUNDATION OF SINCERITY, LOVE, AND UNDERSTANDING.
WELL, I DIDN'T GET UP AND WALK OUT AND START BUILDING. BUT THAT
ADVICE POPPED UP IN MY MIND'S EYE ONCE IN A WHILE.

"AFTER QUITE A RIBBING ABOUT THE NEW HAIR-DO AND THE ABSENCE OF
BOYS' PANTS AND SHIRTS, I FOUND THAT MOST PEOPLE LOOKED AT ME AS
THOUGH I BELONGED TO SOCIETY REGARDLESS OF MY HOMOSEXUALITY. RE-
SULT: I LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER, HAVE A BETTER JOB, AND I'M MUCH
HAPPIER. AND - I HAD SOMETHING TO OFFER WHEN SHE CAME ALONG. NOW
HERE ARE 2 MORE REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE UNDERSTANDING OF GAY LIFE."

- J. B., CALIFORNIA



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INCORPORATED

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THE LADDER: a monthly publication by the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS,
INC., mailed in a plain sealed envelope for \$4.00 per year.

CONTRIBUTIONS are gratefully accepted from anyone who wishes to
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