

The **Ladder**

Sept.
1965

A **Lesbian review**



(for sale to adults only) .50



purpose of the

Daughters of **BILITIS**

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

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

the Ladder

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PICKETING:

The Impact & The Issues

Recent picketings by homosexual men and women and supporters of their cause have become the talk of the homophile movement. Not all homosexuals agree the tactic is advisable. The range of opinion is wide, with only one thing certain: virtually no one connected with the movement is indifferent to the subject.

Lawful demonstrations sponsored by homophile groups in the East have taken place at the White House and the Civil Service Commission Building in Washington, at the United Nations in New York, and at Independence Hall in Philadelphia. (see the May and July/August LADDER issues for reports on the earlier demonstrations, including many of the picket-sign messages.)

The July Fourth picketing at Independence Hall had the largest number of participants so far: 10 women and 34 men. Future public demonstrations are planned if the Federal government and agencies persist in refusing to meet with spokesmen from the homosexual community to discuss government policies which discriminate against the homosexual citizen.

"We are not," asserted one picketer, "wild-eyed, dungareed radicals throwing ourselves beneath the wheels of police vans that have come to cart us away from a sit-in at the Blue Room of the White House." The firm rules followed by homosexual picketers are, in part: "Picketing is not an occasion for an assertion of personality, individuality, ego, rebellion, generalized non-conformity or anti-conformity. ...Therefore the individual picketer serves merely to carry a sign or to increase the size of the demonstration; not he, but his sign should attract notice.... Dress and appearance will be conservative and conventional." And so they have been. Women wear dresses; men wear business suits, white shirts and ties.

What impact has picketing had on both homosexuals and heterosexuals? LADDER reporters compiled these unsolicited remarks:

From onlookers at the several demonstrations

Businessman: "That's an impressive-looking picket line."

Tourist: "I still don't believe it. Somebody's kidding."

Elderly man: "I give them credit for what they're doing."

Mother of five: "You should all be married and have a family!"

High school student: "They look so normal."

Father to children: "Hold your noses - it's dirty here."

Policeman: "Hey, that's a good-looking group. I'm surprised."

Man refusing explanatory leaflet: "I can't read that filth."

Man and wife: "We're sympathetic and would hire homosexuals."

Dowager: "How dare they show their faces!"

Girl with beehive hairdo: "Gee, they look human."

One man to another: "Watch yourself here. You're not safe."

Woman to acquaintance: "When you're as disliked as homosexuals, it takes a lot of guts to stand up for your rights."

Two homosexual men accidentally witnessing a demonstration: "We feel ashamed of ourselves. They're doing this for us."

From homosexuals not present and not sympathetic to picketing:

"Dirty, unwashed rabble are thought to do that kind of thing!"

"It's best to work quietly on an individual basis."

"We're not ready for it yet."

"Ridiculous - if not utter insanity."

From picketers themselves:

"Today I lost the last bit of fear."

"It was bound to come to this sooner or later."

"I don't like to picket. But we have to, just HAVE to."

"This was the proudest day of my life!"

"Today it was as if a weight dropped off my soul."

Why are homosexual men and women, and those who support their cause, picketing? These portions of the leaflet handed out at the Independence Hall picketing state the fundamental issues:

"July 4, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is traditionally the day for a re-statement and re-affirmation of the liberties and rights, with the proclamation of which our country was born in 1776.

"July 4 is a day for serious, solemn, and probing thought. It is a day properly to ask: Are we guaranteeing to ALL of our citizens the rights, the liberties, the freedoms, which took birth and first form in the Declaration of Independence and in the documents (such as the Constitution and its Bill of Rights) which followed upon it? Or are these concepts merely being given lip-service for some of our citizens?"

"The Declaration of Independence says: 'ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.' But in no walk of life, and in none of his dealings, whether with his fellow citizens or with his governments (Federal, state, or local) is the homosexual American citizen treated as equal to others; he is always placed in a status of inferiority. Systematically and unrelentingly, he is placed into and kept in the category of a second-class citizen. That the homosexual American citizen is a homosexual is always noted; that he is also an American citizen, with all that goes with that status, is always forgotten.

"The Declaration of Independence says: 'ALL MEN ARE ENDOWED ...WITH CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS...AMONG THESE ARE...THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.' But the homosexual American citizen, upon savage penalty of law and upon pain of loss of livelihood and other severe disadvantage, is denied the proper pursuit of harmless happiness open to other citizens.

"The Declaration of Independence says: 'GOVERNMENTS ARE INSTITUTE...DERIVING THEIR JUST POWERS FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.' But homosexual American citizens find themselves placed under laws and regulations, their activities directed, their freedoms limited, the conduct of their lives disposed of, all without consultation and without their consent. They have asked - as citizens in OUR democracy have a RIGHT to ask, in the proper expectation that their request will be granted - to meet with their officials in order to discuss those aspects of their government and their laws which directly and immediately affect them, in which they are deeply involved, and in which they have a strong interest. Consistently they have been refused.

"The Declaration of Independence says: 'IN EVERY STAGE OF THESE OPPRESSIONS WE HAVE PETITIONED FOR REDRESS...OUR REPEATED PETITIONS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED ONLY BY REPEATED INJURY.' Homosexual American citizens, too, have petitioned their government for redress of their grievances and oppressions. Their petitions, too, have been ignored, in any constructive sense, and have been answered only by repeated injury.

Equality

"The homosexual American citizen finds that he is denied the equality of opportunity which is so essential a part of our American system. Simply and only because he is a homosexual, he is denied jobs which, in every way, he is fully competent to hold. Were the homosexual as 'visible' as is the Negro, our nation would have close to fifteen million unemployed male and female homosexuals - for no good reason. We feel that a person's private, out-of-working-hours life is in no possible way relevant to his employment.

"He is denied service in our Armed Forces, and when found there, is given a less than fully honorable discharge (blighting the remainder of his life), regardless of the quality of his service, upon the basis of military regulations couched in offensive and insulting language of a sort which no American citizen should find directed at him by his government.

"He is denied a security clearance, not upon judgement of him as an individual, upon his own merits - as every American citizen has a right to be judged - but simply upon disqualification as a member of a group or class.

"He is subjected to unceasing official harassment. He is hunted down and ferreted out. Officially and unofficially, he not only feels himself in a position of inferiority, he finds himself being kept there. When he attempts to improve his situation, he finds all avenues of recourse resolutely closed to him.

"In many places he is denied the right - possessed by other citizens - peaceably to associate with others of his own choosing.

"He finds the newspapers and other media of communication shut to him, leaving him with no means for presentation of his case.

"He is denied his dignity and his proper feeling of worth as an individual and as a human being, on a basis equal with that of his fellow human beings.

Pursuit of Happiness

"Surely a citizen's private sexual relations with consenting adults are an important and proper part of his personal pursuit of happiness. Yet, upon pain of severe punishment by the criminal law, and of the harshest of sanctions by the society around him, the homosexual American citizen finds himself denied this unalienable right.

Government by the Consent of the Governed

"We would not expect, in this country, that laws, regulations, and ordinances would be established, deeply and directly affecting (for example) Negroes or Jews, without consultation with spokesmen for the Negro or Jewish citizenry. We see representatives of the poor being included in plans for the anti-poverty program.

"Spokesmen for the homosexual community have asked - and asked and asked - for meetings with their public officials (especially those at the Federal level) to discuss laws and regulations affecting them. Almost without exception, such meetings have been refused. This is not government with the consent of the governed.

Appeal for Redress of Grievances

"Homosexual American citizens have appealed repeatedly to their Federal government for redress for their grievances. They have not even been granted hearings with their public officials. In many instances, letters have not received the common courtesy of an answer or even of an acknowledgement. Even in the South, we find officials meeting with representatives of the Negro community there to discuss problems and grievances and to work toward a solution of them.

"The homosexual American citizen asks from his government what the Founding Fathers asked from the British government of their day: reasonable, constructive, meaningful action, taken in good faith, to remedy genuine grievances and to solve major problems of long standing. ...Thus far the request has been totally denied.

"Other of our minority groups know that they have the active assistance of their governments in their fight for their proper rights and for their proper status of full equality with their fellow citizens. The homosexual American citizen meets only with the active, virulent hostility of his governments. He finds himself a member of the only major national minority group which is systematically denied an opportunity to achieve the equality which all other citizens have.

"The homosexual American citizen finds himself denied many of those unique and special features of American life whose initial affirmation we both solemnly and joyously celebrate at Independence Hall on July 4. He feels himself disowned and outcast - and for no good reason - by the nation of which he is a part.

"We ask for the homosexual American citizen the right as a human being to develop and achieve his full potential, dignity, and self respect; and the right as a citizen to make his maximum contribution to the society in which he lives. We ask for the homosexual American citizen his proper equality under law, equality of opportunity, and equality in the society of his fellow citizens.

"That we do not now have these basic essentials to a life lived in the American tradition is the reason for which homosexual American citizens, and other enlightened citizens who support them, are picketing at Independence Hall on July 4.

"Every other possible lesser means of remedy for an intolerable situation having been tried without success, we now try to bring our case directly before the public, before our fellow citizens, on a day and at a place which are singularly appropriate. We do so confident that we will have a fair hearing from our fellow American citizens."

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"I didn't know you people had problems like these!" exclaimed one man after reading the leaflet. His response gratified the key expectation of every picketer. A front-page mention of the demonstration in the Philadelphia Inquirer and coverage on local CBS-TV possibly multiplied his comment a thousandfold. Picketing had drawn public attention to long-hidden injustices.

This dignified protest, which startled many a citizen into fresh thought about the meaning of Independence Day, might well have been applauded by our Founding Fathers, who were intent on making America safe for the differences.

- Kay Tobin

of Winters to Come... by Peggy Marklin

The girl, that summer, was as wild as autumn and as beautiful, as dark as October and cold as November. She was a singer of folk songs and made her living working in a sea coast bar where she nightly sat atop an old piano, worn strap of a large guitar hanging around her shoulder, singing softly.

When she sang, her voice was low and her eyes were dark; brown bare feet swung carelessly to the music she played, and she smiled at no one.

Her name was Gabrielle and she lived alone near the end of the small town in a large white washed room which she had spattered with red polka dots one rainy afternoon when she had tired of reading and writing letters and sitting on her cot. Young and gentle in her room, she dreamed much of what the coming years would give to her and of what she had known before this summer at the Sea Coast Inn.

Some days they would be soft, cotton candy dreams of sitting by a cool stream in April watching spring begin, or 15-cent beer dreams of nights spent in crowded bars, of louder nights spent in stadium seats watching baseball under glaring lights, of quiet nights spent alone - window thrown high to float in summer air. She dreamed of days when she would not be alone with the sad, sad, sadness that unexplainably filled her to such a low, almost suffocating, state much of the time.

That summer, friends were very slow to come to Gabrielle. At the Inn, there was Smitty, her boss. His slashing eyes tried to cut through Gabrielle while his small, soft, white hands moved, moved, moved over the smooth bar, over his pudding fat stomach, through his greasy hair. And they moved on to someone else when he realized they would never touch her.

There was the bartender, Johnny, and the three young waitresses who moved quickly from crowded table to crowded table, setting down bottles, wiping up circles of water and picking up quarters, halves, working with Gabrielle all summer and not knowing her at all.

Often she came to the bar early at night to sit alone and drink cold beer, talking to Johnny, while wondering how things

would go for her that night. With the darkness came her audience, separate lives, merging nightly in one high intense chord of laughter, tears and song. Faces that blurred into one another, but changed with each show. And when the chord, taut after hours of drinking, snapped and shattered into cool night air, Gabrielle left the Inn to walk alone the quarter mile to her room, guitar sometimes slung carelessly over her back, more often left behind at the Inn for the next night. On the way home, she liked to walk down to the beach, feeling herself a gentle part of the soft sand and soft water.

Her days, too, were for the sea and the beach. Here she could lie formless, feeling the sun hot on her shoulder, burning the backs of her legs or her toes. Sand covered dogs became her friends here, and always there were the children who ran, ran, ran into the cube cold frosty waves, never testing their warmth, but always leaving the water soon to throw themselves shivering on the sand, damp towels pulled close to their bodies, laughing and eating salt wet peanut butter sandwiches. And alone, she watched them play their games.

Rainy days, she wandered through town in levis, black sweater and sun glasses, staring past people she had seen all summer. She walked down to the town wharf and sat on a wooden pier to listen to strings of sea gulls scream hungrily for food, listen to ships creak up to the wharfs and watch blood, fish and blood stream from the tuna boats, men slush puddle deep leading the catch onto conveyor belts.

One grey day, at a french fry and soda pop stand, she left a paper bag of sheet music which she did not miss until she was sitting on a stone bench in the town square. Before she had time to return for it, a young, fair-haired girl dropped the bag on the bench beside her, saying, "You left this." She walked on, sauntering through the town.

And after this, Gabrielle began to look for the girl in the small town. She saw the girl but never spoke to her. The girl had begun to come to Smitty's for beer on warm nights and would sit alone or with one of the young tourists up for the weekend. Then one night, tired and wanting to talk to someone, Gabrielle carried her guitar with her over to the girl's table, glad she was sitting alone.

"May I sit down?" she asked.

"Yes. Of course," the girl said.

"I've never thanked you for returning my music."

"Is that what it was?" the girl asked.

The strain of new conversation soon disappeared and soon the girls were talking comfortably, closely. They spoke of loneliness and singing in the spring and polka dotted balloons, while the girl, whose name was Nicki, had a third bottle of beer and Gabrielle sipped delicious Scotch.

When it was time for Gabrielle's second show, Nicki decided to leave, saying, "Sometime I think we should do something. Go to the beach or somewhere." Gabrielle said that yes, they should. And Nicki left, walking out of the bar, leaving Gabrielle feeling pensive rather than happy for this new friendship. She was relieved as she finished her last song, leaving the old piano after sparse and scattered applause.

She was glad to leave the greying, heavy women who ordered Scotch in the early evening with the same voices they used in cocktail lounges in Boston, Hartford or New Haven. There, they belonged in their silk print dresses; now they wore pedal pushers and tennis shoes, painfully cruel to tired bunions. She was glad that no middle-aged drunk tried to persuade her to sit down, laughing and giggling, all part of the waste. She was glad to leave the young girls who had driven from nearby cities for the weekend. They drank beer, thirstily, brown and flaxen haired, ready for anything; they sat crouched in corners like lazy, well-fed animals, quietly staring and listening to her sing, arms curved carelessly over the backs of chairs. Outside the air felt cool and clean as she walked home to sleep a hard, deep sleep.

Three days later, while sitting in a coffee shop eating a late breakfast, Gabrielle saw Nicki walk in. She sat at the opposite side of the counter. They nodded to each other, and Gabrielle said, "Hi." Nicki answered, "How are you?" Then Nicki ordered coffee and toast while Gabrielle finished her breakfast. They were the only customers in the coffee shop and it was difficult to avoid speaking to each other. "How've you been?" Gabrielle asked.

"Oh, alright," Nicki said. Gabrielle ordered another cup of coffee. Then suddenly Nicki said, "Hey, do you feel like going to the beach this afternoon?"

"It's supposed to storm," Gabrielle said.

"Well, I'm going for a swim before it does. Come on along," said Nicki.

"O. K. What time? Now?"

"Sure. Get a bike and your suit and let's go."

And they met, each with old bicycle, blanket and books. They did not talk during the two mile bike ride out to the beach, although they made a game out of passing each other or swerving into the center of the road until oncoming cars chased them back to the side. It was a good day - grey sky or not - cool wind or not - and Gabrielle felt free as she coasted down the hills, seeing patches of ocean from the top, gliding through scrub-grass covered sand dunes going down. And the sweet smell of pine trees filled the air.

When they finally arrived, Gabrielle felt awkward, unable to speak to Nicki on the way down to the flat, deserted beach.

She was feeling so many things that she could not speak strange words to this person who really was no stranger at all.

They threw an old blanket down, using their shoes as weights, and walked toward the water. As always, there was the first frozen shock of the ice-blue waves, so cold today that Gabrielle felt crab-biting cramps in her legs. Once in, she swam far out, spitting salt from her mouth, diving under for a string of sea weed, blinking water from her eyes. But the wind was cold and the water rough; she was glad to leave the water for the blanket. She threw her clothes over her shivering body, lying face down, breathing deeply, finally falling asleep for a few minutes, forgetting that someone lay inches from her. The sharp cry of hungry gulls woke her from half sleep a few minutes later and she turned toward Nicki.

"Hey, I'm glad I came," she said. "It was a good swim. Cold, but good."

"Want a cigarette?" Nicki asked, offering her one.

"O. K.," she said. And they smoked quietly, watching the waves grow in size, the clouds black sashes across the shaker grey sky. The wind blew and she shivered, then felt the soft warmth of the girl's hand on her back. Gabrielle turned to look at her. Nicki said, "You've never known anyone like me, have you?"

"No, not for sure," Gabrielle answered, burying her cigarette in the sand, breathing out its warmth, sensing the girl's closeness. Then Gabrielle said softly, and almost afraid of her question, "Before? Has it happened before?"

"Before what?" Nicki answered, and then making sense from Gabrielle's question, rolled away and did not answer. Then they both sat up, slipping warm sweat shirts over their cold bathing suits, and she and Nicki talked. And smoked. And sat. And a grey sky came down to meet the grey sea. But they did not leave until hours later when the rain finally did begin to fall. Slowly, they walked up the beach together.

That afternoon was the beginning of the August rain, an unending fall that blended night with day without separation. The steady flow marked eleven days that Gabrielle had spent with Nicki. Days in which they carefully spoke of the whirly waste paper world outside the small room they sat in, and of times when the rain would cease to be warm, as this August rain was, but cold and black and sharp. They never spoke of the sadness that Gabrielle felt when she first met the girl, yet Gabrielle sensed this sadness all of the days they were together. Still, they were good days that blended peacefully and quietly into early evenings which became even more gentle with darkness.

Continued on p. 23

Cross-Currents

Candice Bergen, 19-year-old daughter of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, has been in New York filming THE GROUP, a movie based on Mary McCarthy's novel about 8 members of a Vassar class. In the movie, Candy plays Elinor Eastlake (Lakey), the beautiful girl who is a lesbian. "My mother flinched when she heard what part I had. Oh God, did she flinch!" reported Candy, as quoted in NEWSWEEK. And how did father Edgar react? "He said, 'For your first role I thought you could at least play an ingenue.' And I said, 'Well, Lakey's a lesbian, but she's really a very nice lesbian, Daddy'."

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On the heels of the first Council on Religion and the Homosexual, which was formed last year by clergymen and members of homophile groups in San Francisco, comes the Washington Area Council on Religion and the Homosexual. Nine clergymen from five denominations (Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman Catholic) met with members of the Mattachine Society of Washington in May 1965 to formally establish this Council. The Washington Area group will work: (1) to seek to remedy the alienation and estrangement which now exist between the individual homosexual and the religious community; (2) to explore the question of the role of the clergy in the homosexual's fight for his civil liberties and his human rights, and in his effort to eliminate the adverse discrimination which he faces."

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THE LADDER was deliberately suppressed at an American Baptist Convention national meeting held in San Francisco last May. According to a report in INTERIM (a membership quarterly published by Mattachine Society Inc. in San Francisco), THE LADDER and other homophile publications were part of an exhibit of literature about homosexuality. The exhibit had been planned by a minister in charge of youth committee. A storm of protest raised by some of the Baptist ministers resulted in the homophile literature being taken off display. Despite the furor, INTERIM claims, many Baptist delegates found access to the sequestered publications and carried them home anyway. As usual, suppressed literature will out - and it did.

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TV Getting Gayer Dept.: Johnny Carson, emcee of the "Tonight" show, told about the couple in Michigan who were married by computer. The machine did a terrific job of matching the two according to mutual interests. "So congratulations to Walter and Harry," quipped Johnny. . . Then there was his run-down on ticker-tape parades in New York. When a hero moves along Wall

Street, Johnny explained, executives throw memoranda out the windows; when he moves on to Greenwich Village, executives there throw kisses.

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What exactly is the legal status of picketing? - many homosexuals wonder, now that some homophile groups in the East have initiated picketing activity. In an article called "The Right to Demonstrate" in the April bulletin of the Greater Philadelphia Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, Henry W. Sawyer, III, explains the legality of public demonstrations. He emphasizes that "protests such as marching, picketing, petitioning and parading are not only legal and constitutionally protected, but are such as the authorities, high and low, are forbidden to hinder or obstruct. Such activities are in no sense at the sufferance of the state."

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Homosexuality has been a definite factor in from 60 to 75% of the murders in San Francisco in the last five years, claimed S. F. Police Department's Inspector Rudy Nieto. CITIZENS NEWS (a homosexual newspaper published in S. F.) reported Nieto's claim and decided to research it by surveying murder stories in 50 daily newspapers from around the country. CN's conclusion: "In no instance did we find any overt homosexual mention or any homosexual overtones to any of the stories. ... Either Inspector Nieto is grossly mistaken in his quotation of the statistics or the SFPD is guilty of gross distortion of the facts. San Francisco is just not that much different from the U. S. as a whole." Inspector Nieto neglected to say how often homosexuals were the victims of murder or how often heterosexuals were the perpetrators. CITIZENS NEWS points out that "there is no evidence that homosexuals breed crime - only that they cannot get equal protection of the law." CN cinches its case by quoting a remark by Wardell Pomeroy, formerly of the Kinsey team. According to CN, Dr. Pomeroy said that the forthcoming Kinsey volume entitled SEX OFFENDERS would not include a section about violent crimes linked to homosexuality, because there were not enough cases of such violence to warrant a special section in the book.

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Thanks to our readers who have sent clippings and news items! This column depends on your support. When mailing us clippings, please include the date and name of the publication.

SPECIAL NOTICES

- Will the unidentified person who sent two typed poems signed "F." to the address of DOB's New York Chapter, please write to THE LADDER's Editor in care of DOB's headquarters office?

Sex-'n'-Violence

by BRIGID BROPHY

(This article is reprinted with the kind permission of the author and of the British weekly NEW STATESMAN, in whose April 30, 1965 issue the article was published.)

About the Author: Brigid Antonia Brophy was born in London in 1929 and educated at St. Paul's Girls' School and St. Hugh's College, Oxford. She is married to Michael Levey. Miss Brophy has written several books (including THE FINISHING TOUCH, FLESH, BLACK SHIP TO HELL) and she contributes articles and book reviews to the NEW STATESMAN and to other publications.

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For much of my writing life I have been trying (with singular unsuccess) to persuade people that sex and violence are often intertwined, and that an act of the one may also be giving unconscious expression to an impulse of the other. Now I am accosting NEW STATESMAN readers and beseeching them to consider that - contrary to the idiom of the moment, which regularly hitches them into a single entity, sex-'n'-violence - the two are utterly distinct. I'm not, as a matter of fact, contradicting myself. It is just a question of whether you are looking at the thing psychoanalytically or morally.

Most people, it should be quickly said, have small inclination to look at the thing in either manner - and no equipment, even had they the inclination, to look at it psychoanalytically. This last may seem questionable: we are told we have too much Freud almost as often as that we have too much sex-'n'-violence. But I seriously doubt if 'educated people' are any better informed about Freud now than in 1910. In 1910 most of them wouldn't have heard of him. Now they've all heard of him, but most of them assume this enables them to know what he said without actually reading him.

That they don't know is attested by the quantities of them who can't tell Freud from his antonym, C. G. Jung. Irrespective of which (if either) was right, to confuse Freud and Jung, on the grounds that both were, after all, psychologists, is like confusing Mr. Wilson and Sir Alec Douglas-Home on the grounds that both are politicians. Educated people who wouldn't dream of doing the second do the former without misgiving.

I recently re-read the passage in THE SECOND SEX where Simone de Beauvoir states that 'psychoanalysis' rejects something or other 'in the name of...the "collective unconscious".' Well,

no; actually, that name doesn't occur in the terminology of psychoanalysis. A few months ago, the funny column in the GUARDIAN decided to send-up the age of 'Freud in handy-to-analyse-yourself paperback editions' by means of a piece about 'introverts' and 'extroverts'. Actually, Jung spelled that purely Jungian term 'extravert', anyway.

Given this ignorance in otherwise educated places, I don't think the idiom sex-'n'-violence implies any acceptance, or even the faintest knowledge, of Freud's thesis about Eros and Thanatos. In any case, his thesis was that, intertwined as they may become as they grow towards the point of expression, Eros and Thanatos are, at the instinctual roots, separate and independent. Current usage welds them - not just descriptively, but morally.

I was asked the other day whether I am for or against sex-'n'-violence on TV. Since it was TV that was in question, I was able - just - to declare myself for, on the theory that fantasy, like thought, must be free, though I had many more reservations about the violence than about the sex.

Suppose, however, the question had been applied to real life - as, indeed, it often is? We are frequently scolded for the sex-'n'-violence not only on TV, paperback covers and advertisement hoardings but in people's lives, particularly, of course, when the people are teenagers. Such public pronouncements are moral judgments or at least grunts; and increasingly the complaint is against sex-'n'-violence, all in one grunt, with the implication that the two are morally comparable - that the one is as bad as the other.

No doubt the two were yoked originally merely as 'questions of the moment', and it might just as well have been the parking-problem-'n'-unofficial strikes. But that they have stuck, and stuck together, in the public mind argues that both are recognised also as questions of moment - as very strong, universal forces which society until recently controlled by irrational taboos, whether religious or conventional, but from which the taboos have suddenly been in part lifted. There may even be, behind the idiom, a dim half-knowledge that Freud diagnosed one particular act of sex and one particular act of violence as the twin aims of the Oedipus wish - incest-'n'-parricide.

Freud, of course, far from proclaiming an incestuous-'n'-parricidal free-for-all, described culture as built on the renunciation of those two wishes. One of the very few telling criticisms against him came from the late Wilhelm Reich, whose title, THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, Malcolm Muggeridge appropriated for his article on this page four weeks ago and whose dotty theory of 'Orgone Energy' he wisely deplored. However, dotty people occasionally produce sound arguments.

Reich may well have been right in saying Freud passed too readily from diagnosing that the Oedipus wishes were anti-social in primitive societies and in infant individuals to assuming that they remained automatically anti-social when entertained by adults in highly-evolved societies. And I think

Reich was pretty certainly right when he said that psychoanalysts in general have not been scrupulous enough in maintaining the moral neutrality of the technique they practise but have often lent tacit support to the merely irrational or even immoral conventions of their time.

That came about, I imagine, through the historical development of psychoanalysis out of medicine, from which it inherited criteria of normality and health which are much more morally loaded when applied to psychological than to somatic therapy. Normality in itself is a merely statistical measuring-rod: a psychotherapist who sets out to correct abnormalities as such would have found himself offering to correct Galileo's highly abnormal (at the time) beliefs about the cosmos.

There are psychotherapists prepared to try to 'cure' homosexuality provided the homosexuals present themselves as patients, the argument being that the desire to be cured shows that all is not healthy. But the health of love is harder to assess than that of a liver. The patient may be made unhappy not by any unhealthiness inherent in homosexuality but by society's attitude to it, in which case it may be society which needs the cure.

Many people are made unhappy by their heterosexuality, but I do not believe the psychotherapist exists who would try to cure that, no matter how ardently they asked for relief. Yet to speak of 'curing' the one and not the other, for no better reason than that heterosexuals outnumber homosexuals and are intolerant enough to make social conditions hot for the homosexuals, is indeed, as Reich maintained, to endorse the irrational status quo.

Psychoanalysis is an evolutionary theory: it describes the evolution of irrational material, under irrational pressures, into independent mental agencies capable of reason. Whether our reasons are really reasonable no one can test. But the one thing we certainly have no option about is believing they are. We cannot help believing logic is logical. Having nothing else to trust, psychoanalysis has to rely on reason - even in describing the evolution of our reason.

The question it should properly ask about a latter-day Galileo is not 'Are his beliefs abnormal?' but 'Can he justify them rationally?' The question it should put to society is not 'How many of you are homosexual or incestuous?' but 'Can you rationally justify the belief that homosexuality or incest threatens the existence of society?'

The second question splits sex-'n'-violence into two wholly different moral categories. Society can easily show it would come to a quick and anarchic end if it did not restrain (how is another matter) its citizens from murder. But we could repeal our laws against incest tomorrow without bringing society a step nearer chaos or infringing anyone's rights. It is important to notice that were all the libertarian proposals ever mooted passed into law no one would be forced to commit incest, homosexuality or anything else that offended his

conscience or his tastes; he would be required only to stop imposing his conscience and tastes on others.

Psychoanalysis has probably helped to lift the verbal taboos at least from sex. But it has given society less help than it might in responding to this situation. Removing the taboos means only that society's moral standards are now required to earn their living by reason; and psychoanalysis, by not making a song and dance about its reliance on reason, has allowed the collapse of the taboos to seem more sudden and shocking than it is. (Most of them were demolished in the 18th century, but reimposed afterwards.) The two taboos on which Freud said civilisation was built have been thrown open to rational scrutiny, a situation it is easy to mistake for the collapse of civilisation.

In fact, society is quickly putting up good reasons in place of the old arbitrary command not to kill one another. About killing on communal responsibility - war - it is actually far more scrupulous than the old order (to which psychoanalysis, however, seems still committed: I would guess there are still 10 psychoanalysts willing to 'cure' homosexuals for every one willing to 'cure' professional soldiers or blood-sportsmen). Society has simply made the moral advance of switching from the automatic pilot, taboo, to a more rational conscience, which proves to be a good deal more sensitive.

In sexual morals, too, we are advancing - into tolerance. But here too, psychoanalysis has largely withheld help. By wielding the criterion of normality, it has at least seemed to lend weight to the view that society has some right to enforce the prejudices (prejudices because not rationally justified) of the majority. This is sometimes called 'preserving' society's standards, but that is merely to exercise a bias in favour of society's older and more primitive prejudices instead of its new ones.

Basically, it is a view which reduces constitutional democracy to crude majority-dictatorship. If the majority may enforce laws against homosexuals without having to show that homosexuals harm their fellow citizens or bring society to chaos, but simply because the majority judges homosexuality offensive or immoral tout court, then it would have just as much right, if it suddenly took against those, to legislate against redheads.

Society cannot tolerate violence, because violence is itself intolerant and threatens society with anarchy. But whenever a minority is not endangering life and limb or causing actual bodily harm, society has an obligation to safeguard it, even if the minority is, in the majority view, irrational or immoral. To do otherwise, so far from warding it off, invites anarchy - because if two absolute convictions clash there is no arbitrating between them; the chances are that both will be irrational while both believing themselves rational; all they can do is fight it out - unless they agree to withdraw to the only ground they can share, the principle of tolerance. It is that principle which places a clear moral partition between sex-'n'-violence.

CRESCENDO

Afar you make in my heart but a summer sighing,
Sighing of pines in a steady south's caressing,
Precious whispering echo of ocean, ocean --
Timeless waves that wash at my heart forever.

Near me you are the sea itself, strong-surfing,
Rushing all day long up the hissing shingle,
Washing back with a breathless, a hungry sucking,
Wearing away the beaches below the sea-wall.

Wrung by love for another you are whirlwind
Weight of wild water flung by the shrieking tempest
Through icy darkness, bitter with salt, deep-stinging
Riven spume from the tide-weight, pounding, thundering,
Roaring over the beaches, bursting the sea-wall...

And I am caught in the tide, flung on the black rock,
All night long sucked down into whirling darkness,
Left in the dawn too broken for thought or weeping,
Rag of seaweed stranded along the tide-line.

- Abigail Sanford

Scandalous newspapers scattered
across an unclean worn rug
A hand-rubber dresser
carelessly laden with wee bits of useless notes
and numbers

Paint-peeling chairs
placed at random
Slightly soiled sheets
on an unmade, bumpy bed
That barren, blank TV
glowering gravely from its irregular angle
A desk, bench, lamps and what-nots
heaving heavily with gloomy grime
Dirty dishes and meat-market wrappers
litter a crusty kitchen table
Spilled sticky stuff
spots the fancy floor
And glowing midst it all
a valuable, vibrating, warmly rich painting
painted by Lou.

O my soul
my vacuous soul!
Where is your glow --
where lies your value?
And midst it all,
where is your vibrating, warmly rich painting
painted by God?

- Nancy Lee

BRITISH SCOTCH REFORM

Dismay swept the British homophile community when a proposal to reform the law on homosexuality was approved by the House of Lords last May, but was turned down two days later in the House of Commons by a narrow vote of 178 to 159. That killed chances of homosexual law reform for the season. Nonetheless, it augurs well that opposition is diminishing. A law reform which would relax (but not eradicate) Britain's legal discrimination against male homosexuals now seems inevitable.

Lesbian acts are not illegal in England, but male homosexual acts are a criminal offense punishable by two years in prison. The law is enforced today just as in Oscar Wilde's lifetime in the late 1800's. During a recent 9-month period, 46 men were imprisoned for homosexual acts in private. (How these "private" acts were uncovered is an interesting question.) The law makes homosexuals easy prey for blackmailers and makes it risky for victims to complain to police. It is believed that 90% of blackmailing in England concerns homosexuality. The reform proposals are based on the report of the Wolfenden Committee, headed by Sir John Wolfenden, a prominent figure in the academic world. In 1957 this committee urged elimination of the penalty for homosexual acts between consenting adults in private, though it recommended stiff punishments for "indecent assault" and for homosexual acts with boys under 21.

Just two days before Commons blocked introduction of the bill to relax the law, the Lords had approved in principle a similar bill by a wide margin of 94-49, thereby raising hopes that the reform, which has been debated for years, might finally pass. In both Houses, sentiment cut across party lines while party leaders remained studiously neutral.

In the House of Lords, it was a dramatic moment when the 35-year-old Marquess of Queensberry got up for his maiden speech. It was his great-grandfather who had publicly denounced Oscar Wilde as a homosexual. Said the young Marquess, "I do not believe that our laws on this subject are a solution. They have, if anything, helped to produce a nasty, furtive underworld which is bad for society and bad for the homosexual. The best possible solution is that he should be allowed to lead a quiet, ordered life, finding if he must sexual satisfaction with another adult man. I shall support the bill wholeheartedly."

The author of the bill, Lord Arran, emphasized that it is the present law, not the homosexual, that endangers the security of the country. (If the law did not make homosexual activity a crime, the homosexual would not be a security risk.) Among those who claimed that homosexual behavior should not be crime though it might be sin, was former Prime Minister Earl Attlee, who said, "It is false to imagine that doing away with this as a criminal offense will in any way extend the evil."

Viscount Montgomery, field marshal in World War II, was a main speaker for the opposition. "One might just as well condone the Devil and all his works," he said. He raised the specter of wild indiscipline in the armed forces if the reform passed. At this point, according to an article on the reform movement in the New York Times Magazine ("Is Homosexuality a Crime?", June 27), he was asked "...rather pertinently, if he would introduce a bill to make lesbianism a crime, so as to maintain the discipline of the women's services. He did not answer."

Probably the most enlightened opinions and most accurate and useful information so far offered by the New York Times on the subject of homosexuality are in this Sunday magazine article by John Grigg. Some of his comments are particularly helpful for an understanding of distinctions in the law reform issue:

"It could be said the state of the law on this subject in Britain - as in most of the United States - is a hangover from the Middle Ages. In Anglo-Saxon countries the penal codes have never been exposed to the tremendous force of rationalism with which Napoleon transformed the jurisprudence of a large part of Continental Europe. Wherever the Code Napoleon applies, no distinction is made between homosexual and heterosexual offenses: in other words, homosexuality as such is not known to the law. Various sexual offenses - e. g., against children - are listed and made liable to severe penalties, but the type of sexuality involved is treated as irrelevant. ...

"It should be noted that the Wolfenden proposals represent a compromise between traditional Anglo-Saxon attitudes and the thoroughgoing rationalism of the Code Napoleon. Wolfenden recommends a higher age of consent for men than for women, and harsher penalties against homosexual offenders than against the equivalent heterosexuals. Discrimination would not be eliminated, but the effects of it would be reduced."

A Wolfenden-type report for the U. S. A. has been suggested by the National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union. This affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union said, in a statement made last December on the Walter Jenkins case, that such a report might well be attempted in this country by a Presidential task force or other broadly representative group of citizens. "We believe," said the NCACLU, "that such a group should consider from a national perspective, the techniques of law enforcement in sexual matters, the proposals made by the American Law Institute and the American Civil Liberties Union that sexual conduct between consenting adults in private ought not to be subject to criminal punishment, and the role of the homosexual in American society."

- Erika Hastings

Editor's Note: Those interested in the law reform campaign in England should contact the Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave., London W. 1; also Minorities Research Group, 41 Great Russell St., London W. C. 1. (MRG publishes ARENA THREE, the only other English-language lesbian magazine; U. S. subscription \$6, in special bank draft or postal money order payable in England.) Both organizations welcome donations.

The Homosexual Citizen in the Great Society

ECHO (East Coast Homophile Organizations) invites you to hear:

"The Homosexual Theme in the Arts and Entertainment" - Gregory Battcock, Lecturer in Art, Queens College, New York

"Is There a Place for the Homosexual in the Great Society?" - Isadore Rubin, Ph. D.; Managing Editor, SEXOLOGY Magazine

"The Second-Class Citizen Inside" - George H. Weinberg, Ph.D., psychoanalyst

"Anticipations - Legal and Philosophical" - Gilbert Cantor, lawyer; member of CORE and American Civil Liberties Union

"The New Morality in the Great Society" - John P. Lassoe, Dir. of Christian Social Relations, N. Y. Episcopal Diocese

"The Homosexual's Search for Identity" - Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, Ph. D.; psychoanalyst; sociologist; author of HOMOSEXUALITY AND CREATIVE GENIUS

"Is Research in Step with Our Times?" - Ralph H. Gundlach, Ph. D.; psychologist; Assoc. Director of Research at Post-Graduate Center for Mental Health, New York City

ALSO

Paul Goodman, Fellow at Institute of Policy Studies, Washington, D. C.; author of MAKING DO, COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION, GROWING UP ABSURD

Margaret Lewis, President, Mattachine Society of Philadelphia

James Collier, author of THE HYPOCRITICAL AMERICAN

Ernest van den Haag, Ph. D.; psychoanalyst; Adjunct Professor of Social Philosophy, New York University

C. A. Tripp, Ph. D.; psychoanalyst; Assistant at Downstate Medical Center (State University of New York), Brooklyn

Franklin E. Kameny, Ph. D.; member of Board of Directors of Mattachine Society of Washington

When? September 25 and 26, 1965. Where? Hotel Biltmore, New York City. How Much? Registration \$19.50, includes Saturday lunch and banquet. Who May Attend? Anyone over 21. The conference sessions are open to the public. For Reservations: ECHO, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. Phone (212) WA 4-7743

Continued from p.12

Each night Nicki would walk with Gabrielle to the Inn. There, she became just one of the many who sat around the small tables trying to feel the warmth from the fire Smitty had built in the large fireplace cut crudely into the pine covered wall. Nicki watched Gabrielle sing to these people who did not listen to her, but wanted only to drink and laugh and brush salt and sand from themselves.

Gabrielle was far away from the Sea Coast Inn on this eleventh night as she sat on top of the piano. She was far from Nicki, the ocean, the rain and herself. She began to hum softly, playing low notes from the belly of her guitar. The voices slowly died away; the chord became loose, and Gabrielle did not notice any of this. Slowly the noises died away until the only ones left were the soft tinkling of glasses, the crackle of the fire and the song. And then there was only the song.

Where does it lead, this strange young love of mine?
Only heaven and the lilies know.

Where does it lead, this strange young love of mine?
I must go down where the lilies grow.

Nicki watched Gabrielle, glad when the song ended, the noise returned and Gabrielle herself returned to play her final number. As Gabrielle began, she saw Nicki leaving, throwing an already damp coat over her shoulders to protect herself from the latest downpour which was falling steadily and quietly.

Gabrielle watched her walk toward Smitty, pushing wet hair back from her face. Gabrielle wanted to call out to her, but she saw Nicki hand a note to Smitty. When she finished, she quickly hopped down from the piano, pushing her way through the crowded room, hearing, but not listening to, the noise, wanting to reach Smitty and the note.

"Pass the beer."

"Come on. Hand it here."

She looked at a large party of young people, their voices loud and flat. She tried to move past them, but her way was blocked by four tanned young men looking for a table. She waited, standing beside this large party, until the young men passed.

"Did you hear the story--"

"about the queer---"

"did you--"

"hear the--"

"story---"

"queer--here--beer--"

"Is it a funny story?"

Gabrielle turned, still not able to leave as people pushed themselves into the Inn for one last drink.

"Tell it and get it over with - and tell the bartender to turn that goddamned jukebox down."

And the joke was told while Gabrielle listened only to the laughter. A skinny, pale boy said, "Hey, Janie, you aren't laughing. Why not?"

Gabrielle looked down at this girl who had been drinking too much and something in the girl's eyes reminded her of Nicki. She watched as the girl turned on the young man, saying quietly, "Get your sweating hand off my leg, you crazy bastard." Gabrielle wanted to get through, get away from the noise and the heat, and she was afraid that the chord would snap.

"Hey, pass the beer--"

"Hand it here---"

"No more stories about the queer---"

"Turn the music up louder, damn it---"

"Honey, would you order me a hamburger...with lots of mustard. I'm just starving."

"Why sure, baby. That's my girl."

"Hey, Janie, are you hungry? How about a sandwich?"

"No, no, no, no, no. No. sandwich, No more music."

Then Gabrielle was through the crowd, taking the note from Smitty, not having to read it to know what it said.

See you sometime,
Nicki

But as she did read it, the chord inside of her became tight. She walked towards home through the rain which was still warm and steady, but she grew cold and stopped in a small restaurant for coffee. Water was dripping behind her, running crazily down her face, dribbling off her nose and coldly through her shirt. She wondered how a warm rain could seem so cold to her, but she was glad for it, cold as it was.

"Hot coffee, please," she said, sitting on a stool, tiny puddles forming around her feet on the wooden floor.

"Danish, too?" the waitress asked, squirting cream into a cup.

"No, thanks, no," Gabrielle said, shivering and whistling through the steam on her coffee, looking at the stale pineapple rolls on the plate in front of her. Across the counter sat a pudgy, wet tourist, damply neat in plaid bermudas and white tennis shoes. His face the same as all of the drunks, men who were really not drunks at all, but salesmen or school teachers or clerks in small offices. But he remembered Gabrielle and spoke to her, "Heybaby...howsabouta...nothercupa...coffee...andason?"

"No more songs," said Gabrielle.

"Heysweetheart...nowwhat'sagirllikeyou...do...afterwork?"

Gabrielle looked at him, sick to her stomach of weeks of people just like this one.

"Ellen, could I have my check. And is that bicycle out front yours?"

"Not mine," the waitress answered, empty cup already in her hand.

Gabrielle left, slamming the screen door behind her, hopped on the bike and cycled through the town that was now close to deserted. She wished she had stopped in her room to change clothes, even though the rain had stopped. She cycled out half a mile to a clean stretch of beach and got off the bike to stand in the sand and smoke a cigarette, looking at the note folded in her hand. Then she walked, feeling that there would be many more nights like this one, nights when she would go the length of the beach alone.

Gabrielle, tasting salt on her lips, stopped under one of the docks, grey and weak from many years, rough and splintery from hard seasons, strong storms. She lit another cigarette, trying to put the day together, put the summer together, put her hours with Nicki together, but nothing fit. Perhaps she had known years ago, and familiar face after familiar face clouded her memory. But Nicki's face cleared her memory.

Gabrielle looked out over the sea, the same sea that she had caressed on warm afternoons, throwing her thin body against the waves, sometimes taking huge gulps of salt water, swallowing it, letting it settle in her stomach. Now she was afraid of the sea. Its blackness frightened her; it swept across the shore ruthlessly, slapping against the flat carpet of wet sand, and Gabrielle could hear the water seep down through the grains, shaping a hard surface that would be smooth by morning after each wave had subsided.

She was cold standing under the dock, not knowing what to do. Other days she stood high on a grass covered bluff, worlds above the ocean, watching it playfully slap the shore; now it was too close to her. She wanted to block the sound. Waves black thunder. Laughter high hysterical. And the chord snapped. She stood quietly pushing sand back and forth with her foot, the wind blowing her wet face dry. And she began to

run, stumbling, falling in the wet sand. She stopped, blinking her eyes to keep sea spray out of them her bike only feet away.

She returned to town, but she did not go to Nicki; nor did she look for her for over a hundred hours. Hours spent in having beers too many at different bars before going to the Inn, listening to old men tell stories of famous sons who were insurance salesmen, butchers and auto mechanics. She walked close to Nicki's house, looking for her, but never meeting.

Then one night, almost a week later, Gabrielle, riding through town on another borrowed bicycle, conscious only of the slapping of the waves against the shore and of the smells of the ocean, found herself in front of Nicki's rooming house. She stopped, lighting a cigarette, staring out onto the street, watching a yellow cat creep silently through the night. She stood, a pure white line in the dark, her white shirt and pants washed clean by ocean spray, her hair blown back by the wind now lying in loose waves around her face. She stood and watched the dark square of a window, stood looking at a neatly lettered sign "Room for Rent" and went back to her books and her letters and her white washed room and she knew that she would not see Nicki again. She sang for seven more nights, leaving the town on the night of the eighth.

The train ride home was a long one, through cool mountains to a town steeped in the stale heat of a summer that still continued. For weeks she spent her days walking her dog through rich, green woods, throwing sticks he eagerly chased. She drank large cups of hot coffee around a kitchen table and ate homemade soup and stuffed pork chops, watching television at night with her parents.

Some nights she would sit alone on the back porch, gently playing her guitar and listening to forests of trees rustling peacefully. Their voices sounded as the ocean had, on days when she stood in bright sunlight high on a bluff, and her hands rested gently on the guitar as she wondered about the long August rain, and the lovely girl Nicki, and the note that had never been answered.

CONTRIBUTORS!

THE LADDER wants articles, book reviews, news clippings, stories, humor, poetry, and other pertinent materials. Send to Editor Barbara Gittings, c/o DOB National. All submissions will be acknowledged promptly.

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