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The Ladder ***a Lesbian Review***

This Month

PSYCHOLOGICAL TEST RESULTS
by Dr. Mark Freedman

REPORT ON THIRD N.A.H.C.
by Virginia O. Roak

JANUARY, 1968

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.

Published monthly by the Daughters of
Bilitis, Inc., a non-profit corporation,
1005 Market Street, Room 208, San
Francisco, California 94103.

VOLUME XII, NUMBER II
JANUARY, 1968

THE **LADDER**

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Homosexuality Among Women and Psychological Adjustment

Dr. Mark Freedman

Traditionally, psychologists and psychiatrists (as well as the lay public) have associated homosexuality with disturbance in personality functioning. On the other hand, the vast majority of the research studies which have compared individuals who engage in homosexual relations with individuals who engage in heterosexual relations suggest that the psychological functioning of the former group is as good as that of the latter group. What accounts for these two opposing points of view? Many factors, I believe, but particularly differences in methods of studying homosexuality. Many psychologists and psychiatrists base their view of homosexuality on the patients they have seen in clinical practice, and consequently have committed two fundamental errors in logic: the first is judging all people who regularly engage in homosexual behavior from the limited sample seen in the clinic or in private practice that is, judging only from people who are unhappy enough or maladjusted enough to require psychotherapeutic aid; the second is seeing all behavior as springing from neurotic or defensive motivations (e.g., homosexuality as always based on fear of the opposite sex). And their viewpoint has become the "conventional wisdom" on the subject of homosexuality.

As suggested above, the behavioral scientists who have studied the psychological concomitants of homosex-

uality through scientifically-sound research studies have arrived at very different conclusions on this subject. One such study done by Dr. Evelyn Hcoker yielded the following conclusions: Homosexuality as a clinical entity does not exist it is as varied as the forms of heterosexuality; homosexuality may be a deviation in sexual pattern which is within the normal range psychologically; the role of particular forms of sexual desire and expression in personality structure may be less important than has been frequently assumed. Again, the vast majority of the studies done on the psychological concomitants of homosexuality have reinforced the assumption that there is no *a priori* connection between homosexuality and psychological disturbance.

Because of the felt need for further research in this area of psychology, and because of the small number of studies based on *women* who engage in homosexual relations, I decided to investigate the relationship between homosexuality among women and psychological adjustment.

Two groups were compared in my study: members of Daughters of Bilitis, and members of the women's volunteer division of a national service organization. Group membership was used as the criterion of categorization into the "experimental" and "control" groups. The "experimental" group was defined as women whose principle

interpersonal sexual outlet is homosexual relations, and the "control" group as women whose principal interpersonal sexual outlet is heterosexual relations. Both groups completed a series of questionnaires and psychological tests which constituted the test battery.

The test battery was composed of a "History" sheet, which asked questions about demographic variables, such as age, education, religion, marital status, occupation, psychotherapeutic experience, etc.; a "Personal Data Sheet", which asked questions about work satisfactions and dissatisfactions, and about happiness and unhappiness in life; the Eysenck Personality Inventory (a test which measures extraversion and neuroticism); and the Personal Orientation Inventory (a test designed to measure positive mental health and self-actualization). After the test batteries were taken and returned to the examiner, they were scored and coded. A summary score, based on the neuroticism scale of the E.P.I. and on the 12 scales of the P.O.I., was calculated for each subject, to give a rating of global psychological adjustment.

The major findings of the study were:

There were no differences between the experimental and control groups in a global measure of psychological adjustment the large majority of both groups was rated "as well adjusted as the average person in the total population" or "superior to top adjustment".

The members of the experimental group were no more neurotic than the members of the control group, and, in fact, the former group looked significantly more self-actualized than the latter group on 6 of the 12 P.O.I. scales. Specifically, the members of the experimental group manifested these traits to a considerably greater de-

gree than the control group: Inner-direction, or living by one's own values: Acceptance of aggression (i.e., willingness to acknowledge one's own natural feelings of hostility and anger); Self-actualizing values; Feeling reactivity (sensitivity of responsiveness to one's own needs and feelings); Existentiality (the ability to situationally or existentially react without rigid adherence to principles); and the Capacity for Intimate Contact (the person's ability to develop meaningful, contactful relationship with other human beings, unencumbered by expectations and obligations).

In both groups, interpersonal relations were listed more frequently than sexual relations as a source of happiness in life.

Because of possible difficulties in "sampling" procedures, it is not justifiable to generalize the findings of this study to *all* women who engage in homosexual relations. However, the findings do suggest several conclusions:

Homosexuality is not necessarily related to psychological disturbance.

It is possible for individuals who engage in homosexual relations to function effectively in our society, to have access to their potentialities, and to actualize these potentialities.

Women in general, whatever their choice of sexual outlet, are more oriented to the interpersonal aspects than to the sexual aspects of close relationships.

Hopefully, behavioral scientists will become more aware of studies like this on the psychological concomitants of homosexuality and will change their theoretical assumptions and personal attitudes on this topic as a consequence.

TEMPLE OF ATHENE

by Hilary Farr

PART II

continued

"Oh how good!" Theodora flung her mortarboard down on the dormitory cot, rubbed luxuriously at the groove it always imprinted on her forehead, and twitched the cord of her hood free of its retaining button.

"Well, that's over." Mary Dawson's pale dark face was framed in her doorway, sardonic, unmarred by her own academic trappings. "What did you think of our Van's initial effort?"

Theodora dropped hood carelessly on top of cap and began to extricate herself from the heavy gown. "That it was about the best of its kind I've ever been required to sit through," she said, matching Mary's dryness and thinking: *That* should set some sort of record in the Department of Understatement.

"So did I. When I could stop feeling for the poor freshmen."

"Why? What was the matter with them?"

"Well, if we enjoyed it so much, mustn't they have been pretty well over their depth?"

"Oh I shouldn't think so. What struck me was her perfect simplicity, and still without talking down."

Mary grinned. "I'd say you can't have taught many freshmen."

"But I have. They were little prairie flowers of course."

"And you think little Raddies are

on a more exalted plane? I've never known it to fail. We highbrows ran with our own level wherever we were raised, and are sure there were no dimwits in *our* alma mater. Tell me, did you ever really know the "D" students in your own class? More than to speak to across the table or be distanced by on the hockey field?"

"I hadn't thought. Now that you mention it, no. But I still think even my little wild sunflowers could have got 'our Van' this morning." She moved out of range of the corridor and began to divest herself of dark regulation dress and shoes. Her jaws quivered with a suppressed yawn and she wished Mary Dawson would go and let her relax. Sitting for an hour on the platform in the sight of half a thousand students while Lenox Van-Tuyl outdid herself wasn't precisely restful. And yet perversely she was glad to have Mary stay leaning against the jamb with her regalia over her arm as long as she would talk of the tantalizing subject.

Mary was shaking her head. "You'd better make a semantic study of Van's simplicity. It's the kind you work all night to achieve. Her native idiom is about fourth level Korzybski. Wait till she lets herself go one day in faculty meeting, impromptu, and watch your colleagues. Marvellous chance to get a line on I.Q.'s."

Having no answer to this but the memory of a July night of effortless

talk at Maplewood, Theodora plunged her head into her tailored linen and waited.

"Of course her high style mows down our contingent."

"Our contingent?"

"Oh come. The intelligentsia."

"Ah. Of course. 'We are the people, and with us wisdom shall perish.'"

"You may jeer," Mary's own tone was jeering, "but watch your step. There's nothing so insidious as intellectual seduction, and she's past master. I've seen it happen too many times."

"At first as well as second hand?" If little barbs were being tossed, she could send her share.

"*Tourchee!* And nice intuition. Which marks you, I'd say, for an absolutely inevitable victim."

"Help! This is getting too, too Henry James." She buckled the narrow stitched belt a notch too tight and began to jerk a comb through her ruffled hair. "Or do I mean Proust? After all I'm only an anthropologist."

"You're not 'only' anything, least of all only cerebral. How about a hike after lunch-out toward Elsinore?"

"Can't do, I'm afraid. I simply must look into the library situation. My first class is a senior lecture, and from the look of the registrante it had better be good."

Again Mary wagged her head. She lifted the hot robe from her forearm and hung it by a crooked finger over her shoulder. Frown and mouth mocked, but not eyes. "The year is too young to make academic conscience a sound alibi. Whatever your real hope is—I wish I could save you from it." The last came back over her shoulder as she slanted off across the corridor.

Theodora looked unhappily after her. She was sorry for the hurt in Mary's

eyes and for the sacrifice of a favorite hike. But it was sheer self preservation. She couldn't take any more of that oversensitive perspicuity. For these three days it had been fairly clear that Mary Dawson was choosing her from the handful of new faculty. For the past two she had prickled under the woman's uncanny awareness of her emotional currents. Now that she knew that Mary was once-once consciously and even yet below the surface-emotional herself about Lenox Van-Tuyl, she'd have to nip any intimacy in the bud. Otherwise no privacy at all. Too bad, Mary was a person one could have had a lot of fun with...

The alternative of course was to lay one's cards face up, to say: You're right. Our Van is an enthralling woman, intellectually and physically, and our sort are on a too sympathetic wave length. What to do is learn our own endocrine reactions, avoid betraying their outward and visible signs in public, and work like hell to remember that the inner and spiritual swooning is only their more 'insidious' work...

But that sort of thing could be said to a woman only if one was sure she had known passion. Not merely read of it in psych tomes or in Proust, but been there. And if she had not, and was as high keyed and knife-balanced as Mary, she could stampede in a panic of revulsion and gallop about striking sparks of the most perilous gossip.

So it must be snubbing, gentle but consistent. Living in this goldfish bowl one *must* keep what fragments of privacy where possible.

Lunch over, Theodora escaped the couple of new instructors who tended to cling to her as alumna-guide, and armed with heavy note book and a supply of three-by-five cards she

crossed the sun-flecked lawns to the library. She was surprised to see a handful of students, bright frocks very revealing of tanned young backs, entering it ahead of her. But once inside she guessed its flagstoned coolness might be the attractions. They pattered down the long reading room and through an open door, within which a glimpse of deep chairs in medieval colors advertised a browsing room, she would look at that before she left.

By mail last month she had sent the library her professional want-list, and two days ago, stopped on front campus by a sleek Park Avenue blonde whom she would have assigned to any pigeon-hole but librarian, she had delivered up her list of reserves. Now what she needed was to comb catalog and prowl stacks, estimating auxiliary resources. But she felt in no hurry to begin. Her primary objective, escaping Mary Dawson, had been achieved. She strolled along the shelf-lined walls with rapidly growing respect for the reference collection—the amazing Betsy Cotterill might even prove a kindred mind—and came at last to the browsing room door. Over it a restrained strip of bronze read: *Janet Ivorsen Memorial*. Within, oriental rugs, dark-beamed ceilings, casemented bays—*Lenox VanTuyl!* Dear heaven, how long would a sight of that face, even on canvas, have such power over her?

The portrait hung above a deep fireplace at the end of the room, life size, three-quarter length, with eyes that burned through to her deepest nerves. A quick look showed her the girls in a giggling huddle, deep in some enterprise of their own—Saturday's Stunt Night probably—not a head lifted nor an eye turned. She found a wing chair that shielded her face from them, picked up an Annual for camouflage,

and propping it on her knee because her hands were not steady, let her eyes return to that incredible face. How could Lenox VanTuyl endure to have it hanging here in public, so nakedly revealing, so full of pain? For relief she studied the rest of the canvas.

The figure of a young woman in full adademicals, royal blue of doctoral velvet echoed in the tapestry behind her, one hand cupping the end of a chair-arm, the other holding a book just closed on a long finger. And those hands! Nervous, half-transparent, so sensitive that she could feel their restrained touch on her cheek, her throat . . . she shivered, her eyes fled again. High carved chair, lustrous sculptured folds of heavy silk, firmly set mortar-board with executive gold tassel, all were symbolic beneath their economy of realism, monastic in their rigidity.

But the face . . . young, brilliantly colored and so fine-drawn over its bones that the color might be fever. Mouth a little fuller than now but firm with a dedicated resolution. Eyes brilliant as gems displayed beneath a master jeweler's lighting. And in them, giving the lie to the lips' austerity, sheer passion. Surely to the initiated those eyes could be fixed on but one possible object, someone loved beyond reason or reserve . . . or rather on memory of the beloved? For what did it say, this portrait, if not that a passionate woman had given herself to the life of the mind, though she should go—was going!—through hell for it?

Her own eyes held fast, she probed as if paint and canvas could yield what she must know. When was it painted, by whom, what lay behind it? She would learn! She sprang to her feet and the light dimmed suddenly, the Annual dropped with a thud that reached her ears oddly muted, and she

found herself back in the chair with her head awry against one of its wings. Now startled girls' faces were staring across at her and nervous voices asking: "Are you ill? Can we—"

She shook her head, swallowed, and managed a careless enough laugh. "I'm quite all right. I must have dozed off and then jumped up too quickly. This heat—" (. . . it's cold in here, they'll know you're hysterical . . .) With no betraying glance at the portrait she got to her feet, found she was steady, and went out, stepping firmly.

One thing was certain: the Janet Ivorsen Memorial browsing room was not for her.

In the cool emptiness of the reading room she chose a chair facing the wall at a remote table, laid a random volume open before her to simulate concentration, and propping her temple on a fist, settled down to assimilate this last half hour before going on public view again. How well had she run her blind in there? It didn't seem to matter greatly. They might think her subject to Victorian vapors, they couldn't guess the cause.

What mattered was the portrait. Had Lenox VanTuyl no choice about its hanging there, considering the circumstances of its presentation? For now out of bits she had heard or read was crystallizing a half-coherent recollection. There had been a stir about it at the time of the Inauguration. Funds raised by two classes, President VanTuyl's and Jan Ivorsen's, the erratic and unstable girl who had left Radnor without graduating to study art in Paris, made something of a mark there, and died very young. Quite a brochure had come from the alumnae office—(if only she hadn't discarded it at a subsequent move!)—but she recalled dimly that it had taken quite some negotiation to get the picture from

its owner, a critic and old friend of the artist. His name . . . What was it? . . . had been prominent among the donors. Artist and subject had been close friends too. Very close friends, by heaven, in view of that canvas! There must be information in the library, and she would find it.

But not until a vacation with no students about, and not until she knew the library so well she could dig it out for herself without rousing speculation. So much control was just self-preservation again. Preserving oneself here promised to take some doing!

She went to Saturday's Stunt Night with Mary Dawson, letting herself go all reminiscent over pre-VanTuyl days, ready to be amused or touched by any idiocy. She found the skits either so topical that she was left cold while colleagues and upperclassmen rocked and screamed, or so ruthlessly geared to freshman level that her jaws ached with suppressed yawns.

Lenox VanTuyl came in at the last moment with a bevy of what looked to be Important Parents, and was ushered to a reserved front row quite out of range. But when the audience rose after the final curtain and Theodora pulled herself to her feet, thinking bleakly: Alack, I'm getting old, Lenox VanTuyl's face was revealed for a moment through a vist of moving heads and the clear eyes met hers as if they two stood face to face. 'Alack, I too,' the eyes seemed to say before a mop of pale curls intervened. Theodora walked out on air, secure in the certainty that Mary behind her had not observed that brief precious exchange.

Resignedly she let herself be led to the steps of Administration where the students werw assembling for the Sing. If the President was in attendance she failed to see where, and she sank down beside Mary on one of

the faculty levels, ransacking her memory for words of songs once so letter-perfect and now so elusive. The three upper classes sang first, the usual sort of thing, some clever beyond belief and some equally vacuous and corny, set to popular tunes that waked no echoes. Then in unison everyone took up the old favorites and maturer voices were added, faculty and visiting alumnae-parents.

Just behind and above her Theodora caught a strong smooth tenor that closed her throat. Though she had never heard it she knew that voice before Mary Dawson touched her wrist and whispered, "Hear Van?" Her own voice lacked power but her ear had served to hold generations of wavering middle parts on key. The old harmonies were in her blood, excitement loosened her vocal chords, she let go. Ten years apart though they were, she and Lenox VanTuyt had many of the old tunes in common. She heard her own thinner strain go up to support that beautiful cello tone. They two were weaving a dark strand through the varicolored pattern of harmony.

Suddenly came the rollicking nonsense from before her day, an immortal favorite:

When you wake up here next
September

Where will this senior be?

She heard the cello tone alter and then fade as if at a loss for the words. But Theodora knew better. Something in that song had touched an exposed nerve in the woman invisible behind her. Her own voice went on lilting through the silly intricate alto:

Where-oh-were my hockey-stick

And where my Radnor R4 or
-r-or Rrrr.

but she gripped her elbows, hugging

the bitter-sweet knowledge that Lenox VanTuyt's cool composure had cracked, that up there in the darkness behind her the woman was moved to her uttermost depths.

When they rose for the Alma Mater she was startled by the timbre of her own voice. A tone she did not know it was in her to produce was saying for her: *This is what you have power to draw from me . . .* With the second verse Miss VanTuyt found voice again, but her tone was one to match the portrait's eyes. It was an elegy she was singing, not just a solemn youthful college hymn. An elegy for whom?

If I understood this I should understand the portrait, Theodora knew with unassailable certainty.

She was trembling as the light-voiced, light hearted young gathering scattered. Mary Dawson beside her said, "Good heavens, Hart, how can you have chilled in this heat? You'd better come up to my room for a pot of sherry."

"I don't mind if I do," Theodora got out lightly. "This trying to renew one's youth can be rather bleak. But I'd better drop by for my own supply, I've a feeling I shan't stop with one."

III

An electric bell at the horizon came steadily nearer as she floated up through level on level of dark water until a soundless voice in the middle distance said: Seven, no class at eight . . . and she sank again. But something checked the blissful drift, dragging her back toward light. As she came the voice said: Saturday oh dear no chance of seeing Her nor Sunday either probably . . . and her effort toward blackness became a willful dive. Then light and the voice broke through together—Marion's

birthday!—and she was sitting up aghast. November twentieth, tomorrow, not a chance of getting it there in time.

She groped for bathrobe and slippers. By air-mail special? Under the sting of a shower she calculated time. Northbound air-mail closed at seven-thirty in the town post office. By pushing hard she could make it and get back for breakfast before the dining room closed at eight. Dressed after a fashion she found the light package-ready since Monday!—snatched a handful of stamps to attach as she went, and ran down the stairs. It was a bad sign, slipping up on Marion . . .

She came out the door into hazy warmth and thought: It's this plaguey Indian summer weather. Soft and sentimental. If only frost would come again . . . The air was faintly smoke-sweet, moist with the earthy scent of November's gentle decay. All the tonic rustle and bitterness of October's bright carpet was gone, what leaves were left from the raking and burning lay limp and quiet under shrubs or against walls. But it was lovely to be out so early. She threw open her tweed jacket and hit a good pace. Coming into the post office from the north she was so absorbed in her race with time that she was half way along its length before she took in the figure at the other end beside the boxes. Her heart skipped the usual beat at recognition.

What was Lenox VanTuyt doing at this ungodly hour, opening the big official college box, riffling through its contents, choosing one letter and putting the rest back to be collected by Warren in due course? Extracting an item of whose arrival she didn't want even Kitty Harlan to know? Or one for whose regular delivery she could not

wait? Jealousy struck unexpected as lightning.

It was obvious that Lenox VanTuyt expected to meet no one at all. She turned from the boxes with the lost unseeing look of a person in a metropolitan crowd, and Theodora knew that if she herself had any tact she would post her package, turn quickly and leave before she had been noticed. But she stood transfixed, relentlessly observant. The face was that of one who has not slept, all lines dropping, mouth pale with forced composure, eyes blank . . . November leaves in shallow water, Theodora thought with a shock at their dullness, just as the eyes focussed upon her.

There was the expected start into painful self-consciousness and then as sudden relaxation and relief. "Thank providence, only you," the eyes said so plainly that her heart beat unevenly and she felt warmth in her cheeks.

"Good morning, Miss Hart," said President VanTuyt's most collected voice. "I see you are out early too. Purely for pleasure, I hope."

An odd wish that somehow seemed quite natural. Interested but impersonal, negating the previous moment as Theodora herself would have tried to obliterate it.

"Trying to repair an unforgivable oversight—a birthday," she said lightly. "Are you walking back?" Seeing Lenox VanTuyt's face go tight and pale she knew she had somehow touched a raw nerve, and gritted her teeth. She would give a month of her life to have the innocent cruel words unsaid.

continued on page 32

AMERICAN WOMEN

HER OWN PRIVATE WORLD

by Lennox Strong

Editor's Note: This article is the third in a series devoted to American Women of unusual achievement...

Possibly the 20th Century's most fabulous woman was born, appropriately, in 1900, in England. Marion Barbara Carstairs is the daughter of a Scottish army colonel and an American heiress, Estelle Bostwick. Her grandfather, Jabez Abel Bostwick, was one of the founders of Standard Oil.

Jo, as she is known to her friends, was brought to the United States when she was six months old, the beginning of an oceanic commuting which was to culminate in her application for American citizenship in 1945. Her mother was disinherited by the Standard Oil family, and, in turn, Jo was disinherited by her mother. However, both of them ended up very wealthy, on Standard Oil money. When Jo's mother died in 1920, Jo inherited \$4,000,000 outright and a greater sum in trust funds.

She needed the money, as we shall see, to follow her desires. At 16 she left the Low-Heywood School in Connecticut and went to England, where at 17 she was driving an ambulance in World War I. After that quiet beginning, she piled up adventure after adventure, ran a gypsy caravan in Brighton, drove a taxicab while dressing as a man, went to Dublin during the 1919 Rebellion and got into the thick of it,

got her arms tattooed wildly somewhere during these years, and generally enjoyed life. She filled in the remaining years of the first half of the 1920's by travelling around the world, tending a bar, running a garage, and hunting tigers in India.

She then met one of her real loves, a sailboat named Sonia 1 (a cutter). After winning all the available records, she switched to speedboats, and quickly became England's racing ace. She had a series of speedboats built to her specifications, naming them after her mother, Estelle I, Estelle II, etc. In the late 1920's and in 1930, she tried three times to take the Harmsworth Trophy away from American veteran, Gar Wood. She never beat him, but she gave him a very good fight. On one attempt, she appeared to have beaten him, when her boat turned over and she was dumped in the Detroit River. She came out with nothing worse than sinus trouble and a couple of broken ribs.

Her interests kept her moving back and forth from England to America. It became something of a joke, in fact, the number of times she travelled on the Liner Berengaria. Jo climaxed her racing career in 1930, when she won the Duke of York International Trophy in England. In 1931, she and Estelle IV broke the sea-mile record for the Motorboat Challenge Cup at 83.61 knots, though she had at that time

traveled 105 miles an hour in a speedboat (though not in competition). That same year, 1931, she went to the Harmsworth meet, but only as a spectator. She gave up her racing.

On November 23, 1932, Jo arrived in New York (on the Berengaria) accompanied by a Miss Ruth Baldwin and a Miss M. M. L. Jenkins. She was on her way to Florida, where the three of them were to take her yacht, Sonia II, and cruise for the winter in West Indian waters. It is not known to be so, but it is very possible that it was during this journey when Jo first saw the island that she was to turn into an abundant kingdom.

In 1933, Jo liquidated her enormous holdings in England, and purchased an island in the Bahamas, called Whale Cay. It cost her \$40,000 to purchase it, and it is 8 miles long and 16 miles wide, over 3000 acres of land. On this island, and with produce too from several other smaller islands she subsequently purchased, Jo built her empire.

When Jo landed on Whale Cay in 1934 it was covered with scrub and weeds, and there were no buildings except a shack and a lighthouse. The only inhabitants were a man and his wife, living there ostensibly to take care of the lighthouse. By 1941, Whale Cay was a veritable paradise. (Note: The latest contemporary description of the island in existence was written in 1941. For reasons which will be clear later, it is difficult to obtain information concerning the area.)

Jo took eight years to build her world. She cleared the island of scrub growth, and brought in thousands of coconut palms, oleander bushes and other semi-tropical vegetation. Beginning with a crew of seven workers, which grew to 500 workers, she built 40 houses of limestone and two barracks, laid 15 miles of paved road,

built dozens of farm work buildings, a chapel, a hospital, a wireless station, a powerhouse, and the biggest granary in the Bahamas.

On a rise commanding a view of her kingdom, Jo built her own house. It is an enormous pseudo-Spanish building with steel reinforced, three foot thick limestone and rubble walls. All of the wood is hand-polished mahogany. The rooms are very large, very simple, very elegant. In the center of the house, there is an enormous library which cuts through all of the floors of the house, like a deep well. The central stairs of the house lead into this library, allowing Miss Carstairs to make very dramatic entrances on the rare occasions when guests are present.

Thick and relatively high, walls surround every possible part of the island's buildings and work areas.

One of her most amazing accomplishments is in the agricultural development on the island. This land was considered barren, and many efforts at cultivation in the Bahamas had been made before and all had failed. Jo managed to grow enough food, and enough variety, to make the island virtually self-sustaining.

With some people dependent on her, she set up the finest possible discipline system, with clear-cut regulations. She is absolute boss, yet with all this men come from all over the Bahamas to beg for the right to work for her because of the living standards on the island. Venereal disease has been eliminated, and examinations are mandatory. Illegitimacy is handled very simply by marriage or banishment. The men are given this choice. 100 of the men form a well-drilled, though unarmed regiment, and once each year they go the short 40 miles away to Nassau, to parade at the annual Bahamas Fair. For recreation purposes, Jo built the

men a social hall, where nothing stronger than beer is served. When there is trouble Jo handles it personally, though she does have a police force of four men. These four men and Jo are the only people permitted arms on the island.

She runs the island in a very isolationistic way, with unasked visitors being asked away at gunpoint. There are many anecdotes about famous gate crashers getting the gate after trying to get onto the island.

What kind of a woman lives like this? And exactly what does she get out of life? Very little is known of Jo Carstairs beyond the public events. She has worked hard at keeping her private life private. In addition to the 500 or so natives on the island, there is her manager (actually an accountant), a young man whose name is not supplied in the various accounts of the island, and Father Henshaw, an Anglican pastor (who was a dancer) that Jo imported from England to minister to her "subjects." She had one of the island women trained as a nurse so that she could staff the hospital. Her private staff consists of four Negro houseboys and a male cook. Her meals are plain, and she does not drink. She follows the English custom of dining formally at 9:00 P.M. For Jo, formality is a naval uniform, complete with trousers. There are dozens of pictures of Jo Carstairs, readily available. The majority of them are in the two primary articles on her life, which appeared just 5 days apart in 1951, though there are also portraits in connection with many of the numerous newspaper articles cited in the bibliography. At age 30, during a career interview, Jo Carstairs looks a wee bit plump, a round-faced schoolboy. At 41, however, when the LIFE and SATURDAY EVENING POST articles (see bibliography) appeared, she was a remarkably attractive woman. Jo stands 5'2" tall, and must have then been

around 130 perfectly proportioned pounds of muscle, with blond hair, very short and brown eyes.

Miss Carstairs has a sense of humor, evidenced by her reputation for practical jokes played on the few guests who have been permitted on Whale City, and by the following list of regulations printed for these guests:

NOTICE TO GUESTS

- A. Use light switch only when standing on rubber mat provided.
 - B. All visitors wishing morning tea in their rooms will be dealt with accordingly.
 - C. It is desirable for guests to sleep under their beds, as the management cannot be held responsible for any detrimental inconsistencies therein.
 - D. Any olive pits, razor blades, safety-deposit boxes, or Winchell columns left in beds only confuse the staff.
 - E. Ignore calendar. The management does not coincide with anniversaries.
 - F. Anyone found riding bicycles in the bathrooms at night without lights will have their bicycles confiscated.
- (Discrepancies may be committed, but not condoned.)

She is obviously addicted to speed, drives like a maniac, owns a motorcycle and a motorbike, in addition to cars, and swims daily. She likes to play Chinese checkers, but doesn't gamble. Nothing is said about reading, but from the appearance of her library, she must do a good deal of it. She spends 6 weeks each summer in New York, attending to business, seeing shows, and shopping. At parties, however, she is said to be restless and to "prowl."

Since 1941 very little has been written about her and her island. During the war years she rescued a large quantity of men from ships torpedoed in nearby waters. In August, 1945, she took out her preliminary citizenship papers. No record of her having completed this is available in the New York Times Index,

but it is reasonable to assume that she is now a citizen. In November, 1947, she won a court fight to establish an enormous private flying center and yacht basin on Lummus Island, near Miami Beach, Florida. This venture was expected to cost her \$1,000,000. Her legal affairs are handled by a New York City law firm. It is reasonable to suppose that she is now much more wealthy than she was in 1920, when she came into her inheritance.

In the December, 1964 issue of HOLIDAY MAGAZINE, in an article on the Bahamas, there is a full page color photograph of Jo Carstairs. She is 64 years old in the photo, and it is clear that time has not been kind to her appearance (in part, at least, due to constant exposure to sun, wind and sea-water). She is shown in a silk slack suit, in her private museum on Whay Bay. Many of her racing trophies, can be seen in the background. She is thin, but not much less formidable.

She remains a fascinating mystery for the most part. Even those items which might be considered most explanatory, the long articles on her life in both LIFE MAGAZINE and SATURDAY EVENING POST, are very peculiar. It

is very unusual for two major magazines to run practically simultaneous articles on the same esoteric subject. The LIFE article is, as is expected, primarily photographic, and wonderfully records both the island landscape and its small but mighty mistress in 17 photos. The occasion for the article is explained by saying that both the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and a LIFE photographer were invited to the island by Miss Carstairs. This may be the case, since she obviously posed for the photos, and there is one shot of the Duke and Duchess and Jo walking about the island, but this article calls her "Betty" Carstairs, an error which the press has also sometimes made. She detests the name and it is not used, so??? The SATURDAY EVENING POST article, on the other hand, is primarily textual, with only 9 photographs. It was authored by two women, one of whom spent a week on the island after having requested the visit. It contradicts the LIFE article several times, but seems the more carefully done. (It is, by the way, more than worth the time and trouble needed to look these articles up, for the photographs.)

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AVIATION WEEK, "Betty Carstairs Wins Fight For Miami Flying Center," AVIATION WEEK, December 1, 1947.

Cromwell, Leta Clews and Patricia MacManus, "Island Queen," SATURDAY EVENING POST, February 22, 1941.

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE, (Portrait Only), December, 1964.

LIFE MAGAZINE, "Betty Carstairs Island," LIFE MAGAZINE, February 17, 1941.

The following references are all from THE NEW YORK TIMES. To assist those interested in examining the original sources, I am adding some notations to the references. Note that the first figure following the date is page number, the second figure is column number.

June 1, 1928	21:4	Boats-Racing
July 17, 1929	19:6	Boats-Racing
July 19, 1929	7:3	Boats-Racing
July 20, 1929	11:2	Boats-Racing

August 1, 1929	3:4	Boats-Racing
August 24, 1929	3:4	Boats-Racing
August 28, 1929	20:7	Boats-Racing
August 31, 1929	8:6	Boats-Racing
December 10, 1929	38:4	Boats-Racing New Type Boat
June 23, 1930	25:3	Article called "Players Of The Game," by Vernon Van Ness. Includes Portrait.
August 22, 1931	10:4	Spectator at Boat Race.
October 14, 1931	27:7	Large Donation to hospital for Nurses Fund.
November 23, 1932	23:2	Trip to West Indian Waters.
December 9, 1937	27:7	A. P. Dispatch From Miami Florida. Island Queen Rescues Stranded Motor Yacht. Portrait.
December 12, 1937	33:1	Same as Above-More Details.
August 6, 1942	8:3	Rescue Of Torpedoed Merchant Seamen.
August 9, 1954	Sec. 42:2	More On Above Rescue. Portrait.
August 21, 1945	33:6	Citizenship Application.

(Readers with immediate access to the Miami area might wish to look into local newspaper library files for "local interest" articles concerning Jo Carstairs.)

WHAT IS A NEW YEAR?

by Ben Cat

A New Year isn't much if you don't expect much. I expect a great deal. I expect that if last year wasn't too good, then the New Year has a chance of being better because I have something to compare it to.

In my people's mail there has been a lot of complaint and a lot of sadness last year. But sometimes there has been a lot of hope and expression of good feeling about the future. This is especially true of the young Daughters.

Some of the Old Daughters are becoming difficult. They are bored with the past and afraid of the future.

I would like to ask all of you folks out there to help us with THE LADDER in 1968. Please send us your short stories, your poems, your articles, your clippings. We need all of these contributions to make this a good magazine that represents all of you

We don't pay for anything because we don't have any money. It is all we can do to publish this thing. We will give you extra copies of anything that has some of your work in it. We will try hard to return your manuscripts promptly if we can't use them. We will even read every word and most of the time we will offer our criticisms—for whatever they may be worth.

I am getting too old to do everything around here and I need your help. Please see to it that some is forthcoming. I could also use good pen and ink drawings (nothing pornographic, please, because I have led a very sheltered life).

If you don't like Sandy's make-shift covers, then send in your photographs or drawings for that purpose too. Personally, I think that the thing she did for the Christmas cover was a nightmare, but, that is my opinion and as a cat, I am entitled to it. Unless you are a cat, don't argue. This thing she has done for January is pretty bad. Please help, or I must

be forced to remove my name from the Staff. I do have my pride. My paw is gentle and talented and I must protect it at all times.



One of our contributors will not be with us again. STORMY died in an auto accident a month or so ago. She was very young—just 22. Her poems and her contributions to the Los Angeles Chapter will be missed. Those of us who knew her will miss her very much. She was a sort of link in the generations—an observer of a very special scene. Good luck, Stormy, wherever you are.

LESBIANA

by Gene Damon



In a year as rich in Lesbian novels as was 1967, Barbra Ward's excellent novel, *THE SHORT YEAR*, N.Y., Putnam, 1967, will not get the attention it deserves. That is the trouble with abundance, it diminishes some parts of the whole. Miss Ward was 23 when she began her book and from the jacket photos, she is not now much past that age. There are two possible ways to approach her novel. It will be argued that it is autobiographical, since first novels are notoriously supposed to be so but it can also be argued that she has written a clever spoof of all such novels on life and love in that dark area called Greenwich Village.

Pembroke Miller, aged nineteen, tells us about her short year in New York City. She is, so she says, beautiful. That she is desirable we can assume from the numerous males and females working to get her into bed with them. We first meet her on

the occasion of her deflowering, and her quick dismissal from the sanctified and impossible premises of the local Y.W.C.A. She is next found in the obligatory run-down garret of an artist. He is in love with her, and this has the predictable effect on her of making her fly up the nearest wall to get away. She doesn't tell us much about this, except for the dedicatory quotations in the front of the book, but she runs from involvement. There is a brief, and very unpleasant Lesbian episode at this stage in Pembroke's year.

She leaves the artist to live with an older man, and he is impotent but resourceful. The older man's dependence on her seems to attract her for a time, and her portrait of Derek is one of the best in the book, though quite distasteful in spots. Predictably tiring of Derek, she moves away and just drifts aimlessly for a time. She goes to a pot party that becomes an

orgy. She works very briefly for a music teacher, the homosexual Emil. And just about the time the patient reader is ready to throw the book through a wall, she gets to the point, and allows Pembroke to meet the person obviously meant to be the novel's major interest, Marcelle, a sculptor, who is to remain her lover for the novel's last 102 pages.

At this point, the tone shifts, and the spoof and take-off is dropped abruptly, and with it much of the novel's good humor and good writing. For the story of Marcelle is deadly serious, and though it is predictably an unhappy one from the very beginning, it is well worth reading. I admit to not understanding the novel's ending, and it gives nothing away to say that the women do not remain together, for the very title tells you this. What is missing is Pembroke's motivation. Why does she just up and go off, why does she resist involvement? We are never told, and there are no clues. A very good try.

The popularity of medical novels with the dear sweet little old ladies is something of a standing joke in library circles. However, these same dears had better bet steered clear of *THE PRACTICE*, by Stanley Winchester, N. Y., Putnam, 1967. Dr. Trevor Shaw joins an established medical practice in the English village of Plume. He spends about a year there, and has many problems, few of them medical. Most of the novel deals with his attempts to adjust to the social values of Plume, and the inhabitants and their various hang-ups. Doctor Porteous is the head physician, and he is a capable if unlovely sort of fellow. His delightful wife, Denise, does not, at first, understand what drives her into pointless sexual promiscuity. When she makes

a necessary social visit to a wedding, and meets the bride's best friend, Jane, she loses all interest in the opposite sex. Dr. Masters, tied to a bitch of the worst order, finds his nirvana in the bottom of the bottle. Doctor Corfield is a remarkably sinned against man. A male homosexual, and admittedly so, he has persistently denied himself any sexual release involving another person taking refuge in solitary masturbation. Yet he is an object of blackmail due to another man's innocent love for him. Without resorting to much corn and trickery, Mr. Winchester manages to unscramble the various lives involved, and even provides somewhat equitable solutions. Denise gets to keep her Jane (and she has earned her). Dr. Corfield takes a post which should lead to some more satisfactory life for him, and Dr. Masters is shipped off for the cure. Our hero, Dr. Trevor Shaw, after a year of hanging around a society bitch who isn't very warm in the corners, goes back to the "girl he left behind". Entertaining, very, if little else.

It seems a little unfair to blast a book written by an author who is now dead, and who will never, certainly, have an opportunity to do better. The only consolation is that he won't know about it at all. Wesley S. Thurston's posthumously published, *THE TRUMPETS OF NOVEMBER*, N.Y., Bernard Geis, 1966, 1967, is one of the worst books I have ever had the displeasure of reading. If it hadn't been so substantially homosexual in content, I would have chucked it, and the desire was constantly strong to do so. The plot is utter fantasy, dished up in flat prose as if it were the gospel. A mad group of right wing nuts, lead by a fanatical general, plan to take over the country. The general has a

son, estranged from him, who is as dangerous a liberal as the general is a conservative. The rest of the family is insane, as is the entire family of the woman the general is planning to marry. It would have been wonderful, and might have been funny, if only there had been a single person in the novel who was not seriously disturbed. Yet all of them are treated as if this were run of the mill behavior for most people! We meet a liberal journalist, and for a page or two he seems almost human. He begins an affair with a mildly beat, but very nice girl. This soon becomes an orgy for three, including the Negro dancer friend of the journalist's girlfriend. The latter three make love in every possible way and place, while ostensibly spying on the conservative general and his nut group. This all ends with the death of Kennedy, as the title obviously telegraphs, and, of course, it is the nut group that kill him. Tasteless mess. After all this, I must humorously note that on page 156, hero Pike (the man with the two girlfriends) mentions the Daughter's of Bilitis, and explains what the organization is, and predicts it will be a power someday. If that prediction has the validity of his others, we are doomed.

Shane Steven's, *GO DOWN DEAD*, N. Y., William Morrow, 1966, an unusually powerful novel laid in Harlem, includes several minor male homosexual and Lesbian characters. The novel's hero, a 16 year old Negro gang leader, "King Henry", provides some comical philosophy about homosexual behavior after eavesdropping on a couple of gay girls having a mild argument. From our standpoint this is an exceedingly minor title. It is, however, one of the most powerful Negro novels yet written and one of the more horrifying. A plausible, partial explanation of

blood and glass in the streets of our cities.

A reprint note on David Green's biography, *SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH*, first mentioned in the August, 1967, column. This is out in this country now, published by Scribner's in New York, October, 1967. (As the faithful know, this is about Sarah and her affair with Queen Anne.)

Because I feel my obligations to the Lesbian reading audience more pressing (if not more important) than those to the male homosexual audience, I frequently end up reading important male homosexual titles some years after publication. I recently obtained R. V. Cassill's novel, *THE PRESIDENT*, N. Y., Simon and Schuster, 1964, and, as reviews predicted, it is an extremely important title in male homosexual literature (so much so that I am surprised at the LACK of mention in the general homophile press on its appearance). However, besides that point, and its general tone, there is a minor bit of Lesbian behavior included. The hero's wife has an affair with another woman, partially because her marriage is very unsatisfactory.

General readers may remember the magnificent literary publication, *NEW WORLD WRITING*, which began as a twice yearly paperback original in 1952 and lasted until 1959. This was put out by New American Library, first, and later as a hardback by Lippincott (by that time it was a declining venture). We now have its successor, *NEW AMERICAN REVIEW*, Number One, published in September, 1967, by New American Library. It has been issued as a hardback and paperback simultaneously, to reach the widest possible audience. There are two articles in it with very important messages for the world about the homosexual influence in the field of writing.

The first of these, "But He's A Homosexual . . .", by Benjamin DeMott, is a defense of homosexual art forms, and an explanation of their validity both within and WITHOUT the general classification. The second article, more esoteric, but still with many good points, is George Dennison's, "The Moral Effect Of The Legend of Genet". Both are strong reading material, and if these articles are a measure of the integrity of editor Theodore Solotaroff, then you want to read NEW AMERICAN REVIEW, Number One, and pray for its success, and the continuing success of the projected series.

There is a perverse game which publishers play. They announce books and then begin to change the title of the book, not change the book any, just the title. In the column for the October-November, 1967 issue, I mentioned a second novel by Albertine Sarrazine, which was to be called LA CAVALE, due out from Grove Press. Since then the book has undergone two title changes. It was announced that it would be called THE FUGITIVE, and (we can all guess why) this was dropped in favor of THE RUNAWAY, due out about the same time you will be reading this, January, 1968. God, and publisher's vagaries willing, it will be reviewed in a later column.

There are some kind words for Lesbians in one of the myriad male paperback originals now appearing, BRA 1/2 ZEN IMAGE, by Carl Corley, Publisher's Export Co., 1967. The book is a bit of tripe, the kind of thing easily classified as an evening waster. Nothing special, but available on the newsstands.

J. R. Salamanca's powerful novel about insanity, LILITH, has been reissued by Bantam, 1967 (originally a 1961 novel from Simon and Schuster, and first out from Bantam in 1962).

This has a surprisingly substantial Lesbian element, and the novel is beautifully written. If you missed it the first time around, try it now.

DEAD CORSE, by Mary Kelly, N. Y., Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1966, 1967, is a highgrade mystery. Set in the steelworks of a small English town, this follows the investigations of seemingly unmotivated suicides. It turns out that there are substantial motives, and there is much ugliness about. There are special twists and turns, and an ironic evil ending. It is enough to add that it is of great interest to both male and female homosexual readers. More of the plot would spoil it for the readers.

THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE a bibliography

By Gene Damon and Lee Stuart

\$2 plus 25c handling charge.

DOB BOOK SERVICE
P. O. Box 3629
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

ANYTHING GOES

by Bine Strange Petersen
N. Y., Grove Press, 1967

From advance notice, I was prepared to read the "great Lesbian novel". I should have known better. Like most very well written, but very bad books, you keep looking for something good to say.

Gitte, the 19 year old protagonist, is introduced to us while hospitalized following her first suicide attempt. She is a college graduate, already, and from a good home. She has thought herself to be a Lesbian all through her teen years, and she has had a serious crush on one girl. She has made a mild pass at this girl, been rejected, not too cruelly, and she has attempted to kill herself.

Gitte is locked up in a "better" hospital, with inept psychiatric attempts to help her, and generally kind treatment. She meets Gerd, who is probably the Danish equivalent of a beatnik, and finally manages her first overt expression. Through Gerd's influence, Gitte leaves the hospital (without bothering to get dismissed) and she and Gerd spend an indeterminate amount of time drinking all day and night and living in a filthy hole and making love. It is charitable to describe their relationship with that phrase, for as Gitte is found of saying: "Let's get this over with, so we can screw", expresses the tone of the novel until the last two pages.

Gerd is unstable, to put it mildly, and Gitte finally leaves her to embark on a round of adventures which all begin and end in a series of almost remarkably squalid gay bars. Interspersed with brief comments about how one has to adjust to being a Lesbian and why it is proper for society to think of nothing but "how queers screw", Gitte

Translated from the Danish by Hallberg Hallmundsson
Reviewed by Gene Damon

describes her sexual adventures. When she is not busy with someone else, she is masturbating.

After all the drinking and all the wild promiscuity, we are told that Gitte suddenly meets a nice, older woman, and we are left believing that they go off into the sunset together. Presumably Gitte is going to behave in the future, but you will doubt it, as did I.

Before the novel degenerates into series of fantasy sex scenes, with language which would terrify Henry Miller (the author, speaking through Gitte, considers him the finest writer of all time) it is very well done. The depressing melancholy of Gitte as she fights against the "smell of waxed floors". Her constant nausea from Gerd's treatment of her in the beginning. There are good scenes, and though the novel is one of the so-called documentary novels (meaning simply devoid of any language beauty), it is a story probably best fitted to this style of writing.

There are some serious factual errors, which the knowing will catch at once, but, alas, the uninformed public may well believe. There are also some anatomical errors of hilarious proportions. Some of the sex scenes defy the laws of gravity as well as those of probability. And some portions of the female anatomy are grossly misnamed (though this may be, in all fairness, an error on the part of the translator, since slang varies so much from country to country).

Early in the novel, the author supplies an excellent judgement for the novel as a whole, when he (she?) has Gitte say: "It's almost too much to take seriously."

Report on the Third North American Homophile Conference 17-19 August 1967

by Virginia O. Roak

The minutes of the third NAHC reveal an astonishing amount of compromise. What the codified statements resulting from the Conference do *not* reveal, however, is the even more astonishing process by which that compromise was achieved.

The success of the Conference can best be demonstrated by contrasting its mood at the end from the mood prevalent among the delegates when they arrived in Washington. Because of the impossibility of aligning the aims of some homophile organizations with those of others there have grown up around the idea of a national colloquy two irritating divisions: first, there are those who, like DOB's Board of Governors, realize that the more restricted the attendance at such a meeting, the less the results reflect homophile opinion. On the other hand there are many homophile leaders who feel that admission of the "motley hordes" can only jeopardize the social acceptance necessary to put into constructive action the expressions of the group's needs. The second division is perhaps more germane to the conduct and value of the Conference itself: whether or not one of the aims of the Conference should be ultimate federation. Whatever expressions of immediate goals an organization will make will be irrevocably colored by its opinion on the merits of eventual federation:

whether, on the one hand, the aims of social betterment for the homosexual would be best served by as large, and therefore as politically and socially powerful, a group as possible; or whether, on the other hand, smaller organizations possessing particular problems would be more efficacious in given situations.

From this lengthy prologue it is clear that initial optimism among the delegates was unlikely. In the first place, there were incipient arguments over the rights of certain organizations to be present, and over the right of the Credentials Committee to specify organizations *not* to attend; then there were strong opinions as to what was the point of being there in the first place.

In addition, the wide range of age and experience among the delegates appeared to be potentially divisive. As the Conference turned out, that very factor may have been central to the *success* of the Conference.

Without detailing each and every step that the Conference took in its three days of hard labor and sentences, I would like to reconstruct in some detail the major issues tackled by the delegates, in the order of their consideration, because I think that it is through this order, and even the parliamentary maneuvering necessary to produce that order, that the virtue of and the justification for national conferences

becomes evident.

You will note that throughout this introduction I have been as objective, i.e., colorless, as possible. In part, I wanted to get down a simplified outline of complex attitudes quickly, before I forgot who changed whose mind. More important, though, I knew that I had personally, emotionally, become involved with the work of the Conference, and I needed to make clear the fact that I am not unaware of the feelings of the Board of Governors of DOB. Whenever I may stray from "party line," let it be understood that the opinion is my own; and while my opinions may be adjudged the results of immaturity within the movement, nevertheless those opinions have as their core a deep optimism about the possibility of coordinated progress in the homophile movement.

The Third National Planning Conference of Homophile Organizations opened on Thursday morning, 17 August, and ran head on into frustration. From the point at which it became obvious that far more delegates were speaking to minor procedural questions than were listening to each other, it began also to be clear that the Chairman, Rev. Robert Cromeey, sympathized with the needs of the delegates to reiterate that each of their organizations acknowledged no loss of autonomy by their presence. It also was clear that Rev. Cromeey understood the privileges and obligations of a referee. It is hard to listen to the tapes of the Conference and find a single point at which Bob Cromeey failed to strike the essential balance between authority and humor.

And the need for balance was not long arising. With the report of the

Credentials Committee on the grounds by which accreditation or non-accreditation of each organization was decided, the Conference embroiled itself in individual opinions, none of which was leading to any statements on the merits of any procedure, until Rev. Cromeey pointed out that these comments were all a rehashing of the work that the Committee had already done. Then the DOB delegate cut through the confusion by moving simple acceptance of the Committee's report. With the passage of that motion the ground rules were established, and the Conference began to begin. What had happened was simple in itself, but indicative of the efforts which had to be made toward compromise. It was good that so many of these questions were emotionally loaded: it was better that in spite of their passionate beliefs about the needs of the homosexual community, the delegates were able to find their first grounds of compromise in the matter of procedure, without which, by definition, there can be no Conference.

Immediately there arose a question about the status of the National Legal Defense Fund, which had been set up at the San Francisco Conference as a committee. It is common knowledge that the NLDF has since incorporated itself in California, and has begun its study of possible test cases. In terms of Conference procedure, this immediate implementation, by fund-raising, of what a year ago had been merely an intense hope, was startling and a little frightening. But by voting the NLDF status as an autonomous organization within the Conference, the delegates demonstrated their belief that action taken is better than a need contemplated.

Then came a matter on the agenda

which seemed to be cut and dried. The Conference passed a motion to the effect that, should any organization wish to sponsor an observer to the Conference, the delegate would refer the observer to the Credentials Committee for authorization. Before the Conference was over, that decision had had the following effects:

(1) Much of the time of the Committee Chairman was wasted considering and approving observers who never arrived to observe.

(2) Observers present, because they were unaware of the regulation, and because they were considered important enough to deserve the consideration of the entire Committee (I phrase this reasoning as charitably as possible), were asked to leave the Conference temporarily. They left permanently, almost taking in their wake a few delegates who felt that the situation presented an intolerable example of the authoritarianism and fearfulness of a part of the Conference.

(3) The exclusion of influential members of heterosexual society underlined the parallel possibility that potential homophile leaders might be excluded on the same basis. The DOB delegate stressed the need in the Conference for expanded vision:

Regardless of how much we lose our temper, the majority of people who would be invited and cleared to attend the Conference are hopefully future leaders . . . I believe it essential that observers be allowed, *particularly* to see us lose our tempers, so that they'll know what they're in for.

(4) The committee later formed to study proposed amendments to the Conference Model Program (ground rules, or how the organization can

function on a continuing basis) recommended that a prime matter of consideration for the interim Credentials Committee should be a searching review of the problems about observers.

From these incidents you can see that the first pervasive success of the Conference was to clarify in the minds of the delegates that a conference is neither a convention, to be conducted in strictest formality on the basis of prepared statements (to which response is usually made *after* the convention), nor a committee meeting, where, ideally, all possibilities and eventualities should be considered, in the hope of presenting the best of them to the larger group. A conference, this Conference discovered, is a work session, dedicated to expressing general needs and delegating the responsibility for action in any way that avoids waste or incompetence: either by referral of the general to the particular (from the Conference to a committee), or from the particular to the general (from the Conference back to the organizations which comprise it).

The next two matters of business clearly demonstrated these two ways of implementation. First, the suggestion as to the need for collecting funds to reimburse the Credentials Committee was made in such a way that it was clear that the *organizations* had the final say about their expenditures. Then an expanded Operating Committee was proposed to take the suggestions of the delegates and interpolate them into the proposed Model Program.

I said that this Committee was proposed. You are no more tired of these questions of procedure than were the delegates at this point. It was occurring to at least three

people that (a) a total adherence to matters of procedure, (b) the coverage of all procedural questions before any action was presented, or (c) the assumption that procedure was a matter dissociated from the meaty matters of purpose and action, —any of these would be fatal to the success of the Conference. The DOB delegate sent the fumes flying with the proposal that the Committee could not function without knowing the opinion of the Conference as to its own purposes, and that therefore the next order of business must be the determination of purpose. Jim Kepner, of *Pursuit and Symposium*, in Los Angeles, iterated the need to tackle basic questions without being swamped by methodology. In the course of the parliamentary confusion that ensued (what it was was an argument), Rev. Cromey impressed on the Conference that their expressed decision to discuss purposes clearly indicated their desire to relieve busy-work with basic theories.

And now I can stop telling you what went on theoretically, because after lunch the delegates (with perhaps a couple of exceptions among delegates who have grown old and jaundiced in the service), began telling one another; and, far more important, they began *listening* to one another. Most of the afternoon was devoted to thoughtful presentation by several delegates of their views on Conference purposes. Because the sense of their remarks was incorporated into the resolution passed the next morning, I shall not go into them at length. I have an almost irresistible urge to include a few "quotable quotes", but because the purpose of this report, if not its brevity, would be destroyed by partial and selective reporting, I restrain my-

self. I am in the process of typing, in full, a number of these speeches, and will be glad to supply them to anyone who wants them. So briefly, I skip over what was probably the most important part of the Conference.

Without its shirt-sleeve committees to do the dirty work of codifying abstractions, this Conference would have been merely a rubber stamp for self-evident resolutions restating the position of the homosexual in the society he lives in. Instead, the Conference next morning resolved that the purpose of the conference is: For organizations and selected individuals dedicated primarily to the improvement of the status of the homosexual, to formulate, plan, discuss, coordinate, and implement strategy, tactics, ideologies, philosophies, and methodologies for the improvement of the homosexual as a homosexual.

The Conference will provide for the expression of contributions that may be made by individuals and organizations whose activities are, though not primarily involved with the problems of the homosexual, relevant to the crucial problems that face the homosexual community.

Understanding that only a free exchange of worthwhile ideas can eliminate inter-group strife, the conference will allow for open communication in the homosexual community. The conference will stimulate and encourage the formation of new homophile organizations with the ultimate goal of establishing a legitimate homophile movement on a national scale with an organizational code of ethics.

Inter-group projects and cooperation will be encouraged on all possible levels. Recognizing that the problems facing the homosexual are only one facet of America's restrictive sexual

ethic, this conference will promote the study of sexuality in general, with particular emphasis on homosexuality. The conference will consistently work to expose the "sexual sickness" that pervades our society and offer meaningful answers to the wide range of problems forced on homosexuals. To be effective, this conference must articulate and respond to the needs of America's homosexual community. The conference, while presently consultative in nature and function, shall consider itself to be a duly constituted continuing body, having the power, with the concurrence of the delegates, to make rules and establish criteria necessary for the orderly transaction of business and the furtherance of its goals.

Clearly, the portion of the resolution referring to a national movement with an organizational code of ethics, and the inadvertant implication that the NAHC should promote the formation of new organizations *solely* with the goal of unification, both are touchy matters. But for once a certain amount of vagueness is an advantage: because much is implied here rather than stated, the DOB was not forced to encourage the formation of a group that expected to do the job of the DOB. If the job of the DOB is unclear, see the inside front cover of the *Ladder*.

But, lest my typing fingers be slapped for interpreting rather than reporting, let me draw a picture of Friday: with the committee to codify purpose just breathing a sigh of relief, a committee has been empowered to study recommendations about the Conference ground rules, "even if it meets all night;" and now up comes the report of the National Legal Defense Fund, which, having yester-

day been released from its responsibility to the Conference, is now asking, in the person of Jim Skaggs, for a committee to be formed to recommend a board of directors putting the NLDF back in Conference control! The reasons for that need are obvious: the NLDF's incorporation in California was a geographical accident, and the Voting Board which the Conference established on Saturday morning overcame that regional drawback. Since the Conference cannot aid it all year round, the NLDF needs representatives from the composite organizations to allow it to function nationally.

Before the end of the Friday session, there were several presentations made, to which I would like to give just brief mention; the full record will of course be found in the formal minutes of the Conference.

(1) Dr. Frank Kameny, of the Mattachine Society of Washington, outlined the work that is being done to protect homosexuals in government employ. He concluded that one of the fears of the Department of Justice is that they will be swamped with cases. The inescapable conclusion is that they *should* be swamped, and that each organization should be alert for possible cases.

(2) When, on two provocations, the matter of attendance arose again, Shirley Willer reiterated the position of the DOB Board, and then spoke briefly in her own right. She said, and the delegates concurred, that although the ideal would be to admit even the FBI and the CIA, nevertheless, because the reason for the Conference is the inequity of the position of the homosexual, those admitted to the Conference must, therefore, be concerned with the advancement of the homosexual.

(3) Dr. Joel Fort proposed and received the assistance of the delegates in the formation of a National Sex Forum to "in general, try to influence the sexual climate in the United States through a collaborative effort of these organizations."

In addition to providing amusement for the members of two committees, Friday night produced a change in the name of the Conference. Suddenly, Saturday morning, the NPCHO became the North American Homophile Conference.

An amazing amount of the Saturday session is contained in the official minutes. After the passage of the revised Model Program, a number of resolutions were presented to the Conference. Again, reporting these developments is rather like reporting a tennis match, so I ask your indulgence if I *list* them, with whatever elaboration is possible without confusion.

(1) A resolution was passed establishing a committee to study the variation in liquor laws among the states, and to provide a guide to these, to the end of establishing a model liquor law.

(2) Another resolution was passed to assist the organizations in dealing with one of their most omnipresent problems: it was resolved that minors expressing confusion about their homosexuality and/or interest in the homophile movement be directed "to the Student Homophile League or other youth homophile organization, as appropriate."

I'm fully in accord with the optimism and generosity of this resolution, but cannot for the life of me see that I should send to the Student Homophile League an eighteen-year-old butch who left high school at 16,

spent two years in and out of bars and reformatories, and finally came to DOB in hopes of a little less knocking around and a little more sympathetic guidance. I know that she is a legal hot potato, but I expect her to understand this, and would rather DOB took her under our wing than the SHL. And what other organization could meet any of her needs? But the answer to that question justifies my full support of the part of the resolution encouraging existing organizations to help form new youth organizations.

(3) On the carefully documented proposal by Austin Wade, a guest of DOB and a member of the Mattachine Society of New York, a resolution was passed specifying four geographical areas as the centres for four legal studies now underway: Washington, D.C., as the center for all legal questions involving civil employment and related government imposition on the homosexual; Chicago as the centre for all legal questions involving police and local administrative harassment; San Francisco as the centre for the administration of the NLDF and actual test cases; and New York and Philadelphia as the centre for the study of legal and legislative reform.

(4) The Committee formed Friday on the NLDF made its formal proposal to establish an executive board and a National Voting Board of regional advisors. This proposal was passed unanimously.

(5) The Student Homophile League and the Dughters of Bilitis presented a resolution calling for the recognition of three regional conferences and encouragement in the formation of a fourth. This, too, was passed unanimously.

(6) A committee was appointed to study the feasibility of a program to explore school sex education as it treats homosexuality, and to suggest reorganization where necessary.

(7) The Homophile Clearing House requested and received an inter-regional committee to advise it.

(8) Introduced in a letter from the President of Mattachine Midwest was a resolution calling for the promotion of study of the feasibility of federation. It is indicative of the mood of the delegates that this resolution, whose subject has been one of the underlying reasons for almost all violent disagreement since the first Conference, was passed by 3/5 of the votes.

The resolution as passed reads: Resolved. That this conference approve the idea of a national federation or coalition of existing homophile organizations to operate as the member organizations, acting in the spirit of consensus and with respect to the autonomy of each of them, authorize it to do so; and

Resolved, that this conference establish a Committee on Unity to be appointed by the Chair during or after this session, whose duty it shall be to study and make recommendations to the 1968 session, or as the Conference Chairman and the Committee shall see fit, concerning the most feasible and desirable steps to be taken toward increasing homophile unity by a formally structured federation of organizations; and

Resolved, that this Committee shall promote an exchange of views among all interested elements of the homophile movement concerning its work, shall report its progress to the movement at convenient intervals, and shall attempt to secure adequate representation of varying viewpoints

in the composition of the Committee and in its deliberations.

It was suggested that the first paragraph be deleted from the resolution, but it was the sense of the meeting, with which the delegate from DOB concurred, that the basic disagreement would not be lessened by, in effect, avoiding its overt statement.

The passage of this resolution, although its principles were opposed by the DOB on the grounds I have mentioned earlier, does not make the position of the DOB in regard to the NAHC untenable. Approval of an idea, and even the establishment of a committee to study it, do not obligate any delegation to assist until they feel they wish to. During the discussion of possible members for the committee, one delegate specifically requested that his organization be left out (on the grounds that he felt it was time to take action on *problems*, not on organization), two others implied the same desire, and two specifically requested inclusion. It is obvious that the NAHC has not committed itself to any drastic action which it cannot carry out.

(9) A resolution was passed affirming the desire of the conference to challenge the U.S. Post Office Department to cease censoring homophile-oriented mail.

(10) Finally, the Conference passed the following resolution:

Resolved that there shall be a National Conference in the summer of 1968;

the 1968 Conference shall be held in Chicago;

Co-hosts for the 1968 Conference shall be Mattachine Midwest and the DOB;

there shall be allotted as much time as feasible to the 1968 Conference; A registration fee of \$15. per appli-

cant organization and \$5. per applicant individual shall be set; Proposed agenda items shall be sent to Mattachine Midwest for collation and presentation to the Conference Chairman for approval.

The Rev. Crome and Doug Sanders were reappointed to the Chairmanship and Secretaryship, respectively. And among the final statements was this by Jerry Joachim of PRIDE:

Yesterday and the day before we were somewhat divided by dissension; but it is the feeling of the delegations from the West that finally and splendidly this afternoon this conference began to take shape. This was Jerry's first Conference.

Perhaps what led most to the birth of optimism was the phenomenon of a delegate, and there were several, who calmly stated that as a result of opinions he had heard in the morning, he had changed his own by afternoon. It must have been gratifying for some of the delegates, who have been hearing one another's opinions for five years or more, to hear new voices restating them and harmonizing them.

The experienced delegates, too, were making a concerted effort to distinguish basic differences from incidental disagreements. Don Slater, of *Tangents*, who commented on Thursday morning that he was against discussion of Conference purposes until a legalistic framework had been adopted, felt himself that same afternoon called upon to state *his* concept of the purposes of the homophile movement. Don consciously

presented the Conference with such a clear picture of the divisions between East Coast and West philosophies, (conservative and liberal, if you will), that the delegates, almost in self-defense, determined then and there to prove to themselves and to one another that these differences could be resolved. As a result, some of the most creative thinking of the homophile movement was done on the floor of the Third NAHC.

The codification that resulted the following morning, then, should not be received as a dry, arbitrary document stemming from a dry, arbitrary meeting. It is the opinion of the Board of Governors of the DOB that the purposes of such planning conferences should be kept fluid, both because of the vast differences in attitudes among homophile organizations and because of the need for the DOB to hold itself aloof from any group that might seek to impose obligations on us which would be irrelevant to our own purposes. There is reason, therefore, for us to feel encouraged by the care taken by the Conference to prevent any of its voting organizations from exercising unrestricted control of the course of the Conference. Although procedures were conducted by the usual parliamentary regulations, there was to the Conference, by Saturday afternoon, almost a Quaker feeling of consensus. This feeling of "no one has lost, and we've all won something" is the result of the hard work of Rev. Crome and the delegates, who went to Washington not only to speak, but to listen.



Readers Respond



(Miss Helen Sanders, Editor)
c/o Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.

Enclosed is an article which you might be interested in publishing in *The Ladder*. I think you will find the article to be a relevant one for the readership of this publication, as well as an appropriate way for me to appraise the D.O.B. membership of the findings of a study in which they participated.

Dr. Mildred Weiss and I are currently working on a book based on the topic of the relationship between homosexuality and psychological health, which we hope to have ready within a year. (I intend to devote one chapter of the book to a detailed report of my study and its implications). We will be in touch with your organization concerning the various ways you may be able to aid us in the writing and editing of this book.

I am hoping to hear from you soon about your reactions to this article.

Sincerely yours,

s/Mark J. Freedman, Ph. D.

SEE PAGE 2

MADAME EDITOR

Has anyone pointed out to you the continuing error on the inside of your back cover?? You will note that this continued to exhort women to contact

the Chicago chapter of DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, which does not exist at this time. Sincere there are chapters in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and Philadelphia, should not the accompanying text properly direct the women??? Yeah! is done

U.N. (New Mexico)

DEAR MISS SANDERS

There is no question about the talent of Miss Jane Kogan, whose art work has graced two recent LADDER covers (Editor's Note: August, 1967 and October-November, 1967), but do you not agree that there is some question about using such material in a magazine of this nature. It has been my impression that the magazine is rather conservative, taking a position that the only Lesbians worth counting would not be fit subjects for Miss Kogan's type of work. This sort of art might lead one to believe that Lesbians were occasionally delinquent sexually...

P.S. (North Carolina)

DEAR MISS SANDERS

Let's have more of Jane Kogan's covers, and if there be such, more of others just like her. Talent is what matters, not any special group's message. It is

refreshing to see that the old conservative rag, THE LADDER, does know that there is a very swinging new generation just outside the door.

B.L.H. and G.B. (Arkansas)

Dear Miss. Sanders:

I am equally sorry that Jane Rule missed Valerie Taylor's letter in the June issue which triggered the present debate, and even sorrier that she missed the original article under discussion. It helps, sometimes, to read the material you review, defend, or to which you object, before commenting.

The literary review is meant to reach a select audience: the specialized reader, often a lifetime academic student of literature, or another writer. Its purpose is to discuss style and theme and goals and the success or lack thereof in these general areas. Extraneous considerations such as plot, place or setting, time, characterization (with some exceptions), and the successful handling of the subject matter of the novel (if any), are often left out of literary reviews.

On the other hand, the ordinary reader who reads for personal pleasure is not likely to be much concerned with the points dear to the academic heart. He wants to know what the book is about, what general classification fits it best (i.e. a "general" novel, a mystery, a novel of suspense, a romance, historical fiction, a western, etc.). This same reader is likely to be interested in knowing something of the novel's locale, its chronological area, whether it is a male or a female oriented story (a war story as opposed to a romance), and something about the major protagonists.

Most of all, the reader reads for the story—the plot—and however sad

that makes most writers, it is an incapable fact of life. It's the plot, the action, that appeals. There are, admittedly, exceptions to these horribly over-simplified generalizations, but the exceptions already subscribe to the *New York Times Book Review*, *Saturday Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Nation*, and if they are sufficiently willing to achieve complete boredom, they probably read *The New York Review of Books*.

This is not to say that the reviewer has the right to refuse some kind of visible plus or minus sign regarding the quality of the writing. But let's face it, that is ALWAYS a value judgement, when you are discussing fiction, or poetry, or drama. It is always a personal statement, an opinion, strongly biased by the limitations of the reviewer: how much he has read, and of what, and all the prejudices he carries like Marley's chain. With these necessary limitations it becomes the height of conceit to pass any kind of comment on the intangible qualities of a book.

Jane Rule specifically requests reviews not just concerned with the Lesbian portions of the material. In this magazine, however, that is the primary function of the reviewer. The only books covered are those that deal to some extent with Lesbians, except for those fringe area, marginal, titles with special interest for women in general. When I mention the length of pertinent data in a long novel it is only to avoid the blasting I have often received for failing to point this out. There are, whether Miss Rule realizes it or not, many regular readers of Lesbian material who don't read anything else. It is as hard for me to understand as it is for her, but it is still a fact. If the letters I have received are any criteria, those readers outnumber the general readers.

She further asks that the reviews deal with the work's insights and techniques. The former is an ambiguous word. If she means that the reviews should tell how accurately the writer portrays the Lesbian characters, I think I do this, possibly overdo it. I presume by techniques she refers to the author's methods, and this again goes back to the fact that these reviews are intended for a general audience with a particular special interest.

It is ridiculous to have to explain again and again that THE LADDER is reaching a large cross-section of people. Miss Rule surely realizes this when she later goes on to admit that "some of us, however, are also Jews, Negroes, Japanese . . . mothers, teachers, doctors, politicians, factory workers." She might well have added that it reaches every possible intellectual level. To direct the book notes and book reviews in THE LADDER to the small percentage she represents would be both unfair and unrealistic. She knows where to go for the tenor of review she personally prefers—the same places I go to find the books I review in turn.

As for citizens of the world, I wonder if the intent of that statement has not been exaggerated. Perhaps what was meant is simply that Lesbians must first keep their personal home

fires burning, take part in all of overlapping areas of responsibility which concern all of us ("fresh air, fair wage practices, education for handicapped children" or whatever . . .) but still not forget that they belong to an enormous minority whose major crime to date is *just* that lack of commitment to the cause that Jane Rule cites. No matter how many placative phrases anyone repeats about how sexual orientation is only a portion of the individual, you cannot get around the fact that homosexuals still have dozens of legal, social and religious restrictions which could be altered by the even "part time" efforts of *all* homosexuals working together. There are many examples of "we have overcome"; but we still do not have the right of legal marriage, legal protection of our property and inheritance rights, fair taxation, fair insurance rates, etc., etc.

While I cannot speak for the general editorial policy of THE LADDER, nor for the goals and intentions of THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., I sincerely doubt if the intention is to alienate potential assistance. I am certain the organization is grateful for any help, any amount of time spent, any form of contribution.

Gene Damon

THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE a bibliography

By Gene Damon and Lee Stuart

AN ALPHABETICAL LISTING BY AUTHOR OF ALL KNOWN BOOKS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, IN THE GENERAL FIELD OF LITERATURE, CONCERNED WITH LESBIANISM, OR HAVING LESBIAN CHARACTERS.

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CROSS CURRENTS and Miscellany

KANSAS CITY TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN

A group of well-meaning but very misguided sociology students spent an evening in Kansas City, trying to get themselves "accepted" in various "lower" strata groups, according to an article in the Kansas City Star, November 19, 1967. Some of the students attempted to pass themselves off as "bums" around the Market District. Two of them, Mrs. Jean Nixon, and Miss Diane Gorup, invaded a well-known Lesbian bar which restricts its trade to legitimate customers (the bar is NOT identified by name in the Star article, but it will be no secret to those who know the city). Twice the ladies were rejected by the bartender. Mrs. Nixon, in explaining the group's reasons for trying to get into the bar, said: "after all, some of them had never seen a butch or a femme". Later, in explaining the preparations she made for the evening, she inadvertently makes it clear that she had no idea how to go about it, either. She might be amused to know that one of the reasons she probably got thrown out was her choice of garb, since Mrs. Nixon is reported to have worn "unlaundered sweat shirt, jeans and 'shades'".

The students were evidently sincere in their desire for "meaningful dialogue". One wonders what they hoped to accomplish eavesdropping in a Lesbian bar. They might be startled to hear that they were probably considered "tourists". Possibly next time they'll take their credentials to an organized homophile group and attempt "front door" entrance.

Angela Lansbury just doesn't want to play the role of a lesbian in the movie version of "The Killing of Sister George." The pay is high and the role could conceivably bring her an Oscar. But she doesn't want to destroy the image she created for herself in "Mame." To each his or her own hang-up.

Those of you who met Dr. C. W. Socarides on the CBS Reports may not be surprised to know that he now recommends a U. S. Center to aid Homosexuals. "Homosexuality is a condition of certainly epidemiological proportions," sez he. He suggests that we need pooled treatment for research and all—similar to what is available for mental retardation, epilepsy and alcoholism. Oh, joy! Dr. Socarides

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figures that there are 2,500,000 homosexuals rampant. He wants a program to "diminish, reverse and prevent the tragic human condition that involves such a large number of the population." We truly hope that our government takes care of a few other problems it has before it seriously considers this program.

It pleases us to juxtapose two items from the news: First (from the ever-popular Walter Scott Personality Parade) John Maynard Keynes, the economist who thought up deficit financing was a homosexual, one of the many who attended Cambridge University in the early 1900's. Others in his group were writer Lytton Strachey, artist Duncan Grant. A good account of these men and their homosexuality is available in Lytton Strachey, the Unknown Years, by Michael Holyroyd (Holt, Rinehart, Winston). Second, we are pleased that Rev. Robert Cromey, vicar of St. Aldan's Episcopal Church in San Francisco, has commended Governor Ronald Reagan for his willingness to hire staff members without discrimination on the basis of race or sexual orientation.

We think that if there were homosexuals on the Governor's staff, it is too bad they got found out. They were doing so well up to that point. They helped to get him elected. They helped to carry out his program. Then, all of a sudden they were not useful. Of course, it depends on your politics as to how you want this "fairy story" to turn out. Those who hate the Guv might be inclined to use this sort of material against him and those who like him might like to ignore it, but it is unfortunate that politics does, indeed make strange bedfellows. Draw your own conclusions.

Temple of Athene (con't)

"No, I'm off for business in New York. I must watch out for my train." With an absent nod, the President went out by the north door toward the station.

Theodora strode back long the empty walks in a blind haze. From whom had that letter come? Not opened here, only hunted out and taken along, but no use telling oneself it was some business communication needed in New York. Every detail of the scene cried out that it was personal, especially that last wincing pain at mention of a birthday. Was this Lenox VanTuyl's and had someone forgotten? Only one thing was sure: the woman was in love. Theodora felt her teeth cut her lip.

Not once in these months since July had such a possibility occurred to her. And even now she couldn't believe in an active current affair—Marion had bred in her a too unerring instinct for the signs. Just as she had been sure about Betsy Cotterill since that first week when Agnes Haynes returned late and the cool blonde's crispness had somehow mellowed, so she was sure now that Lenox VanTuyl's absences this fall included no such release.

It was equally impossible to imagine some relationship like her own with Celia, one had so long since crossed off that sort of thing as immature. Could Lenox VanTuyl's rich humorous warmth and poise conceivably have grown from mere vicarious experience? They were so far removed from the wistful hunger or pallid dryness of lifelong spinsterhood.

But there could be blind alleys for even the most courageous maturity. Some departed colleague with an ultimate substratum of prudery . . .

Some untouched young graduate, or perhaps one happily married . . . Or—how had it never dawned till now?—a man! Theodora's head jerked as if she had run full face into a spider's new-spun web. After all, one had no evidence on which to eliminate that last sickening possibility, nothing but wishful thinking . . .

Between her and the crowded late breakfast table, between her and juniors struggling with a mid-term quiz, between her and a dozen walls and windows and chance encountered colleagues all morning, rose eidetic images of that strained face, and her head rang with her own reiterated questions.

And then as she ate crackers and drank instant coffee in her room—she couldn't face a chattering table at lunch—she knew what she must do: learn all it was possible to discover about Lenox VanTuyl. What with her career here and abroad and all the literature about the Ivorsen Memorial, there must be something in print that would give a clue to at least her emotional pattern. And with students blown by Indian summer winds to the four points of the compass the library should be hers. Strongly as that field had been posted since her first sight of the portrait, now the compulsion to hunt was stronger. She would go and read her fill. Whatever effect it produced must be better than this hypnotic trance in which she had moved since morning.

A knock, and then Mary Dawson's sardonic face thrust past the edge of the half-opened door, followed by a shoulder in bathrobe and an arm draped with towel. "Hail, neighbor. You're going in with us, aren't you? I may not look it, but we're catching the 1:53."

"Not this time I'm afraid, my duck." Theodora threw her arms up behind her head and stretched, with an indolent smile to mask the flatness of her refusal.

"Why in the world not? And don't you say Work to a woman with sixty-give themes raising their ugly heads."

"But I'm hag-ridden by a library job, and think what it's like over there Saturday afternoon—empty and quiet as a museum."

"But Saturday afternoon, Theo! No, it's bad hygiene, it's lost perspective, it's the Dull Boy." Behind the dry parody of a health lecture there was personal hurt from which Theodora shied away.

"I'd only be a duller boy if I came along." This time her light tone was final.

Mary's dryness too on an edge. "You're too young to go all unsocial, Gift of the Gods. You'll be fifty far ahead of your time." She closed the door sharply as she left.

Theodora drifted to the window, laid her hand on the middle sash and her forehead on her fingers. Outside, the early afternoon was soft with a diffused brightness unbearably moving . . . So for all her efforts her withdrawal was apparent. To few perhaps beside Mary because they were indifferent, but unluckily Mary still cared. But what good could it do to go? Among the crowd this afternoon her muted detachment must stand out like a foreigner's inability to speak the language. No use, she must simply see this attack through alone. It wasn't the first nor would it be the last, but thank heaven they had been few.

How many personal exchanges of even a sentence had there been between her and Lenox VanTuyl these two months? Half a dozen perhaps, and those in the midst of public clamor.

All one's firm resolution to avoid her turned dangerously ingrowing with no opportunity for its exercise. And then suddenly this morning. Not often would a screw like that be turned upon one . . . Her fingers beat a thin tattoo on the pane. . . Only let them be gone soon to their 1:53.

In the library by a stroke of luck Ruth Emery was on duty alone. That placid young thing's perceptions should be as slow as her gait. Theodora went first to the browsing room and faced the portrait squarely. She had not allowed herself so much as a glance since that hot September afternoon, but it was as known to her as if she had studied it often. She saw it now as a testimonial to Lenox Van Tuyl's depth of poise, that she could have it hanging here, a kind of pillar and beacon to stormy youth, 'Deor's Lament' in reverse: 'That I o'erpassed, this may you also.'

Deeply stirred she went out across the peaceful reading room to the catalog. A furiously scratching pencil paused as one of the two students who had also foregone the joys of Saturday afternoon looked up and smiled. Her response was natural enough but very dim.

Van Tuyl . . . What a quantity she had written and what variety, a rich vein to be worked another day when personal history was not the primary goal. *Verlaine!* But in French, two hundred pages of it, and on his influence . . . her degree was from the Sorbonne, this would be the dissertation . . . so even it must wait. About her—just nothing, except that one routine article on her accession to the presidency and a reference to the vertical file which would mean merely clippings.

Very well, try Ivorsen. Here the going was better, and with a list of biographical entries she went off to the stacks. But the few pamphlets and

reprints looked as dull as the depressing gray binders into which they were gummed. She leafed rapidly through one after another.

. . . Born in the same year as Lenox Van Tuyl, though three classes behind her here. College under protest . . . in different scholar, reserved, withdrawn, her only friends one art instructor and Lenox Van Tuyl, (who must have been a senior) . . . With her twenty-first birthday, left in the middle of sophomore year for Paris against parental opposition . . . Made an immediate mark . . . contest award . . . class of Lucien DuCroix . . . phenomenal progress . . . 'Within the year her straitened circumstances were relieved by the arrival in Paris of her college friend Ann Lenox Van Tuyl, enrolled as a student in the Sorbonne, with whom she took up residence.' (But nothing further!) . . . At the end of this second year her work suffered its only harsh review when the notably Freudian critic Emile Legere pronounced the two exhibited canvases no advance over her previous showing, and accused the artist of arrested adolescence.'

Theodora scowled. Not a pleasant comment particularly from a Freudian, in view of the two girls' having joined forces. She read on alert for overtones:

As a result Janet Ivorsen exhibited nothing further for two years, at the end of which a half dozen paintings were hung and met with enthusiastic acclaim. . . . These were soon followed by the brilliant portrait of Ann Lenox Van Tuyl in academic costume which won the Grand Prix for 19—and established the artist's international reputation.' (So! one had reason to be shaken by it.) 'But living again alone' (Alone? Why?) 'in circum-

stances less easy than suspected even by family and closest friends, she undermined her health and soon succumbed to the tubercular infection which ended her tragically brief career at the age of twenty-nine.

Theodora glanced at the clock. Not yet three. Somewhere in the mass of art criticism there might be more help, and the most thorough study stood the best chance of containing it. She hunted out the volume by Doro mentioned in a footnote. Maurice Doro . . . But that was the owner of the portrait! Like too many art books it had no index, but skimming with seasoned speed she settled down to *Chapter IV. The Artist Comes of Age*.

Same early facts . . . Legere's attack again . . . apparently nothing new here except a defense, and that largely technical. No—at last!

These are the sole bases for M. Legere's original charge of arrested adolescence. Two years later, after general recognition of her genius, he expanded his review into a sensational psycho-analytic study of little artistic soundness, its theses that between Miss Ivorsen's withdrawal from public notice and her triumphant return, the only factor which could have produced such advance in maturity was complete passion experience.

Good heavens, a second attack from Legere, and all but libellous. But no light on Van Tuyl, and off again into pages of art technicalities again. Theodora ran her eye hungrily down the dense print for relevant phrases.

. . . M. Legere sees in the background-figures some evidence of preoccupation with inversion. But where in the late twenties or since can an amusement park

crowd be found without women in trousers and young men in garden-hued blouses? . . . In *Carrousel* the critic again makes much of human types which after all are but random samples from any street scene on the Rive Gauche . . .

Oh fury! Why wasn't the whole poisonous Legere text available? Then as she turned a page the name Van Tuyl leaped at her. She parted her lips to quiet her suddenly audible breathing.

The weightiest of M. Legere's arguments, however, is based upon the prize-winning portrait of Miss Ivorsen's countrywoman and friend . . . It would be stupid to suggest that the subject of this remarkable study was not undergoing some emotional crisis at the time. It is known that the struggle of deciding whether to remain in Paris which she loved, was weighing heavily upon her. That a more personal problem was involved and was exacerbated by the tension of her recent academic ordeal is not improbable. (But *what* problem?)

But to argue that Janet Ivorsen could not have rendered this likeness without undergoing similar experience is to betray ignorance of the circumstances. These young women had shared living quarters for more than two years, and whatever turmoil beset the one must have been well known to the other. No one blessed and burdened with the sensibility of a great artist could have lived thus, even with a personality less dynamic than Miss Van Tuyl's and not been vicariously affected. In all this I am writing no brief for emotional sterility. My quar-

rel is with M. Legere's argument that passion alone can produce artistic maturity. Before her compulsive break with parents and homeland Janey Ivorsen was scarcely more than an inhibited child. Freedom to paint brought forth in one season fruit commensurate with her gifts and her years. Then success bore her easily along until M. Legere's first criticism induced that painful self-searching which is conscious growth. Thus the emotional experience which made Janet Ivorsen an adult was not, I submit, a passion experience such as he predicates, but his own critical attack of April 19-

One in the eye for that devil Legere, Theodora rejoiced; but not too rich a harvest for her . . . and nothing further forthcoming, by the look of the remainder.

A quarter of four. The only sane thing was a brisk walk before sundown. But instead she re-entered the stacks at the French literature section. Verlaine . . . not on the shelves. She approached the desk thankful again for Ruth Emery and laid down herslip.

"Could you tell me anything about this? It doesn't seem to be there."

"Oh yes, it's in the locked case." The girl indicated a minute symbol.

"Would you be able to get it for me? It's probably rare, being published abroad," (that should serve to conceal her quite different suspicion), "but I'll have it back in time to be locked up again. We're open till five, aren't we?"

The girl returned from the librarian's office with a beautifully bound volume, and Theodora hurried back to her place hot with anticipation. Alas . . . one's skimming speed for French was

something less than for English, and this was the dissertation all right, complete with valences of footnote. There was an index here, though, if one could only recall which were the significant poems . . . Her guesses proved good, and she attacked the clean idiomatic French, following breathlessly that vivid mind nearly ten years younger than her own now.

. . . Keen impersonal evaluation that was still warm with comprehension and sympathy . . . So Lenox VanTuyl had understood completely even then . . .

Time raced. With burning cheekbones and cold fingers Theodora pushed along against it. Now the influenced poets, thought that would probably be a matter of style-theses were given to style . . . Renee Vivien! Her own chance-discovered secretly cherished darling! She tried to grasp whole paragraphs at once. If only she had time to savor it word by word, for besides dealing with verse form and diction it was noting that these verses were written by a girl whose native tongue was not French; speaking with eloquent restraint of their authentic though uneven power; . . . and then of critical injustice which neglected poems and poet alike because of Lesbian coloring . . . Trembling, palms damp, Theodora rested her forehead on her hand and closed her eyes. She could read no more just now, it was too much a surprise and too moving.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Hart."

Thank heaven the girl had spoken from the desk in the wide room where they two alone now remained. "I'm sorry!" Theodora swept up the book, dropped it on the desk and bolted, calling back breathlessly, "I lost all track of time. Thank you for so much patience."

Just as she was, hatless and in classroom shoes, she left the campus by a back path and took the shortest, was out of town toward Elsinore. The air was blessedly cool on hot cheeks and a kind of silent shout exulted in her head . . . She knows. She has known all her life. Known everything . . . Lenox VanTuyl seemed striding in step beside her. As she passed from walks to highway she looked down once regretfully at her feet but did not slacken her pace. And overlying the faded November thickets she saw the cafes of Toulouse-Lautrec, the inseparable pair of young dancers who modeled for him and Degas and Rodin, saw Renee Vivien and her beloved nameless companion, and the balconies and pensions of Verlaine, a whole bright web of her own spinning.

A car rushed past with a warning hoot and her mind broke in scornfully: Don't trouble about anachronism! All that was twenty and more years gone before they set foot in Paris . . . But it was still Paris, haven of all loves whether or not it was the fashion of the moment in art and literature to celebrate them. They had been lovers, Lenox VanTuyl and Janet Ivorsen, no one could tell her otherwise now. They had shared quarters on the Left Bank and lived three silent secret years together . . . That was why there was so little biography, why all records were so thin and uniform. Censored! Even Maurice Doro who knew them well . . . Had he loved one of them perhaps, or was he a young man in garden-hued blouse!? Staunch champion and writer of eloquent camouflage . . .

Very-well, came mind's cold anti-phony, so now you know. But what of it-for you?

. . . It could explain the portrait . . . supposing they knew, even then while

they were creating it together, that Janet Ivorsen was doomed . . . And Lenox VanTuyl's breaking voice at the Sing . . . It could mean certainty that behind this morning's pain there is at least no man.

. . . Somehow she shall know that I know now, and understand. A chance for a passing word-almost one good straight look could be enough . . .

And how many such chances have there been so far? Where are they likely to occur now? In the dining room where she occasionally lunches or dines, four tables removed? Convocation, Sunday vespers, with her on the platform? Or do you plan to begin sophomoric contrived encounters?

. . . But this morning! . . .

Which is exactly the sixth time since July you have exchanged a sentence with her, including that *high* moment at the President's Reception when you shook her hand in the receiving line. Ass!

But the tide of exultation ran too high to be stemmed by *ridicula*, and she walked wrapped again in the radiant web . . . On some walk like this the car overtaking her would be the limousine and she and Lenox would ride home together warm and close in the sheltering dark . . . Or they were in New York, each alone, and meeting by chance in a theatre lobby they went back together to her hotel . . . And after that as often as joint absence could be risked would come other exquisite planned rendezvous . . . She swung along blind and drugged with reverie.

A violent stumble stopped her short, and like a breaker complete exhaustion washed harshly over her. She held up her wrist but it was too dark to read the time. Good heavens, walking steadily into the west how

one was deceived by the streak of afterglow, and now even that was only a stain of violet-gray crowded down by the wheeling hemisphere of dark. She lit a match. Nearly sixty-three, and she had no idea where she was nor even how to retrace her headlong course. An hour and a half—at least five miles, to judge from her deep muscular fatigue. She would be somewhere to the north of Clive, more likely even Cawdor. If she bore left on the next decent road she must eventually come to some recognizable landmark.

Sobered and slowed she put her whole mind to the problem of getting back. It had grown cooler with darkness and to stop for rest would be to invite a fine chill. She plodded on for a time that seemed longer than all that had passed, though when she finally came into the square at Cawdor a clock said only seven. Providentially her coin purse was in her jacket, it would run to a ticket home and something to eat. Footsore and faint she made her way into an Ivy Tavern where one should be safe from any possible recognition. She had enough, praise heaven, to allow a cocktail. Not in years had a single martini carried her so far beyond reality, and she ate the dubious cube steak in an illusory Best of All Possible Worlds. But on the eight o'clock inbound suburban she suffered the full weight of reaction. She was spent as from an illness, and wandered up from Windrom station to her dormitory in a soft unfocussed daze.

She had enough wit left to enter by the end door and take the service stair to her floor. Above all else she must avoid meeting Mary Dawson or any of that crowd. Not the drink, it has passed, but the mood, she felt transparent to the point of indecency. In-

side her room with the door locked she did not even turn on a light, but fell back across her cot with only consciousness enough left to kick off shoes and pull the homespun over her feet.

She walked without knowledge of time or place, pushing up through nightmare to hear surreptitious giggles and tiptoeing feet somewhere outside. Then Saturday night grew up slowly about her. Girls who had overstayed their midnight permissions were creeping in. The luminous dial on the bookcase said nearly one. Out like a light for four good hours. If only she were bathed and abed.

But when she began to strip off jacket and blouse, she was suddenly perversely awake, and then Lenox VanTuyl and Janet Ivorsen and all Paris were upon her again, and she was so filled with restless craving that lying down in bed was unthinkable. If only she had an enormous drink, not two swallows of sherry. Or Lenox VanTuyl's impounded studies . . . Could one break into the library? A brave hope, with the watchman alert for returning sinners.

One thing was sure, she couldn't stay penned in this room. Her protesting muscles said there had been more than enough walking, but she must get out in the open for one short turn to break this hysterical claustrophobia, escape this utter emotional dead end. Putting on crepe soled golf shoes and black chesterfield she opened her door and crept with a guilty student's caution down the service stair again to the door at its foot. But now this might well be to walk into the arms of Jeffers, all but ubiquitous after midnight . . . Childish! She was after all on the faculty and had a key. She returned to the main entrance and went out as if to her office. Here

no one was in sight.

It was without conscious plan that she took the path behind Library and Science and came out on the by-street half a block above Maplewood. Set back in its great trees the gracious house showed a wholly shadowy front. Naturally. Even if Lenox VanTuyl had returned from her day in New York she would scarcely be up into the small hours of Sunday. And the chances were she was not there. But just to see the house gave some vague comfort. Suddenly Theodora's single imperative need was to know whether or not those walls did hold the woman she loved. She knew where the master bedroom lay. If its windows were open, then Lenox VanTuyl was there asleep. She would just see those windows and then go home to sleep herself.

. . . Could I still be a little drunk? she mused with mild surprise as she crossed the pavement and walked quietly but boldly into the shadow of shrubbery in the yard. Though she had never set foot on these grounds, never consciously observed the pattern of high growth on Maplewood's south lawn, the circuit from shadow to shadow came as easily as something she did every day. Without altering her pace she brought up where wished to be, on the near side of a venerable clump of lilacs whose tops were all but level with the upper sills. Barely fifty feet of lawn lay between her and the dark house. And there above, blessed and welcoming, yawned the dead-black square of a wide open window.

So Lenox VanTuyl was there, sleeping. As if after a desperate journey she had at last come home, Theodora sank down where she was and sat on the short grass, arms wrapped about knees. So close to earth the Indian

summer air was full of melancholy sweetness. She fell into a half-trance, drowned and washed about by the full tide of emotion. More in passionate images than in words she begged: Love of mine who knows well this enchantment, let me come to you in sleep . . . Let me stand beside that broad bed, let me kiss sleeping lids and warm unguarded mouth . . .

With unwinking gaze fixed on the dark square above, Theodora felt her arms fall from her knees and as if under hypnosis her body came slowly upright with the urgency of her appeal. *Heart of my heart, be aware of me here so close . . . so seldom I can be so close . . . Send me a sign . . .*

Standing straining upward, hands hanging palms forward, the whole force of life in her became one fierce narrow shaft projected upward toward that unseen figure. . . . *Rouse . . . stir . . . wake . . . come . . . give me a sign.*

From over-tension the spell snapped, her rigidity crumpled, she turned deathly faint and swayed, hanging her head over quickly. And in the same moment panic flooded her. What was she doing here, was she mad? She opened her eyes.

A dim light had come on in the small dressing room and a diffused glow through an open door turned the larger window faintly gold. Her heart hammered so that she panted for breath. Now the light went out again, but in the dark square a half-guessed figure was framed, in some garment just paler than the night, topped by a dim oval of face. A hand held the garment at the breast, the other rested on the sill.

Theodora stopped breathing and stood frozen as a hiding animal. But she could feel herself seen.

"Who is it down there?" The

voice was barely audible but so severe and focussed that it might have spoken but a yard away. Theodora did not move. "Whoever it is, come out of those shadows. I have rung the watchman, but I should like to talk to you myself."

Oh God, the watchman. Could she bolt—no, there would only be a general alarm and she'd be rounded in like a hunted criminal. She staggered, moving into the open. "It's Theodora Hart, Miss VanTuyl." She thought the roughened whisper above said 'Good God!' She knew there was something like panic in it, and felt a searing flash of self-loathing and contrition.

"Come around to the front door at once. You must come in. Quickly!"

Shaking with chill she stumbled across lawn and drive, up the three steps, across the wide verandah. Through the plate glass of the door she could see Lenox VanTuyl running down the staircase tying tight the belt of a green robe as she came. Her ankles were white between it and dark slippers shot with gold. Her face was bent above her strong nervous fingers.

Opening the door with one hand she reached Theodora's arm with the other and drew her in, across the hall and into the study where she thrust her into a chair, and without making more light or speaking, she opened the liquor cabinet, poured two glasses, and put one in Theodora's shaking hand. "Drink that," she commanded, her whisper rough, and tipping her head she drained her own as a man would.

"Now. What brings you here?"

Theodora could only shake her head. She was trembling too much to speak, any effort would bring help-
less tears.

Lenox VanTuyl stood a moment frowning with concentration and then said, "I think we had better go upstairs. I hadn't actually rung for Jeffers, and lights down here at two in the morning may bring him to investigate. He thinks nothing of my being about up there. Can you make it?"

Theodora nodded and pulled herself up. The brandy was loosening that spring wound to snapping within. As they went up the stairs Lenox VanTuyl asked, "Does your dormitory know you're not in?"

Theodora made a negative motion. "I was asleep from nine to one. Door locked." Her voice just served.

In the upper room Lenox VanTuyl motioned her brusquely to the chaise longue and threw a scarf around her still quivering shoulders. Shutting the window she took a chair facing her, leaning forward with hands locked.

"Now how about it? What has happened?"

Theodora drew a deep breath and held it, waiting for her mouth to steady and be less dry. "I'm afraid I . . . simply gave in to an hysterical impulse. I quite realize that anyone . . . capable of such a thing . . . has no place on a college faculty. I think I'd better just . . . leave as soon as you can replace me."

continued next month



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