## THE LADDER

 a lesbian review
## june 1964



## Mppupese of the

## Daughters of BILITIS

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

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.

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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: New York City skyline, with United Nations copydings in foregrounditers of Bilitis, Inc., San Francisco, California

## LIFTING OUR BLINKERS

THE HYPOCRIT ICAL AMERICAN: AN ESSAY ON SEX ATt ITUDES in America. BY JAMES COLLIER. 210 PP. BOBBS-MERRILL, 1964. \$3.95
"THE DREARY STORY GOES ON AND ON: WHAT WE SAY WE DO AND WHAT WE DO ARE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS." SUCH IS THE LEITMOTIV OF James collier's new book. The theme is not a new one, of course. THE PARENT, THE TEACHER, THE PSYCHOLOGIST, PSYCHIATRIST, AND PSYCHOTHERAPIST, THE POLICE AND THE CRIMINOLOGIST, THE PRIEST IN THE CONFESSIONAL - NOT TO MENTION THE PROFESSIONAL SEXOLOGIST all are painfully aware of the difference. The difference is the PRINCIPAL SOURCE OF RAW MATERIAL FOR THE ANALYST'S COUCH, THE JUDGE'S BENCH, THE NOVELIST'S TYPEWRITER. THE DIFFERENCE, TO BE sURE, EXISTS IN OTHER LANDS THAN AMERICA, AND IN OTHER CENTURIES than the present. But in America the difference is the widest, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES THE MOST DISASTROUS. "AMERICA IS A NATION OF SEXUAL HYPOCRITES," NR. COLLIER STATES IN HIS OPENING PARAGRAPH. HIS STUDY IS A HARD-HITTING EXPOSITION OF THE NATURE AND BACKGROUND OF THAT HYPOCRISY.

The examination is a wide-ranging one. Each chapter, vividly TITLED, EXPLORES THE PREVALENT AMERICAN ATTITUDE TOWARD A PARTICULAR departure from the only "permissible" form of sexual contact -FACE-TO-FACE GENITAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN MARRIED HETEROSEXUAL PARTNERS. ANYTHing ELSE is "ABNORMAL, PERVERTED, FILTHY, SINFUL, OR AT BEST NEUROTIC." IN "THE SIN OF ADAM" IT IS FORNICATION, with Mr. COLLIER pointing out to the anxious american parent that "IN SOCIETY AFTER SOCIETY ADOLESCENT SEXUALITY IS AS RESPECTABLE and thoroughly organized as little league baseball," and some of these societies allow their adolescents to lead sex lives that are "AStonishingly rich." IN "The Sin of hester Prynne" it is adultery, the rock that neeolessly wrecks so many american marriages. Mr. Collier reminos us of havelock Ellis's salutary distinction between "polygamous" and "polyerotic": "Many peoples have solved THE CONFLICT BETWEEN PROMISCUOUS SEXUAL DESIRE AND THE DEMANDS OF MONOGAMY BY PERMITTING A MEASURE OF ADULTERY IN THE MALE, AND often in the female." and of course, many americans have done the same but have not admitted it.
in "The sin of onan" the taboo subject of "solitary sex" is given A WELCOME AIRING. HERE Mr. COLLIER CItES SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCES between male and female: "ASide from eating and drinking, masturbation is the most universal experience in american masculine LIfe. . . We assume that all american men take part in athletics, drink liquor, pay taxes and write english; yet more of us have masturbated than have done any of these things." (Yet masturbation is virtually never mentioned in literature, even by writers иHO HAVE PORTRAYED ADOLESCENT MALES MOST GRAPHICALLY - HEMINGWAY, FAULKNER, TWAIN, SALINGER, DREISER, CRANE, WOLFE.) BUT ONLY 60 per cent of american women masturbate even once in their lives, and a third do not begin until they are past 20. MORe secrecy SURROUNDS FEMALE MASTURBATION THAN MALE, WITH THE RESULT THAT "half the women who masturbate discover the act by themselves. . . and many of these women may go on for years think ing themselves as POSSESSED OF A SECRET WHICH OTHER WOMEN DO NOT KNOW AbOUT." MOREOVER, MASTURBATION IS FOR A MAN ALMOST ALWAYS A SUBSTITUTION FOR UNAVAILABLE COPULATION. BUT MANY WOMEN WITH SATISFACTORY SEX lives nonetheless masturbate, and Mr. Collier conclldes that the ACT IS FOR WOMEN A "PARALLEL AND SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE" FROM COPULATION.

Other chapters deal with "heavy petting" (curiously labeled "The Sin Against nature"), incest ("The Sin of Oedipus"), prostitution ("The sin of Mary Magdalene"), and pornography ("The sin of the WORD"). In These, as indeed in the entire book, Nr. COLLIER DEpicts the fluctuations in american attitudes with liveliness and HISTORICAL ACCURACY. THE ROMANTIC IDEALIZATION OF THE PROSTITUTE, A PHENOMENON CLOSELY LINKED TO THE GROWTH OF SQUEAMISHNESS IN LITerature, is presented as a Victorian development equally operative in AMErica and England. But "VICTORIANISM" IS SHOWN AS HAVING Started long before the accession of the girl-queen to the throne IN 1837: as Early as 1810, American noah webster was expurgating the bible itself on the score that some of its passages "were not FIT TO BE READ IN THE FAMILY OR IN THE PULPIT." MR. COLLIER'S account of the comic-opera legal battles over pornography reinFORCES A WELL-KNOUN TRUTH: THAT "AMERICAN ATtITUDES TOWARD DESCRIPTIONS OF SEX ARE CONTRADICTORY, CONFUSED, AND IN SOME CASES bewilderingly senseless."

The treatment of homosexuality ("The Sin of Canaan") is a percepTIVE ONE. UNLIKE THE TWO OTHER MAJOR FORMS OF NON-COITAL SEX -

MASTURBATION AND "HEAWY PETTING" - HOMOSEXUALITY NOT ONLY IS CONSIDERED A FIT SUBJECT FOR SOPHISTICATED DISCUSSION BUT IT HAS INSPIRED FIRST-RATE LITERATURE SINCE THE DAYS OF SAPPHO. "NOBODY has ever written a long confession of his life as a masturbator, NO PLAYWRIGHT HAS EVER PRODUCED A POWERFUL TRAGIC DRAMA ABOUT heaw petting." The specialist will come upon nothing new in this CHAPTER, BUT THE LAYMAN WOULD SEARCH FAR AND WIDE FOR A MORE SUCCINCT RESTATEMENT OF THE FAMILIAR THOUGH STILL NECESSARY DISTINCtions - between the true homosexual and the transvestite, the biSEXUAL EXPERIMENTER, OR THE PERSON WHO PERFOPMS OR SUBMITS TO A HOMOSEXUAL ACT ONCE OR TWICE IN A LIFETIME. ASPECTS RANGING FROM Christine Jorgensen to homosexual behavior among animals are disCUSSED WITH UNDERSTANOING AND HUMOR, AND THE EXPECTED COMMENT IS made on the greater leniency of police and the afmed forces toward female homosexuals as compared with male. "OUT of 2,022 Cases of sex crimes in a recent new york City study, only a single one inVolved female homosexuality. Again, during world war il, out of a QUARTER-MILLION WOMEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY, ONLY SIX WERE DISCHARGEO FOR HOMOSEXUALITY. IN PRACTICE, FEMALE HOMOSEXUALS ARE exempt from the law. It is men who bear the legal burden."

Mr. COLLIER'S USE OF STATISTICS IS FAR MORE THAN "MEANINGFUL" - IN his hands they pack a wallop. Readers concerned with justice for THE HOMOSEXUAL WILL BE TEMPTED OCCASIONALLY TO WIELD A FEW PASSAGES LIKE RAPIERS:

IT IS CLEAR. . . THAT HOMOSEXUALITY IS CONS IOERED EXTREMELY UNDESIRABLE IN AMERICA: EITHER PERVERTED OR UNNATURAL, OR DIRTY, OR UNMANLY, OR SOME COMBINATION OF THEM ALL.

Yet, paradoxically, at any given moment america contains a LARGER NUMBER OF PRACTICING HOMOSEXUALS THAN OF COLLEGE STUDENTS, CONVICTS IN PRISON, ALCOHOLICS, PEOPLE WHO GO TO BASEBALL GAMES, SUBSCRIBERS TO LIFE MAGAZINE OR OUNERS OF NEW CARS. THERE ARE MORE PRACTICING HOMOSEXUALS IN THE COUNTRY THAN PRACTICING ARTISTS, WRITERS, COMPOSERS, SCULPTORS and musicians put together. There are at least two homoSEXUALS FOR EVERY TEACHER IN THE COUNTRY, FIFTY FOR EVERY DOCTOR, TEN THOUSAND FOR EVERY MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER.
and this is only a part of the story. More americans have had some homosexual experience than have visited prostitutes and they have had it more often. . . .

THE ROUGH FIGURES, THEN, ARE THESE. ABOUT HALF OUR BOYS AND A THIRD OF OUR GIRLS HAVE SOME KIND OF HOMOSEXUAL PLAY BEFORE they reach adolescence, with the largest part of it coming dURING THE YEARS AROUND THE ONSET OF PUBERTY. FOR SOME IT IS AN OCCASIONAL THING, WHICH OCCURS POSSIBLY JUST ONCE, OR MORE LIkely several times over a period of a year or so. From adolescence on, between 35 per cent and 50 per cent of our MEN, AND FROM 20 TO 25 PER CENT OF OUR WOMEN, HAVE SOME HOMOSEXUAL EXPERIENCE; AMONG UNMARRIED WOMEN IT IS AROUND 25 PER cent. Furthermore, even higher percentages of both men and WOMEN HAVE FELT HOMOSEXUAL DESIRES.

A brief review cannot hope to touch on more than a fraction of the PROVOCATIVE THESES PURSUED BY MR. COLLIER IN THE HYPOCRITICAL AMERICAN. NATIONS, LIKE INDIVIDUALS, CAN REAP NOTHING BUT GOOD FROM SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND bOOKS LIKE NR. COLLIER'S ARE bOUND TO help awaken our nation to its self-deceit.

- Reviemed by G. desmannes


## AFTERMATH

I Shoul have known, my friend; indeed - I knew. FOR UNDER VELVET OF YOUR TOUCH THERE LAY Steel; and past the warm and changing gray, The sea that was your eyes: slate cliffs' cold blue. the clear deliberate rill of speech flowed, too, From hidoen snows, and all the lovely sway WITH WHICH YOU MOVED (AND SWEPT MY HEART LIKE SPRAY) Was Chill and distant as the rest of you.

BUT STILL AT TWILIGHT WHEN YOUR WINDOWS LURE GOLD THROUGH THE DUSK, AND ALL YOUR PORTICO SLEEPS IN CLEAR IVORY SHADOW - STILL UNSURE, UNWILLING; UP THE ROSY WALK I GO, TO KNOCK THE OLD QUICK SIGNAL KNOCK OF YORE TO KNOCK, AND WAIT UNANSWERED AT YOUR DOOR.

- Abigail Sanford


## Dramatic Arts BY ROBIN RICHARDS

A spate of avant garde films containing homosexual and intersexual sex had been showing to small audiences in New York until recent months when police intervened on charges of obscenity. The most controversial, FLAMING CREATURES by Jack Smith, was also banned under Belgian censorship laws after being entered in the 3rd International Experimental Film Competition. Shown anyway - in a hotel room.

THE NATION magazine has taken a strong interest in this film and police action against it. An editorial (March 30) was followed (April 13) by a fascinating commentary on the film by Susan Sontag. Then in the May 4 issue, Diane di Prima cites the ciosing of this film along with 14 other cases of harassment of the arts in major cities. To combat police harassment, a Committee for Freedom of the Arts has formed to hold demonstrations, inform the public, and provide legal aid. Address: 35 Cooper Square, N. Y.

FLAMING CREATURES has no plot, no literary content. It does have men and women (often indistinguishable) in evening gowns who dance with each other, tumble, and proceed hysterically to the film's climax. "Siboney," "Amapola," bullfight and Chinese music, rock ' $n$ ' roll - all rock with the transvestite characters. The hand-held camera jiggles and blurs, and the hysteria culminates in a crowded orgy of intersexuality. FLAMING CREATURES, says Sontag, is "a brilliant spoof on sex and at the same time full of the lyricism of erotic impulse." Overwhelming gaiety and inventiveness leave the viewer dazed and refreshed. Unless, of course, he's a policeman. Down at the station they're wondering what to make of it. Meantime, would-be viewers can enjoy Sontag - and drop a donation to the committee.

THE SILENCE, by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman, has literary content as well as sex. Despite the spare dialogue, every line counts in this baffling film. One of the main characters is a lesbian tormented by desire for her heterosexual sister. Though the lesbian offers a rationale for her choice in sexuality, this film is not about lesbianism.

THE SILENCE explores several alternatives. On one hand we are shown acceptance of alienation when the heterosexual sister says in effect that it is so nice not to understand her male iqver. On the other hand we are shown the terrible love/hate that may come from understanding, as between the sisters. We have the complete acceptance of sensuality by the heterosexual sister and the search for release from it by the lesbian. Innocence of childhood and old age is juxtaposed with inescapable sensuality in
the two young women. In the end, the lesbian is left alone to die. THE SILENCE has prompted endless speculation in the press as to its meaning. LADDER readers are invited to share their impressions of the meaning and pattern in this beautiful and controversial film.

In the Nov. ' 63 DRAMATIC ARTS column, Jean-Paul Sartre was referred to as homosexual. Author R.E.L. Masters wrote to say that his impression had been that Sartre was bisexual. We bow to Mr. Masters, who plans an essay on Sartre, and apologize to LADDER readers for the original misstatement.

## Notes from Abroad

## Isolation in Indonesia

You asked me if I could send you information and news relating to homophilism in my part of the world - and I'm so sorry to have to disappoint you. You see, I just learned myself that $I$ am not the only one in the world with my deviation, that there are others just like me!

I don't know if you know anything about my country, but surely that we are not too precocious. Even books and other reading matters are hard to get and because our money has no value abroad we can't order anything ourself. We are dependent on what the bookstores are allowed to import. And that is not much - mostly textbooks and very rareiy a few pockets. Novels and everything I read about "our people" sound like fairytales to me: terrifying, fascinating and wonderful. You know, we haven't got any bars in our whole country, let alone gay ones. Gay people, yes: male prostitutes, along the streets, dressed up like women. But gay women, no. That is, none that I know of, except myself.

How can I explain it to you more clearly? (I don't think too much of my knowledge of your language! I I wanted to tell you how little we know here about ourself, how little enlightenment we get.

You know, I wondered and keep on wondering myself why $I^{\dagger} m$ unable to make any contact. In Djakarta, this city of millions, surely there are hundreds of my own sort - women who are waiting, wondering, yearning, as I do? Then why can't I find them, why are they so invisible, so concealed?

Every novel makes me envious of the friendship, the understanding they' re writing about. Is it really true and possible in your country? Can our sort communicate as freely as that - or is it a fairytale they ${ }^{\text {t }}$ re writing?

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I don't know if you know anything about my country, but surely that we are not too precocious. Even books and other reading matters are hard to get and because our mony has no value abroad we can't order anything ourself. We are dependent on what the bookstores are allowed to import. And that is not much - mostly textbooks and very rarely a few pockets. Novels and everything I read about "our people" sound like fairytales to me: terrifying, fascinating and wonderful. You know, we haven't got any bars in our whole country, let alone gay ones. Gay people, yes: male prostitutes, along the streets, dressed up ilke women. But gay women, no. That is, none that I know of, except myself.

How can I explain it to you more clearly? (I don't think too much of my knowledge of your language!) I wanted to tell you how little we know here about ourself, how little enlightenment we get.
You know, I wondered and keep on wondering myself why I'm unable to make any contact. In Djakarta, this city of millions, surely there are hundreds of my own sort - women who are waiting, wondering, yearning, as I do? Then why $c^{\prime}{ }^{\prime} t$ I find them, why are they so invisible, so concealed?

Every novel makes me envious of the friendship, the understanding they ${ }^{\text {re }}$ writing about. Is it really true and possible in your country? Can our sort communicate as freely as that - or is it a fairytale they' re writing?

I like to roam at the airport, looking wistfully at the foreign passengers, the tourists. Women, of course. But I can't muster up enough courage to speak to them. I am very shy, you know - a damnable handicap! occasionally one of them will smile at me and then I get too embarrassed to do anything more than blush. And now and then I'll watch an obvious couple: one haif a young Indonesian girl. They will be travelling together, to Singapore or Hong Kong, and I'll gaze after them, wondering, dreaming. It doesn't get me anywhere, watching people, wondering about their lives, their feelings. I don't know anything, I can't know, because I'm too shy to make any contact, to ask things. And so I am just hunting for books, to read about other people's feelings, to compare them with my own. What else can I do?

I am sure I am gay, though nobody could tell by my looks. I am very feminine in appearance, small and fuil-slender; I resemble the feminine sports-type. I guess I puzzle the others as they puzzle me. We're too well concealed behind our masks of conventional habits. I go out with straight men and women, and nobody could tell by my looks that I am different from the rest. If the other girls are acting like I am, it's small wonder I can't find them. A pity too. Of course I have been intimate with girls - but all of them were straight and got married happily afterwards. It's very easy to become intimate with normal girls, especially Indonesian ones. They are very caressive of their own accord and no one will think anything of it if they embrace you in public. It is a common habit. They love to hang on your arms, even on your neck, pressing their cheek against yours, overwhelming you with compliments about your good looks, the scent in your hair. . . But don't make the mistake to get any wrong 1deas - they would run from you as if from a mortal danger. And you would be terribly hurt. They are a nuisance for any hottempered Lesbian, and I have often longed to wring their pretty necks or smash their silly heads. But of course they are cute and nice and very soft-hearted - and one just can't go around wringing necks. They are good, too, and make very faithful lovers, adoring and slavish.

But of course they have to marry, that's a strict custom and the family will see to that. Only a few are independent enough to risk a family row and maintain their freedom. And they are looked upon as pariahs. There is nothing more humiliating than to be called an "old maid" in this country - and but few have the courage to face it of their own free will. So far, all my lovers couldn't, even if they longed to with all their heart; our common law is strict and merciless and one has to obey.

I am ashamed to say that I myself couldn't resist the coercion and obeyed to marry. But it lasted only 3 months before I revolted against my captivity and broke free. I
didn't love my husband, of course, it was just plain cowardice that made me surrender. I couldn't stand being different and being talked of. If I had just one friend, one person like myself, I would have resist any pressure. But there was no one - I didn't even know there could be I was still convinced to be the only one in the whole wide world. And I couldn't stand it - it was too much to bear by my lonesome self.

Ironically enough, it was my husband who "enlightened" me. He had some books, which I read. One of them was "The Well of Loneliness" and the other "The Price of Salt." I loved them and could hate myself for my stupidity. And consequently and true to my (radical) nature I broke my bonds completely to be free again. For what? Just to be true to my nature and loyal to my friends - wherever they might be! My family disowned me, because I disgraced them so, for there wasn't an apparent reason for my misbehavlour. But I couldn't help myself, I just couldn't stand it anymore. I didn't gain much more besides my freedom, though - there was no one waiting for me at the end of the line. I just took up where I dropped it before my marriage. And that's all.

I am sorry. You didn't ask for my autobiography, did you?
But I wanted to explain why I can't tell you anything about homophilism in my part of the world. I would love to give you some useful material, but as you see, I know nothing at all. I don't even have any gay women friends to communicate with. Maybe in the future. I do hope so.

I learned about THE LADDER from some pen-friends of mine in Holland, who asked me for information, too - which I couldn't give them either.

I am writing you in the small hours of the night, not knowing you and just wondering about you and all the others. You're just a voice to me - a voice from a faraway world, telling me about terrific and wonderful things. I can't imagine anything $I^{\prime} m$ reading about - I just can' $t$ !

Please don't laugh at me. I can't express my exact feelings and it makes me desperate. Because I want so to. I want to tell you how grateful I am for what you all are giving us. It is so very much in our isolation. I would thank all your writers who give us something valuable from their own richness of feeling and understanding. If you could but know what any enlightenment means to us. . .

This is in fact all I had to tell you, in the middle of the night - about my gratefulness.

And my regret that I am unable to give you anything at all.

## Lesbiana by Gene damon

275. A WORLD WITHOUT MEN - by Valerie Taylor, Midwood Tower, 1964 (c. 1963).

In recent months three titles have appeared from this talented author's pen: first, UNLIKE OTHERS; then her fine sequel to an earlier novel, RETURN TO LESBOS; and now this title. The publication order differs from the writing order, since A WORLD WITHOUT MEN precedes in time RETURN TO LESBOS and takes up the earlier Lesbian marriage of one of the protagonists, Erika Frohmann. Erika's relationship with the lameduck alcoholic, Kate Wood, is less satisfactory than those presented in the last two Taylor novels. But since the relationship is sympathetically handled, this title is recommended, particularly for the light it sheds on the unusual character Erika.
276. THE DESERT OF THE HEART - by Jane Rule. London, Secker and Warburg; Toronto, Macmillan, 1964.

After sixteen years of loveless marriage, Evelyn Hall, PhD. in English Iiterature, goes to Reno, Nevada for the 6-week stay. An uneasy guest in a boarding house run by Frances Packer, she meets the "changeling child" of the landlady, Ann Childs. Ann is the daughter of a former lover of Frances Packer. At 25, Ann works as a "change apron" in a gambling casino and in this tawdry world she is the sometimes lover of Bill, a floor manager, and a six-foot tall, white-haired Lesbian named Silver.

Evelyn, to whom love has been only a word, falls deeply in love, passionately and protectively, with the younger Ann. Against the artfully juxtaposed hot, live desert and the air-conditioned dead air of the casino, they work out their lives together.

The book is a symbolic delight. At the same time, the author would have accomplished more had she left out the amateur psychiatry and stuck to the romance, which she handles very well. Evelyn's attraction to the girl supposedly stems at once from narcissism and from thwarted motherhood. And Ann is given perhaps the greatest number of reasons for her Lesbianism yet awarded to a single character in a novel.

Miss Rule is a lecturer in English at the University of British Columbia. The notes on the jacket also list among other employment that she was a change girl herself. Her writing is good, very romantic in tone; for many readers, this will be the favorite title in months, for we seldom today have a romantic novel about Lesbians. Recommended with few reservations. Watch for Miss Rule's second book.

# DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS 

Third
National


New York City June 19-22, 1964

## THE THRESHOLD of the FUTURE

## PROGRAM

| Friday, <br> June 19: | COCKTAIL PARTY AND RECEPTION |
| :---: | :---: |
| 8:30 p.m. | New York Chapter Office, 4 <br> New York City, Speakers, guests, 28th Street, members and <br> friends are 1nvited. |

$\left.\begin{array}{ll}\begin{array}{c}\text { Saturday, } \\ \text { June 20: }\end{array} & \begin{array}{l}\text { PUBLIC FORUM }\end{array} \\ \text { The Barbizon Room of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, } \\ 106 \text { Central Park South, New York city. }\end{array}\right\}$

MORE TESBIANS THAN
NON-IBSBIANS REPORT RAPE - WHY?
Ralph H. Gundlach, Ph.D., Associate Director of Research at the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health. (This preliminary report is the result of research being conducted with the cooperation of Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.)

LUNCHEON IN THE NORTH GALLERY
Speaker: Rev. Robert W. Wood, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Spring Valley, New York; author of Christ and the Homosexual. Topic: LYDIA AND DEBORAH

WHITHER THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT?
Donald Webster Cory, considered by many "the father of the homophile movement"; author of The Homosexual in America and the forthcoming The Lesbian in America.

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THE ESSENCE OF FEMININITY A Panel Discussion
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Moderator: Jess Stearn, author of The Sixth Man and The Grapevine.

Panelists: Mrs. Lee Steiner, marriage counselor, author and eminent radio personality.

Adele Kenyon, author of Fourteen Days to a New Figure and How To Exercise Without Really Trying.

Florence DeSantis, Fashion Editor for Bell Syndicate.

SEXUAL FREEDOM AND HOPE FOR THE FUTURE Robert Veit Sherwin, New York attorney; author of Sex and the Statutory Law.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE CURRENT SCENE Gerald Sabath, Ph.D., practicing psychoanalyst and lecturer associated with the Postgraduate
Center for Mental Health.

$$
7: 20
$$

COCKTAIL HOUR IN THE LOWER LOUNGE
8:30
BANQUET IN THE NORTH GALLERY
Speaker: Rev. C. Edward Egan, Jr. , pastor of a Methodist church on Long Isiand; wellaknowr counselor of "persons who by reason of thein. selves, the law are in trouble with themselves, the law, or society."

TOPIc: WOMEN'S WORLD OF TOMORROW

Sunday,
June 21: GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INS.
9:00 a.m. New York Chapter Office, 441 West 28 th Stree;,
$\quad \begin{aligned} & \text { New York City. Business meeting for members }\end{aligned}$ of the organization only.

Monday,
June 22:
10:00 a.m. New York Chapter Office. Completion of unfinished General Assembly business.

Sightseeing tour of "The Big City." Ncn-mem-
bers are welcome

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC. wishes to take this opportunity presentation of this convention

## we went thataway

by Sophie Agronsky

My chronicle begins as all chronicles must: there was a girl. And I loved her. Nothing about her appearance or manner suggested that she was an overgrown Campfire Girl. I discovered this long after our pact had been sealed.

Her campaign began after Christmas. Only in retrospect can I fully appreciate her genius for strategy. While picking up the clutter from the holidays, I found some folders extolling California's natural beauty. They were in breathtaking color and alive with phrases like "nature's unspoiled wonder" and "glorious majesty untouched by Man." It didn't occur to me to question how they had found their way among the Christmas discards.

In February, my sixth-graders and I were exploring a unit on rocks and minerals. Helpful Harriet brought home dozens of pamphlets covering such topics as the geologic history of Yosemite, Lassen, and the Cascades. How her thoughtfulness pleased me! As I sorted the stack, I discarded some which had little bearing on our unit, such as "Camping for Two" and "Surviving the Wilderness."

In March, I was given a camera for my birthday. After my first film was developed, we discussed what could be done to improve my picture-taking - including choice of subject. From nowhere appeared the aforementioned color folders of "natural California." Now there were some photographs! Wouldn ${ }^{\text {t }} t$ such scenes be a real challenge?

In April we began to feel the harassment of civilization. There were income taxes, Public Schools Week, car insurance payments, and 16 D.O.B. functions. Sympathetic Susie began talking about vacation. In June we could really get away, find ourselves a mountain brook, a shady forest, pine-scented air - far from civilization and its demands.

Yes, yes, that's what I wanted! I marveled at my luck in finding someone who cared, someone able to strip the veneer from me, to perceive my innermost needs. We would go CAMPING. The die was cast.

In May, she began making PLANS. Openly, now. We had one problem. Camping required equipment, and we had none. Dauntless Dody was undaunted. She would simply borrow it.

Our living-room was stacked with primitive-looking objects. There was one big box whose contents were dark green and
foul-smelling. That, I was told in reverent tones, was the TENT. Did she know how to put up a tent? She laughed had put the directions insid from whom she'd borrowed it follow directirections inside the box. Couldn't anyone follow directions? Never before had my girl seemed so strong, so confident, so charmingly sure of herself.

And then it was June. I was beginning to have doubts. An occasional cook-out on a charcoal grill was one thing . there was the ma day over an open fire was another. The there was the matter of bathrooms, showers, and central Out came her Campfire Girl took care of my uneasiness. ing it aloud. We practiced making bed we took turns read-
Then there we lists No without lists. This became camper prepares for an outing list, a food list, an equipment job. I made a utensils clothing list. Ail an equipment list, a bedding list, a erative Katie All this was done, of course, with Coopand corrections. How over my shoulder making additions smiling away my. How patient she was, patting my head and How fortunate I was to have her understanding " I smiled bs sources! Nine feet tall. My girl was nine ford re-
Finally, in July, THE DAY came. An early start is a prerequisite of any trip, and ours was no exception. We got up and loaded the car before we were awake. Two pots of the window, my courage was bolstered - and I looked out the window. Thrifty Tess drives a '52 Chevy convertible, Knucklehead, resplendent back seat loaded to the brim. was sitting on top of the tarpaulin that collar and leash, plies. Obviously, we were ready to that covered our sup-

Knucklehead is our elegant chool portunistic Olivia pointed out that -point Siamese. Opsurvived only on the rarest out that if Knucklehead - who box, caught cold if the if Knucklehead was ready thd was in the wrong direction I wasn't going to be outdo go camping, then surely I. . . like that one! We hit the road at cat! Especially a lily

We had to cross the San Joaquin Valley. To anyone who has never crossed this valley in July, my description of the heat wouldn't be believed. Let's leave it at this: Knucklehead got raw-pink sunburned, and we had to make him small idea of what was happening that should give you some Discriminating Della had chosen PERIENCE. As we emerged chosen Yosemite for my first EXEl Capitan standing mad from the Wawona Tunnel and I saw I gasped. Here, indeed, was everyainst the clear blue sky, promised. Farther on, waterfalls of varying height had
volume striped the granite cliffs. To a girl born between two cornfields in Indiana, such glory was awe-inspiring.

We arrived at our campground about $5 o^{\prime} c l o c k$ and found it crowded. Undismayed, we searched until we found a suitable site. It was apart from the others, and a neat line of rocks (strangely missing from the other sites) seemed to mark it off quite definitely from the other tent sites. We liked the idea of the privacy this might afford us.

We established camp. Isn't that a lovely-sounding phrase? First, we had to unpack everything. The entire car had to be unioaded, because the tent was at the bottom of the back seat and the stakes were in the rear of the trunk. Competent Cora TOOK CHARGE of the tent. She suggested that I see to the cooking things and plan our supper.

A smail, dark-haired boy ran through our camp, shouting; Even a tenderfoot like me knows you never enter someone's camp without an invitation. Soon he ran through in the opposite direction, followed by several other children, all shouting. I scowled. This was not the peace I had hoped for. When he ran through the third time, I was ready. Holding him by his jean suspenders, I said in my best school-teacher voice, "I don't know where you belong, little boy. But I do know that you don't belong here."

He was not to be intimidated. "I do, too. More than you do!". He wrenched free and ran. My Campfire Girl had been watching. "Good work, Teacher. Looked like an Indian boy, didn't he? I believe there are still some Indians living in Yosemite." I continued to scowl.

Half an hour later, after I had discovered we'd forgotten to bring a can-opener and had ruined a knife and two fingers trying to open a can, my Campfire Girl called out. I looked around, but she was nowhere to be seen. Her voice came again. It seemed to be coming from the tent, but the tent was flat. Then I saw some wild flailing in the folds of that awful green stuff, and I rushed to her. She was experiencing difficulty in reading the directions and getting the tent unfolded at the same time. She told me to read the directions while she worked. Since it was now dark, I got out the flashlight and read the directions.

It turned out that our borrowed tent was a spacious 10 x 12 and that in addition it had a side room half as big. It also turned out that the second page of directions was missing. That didn't matter. It was an umbrella tent and even a girl nine feet tail can't lift that much canvas when $1 t^{\prime}$ s all suspended from one center pole. I got inside; we both tried to lift the pole upright. It didn't work. Neither did the help of a man from a neighboring camp. The three of us finally got the pole to rest at a 70 -degree angle. Our neighbor bowed out, and we were on our own. Our own was too tired to try any more.

Our struggle had taken nearly three hours. We were dirty exhausted, hungry. Knucklehead, tied to a table-leg, wirty, of catfood and a can of a beer-can opener to open a can Knucklehead ate the catfood and we the pork think that
I was finding out
is that all campers maxims about camping. One of them der to keep warm and to to bed early. They do this in orcampers arise at dawn get away from the mosquitoes. And come so that I could iri thought that dawn would never

- a sleeping bag is not like an hardly slept all night

I crawled out
lift my eyes, they caught on shivering. When $I$ was able to a rosy sky. The sight mate ref Dome silhouetted against would show Slumbering Sally me forget my discomfort. I searched out our borrowed camp stove as a real trouper. I water cans, and set about making coffe filled our borrowed surprised when she was awakened by coffee. Wouldn't she be coffee? She was awakened by the sun the scent of hot, fresh tent two hours later. I was mumbun shining, full on the blings. Beside me was a cone of burn some unladylike mumof me were the unlit stove and the uncookedes. In front uncooked coffee.
We, don't even menage, is more than a breakfast beverage. two cups. Cheerful Charling until we've downed at least bag, dressed, and triarlotte bounced out of her sleeping not light it either. "her hand at the stove. She could I can get that going while you feed Knucklehean a fire. My Campfire
cabin fire, a lazy man's growling too. She'd tried a log of her own invention. Wire, a Chippewa fire and several them crazily over the kindiling. got towels and flapped a flame! We had a fire, Ourg. At last - a spark - then at each other. What satisfar eyes met, and we gazed long complishment! I handed the coffee there is in shared acwatched as she placed it tenderly pot to her gingerly and us had spcken. She pulled me to the the fire. Neither of We waited for the coffee to perk. Ane ground beside her. d waited.
breakfast. Inventive Iris suggested we cook the rest of our three fingers $I$ burned in the process and eggs and the
At eleven o' clock, we were still
had had breakfast and were still watching the coffee. We afraid I could no a corfere. I was wash the dishes - maybe that mo feelings. I decided to from knowing the truth.
She seemed to guess my
me as I walked away heard her shout, "Eureka! she turned back to the fire. I

She jumped up in her jubilation - and in doing so, upset the coffee pot. It spilled and put out our pitiable little fire. It was now noon, and we were right back where we ${ }^{1}$ d started - without coffee. I cried - bitter, unashamed tears. My orgy of self-pity was interrupted by a Park Ranger.
"Good afternoon!" he boomed at us. "Sorry to bother you, folks. And I know the campground's crowded. But you're going to have to move. You're camped on the Indian reservation. You see that line of rocks there? Well, they mark the boundary of the public camp. You're on the wrong side. Sorry. $I^{\dagger} l l$ be glad to help you move. . ."

My tears flowed again - and I remembered the little darkhaired Indian boy I'd scolded. . .
The accommodations at the Lodge, including the coffee, were excellent. I'd recommend it to anyone. They have indoor beds and a dining room that's open every night till 8.

The next summer we panned for gold. But that's another story.

## LIVING PROPAGANDA

The recent articles on Living Propaganda remind me of my own experience with my father-in-law.

During the 17 years of my marriage, I had never been able to get beyond the cold formalities which characterized my relationship with my father-in-law. Regardless of my efforts to draw him out in conversations or my careful attentions to his likes and dislikes, I was never able to penetrate the wall. He would praise to others my house keeping and the way I raised my children, and he seemed to enjoy each invitation to our home. However, he would cut me cold in any attempt at conversation - or worse, completely ignore me. It was most upsetting and family gatherings were formal affairs which left me emotionally exhausted. More baffling, so often those who knew both of us well would remark, "They are too much alike to get along with each other."

My husband and I do not have an ideal marriage, and while we have solved various problems to our mutual happiness, at times others are curious about some rather unorthodox arrangements. My father-in-law apparently was one of those greatly concerned.

Lately I have been doing some amateur barbering among my family and friends, and my father-in-law would come to get haircuts. The first couple of times were horrid, at least for me. However, it seems impossible to clam up completely with your barber or beautician, and soon my father-inlaw began to loosen up and make an attempt at a friendly remark or two.

Suddenly one day I decided to tell him how things were With me and my husband and about my personal tendencies which necessitated our odd behavior at times. I'm not sure just what reaction I had expected, but $\dot{I}$ certainly was not prepared for the one that came like a flood.
It seemed that my father-in-law is also homosexually inclined but had never really admitted it to anyone before, perhaps not even to himself until that moment. We came to the conclusion that although he didn ${ }^{\dagger} t$ realize $I$ am a Lesbian, he must have been resenting me for that reason.
Since that time, neither one of us has mentioned the subject again, and we are still not close friends. But the wall is down. There has been a lessening of our family tensions. And those who know us both are now baffled by the mysterious thaw in my relationship with my father-inlaw. As time goes by, his outbursts of rage and cutting remarks are fewer. Could it be that he now feels less alone with his problem of trying to suppress his inclina tions and live as a heterosexual?

- Mrs. B. H.


## Dr. Gundlach Plans Interviews

As a follow-up to the recent mail questionnaire study in which many of you took part, Dr. Gundlach will have a team of clinical psychologists present at convention time, to conduct interviews with respondents who are present. The interviews are expected to give a broader picture of the participants in the research project and to upgrade substantially the quality of the final results, making the study - already a promising one - into an outstanding one.

Please contact DOB as soon as you arrive in New York, to make an appointment. Appointments on Sunday June 21 will be reserved for those who are NOT members of DOB. For members attending the business meeting, the psychologists will be available Friday afternoon and evening and Monday afternoon and evening. Members' appointments will be made for those times. Interviews will last one hour.

The researchers will be no more interested in your name now than they were before. If you can recall your questionnaire number, this would help in correlating results.

In 'The Very Vast Wasteland' in the April issue, Miss barrow states flatly that the women of all her classifications 'are cruel TO THEMSELVES AND USELESS TO THEIR OUN MINORITY GROUP;'
" \| woul like to speak for the type she calls the celibate. since the situation of the celibate is more often forced upon her by CIRCUMSTANCES, RATHER THAN OF HER OUN CHOOSING, IT IS A MISTAKE TO CLAIM SHE IS CRUEL TO HERSELF. AS FOR REJECTING RESPONSIBILITY AND BEING USELESS TO HER MINORITY GROUP: ONE MUST ACKNOWLEOGE that the celibate can influence the general views of those she COMES IN CONTACT WITH. ALSO SHE CAN, and sOMETIMES DOES, SAVE THE Status of the inprudent! If there are those in miss barrow's CLASSIFICATION WHO ARE 'USELESS TO THEIR OUN MINORITY,' THERE ARE CERTAINLY THOSE AMONG THE OVERT WHO ARE THAT, NOT TO MENTION THE ONES DOING ACTIVE HARM.
"| AM FIPMLY CONVINCED THAT ONE'S RESPONSIBILITY TO SOCIETY AS A hHOLE TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER RESPONSIBILITY TO A MINORITY, THOUGH actually the two neéd not conflict most of the time."

- R. B. W., Pennsylvania
" In his boston rad 10 interview, jess stearn helped to cement the OPINION THAT LESBIANS ARE DANGEROUS WOMEN, A THREAT TO THE HOME, to the family, to the traditional american way of life. I feel. THAT STEARN HAS WRITTEN HIS BOOK AND MADE HIS PROMOTIONAL BROADCASTS, NOT TO ENLIGHTEN THE PUBLIC BY PRESENTING SOLID FACTUAL MATERIAL, BOTH PRO AND CON, BUT TO TAP THE PURSES OF THE READING PUBLIC, WHICH IS EAGER TO BUY ANYTHING WRITTEN ON THE SUBJECT.
"THE BOSTON BROADCAST SHOWED THAT THE UNDERLYING HOSTILITIES OF the heterosexual are revealed whenever we become bold enough to PROCLAIM OURSELVES, OR WHEN WE, THROUGH AN ORGANIZATION LIKE DOB, make some ffrort to present our case to the public."
- P. G., MASSACHUSETTS
"I have been meaning to write and comment on the very real ImPROVEMENT UHICH HAS COME ABOUT IN THE LADOER IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS. I AM HAPPY TO SEE THE FEMALE PUBLICATION OF THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT IMPROVING ITSELF SO THAT IT IS CHALLENGING THE BEST MALE PUBLICATIONS IN QUALITY. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!"
- Randolfe Wicker, Public Relations Director the homosexual league of new york
"The lovely May cover reminds me that beatrice Lillie sang 'There ARE FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN.' WHATEVER DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE REALLY MEANT? OR DID SHE MEAN FOR US TO GO ON MUSING?"
- Gay Blade
"Did any other New york ladder subscribers tune in on a monologue entitled 'I am a heterosexual' which appeared in a new york telecast cf BBC's 'The Establishment' on April 4th?
"ON THE SCREEN WAS AN EFFEMINATE-LOOKING (OR WAS HE MERELY BEING 'BRITISH'?) YOUNG MAN WITH AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR LOOK OF SELF-PITY ON HIS FACE. FIRST HE DESCRIBED HOW HIS PREFERENCE FOR GIRLS HAD SET HIM APART FROM HIS CLASSMATES IN BOARDING SCHOOL. THEN HE TRACED FURTHER EVENTS IN HIS 'DESCENT' INTO HETEROSEXUALITY WHICH CULMINATED IN HIS RUIN WHEN HE WAS DISCOVERED PATRONIZING A GIRLIE SHOW. THE CROUNING TOUCH IN THIS SUBTLE BUT WELL-DESERVED PARCOY OF HOMOSEXUALS (AND CERTAIN HOMOPHILE GROUPS) UHO WALLOW IN SELFpity was the wide-eyed, sick cow expression on the face of the 'heterosexual' at the end of his hilarious monologue.
"Although the censor's blue pencil was evident in many blank spots in the aud io portion of the show, the fact that homosexuals were SATIRIzED AT ALL indicates that the homofhile movement is making AN IMPACT ON THE PUBLIC. AT THE SAME TIME, HOMOPHILE GROUPS COULD WELL HEED AND PROFIT FROM THE IMPLICATION IN THIS SATIRIC SKETCH."
- S. M., NEW YORK
"I HOPE YOU DON'T TAKE TOO SERIOUSLY THE CRITICISMS SOME PEOPLE make of The ladoer. Actually, the magazine is enhanced by conveying lesbians' oun views, by presenting many aspects of the topIC INSTEAD OF CONSISTENT THEMES, AND BY PRINTING MANUSCRIPTS SUBmitted by rank-and-file lesbians and not merely the more talented ONES. IT'S FAR MORE AUTHENTIC THAN THE WRITING OF 'OUTSIDERS'."
- A PSYCHOLOGIST
"I enjoyed florence conrad's review of the new book about us by Dr. RUITENBEEK. AT LAST, SOMEONE HAS CALLED BERGLER'S OBSERVATIONS 'NONSENSE.' WE KNEW IT ALL ALONG!"

> - R. L., NEW YOFK
"The announcements in The ladder of the availability of the BLANCHE M. BAKER MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS AND OF THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF POTENTIAL RECIPIENTS, ANNOY ME, AS DO MANY SCHOLARSHIP ANNOUNCEMENTS. THE MAJORITY OF SUCH AWARDS, INCLUDING THE ABOVE, SET RIGID AND IN SOME RESPECTS IMPRACTICAL STANDARDS.
"The Daughters might be more forward-LOOKing in their views inStead of Clinging to the traditional stanoards which the various SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATIONS BEGAN SUPPORTING YEARS AGO WHEN THE educational scene was very different from what it is at present.
"I woul like to know how sound are standards which demand that the academic applicant be a full-time student with a b average. in view of the fact that a majority of cities offer extensive educational facilities to evening and other part-time students, a nUmber of whom are attending on that basis because they have not the means to attend full-time, I do not see hhy full-time students must always be given the advantage, especially where small scholARSHIPS ARE INVOLVED WHICH WOUL CERTAINLY NOT PAY FULL TUITION OR even a substantial amount of the full-time fees.
"It is apparently yet to be admitted that the mavority of the student booy of any school is made up of average people. In truth,

AS MUCH AS WE MIGHT TRY TO PROVE THE CONTRARY, OUR WORLD IS MADE UP OF "AVERAGE" PEOPLE! IF WE DISREGARD THE IMPORTANCE OF HELPING to educate these people too, we are aiding and abetting an educaTIONAL ARISTOCRACY. IF IT IS TRUE THAT GOOD SCHOLARS ARE DESERV ing because they have already achieved, it does not necessarily FOLLOW THAT THEY aRE THE ONLY ONES deSERVING heLP. IF WE believe that they are, then we must admit that educational opportunity is not equally available to all people, incluo ing the average.
"It is vitally important that the mass of people in this country BE ALLOWED THE ADVANTAGES OF UHAT HAS BECOME IN RECENT YEARS A VERY EXPENSIVE BUT ALMOST NECESSARY EDUCATION BEYOND THE LEVEL OF high school. it is true that those "average" people can often get LOANS, BUT WHY SHOULD THEY GO INTO DEBT, FOR THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS in some cases, to get the same opportunity that others are given for less? Pefhaps with the increased concentration in technological fielos, we have lost sight of the true value of learning, Which is to make better citizens and well-rounded people.
'A MORE JUST STANDARD MIGHT BE TO DEMAND ONLY THAT THE. APPLICANT Show a positive desire to continue learning, Rather than present a RECORD OF ARBITRARILY DETERMINED GRADES THAT ARE ALLEGED PROOF OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. !HY NOT HELP OPEN THE DOORS FOR THOSE WHO FIND SO many doors closed? Or is education only for "Special" people? Should not everyone with a genuine desire to learn be entitled to LEARN? What dOes it matter whether he is found trudging home from CLASSES AT ELEVEN-THIRTY AT NIGHT OR AT FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON? A STUDENT IN THE UPPER HALF OF HIS CLASS CANNOT BE A MORON IN TODAY'S SChOOLS; TO PROVE HIMSELF EdUCATABLE, DOES HE HAVE TO PROVE he can make the upper quarter?
"People in the educational fielo have tolo me that there are many UNUSED SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE EVERY YEAR. ONE OF THE REASONS MAY be that the applicants are not able to meet stipulated qualifications. It seems a rotten shame that anyone should be denied an award for this reason if he has the desire to learn. I hope that YOUR AWAROS WILL NOT BE WASTED FOR LACK OF ACCEPTABLE APPLICANTS, FOR IT MAY BE THAT A FULL-TIME B STUDENT WILL NOT AFPLY TO YOU AT aLL, WHEREAS AN AVERAGE STUDENT IN GENUINE NEED OF HELP MIGHT APply if the standards set doun did not state he was ineligible."
-D. S., ILLinois

## DAUGHTERS of BILITIS

INCORPORATED

MEMBERSHIP in Daughters of Bilitis is limited to women 21 years of age or older. If in San Francisco, New York, or Chicago area, direct inquiry to chapter concerned. Otherwise write to $\mathrm{Na}-$ tional Office in San Francisco for a membership application form.

THE LADDER is a monthly magazine published by Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., mailed in a plain sealed envelope for $\$ 4.00$ a year. Anyone over 21 may subscribe to The Ladder.

CONTRIBUTIONS are gratefully accepted from anyone who wants to support our work. We are a non-profit corporation depending entirely on volunteer labor. While men may not become members of Daughters of Bilitis, many have expressed interest in our efforts and have made contributions to further our work.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS and San Francisco Chapter: 1232 Market St., Suite 108, San Francisco 2, California.

New York Chapter: 441 West 28 th Street, New York 1, New York

Chicago Chapter: 4012 West Cullom Ave., Chicago 41, Illinois

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1 am over 21 years of age (Signed)

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