

ACME

The Ladder 75¢

A LESBIAN REVIEW

JULY 1967

Featuring -

Report on Research
by Dr. Ralph Gundlach



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 Lesbian, enabling her to understand herself and to make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic, and economic implications - by establishing and maintaining a library of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public meetings on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by providing the Lesbian a forum for the interchange of ideas within her own group.
- ② Education of the public, developing an understanding and acceptance of the Lesbian as an individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices - by public discussion meetings and by dissemination of educational literature on the Lesbian theme.
- ③ Encouragement of and participation in responsible research dealing with homosexuality.
- ④ Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposing and promoting changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group through due process of law in the state legislatures.

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The Ladder

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Research Project Report

by Dr. Ralph Gundlach

DESCRIPTIVE DATA ABOUT LESBIAN AND NON-LESBIAN RESPONDENTS

Note: The Gundlach-Riess study was officially launched in the September, 1963 issue of THE LADDER, with a coupon inviting women to participate, and an article by Dr. Gundlach entitled, "Why is a Lesbian?" The study had been discussed with officers and members of DOB since the previous summer; the questionnaire had been gone over with them; a procedure had been worked out so as to maintain anonymity while preserving the opportunity to reach by mail, for additional information, any person who had responded. We are grateful to DOB's Research Committee and the collaborating LADDER readers and their friends who participated in this research. Consequently we feel that it is our responsibility to present through THE LADDER parts of our material which may be of interest to its readers, even though our main efforts are directed toward organizing the data and writing it up for publication in scientific journals and elsewhere.

A. Participants in the study.

A total of 226 persons classified as lesbians and 233 non-lesbian women filled out questionnaires completely enough to be accepted for this project. Most gratifying was the obvious interest in the questions and their meaning to the respondents, such that many felt free to add explanations, comments and personal biographic material, greatly enhancing the value of the returns.

There were 74 persons who said they were members of DOB and 176 who said that they were readers of THE LADDER, several of these not being lesbians.

It was interesting to note that, although we had expected differences in employment and income, slightly more than 40% of both the lesbian and the non-lesbian group were employed as either higher executive, major or lesser professionals or administrative personnel. Among the lesbians 12% reported incomes over \$7000 a year.

Living arrangements were of particular interest regarding lesbians. While 23% reported they lived alone, 54% lived in a lesbian relationship, 10% lived with one or both parents, and 8% with a spouse. There were 19% of the lesbians who had been separated

or divorced, making at least 27% who had been married, compared with 14% of the non-lesbians separated or divorced, and 62% now married. One-third of the lesbians in this study had lived with a man for a year or more, but 83% had lived in a lesbian relationship for more than a year. In fact 48% had lived in a lesbian relationship for four years or longer. Thus, many lesbians had considerable experience in living with a man, as well as living with a woman.

There was an interesting difference in regard to religious background as between the two groups: The greatest number of parents were Protestants (57% lesbian, 50% non-lesbian), but significantly more parents of lesbians than non-lesbians were Catholic (18% compared to 7%) and significantly fewer parents were Jewish (11% of the lesbians, compared to 25% of non-lesbians). This difference shows up most markedly with two special groups: lesbians living in a lesbian relationship, but never having married (91 cases); and non-lesbians who are married and have two or more children (101 cases). For these two groups parents were Protestants for 65% of the first group, but only 50% of the second; were Catholic for 20% of the first group but only 7% of the second; and were Jewish for only 2% of the first group but 32% of the second group!

These differences raise some interesting questions for speculating and testing about the selectivity of the sampling method, the willingness of people of various religious backgrounds to participate in answering psychological questionnaires, and the role of religious indoctrination or cultural atmosphere regarding love, sex, family, duty and sex role in society.

B. The Extent of Psychotherapy.

Many people maintain that homosexuality is a symptom of an illness while others stoutly maintain that it reveals no such thing.

Do the following facts from our samples throw any light on this question?

One question asked: Were you ever hospitalized for psychiatric reasons? There were 93% of the lesbians who had not, and 7% who had been hospitalized; and 99% and 1% respectively, for the non-lesbians. Another question asked: Did you ever have psychotherapy? Here 41% of lesbians and 43% of non-lesbians reported having had psychotherapy. This was an inflated number since we made a special effort to get colleagues who were psychotherapists to ask comparable lesbian and non-lesbian patients to fill out the questionnaire, and we also asked the therapist to fill out answers to a number of questions about their patients. This added 22 lesbians and 26 non-lesbians. If these specially solicited cases are pulled out of the over-all sample, then only about a third of each group ever had psychotherapy, and two-thirds of each had not.

Considering all those who had therapy from each group, 29% of the lesbians and 14% of the non-lesbians said they started therapy before the age of 20. One might suppose either that these persons may have shown behavioral difficulties at an early age, or

that their parents were more apt than other parents to think in terms of psychotherapy. On the other hand, more non-lesbians in therapy than lesbians had over 100 sessions (29% of the lesbians, 48% of the non-lesbians). We don't know yet, but probably most of the lesbians who started therapy in childhood did not have 100 sessions. The outcome of therapy was reported as being "very successful" by 19% of the lesbians and 44% of the non-lesbians which might also reflect prejudices against homosexuality not only in society, but also among attending psychotherapists. It thus appears that additional questions arise at every turn.

Looking back at the data we have presented so far, there seems evidence that a large majority of the lesbians in this group display an adequacy in educational and occupational spheres, and in their capacity to establish a prolonged relationship with a partner, equivalent to that of the comparison group; and the limited data provide so far no support for the proposition that to be a lesbian is to display evidence of psychological illness or disorder.

We will know better after completing the comparison of the questionnaire responses from the four groups: lesbians who had therapy, and lesbians who did not; non-lesbians who had therapy and those who did not.

II. Comparisons of homosexual and heterosexual women and men, all having been in therapy.

The questionnaire sent out to LADDER subscribers, and others, had a number of items about background and parent-child relations that were based upon the Bieber, et al, study of male homosexuals and heterosexuals. In that study, 106 homosexual and 100 heterosexual males, all in psychoanalysis and in New York City, were described in questionnaires filled out by their analysts.

There are certainly major differences between the nature of the male and the female sample populations in these two studies, and differences in the questionnaire items, and who filled them out. But, just the same, or regardless, we have examined the data and offer some comparisons. Since 188 women reported that they had been in therapy, we used that part of the female group to compare with the male homosexual and heterosexual groups, on questions that were practically the same, in the two questionnaires.

I will present three sets of data, in each of which the collection of items show the same tendency.

1) A set of 16 questionnaire items had these characteristics: the replies of the male homosexual group differed significantly from the male heterosexual group; but the replies of the lesbians and non-lesbians were not distinguishable. Furthermore, the pattern of replies of the two female groups was approximately the same as that of the male heterosexuals.

On these items, only the male homosexual group differed from the others, and always in the direction of less satisfactory family

relations. Item on which the percent of male homosexuals was significantly greater than for the other three groups were: mother had contempt for father; she regarded father as inferior; she confided in subject; she was unduly protective of subject from physical injuries, and restricted his activities under the guise of protecting "health;" she encouraged opposite-sex role. Item on which the percentage of male homosexuals was significantly less than for the other three groups were: parents shared similar interests; subject was father's favorite child; father more often sided with subject; he spent a great deal of time with subject.

2) Another set of 16 items showed the two male groups indistinguishable, and the two female groups indistinguishable, but the women's answers were markedly different from the men's. Items where the percentages for the women exceed those of the men are: there were overt family demonstrations of affection: family decisions were more frequently made conjointly; neither parent, or alternately one or the other sided with the subject, both before and after age 12; mother was demonstrative; more fathers babied their daughters, were domineering toward them, confided in and were confided in by more daughters than sons; more fathers encouraged opposite sex role activities in daughters, and more were over-protective of their daughters than of sons. Items where the percentage was markedly less for the women than for the men included these: fewer mothers were unduly concerned about daughter's health; fewer daughters said they were afraid of mother; fewer daughters were frightened of their fathers (frightened daughters, 27%; frightened sons, 60%).

3) The third set of questionnaire items, 8 in number, had these characteristics: The average percentage for women was markedly different than the average percentage for men, but also among either the males or the females or both there was a marked difference between homosexual and heterosexual groups.

For several of these questions, the smallest percentage was recorded for the lesbians, and the greatest percentage, for the male homosexuals; a great deal of time spent with mother (lesbians 12%, non-lesbians 24%, male homosexuals 56%, non-homosexuals 27%); subject was excessively dependent on mother; mother was said to be domineering; father made the decisions in the family.

A question of considerable significance in the study of male homosexuals was: "Did the respondent have fear or aversion to genital area of members of the opposite sex?" A positive answer was given for 71% of the male homosexuals and for 34% of non-homosexuals. A positive answer was made by 35% of the lesbians, and by 4% of the non-lesbians. These are remarkable differences especially between the sexes, if they do indeed reflect the actual attitudes in the same degree.

Do these data have any real significance as regards the actual differences between attitudes and relationships of middle class lesbians and male homosexuals, heterosexual women and men, males and females, all of whom had some therapy? Or could it be that

factors of bias, such as difficulties in getting accurate answers, fallacies of memory, wishful thinking of respondents, stereotyping in answers, were so pervasive and powerful as to have shaped the form of our figures and confounded the view of realities?

The women respondents, of course, were all personally involved with themselves and their families" some might have been more critical, others more defensive, all would distort in their memories. Likewise, the psychoanalyst who filled out a questionnaire for his patient, might have the advantage of being more objective toward his patient's reported life history, is still apt to have strong opinions about the nature and origins of homosexuality, and may look for and note substantiating evidence, and overlook contrary material.

We can make no decisions about these questions as yet, but our initial presumption and hope was that errors arising would tend to cancel out, and that salient differences and similarities would emerge, reflecting meaningful relationships. We can ask:

do these findings get any support from other published data? A number of studies on child development do support what may be the major finding of the data presented: the differences between the males and the females. These studies show that parents provide a different kind of world for their daughters than they do for their sons. Stated another way, the family and its interrelations are perceived differently by daughters than by sons. It appears that even within the same family, daughter and son may perceive the family and its structure, parents and siblings, in quite different ways, with different standards and values.

Our data show that the men, both homosexual and heterosexual, are described as living in more mother-dominated and father-avoidant, less demonstrative households, and with the family patterns of the male homosexuals appearing more extreme than that of the comparisons. For the women, both lesbian and non-lesbian, the household is seen neither as like that for the men, nor the reverse of it; but is seen as a much more balanced family structure, with considerable interpersonal relationships and balanced father-daughter and mother-daughter interactions.

III. Birth order and sex of siblings.

For well over 100 years there has been considerable scientific interest in the relation between birth order and artistic or scientific eminence. A number of recent studies continue to show, for instance, that the first born child is more apt to be represented in Who's Who, in college and in graduate schools, among the artists and scientists who are honored. As is usual, rather scant attention is paid to women, in these studies, and rarely considered is the pattern of sex among the siblings.

Our questionnaire data on lesbian and non-lesbian women included information about birth order and sex of siblings, and an examination of these data show trends that seem well worth further study.

We find, for instance, more lesbians than non-lesbians were only children (20% to 13%). In the Bieber study, only 10% of the male homosexuals were only children. Among the women, who had siblings, about the same number of lesbians and non-lesbians had sisters only, but fewer lesbians had brothers or brothers & sisters (51% to 58%). In the Bieber group, more of the homosexuals had sisters than comparisons (30% to 15%).

The most interesting findings, however, regarding the lesbian population, is the difference in the number of lesbians that appear in our sample, in relation to the size and order of sex of siblings: For instance, 67 lesbians came from 2-children families: 45 were first-born and only 22 were second-born. Where the second child was a girl, the proportion of first-born to second-born lesbians was 24 to 6, that is 4 to 1. One might speculate that with 2-child families, both girls, there is a tendency to put pressure on the older girl -- or for her to feel pressures -- to take an assertive, active role, perhaps to fulfill some parental wish (which might be unconscious) to have had a son as first-born. We have not checked how many of these particular lesbians had strong tendencies to be tom-boys.

Where families had three children, the most interesting combination for our purposes was the girl that had two brothers. Five out of eleven lesbians in this type family were first-born, and one might think here, again, having to out-do her brothers. Among the comparison girls within this family type, 3 of 19 were first-born.

When we look at families with 5, 6 or 7 children, a kind of reversal takes place. Among lesbian and non-lesbians in our sample who came from large families, 12 were first born, and 3 only of these were lesbians, while 9 were not. There were 22 in our study who were 5th, 6th or 7th children; 17 of these were lesbians but only 5 were non-lesbians.

Clearly, the kind of explanation suggested to account for more first-borns being lesbians, due to pressure to take a masculine role, does not hold with these lesbians coming from families with many children. Nor does the explanation offered in the Bieber study regarding the large number of youngest children or youngest sons becoming homosexual; that some wives who have given up hopes of fulfillment from their husbands, turn to this last son as a focus of attention and gratification. My own experiences suggest that some of these girls who became lesbians responded to feelings of neglect, being ignored, unloved, unwanted, and sought warmth and affection and closeness with another woman.

Thus, patterns of birth order, in relation to the incidence of lesbian tendencies, seems to be fairly complex, and requires at least two different principles to account for them. Still a third background factor has been revealed with the inspection of the age of the respondents who reported that they were the object of rape. While for women 16 years or over the number who report having been objects of rape or attempted rape is approximately the same for lesbians and non-lesbians, a difference ap-

pears for those women who reported rape or attempted rape on them when they were 15 years old or younger. Of the 54 reporting such an attempt upon them, before age 16, 39 are lesbians and 15 non-lesbians. One might think that the consequences of a sexual assault at an early age could be suspicion and fear of men.

In this discussion, I have not offered "cause" of homosexuality, but have sought to discover some of the variety of circumstances of living in our society that have a bearing upon the course of development and the pattern of life of lesbians.

IV. Social relations, Love, Sex and Identity.

In the questionnaire there were sections that dealt with attitudes and social relations before and after menstruation, and other questions that dealt with adult attitudes and sexual matters. Some of these might be of interest.

1) Social relationships before puberty. As would be expected, fewer of the lesbian group than of the non-lesbian played mostly with girls, and more played mostly with boys; but a considerable number played with both boys and girls (37% lesbians, and 48% non-lesbians). While two-thirds of the lesbians say they were tom-boys, half of the non-lesbians were too, but there is a falling off when the question is, "Did you want to be a boy?": (48% lesbians, 15% non-lesbians recall a sexual attraction to a female before the first menstruation.

2) Attitudes about menstruation. More girls who became lesbians felt resigned with onset of menstruation, felt resentful or ashamed of their bodies at that time; while more of the non-lesbians felt pleased, more grown up, more physically attractive after first menstruation.

3) Teen-age social behavior. Although about 60% of both groups of girls spent their time socializing with other girls, many fewer lesbians socialized with boys or in mixed groups. Over half the lesbians report going "beyond hugging and kissing" during high school dates (36% lesbians, 47% non-lesbians), and about the same number, one eighth, report having had intercourse. High school is a time for crushes, and 36% of the lesbians report they had a crush on a boy, and 64%, a crush on a girl (the non-lesbians reported 79% and 9% respectively).

4) Adult sexual attitudes. The convention has it that lesbians are made up of fems and butches, but the self-appraisals on this questionnaire do not support that division. Twelve percent of the lesbians said they felt decidedly feminine and 25% felt more feminine than masculine, while 40% found a little of both. While 27% considered themselves more masculine than feminine, only 2% declared themselves decidedly masculine. As for the non-lesbian., 84% selected the first two alternatives.

More lesbians than non-lesbians claimed the capacity to have orgasms easily (59% to 42%), but both groups of women seem disinterested in sex without love (27% for each), and the same proportion insist they can have sex only with the person she loves (64%), but more lesbians than non-lesbians can have love without

sex (31% to 19%).

Lesbians seem more frequently to be distressed when a lover relationship is ended, more feeling suicidal (16% to 5%), and more feeling as if a piece of herself were torn off (44% to 27% non-lesbian). Furthermore, more lesbians than non-lesbians report aversion collectively, to various parts of the male body (63% to 25%).

Many of the lesbians in this study have had considerable relationships with men. A total of 77% have had intercourse with a male, although 65% claim to have had no climax. Twenty-nine percent, at one time or another, have been married to a man with 21% having spent from 1 to 9 years in his company, and 12% having more than 10 years with a male partner; 20% have had children. Of course, the lesbian relationships are also long: 66% had relations with one woman extending from 1 to 9 years and 17% have a relationship that has endured over 10 years.

Our data seem to document the obvious cultural differences in the treatment of boys and girls, men and women. The general training or indoctrination for boys is much more unified, with pressures to "be a man" and not a "sissy" from an early age, emphasizing toughness, ability to "take it," and to accomplish great heroic deeds. In adolescence, males are also very conscious of physical, sexual tensions, but these tensions are not integrated or linked with any affectional needs. He is under pressure to prove himself more masculine than the next and physical or sexual prowess become important as a means of such expression. Many girls, although fearing sex, may allow intercourse since it may mean an occasion to feel needed or accepted.

Girls predominantly are surrounded with some romantic ideology from an early age and most of them are trained to be objects of regard, to be looked at, admired. But in our society, they are caught in the shifting cultural patterns which now stress equality, sexual freedom, job opportunities and career. These glamorous proposals are not fulfilled to any large extent, but in the face of them, the acceptance of the older conventional feminine role of marriage and child-bearing is often interpreted to mean a defeat and submission. The process of growing up into womanhood in the United States is not an easy thing. However, femininity is not an achievement as masculinity seems to be for boys, and homosexuality among women does not seem to be related closely to any efforts to establish feminine identity. It seems often more related to her needs for being recognized, finding warmth and mutual acceptance.

Woman's Work is Never Done...

by anyone but women

WESTCON REPORT by Sten Russell

Ed: WESTCON I was one of three Regional Conferences held in various parts of the U.S. this summer -- preparation for the 3rd National Planning Conference to be held in Washington D.C. in August.

The First Western Regional Planning Conference of Homophile Organizations (now referred to as Westcon I) was in my opinion an unqualified success. How this miracle of a conference came about I do not know, but I'm sure it was no accident or miracle. Good human relations never are, in my experience.

Rev. Alex Smith, Conference Chairman, had much to do with its success. The Credential Committees (both of them) also had much to do with it. All, or most, of the fur had flown before the Conference got underway. So much so that a couple of organizations withdrew from the whole venture in advance. Finally, after all that, the most important thing occurred. The delegates wearily came to the Conference, expecting little, with the idea in mind to find their areas of agreement, not disagreement, and to learn something, if nothing else was to be gained. A real Conference took place. We conferred with each other. We listened to each other.

There have been good reports of this Conference in both the May issue of PRIDE Newsletter, and the May issue of VECTOR (Society for Individual Rights) and there is no need to duplicate their reporting. (I noted one error in reporting in VECTOR, page 3, May, 1967 issue. The Homophile Movement Policy Statement, as printed on that page, was not accepted unanimously by the delegates. Two delegates from the L.A.D.O.B. voted against it the way the statement was worded, feeling that it was open to gross misinterpretation and misunderstanding, not because they disagreed with the humane and liberal intent of the statement.)

In this report, I will attempt only to give human interest highlights plus some material from the Women's Rights panels which I attended. Del Martin, S.F.C.R.H. delegate, and Rev. Ted McIl-

venna, one of the founders of the C.R.H. concept, set the pace early Saturday morning, April 22nd, with their presentations to us on the applications of the science of "Sociometrics" to the problems of homophile organizations.

The same panels were run in three batteries so that, hopefully, one might cover most of the topics being discussed by the delegates. There were so many good things to choose from: Counseling, Problems of Youth, In-Group Prejudice, Women's Rights, Sociometrics, etc., that I might never have gotten to 'women's rights' were it not for the fact that only one showed up for the first panel discussion on that topic. The panel was going to be cancelled for apparent lack of interest. However, on the second battery of panels, Harry Hay, founder of the Mattachine Society, and outstanding advocate for women's rights, kindly offered once more to chair the panel. This time eight showed up, not counting Harry. There were a total of five men and four women. I offered to take notes for the group but rapidly regretted that decision. I was soon bogged down in the cerebrations of the men, did not seem to be on the same wave length, and found it very difficult to understand some of the almost metaphysical arguments as to the nature of men and women, or their relevance to the topic.

There were delegates from the Circle of Loving Companions, the Prosperos, the SFCRH and the SCCRH, the SFDDB and the LADOB, and SIR. There were two heterosexual males (one a minister) and the rest of us were homophiles, male and female. The men did the talking and arguing. Now and then a woman might get a word in edgewise, but it was a fairly difficult undertaking. Two of the women present were not noted for their shyness in public discussions, either.

I do believe that if there is one thing worse than being a woman ...it is listening to men's opinions about what it is to be a woman, with little or no chance to answer. I do not mean that unkindly, but after some 13 years in this movement, most of us, if not actually all of us, have grown at least temporarily testy on the matter. Some of the newcomers to the movement can't figure out what ails us. "What problems do gay women have that gay men don't have?" they ask innocently. And when you have female panels to explain, they don't show up; if they do show up, they don't listen. Or, if like in the case of this first panel between men and women, held at West-Con I...the men talk, the women listen. Harry chided us about that. One Negro woman chided back, "Do you expect us to forget our ancestral memories in one hour?" He was chagrined. He asked my opinion, and I said that one hour was simply not enough time for both men and women to present their views on even a fraction of the problem. It was also mentioned that we were fairly tired of being invisible. If he wanted female opinions, as chairman, he'd have to draw them out. Were we supposed to be rude and interrupt?

In this first panel on women's rights, Harry suggested that Betty Friedan's book, "The Feminine Mystique," be used in a series

of study groups on women's problems, to build rapport and understanding between the male and female homophile groups. One of the men on the panel, who had stated that the 'male superiority' concept had to be given up in the homophile movement, and elsewhere, indicated that he despises this book and felt that it had done more harm than good. It was amusing that this same good soul had also said that the major burden of female emancipation lay with women, and that the first step was for them to start being honest with men about their feelings! He was speaking of sexual relations between heterosexual men and women, but I presumed that we, being lesbians, were to somehow equate that non-sexually with our position in the homophile movement, and with our position as women in the outer world. I was supposed to write something 'funny' about the women's rights panels for you. If anything was amusing to me, that was it: 'Be honest. Tell us your true feelings, your problems.' Betty Friedan did that little thing and this man then says of her, "She hates, she emasculates. She did more harm than good."

One woman did sneak in a women's rights problem, to wit: that there are still many fields where a woman is paid less than a man for equal or better work.

A very good point, brought out by one of the male advocates of women's rights, was that there is a principal delusion in our society, that masculine qualities go only with men and feminine qualities go only with women, and that somehow the masculine qualities are superior to the feminine qualities. This is destructive to male and female homophile alike, he felt. It was conceded by one of the heterosexual males that this was destructive of the heterosexual males as well, and that the only hope for this mass misery was complete emancipation for women. How this was to be attained was something else again.

At a second Women's Rights Panel, which Harry called in a follow up attempt on the first, there were twelve participants... six of whom had stayed over from the first panel at his request to help bring out the female viewpoint. There were seven women and five men at this one, all homophile leaders. Also, Vanguard and ARC (Association for Responsible Citizenship) were represented, as well as DOB, CRH, SIR and the Circle of Loving Companions. We took up where we left off. However, three of the original male participants were missing, one being the main protagonist I have previously mentioned. It was too bad to lose him for the continuing dialogue.

The women did indeed discuss their gripes of the last 13 years... invisibility in mass media, TV programs, records, et al; built-in prejudice of many ministers against women, who are quite unaware they have this prejudice; the historic role of the church in this regard, the traditional role of women as auxiliaries; problems in CRH, in the armed services, in predominately male organizations; the anger of one Negro woman at having all minority problems compared to the Negro minority problem; problems of women ministers, and of ministers' wives; the problem of getting

female viewpoints and suggestions past the average male secretary, and even... problems of Lesbians in the Orient.

One of the men present gave valuable insights on the masculine/feminine dichotomy... similar to that reported for the first panel: that masculine and feminine qualities are culturally determined, that men and women have varying amounts of both, that they should not be confused with the adjectives 'male' and 'female,' which describe physical bodies.

Another male homophile leader corroborated the women's viewpoints of the visible and invisible barriers which they battle in their search and fight for their own personhood, while at the same time trying to be of value in the fight against the injustices the male homophile suffers to his personhood.

At the end of our time, I asked the men present to give me one good reason why the DOB shouldn't just pull out of the homophile movement? Since, after 12 years, we're still largely invisible, used only for promoting male homophile problems to the public, why shouldn't we pull out and work only for women's and Lesbian's rights in society?

One prompt answer was, "Because you can't unravel this problem alone. You are surrounded by male chauvinism where-ever you go, whatever you do." Another, even more simple and to my heart, was, "Because, people who care about people and their problems can't write off a whole movement just because of a bunch of ignorant s.o.b.'s!" This passionate and sincere answer satisfied me completely, as nothing else has since the Theology Conference of the "10 Days in August" program held in San Francisco last year.

At this point, our chairman requested that I not give the five minute report to the Conference like the rest of the panels, but to throw out my challenge to the men present. Let them try to answer it in the available five minutes.

Done in, by our well-meaning chairman! I followed his orders and saw the unwisdom of it immediately. The remaining men present at the Conference had not had the benefit of the interaction of the panel, nor even a short report of it, to put the question into any kind of sane perspective for themselves. They quite naturally reacted with hurt, shock, unbelief... and anger. The invisible wall had become visible, and lay all around the room in large chunks. Helluva way to end an exceptionally good conference. Educational though. I won't make that mistake again.

The Shape of Love

by Jody Shotwell

Part 3

When you come into the apartment, Angel and Scott are sitting together on the sofa, looking at comic books. Angel's bedclothes are heaped, as usual, on the floor. Today you ignore them.

"Good-morning!" you chirp.

"Mom, where've you been? I'm hungry," Scott complains.

"Have a nice walk?" Angel asks. She is wearing her night shirt over her jeans.

"Wonderful! It's an absolutely marvelous morning."

That wasn't very clever, but the tone was bright. It should set the mood. You bustle into the kitchen, humming, "O what a beautiful morning..." You interrupt yourself to call, "Scrambled or soft-boiled?"

Angel follows you. "Just coffee for me. Unless you're going to eat--" She perches on a stool at the counter, looking full of things to tell you, opening her mouth and closing it again, watching you.

"No, I think I'll just have coffee." You have to keep talking. Hold it off as long as possible, whatever it is she is going to tell you about her evening with Ilga.

"Oh, I went up to the cathedral, finally. I must start painting immediately."

You glance through the door to your canvas, leaning against the wall in the dining room. The background color is dry, the arches sketched in with charcoal.

"Are you going to paint?" you ask.

"Guess so." Angel is working on an abstract, fraught with symbolism. There was something alarming about it, a calculated preciseness, unlike anything she has attempted before. A kind of planned madness, less comprehensible than the formless splashes she usually perpetrates. You accepted the previous painting readily enough because they mirrored the groping, (or what you fancied to be the groping) stage of her art. This current thing isn't groping. There is a positive statement in it, but positive in a language you do not understand. Still, you can't quarrel with it. Not the way you quarreled with the few bits of po-

etry she wrote.

"Darling, you've written some pretty words here. But, what does 'Running brook between the stars' mean?"

"Does it have to mean something?"

"Well, yes. Everything you say should mean something."

"It does mean something--to me."

"Well, would you tell me? You see, it isn't often one can read a poem and have the poet right at hand to ask, 'What does this mean?' Most of the time we have to wonder, or try to guess--"

"What's wrong with that?" She was touchy.

"Nothing wrong with it. If that's the most we can do. But sometimes an obscure phrase can throw us completely off the track. Guess there's just something in me that needs to have things clear--"

But you didn't come through clear to Angel. She snatched the thing away and you felt a failure somewhere. In yourself. It came at you in many ways. You do have this relationship. Angel was so young. So ridiculously young, so that only in the role of mentor can you find any vindication. You are older, more experienced, and therefore, you must teach.

But Angel rejects your teaching, along with your age and its significant attributes. She grants you the gift of youth regained. But it's a Trojan Horse of a gift, because it bears within it the weapons to destroy everything your years have bestowed. You fell into the intoxicating trap eagerly, for who among us wouldn't sell part of his soul to turn back the clock?

It wasn't spoken, ever, at any time. It was insidious, really. At first she did sit at your Socratic feet, a most humble acolyte, a loving and earnest pupil. It was as such she took you to meet her mother; for in what other guise could she possibly introduce you?

That apartment. Your first step through the looking-glass, into Wonderland.

"Mother's nervous about meeting you. She'll probably act sill--"

Marian Linden wasn't silly. A bit fluttery, perhaps, but warm and lovely. Lily let them in. Funny, black Lily who adored her mistress and her Angel-baby.

Angel's mother sat in the living-room, her knitting on her lap. You felt an immediate tenderness, sensing the frantic moments before you arrived, and whatever it was she endured before she decided to sit there, knitting. When she stood up to take your hand, she was tall and slender. Ash-grey hair, smooth over her head, madonna-fashion, and her voice light as a child's.

"Oh, my you do look like Angel's godmother! Angel said you did. Angel, get the picture of Auntie Jane. No, wait. I think I know exactly where it is." And she was at the side-board, rummaging in a drawer. "Now, where did I see that? Lily, did you

take those snapshots out--oh, no, here they are!"

And before dinner was served, you saw pictures of Aunt Jane and Uncle Jim, and Daddy, and of Angel at every age from two weeks to sixteen years.

"Oh, and here are some poems Angel wrote when she was just a little girl. Angel tells me you write poetry. I think that's just wonderful. Oh, I know you're going to help Angel so much! Really, it's so wonderful of you to take an interest in her..."

And you are prickling with guilt, while Angel says, "Mother, will you stop babbling and relax? Julia's probably bored to death!"

Marian Linden, looking suddenly like a naughty child, uncertain and appealing. You said of course you weren't bored, and you read the poems and admired, and then Lily announced dinner.

From where you sat at table, you could see the city lights, like golden beads scattered on a dark blue carpet. Some at rest, and some moving in a fluid string, the cars on the expressway making a magic of light. And inside, the spacious luxury of the apartment, beautifully appointed. And you wonder about Angel, who left all this, time and time again, to live in squalor. To scratch and scrounge for sustenance. Fled, not to freedom and the search for Self...nor to the privilege of living on spaghetti in a garret for the sake of independence. But just to merge her life with others on the parasitic fringe, for what she thought was love. Going from dependence to enslavement, from one kind of helpless mess to another.

Over the second cup of coffee, when Angel left the room to change her clothes, Marian Linden turned to you.

"Oh, Julia, you just don't know how good you've been for Angel. When I look at her now, I can't believe my eyes. Do you know how long it's been since I've seen her dressed in anything but dirty old dungarees? That dreadful girl, that Vivian...do you know her?"

And your guilt for now assuaged, because at least you give and do not take, you answer, "Yes, I know her."

"I can't understand it. I never will. What power did she hold over Angel? Angel was nothing but a slavey to that girl. Julia, you don't know how my heart's been broken!"

You reach out and take the mother's hand for a moment. "But it's all over now. Try to forget about it."

"Do you really think so? You don't think she'll go back to her, ever?"

"No, I promise you. She'll never go back."

You felt genuine fondness for this lovely and uncomplicated woman. What ever your guilt, you wanted to cherish and protect her from hurt and sadness. You were an imposter, but only because of Marian Linden's innocence. Her love for you made your duplicity doubly hard to tolerate, and yet you wouldn't want to lose it. She made of you a confidante, and still, a second

child. You felt, in a sense, the way you did, standing sometimes at the window of that apartment, looking down through the trees in the Square to the Lilliputians walking there. So, when you walked there, you saw yourself in two different sizes, bigger than life, as you felt at the window of the penthouse, and smaller than life, one of the Lilliputians. No, it was even worse than that. You were in a house of Crazy Mirrors, coming at yourself, going from yourself in a dozen different directions. You were the dignified Miss Julia, greeting clients at the shop. Mother Julia, ironing Scotty's shirts late into the night. Julia, the Kid, being kissed off, along with Angel, by Marian Linden, and whizzing off to New York for the weekend. Running hand in hand with Angel through Washington Square. And finally, Julia, the beloved. Encircled, invaded, by the fierce, the tender, the permeating love of Marian Linden's problem child. Julia, the receiver of rosebuds and kisses. Not for much longer, it seems. Not for any longer, at all.

And this is how it happened. This is how you tasted of the Fountain of Youth, and in it, lost with the abandoned years, their garnered treasures. Including the right to be Socratic. Falling from the pedestal into the sandbox. And belonging, really neither on the one, nor in the other.

But you scarcely noticed it at first, your descent. You were living in a new dimension, surrounded by an atmosphere you never even dreamed of. Only now and then, as when Angel snatched away the bit of poetry, did you mourn your loss. Then you knew that even in the sandbox, there was no common language between the young and not-so-young. You tried to break the barrier. You never stopped trying. You said, when she snatched away the poem, "I'm sorry, Angel. But I can't help believing that the purpose of art is to make form out of chaos. I'm not satisfied that holding a mirror up in front of things as they are, is art. An artist should in some way be able to explain things. We're surrounded by things as they are. The function of an artist is to invest a meaning into it, somehow..."

But she didn't seem to know what you were talking about. She is imaginative, as this painting she is working on now certainly demonstrates. But it's a carefully planned and executed kind of grotesquerie. Almost as if she is saying, "I don't like things as they are, so I'm going to make them worse."

You look at her now, sitting at your feet, paintbrush stuck between her teeth as she studies her canvas. Still enchanting to your eyes, with her freckled little face and her tousled bronze hair. And you know that this elfin thing about her is a snare, and that she uses it. Just the same, your heart twists, that you are losing her.

Scott is off to his piano lesson and the place is quiet except for the music on the F.M. You sit in your accustomed spot at the end of the sofa, your canvas propped up before you on the coffee table. The pressing need you felt to get to your painting has already dissipated. You have mixed your colors and made a few desultory strokes with your brush, trying to remember a-

gain how the sunlight hit the arches. But you aren't really thinking of arches or sunlight, but only how to maintain your equilibrium.

"Did you still want to go up to the Sparrow tonight?" Angel asks.

"Do you?"

"Well, yes. If you do."

But you look at her, sharply. You know that she doesn't want to go at all. Not with you. That suddenly, after almost a year of not wanting to go anywhere without you, of not wanting to depart from you for a minute, she has departed from you. She is gone from you at this moment as surely as she will be gone from you after this day.

You have a fleeting thought: Shall I let her off the hook right now? But no. Let her wriggle until she frees herself..or until I free her. No later than the end of this day and night.

"Would you like me to call Ginger and Tracy?" you ask. "Perhaps they would meet us there." It was a sudden inspiration. Make a part of it. Throw in a couple of other people, to ward off the silence. Just in the event your act goes sour.

"Oh..all right. I'll call them."

You are surprised, momentarily. It was so unlike Angel to offer to make a telephone call. Almost immediately you understand. Angel says, "I'll call them from the bedroom." She pops her brush into the jar of turpentine and jumps up.

You are about to say, "Why don't you call from here?" There is a telephone beside you on the lamp table.

But you don't say it because you know there is another call she wants to make. Privately. You don't have to overhear it to know what she will be saying, and to whom. "I'm sorry, Ilga, but I do have to go out with Julia after all."

When she returns she says, "Ginger and Tracy will meet us there about ten."

She kneels again before her painting in a kind of reverie. You look at her, but she is lost, far out.

"Oh, damn," you say. "We have marketing to do. Shall we go now?"

In silence, you clean your brushes and put the canvasses away.

Patterns are disaster. You form patterns with some one person, and when they are broken, you are adrift. Patterns, rituals, routines. We are the creatures of them. When we have them by ourselves, we are eccentrics. When we have them with others, we are plotting our own destruction.

Like now. Pushing the cart up and down the aisles of the supermarket, while Angel darts here and there, grabbing the accustomed items from shelves, and you know you are once again to be shaken by a pattern.

You think of the first time you went shopping without Ron after you sent her away. You didn't anticipate the wave of nausea that swept you as you took hold of the cart handle and started up the first lane. You thought of Ron, always beside you, every Saturday morning. Always clowning; getting behind and walking lockstep, her arms around your waist until you protested, "What will people think!" Snatching kisses and running away, and sneaking back to steal another kiss on the nape of your neck. Teasing you, making a lark of the monotonous business of market-

ing.

Julia and Ron. Always everything together. Like David and Jonathon. Or Ruth and Naomi. Or ham and eggs. Combinations difficult to sunder. Rituals devastating to relinquish. Somewhere in the back of your closet there is a white shirt. On the tail of the shirt is written, "Julia and Ron" with a heart drawn around it. A whim of Ron's one day and it would never wash out. The shirt should have been destroyed long ago. But you couldn't, and you are bad as Steffi. Steffi, who wrote to you after Ron died, "I am gathering all of her little trophies together in one place. You and her other friends may come up and see them when you wish."

Oh, so sick, you thought. A shrine to Ron. Angel, reading Steffi's letter, laughed. "Do you suppose she'll burn candles every night?"

You laughed, too. Knowing all the while that you have your own shrine to Ron. That a candle burned inside of you that is taking, Oh God, longer to extinguish than you can bear.

"Much of what we think of as love is really an association with some childhood longing."

Philip was speaking about Ron and what it was that captured and held you when every illusion was destroyed. The big old house where she was born. Ron, when she told you about it in those first days, created a royal palace wherein lived her Queen Mother, her father, the King, and the little princesses, Veronica and Ethel-May.

"How I wish I had known you then!" Ron said. You'd have loved our house. There was a fireplace in every room, even in my bedroom. On cold winter nights my father would build a fire for me. And when everybody was asleep, I used to sneak down the backstairs to the kitchen and get cookies and milk. I'd sit in front of the fireplace, sometimes nearly all night, and have a little picnic, all by myself. Oh, Julia, how I wish I'd known you then!"

And as she talked, you were no longer Julia, but a little girl named Ron. Your longing was not to have been with her, but to have been her. To have lived in that palace with your lady-mother and your royal father.

But when you saw it, when the day came that Ron finally took you up there, to that big house in that little town, it was a sad palace. Uninhabited and falling into disrepair. Still, it was the place, nevertheless, of your childhood longing, and perhaps Philip was right. You looked back through Ron's memories and

saw this house as it once was. The broad veranda looking out over the grassy lawn, and the ancient oak where still remained the splintered and rotten wood of Ron's tree house.

"When I was little, I spent most of my time up there in that tree," Ron said. "From there I could see all the way up Elizabeth Street. I'd watch for my father to come home every evening."

And she would paint the scene for you, in that way she had that made you a part of it. The father, no longer in the uniform of Air Force colonel, but never losing his smart bearing. Coming home from work, driving up the graveled path, and Ethel-May, all ribbons and ruffles, running to meet him and be swung up in his arms. And Mother, coming out on the veranda and offering her cheek to be kissed. But up in the tree-house Ron would wait. Wait, until her father would knock on the trunk of the tree and call, "Anybody home?"

Then she would come down, blue-dungareed legs first, and stand there, shyly. No kisses for Ron, because that embarrassed her. She was ecstatic enough when he tousled her hair and said, "Hi, butch!"

"How can you remember so much?" you asked. "You were only five when your father died--"

"But I do, just the same."

And even when the time came, when you learned the span of Ron's imagination, you went on being a part of those times. Real or fancied, that childhood was the one you wanted. You, Julia, child of a lace-curtain merchant, born into mediocrity, and dreams more wistful than the dreams of a slum-child. In your city house above the store, you had longed for rolling hills and trees outside your bedroom window. For dogs and horses and fire-places. Even for the dashing and romantic father who had died so young.

The later picture Ron superimposed upon his image, the scorn and bitterness she sometimes heaped upon his memory, didn't impress you or change you at all. You listened, almost angry, when she described him as an eagle who'd abandoned his wings to win glory at the banquet table.

"What did you expect of him," you asked. "The war was over long before you were born, Ron. He had a family to consider."

You were standing by the graveside in the little cemetery not far from the big house. Flags, placed there on some recent holiday, hung dirty and wilted on Jerome Starr's grave. You looked at the dates on the headstone, her father's and her mother's.

"Ron," you said. "Both of them were thirty-nine when they died." And suddenly a strange thought occurred to you. A thought so powerful you voiced it, almost against your will. "You will die when you are thirty-nine, too, Ron." And then you looked at her, aghast at what you'd said.

It was a day you had quarreled, bitterly, all the way up to Royale. Ron was drinking and she had promised she wouldn't. You

had just nursed her through another illness and she had come out of it, stuffed with vitamins and feeling wonderful and vowing never to drink again. But half-way along the trip, despite your protests, she stopped and bought a bottle. You were furious and despairing and all of the things you'd been over and over again.

But to your involuntary prophecy, Ron only laughed and said, "It'll be a miracle if I live to be thirty-nine." She just made it. No more. And your prophetic words are but a small part of your tortured memories.

You'd already served your apprenticeship in Hell. Some of us need this trial by fire before we are sufficiently hardened. You are one of them. The warnings of those who went before you are useless. Joan said it when she saw you in danger at the beginning.

"I had my bout with Mephistopheles. Must you have yours?"

But her warning was too late. And in any case, you would not have heeded. You didn't listen, because you were already immersed, engrossed, involved--blindly and irrevocably in love.

"Don't you know she destroys everything, everyone she comes in contact with?"

"But why, how? What does she do?"

"It isn't nearly so much what she does, as how she is. She tortures. But in such a way that you wind up thinking you did it all yourself. In a way, you do. Because of her. But, God-damn-it, she always comes out of it lily-white."

You thought Joan was speaking out of her own bitterness and hurt. Out of her own sickness.

"Is it true?" you asked Ron.

"Of course it isn't true, Julie. I can't understand what Joan is trying to do to me. It must be her sickness. You can't imagine what a wonderful person she was before she got sick." And Ron's eyes grew tender and sad, and you would have to think that she was, in spite of what Joan said, a fond and loyal friend. Condemned unjustly, out of Joan's derangement and jealousy. In your love-baffled mind, brilliant, volatile Joan became the villain, victim of her own distorting illness.

What you didn't know, until later, was how much of it was Ron-sickness. Not until you caught the disease yourself. Not until this malignancy was in your own bloodstream and you were almost fatally hooked.

Once Joan said, "When you've had enough, I want to be the one to pick up the little pieces and make you whole again." But when that day arrived, Joan could not pick up the little pieces. Her voice had been a voice crying from the wilderness where she was still entrapped.

"Ron has to keep her satellites," Philip said. She'll never let go of any of them."

And you were merely the newest one, revolving around her. Brilliant when her light fell on you, lifeless when it didn't.

Where were you, Julia? Where was the pride and self-containment you so dearly cherished. The Julia you thought you were would be satellite to no one. She would shine with her own light, trace her own path. Act, not eternally, eternally re-act.

But everything is a reaction, you cry out against your own accusation. Life throws a pebble into our pool of consciousness at birth, and all we do from then on is fight against the troubled waters. Or go restlessly around in circles. So, it isn't a matter of acting or re-acting, but whether or not you do battle. And you were a fighter--until Ron.

"You insist upon thinking of her as a femme fatale," Philip said. "She isn't, you know."

"Then," you say, desperately. "Why does she affect so many people the same way? Why does everyone who ever loved her, love her still? Hate her and love her still? Why does she drain our strength, drive us to things we never thought ourselves capable of?"

Philip shakes his head. "Somewhere, all of you suffer a common sickness. Or a common need. Your Ron is a catalyst. Fundamentally innocent, you know."

Yes. Innocent as a poison is innocent. Deadly only when taken. But you couldn't stop taking. Even when your veins were choked with poison of jealousy and enslavement. Even when you rose in rebellion and cast her out. Because when you did, everything stopped except the love. And that was the deadliest of all.

And now, with Angel beside you, pushing the shopping cart with you for the last time, you know why it is you cannot wait. You know why you cannot bleed more than just a little while, and why, for Angel, there could never be a second chance.

-to be continued-

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Lesbiana

by Gene Damon

No one enjoys admitting to error, but sometimes it is necessary. In the May issue, in this column, I damned the American publishers up one side and down the other for failing to issue Marianne Sinclair's tremendous book, *PARADOX LOST*, which was first published by Chapman and Hall, in 1963, in London. However, the book has come out here in a paperback edition only, with the title changed to *CORRUPTION OF INNOCENCE*. The paperback publisher is Macfadden and it came out in 1964. The latest cumulative volume of *PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT* shows that this is still available. If you don't own it, you should.

By its very nature, the word "reprint" generates little excitement normally, but I am glad to be able to announce a new edition of *REGIMENT OF WOMEN*, from London, Heinemann, 1967. This has long been out of print, and it is, despite some unpleasantness, one of the old classics, belonging on every shelf of Lesbian literature. *REGIMENT OF WOMEN* was written by Clemence Dane, who is really thought of as a writer of popular fiction for women. Macmillan issued it in the United States in 1917 and it has, apparently, never been reprinted in hardcover over here, nor has it had a paperback incarnation.

It is not particularly difficult to pick up a hardback from England through any cooperative book dealer. However, it is hard to obtain paperbacks from England, since most dealers won't bother to supply them because of the low profit ratio. Despite this, I am mentioning here the 1967 reprint of Paula Christian's *LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT*, which has been published by Mayflower Books in London. This novel was one of the bright spots of the year 1961, here, when it was first issued by Avon Books.

Another reprint, which can hardly qualify for the name, since this is its first legal entry into the United States, is *THE HOUSE OF BORGIA*, by Marcus Van Heller. This book was first brought out in Paris, by Olympia Press, in 1957 in a single volume. It has been published here in two volumes in paperback format by Greenleaf Classics, 1966 (released in 1967). The book may be considered pornography, but it is well written and does not seem to deserve that classification. There is substantial Lesbian content.

Arthur Koestler's 1943 novel, *ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE*, a distinguished although unsympathetic Lesbian novel, has been reissued by the original publisher, Macmillan, 1967. Its last appearance was a paperback edition from Berkley, 1960.

As predicted Frank Marcus' play, *THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE*, has, at last, been issued in book form, N.Y., Random House 1967. One of last year's English titles, *NO, JOHN, NO*, by Cressida Lindsay, has been brought out here, N. Y., Clarkson Potter, Crown, 1967. *EITHER/OR*, by Hilary March, which was reviewed in this column last month, has just been published in the United States with a change of title, *A QUESTION OF LOVE*, N. Y., Simon and Schuster, 1967.

As children sometimes do with their plates of food, I have saved the best for the last. One of our more important writers, and least known, is Jane Bowles. Little attention has been paid to her, partly because she is a bit shy of public acclaim and partly because her total body of work is very small. Farrar, Straus, has issued her works in *THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES*, (1966.) This includes her only novel, *TWO SERIOUS LADIES* (originally published by Knopf, 1943) long known to Lesbian collectors, the novel has been relatively rare for several years, and it is worth buying this collection for the novel alone if you do not have it in your library. The rest of the volume contains Mrs. Bowles' few short stories and a play. One of the stories, *CAMP CATARACT*, is of specific interest. Mrs. Bowles is the wife of Paul Bowles, who has contributed many works to the annals of male homosexual literature. Since Jane Bowles always writes about women and their emotional concerns, it is safe to say that most readers of this column would be likely to enjoy all of her stories.

ALL THE BRAVE PROMISES, by Mary Lee Settle, N. Y., Delacorte, 1966, London, Heinemann, 1967, is of only peripheral interest. However, this personal memoir of life in the W.A.A.F., the English women's air force, during World War II, is very appealing. In 1942, when she was 21, Miss Settle crossed the Atlantic Ocean and enlisted as an aircraftswoman, the only American in a large group of lower-class English girls. Miss Settle is particularly good at character vignettes -- and she ran into a few who qualify for the designation, "character," on several counts. One of the better war memoir books.

The world, seen through the eyes of a child, has a special charm in *GREAT LOVE FOR ICARUS*, London, Methuen, 1962. The author, T. D. Kendrick uses the adventures of two small boys, Tim and Cole, as a framework, for this view of London's upper class in 1906. Aunt Carrie, our point of interest, is a vivacious and charming, but overly militant suffragist. The boys refer to her beau (no one else in the family has been said beau) as a man/woman. Much of the reader's information comes through the half-understood conversations Carrie has with Tim, the youngest boy. We learn of a period of great crisis in the affair when "the beau" is sick and carried away for a time by her family, and Carrie is only allowed to leave a card instead of visiting her. In the end Carrie goes away to Italy to live with her friend, who is described as being attractive, brilliant and writing a book on the Italian Renaissance. Unwittingly, the boys inform "the family" of the nature of Carrie's beau, after the two women are safely

away. It is not impossible that Mr. Kendrick wrote this as something of a roman à clef on the life of Vernon Lee and her friend, Mary Robinson, except for a matter of some 20 years chronologically. In any case, this is a very entertaining approach, since the book manages to tell a complete Lesbian love story, entirely in indirect references.

For those attempting to keep up with the latest books dealing with women as a subject for study, Eli Ginzberg's, *EDUCATED AMERICAN WOMEN: SELF PORTRAITS*, N. Y. and London, Columbia University Press, 1966, will be a must. This is the third and final volume presenting the results of a study of talented persons, conducted by Columbia University. (The second volume in the series, *LIFE STYLES OF EDUCATED WOMEN*, by Eli Ginzberg, N. Y. and London, Columbia University Press, 1966, is also recommended reading.) As the title implies, these are autobiographical sketches by the subjects in the study. Only 26 of them have been published (for reasons of space) and these have all been thinly fictionalized to the extent of protecting the volunteers. There are, at least, two women included whose life patterns will sound a familiar ring, though certainly no overt implication of homosexuality is made. Sadly, the emphasis throughout is on those women who have (in the eyes of the editor-compiler) managed to marry and produce children and still progress to some extent in their career field. No sorrow is expressed for those in the volume who have sacrificed their careers for the sake of their husbands and/or children -- even those who are patently miserable and say so. The format makes this read a little like a collection of short stories, and it is never a book -- even when it is sometimes heartbreaking.

Sometimes a book comes out which purports to be one thing and is instead, so far off the mark, that it deserves a good blasting -- and it becomes an essential reader service to provide it for *ROMANTIC REBELS*, by Emily Hahn, Boston, Houghton-Mifflin, 1966, 1967. Miss Hahn is a well-known and respected writer. According to her own subtitle, she has attempted "an informal history of Bohemianism in America." What she has accomplished is a nasty bit of inaccurate skirt-pulled-aside slumming through history. She has so many unpleasant things to say about so many gentle people, that there isn't room to list those she has damned. The one "bohemian" she treats with any kindness or understanding is Edna St. Vincent Millay. She is particularly unpleasant about homosexuality -- the one exception again being Miss Millay.

A book on a similar subject, handled as it should be, is *BIKINI BEACH*, by Geoffrey Bocca, N. Y., McGraw-Hill, 1962. This is a good thorough look at the famous French Riviera, from its beginnings to the present time. The entire book is fascinating, filled with descriptions of the habitues as well as the locales. As might be expected, Mr. Bocca mentions the many homosexual places and well-known homosexual figures in the area. Of particular interest is its locating of the famous nightclub, *THE CERCLE*, owned by Mickey Provost (and some say, by Marlene Dietrich as well). Other accounts of this club have implied that it was lo-

cated somewhere outside Paris. Mickey is a lifelong pal of the famous owner of Whale Cay in the Bahamas, Barbara Carstairs, and the former lover of Marlene Dietrich. She is also, one of the most beautiful women in the world (and here one regrets the lack of photos in Mr. Bocca's book). For those of us unlikely to reach the French Riviera in person, a nice substitute.

It is difficult to know what to say about *WOMAN OF DARKNESS*, by Monica Roberts, P. E. C., 1966 (released in 1967). This is a paperback original from a publisher specializing in tripe and there is some question about this book falling in the category too. However, it is well written and covers the subject in a way few books do. Charlene Duval is a Lesbian. As a child she witnesses a particularly cruel death scene, which haunts her dreams the rest of her life. As she grows into adolescence her first few sexual experiments are tinged with sadism, and as she matures her experimentation becomes more overt as her mind deteriorates. This is one of those books where the author was serious, and got a good one past a publisher when he wasn't looking. Not for the sensation seekers -- and certainly not for delicate stomachs.

For years John O'Hara wrote his many short stories and novels without indicating that he had ever heard of Lesbians or male homosexuals. Then, when fashion changed, he quite easily began to include them as characters in his works. Now he has become a substantial contributor to both sides of the genre. His latest collection, *WAITING FOR WINTER*, N.Y., Random House, 1966, contains eight pertinent stories. "Flight" and "The Gambler" are very minor, simply brief mentions of male homosexual activities or characters. "Andrea" is a very moving heterosexual love story wherein the heroine has as her closest friend, Jacques, a gay male milliner, who is also her boss. "The General" is a perfectly delightful story about a retired officer who is highly respected in the community, though considered something of a stick-in-the-mud. Privately he is a complete transvestite and a repressed homosexual. He tries, too, to get his wife to dress as masculinely as possible. "The Skeletons" utilizes his famous Gibbsville, Pennsylvania setting, to tell the story of Norman and Bertie Roach and their two daughters, Sophronia and Alberta. Both of the girls are Lesbians, though possibly Alberta should be considered a bisexual. There is a great deal of conversation about Lesbianism, and some rather hilarious uninformed philosophy on the subject. It is a very good story if you like O'Hara's extreme brittleness. A trio of stories, "James Francis and The Star," "Natica Jackson," and "The Way to Majorca" are laid in Hollywood, and all concern homosexuals to some extent. James Francis is the lifelong friend of top star, Rod Fulton. James has been quietly in love with Rod for a good long time, but it is never talked about until the men are quite old. Rod's first wife, Angela, is a lesbian, and there are several minor characters who are either Lesbians or male homosexuals. As is always true with O'Hara, sex is a major part of the lives of all of his characters -- and his plots, to some extent, hinge on adjustment to orientation or the lack thereof. Natica of "Natica Jackson"

has a so-so lover, Alan Hildred, who is a bisexual. By far the most amusing and best contribution in this collection is "The Way To Majorca" in which Miss Sally Standish, an almost worn out ingenue, and Meredith Manners, aging aunty writer, join forces, marry (platonically) and end up very, very happy.

Faithful fans of the well-done paperback originals will remember Artemis Smith well. I have run across a collection of poetry by her, *HARK THE PTERODACTYL*, N.Y., Vague Press, 1963. Some of the poems are clearly Lesbian, though not the shouting about it kind. I haven't any idea about whether it is still available, but at the time of printing it was priced at 75¢ and available from Vague Press, 333 East 70th Street, N.Y. 21, N.Y. My copy is marked #69, but there is no indication in the book as to how large an edition was printed.

Readers Respond

Dear Editor:

I am very happy to eat my words--as expressed in regard to the Regional Planning Conference of Homophile Organizations in the June issue. The editorial was written prior to the regional meetings which from all reports (east, west and mid-west) were all highly successful. At this point then, the prognosis for the National Conference to be held in Washington, D.C. in August is much more hopeful. As the saying goes, "the third time is the charm."

Your readers might also be interested in the background on *An Address* by Richard L. Sutherland, M.D. (also in the same issue). Dr. Sutherland is the Diocesan psychiatrist for the California Episcopal Diocese and served on Bishop Pike's Joint Committee on Homosexuality. The Committee's report led this year to public endorsement by the Diocesan Council of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual and to a public declaration for a change in our sex laws and the adoption of a sex education program for clergy and laity in the Diocese. The address was given by Dr. Sutherland at a seminar held by CRH for the Diocesan Council.

Del Martin

Ed: Thanks a bundle, Del. We had no information on Dr. Sutherland when we went to press last month and we are sure that our readers, like ourselves, were curious as to the identity of a speaker who spoke so well for us.

by Christine

*SOME bigoldmerryday everybody
will get to be naked and sun washed
leaping off
instead of tiptoeing
absolutely crazyinsane dancing-opening mouths for
song only
no pedantry
no lectures lessons or lashings
holding hands
turning pink with desire and well maybe springtime
oh*

*YES is the word I know best
(my very favorite)
SOMEway the whole world will wake up for
sunrises and NOT alarm clocks
SOMEhow
unicorns will be seen prancing in parks
to the tune of
joy... .*

YES SOMEeveryway soon...

*down the narrow
regions of mind
we follow
our plans
and accusations
careful of gutters
and leaves ***
one day instinct
or passion or
some lovely
real thing soars
up
and we get wide open to the wind...*

Pre-Posthumous Memoirs of Ben Cat

How do you like my picture? I had one of my girls take it today to that you could contemplate my innocence as I make some observations about some of the things I have seen being prepared for this magazine.

Now take that Dorothy Lyle character, for example. She is quite disturbed over injustice. I know a cat who sleeps under cars at night and raids garbage cans for his sustenance. I tried to be nice and share a bit of my food with him, but my girls got all dreary about it and much too friendly with him. One can't have that going on, you know. What people don't seem to understand is that charity is a very special art. They just throw it about in great gobs complete with all sorts of guilt-ridden compassion or else they withhold it completely. (I think, from listening to some of the discussions around here, that this difference in attitudes is also called "left" and "right.")

I am not at all bothered by the possession of what I have managed to acquire through my wits and beauty. When I share, it is because I have no need for what I am offering and, then, gratitude is so pleasant to accept.

A package arrived today. It was from Gene Damon. (She has some cats who occasionally send notes to me) Now my people have become totally inaccessible. They are "reading proof"-- whatever that may be -- I would be more inclined to call them "living proof." They are swearing and muttering and carrying on like a couple of mother cats in heat. It is apparent that whatever comes of this will be some sort of bibliography. Sandy got a call from her printer tonight...he is a new one and he asked to meet her downtown so they could go over the printing problems. They set up some sort of date and he asked how he would know her when he was to meet her in a coffee shop. She said, "I'll try to look like a lesbian." Sometimes she is quite droll.

She went into some sort of gloom for a while over the passing of a State legislator. I think California politics must be a lot like fighting for property rights among cats. I tried to tell her that only the good die young. I have made it a point not to be overly good. (by the time you read this I will have celebrated my ninth birthday, and I feel quite kittenish -- a testimo-

ny for proper balance of good and bad.)

I read a lot of stuff in the LA Free Press about flag burning. I resent this sort of thing. I was born on Flag Day. I also read in the same paper that our government is shipping nuclear weapons to the East from Port Chicago. If this is true, I am glad that I have already had so long and so pleasant a life. I like to read the papers during the day when my people are at work. I have a much better understanding of what is going on than they do. They equate everything in terms that are meaningless to me. All cats are natural "hippies."

Back to the magazine: Can you imagine anything so absurd as a study of lesbians? Dr. Gundlach studied 226 lesbians and 233 non-lesbians. I have studied about 200 people in my immediate environs and, Gatos, what I could tell him! There are no lesbians and non-lesbians. But, there is a lot of snitty-kitty going on around here.

These post-posthumous memoirs of mine are causing a lot of difficulty. I am apparently up-staging the critics. All I have to say about that is you all have your own column. Write to the editor or the publisher and lay it on them.

I've been reading the continued story, too. I am getting a lot of good feeling for Angel. I think Julia is likely to get just about everything that is coming to her. I'll have to wait and see because the editor won't let me see the rest of the tale. It looks like it's going to take another couple of months to finish this thing and I can hardly wait to see if things turn out as I predict.

From everything I hear, it seems that we have a new printer and THE LADDER is going to start looking better. Mercy, it certainly needs to. I've been very patient, but I just can't bring myself to do my best writing for such a dreary product. They talk a lot about money (a concept which only bores me) and so I feel that there are some matters that I should not judge. However, it seems to me that if one spends a lot of money on a mediocre product, a little bit more might be in order to make a good product. I hope all of my readers agree with this. Besides, I, a creature who truly loves attention, might receive much more if my people did not spend all their time at home working on this thing. The typewriter going all night tends to disrupt my sleep and put me into a misunderstanding of time.

It is absolutely necessary that I prepare for a nap. If you have read Paul Gallico, you know the philosophy of us cats.... when in doubt, wash -- and so I shall do that while my editor tries to figure out how to put all this into some sort of shape for the magazine.

Cross-Currents and MISCELLANY

BBC has dropped a television film about the life of French novelist Colette that included scenes of Lesbianism, according to reports.

One scene in the film, "The Gentle Libertine," showed women kissing in bed!

The BBC besides scrapping the program, fired producer-director Robert Kitts.

A BBC spokesman said the film was not dropped on moral grounds. "We simply exercised our editorial control," he said.

Another spokesman said "It's not a good program-- it's boring. The decision had nothing to do with scenes of Lesbianism in the film."

We are all pleased at the findings of the President's Committee on the Study of Crime Prevention. TANGENTS took out a splendid ad in the Los Angeles Free Press recently which said, "WE AGREE WITH THE PRESIDENT'S CRIME COMMISSION...This is exactly what Tangents magazine has been saying for years. If homosexuality is in fact a problem it is not one that harshly punitive laws have gone anywhere toward solving. The laws have only aggravated the situation. The American Law Institute pointed this out some years back in its Model Penal Code recommendations. Legal sanctions against mature homosexual relationships have fallen in Illinois. Conscientious men and women, judges, doctors, lawyers, are urging that the law reform in this connection be nationwide.

"We are not sentimental or romantic about homosexuality. Homosexuals are just men and women like everyone else. All we ask is that the laws be designed to respect the rights of homosexuals to the same degree that they do any other citizen of the United States."

There is more, but our space does not permit printing the entire ad.

We heard Los Angeles Police Chief Reddin remark on TV that he was mostly in favor of this area of the Commission's report. He did feel, however, that changes must be gradual and carefully implemented by proper laws to ensure protection from the "predators."

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