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The Ladder

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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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NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND: THE GENERATION GAP

by Rev. Larry Mamiya, young adult minister,
Glide Memorial Methodist Church, San Francisco

Time Magazine's Man of the Year, the new generation, hippies, the turned-on love generation, the dropped-out crowd, the New Bohemians, the New Radicals—all of these labels describe that boom of now grown-up war babies called young adults. Perhaps what is most significant about the war baby boom is a phenomenon (or problem) about which sociologists, psychologists and politicians are becoming increasingly concerned—the generation gap. The word *gap* is descriptive of the ramifications of the phenomenon. *Gap* denotes a *breach*, a *break in continuity*. But what *gap* really means in this instance is a breakdown of communication.

For the first time in America's brief history, the younger generation is in the process of outnumbering the older. Statistically, the age category of 25-and-below is now on an even keel with that over 25. Within the next five years this balance will be radically upset with the younger outstripping the older, by at least a 60-40% ratio. The significance of this disproportionate ratio lies in the final breakdown of one of the major tenets of American democracy, i.e. that the majority rules. The power, the control and the resources will be in the hands of the

older, ruling minority. As the process continues, the resistance of the minority of the Establishment will harden and the loud clamoring frustrations of the majority will be heard and felt (possibly in what one may call "riots of the generation").

The generation gap may appear to casual observers as being a chronological one. But it is not. In essence, the generation gap is a separation of attitude or "mind" which is often reflected by radically different lifestyles. In other words, members of the chronologically older generation may be *turned-on*, *tuned-in*, and *dropped-out*. Likewise, there are and will be "old" young people. It is important to recognize that the generation gap is also due to the American obsession with youth. Perhaps the difference in attitude can best be characterized by the words of Marsha Straussman's recent song, *The Flower Children*: The Flower Children "want no sympathy—they just want to be wanted and want to be free. Why can't we just love them and let them be?" They want to "tell this world there's no need to fight" because they're "living in a world of love-love for all mankind." Finally, "they know where they're going, you just wait and see."

For the new generation there is a vacuum of values in American culture. This vacuum is reflected in the tendency to gravitate toward a *drop-out* attitude, which is essentially an undercutting of the Protestant work ethic. The work-orientation by which members of the older generation fill their lives with meaning in terms of status, prestige and material reward is no longer a viable alternative. The emphasis is rather upon human values, human spirit, human creativity—*humanness!* The older attitude, too, of "what shall I do in the future?" or "what shall I become" is replaced by the existential *now*—a celebration of being alive.

Basically, the dropped-out generation is partly the result of an economics of abundance, an affluent society. Only those who have participated in the affluent society can really know what it means to drop-out. Further, the drop-out attitude is possible only in a society where an economics of abundance frees people from the pressing needs of survival. (Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the "ghetto Negro," to some degree, resents the white hippy. The Negro in American ghettos is one revolution behind. He has never had a chance to partake of the affluence which he has long desired. Now the dropped-out crowd is saying, "that's not where it's at, man—drop-out!" But, then, the significance of the drop out life-style is the vision of creating a new society, not simply rearranging the dust of the old as other reform movements have tried to do.)

Politically, dropping-out is a way of invalidating American capitalism—an economic system which requires a major war every two decades in order to keep going; a system which, by its in-built logic, requires a class of poor

people kept poor. The drop-outs advocate a form of socialism which involves sharing (or, as Malcolm X has said, "every true idealist is a socialist at heart").

Finally, the crux of the breakdown in communication between the generations is due to several cultural revolutions occurring simultaneously, which are producing different and opposing life styles and values: the sexual revolution, with the advent of the pill and the pill "the morning after"; the psychedelic drug revolution as an extension of an already drug-ridden society, from aspirins to TV; the silent, subtle cybernetic revolution and its accompanying problems of work lay-off and leisure time.

It is misleading to think of the new generation in monolithic terms. There are subcultures, and subcultures within subcultures.

The dangers which the generation gap involves may lead to stricter, authoritarian measures on the part of the older generation. This tendency can be seen in the concern of the federal government in presently working out a system of national service for all young adults, male and female over 18, within the next three years. There will also be the dangerous tendency on the part of the new generation to polarize important issues by raising the spectre of the generation problem rather than negotiating.

Thus, the generation gap will involve, to a great degree, the problem of misunderstanding (or understanding) since there are no absolutes. Relativism compounded with highly valued pluralistic world-views and value systems of urban life may lead to confusion at the very least, or to drastic social revolution at best.

AMERICAN WOMEN

THREE AT TREVENNA FARM

by Lennox Strong

(Editor's Note: This article introduces a new series of reports on American Women of unusual achievement in their given fields. For the most part these will deal with contemporary figures, women of the Twentieth Century, though figures of the Nineteenth Century of sufficient interest will be included. In many cases these will deal with women who are not known to be Lesbians. Where there is proof of this, it will be so noted.)

Novelist I. A. R. Wylie provided a detailed record of her involvements with various women in her biography, **MY LIFE WITH GEORGE**. Information in this book lead me to examine the lives of the two women who owned Trevenna Farm with Miss Wylie. One of these women, Dr. S. Josephine Baker, is one of the most famous of all American women doctors. Dr. Baker was born in 1873 in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., daughter of a wealthy family and a well-educated family. It was expected that she would go to Vassar, at the appropriate age, and then into society and inevitable marriage. Her mother was one of the very first graduates of Matthew Vassar's college. Her father's death created a mild financial crisis, a very fortunate one as time would prove, and Josephine Baker took \$5000 of her inheritance and went to New York to study to become a doctor. She was able, after a year, to pass the regent's

examinations and entered Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, where she studied under Dr. Emily Blackwell. She graduated in 1898, and like every other young M.D., became an interne. Though offered a New York hospital position, she chose New England Hospital for Women and Children in Boston. When her internship was over, she took Dr. Florence Loughton, a fellow interne, back to New York with her, and the two opened private practice in New York.

This was a very brave thing to do. In those times women doctors were advised to choose a small town and hope for the best. At the end of their first year, the doctors had \$185 profit, and they were proud of it.

During the next year, Dr. Baker dreamt up a delightful scheme, convincing insurance companies to hire their services as examining physicians whenever women refused to be examined by male doctors. This substantially increased their income, and brought about a visit which Dr. Baker refers to as "one of my first red letter days," when she was called to examine Lillian Russell for an insurance company.

Dr. Baker stayed in private practice, on an off and on basis, for fifteen years. Then she went to work for the N.Y.C. Department of Health, and started on the road to the famous

career for which she is highly honored. Because she had to work in Hell's Kitchen (the worst slums in New York at the time) she adopted male attire. Her first medical triumph was her part in the capture and life imprisonment of the notorious hazard to public health, Mary Mallon, "Typhoid Mary."

She soon saw that despite its extraordinary powers, the N.Y. Board of Health had done little about the overwhelming prevalence of contagious diseases in school children. At one time over 80% of the school children in New York City had head lice. Dr. Baker decided to do something about it, and talked the city fathers into creating the Division of Child Hygiene, and they named Dr. Baker head of it.

After this, Dr. Baker's crusade against poor health and bad hygiene really began rolling. From 1909 to 1923, Dr. Baker spearheaded a battle in New York City against filth and germs which was copied in every city in the country to some extent. Along the way she was accorded many honors, and served with distinction as Consulting Director for the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor. In 1917 she served as consultant in child hygiene in the section of the U.S. Public Health Service delegated to the Health Committee of The League of Nations. She was also lecturer at both Columbia and New York University. (Ironically, New York University did not allow women on its medical faculty—so she had to be classified as "lecturer" while teaching there.)

She began living with I.A.R. Wylie in New York City in the 1920-s and they remained together until her death in 1945. In the late 1930's, Miss Wylie and Dr. Baker, together

with a mutual friend, Dr. Louise Pearce, purchased a 200 year old home, Trevenna Farm, on Orchard Road in Belle Mead, New Jersey.

Dr. Pearce, born in 1885, just twelve years after Dr. Baker, had an equally distinguished career. Her list of earned and honorary medical degrees would fill a page. She was a lifelong associate of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research—though she retired active service in 1951. She conducted a mission in the Belgian Congo in 1920 and 1930, doing research on sleeping sickness. In 1931 she was asked to Peiping Union Medical College, where she served as visiting professor of medicine. For her various research successes she was awarded the Royal Order of The Lion and Royal Order of The Crown (both Belgium), and she was an honorary or active member of dozens of medical societies. Louise Pearce died in 1959.



I will write you a Christmas thing next month!

This left only Miss Wylie of the distinguished three at Trevenna Farm. Both Miss Wylie and Dr. Baker wrote about their lives, and the titles indicated in the bibliography as authored by them will be of interest to readers of this article.

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CIVIL SERVICE FOR DINNER

In August, 1966 at the Convention of the Daughters of Bilitis this speech was delivered at the banquet dinner. Mrs. Von Beroldingen is a member of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco.

We are aware that what she has to say here may not hold validity in other cities. We also know that in recent months, according to the newspapers, things are even better in New York City. Our advice to all is "watch it."

In an earlier communication from the Daughters of Bilitis I had been asked to give some comments on the Civil Service Commission. Earlier today Del Martin has brought up a subject that I know is very close to the hearts of all of you and that is the problem of job security. I would, at this time, like to make some specific answers to certain specific questions that had been asked. Now while I speak only for the Civil Service Commission and cannot speak for the private industry of San Francisco, you must remember that the city has 22,000 employees and therefore it is a rather representative employer.

One of the first questions that I was asked was whether or not

there was a policy in city service against employing a homosexual. There is no such city policy. The homophile is not excluded from city service, whether known or unknown, except in certain so-called sensitive areas. What are sensitive areas insofar as the city is concerned? These consist of jobs where a person is necessarily exposed to the ill, the child or those helpless to form their own opinions. Therefore we are talking about the schools, the juvenile hall, the probation departments or the hospitals. There are certain positions in those departments where a background psychiatric check is made on all applicants in an effort to find out whether or not the person is ap-

propriate for employment in that particular job.

Now I want to make one thing clear. This does not mean that although deemed inappropriate for that particular job, that same applicant could not continue to be on an eligible list for other jobs in other departments or the same job in other departments. For example, where a probation officer in juvenile hall may be rejected because of the background check, that does not exclude that particular person from perhaps obtaining similar employment in the social services department or in adult probation.

Another thing to bear in mind is that these same jobs would be prohibited insofar as certain other groups are concerned. If a misdemeanor record not showing sex offenses but certain types of instability were revealed, that particular applicant would probably be advised to seek employment in a different department or in a different category. Someone having an alcoholic history or a narcotics history might also be deemed inappropriate. Again, this does not bar them from Civil Service employment in other categories. The classification is justified by the Civil Service Commission on the theory of protection of the greater number particularly those who are considered weak, ill or helpless.

Now the unfortunate by-product of this classification is that an entire group has been stigmatized by perhaps the misconduct of a single member, but this is true, of course, of all minority groups. One person steps out of line and an entire group bears the

brunt. The responsibility then shifts to the minority itself to remedy the cause within its own ranks. Once this is done, it becomes the responsibility of society to recognize that the remedy has occurred and then to cooperate, understand and extend its hand. Unfortunately the background check that is done in Civil Service does not distinguish between the person who may have an alcoholic history, a narcotics history or even a homosexual history and the person who has done something about disciplining himself. It stops short. There is clearly a need to go a step further to find out whether or not this same individual has imposed self-government and therefore we could take advantage of the many benefits of his experience, his capability and his training. This has not yet occurred and it is something to work for in the way of reform.

The Civil Service application form asks specifically about arrests and convictions. In itself it does not ask anything about one's private life or any association with a homophile organization. It does ask if you ever have been arrested and you are permitted to explain. There is space for a written explanation and there is no reason to be hesitant about making that explanation. There is good reason not to falsify because if, later on, you have answered "no" and it should have been "yes" and the answer is discovered at a subsequent time that there had been an arrest or even a conviction, this is cause for dismissal. Not because of the offense or arrest or even conviction, but because of the falsification. As long as you

answer honestly you have no reason to fear rejection. There are many people working in city government who have been arrested, who have been convicted. This does not exclude, it does not bar an applicant.

There is only one prohibition in this regard. There is a policy against employment of those on probation. They want to have at least one year of probation before accepting the application. But an arrest record or a conviction record is not a bar. It also is no bar toward promotion. Again, you may be asked on the application form and again it may be explained. I should also emphasize the fact that the applications are strictly confidential. The contents are known only to the Civil Service Commission. If you go to other employment, those records are not transferred nor are their contents revealed to any other employer. They are strictly for civil service purposes only.

I would also like to emphasize, and I think it has already been emphasized, that the Police Dept. does not notify the Civil Service when there has been an arrest. As a practical matter, if there has been an arrest and a detention, the employee does have to report to his immediate superior that he will be absent. And he is asked to give the reason for his absence. If, again, there is falsification in giving that reason, you may be supplying the source of dismissal for cause depending on the gravity of the situation. As to convictions, this is not automatically transferred to the Civil Service Commission or the department head.

Again, as a practical matter, however, if the conviction involves anything other than a fine, there must be an explanation to the department head for the absence.

I was asked also what would be the expectations of a clerk-typist who was open about her identification with the homophile community. She need not expect any discrimination from civil service, from her department head or her immediate superiors. If she is capable and efficient and if she fulfilled the job scope and qualifications outlined, then there is no cause for disciplinary proceedings of any kind. The only question that might arise would occur if her employment was in one of the so-called sensitive areas and then only if her job brought her into contact with children and the ill, but there would be no disqualification from any other job. As a practical matter it might not be a wise course of conduct to identify herself openly with the homophile community, not because of any official sanctions, but because it would make for easier social adjustment with her fellow workers many of whom, being human beings, still cling to fixed conventional ideas and this is just what one finds in any office environment. The homophile could not be discharged because of his identification as such except in the given, sensitive positions. There is no place in civil service for emphasis on one's personal, private, emotional life. You cannot, for example, discharge a person because he is getting a divorce or has been charged with adultery or bigamy or anything of this sort until there has been, of course, a

conviction for bigamy, but as far as personal lives are concerned, they are considered absolutely sanctified.

Now, I was asked what about discharge for other reasons, where these other reasons are ostensibly where the true reason is because of discovery of identification with the homophile community. Well, it is a well-known fact of personnel practice that a superior who wants to get rid of any employee can always find a reason. "She is too slow," or "she doesn't do her work accurately," or "she doesn't get along with her fellow workers." This is not peculiar to civil service. It's true in any office situation. However, in civil service there is a built-in safeguard. Any employee dismissed, whether for cause or otherwise, has the right to a hearing and cannot be formally dismissed if she insists upon that hearing. If she doesn't like the results of that hearing she has the right of appeal to the Civil Service Commission. The hearing is public, if she so desires, or private, if she so desires, and it is transcribed and the transcript is given to the Civil Service Commission for review. This procedure, as it now stands, while it does afford a certain amount of protection, has some flaws. As both Herb and Evander can tell you, you cannot have due process where you have the appointing and discharging officer who sits as the judge at the hearing, the prosecutor and the chief witness, and that is the way it is held and that has been going on for the past 35 years in city government. The man who discharges you is the man who is

going to hear the charges. This was my first objection when I was appointed to the Civil Service Commission. I was astonished and shocked that this practice had continued over the years. We now have before the Legislative Committee of the Board of Supervisors, of which I am a member, three charter amendments to change this. One of those contemplates (and this is what the Civil Service Commission has worked for since I was on it) the appointment of a hearing officer—the hearing officer to be selected from a panel of attorneys from the San Francisco Bar Association totally unconnected and unrelated to city service or any of its branches. The difficulty has always been that the hearing officer, of course, can admit what evidence he wishes and exclude what evidence he wishes. By having an impartial hearing officer to control the admission of evidence, the transcripts that result and which then go to the Civil Service Commission on appeal will be far more fair and just. Can we pass this? Voters read through the fine print and they don't understand what it is about. They see "hearing officer" and who wants "hearing officer" and off they go. No, about 15% of our voting public votes "no" on these propositions anyway just as a matter of law. This is a statistical fact. So, you are going to have to do a little work if you want a hearing officer and of course you can't do much lobbying through city government. But I pass this on to you for whatever it is worth. Let the word get around that when you see that proposition, if it gets on the

ballot, what it means. It will look innocuous to a great many people, but it will have far reaching effect on 22,000 employees.

I don't know of any other specific questions that were directed to me about civil service, but I will be happy to answer any questions that anyone might have following this and I certainly hope that these comments have shed some light on the part the city government is playing in the field of employment. Now I would like to take just a moment to commend this program of the Daughters of Bilitis and its purpose. I think it took both courage and integrity to acknowledge that the problem exists in the community for both society at large as

well as the homophile community and to face it squarely and openly. It took equal courage to invite others, particularly from city government to do the same in exchanging these views with you. In today's atmosphere of enlightened thinking where the sharing of experience is the only road for a better life for all, there is no reason why anyone should not live her life proudly and with dignity in any way she chooses. I think this is the message to be garnered from today's discussions and I am sure that you will all agree that there was a note of hope and progress and optimism from which solutions are emerging in all departments of living.

LESBIANA

by Gene Damon



Those of you who cannot read a book outside the field, skip this and go on to the next review. For the rest of you, try *THE ANTI-DEATH LEAGUE*, by Kingsley Amis, London, Gollancz, 1966 and N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1966. While this is NOT the point, the book does feature a major male homosexual character, and it is an excellent and sympathetic portrait. The only references to Lesbianism are made by a doctor who is quite insane, and, because he cannot see the obvious in anything, constantly tells the novel's heroine that she is a repressed Lesbian. If anything, she is rather outstandingly heterosexually inclined.

Mr. Amis has written, however, a book with universal human implications. He combines comedy and sobriety (I resist that overworked term "black comedy") in a story built on the theme that God is either cruel or non-existent—and he is disturbingly convincing. The plot framework is about the idiot games of espionage, and the child's play we call security—and Mr. Amis weaves a zany tale in with his message for the casual reader to enjoy. This is a loving book, saying much about the nature of responsibility to people, by people, for people, and as a "lest we forget" gesture, he ends on a chilling note, the trade of the life of a little dog for a

beautiful woman.

THE OUTSIDERS, by Robert Carson, reviewed in the August issue, has been issued in paperback by Fawcett, Crest, 1967. It's worth picking up and reading. The Lesbianism is a minor part of the overly long book, but what is there, is all there, and quite enjoyable. The more recent book, *THE TROJANS*, by Wirt Williams, also reviewed in the August issue, is out in paperback from Bantam, 1967. This one is far more at home in its paperback incarnation, and seems worth the paperback price. It is about film making away from Hollywood, and just about what you would expect of that sort of novel.

Bantam Books has also reissued Lucie Marchal's, *THE MESH*, 1967. This is its first appearance since 1959. One of the more serious studies of Lesbianism, quite major and well worth reading if you have missed it so far.

For some years now Sara Harris has been writing popular interest sociological studies and exposes. Many of these have included Lesbians. She has not been particularly sympathetic, but this is easily understood, since she deals with the rag-tag ends of society, those persons left out of the real world. Her latest, *HELLHOLE: THE SHOCKING STORY OF THE INMATES AND LIFE IN THE NEW YORK CITY HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR WOMEN*, N.Y., Dutton, 1967, is a lulu. As could be expected, the individuals involved in her study aren't the sort of persons most of us are likely to meet. This is definitely not for the sensitive, but if conditions are HALF as bad as described, something needs to be done in a hurry—and that is clearly the goal Miss Harris has in mind.

In 1954 Olympia Press in Paris published a sensual little novel, *HELEN AND DESIRE*, by one Frances Lengel. The heroine, Helen, indulges in sexual congress with both sexes in a quite miscellaneous fashion, and ends in an Arabian brothel. Since the book could not legally come into this country at that time, few saw copies of it. Earlier this year, it was announced that the famous Alexander Trocchi (*CAIN'S BOOK*) is the author of *HELEN AND DESIRE*. The book has now been released in the United States as a Brandon House paperback (1967), for \$1.25. It is pretty raw in spots and often very humorous, but it isn't pornography and the broad-minded (in every sense of the phrase) will enjoy.

It is apparent, by the way, that we are in for a veritable deluge of books along the line of those early Olympia Press titles. Albertine Sarrazine's book, *THE ASTRAGAL*, N.Y., Grove, 1967, is a similar sort. It is not, I think, as well written as some of the male authored titles. Women do not, by and large, do well as pornographers, or even pseudo-pornographers. They are either florid and assinine (Violette Leduc, for example) or falsely clinical as is this title. The heroine is a 20 year old French girl, Anne, who breaks her astragal while escaping from prison (sorry, it is only her anklebone). In prison she has been leading a rather sexy Lesbian life. Outside she gets converted rather quickly, and into a good deal of trouble. She ends up back in prison, where she is, believe it or not, happier. This book is not particularly important, but the same author has a second title being released at virtually the same time. This second book, *LA CAVALE*, also from Grove Press, 1967, is about her life in a

women's prison. It promises to be the better of the two, and I will review it in a later column.

And now, damnit, a book from another publisher, World, in New York, which makes me realize that the reason the paperback market is diminishing even in the tripey categories is that the hardback publishers are taking over the field. LA SATYRE, by Virgin Des Rieux, is of the Grove Press ilk, with one major exception, it is very poorly written. The only redeeming feature in semi-pornographic literature is the writing, when it is good. There is minor Lesbianism in this novel, which primarily concerns a woman who hires a male stud to (ostensibly) guard her idiot son. I really don't know what audience is intended here, but it is not the readers of this column.

I get kidded a little for championing popular ladies' author, Gladys Taber—by everyone who HASN'T read one of her personal memoirs. Her first in several years, STILLMEADOW CALENDAR, Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1967, is not too much different from her many earlier titles, except that this is the first book about daily life at Stillmeadow Farm with out her beloved friend, Jill. It is difficult to fix the exact date, but Jill died either in 1961 or early 1962. Gladys Taber's 1963 book, ANOTHER PATH, outlined her first faltering steps in the world without Jill, taking, as the title painfully says, another path, the path alone. The actual death of Jill is recorded in the chapter, "Between Seasons," in her book, STILLMEADOW ROAD, which came out in 1962. This chapter was either added after the book was completed or near the end of work on it. The two women had a very beautiful

life together, and the entire history of their love and the wonderful farm they found, restored, and lived on for approximately 30 years, can be found in the many Taber books. All of the Taber books are published by Lippincott, many of them are still in print and available for purchase, and almost every public library in the country contains many of them, for she is remarkably popular. The most interesting of the titles are: ANOTHER PATH, 1963; STILLMEADOW CALENDAR, 1967; STILLMEADOW DAYBOOK, 1955; STILLMEADOW ROAD, 1962; STILLMEADOW SAMPLER, 1959; and STILLMEADOW AND SUGARBRIDGE, 1953. There is so little common sense in today's world, so much anger and so much bloodshed, it is a real delight to read this gracious lady's books.

Sandy Wilson, a virtually unknown English author, has a charming collection of short stories, THE POODLE FROM ROME, London, Michael Joseph, 1962. Five of the seven stories in the collection are concerned with male homosexuality, and of these, two are also about Lesbians. In "Teddy Must Rest," a vacationing and elderly actress, visiting a bored male homosexual couple of the Riviera, leads her hosts a merry chase as she relentlessly displays her vitality. The Lesbians involved are minor characters, and the atmosphere of the story supplies the delight. The final story of the collection, "Rivers," is set in New York City, and hilariously depicts an English couple who fall in with a rather sad pair of New Yorkers, who proudly display their real "English butler," Rivers. The New York couple, in the course of the evening, square off at each other, and each makes a pass at the appropriate Eng-

lish counterpart (the man at the man, the woman at the woman). Fun and games, and I wonder if we really do appear this ridiculous in the eyes of the inhabitants of the "mother country"? The whole collection of stories is well worth reading. Possibly the best story in the group is the major male title, "The Place Of The Dead."

A reprint note of real importance: THE PURE AND THE IMPURE, by Colette, her most important book from the standpoint of Lesbian literature, has been issued by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1967. The first translation of this collection of essays and memoirs came out in 1933, and is now virtually priceless. Farrar was the original publisher, and it is about time they got around to reissuing the book. No doubt interest in it was stirred up by Robert Phelps's magnificent EARTHLY PLEASURES, last year's biography of Colette which he created entirely from her own words—her fiction and her non-fiction writings. THE PURE AND THE IMPURE, also known by its original French title, CES PLAISIRS (These Pleasures), contains portraits of many Lesbians and homosexuals who were her friends. She includes a subtle portrait of one of her better known feminine lovers, known here only as "Marquise," along with a personal picture of Renee Vivien (using her real name, Pauline Tarn). Also a picture of a pseudonymous Amalia X (who isn't hard to identify). For the romantically inclined, she visits in imagination the Ladies of Llangollen, and analyzes them according to her own conception of their lives. The new edition of this is by Herma Brifault, and her translation is much more realistic than Edith Dally's 1933 version, but times have changed. There is also in this new edi-

tion an introduction by Janet Flanner, which is very entertaining. However, those who have followed Collette's life and interests faithfully will not need her identifications to interpret the book.

Last month I promised a review of Barbra Ward's new book, THE SHORT YEAR. This was a premature announcement, since the publication date has been pushed back several months. Will review it when available.

That good or bad penny (depending on viewpoint), THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, keeps popping up. The drama has been included in the venerable annual BURNS-MANTLE, BEST PLAYS OF 1966-1967, published by Dodd, Mead (New York), 1967.

The actual events in life which inspire famous fiction are fascinating to the dedicated reader. D. H. Lawrence's famous short novel, THE FOX, had an interesting real life instigation. This is told at some length in volume one of Edward Nehl's three volume biography of Lawrence called, D. H. LAWRENCE: A COMPOSITE BIOGRAPHY, published by the University of Wisconsin Press, 1957, 1958, 1959. Pages 463-467, 486-487, and 501-506, are letters from one of the two women who were the real counterparts of the women in THE FOX. Large public libraries and most university libraries will have this biography.

Technically, neither of the next two items belongs in this column since it does not properly concern either motion pictures or popular singers—but I suspect both items will be of interest here and there . . . Ingmar Bergman, that magic movie man from Sweden, has made exten-

sive use of Lesbianism in his latest movie, *PERSONA*, which is probably dated 1967 (or possibly 1966 in Sweden). In previous movies where he has used Lesbianism, he has chosen very unattractive women. In *PERSONA*, he has two very similar women, Liv Ullman (playing the actress, Elisabeth), and Bibi Andersson as Alma, the nurse. Liv Ullman is the most attractive but neither of them would be "thrown out of bed for eating crackers," as the saying goes. The movie is weird, as are all of his, but it is worth seeing—even twice.

Secondly, there is a new popular

singer from Australia, Lana Cantrell. Those of you who enjoy popular music (not rock or blues—just standards) will, I think, particularly enjoy her delivery.

At this time (early July, 1967) there are 36 hardcover novels for the yearly report. Many of these won't be out until late Fall, 1967, and are thus unobtainable for a time. For this reason, the yearly report will not appear as early in the 1968 issues of *THE LADDER* as has been the custom. Probably it will be in the May, 1968 issue, allowing me to give you as complete coverage as possible at that time.

THE SHAPE OF LOVE

CONCLUSION

by Jody Shotwell

Scotty is in the living room, his eyes still glued to the television screen.

"You all right, sweetheart?"

"Mmmn-hmmnn."

You sit beside him for awhile, until you are composed. Then you instruct him to open the door for Mrs. Cochran if she comes, and you return to your room, to bathe and dress.

Angel is still sleeping when you come from the bath. You dress slowly, as if preparing for a solemn and important event. Which, in a way, you are. Sometime tonight, an act of euthanasia is scheduled. An operation at which you, Julia, will be both perpetrator and victim. It is something to dress for. You choose the sleeveless forest-green sheath. Very simple, and excellent for any occasion.

You touch Angel's arm and she jumps. "Oh. I fell asleep. I guess."

"Yes. It's nearly six."

She yawns and stretches and comes up to a sitting position on the side of the bed, and yawns and stretches again.

You leave the room as she begins to pull the jersey over her head. "I'll see if Mrs. Cochran is here yet." You won't watch her undress. A last look at that lovely body is something you will forego.

You are taking the river road out of the city, driving through dusk into evening. The air is gentle and warm, and Angel put the top of her little convertible down before you left.

Your hair is tied up in a scarf, but Angel's flies free. Her hair is long now. The result of a joke, really. Months ago, when her wispy cap of hair began to straggle around her neck, she spoke of a haircut. But you said, teasing, "Don't. Let it grow so I can run through it barefooted." An old gag. But she called your bluff and didn't get the haircut. As it grew, you would run your hands through it and laugh and say, "Soon, soon." Now, watching it blow in the summer air, you are thinking, "I'll never get to run through it barefooted--" And you laugh, a short, almost hysterical laugh. Angel looks at you inquiringly.

"It's nothing," you say. And you are already thinking of something else. Of that first day with Ilga, and the three of you in the car, driving Ilga home, and the top down, just like now. Angel's hair was blowing then, too, and you, sitting between them, kept smoothing it back to keep it out of her eyes. And Angel, purring like a kitten beneath your touch, so that you wondered what Ilga thought, and if she knew. Now, not quite a week later, you no longer needed to wonder. Her own fingers, you were sure, had by now caressed Angel's hair.

"Where did you want to have dinner?" Angel asks. "I guess we can't go any place very special." She glances down at herself, dressed in slacks and her brown suede jacket.

"It doesn't matter. Any place at all. I'm--I'm not really very hungry, are you?"

"Not much. I'm sorry, Julie. I should've asked you what to wear."

You think, she always did before, always. "What image are we projecting tonight?" she would ask. It was a kind of in-joke. Together you would decide whether to be elegant ladies or members of the horsey set, in cords and ascots.

But not tonight. For the first time, there was no consultation. It was the sort of thing one doesn't think of on a night like this. And now you know how certainly she is distracted, even as you.

There doesn't seem to be anything to talk about. Because there was so much to be talked about--and Angel isn't doing it, and you cannot. Not yet. You try singing, but it flops. Your voice is dammed up somewhere behind the lump in your throat. You are fizzling out, and you know it. Your bravado of the day is disintegrating fast. The best you can hope for is not to fall apart.

"MY, but we're a jolly bunch!" you say, finally. Angel responds with a nervous giggle and you are silent again.

Then, suddenly, something comes at you over the dark horizon, like a spray of fireworks.

"Oh," you exclaim. "It must be the Inn of the Four Lakes. Its open now."

Coming back from the Sparrow, months ago, you spotted it. Just a glimmer of light, then, down below the highway you were traveling. You stopped to investigate, taking the car down a rough road as far as you could, then walking the rest of the way over an unlit path.

Someone had found a hole in the ground about the size of a small crater and stuffed it with a miniature village. The Inn itself was a rambling, rustic affair, built over a rockbound canal. A sign at the edge of the path announced the opening sometime in May. Hand in hand you stood on a tiny bridge over the canal and watched the ducks playing in the water.

"We'll have dinner here next time we come up," Angel said. But she had forgotten, and so had you, until now.

Now Angel said, "Let's stop anyway. Maybe we can have a drink at the bar."

There was a parking lot, and the path you walked before in darkness was brilliant with glowing lanterns. Beautifully dressed people came and went through the doors of the Inn and strolled the breezeways and narrow walks to the shops and galleries.

Damn!" Angel said. "I doubt if they'll even let me in to the bar. I'm sorry, Julia. I should have dressed.

"It doesn't matter," you murmur. In fact, you are thinking, this is better. Why create still another memory, now at the end? There are going to be enough of those. Too many.

You go through the shops, looking at gifts, gadgets and paintings.

"My God," you say, "It's a vest-pocket New Hope!" And then you wish you hadn't said it. Because suddenly you are inundated by a recollection of that last crazy, wonderful time in that quaint, corrupted, artsy-craftsy town.

You had taken a room in the old hotel across the river. You arrived at dinner hour and sat for a long time over cocktails in the pine-paneled bar. You became giddy on your martinis, and if you ate dinner, you don't remember it. Afterwards you went to Canal House and sipped creme de menthe and listened to a jazz group. Some silly man with two women kept sending drinks over until you protested. It was lovely and dim and crowded in there and you had a marvelous time. At two in the morning you drove across the bridge to your hotel and climbed the sagging stairs to your room.

You didn't have a private bath, but you did have a four-poster bed, and that, you agreed, more than compensated. Angel located the bathroom down the hall.

"I forgot to bring a robe!" you wailed. "Suppose I have to go to the bathroom during the night!"

Angel, European traveler, expounded on a tried-and-true, if unorthodox, use of the hot-and-cold running water basin in your room

"I couldn't do that," you protested. "It's much too high for me!"

But sometime in the night you decided to try. Feet-dangling in the dark, you giggled and awakened Angel.

"What's going on?"

"Oh, this is great fun!" you said. Angel began to howl, and you with her. You nearly fell off the basin.

That kind of insanity. And all over now, for you. You are leaving Never-Never Land, Peter Pan. You are stepping out of the looking-glass, Alice. And, I suppose, high time. High, high time.

Coming down the narrow ramp from the shops, you can see the people at dinner in the softly lit dining room. A thought stabs at you. "She will bring Ilga up here to dinner!" And will you come someday to dinner--with someone else? Probably. Unless you can cure yourself of the masochistic tendency to re-open old wounds, flagellate yourself with disturbing memories. In the name of laying ghosts, you scourge yourself, irresistibly, with the sights, the sounds, the smells, the thoughts, of another day. When Ron was gone, the first time, the last time, and all of the times in between, you are drawn to walk past, drive past, sometimes to enter places that you associated with her. You told yourself that you did it to overcome the associations, to exercise the hurtful memories by facing them. You aren't certain, even now, if this is really true. You suspect that what you were doing was wallowing. A deplorable habit--and one you are going to have to shake.

But now, at this moment, you are seeing the ghost while the body is still warm. You are hurting before the fact.

Back in the car again, driving through the dark, you suddenly think, "Is this the way Ron felt, that last day?" The day you saw her alive, for the last time. The day you and Angel perpetrated that irrevocable cruelty.

"Why do you call it a cruelty?" Philip asks. "Didn't she merit every bit of it?"

"Perhaps. But retaliation isn't my thing, you know. It never has been."

"I'm not speaking of retaliation, hon. Maybe retribution is the word. In the sense that you gave Ron, in the end, exactly what she deserved."

As you said--perhaps. But this couldn't exonerate you, ever, from your own devastating accusation. Your crime can never be condoned, because Ron died and left you unshriven.

It began with her call, three months after you sent her away. Your heart leaped, pounded, when you heard her voice. But you were cool.

"Julia, there's going to be a meeting at the lawyer's office. They're taking my testimony under oath. I need you there, Julia. You know how I am about remembering dates and details. Please!"

You glance at Angel, looking pale and shaken across the room. "You'll have to let me think about it."

"Please, please, Julie!"

"Ron, listen. Ask Mr. Bronson to call me. If he wants me there, I'll come."

"It's a trick," Angel wept, when you hung up. "She just wants to see you."

"It can't be a trick if her lawyer calls and asks me to be there---"

"I know Ron. She'll talk him into thinking he needs you. She'd do anything to see you..."

Mr. Bronson called. "It's really important for you to be there, Mrs. Sherrill. We need your corroborating testimony."

"Angel, I've just got to go."

"All right. But I'm going with you."

When Ron heard, she called again to thank you.

"Would you like me to pick you up?" she asked.

"No, thank you. That won't be necessary. I'll have transportation."

"Julie, Julie!" Desperately. "Don't you miss me at all?"

And you, shaken inside, but ignoring the plea. Saying, "I'll see you at Bronson's office on Friday morning."

When you are finished, Angel is sulking. "You're still in love with her."

"Don't be ridiculous."

It was ridiculous, because being in love implies the possibility of being out of love. And in this thing you have for Ron, there is no in or out. When you experience every existing emotion, when you have known love and hate, desire and revulsion, pity and scorn, happiness and misery--you come out onto a plateau removed from it all. Your feeling for Ron is a fixed star. Whatever you do, whatever you *have* to do, this feeling is unchangeable. The day you put her out of your life, ruthlessly and forever, you were the same about her as you had been for the years before, and all the time since. When it happened, it had nothing to do with your love for her. Just something you had to do for your own salvation.

So, on that Friday morning, you and Angel arrived at Mr. Bronson's office. Both of you dressed to the teeth, complete with white gloves and Marian Linden's expensive car parked outside. You had arranged this scene with cold purpose, made yourself unapproachable, inaccessible to Ron's possible overtures.

You shook hands with her in the reception room. When you saw her you were sick inside, and horrified. She was a grotesque caricature of herself. Bloated face, and the wonderful blue eyes lost in folds of wrinkled skin. In just a few short months, this almost total disintegration. Suddenly you remembered a day when you and Ron sat in the car and watched a scarecrow of a drunken woman drag by. You turned to Ron, and she said, "I know. Don't say it. If I don't stop, someday there go I." She'd nearly made it. You felt like screaming the place down.

"You look wonderful, Julie," she said.

"Thank you, Ron."

"You, too, Angel. Say, how about after this meeting I take you out for a

big steak dinner and martinis?"

But you were prepared for this. On the way, Angel said, "Don't let her talk you into going anywhere afterwards." You had promised.

"I'm sorry, Ron, but we have an engagement."

When it was over, the three of you left the building together. Outside, Ron repeated her invitation, and again, you declined. You said, "Good-bye, Ron," and got into Marian Linden's car. You turned and looked back as Angel drove off, at Ron's arm raised in farewell, and on her face, a look of utter, hopeless despair.

And now, riding beside Angel for almost the last time, that vision of Ron's desperate face rises before you. And that is all you need to send you sprawling. Hardly knowing that you spoke, you said, "We killed her." A sob bursts from your lips... and you begin to weep.

(10) Saturday 9 P.M.

Parking space for The Sparrow is in a wooded section behind the building. Angel pulls in under a tree and you look for Ginger's car.

"They aren't here yet." You are recovered now, wiping your eyes and smoothing your hair. Angel turns off the headlights. She lights cigarettes for both of you, in the usual way--the first she'd done it today.

"Now," she said. "What was *that* all about?"

"All what?" you asked, dissimulating, knowing very well what she meant.

"The tears. And what you said."

"I'm sorry. I didn't intend ever to say it."

"You mean, this is what you've been thinking?"

"Haven't you ever thought it, Angel?"

"No." Her voice was flat, cold. "You said you'd never cry about her again."

"I didn't think I would." And this was true. You didn't really think you would. You had cried long, and enough. You had cried through the months after you sent her away, and when Angel came into your life, you still hadn't stopped. Those first days and weeks, for all of the time Angel remained patient and understanding. And when she tired of it, grew upset and disturbed, you stopped. Even on the day you drove off and left Ron looking after you, you had no tears. Only the image of her lonely face, indelible and accusing. No tears, until the day of her funeral.

Angel said she wouldn't go to the funeral. You agreed, because you thought you couldn't possibly go. But when the day came, you knew you had to go.

"If you don't go with me, Angel, I'll go just the same."

You started off in the morning of that grey October day. Up to Royale, where Ron was to be buried beside her father and her mother.

Somehow, you imagined it would be like every other funeral. Ron would be in her casket at the front of a chapel, and you would sit as far away as possible. If you had to look at her, it would be from a distance.

But when you got there, it wasn't that way at all. The funeral home was

almost next door to the Big House--the castle Ron had sold into strange hands for the price of several thousands of bottles of whiskey.

Coming upon it this way, driving up Elizabeth Street, you felt a slam right in the midriff.

"That was Ron's house, right there," you said. "The new people have done a great deal of work on it." You spoke faintly, because you felt ill.

Ron had been bitter about losing it, especially to the Fowler's. "They're trash," she said. "They don't belong in such a house." You were silent, because you had said it often enough, that she was letting that wonderful old place wash away in a sea of alcohol.

Trash or not, the Fowler's had restored the house. The old brick was newly painted, and the long front veranda, gleamed white through the marvelous trees.

You parked across the street from the funeral home. At high noon, you were in the middle of a nightmare.

"Are you all right? Angel asked. "Julie, you're white as a ghost."

"In a minute. Lets. . .lets have a cigarette before we go in.

A hearse was in the driveway beside the funeral home. You talked, trying to keep the waves of nausea down.

"This is the undertaker Ron used to talk about. When she was a child, she and the undertaker's son would sneak into the cold-room and peek at the bodies. . ."

When Ron reminisced about those times, you would shudder and laugh, but now you talked, talked fast, aimlessly. To put off having to go in there. You didn't know, now, how you could have wanted to come.

People were arriving and you put out your cigarette.

"All right," you said. "Let's go."

An elderly woman was receiving at the door.

"She is in there," she whispered, professionally sympathetic. "Will you please sign the register?"

But the register was just inside the door of the room where Ron was, and you couldn't go in there. You stood in the hall while Angel went in and signed for both of you.

"Friends and neighbors sit in there," the old woman said, indicating a room across the hall. "Others are in here. . ."

Suddenly you didn't know what you were to her. You knew what she had been to you. But what were you to her, other than one small mark on the panorama of her unbelievable life? You and Angel went into the room for friends, out of sight of the casket.

Your head was crushed by the silence. It was incredible, that so many people could be so silent. You found a place on a small settee at one end of the room. When you could concentrate on faces, you didn't see any one you knew. The Matson's and Steffi must be in the family room with Ron's sister, Ethel-May. Steffi belonged there, certainly. She was family, even more than

Ethel-May had ever been. Thank God for Steffi, you thought. As you had always thought. Thank God for Steffi who had never abandoned. When you, and everyone else abandoned Ron, Steffi remained. Unmated, unwanted, unloved in the way she wanted to be loved, by Ron alone. Who waited until the end, in the hope that one day Ron would love her. And who, in the end, had to be the one to find Ron with the hole in her chest, and the blood of her life running out all over the rug.

Viv came in with a woman you didn't know. Looking taut and pale, her eyes nearly washed out with weeping. She glanced quickly at you and Angel and sat down, not speaking.

The service began. The voice of an idiot preacher, reaching you through an amplifier on the wall. He droned on and on, splicing a Sunday sermon. None of it had anything to do with Ron's life or her death. You hadn't expected a eulogy. Speak not necessarily good of the dead, but at least, mention her name at her funeral. It is only good manners.

Then, finally, it ended. Another disembodied voice invited a last look at the deceased. You sat, frozen, gripping Angel's arm. Everyone else got up, began to file from the room, but you were paralyzed. There was a question in Angel's eyes, and you shook your head. When the room was nearly emptied, you got up and followed into the hall.

All you had to do was keep on walking and you'd have been safely past the room where she was. But then, suddenly, you knew why you had come. You had to see her, after all. Angel tightened her fingers on your arm, but you broke loose and went across the hall and stopped in the archway and looked. Quickly. Just one look, to obliterate the unbearable memory of that other last look. To see her face, quiet, and not hurt and despairing any more.

In the graveyard you stood behind a row of chairs facing the casket. You held on to the back of Steffi's chair and kept your eyes glued to the top of Steffi's greying hair. The man whined a brief burial service, and then it was over. So far, so good. You had not crumbled.

Elizabeth Matson came and held you close for a moment. "How sad that we see you again under such circumstances!"

Phyllis Matson took your hand, and her weeping nearly pushed you over the edge. "Please come to see us, Julia. Ron was so fond of you."

And Ethel-May, whom you were meeting for the first time. "You were so good to Ron. I want to thank you. But I don't understand what happened. Please write to me. I'm all confused. . ."

Then you were back in the car, leaving the little town, the late sun at your back. Half way home, you said, "Let's stop to see Joan."

You'd spoken to Joan on the telephone the day it happened. And once more, before the funeral. "I can't go, Julie," she said. "My doctor doesn't think I should, either."

The dogs barked when you pulled into the lane and up behind Joan's farm-

house. She came out to meet you, her eyes swollen and red. On the way there, you thought of embracing her when you saw her. It had been a long time. But she seemed somehow distant, and you merely touched her hand.

Later, in the house, Angel momentarily out of the room, she turned to you and said, "Oh, Julie!" And then you embraced her and her tears wet your face. But still you didn't weep. Only whispered in her ear, quickly, "She died without knowing that I never stopped loving her."

Before you left, Joan said, "No one person in the world could give Ron all the love she needed."

"Not all of us together could," you said.

We are all the same, you thought. We all tried, in the same way, and failed. Now we are all feeling the same guilt.

It was dark when you left there. You were lost for awhile and then came out on the highway. You talked, were silent, and talked again.

Then, suddenly, it happened. You felt a pressure in your chest. Your throat closed. You fought it, desperately. You had promised not to cry for Ron, not ever again. Ron was dead, but Angel was alive, and you mustn't hurt Angel. But then, you are engulfed. When the tears break there is no stopping them. They rise from the bottomless well inside you and flood out--a torrent of tears, as though from every pore, every orifice of your body. Your hands strike out against the windshield, your head twists from side to side. You are, at last, in a perfect agony of grief.

Angel pulled the car over to the side of the road and stopped. She took you in her arms and said nothing. Her silence is a dash of cold air. You take a few deep breaths and hold on.

"All right now?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. . ."

Just like now, sitting outside the Sparrow on the occasion of another kind of death. You are sorry. Sorry to be weeping your own tears, reeling beneath your hurts. Ron is dead, and Angel will soon be gone. But for the time left, Julia, keep your powder dry.

"Shall we go in?" Angel asks. "The girls will find us."

The Sparrow is a crummy place. But then, most of them are crummy. You wonder why you come. Why you leave the comfort of your home to sit for hours on a lumpy bar-stool. Exchange the music on your F.M. or your record player for the shrieking sounds from the juke-box. Travel miles to this dirty-walled rat hole, when you could relax in a plush booth at Leonardo's down the street from your apartment. You don't come often, but its incomprehensible that you come at all. For who is there you want to see? And when you tell each other you want to be with those who are like you, you look at them and know they are nothing like you.

Perhaps to the younger ones it is glamorous. As Ye Olde Bridge Tavern was glamorous to you, when you were young. Will these young ones feel, in years

to come, the same nostalgia for The Sparrow you have never ceased to feel for Ye Olde Bridge? Could they? You can't imagine it. The Tavern *was* glamorous. It was a better time, a better place. Not just for you because you were young. It was a better world. The trousered girls and the painted boys here tonight never knew the poverty, therefore were never required to muster the strength to fight it. Or to live with charm inside it. There were always scroungers and parasites. But you could identify them, strategize against them. Now there is a subtler breed. Dracula is old-hat, and in his place are all the little rebels with no causes.

How many of these here, you think, looking around, would stand in line on a bitter winter Saturday, to buy a fifty-cent ticket to the concert at the Academy? Or go without their lunches for a week so that they might meet with their friends at Old Pop Edward's on a Friday night? Your beloved city isn't beloved by them--but just a place to plot to go away from. To go to where they fantasy the milk and honey flows from golden faucets straight into their sweet young mouths.

They would laugh, you can be sure, at what you cherish in your memory. Ye Olde Bridge Tavern, murky with a different kind of murkiness than this. Crowded with a different kind of people, pulsing to a different drum. Old Nan. . . oh, remember Nan, tray in hand, stopping to sing a risqué song in her gravel-voice. And chinless Lucy, reputed to have been a primi-donna at the Met, and had the voice to prove it. That back room at Ye Olde Bridge Tavern--the Moulin Rouge beneath the bridge that stretched from Philadelphia to Camden Town. The Left Bank of your city, where the police waited quietly outside on Saturday nights, to see that everybody left by twelve o'clock midnight.

/And everybody did, saying good-night, regretfully, to elegant Ma Coogan at the door. Piling into cars, or walking in groups through the dim streets up to the center of the city where the lights were still bright and welcoming at Child's or Thompson's.

Nothing in the world ever tasted so delicious then as the ten cent glass of iced tomato juice. Or the hot coffee. Rarely had you the price of both. You made your choice and used to think that Heaven must be the place where you would some day have all the tomato juice you could drink.

What has become of your enchanted city, and those who with you inhabited it? Scattered, dead, grown old--failed or succeeded, found happiness or are still trying. On some few rare occasions you meet someone from that time. And if you hardly knew them long ago, still you greet each other now like countrymen in a foreign land, joyous and reminiscent.

But never here at The Sparrow. If you see familiar faces here, they are the faces from the rat-holes down in the city. The ones you never get to know, nor want to.

You sit at the bar for a while and watch for Ginger and Tracy. You talk, but like any two people sitting next to each other at a bar. The whiskey is weak,

the soda flat, and you rock on your stool and try to think of the next thing to say. The bar is mongrel, a melange of shadow-people, shoulder to shoulder with neighborhood tipplers. Only the back room is reserved.

Ginger and Tracy are late, so you move to the back room and take a table. You sit and watch the people in here. Angel doesn't ask you to dance, even when some favorite song begins. After awhile you ask her, and you are sorry you did. She doesn't hold you the way she always did, and you dance in silence, return in silence to the table when the music ends.

Then Ginger and Tracy appear, looking for you through the smoky room until Angel stands up and waves them over.

There is some little talk, some little laughter, and you try your best, but the party is damp.

Ginger asks you to dance, and out on the floor, she asks, "How is it with you?" Her arms feel warm around you and her shoulder soft and comforting. You want to put your head down and weep. But you merely say, "Not so very good, Ginger."

You go back to the table. Angel and Tracy sit there in uncomfortable silence. Angel is making no effort at all. A few more drinks are drunk, a few more dances danced, and you feel as though you are on death row and the time is so close you wish it were here.

So you break it up. You see Ginger and Tracy back to their car and mouth some words about seeing them soon. You start back to the city, and you are driving because suddenly you want to. When you drive you keep your mind on that and you don't have to think about anything else.

The road is dark and you have it almost to yourself. Angel smokes and smokes, and in between silences, she babbles inconsequentially. The night is incredibly beautiful. You come out to the river road and take it slowly, watching the lights on the water.

The long day, then, is nearly over. You made it through. It doesn't matter now if you weep or shout or turn to ice. You've given her the day in which to speak and she did not speak. You have waited in the wings for her to say the lines and steal the show. But now, unless she too is waiting for her proper moment, the show is yours. All you have to do is set the scene and play it.

You pass again the Inn of the Four Lakes, still gleaming down beneath the highway. You pass in silence, and Angel is silent, too.

Then you are back in the city, and off to the left the Art Museum glows, the stunning Parthenon, where you will not go again without pain. At least, for a long time. You leave the turnpike and take the narrow, darkened streets until you stop in front of your apartment.

"Would you like me to drive Mrs. Cochran home?" Angel asks.

"Please. I'll send her right out."

And now, while Angel is gone, you undress, just as earlier this evening, you dressed. Slowly, like a ritual, but more like moving in a nightmare. You get into your little-boy pajamas and trot into the kitchen in your bare feet, mascara smudged beneath your eyes.

The kettle is whistling when Angel returns and you ask, "Will you have coffee?"

"Yes." She stands for a moment, swinging one foot, looking at you, tentatively, and then she turns and goes back into the living room.

When you come in she has made up her bed on the sofa and her clothes are in a heap on the floor. Out of habit, you pick them up and put them on a chair. When you come around behind the coffee table, Angel makes room for you beside her on the sofa. You take a sip of your coffee and keep your hand steady as you light a cigarette. But your heart is racing and you have never felt more sick.

"Angel," you say. She looks at you and her lips are trembling and so is her hand as she reaches for her cup.

You hesitate, because you don't know your lines so well after all. You only thought you did, but suddenly you are stricken with a stage fright you have only heard about.

"Yes?" So softly you hardly hear it.

"I--I suppose you know what I'm going to say..." You are still waiting for her to cue you. You think for a horrible moment that you are going to chicken out. So you plunge.

"I know what's happened, Angel. About Ilga. I don't know what you are thinking, or planning, but..." Now you have to say it, and you take a deep breath. "But if you intend to go on seeing her, you'll have to do it from somewhere else. You cannot make this homebase. You can't stay here and leave me to go to Ilga. Do you understand?"

You stop, because the next lines are hers, whatever they may be. You are braced for anger, coldness, or perhaps even denial. You don't expect her face to crumble and tears to fill her eyes and run down her cheeks in great splashes. But that is what happens, and then you must take her in your arms and hold her against the sobs that convulse her body. A thought bursts in your head, "Perhaps I am mistaken!" But then she is trying to speak, and you listen with your ear close to her mouth.

"I'm no good. I'm no good!" She twists and throws her head back on the pillow and you go with her, still holding her close.

"Why can't I have friends? Why can't people just want me for a friend? Why does everybody want my body!"

And you don't know if she is talking about you or about Ilga, so you just remain silent and wait. But she only clings to you and weeps, so you say, "I would wish you a million friends, darling. It's already too late for us. Is it too late for you... and Ilga?"

She clutches you, desperately. "Oh, Julie, Julie! I love you. You're the one I love. But I can't help myself. I'm so fascinated by her, Julie. I just can't help myself!"

So now you know you aren't mistaken, and it comes on you like something you haven't known for days. So that suddenly you crack. You let go, and you are weeping, too. You cling to each other and your tears are mingling. You

touch one of her breasts and you say, "Don't ever forget that this is mine." And that is the wrong thing to say, because it brings on a fresh paroxysm of tears, and she cries, "Julie, Julie, do I have to leave you? This won't last. I know it won't last! Can't I... I mean, can't you let me stay!"

Then, as suddenly as you wept, you stopped weeping. This is what you needed, and now you can remove yourself from her. You sit up and dry your eyes.

"I don't suppose, Angel," you say, "You could have an impulse you won't obey? Just one?"

She huddles against her pillow, one hand hiding her face from you, and the other reaching out, groping for yours.

"I have to follow this one, Julie. I have to."

And you think of Ron, who never in her life gave up one thing in order to keep another. Who never made a choice until she chose to die. Who even when she chose you, merely added you to the galaxy. Who only proved in death the love and constancy she couldn't prove in life.

You look at Angel and you think, "Perhaps she is too young to make a choice."

But you are not, and you have made it. You disengage your hand from hers and pull the coverlet up around her.

"Go to sleep now. In the morning we will get your things together and you will leave."

She begins to cry again, but you tell her good-night, without kisses, and switch off the lamp. Then you go into your room and close the door.

CAT

Come, Cat, we two will show the world
Contentment in a sigh;
Let's purr together all night long
Beneath a starless sky.

We'll follow solitary trails
Where others never stir,
And toss our heads to feel the wind
Against cool ruffled fur.

Who needs them? Only we possess
The grace they do not know
To walk a canyon's edge and laugh
At Destiny below.

by Maura McCullough



CROSS CURRENTS and Miscellany

We really have to get along with "Abby" on this... We re-print from the Chronicle (San Francisco, that is).

Dear Abby: You printed a letter from a teen-age girl who was "embarrassed" to shower in the nude with 39 other girls after gym class. She said her mother thought she should have more privacy. And you sided with the girl and her mother. Abby, it is a safe assumption that exaggerated feelings are a cover-up for opposite feelings which shame a person into burying these guilt-feelings deeply in their sub-conscious—the better to kid themselves.

Actually, the girl enjoys the sight of these naked bodies, and she has erotic feelings that shock her into repression. If I were the mother, I would look for other indications of latent homosexuality.

It looks as if both the mother and daughter need treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO DOCTOR

Dear Doctor: You could be right. However, your kind of reasoning might equally lead to the assumption that you are preoccupied with homosexuality because you are suffering

from a similar problem, and have transferred your "guilt" to the girl and her mother. Of course, they could be normal, and so could you, but I would never flatly state, simply because a teen-age girl objected to public showering, and her mother supported her in her objection, that they both need treatment.

Andy Warhol, who managed nationwide infamy on the strength of THE CHELSEA GIRLS, a movie marked by its undistinguished and dirty cast—not to mention the sex habits portrayed, is really working overtime to top his own low (lower his own top?).

His latest two, I, A MAN, and MY HUSTLER, feature better washed, but hardly more bearable characters. The former concerns a man who, literally, does nothing but screw around. He manages five women, and the sixth turns him down. You guessed it, she is a Lesbian. There must be a moral here somewhere. MY HUSTLER, as no one could doubt, features the male homosexual in his least desirable condition. Oh well, writers insisted on

glamorizing prostitutes for years, and this is just a new wrinkle on a very, very old seamy theme.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

TV TAKES AN HONEST LOOK AT HOMOSEXUALITY

by Vern Niven

Tuesday, September 5, 1967. Network television, namely ABC, began with a bang tonight. The premier episode of the new half-hour series, N.Y.P.D., about New York's finest, handled the subject of homosexual blackmail in a story entitled, "Shakedown."

They pulled no punches, and the script called for bluntly pro-propaganda. The opportunities were numerous for snide and slick remarks, and none were used. A man is found dead in a bathtub in a good hotel. It looks like suicide, but it also might be murder. A check on his past reveals a quiet resignation of a Naval commission years before, for homosexual involvement. A conversation with a spokesman for a homosexual organization leads to a man who has been bled dry by an extortion ring. He agrees to help catch the ring, and

Our cover this month is called "The Death Goddess" and is a photograph of an oil painting by Jane Kogan. Your editor does not profess to understand Miss Kogan's work but since the August cover there have been several comments pro and con about her work. We must say that her work is probably much more representative in full color, but we cannot afford to reproduce it in this manner at this time. This particular painting is 42 x 34" in size and has enjoyed considerable exhibition on the East Coast.

the best looking (and youngest) of the three major detectives in the series is used as the pigeon . . . From there on it is fast and furious, and it ends with the bad guys caught, and the homosexual who has helped them-free, but still facing the unhappiness of having to testify in open court.

One of the three detectives is a Negro (very in these last few years)-and there are a couple of good exchanges between the Negro and the homosexual on the value of just being yourself, and to hell with the world.

Special mention must be made of the fact that the men chosen for the two homosexual roles are perfectly ordinary men. They are not overwhelmingly masculine, nor do they mince about. One is (apparently) a business man, and the other is a hard-hat construction engineer.

This series ought to go well, if the opener is any indication. In any case, those of you who missed this should have an opportunity to see it early in the re-run season next summer.

* * *

Readers Respond

Dear Miss Sanders:

I received in the mail today a copy of the August issue of THE LADDER. I presume someone on your staff sent it to me, and I would like to express my appreciation for it.

I'm delighted with the article on the Playboy Philosophy by Del Martin, and I wonder if it would be possible to obtain a couple of dozen copies of this issue. I want to pass them around to the various editors on our staff, all of whom I'm sure will be very much interested not only in the article on the Playboy Philosophy, but in the entire magazine.

We will be happy to pay for these two dozen issues. Please send along an invoice for the proper amount and I will have our Accounting Department issue you a check.

Incidentally, I thought the article on the Playboy Philosophy was extremely well written and I appreciate very much the fact that my remarks and ideas were faithfully recounted. I wish I could always receive such objective and exact reporting of my talks.

Very truly yours,
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

Anson Mount
Public Affairs Manager



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SEX AND SOCIETY IN SWEDEN Birgitta Linn'ar
"A report documenting the state of sexual affairs in Sweden now. (In Sweden) ... people are engaged in one of the boldest and sanest experiments in living ever undertaken by a modern nation. They are seeking a 'new place for sex in democracy.'" Saturday Review ... \$5.95

THE PURE AND THE IMPURE Colette (Trans. Herma Briffault)
"It will perhaps be one day recognized as my best work." (Colette)
"The subject of the book is sex, particularly the sort 'that dares not speak its name.'" Saturday Review ... \$4.75

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Ben Cat is checking on his library



how about you?

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Two Poems

by Barbara

the greens grew more brilliant
the air became still . . .
 deep echoes of cosmic laughter
thundered across the world
 thirsty and waiting
for the heavens to cry.
"No tears!" laughed infinity,
and he laughed so hard
 he cried.

You are
 the shaft of silver that shimmers
 and dissolves
 into the glassy depths of darkness.

You are
 the shaft of silver
 that slides across the crest
 of the lifting sea.

You are
 the echo
 of sea-spray and coral
 on distant shores.

You are the tears
 the rain has cried
 and the rainbow that dazzles the eye
 when the last cloud
 is fluffy and dry again.

DAUGHTERS of BILITIS

INCORPORATED

MEMBERSHIP in the Daughters of Bilitis is limited to women 21 years of age or older. If in San Francisco, New York, or Chicago area, direct inquiry to chapter concerned. Otherwise write to National Office in San Francisco for a membership application form.

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

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