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The Ladder



e are

coming

And our name
is legion

You dare not
disown us

Radcliffe Hall

THE LADDER

NATIONAL OFFICERS, DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view
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IN THIS ISSUE:

The Year of the Chapter by Gene Damon	3
Party Mosaic by Hilary Jennings	4
No Ordinary Lesbian by Robin Jordan	8
Out From Under the Rocks by Leslie Springbine	10
Five Poems by Shannon	12
Lesbianism and Feminism by Wilda Chase	13
Five Poems by Nancy Lee	16
The Same Sex reviewed by Alice Lawrence	16
Four Poems by L. D. Davis	20
A Radical View by Louise Pelton	21
Lesbiana by Gene Damon	22
Cross Currents	28
Readers Respond	35
Report on Results of Library Journal Review	38
Midnight Cowboy (a review) by Alice Kobayashi	39
KQED-FM Report on Symposium by Ocie Perry	39
Relative, Absolute are Bent by Whim by Sydney Harris	40
The Scientific Approach by H. A. L.	42

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by Gene Damon

THE YEAR OF THE CHAPTER

The Chinese name their years; and if
DOB were to do so, 1969 would have to
be called The Year of the Chapter.

In January, 1969, there were two chap-
ters, the original in San Francisco and
the next oldest in New York City. The
Los Angeles chapter was dormant, and
the short-lived Philadelphia chapter had
dissolved. In the past there were abortive
attempts at chapters in Chicago. Sadly,
DOB was bigger and stronger than ever
with less places for members to gather.

Happily, this picture has really
changed, and DOB now has four fully
active chapters and six groups in the pro-
cess of becoming chapters.

BOSTON, as befits that town's tradi-
tional image, is slowly forming a group,
and preliminary meetings have been held.
Both Teddy Andot and Kim Stabinski
will be happy to welcome you. Write to
them at DOB, P. O. Box 8435, J. F. Ken-
nedy Station, Boston, Massachusetts,
02214.

CHICAGO, again in keeping with
that city's image, is rapidly forming what
will undoubtedly be a very large group.
A real boost was given to this new group
by the television show reported in
CROSS CURRENTS in this issue. By
the time you read this, more than two
meetings will have been held. The first
meeting attracted more than 20 women in
addition to the nucleus group.

Chicago's publicity program has in-
cluded the mailing out of over 150 notices,
many personal letters answering inqui-
ries, posters in the various gay bars.
They have also been written up in PHOE-
NIX (Kansas City's homophile newslet-
ter) and in MATTACHINE MIDWEST
newsletter (published in Chicago). For
information, write directly to Sharon
James or Kay Kelly at DOB, P. O. Box
2043, Northlake, Illinois, 60164.

CLEVELAND is still very new and has
not yet had a formal meeting. Activities
to date consist of posters in local colleges
and universities, arrangements for wide-
spread publicity through a major story in

a local underground newspaper, and ar-
rangements for a radio show to be aired
shortly. Contact with local ministers,
lawyers, etc. has been arranged, and the
group's existence has already been aired
over a local radio talk show. Write to Eve
Devon, DOB, P. O. Box 20335, Cleve-
land, Ohio, 44120.

DENVER group is less than a month
old, having just joined the parade. The
two young women forming this group are
dedicated and fine workers, and we urge
you to write them at DOB, P. O. Box
9057, South Denver Station, Denver,
Colorado, 80209.

LOS ANGELES, fully active again,
has come to life like a fabled sleeping
giant, with a large and very active group
headed by President Delia Villarreal. As-
sisted by a full staff of officers, this prom-
ises to be a vital chapter doing much for
local people. Their Newsletters began in
July, 1969, with Volume One Number
One, and they are excellent. Activities
include parties and functions of this type
as well as fund raising drives, sales, and
public meetings with professional speak-
ers.

A film sequence showing a Lesbian
couple in their home, at their ordinary
daily activities, was done by local TV sta-
tion KNBC, using a couple from the Los
Angeles chapter. A chapter meeting was
filmed as well, with Rita Laporte, Na-
tional President, as guest speaker on the
occasion. Details on this are incomplete,
since these things were being done at the
time of this writing . . . and more will
appear in the next issue. Mike Gavin of
KNBC News Department is creating a
special project show on the Homophile
Community, and these films are to be
used in this special program. Los Ange-
les can be reached by writing DOB, P. O.
Box 3237, Hollywood Station, Los An-
geles, California, 90027.

MIAMI does not yet have a P. O. Box,
but we urge residents of the area who
want to help get the group there started to
write to Joan Kent, DOB, P. O. Box 3629,

Grand Central Station, New York, New York, 10017. She will be happy to put you in touch with the Miami women.

PORTLAND group also is brand new. We are very pleased to be able to announce a forming chapter in this area, since through the years there has been a steady flow of inquiries from this area about a chapter, and now it is to become a reality. Write to the Portland group at P. O. Box 8857, Portland, Oregon, 97208.

SAN DIEGO has been in the growing stages for over a year with April, 1969, marking the appearance of its first newsletter, DOBlings. Provisional charter was granted the chapter this summer, with full charter to be granted at the next Convention and General Assembly in 1970. As this is written, San Diego is a small and closely knit group with around 30 interested, half of them fully members. They go on group outings, maintain regular meetings, and have a "friend fund" which

by Hilary Jennings

Moon-cool darkness. Snapping of frost in the high eaves of the spuming clouds. Silver cats down the ghostly aisles of the midnight gardens.

Sidewalk end. Pathway. Knock on door. Open—whoosh—welcome. World in womb of Saturday-night-sleeping world.

It is a party.

Candle smoke darkness. Thudding of a stereo, anginal heartbeat against the press of people. Slow, gold tide of rye over rocks; speedier, scudding tide of beer. So many little tides running low and out to social eclat or oblivion. Susurrations of fabric on flesh and rumor on grapevine, flesh hot with the hyperadrenalism of human contact.

Smile darling, dammitalltohell. It is a party.

* * *

... is a meeting.

"Donna, this is Lawrie. Lawrie, Donna just came to town with the XYZ Corp. I know you two will just love each other."

"Hi."

"Hello."

Not, it seems, love at first sight. Refreshing, anyway. Parties have a ghastly habit

provides money to the needy in time of trouble. They have been publicized in a local underground newspaper, the San Diego DOOR. The group ranges in age from 21 to 72 and may well be unique in our history for taking a human approach to individual membership. They welcome inquiries from local people, and President Bobbie Gove adds that visitors to the San Diego area should write ahead and be accorded the hospitality of the group if they wish. Write them at DOB, P. O. Box 183, El Cajon, California, 92022.

In recent months we have had inquiries from some of you about the groups near you. If you feel shy about writing directly to the group in your area, feel free to write to the National Office, 1005 Market Street, Room 208, San Francisco, California, 94103, for information or referral. We exist for and with you. A strong DOB is essential to us all if we are to ever achieve our civil liberties.

PARTY MOSAIC

of breeding love at first sight . . . sorry, sight.

"Lawrie, you know all the kids. Introduce Donna to everyone, huh? See you."

And they are alone. Relatively speaking, anyway. The other thirty-two people in the room might be in Outer Mongolia for all the help it is to Donna and Lawrie right now.

"Er—nice party."

"Very."

"Big too."

"Big . . . Short love affair, eh?" This is Lawrie.

"I beg your—"

"We're going to just love each other. Seconds later I'm to share you with everybody. D'you want to be introduced to everybody?"

"Well, I'm not—I mean, I could probably love the whole world if it came at me in single file. But—"

"But you don't like crowds?"

"There do seem an awful lot of—"

"Oh, I'm awful too. But I am in single file. Any impression to the contrary is sheer muscle. What d'you drink?"

"Oh, anything—"

"Wait here. I'll get us both a large anything. Then we'll find a quiet corner and I'll tell you the story of my life, Donna from the XYZ Corp."

"All right, Lawrie . . . It is Lawrie, isn't it?"

It is Lawrie. It is Lawrie and Donna and all of us, looking for the moon, the ice-hung moon we foolishly left outside with the silver cats.

It is a party.

* * *

Why the party? God knows. A birthday maybe, or a bonus. Or perhaps it's just their turn to grease the wheels of togetherness and make us all beautiful people. It is not the potato chips and the shrinky olives tasting like a prostitute's armpit that we feed off. It is each other. There is *their* power to make us guests, people who know enough people to give them.

Hallelujah, in the candle smoke darkness we are all beautiful people, all kidding ourselves that there are no such things in the world as blackheads or BO, broken dreams or quiet desperations in the dawn. We are ridiculous.

And yet . . .

* * *

... is a wake.

"She's gone after a man, Phyl! Bard's gone after a man. I can't even hate her; she's gone too far away for me to hate her."

Poor Gwen, says one of the passing tourists: She's one of the intense ones, they always take it hard.

"A man, Phyl! As if suddenly she didn't speak English any more. That's how far she's gone. Oh God, I hate her."

"No, you don't, Gwen. You just said—"

"I hate her all the more because I can't hate her. If you don't understand that, you need another drink. I need another drink. Somebody, anybody . . ."

What can we do, says another tourist. (Tourists are always—temporarily—beautiful people.) It's such a hell of a shame: Gwen's such a sweet kid: one can't help caring.

In the candle smoke dark they always are and one never can. Show me a party and I will show you the biggest confrontation of philanthropists and deserving causes outside of United Appeal.

And Gwen is about to throw a crystal ashtray to show how far Bard went and it is time for us to circulate . . .

(You be a white corpuscle, I'll be a red, but oh we could have much more fun in bed . . .)

* * *

"—so I said to her, if you will go picking up these characters at the Galliard, you can't expect not to get shoved off your prayer mat now and again—"

"and when Rev got back from the coast, there were Pip and Iz all shackled up in the master bedroom—"

(Notice the names, ugly little pseudo-familiarities? Rev-pip-iz, rev-pip-iz . . . that's the sound of the cogs turning to get our party instincts into high gear.)

"—damnably stale potato chips—"

"Only seven thou for a sex change in New York these days, I understand. Used to be far more."

"Would you call that deflation or disinflation . . . ?"

* * *

Sure I'll have another ruination on the rocks and actually that about having more fun in bed may not be true. Latest nut-cracker theory is that Freud was all wet and our social drives are far stronger than our sex drives. And if that's correct, then I am much happier—unto myself being much more true—here among all these pseudo-beautiful people, drinking too much, smoking too much, egoizing too much, than I am in bed with my beloved.

The hell I am.

And yet . . .

* * *

"Which one were the blue eyes from—your father?"

"You can't see the color of my eyes in the dark."

"I see much better in the dark. There's more to see. That's what candlelit parties are all about, Donna from the XYZ."

"Oh. Anyway, it was going to be the other way around. You were going to tell me the story of your life."

"D'you mind?"

"I don't think so. I don't usually talk so much."

"There you are. Seeing in the dark. How did you come to be at this party?"

"Meg—she's one of the hosts, isn't she—asked me. I work with her."

"Wicked Meg."

"Why?"

"It isn't a very ordinary kind of party. Or hadn't you noticed?"

"Well—I guess."

"Is it your kind of party, Donna?"
"I—Look, what about your life story?"
"I was born. I have managed to stay outside of jail, the psychiatric ward and the Ladies Petit-Point Circle. Ergo, I am a success. I have dreamed poetically and loved passionately."

"Oh!"
"Do you mind?"
"Well, I don't really have a right to—"
"Pretend you do."
"Let me see. Yes, I think I mind."
"But how far away is yesterday?"
"Twenty-three—no, nearly twenty-four hours."

"Wrong. It's farther than light—years. Farther than the moon, the sun, the spiral nebula of Andromeda. You could reach the farthest star perhaps in a million light years. But not yesterday—not any more. So don't mind."

"All right, Lawrie, I won't mind. I won't mind at all."
"That's my girl. For that you shall have—"

* * *
"—yellow eyes and he's called Lorenzo. That's all I know about him except he's a *man*. Goddam it, Jac, a *man*—"
"I know, Gwen love, you already—"
"No, you don't. She hasn't just left *me*. She's left all of us, don't you understand? That's how far—"

And then someone sees the truth. The poor kid said it. Bard's left all of us, kicked up the dust in all our teeth. We're all involved. And dammit doesn't it make you feel bad and dammit isn't it marvelous to be beautiful and involved...

There's only one thing to do. Suddenly everyone is raring to go and find Bard and tell her what an *alien* she is. There is just one tiny problem—where to find Bard.

But to a bunch of beautiful, *involved* people who have just downed a quick one for the crusade, it isn't really a problem. Someone goes to hunt up a telephone directory...

And, since we didn't think to bring along our lances and breastplate, we'd better circulate...

* * *
"—told my supervisor I was gay."
"—what did he say?"
"He said, You gotta be kidding, you got no thicker ankles than my wife—"
"—my soul is a little white shrivelled thing inside the coffin of my flesh—"

"—always gives me indigestion—"
"—don't know whether I want to stop being a persecuted minority. I've rather got accustomed to it, don't you know—"
* * *

Candlesmoke darkness. Whether or not it is her kind of party, Donna-from-the-XYZ is dancing with Lawrie—who-has-loved-passionately. They dance delicately together, like tall flowers that touch only because the cool wind stirs them.

"Did you ever dance with another woman before, Donna?"

"What do you think?"
"I'm asking, not thinking. Why do you hide from me?"

Their hands touching are cool, impersonal petals.

"I am," Donna says, "the kind of person who never writes postcards, even in a strange city, because I'm afraid someone in the post office will read them and recognize me on the street." She smiles apologetically.

Lawrie, very gently, says, "Which one of us are you afraid of hurting, Donna?"

Donna hesitates. "I think we are only hurt when we allow ourselves to be. I think it can be avoided."

"Surely. By dying young. Did you die young?" Lawrie is trying now to look as if she can't see in the dark.

"No," Donna says. "No, I don't believe I did." She says it slowly, as if she had just woken from sleep.

And a cool wind blows through the candlesmoke dark.

It is a dammitalltohell party.
And yet...

* * *
They have telephoned three Lorenzos, learned seven new Italian cusswords and failed to find Bard. There is one more Lorenzo in the book and he doesn't answer his phone.

"That'll be him," Gwen moans. "And you can just guess why he's been too busy to answer his phone, that *man*—"

She elaborates on the theme and a pixie-faced kid who has to ask what coitus means bursts into heartbroken tears when told. Ah, say the tourists, there's one that had a thing for Bard. And it's true and a month ago Gwen would have been at pixie-face's throat for it. Now they are sisters in adversity and Gwen is lending her an aquamarine kleenex...

Jac has had too many large anything and has gone to the bathroom and locked the door and passed out on the floor which so far as I am concerned is the best thing that could have happened to her so long as the call of nature doesn't visit me personally.

Rev and Pip are dancing together as if their master bedroom had never known Iz and you can tell their love needs this audience the way sunflowers need sun.

Hel and Kat (something like that, anyway) have submitted graciously to majority opinion, agreed that it is ridiculous to fight over a name for a hamster, and enjoyed the publicity of kissing and making up.

It is a runofthemill, dammitalltohell party.

And yet.

* * *
The dancing has stopped. Someone has brought out a guitar, a thin girl with hairy arms and a very intense nose. She plays and sings quite well. No no—magnificently well. We are all, remember, beautiful people.

Lawrie and Donna, in a shadowed corner, sit on the floor, backs to the wall. They sit a little apart, still the wind-ruled flowers, until another couple slides down beside them and they have to move up.

And suddenly they are holding hands.

It has happened so simply that sometimes afterwards neither of them will believe they made the first move, and sometimes both will.

They hold as if each other's hand were made of spun glass. They do not look at each other or speak. But they are seeing and saying a great deal.

The girl with the intense nose wants everyone to sing along. They all do, including Lawrie and Donna. Since there is nothing very personal about being on top of Old Smokey all covered with snow, they can look at each other now and grin, Old Smokey and his snowload a shelter for the secret of their spun-glass hands.

It may even become Their Song.

In another corner, rather less shadowy, Gwen is with Cord. This is good. It is better than making up posesses to find Bard and tell her what an alien she is—which project somehow never did get off the ground—because Gwen is warm now in the limelight and the posse would have taken that away from her. All soldiers are

more lovely for their personal heroism than for their cause.

Motherly, mountainous Cord is helping keep the limelight on Gwen. She offers soothing phrases, comfier chairs, freshened drinks. She has Gwen quite inebriated with (among other things) the exquisiteness of her own tragedy.

Indeed, it would be a sad thing now if Bard should suddenly come back. Because now Gwen is all tragedy. If it were taken from her, she would be all nothing.

It would be sad for Cord too. Cord doesn't have a girl—never will—for all manner of reasons she can readily find, always ignoring the real one which is her own Baptist-bedrock soul. Unable to solve her own problem, Cord adores other people's. And if she can't find any of them, she resorts to fabricated ones.

Were it not for Gwen, Cord would probably long since have gone home and got down to a good crossword. Instead she is having a ball.

"Poor Gwen!" she says now, fluffing a cushion, patting Gwen on the shoulder. Several people look round. One of them pats Gwen on the knee. Gwen blooms.

Under some circumstances, it can actually be good to be the most patted person at a party.

The singer is on another song. It says, "I love you." Over in the shadowy corner Lawrie, still singing along and still looking at Donna, begins, "I—"

Donna puts up a long cool finger, lays it on Lawrie's lips.

"Why?"
Donna shakes her head.

"Why, Donna? Does that mean you—"

"It means—" Donna's head is down close to Lawrie's so that she will hear over the music—"they are fragile words and few. They are all we have for a lifetime. They shouldn't be worn out too soon."

"But," she said, "all we have." And she has not taken her hand away.

And Lawrie—like Gwen, perhaps like Rev and Iz, Hel and Kat, and all of us beautiful moon-seekers—doesn't know whether she is in heaven or hell.

It doesn't really matter. Sometimes they are both very similar, both very splendid.

Sometimes they are both a party.

* * *
It's over and the ice-hung moon is waiting, melting. Three glasses got

broken and one friendship. One rug was stained badly, one reputation slightly. They had to break the bathroom doorlock to get Jac out. Tomorrow the sun will rise on eleven hangovers and one devastated azalea shrubbery where Pip could have sworn she was in reverse.

It was just another dammitalltohell party.

And yet.

(Raised in an all-female and distinctly gothic household, Hilary Jennings spent most of her formative years in a treehouse of her own design wishing fervently to become (a) a baritone cowboy, (b) his horse, (c) the first major poet to swim the English Channel, (d) anything so long as it wasn't a girl. None of this came to pass

and when she was 11 they got her out of her tree and sent her to a passionately cloistered girls' boarding school where she borrowed *THE WELL OF LONELINESS* from the eurhythmics instructor and quickly completed her classical education. Since then things have been largely predictable. The market for musical cowboys and amphibious literati being small, she turned to more conventional fields and today behaves damnably like any other big-city business-woman from 9 to 5. The rest of the time she enjoys a happy (homosexual) marriage enriched by two cats and a TV called Delilah. However, anything larger than an azalea induces in her a distinct inclination to climb and if anyone had a double treehouse for rent cheap almost anything could happen.)



by Robin Jordan

NO ORDINARY LESBIAN . . .

We walked into Jot Travis Lounge at the U. of Nevada, Reno, early enough to find good seats. Five minutes later, the lounge was full—students were packed in around us; those who couldn't find seats squatted on the floor or stood in the back.

Two tough guys behind us tried to impress a blonde sitting between them. "What're you doin' here?" one of them asked. "Came to see this—this lesbian. Gonna leave as soon as I get a good look at her. Wanta see what she's got that I haven't . . . What's a guy like you doing here?" Girls who need boys may be forever stimulated by such original conversation. As for me and my friend, we KNEW why we had come to Reno—we had come to see and to meet our President.

Whatever the average lesbian is, I hope she soon becomes interested enough in herself to help others know her for what she is. College courses are geared to give students insight into political, religious, and social groups of all kinds except for us crippled, demented, and apparently mute lesbians. It is no wonder

that the public misunderstands us when we so rarely understand our personal selves, let alone each other.

So when Rita Laporte, a lesbian who accepts and understands herself, has the courage and patience to represent herself and other women (lesbian and non-lesbian alike) in their quest for their human and their sexual rights—in public—then she is well worth the trip to Reno. We went to watch her firsthand dealing with a straight audience, though we were almost equally interested in the lesbians who were there to hear themselves publicly defended for the first time in their lives.

A live lesbian looks like . . . ? . . . Enter Rita, two students, and Rev. John Dodson, campus chaplain, who was to moderate the three-hour session. What a disappointment for everyone who expected a bulldyke! "She's wearing a skirt!" . . . "She doesn't look so tough!" The guys behind us were intrigued and forgot about leaving.

Rita explained the work and the purposes of DOB while the students wrote their questions on slips of paper. Rev.

Dodson did an excellent job of editing and combining questions to avoid needless repetition.

Most of the questions seemed to be from straight people. What's a typical day in the life of a lesbian like? How do lesbians meet, date, and marry? Are they either butch or femme? How do they play their roles? How do they dress? How many lesbians are there? Who are they? How do they earn a living? How did they become lesbians (we were all seduced by our fairy godmothers)? Can they be cured? What about bisexuals? How does a girl know she is a lesbian? How can she be sure? Aren't children raised in gay atmospheres predisposed to lead gay lives themselves? What kind of relationships or friendships do you (Rita) have with straight men and women? Do straight women abhor lesbians? How do you handle your family (to tell or not to tell)? What's the most typical lesbian problem? Do lesbians seduce little girls? How can a lesbian accept herself? When do most girls find out that they're gay? How can you be sure that you're not running away from a fear of the straight life? Are lesbians distinguishable? Are you sorry to be one? Are you happy, fulfilled? How can you have a complete life without a man, home, family? And the inevitable question: How do two women do it?

It was quite apparent that the audience knew more about gay guys than it did about gay girls. Again and again Rita had to explain how the basic differences between men and women become manifested in their diversified gay life-styles: women tend to form longer-lasting relationships; women want a home-life; fewer women cruise and bar-hop; gay women have to work to survive economically; and women usually prefer someone their own age, not someone younger.

The audience changed twice as students journeyed to and from classes. Some questions were repeated, and new ones asked. When did you know? How did you know? Why are you wearing a ring? How long do relationships last?

What about one-night stands? What does a girl tell her family? Are you happy? Are you fulfilled? Are you sure you're happy? (It seemed like someone in the audience was willing to let lesbians exist if they'd agree to be unhappy and unfulfilled . . . we will not speculate on the probable gender of that member of the audience . . .)

By the end of the second period of questioning, Rita was beginning to look tired; but then we knew (as most others did not) that she had been answering questions for TV and newspapermen till noon, when she had begun this session in Travis. Her lunch was still waiting, and I wondered how she could look so fulfilled on an empty stomach.

She patiently answered the third series of questions, most of which seemed repetitious to us but which needed to be answered for the new audience who were seeing a lesbian for the first time. Every answer increased their knowledge of the gay world.

Rita's spontaneous humor shone through her responses, and especially in this third session, her answers were interrupted by equally spontaneous applause. I forgot that I was supposed to be straight—too damn proud of that lady on stage to hide my enthusiasm (and my belief that what she was doing—appearing in public to answer questions and to educate people—is what more of us must become committed to doing).

The final round of applause as the session closed registered the bond which had sprung up between Lesbian and listeners; and we who had come to see our President in action could be rightfully proud—of her knowledge of lesbianism, her dedication to the work of the Daughters of Bilitis, and her personalized ultracool handling of even the touchiest questions, a finesse we know not many (yet) have in dealing with the public. This was no ordinary woman. This was no ordinary lesbian. That much we all, straight or gay, knew.

OUT FROM UNDER THE ROCKS— WITH GUNS!

However much the Lesbian may resent the heterosexual world because of its discrimination against the homosexual, for the sake of her own skin she had better discard any feeling of aloofness and give the women's rights movement all she's got, shoulder to shoulder with her heterosexual sisters.

In this one effort she should forget personalities, forget that she is a Lesbian, and remember only The Enemy—the White American Male.

He has crawled out from under the rocks now and is standing up on his tail, brandishing weapons. Not only does he openly admit that he considers it his right to take precedence over women, but he is organizing to fight against women's rights.

It has to be a joke, I thought, when I read the name of his organization, "Society for the Emancipation of the American Male;" but as Carol Kleiman in *WORKING WOMAN* makes quite clear, it is no joke.

Their spokesman, Carlton M. Brown, pinpoints two women's organizations for opposition, the National Organization for Women and Women's Liberation Movement. They have started a magazine, *THE PATRIARCH*. For renegade women (my term) they have a ladies' auxiliary which costs the same as "full" membership. (In case anybody wants to do a little inside snooping, their address is Box 211, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107. For the same reason that I think women should know what goes on in men's magazines, I think we should know what goes on here.)

I would still disregard this organization as a band of impotent idiots if I did not remember the flood of vicious and illogical attacks against women by men whose intelligence I had formerly respected that came out right after publication of the Kinsey report. No child forced to relinquish another child's half of the candy could have felt more resentment than the American male felt when

he was forced to share sex honors with the American woman. In fact, he came out second best in Kinsey's evaluation of male and female sexual potency; and his response was to put more vigor into his damning of the American woman in every department of her life, a vigor he has maintained relentlessly.

It was no honest fight, but an undercover, below-the-belt, vicious, spiteful, insanely sadistic attack which effectively sabotaged female efforts, yet left the perpetrator faceless and thereby blameless.

The President's Commission on the Status of Women, led by Eleanor Roosevelt, gave a face and a form to this discrimination against women; and Betty Friedan in *THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE* dramatically solidified it into a tangible enemy that can be fought.

And what does this have to do with the Lesbian world? It has this to do with it: whether we like it or not, the Lesbian future is inextricably bound up with the future of the heterosexual woman. Women have again, this time by their own volition, aroused the displeasure of the American male; and if they do not win this fight, they will be driven back by men's resentment to a position far lower than the one they have now.

If the heterosexual woman loses ground, the Lesbian will lose more ground; for where the married woman gets one arrow leveled at her, the single woman, Lesbian or heterosexual, gets two and a known Lesbian gets three.

But emotionally, if not socially and economically, the Lesbian is in a much better position to fight for women's rights than the heterosexual woman is. The husband whom a woman loves may be her worst enemy, though professing to love her and believing that he loves her; and even though he may be actively putting obstacles in the path of women in the business or the professional world, how can she fight him and preserve her marriage? There are the children to consider,

too; and the idea of fighting for her rights as an individual and as a woman may be new to her.

The Lesbian, from the time she knew she was a Lesbian and what that fact implied in reference to society, has known that she would have to fight to survive. She has possibly long ago done battle with her father (and her mother) and brothers, so there are very likely fewer close male ties to put her in a position where she is pulled two ways. There is the enemy out there and he wears no other costume and she can cut him down (God willing) without shedding any tears. There is absolutely no question about his concern for her; she *knows* he is out to get her and it is simply up to her to get him first.

But in supporting women's rights organizations, and I particularly have in mind NOW, it is unrealistic to expect the organization to identify with the Lesbian to the extent of publicly backing the Lesbian fight. That would give the public one more weapon, and a lethal one as any Lesbian ought to know, with which to fight the organization. Just once let the public take up the chant, "NOW is a bunch of Lesbians," and NOW will have had it.

God may be big enough and strong enough to hold the whole wide world in His hand, but NOW is not; and while I must approve of the sentiment behind the acceptance of a Lesbian couple as a couple by NOW, I think that the resulting loss of public support of NOW could be far greater than the gain in morale for Lesbians. Why beg coverage from somebody else's flag, anyway—what's wrong with the Lesbian flag?

Let I be suspected of masochistically discriminating against my own, let me add that I was also concerned about NOW's formal alliance with the Civil Rights Movement as a whole. I think race should be incidental; I think *any* other issue should be incidental to a clear-cut fight for women's rights. The rights of any and all Negro women, for instance, should be the concern of NOW, but only because they are women and not because they are Negroes.

I feel very strongly that time and energy expended on helping the Negro man break down barriers on an individual basis is very possibly time and energy

expended in swelling the ranks of the enemy. Any Negro man who by whatever means gets into a position of authority has status much on his mind—and he had better have!—and he will almost surely give Women's Rights a good, swift kick along with his white male associates if his own survival and further rise seem to demand such an action.

All this talk of a black matriarchal society, pure twaddle though it is, has almost certainly activated the Negro male against any desire he may have had to identify with the fight for women's rights; and NOW is in for a severe let-down if it is counting heavily on Negro male support.

Finally, I believe that NOW, if it is to win this fight, will be forced to engage in a mass membership drive, as I am convinced that the present select membership of NOW will never win it alone. They are fighters and they *are* select, but there just aren't enough of them.

The non-professional, non-college woman somehow must be made to realize what her position as a woman is in American society; and she must be encouraged to participate. And she will never identify with a group that publicly sanctions homosexuality. The women's rights movement needs these women and needs them desperately; it needs their efforts, their influence, their financial help and their votes.

My second, but by no means secondary, reason for believing that the Lesbian should not seek open identity with NOW is in the interest of the Lesbian: she will surely get hurt.

This organization is family orientated; and despite the fact that a large percentage of its members are single women, its great concern is with the married woman. Not only has Betty Friedan, as one *LADDER* writer noted, bypassed the Lesbian; she has just as effectively bypassed the single woman.

Her bypassing the Lesbian would not conclusively argue discrimination; but her comments on the homosexual male leave no doubt that the climate of NOW, regardless of how many Lesbians there may be in it, can hardly be called a comfortable one for the Lesbian as a Lesbian. Betty Friedan simply has not turned her brilliance loose on analyzing this one segment of American society, but is content

to pass on stereotyped conclusions about the male homosexual, and apparently is content even to accept Freud's evaluations here while elsewhere finding his concepts not only unreliable but vitally damaging to society.

But whatever its shortcomings, I still believe NOW to be THE Great White Hope of the American woman and I will continue to support it to the best of my ability, however I may feel about its interpretation of democracy, for the same reasons that I would support an army fighting for my country even though I personally resented the army's social attitudes.

And while I do not want NOW to risk losing any ground by taking on the Lesbian fight, I do most sincerely hope that Lesbians from all over will get on those little ol' white horses and help drive those worms back under the rocks!

(Lesley Springvine, a free-lance writer for many years, concentrates on mystery and suspense novels and short stories and has sold to both American and British markets, but her vital interest is in questions of human rights.)

In her non-fiction writing she has hit at discrimination against women, against homosexuals, against "adults" and against non-whites and religious minorities. She comments: "I just plain don't like people hitting other people over the head for no good reason," and adds, "but if they do, I want to do some retaliating quickly!"

(Editor's Note: DOB's by-laws do not permit our joining with another organization. We do, however, freely report activities of other groups which have some bearing on our work.)

5 POEMS

by
Shannon

If I were Carl Sandburg
in pants of worn cordouroy,
A white flannel shirt
and paisley tie about my neck,
Would you love me?

Would you, if my whitened hair
hung over my eyes, like a
child's shaggy dog?

If my face was creased
with time's lamenting?

Would you love me
if my blazer were of tweed
... a button missing?

If, in the early silence,
you heard my scratchy pen,

And listened to me stumble
after coffee
... would you love me then?

Surely love
(when it comes)
will be felt
in a slimbed

you

lying next to
another
inspecting the
outside

now tired
and
no longer able
to put on a show.

Surely love will
propose
the freedom of an
attic window

halfshut

the paisley curtain
flapping into
the outside.

Scotch in a demitasse
one long cigarette
butt
I care enough
to let the birds sleep
till afterdawn

sensitive,
your showing me
temple incense

resting it in
candlewax
to burn

and
smell sacred

I lay there
waiting for the
flicker
of the candle
to go

so that I could
smell
safely
the perfume
of you

If I could jar the world
one strong hand
to move a mighty boulder

I would be free

If I could set
my heart alight
on morning beaches,
smoulder it to glowing
coals, so it could
rant no more

I would be free

If I could banish memory
from my mental power
forgetting all but
surfaces of things

I would be free

If I could pretend
that bliss is naught
but love's reality,

I would be free of you
and your simplicity.

The day is coming to a thundering end
a regal full stop

... I will go away, to search
for what I know
I will not find.

Scurrying off
ratlike
in the night

Stopping at some
desolate, or
some crowded inn

To blow a quarter
for
jukeboxdin.



by Wilda Chase

LESBIANISM AND FEMINISM

For some time now attempts have been made to establish dialogue between organized feminists and organized lesbians in the New York area. These attempts, unfortunately, have usually been one-sided. Most women's groups expressly welcome the participation of lesbians. Most lesbians, however, seem not to understand that feminist issues are relevant to *them*. Not only does participation in the Movement advance the interests of lesbians as *women*, but also a mutually profitable liaison—and this is very important!—with groups of women who are not lesbians is a very good means of gaining acceptance of the lesbian as a citizen of the community, and of achieving recognition of lesbianism as a valid life style.

There are many different groups in the woman's movement. Some of them are mainly action-oriented; others are mainly theory-oriented study groups or self-exploratory therapy groups. Some are conservative, others radical. They are constantly splintering as new areas of interest and "consciousness" arises. They all "do their thing," yet they maintain a united front on basic issues.

It is with great effort and pain that these women dissect, examine, and define what women *are*, and what they are *meant* to be. No area of women's experience is out of bounds, and the issues are constantly being refined and clarified. We have made great progress during the past year, and our numbers are steadily increasing.

Recently a Women's Liberation encounter group—a therapy-oriented group group—appeared as guests at an open discussion meeting at the DOB. They explained how their group was formed in response to the ever-recurring confessions of women in the Movement that they feel "damaged" through their relationships with men, that their sense of *self* is diminished. They feel that the time has come for women to admit that they are being (have always been) short-

changed in their relationships with men, and that their best course is to *give one another* the recognition and encouragement for the personal growth and fulfillment they are denied by men. Some of them feel intense hate and anger toward men for their refusal (or, as some believe, their natural incapacity) to return to women the self-recognition they take from women as a natural right. The most highly "evolved" groups are composed of girls and women who have broken off all diplomatic relations with the enemy. Much talk is going around about the possibility of forming communes, living arrangements which would combine privacy with community and provide an atmosphere of tender concern in which the members could help one another to recapture their lost or damaged self-hood. We have not yet been able to provide facilities for communal living, but the idea is vigorously alive and the possibility for creative living that it promises is irresistibly attractive.

It is ironic that feminists have always been accused of being lesbians. They are far from it. In fact, their *heterosexuality* is their problem, such a crippling problem that they seek extreme measures to protect themselves against it. Most of those in the vanguard of the Movement are sworn to celibacy or asexuality, determining to invest their creative energies in more meaningful pursuits. They commonly share the view that sexual relationships with men—as men now are—are against the interests of women and that women should find other solutions to their human need to love and be loved, to be affectionately related to others. Most of the women, however, still cling to the fond hope that men will somehow reach a "higher level of consciousness," that is, humanize themselves, sometime in the future, and that it will then be possible for women to re-establish relationships with men that will reaffirm rather than sabotage their human dignity.

Radical feminists, those whose persistent efforts to face the truth about men have led them to sever all relations with them, have courageously advanced the proposition that lesbianism is a valid alternative for women. Convinced that heterosexuality, as it now stands, is a sickness, they are willing to consider the possibility that lesbianism is a healthier

solution. One member of the visiting encounter group said, "In some crazy way, you people are ahead of us." She was referring to the lesbian's sense of *self*, which develops without reference to men and is less likely to be damaged. The lesbian's situation, it was noted, gives her a better chance to grow up with a healthy respect for herself as a *primary* human being rather than a *secondary* one, i.e., an appendage to a male. Most feminists admit that deeply ingrained inhibitions will always prevent them from seeking a truly passionate (lesbian) friendship with another woman. Yet they admire and respect such relationships, and strive to achieve the social advantages of truly loving contact with one another, without overt sexual involvement. They admit impediments. Their conditioning led them to feel that men are the "real" people and that women are somehow contemptible and not worth cultivating. They are now beginning to realize that they can really enjoy the company of other women. They are making rapid progress in discovering in themselves and in one another, rich potentialities for true person-hood. They are learning, with some bitterness, that their ideas of what it means to be a woman, and that men define women as *they use them*, not as *they are*, and that women can only be damaged in the process. They are learning that they can feel more creatively, humanly involved with women than they ever could with men, which not only increases their respect for women, but hones a sharper edge still on their contempt for men.

Lesbians do have definite advantages over heterosexual women. Their less intimate contact with men gives them a margin of protection against the grossest forms of damage. They should guard against complacency, however. Like all female citizens who grow up and live in a male-dominated world, lesbians also have identity problems. They, too, are self-alienated to some degree. Furthermore, their political consciousness is much lower than that of the women in the Movement. In referring to the lesbian's generally superior sense of self-identity, one member of the encounter group remarked, "You people have more to offer us at this time than we have to offer you." That's doubtful. Lesbians may be psychically healthier than femi-

nists, but their political IQ is generally disgracefully low. They have a lot to learn. They do have a vague notion that equal employment opportunity, equal educational opportunity, etc. somehow apply to them. But that is usually as far as they can go. One DOB member at the encounter meeting conceded that the abortion laws perhaps *should* be repealed. "It is possible—god forbid—that I could be raped," she said. That much occurred to her. She did not ask the larger question of why women should tolerate having male legislators make laws controlling the use of women's bodies. She could not go further and ask herself why women should obey *any* laws made by men. She did not raise the possibility of women's congresses enacting their own laws and living with total disregard for what the irrelevant males do with their repulsive and irrelevant lives. She failed to state that women are a captive people ruled by foreigners; that women must fight a war, if necessary, to achieve the right of self-government and self-determination that men take for granted as their natural right; that a male candidate cannot "represent" the interests of women constituents: indeed, they always ignore the women voters who have helped put them into office. She never mentioned that the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, officially recognizing women as "persons," has never been passed, that every time the issue is raised it is laughed off the floor by male senators, who cannot distinguish between a female human being and a public toilet. She made no comment about a recent statement of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that the demands put forward by women for full economic rights clash with like demands made by males of minority groups and that, instead of seeking economic reforms which would provide economic independence for *all* citizens, the EEOC brazenly admitted that they intend to give priority to males and leave the females to shift for themselves. No DOB member observed that many fields traditionally dominated by women, such as library work, are being invaded by men, and—get this!—they move in at the top and seize the management positions. There are even males who go into nursing these days and climb right on the backs of the women and establish them-

selves as "nurse supervisors!" No DOB member complained about the decreasing numbers of women who obtain advanced degrees, of the gross inequities in the handing out of scholarships, fellowships and grants to female students, of the closed doors to executive training programs, of unequal pay for equal work, of invisible walls to advancement in the sciences and other prestige fields, of quota systems limiting the number of female students in professional schools, of the absence of women as department heads of universities, of the *presence* of male directors in girls' schools, of the impertinence of males writing for women's magazines, of the downright obscenity of males writing for women's magazines, of the downright obscenity of males writing on *feminist* issues! Most of these problems sound vaguely familiar to lesbians, but they don't get *angry* like the feminists do. Lesbians seem to lack that quality of divine rage, of righteous indignation that makes a good feminist.

There *was* one complaint that aroused some of the DOB members to mild expressions of indignation. The issue concerned the physical violence against female citizens which is daily growing at an alarming rate. One girl reported that six girls in her neighborhood had been raped, with no concern shown by the police until a man was killed—then, more police were detailed to the neighborhood. One DOB member called attention to the fact that female citizens live under the constant threat of violence, that the mere *existence* of males results in an oppressive atmosphere for female citizens, a condition which restricts their activities and experiences and cannot but undermine their efforts to develop themselves to their fullest human possibilities.

It seems that, with a little prompting, even lesbians can get angry. Mention was made of the constant harassment to which female citizens are subjected in the innocent act of walking down the street. This problem, called verbal rape in the Movement, has long been under discussion. Feminists, more aware of the psychological damage caused by men's unrelenting assaults upon the female's human dignity, regard this harassment as a chauvinistic act in which the male reaffirms his self-sovereignty as one who *acts*, and defines the female as an *object*, that which is *acted upon*. Verbal rape is

a small but insidiously subtle part of the total process of conditioning by means of which passive-masochistic (self-defeating) tendencies are built inside the female citizens, tendencies then ascribed to her nature.

It was encouraging to hear even lesbians admit that being forced constantly to the defensive by males is not the healthiest environmental condition for a person's self-development.

Feminism irrelevant to lesbians? Snap out of it, sisters, and get with it! *Demand* your rights to your whole human dignity. *Demand* living conditions which will enable you to be fully, creatively yourself, not just a shadow of yourself. It is a characteristic of life that it pays no higher a price than you ask of it. Don't learn too late that you have priced yourself lower than life was prepared to pay.

(Miss Chase last appeared in *The Lad-der*, August/September, 1969, with her article "MEN ARE THE SECOND SEX.")

5 POEMS

by Nance Lee

Shades of each season
Show in the kaleidoscope.
Come, tell the patterns.

The morning-glories
Open gently—with kindness.
Then, should we do less?

Wonderful Woman.
I catch my breath quickly, and—
She is my Lady.

I love you, I say.
Easy words to say in spring.
What are winter's words?

Life's book lies open as
We sit in winter's last sunlight.
Too soon, the pages close.

THE SAME SEX

Weltge, Ralph W., editor. United Church Press, Philadelphia, 1969.

Reviewed by Alice Lawrence.

This book is a collection of articles by sex researchers, theologians, lawyers, and homosexuals. Its purposes, as described in the introduction, are: to reduce ignorance concerning homosexuality by making more available some of the accumulating knowledge concerning this form of sexuality and by presenting a number of somewhat diverse points of view, all of which have the commonality, however, of believing that attitudes toward and treatment of the homosexual must be altered; to serve as a resource for individual and group study and discussion; to contribute to the emerging dialogue between the churches and the homophile community. A reading of the book makes it clear that this last mentioned purpose is considered to be the most important, and, indeed, requires the fulfillment of the first two purposes.

The book generally achieves its goals and is well worth a careful reading. Although most, if not all, the information presented is available elsewhere, its fermenting out from numerous sources would require far more time than most interested individuals are willing or able to devote to it. This small volume is also sufficiently convenient to interest the less committed.

The eleven articles making up the book are organized under four major headings: (a) sex research; (b) sex ethics; (c) sex laws; (d) the homophile movement. This review will present comments and reactions under the same headings.

SEX RESEARCH

Pomeroy Emphasizes the importance of differentiating between behavioral and psychic homosexuality, and objects also to the concept of a dichotomy between heterosexuality and homosexuality. He presents a heterosexual-homosexual rating scale dividing the continuum from

exclusive heterosexuality to exclusive homosexuality into seven parts, from 0 to 6, and points out that on this continuum a person may be classed as more heterosexual in behavior and more homosexual psychically.

Later Pomeroy states that a male homosexual rating 5 or 6 on the scale may, with much time and effort, work down to a 2, while some women have changed from 6 to 0 in a few months. He feels that this difference may be related to the female's lesser ability to be sexually conditioned. Unfortunately, he does not make it clear whether he is speaking of behavioral or psychic responses. If behavioral responses alone were involved, the difference can easily be explained by the fact that fewer physiological reactions are required of a woman who chooses to act heterosexually. If psychic responses were also involved, a woman could, more easily than a man, due to her more subtle physiological responses, deceive herself that she had truly changed psychologically.

The main theme of the chapter by Simon and Gagnon has to do with the importance of a sociological approach to the study of homosexuality. According to these authors, only by learning what social factors form the various patterns of homosexuality will we begin to understand the homosexual. They point out that research on homosexuality has been nearly exclusively interested in etiology or causes, which they consider to be the least rewarding of all questions. Such research is based on etiological theories, the most influential of which has been Freudian psychology. Simon and Gagnon feel that "... the problem of finding out how people become homosexual requires an adequate theory of how they become heterosexual." They also believe that the patterns of homosexuality are formed not by its root causes but by the social structures and values impinging upon homosexuals.

This reviewer feels that the authors have overlooked an even more telling argument against etiological research: the ultimate purpose of such research is not the pure scientific desire to add to human knowledge. Rather, it rests upon the medical model: if we can find the cause of a disease we can learn to cure it.

It should be pointed out that many homosexuals of both sexes readily adopt

either a genetic or Freudian theory of causation in order to justify their acceptance of their sexual orientation. They do not realize that by so doing they are also accepting the status of being abnormal and are thus defining themselves much as society defines them.

The title of Hooker's article, "The Homosexual Community" is a misnomer in that her research has been confined to male homosexuals. She restricts her generalizations and conclusions to males, and thus does not fall into the trap of overgeneralizing her findings to the entire homosexual population. Still, despite her objectivity and despite the fact that one person cannot be expected to cover all ramifications of homosexuality, many lesbians may be unhappy with the little attention she gives to them. For example, although Hooker previously stated that only a small portion of the total homosexual population participates in public institutions (gay bars, etc.), and goes on to speak of "the invisible, private activities which go on in friendship cliques," she later equates the "homosexual world" with the public activities in her statement about "the relative absence of women in the homosexual world..."

This may be a nit-picking reaction. However, it does appear that Hooker, unintentionally of course, implies that lesbians are less important in the study of homosexuality. It is a fact that most research has focused on male homosexuals, and it is also true that most theoretical and philosophical essays on homosexuality have mentioned lesbians, if at all, only as an afterthought.

SEX ETHICS

This section might better have been called "Religious Attitudes and Ethics" or "Christian Attitudes and Ethics" because the three chapters composing the section do not consider ethical standards existing apart from the church. Further, the average person who is unaccustomed to reading or hearing about theological philosophy will probably find these three articles far more difficult to read than is the remainder of the book.

Although the writers of the three chapters agree that many injustices to homosexuals have occurred in the name of Christianity, there are differences in their viewpoints. Shinn describes several Christian theological positions on homo-

sexuality ranging from the view that it is a malady of "perversion, decadence, and decay" to the conviction that it should be fully accepted as an orientation which may involve affection "... as selfless as heterosexual affection." He argues that Christian theology has no basis for condemning homosexuality, that there is no insinuation that any given homosexual is morally inferior to heterosexuals, that there is no ground for equating heterosexual with good and homosexual with bad. He does, however, appear to agree that apart from the purpose of procreation there is a "... meaning possible in authentic love between one man and one woman" which is impossible for persons of the same sex.

Weltge states that "just as one violates the humanity of the homosexual by equating him totally with that identity, so also the homosexual violates his own humanity when his sexuality becomes the ruling authority of his self image." One can respond with at least two comments: (1) Anyone, homosexual or heterosexual, man or woman, may be guilty of the same violation; (2) If homosexuals are, indeed, more prone to let their sexuality become the ruling authority of their self-image (which is only an assumption and far from established fact), it is highly probable that social (and church) pressures and attitudes have been primary forces in bringing this about.

Weltge seems also to be saying that the church should accept homosexuals *in spite of* their homosexuality. If this interpretation is valid, his attitude is not really much different from the psychoanalysts' point of view that homosexuals should not be persecuted because they are "sick."

In the following chapter Secor seems to agree to the foregoing interpretation in his statement that "In fact a strong assumption underlying the plea that Christians 'accept' the homosexual is that he is mentally ill." He later comments that "... a thesis that holds out the homosexual as irrevocably mentally ill and therefore ethically concludes that he should be accepted as such, ignores to its peril much scientifically informed data." On the whole, Secor appears to be more willing than Shinn and Weltge to learn, to accept reinterpretation of the Bible and of Christian history, and to accept homosexuals as well as heterosexuals without ethical

reservations.

SEX LAWS

Cantor summarizes sodomy laws and the penalties imposed for infractions of these laws in the United States. He points out that these laws prohibiting certain sexual behaviors make no distinction between homosexual and heterosexual acts, but that they have been applied almost exclusively to homosexuals. Such laws vary from one state to another, as do the penalties for infractions. Only one state, Illinois, has repealed laws against sexual acts between consenting adults in private.

Cantor insists that since most arrests of homosexuals occur for violations of laws against vaguely defined acts such as solicitation, disorderly conduct, lewd conduct, etc., these laws as well as the sodomy laws should be reformed or abolished. In a later chapter Gunnison notes that Illinois' solicitation laws remain, and that these cause the homosexual far more grief than do seldomly enforced sodomy statutes.

Maddocks discusses the need not only to repeal laws concerning private morality but also points out the injustice of Civil Service and military policy. He feels that the church has an obligation to accept all men and that the homosexual's main problem is society's attitude. He further concludes that the church should support the repeal of unjust laws, a change in federal employment policies, and oppose police policies of enticement and entrapment.

Both Cantor and Maddocks observe that the laws, besides being unjust and capriciously enforced, provide the opportunity for harassment and extortion. Maddocks states that "it is not only important to change the laws but even more important to change the attitudes of society." It has been argued by some, primarily with reference to black people, but also with reference to homosexuals, that private values and attitudes cannot be legislated. In a direct sense this is probably true. However, recent psychological and sociological research has demonstrated that after a change in behavior is induced (by psychological influence or by law), a change in attitude often follows.

THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT

The final three chapters of the book by

Gunnison, Kameny, and Gittings outline the history of the homophile movement, as well as detailing the pressures and frustrations leading to the movement. Gunnison's article is quite objective and straightforward, while Kameny, by his repetitiveness and militancy, reveals an unrelenting, although probably justified, anger at the treatment of homosexuals. It is undoubtedly his unrelenting fury that has made him so effective as a leader of the homophile movement. Like Simon and Gagnon, Kameny feels that we will never learn what causes homosexuality until we know what causes heterosexuality. As stated earlier, this reviewer believes that the study of causation implies at least partial acceptance of what Szasz has called "the myth of mental illness," and that this, in turn, implies the need for cure. One might better study sexuality as a whole, and then investigate the factors influencing adoption of various sexual patterns, whether homosexual, heterosexual, or bisexual in nature.

The adoption of the slogan "gay is good" will be objected to by many on the grounds that although they may help some people feel better about themselves, slogans tend to have the effect of reducing rational thought or discussion. Rather than influencing society to reexamine its values, the proclamation that "gay is good" could more probably result in the unthinking response of another slogan: "straight is superior."

The article by Gittings reiterates many of the points made by authors of the earlier chapters. She makes important and worthwhile observations, however, that have not been mentioned thus far. For example, Gittings is concerned about the homosexual couples having problems within their relationship who cannot go to a minister for counsel for fear of suffering an attack upon their homosexuality. Another concern is the troubled teen-ager who will not go for help to those who will either denounce his homosexuality or try to "save" him. As at least a partial solution to these problems Gittings suggests that homosexuals work directly with the clergy in counseling situations, and that they also conduct training programs for the clergy.

Many readers may feel that this review has been unnecessarily critical and picaresque. However, this reviewer believes that her reactions occurred precisely because one of the book's purposes, that of provoking more informed thought, discussion, and even disagreement was fulfilled.

This is an important book; it is a book that deserves more than a cursory reading. *The Same Sex* is a book to study and to contemplate.

(Alice Lawrence is a psychologist. Her last appearance in *THE LADDER* was in the February/March, 1969 issue with the article, "Sex Roles.")

4 POEMS

by L. D. Davis

black girl-

i love you—black girl
i wonder now—then
would i love you—had you been another
color. . . i most probably would—
i am aware of our 'difference'
however.
our flesh clashes in the night.
the night seems to favor you—
since it is dark also.
are you really black?
who thought up this color scheme
any-way?

i'm white—
if i were dark
would we,
could we be closer?
if so,
i'd be out in the
SUN
every/day.

think blue
an ocean
at the moment
when the sun is
half in the sky
half in the waves
and a hundred
intertwining colors
running wild
shades of which
you may
not see twice
-her eyes
pale pale
alone as a single
star in the dark
they follow you
stare at you
one must admit
it is not very logical
to be in love with a pair
of eyes
the likes of which
you may
not see twice

and i cry
and i'll die
in the end
without a friend
no one will send
me white carnations—
they won't wait
to celebrate
my departure
they'll drink
and think
of how much
i was like them
of how they hated me
of how little they love themselves—
and more bottles will be emptied
and more stomachs will be filled
more memories lost
for the night
funny how alcohol
can make things right
funny how little it takes
to get tight
funny how little strength
you have to fight
you're quite a sight—
with your tongue
of self/glory
and your
but if only- sob/story
how many times
it all goes around
a continuing carousel
with all the horses
falling down
spinning round & round
until you're
finally found
with a bottle
of sleeping pills
gone are the thrills
gone is your life
too chicken
to use a knife
the plot
next to me
is fairly empty
you can have it
for 300 down
a continuing
carousel
that goes round
and round
aren't these
message songs
ridiculous
and out of hand?

you have no idea
how much
you are loved—
never before—
never have i put anyone
above me—
if i decided to become involved—
or took pity for one who was
hung-up
i was always first
if i could use them—all the better
i'd take them on for a/while
then flick them a/side
as simply as the wind
blows old newspapers—
then—
i met you—
i don't know why i bother with you
you can't improve my position
there is no hope of promotion through
you
concerning my work
you're certainly not rich
not even socially acceptable
a drop/out—
it's awfully hard to believe
my friends tell me i'm mad—
i must be—
to love you as i do
i cannot understand
how you can treat me
as though i were nothing more
than an
old newspaper
-but if i suffer
it's my own affair—

A RADICAL VIEW: THE HOMOSEXUAL, MALE SUPREMACY AND CULTURAL CONDITIONING

by Louise Pelton

For a long time, it has seemed to me
that female homosexuality can be seen as
a perfectly normal reaction to male suprema-
cy. In a society where there is very
little opportunity for male and female to
meet on equal terms, it makes sense for

members of the oppressed class to form
relationships with each other, on an equal
basis. This is not to say that homosexu-
ality would exist there on the basis of per-
sonal attraction, and would not be a po-
litical matter.

The adoration of men by women can
be seen by a radical in the same light as
the adoration of slaves for their masters—
an ingrained, masochistic, self-abasement
hangup. An example of this in our culture
is the tiny doll-like figure on the party
joke page of PLAYBOY MAGAZINE,
serving a huge male figure. The woman-
doll is seen lighting his pipe, fitting into
his pocket, falling over on her rear to the
vast amusement of the male reader. For
most males, the sexual revolution has
meant that women are now expected to
put out more, and to service men with
variety and alacrity. The most horrifying
example of the masochism of women is
THE STORY OF O. For those who have
read it, no further comment is needed.

Our culture mass-produces vapid, de-
pendent, self-abasing women; women
who are taught from earliest childhood
to boost the egos of men by playing dumb
and helpless, who are taught that their
highest fulfillment and achievements are
to look beautiful for men, to get married
and become a man's possession, and to
produce babies in an overcrowded world.

The oppression of homosexuals can
then be seen in a new light. Homosexuals
don't play the game. They offer a way
out. They remind the oppressor that
something is wrong with his game, that
not everybody is happy with it. Not every
woman wants to be kept barefoot and
pregnant; not every man wants to be tied
down to an economic parasite who con-
trols him by alternately giving or with-
drawing sexual satisfaction.

The slave imprisons the master, and
women imprison men. The non-working
wife, with her large brood and insatiable
thirst for expensive clothes and appli-
ances is a huge weight on the average man
who has bought this bill of goods. The
society which inculcated a distorted pride
into him forces him to go out and work
overtime to buy her whatever the ads have
brainwashed her into desiring. Everyone
is urged to keep up in the mad race for
prestige items, and it is generally the man
who pays in sweat and subservience to
his boss for these items.

The male homosexual can be seen as reacting against this situation. He desires a relationship with his equals, and has contempt for the insipid creature society tells him to desire. Straight men have contempt for her also, but apparently are unable to become sexually aroused by their equals. Intelligent, independent women usually frighten them.

Continuing to view homosexuality from a radical standpoint, the butch-femme roles and effeminacy among males can be seen as distortions from the general culture incorporated into homosexual life-styles. It is extremely difficult to break completely with the values of one's culture, even the values one most despises. The Pilgrims, who fled religious persecution, continued to practice it. Women who can't stand the arrogance of male supremacists may still imitate them and incorporate their power-games, the power-games played between straight couples. Men who despise silly women chase after silly boys.

This is not meant to be a polemic

(Miss Pelton is a free lance writer, critic, movie reviewer.)

by Gene Damon

LESBIANA

Olivia Manning presents an interesting face as a writer. She is well known here and in England for a recent Balkan trilogy . . . large books with large casts. However, she is much better in dealing with a smaller canvas and fewer people. Her 1957 novel from Abelard, *A DIFFERENT FACE*, was an excellent major male title. It was almost wholly overlooked. Her only other contribution in the field (known by me, anyway) is the male homosexual short story "A Romantic Hero" which appeared in 1964 and was reprinted in several collections. Her most recent novel, *THE CAMPERLEA GIRLS*, N.Y., Coward-McCann, 1969 (called *THE PLAY ROOM* in England, London, Heinemann, 1969) is an examination of Lesbianism in adolescence with an unfortunate overtone of menace and horror. Technically the Lesbian aspects of the novel have nothing to do with the tone . . . but it is unnecessary coupling of the

against different types of homosexuals nor a blanket condemnation of heterosexuals; but an attack on the whole role system and the confinement of role conditioning, the system that distorts people into caricatures of what a human being could be. Like the college-educated woman who has been convinced that her only real role in life is the role of housewife, we all suffer from the reduction of our vast human potential through cultural conditioning.

Cultural development lags far behind economic development. To me, the American Dream has always been a society affluent enough to free its members from incessant drudgery and permit them to achieve their full potential. We have achieved the affluence—but we are still tied down by an obsolete culture, with all its prejudices, stereotypes and hierarchies. It is not the archaic law anymore, but the blinkers inside our minds that keep us from thinking and becoming what we might have been.

themes. Fifteen year old Laura Fletcher, bored with her boring family in a Portsmouth suburb, tricks her parents into a holiday away from them, accompanied only by her younger brother. While on the Isle of Wight, without supervision, they come upon an odd house, with an even more weird inhabitant, an elderly, overly made up woman. She takes them to see a play house that features life-sized dolls with fully developed genitals. Terrified, the children run away, but they remember the incident, and later, back at school, Laura uses this incident to buy a friendship with much older Vicky Logan and Vicky's permanent shadow, Gilda. Laura isn't sure why the dolls fascinate the other girls, but she is happy to be accepted. An innocent, she overhears Gilda making love to Vicky and misinterprets what she hears. Gilda is whisked off on holiday for the summer and Laura, less able to control the wholly willful Vicky, is party to the

horrible ending wherein overly curious Vicky gets her more or less just deserts at the hands of a local thug. . . . Very well done, recommended with reservations to those who cannot stand violence, and without reservations to everyone else.

Triumph over the establishment is a celebrated theme in literature, and, as often as not, done in the form of satire. Satire or humor is hard to write and the 21 year old John Goldsmith ought to have considered this when he began recounting the tale of Mrs. Mount in *MRS. MOUNT ASCENDENT*, London, Hogarth, 1968. He hasn't made this book a success, but he did give it a good try, and there are some very funny moments. Mrs. Mount is one of those anti-establishment viragos who were around a long time before that term made the language. Her brood of imbecile and loathsome children survive only because she wills it so. One of her daughters is being pursued by a female boss, and some of the scenes involve the thwarting of the seduction. It is anti-Lesbian of course, but its anti everything else, good and bad, regardless. Perhaps Mr. Goldsmith is not lacking in sufficient craft or humor . . . but in compassion, a flaw of the very young. Fun if you don't take it seriously.

George P. Elliott, justifiably famous as a short story writer, has a minor Lesbian story in the June, 1969 *ESQUIRE*, entitled "Nikki For A Couple of Months." Heroine Edith is 42, and bored, and a little nervous about her attractions. She takes out some of this frustration on the youthful but resilient Nikki. Definitely not up to his marvelous major Lesbian story, "An Hour Of Last Things," from his collection of the same name, 1968. Very well written, but not for the purists.

THE LOVE POEM BOOK, by Helen Sheffield, a paperback original from Award Books, 1968 (also a paperback in London, Tandem Books, 1968) should have been entitled "Sex Poem Book" for accuracy. It is ribald, sometimes good, sometimes very bad, 90 percent heterosexual and 10 percent Lesbian . . . If it is your scene, fine.

Will Oursler, known as a producer of self-help and pseudo-religious titles, in his latest, *RELIGION: OUT OR WAY OUT*, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1968, briefly mentions DOB. However, he spells it Daughters of Belitis . . . both in the text

and in the index. Book deals with various attempts by religious groups to deal with minority groups, including homosexuals and Lesbians.

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE LAW, by Roger S. Mitchell, N.Y., Arco, 1969, is part of a series of books, "Know Your Law," put out for the general public. The language, format, coverage is intended to be as simple and easy to understand as possible. The author is sympathetic and makes this very clear, though he holds little hope for more than legal redress. That is, he feels that there will be a lessening of legal pressure and unfair legislation in the near future, but little lessening of social drawbacks. I am not qualified to analyze his thoroughness in coverage of the legal aspects. He seems to stick primarily to the coastal areas, New York and California, but that seems reasonable in view of the large homosexual concentration in these areas. However, Mr. Mitchell has a very odd three page essay on Lesbians, included in a general chapter, "Homosexuality and Society." Surprisingly he cites acceptance for Lesbians as being due not only to the fact that whatever women do they are likely to be ignored by men (the reason most frequently cited, sometimes bitterly by feminists) but also to the fact of their incidence in literature. He also comments on the widespread fame of Sappho, and her position among poets, and equates this with acceptance. He goes on to cite the fact that women do not deliberately get into legal trouble (i.e. do not cruise or solicit in public) and that they tend to form long-term or lifelong marriages with a single partner. He then concludes this area with this statement "there is no Mattachine Society for Lesbians." This is interesting in view of DOB's 14 years of life. However, Mr. Mitchell is singularly unaware of the homophile movement in general, having apparently only heard of the N.Y. MATTACHINE organization. (He is apparently unaware of the historic Supreme Court decision that ONE pushed through over 10 years ago and equally unaware of the many decisions obtained by Dr. Kameny of the Washington MATTACHINE SOCIETY.) The most we can hope for this book is that it will fall into all of our country's libraries (Arco books are likely to turn up even in the smallest libraries) and be available to

those who might have no other source on the subject.

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW NUMBER 7, published by New American Library (Signet Books), August, 1969, contains an essay by Kate Millett called "Sexual Politics: Miller, Mailer and Genet." It is said to be an edited version of the opening chapter of Miss Millett's doctoral dissertation at Columbia, which Doubleday is to publish under the title, *Sexual Politics*. Miss Millett is described as being a graduate of Oxford, and a "member of the radical feminist movement" and on the faculty of Barnard. This essay is a ringing indictment of the male view of the female as seen in the writings of Miller and Mailer, and a comparison of this view with the way male homosexuals view their partners (as seen in Genet). Ugly, and if after reading it you have any doubts, ladies, about how the opposite sex views you, you didn't read very carefully. It must be added, however, in fairness, that one might argue that the writings of any three male writers might not reflect the whole story.

More and more books for teenage audiences are appearing that deal with things teenage books of even two years ago would not have touched. . . . Popular novelist for girls, Hila Coleman, covers much that is almost old hat in adult novels, in *CLAUDIA, WHERE ARE YOU?* N.Y., Morrow, 1969. Claudia is a drop out, run away, with the right/wrong kind of suburban family background. Coverage includes the East Village, pot parties, subway life after dark, crash pads, keeping house for a pair of gay boys, mugging . . . a nice hippie boy who takes our heroine in but not to bed, and a menial apartment and job. Grubby but more grit than teenage novels used to have . . . that's certain.

Last year's silly, *THE DAUGHTERS OF LONGING*, by Froma Sand, has been issued in paperback by Bantam, 1969. Not important news . . .

A book for the fans of Gladys Taber . . . and those of you who have not followed the lovely story of her life with Jill up until Jill's untimely death, and her efforts since to go on living, have missed something special. *STILLMEADOW ALBUM*, from Lippincott, 1969, is the first truly photographic study of the wonderful farmhouse, Stillmeadow, and the ground, animals, the world of Gladys Tab-

er. (Anyone unfamiliar with this series, curious enough to ask, is invited to write . . . I'll be happy to supply further information.)

COLONEL BLESSINGTON by Pamela Frankau is another of her posthumous novels. It is available in the August, 1969 *COSMOPOLITAN* and has just come out from Delacorte, 1969. This is variant literature really, and has much in common with some of Josephine Tey. Saying anything else will ruin the fun.

So many of you ask that I cover pertinent photography. I recognize that this is a growing field (exclusive of the ever present pornography with which we are concerned) but have neither the time nor the training to discuss this intelligently. I will, however, mention items I see or those that are brought to my attention simply to direct interested readers to the correct area. The *WEST COAST REVIEW*, Volume Four, Number One, Spring, 1969 contains a series of three photographs by Lynn Vardeman. Only one is specifically pertinent, but all three have to be considered together. Two views are of the back of a nude woman, the third is of the same woman watching a second woman (also nude) running toward her from a long distance away. Interpretation is left to the viewer. (*WEST COAST REVIEW* is published by Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, British Columbia, and should be available at very large public libraries and most university and college libraries.)

EVERGREEN REVIEW, Number 70, September, 1969 contains a portfolio entitled "Pas de Deux" by Richard Kirstel . . . said to be from a book of the same name due out from Grove Press, soon. I cannot speak for the book, but these photographs are excellent. They are frankly erotic and not for the easily shocked.

James Colton's *HANG-UP*, Brandon House, 1969, is another of his paperback originals that with slightly different emphasis could have been in hardback and probably should have been. It is, of course, major male and very good, though our interest here lies in the villainess of the piece, Dublin, as bad a girl as has been born. Sadly, we must admit there are undoubtedly a few real Dublin types in the world, but we wish they weren't in our part of it. Very good of kind. One odd note, the cover of this book features Dublin and her influ-

ence over the male members of the plot even though she is not the major character in the book. More unusual, the cover is very very good.

Maureen Duffy, justifiably famous for her novel, *MICROCOSM*, includes an element of interest here in her latest novel, *WOUNDS*, London, Hutchinson, 1969, N.Y., Alfred A. Knopf, 1969. Miss Duffy is an experimenter in fiction . . . determinedly so. *MICROCOSM* was as remarkable for its unusual style as it was for its multi-faceted view of Lesbianism. *WOUNDS* is a loosely joined collection of sketches of characters, and, as in *MICROCOSM*, they are viewed through the congeniality and wars of a local pub (though not a Lesbian club in this novel). The only jarring note in the book is the wholly unnecessary inclusion of linking bits made up of love scenes between a man and a woman spending the day (week, year?) in bed. This last is pretty stale by the end of the book since there are just so many variations in positions possible and the whispered conversations of lovers is interesting primarily to the whisperers. Among the pub patrons . . . whose generally loveless lives are supposedly made more so by the juxtaposed lovers . . . is Kingy. Kingy comments re earthworms "Love, they don't know how to make love. I've lain all night with a woman just con-

tent to lie; I was so honored," though her comments quite clearly refer to the rest of the world . . . and not earthworms. Kingy, who speaks of herself as old and ugly, has once had red hair and white teeth and has been loved "by the most handsome women in the world." She drinks . . . too much, and is fond of singing while drinking. It is this latter habit, in the crude and cruel pub world, that leads to her humiliation at the hands of the pub bums. Miss Duffy, who started out very very well indeed with a plain and delightful novel, *THAT'S HOW IT WAS* (1962, also pertinent) has been playing games with style and language ever since. When she tires of this and gets back to writing novels straight away, she'll be wonderful to read. In any case, she is automatically recommended, if for nothing more than the delightful Kingy.

SEXUALITY: THE SEA OF CREATION, by Mary Ritley, is a paperback pamphlet published by THE PROSPEROS, a religious education group headquartered at 731 N. La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, California, 90038. Price is not appended to the pamphlet but ought not to be too high. Miss Ritley's contention is that sexuality is creative energy . . . a fact none of us would dispute. However, the next point is that everything from painting a picture to digging in the garden is a sexual act. She develops this into a



Maureen Duffy, author of *WOUNDS*, to be published by Knopf on August 11th. Credit: Euan Duff

duality theory wherein we are all man/woman or woman/man. Along the way this leaves philosophical room for all manner of folk in the world, and in this respect a welcome booklet. I leave your reactions to the philosophy to you, especially statements like this: "Bearing in mind that one is never more male and female, or vice versa, we can see that our traditional stereotypes of the homosexual must be re-examined. Actually, the fluttery Southern Belle is every bit as masculine as the dyke in black leathers. The only difference is that one expresses her masculinity, and the other does not. And one might add, both are equally feminine, in reality." I am personally not sure whether I wish so much to quarrel with her ideas as wish to ask her where she found a "dyke in black leathers?"

Another booklet, by the same organization, **WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A TEENAGE HOMOSEXUAL**, by Charles P. Thorp, sells for \$1.00. It is a strongly worded indictment of the organized groups for failing to offer help to the young. (It must be mentioned that most of the groups wish they could help in this area, but to do so, given our societal attitudes, would be suicide.) This is a very serious area, as vital to women as to men (though this title has no bearing whatever on Lesbians, since their teen years are so very different). These are the years of the most personal agonies of the spirit. The double burden of having to hide so vital and intense a part of one's life makes existence a living hell for many kids. Many lives are destroyed during these years before they've had a chance to begin, a tragic waste.

Raymond Spence's foolish **NOTHING BLACK BUT A CADILLAC**, is already out in paperback, Berkley, 1969. Funny, but bad propaganda.

To those who consider writing a serious, if not sacred, craft, the plethora of really bad novels that continue to be published remains astonishing. It isn't even a matter of sex and frank speech, it is a total lack of skill on the part of the writer. Up until about 15 years ago even books frankly meant to be pulp trash had to have some semblance of skill in the writing. Today books are often published that are so hopelessly illiterate one wonders how the poor copy editor managed to keep from going crazy. A current example is

THE BEAUTY TRAP, by Jeanne Rejaunier, N.Y., Trident Press, Simon and Schuster, 1969. It is the story of 3 girls in the modeling life in New York City. The author is a former model, and the account may or may not be factual, but it surely seems unlikely. The book's premise is that life is unfair to the very beautiful, that it takes more from them than it gives back. Among the three girls, the least desirable (without any form of moral sense) Dolores, ends up in a Lesbian relationship which is depicted as being happy. But it is all hilarious, the people are stick figures. We are told everything about them but they have less reality than the jacket photo of the author. No one could possibly be interested in their lives, at least as herein presented, and there is, apparently, nothing in their lives except sex and money. If it is true that these girls are cheated by their beauty, it is even truer that they are cheats, offering nothing but their beauty to their stick figure lovers and clients, and even less to the reader. If you must, wait for the inevitable paperback, and even, shudder, the probable movie.

THE BIG STUFFED HAND OF FRIENDSHIP, by Norman Newton, London, Peter Owen, 1969, is a puzzling book. Set in the seaport town, Saint Charles, British Columbia, this appears to be a view of the town, its leading and lesser citizens, with primary emphasis on the headmaster of the local high school, his staff, and seven visiting celebrities. All of this is seen through the eyes of one school-teacher who does not get along with the headmaster. The seven great poets assembled for a literary freak show include some very identifiable figures. For our interest here, there is a Lesbian poet, and a couple of male homosexual poets. The odd part of the book is that the entire setting seems to be satirical. The events described as centering in a very small town high school are almost impossible . . . and the behavior of all suggests instead a large university faculty in a larger though perhaps equally provincial town. In any case giving the plot away would be unfair. Mr. Newton writes very well, and this is jolly good fun, but I suspect it has the most meaning for those familiar with that area of the world who probably can identify most of the major characters.

The entire Alexandria Quartet, by Lawrence Durrell, consisting of **JUSTINE**,

1957, **BALTHAZAR**, 1958, **MOUNT-OLIVE**, 1958, 1959, and **CLEA**, 1960, has been reissued by Pocket Books, 1969, as a tie-in with the movie, **JUSTINE**. There is a strong Lesbian sub-theme in the quartet, most prominent in the final novel, **CLEA**, but all are recommended to the serious reader. The movie, probably in the interest of time rather than censorship, deleted the character, **CLEA**, from the cast in **JUSTINE**, thus removing the Lesbian aspect. However, those who read this will want to see the movie, if only to see Anouk Aimee cast as **JUSTINE** . . . perfectly cast one might add.

On a more popular level, Harold Robbins' famous **CARPETBAGGERS** is out again from Pocket Books, 1969. This has a large number of Lesbian subplots and characters, from the ridiculous to the sublime, and all of them were also deleted from the movie version now often available on the TV screen.

THE DAKOTA PROJECT, by Jack Beeching, London, Jonathan Cape, 1968, N.Y., Delacorte, 1969, is simply not getting the popular response one might imagine it should. It is a very gripping science fiction novel with as much suspense as **THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN**, and considerably more believable from the moral standpoint. Dick Conroy, British scientist, is employed as a propagandist on **THE DAKOTA PROJECT**, a bleak and security tight science project in the barren Dakota plains. Friendships are discouraged, but Dick makes good friends of a pair of Lesbians, a doctor, Bethany, and a librarian, Grace. I cannot tell you what the project is about, but you'll find out about the same time Dick does. End is a good keystone cops type chase . . . good fun and quite a well-hidden bit of message. Very major from our viewpoint, though the Lesbian aspects are simply there, and not exploited. An absolute must for the science fiction fans (though book is just not being billed that way) and for any general reader who likes suspense and rapid action.

I have saved the best for last, and it is the kind of very best that we only see once in every few years. A former **LADDER** editor, Barbara Gittings, found this book in the New York City bookstore, **OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL BOOKSTORE**, and immediately brought it to my attention. It is, **A PLACE FOR US**, by Isabel Miller, published by the private press,

Bleecker Street Press, N.Y., 1969. **A PLACE FOR US** is set in 1816 in Connecticut's Housatonic Valley and in Greene County, New York State, and is based on the life of two American counterparts to the famous **LADIES OF LLAN-GOLLEN**. The American ladies, however, instead of being writer and mate were artist and mate, but the story has similarities.

Patience White, definitely not the marrying kind, is bored with life at home (in her inherited half of the family home) with brother Edward, loveable but stuffy, and his wife, Martha, an unhappy drudge. Sarah Dowling, as good at chores as any man, brings a load of wood to the White residence. Patience takes one good look at Sarah and a very old-fashioned romance begins. Without a touch of melodrama, Isabel Miller manages to include all the horrible complications possible in a day and time when women did nothing that they were not instructed to do and where two women simply could not walk out on their families without all hell being raised. It takes Sarah and Patience the better part of a year to plan and make good their life together and it is a very exciting year. Sarah leaves home, passing as a boy, to see what the open territory holds in the way of terrors for them. She travels for a time with Daniel Peel, bookseller, philosopher and former preacher, who proves to be a male homosexual. Sarah's journey alone is not very successful and home almost looks good to her on her return. But Patience is patient, and is also stubborn. Sarah's decision to spend their lives as commuter lovers on an evening basis isn't good enough. How Patience brings an end to that stalemate is wickedly delightful. And, in the all's well that ends well ending, brother Edward even assists them on their way to some extent.

Isabel Miller is the pseudonym of a well-known novelist, and **A PLACE FOR US** is available only from a couple of New York City bookstores and directly from the publisher, Bleecker Street Press, Box 625, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011. It is \$2.25 which includes postage and handling. Those many of you to whom I have written personally about this book know how highly I recommend it . . . but it is a gem . . . and very much belongs with that small bookshelf full of basic classics of Lesbian literature . . .

CROSS CURRENTS

PORNOGRAPHY NOT HARMFUL: August 21, 1969, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO released results of a study on pornography conducted with 3,400 professionals in the mental health field. An overwhelming majority of the experts concluded that pornography does not cause antisocial behavior of any kind.

YOU ARE PART OF THE PROBLEM! FORBES MAGAZINE, August 1, 1969. California psychologist, Dr. Richard E. Farson, in an interview article conducted by Ellen Melton, forecasts an enormous women's rights rebellion in the immediate future as more and more women demand their civil rights. Dr. Farson sees NOW (National Organization for Women) and WLM (Women's Liberation Movement) as responsible for awakening women to their new militancy. Miss Melton commented: "Most women seem to ignore the organized efforts to improve their lot." And Dr. Farson replied: "Revolutions always come as the result of the work of a very small minority of the people affected, as with the blacks and the students. Women are quite willing to organize for somebody else, but not for themselves. This is essentially from self-hate: They don't think women are worth it, which is a result of the fact women are so demeaned in our society. Anyway, the rebellion is not only going to be women against men, its going to be women against everyone who holds women back—including women, who discriminate even worse against women than men do. I think we'll call the Uncle Toms of the women's revolution 'Doris Days.'"

TOKENISM, CHAUVINISM AND SOMETHING ELSE: WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS, July 30, 1969. Sport's Columnist, Jack Mann, in "Broad View of Football" slaps down the entire male fraternity of sport's writers in their efforts to keep Elinor Kaine out of the press-box at football games. Good. His comments the most sensible among the thousands of words written in papers coast to coast on Elinor's successful fight to break

down that barricade. **WASHINGTON POST**, August 4, 1969, in "Not Such a Long Way, Baby," an unsigned editorial, uses the Elinor Kaine battle to blast the U.S. Government and all major industries for their failure to pay women equally for equal work and to put them into jobs where they are as qualified as men. Nearly one fourth of the complaints received by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission involves charges of sex discrimination.

BERKELEY TRIBE, July 25, 1969. **GOD IS A WOMAN** may well be a debatable issue, but the article by Sheila Drummond has nothing to do with God and a lot to do with the growing dissension among black women who are tired of being pushed into the background . . .

SAN DIEGO DOOR: July 31, 1969. San Diego's underground newspaper, **DOOR**, ran a short writeup on the new San Diego Chapter of **DOB**, including their address. Thank you, **DOOR**.

RADIO, TELEVISION, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, WOMEN'S GROUPS . . . PUBLIC RELATIONS BY DOB PEOPLE: Rita Laporte represented **DOB** on July 18, 1969 at the Friday Evening Panel Discussion held by the Society for Individual Rights (**SIR**). Over 60 present, but very few women since **SIR** is primarily for men, as are the other organizations represented, **TAVERN GUILD**, **COITS** and the militant, **COMMITTEE FOR HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM (CHF)**. Discussion centered around group differences.

SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE, August 7, 1969. Again Rita Laporte spoke for **DOB** before this Berkeley group supposed to be working for sexual freedom for all. Audience primarily middle-aged, and more men than women, of course.

POWER LINE, August 16, 1969. This is a talk and phone-in questions show on radio station **WMCA** in New York City. Martha Shelley of **DOB**, Martin O'Brien of **MATTACHINE N.Y.** and Jerry Hoose of **GAY LIBERATION FRONT**

fielded narrator and audience questions on gay liberation for one hour. Discussion primarily on the male aspects of the situation.

CHICAGO SHOW, August 18, 1969. Ronnie Barrett's **CHICAGO**, a midnight hour long television show on **WLS-TV** featured Terry Baldwin of Chicago's burgeoning **DOB** group, and National President Rita Laporte, in a 30 minute taped interview entirely devoted to **DOB**, its history, publication and goals and the new Chicago group. Mr. Barrett was very sympathetic and an excellent moderator. Over 75 inquiries were received about the new Chicago group as a direct result of this television show.

TODDLIN' ON: August 20, 1969. Following the **CHICAGO SHOW** success, Terry Baldwin was interviewed by Stan Dale on radio station **WCLF**.

MORE SAN FRANCISCO SURVEY: Greg Jordan of **KFRC** radio, San Francisco, moderated a two hour panel show September 24, 1969, with a wide variety of guests, the local producer of **GEESE**, Constantine of **CHF**, Judy of **WLM**, Linden of **CHF**, Rita Laporte of **DOB**, and Tom Maurer of the Institute of Sex Research. Program was repeated over **AM** and **FM** radio on September 28 and 29, and covered every topic possibly related to the homophile movement, civil rights in general, and the women's liberation movement. General purpose of show was to promote Tom Maurer's work in San Francisco for the Institute of Sex Research.

SECOND GAY POWER VIGIL, Sunday, August 10, 1969. Special to **THE LADDER**. Co-sponsored by the **N.Y. Chapter of DOB** and **MATTACHINE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**, the second gay power vigil was held in a small park off 78th Avenue in the New Gardens section of Queens. This is the famous park where vigilantes cut down the trees and brought the wrath of the city down on their heads. Over 50 men and women made the long trip to this residential area, and, at 2:00 p.m. formed a picket line, carrying such signs as "Vigil against vigilaunties" and "20,000,000 homosexuals demand their rights." An equal number of neighborhood residents came to watch, and four policemen showed up to keep order. Another sign listed the dishonor role of nations discriminating against homosexuals,

including the **U.S.A.**, **U.S.S.R.**, **Red China**, **Albania** and **South Africa**. Speeches were presented by Martha Shelley of **DOB** and Marty Robinson of the **MATTACHINE SOCIETY**. Miss Shelley pointed out that Nazi Germany had been left off the dishonor roll (in error), and the risks homosexuals take in publicly demonstrating for their rights. She pointed out however, that they gained something more important—self-respect. Mr. Robinson spoke about the rights we could win for future generations of homosexuals, since homosexuals have always and will always exist. He mentioned that the Dutch Roman Catholic Church had referred to homosexuality as an "ancient and honorable tradition." He spoke about continuing that tradition with a sense of honor and self-esteem. Following the speeches, a playlet written by Martha Shelley, "The Boys in Queens," was presented by five men and two women. It was warmly received. Residents watching the vigil and performance were invited to speak, but none of them accepted. A reporter from **WABC** television attempted to interview some of the onlookers but was unsuccessful. The vigil ended at 4:30 p.m. The protesters thanked the policemen for their courtesy and protection, and left the park.

NEW YORK TIMES, August 20, 1969. Benning Wentworth is still doing battle to keep the Defense Department from revoking his security clearance, reports Charlayne Hunter of the **TIMES**. 35 year old Mr. Wentworth has been fighting for his rights in court for three years, on the grounds that he is not a security risk of any kind since he freely admits his homosexuality and cannot therefore, be blackmailed, the only, and very flimsy, grounds, that any government has ever had against employment of homosexuals. Mr. Wentworth has been represented in the courts by Dr. Franklin Kameny and Miss Barbara Gittings of the Washington **D.C. MATTACHINE SOCIETY**.

GAY UNITY IS GAY POWER: The **COMMITTEE FOR HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM**, August 22, 1969, filed a notice of intent to circulate a petition to obtain 20,000 signatures of registered voters of San Francisco in order to place the following on the June, 1970 ballot:

"Therefore, be it resolved: By the people of the City and Coun-

ty of San Francisco, that it is the declared public policy of the People of the City and County of San Francisco that discrimination against persons on the basis of private, adult, consensual sexual behavior should be condemned and terminated, and that all present laws, rules, regulations and practices on all levels of government and throughout the field of private employment discriminating against persons because of homosexual orientation should be abolished."

ANN LANDERS is well able to separate the serious from the frivolous, as evidenced in her column of August 4, 1969, wherein two Chicago girls ask where to go to be legally married. . . . Ann's answer is very funny. On the other hand, in her column of October 7, 1969, Ann answers a mother who is worried about her 20 year old daughter's possible Lesbianism. Ann's message, basically, is **LEAVE HER ALONE. . . .**

VILLAGE VOICE, August 14, 1969: In the Letters To The Editor of this issue, a woman who signs herself Jane Hartely Crewe, Linden, New Jersey, writes in protest against the Village demonstrations for civil rights for homosexuals as follows: Dear Sir:

There is a group of homosexuals who do not live in the East Village or the West Village. They do not hang out on street corners. They have never been to a gay bar. In fact, they know very few other homosexuals. They do not think of themselves foremost as homosexuals although they are. They do not swish or speak with a split S. The women are not tough, nor do they seek masculine women.

These people are not on the make. They have homosexual marriages to which they try to be faithful. Their life has little to do with the lives currently portrayed in homosexual movies or books. They carry no banner, they have no cause. They make perhaps fewer friends than heterosexual couples.

There is nothing tragic about this group of homosexuals. There is nothing sexy or wild. They are not rebels. They are racked by guilt; they never commit suicide nor are they free or at peace with what they are.

There is a group of homosexuals whose lives are no more extraordinary or offen-

sive or unusual than Joe Doe, and maybe this is why nobody ever writes about them.

Jane Hartely Crewe
Linden, New Jersey

Efforts to find this woman have been in vain . . . and we would like to acquaint her with the fact that she does, indeed, have a cause whether she knows it or not. As an exercise in apologetic imagery, try rewriting this letter substituting black and black man and similar words (ghetto for gay, shuffle for swish, slur for split s) . . . interesting how we will denigrate ourselves to protest our innocence.

STATE BAR MANDATE ON PRIVATE SEX ACTS: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, September 10, 1969. Delegates to the 24th Annual Conference of the State Bar enthusiastically support legal tolerance of private sexual behavior between consenting adults, reports the **CHRONICLE**. The California Bar delegates voted overwhelmingly to change the laws against both homosexual and heterosexual acts . . . Attorney Richard Tyson of Pasadena said: "We feel that the state should restrict its criminal sanctions to criminals and keep its nose out of the bedrooms of its citizens."

SOCIOLOGISTS VOTE FOR HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS: September 4, 1969. The American Sociological Association meeting held in San Francisco on September 3, 1969, adopted a resolution favoring homosexual rights. No other body of this importance has ever adopted a similar resolution. In view of its importance, particularly in the area of employment, the resolution as adopted is reprinted here in full:

"Whereas members of the homosexual minority constitute an oppressed people in academic as well as non-academic environs, insofar as when their sexual preferences are discovered by university officials, faculty and students suffer economic reprisals by the loss of tenure, jobs, scholarships, etc. as well as suffering other reprisals in the form of arrests, blacklisting and other forms of intimidation; and Whereas these reprisals constitute direct oppression of this minority group and violate all rights—professional, academic

and human—and freedoms; Be it resolved that the American Sociological Association condemns the firing, taking economic sanctions and other oppressive action against any person for reasons of sexual preference."

SEX-LAW REVISION, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—After a six-year study leading to extensive revision of the state's penal code, Connecticut has adopted the country's most liberal sex code—one that draws a long-overdue distinction between crime and sin. Connecticut's old criminal code was a patchwork, or memory quilt, of archaic prohibitions against public kissing, fornication, "lascivious carriage" and virtually every form strictly to 17th Century lawmakers' ideas of pure and proper marital relations. Though not consistently enforced, the code's more arcane provisions were still a handy means of harassing someone who, short of committing a worthwhile crime, had managed to antagonize the police.

By contrast, the new penal code, which takes effect in October 1971, excludes from its coverage virtually all private sexual acts between consenting adults. Still misdemeanors, however, are adultery, prostitution and patronizing a prostitute. The new law resembles, and in some ways surpasses, the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, a version of which was adopted by Illinois in 1961.

FEW HAVE TOP JOBS: HOUSTON CHRONICLE, July 27, 1969. Women make up over one-third of the Federal labor force, but only 3.7% hold policymaking positions, reports the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

BUT SOME MALE PRECINCTS ARE OPENING UP: Reports from all over the U.S. during the summer and early fall show that women are on the move in many unusual job areas, including "dealers" in Las Vegas gambling clubs, mounted policewomen in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Bernice Gera is battling the world of organized baseball for the right to be a major league umpire.

YALE CLUB lets women in, according to the **NEW YORK TIMES**, July 31, 1969, and this same source, August 20, 1969, reports that the **KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS** have made tokenism provisions to admit women to partial member-

ship.

LES GIRLS, WASHINGTON POST, August 31, 1969. Columnist Meryle Secrest interviewed Anselma dell'Olio, head of the theatrical group, the New Feminist Repertory, which has been making headlines in New York City this last year for its anti-male, pro-female plays. Miss dell'Olio commented that she was not a feminist, but a humanist, and wanted for herself, for all women, all people, equal rights. She said: "I'd like to see a world where two men could be married, or two women, or a black man and a white woman, or whatever. I'd like to see a world where you were considered a person first. That's all I'm asking."

MORE AND MORE A MAN'S WORLD: NEW YORK TIMES, August 24, 1969. Fred Hechinger, writing in the education section comments that in the higher education areas, it is becoming a man's world, with fewer and fewer women as college presidents.

DEL MARTIN IN VECTOR: September, 1969. This issue of **VECTOR**, published by SIR (Society for Individual Rights) in San Francisco, has an article by Del Martin "Women's Rights and SIR" Generally this is a plea to the male homosexuals to join with Lesbians in seeking civil rights for women . . . since Lesbians have been spending a lot of years in the movement concerned with effecting changes in the legal aspects that primarily deal with men.

ON THE BOARDWALKS OF ATLANTIC CITY: Special to THE LADDER. On September 6, 1969, 50 members of the Women's Liberation Movement converged on Atlantic City to demonstrate against the Miss America Pageant. They met with police harassment from the beginning, but were able to give out tons of literature to tourists, and to hold their picket lines. The crowd was uniformly hostile, shouting and beligerent. The group had obtained over one hundred tickets to the pageant, but an illegal act on the part of a plant among the contestants caused the group to forego entering Convention Hall for fear of endangering the woman further. A leader in the Women's Liberation group praised the two DOB members among the group for joining them. She commented that the presence of Lesbians openly in the group had convinced many of the others that "we are not the bogeymen they had im-

aged us to be."

ORGANIZE: WASHINGTON POST, September 11, 1969. In its major unsigned editorial on this date, the Washington paper comments on Women's Liberation and concludes "Hopefully, the women's liberation movement will increasingly organize, both in local and national groups."

WOMEN AS SUBJECT: WASHINGTON EVENING STAR, September 15, 1969. Reporting on the AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION convention in Washington, D.C., the staff writer, Timothy Hutchens, covers the hell raised by some 7,000 female members of the group, in their effort to alter women's position in society. One male participant is reported as saying: "Any black that would put up with what women put up with would be the biggest 'Tom' in the world."

TASK FORCE FOR WOMEN: DETROIT FREE PRESS, October 5, 1969. President Nixon's women's rights task force, made up of 11 women and 2 men, are due to report their findings in December, probably before this reaches you. Their preliminary reports harp on the fact that the Justice Department has not prosecuted ANY complaint on women's rights, though over 9,000 of them have poured into Washington since the passing of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

NACHO MEETING: Kansas City, August 25-29, 1969. North American Conference of Homophile Organizations held its fifth annual convention in Kansas City, Missouri, with a record low in attendance, some 12 organizations and 30 delegates. Only one West Coast organization was represented, SIR of San Francisco. Kansas City media, particularly the KANSAS CITY STAR, gave excellent coverage to the meeting. One good aspect, especially, of this STAR coverage was the interviewing of the only Lesbians present, resulting in one fairly good article on Lesbians, carried on August 27, 1969, over the by-line of Betsey Solberg, Star Staff Member. Highlight of the convention was a speech by Dr. Joel Fort of San Francisco fame.

HEREDITY AGAIN: SAN JOSE MERCURY-TIMES, September 10, 1969. Walter C. Alvarez, M.D., in an article entitled "Causes of Lesbianism Contradictory," comes out strongly in favor of heredity as the primary factor, citing cases where a mother and several of her

female children were all Lesbians. He comes down hard on the illness theory, saying: "I hate to hear it called an illness, when some of the world's greatest athletes, plus many eminent musicians, artists and writers have been homosexuals. . . ."

LEGAL EXPERTS FIRED: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, September 13, 1969. Jim Brewer reports on the firing of several legal experts because of their liberal views, particularly in the area of legalizing consensual sexual acts between adults . . . signs of the times.

VILLAGE VOICE IMAGE QUESTIONED: Special to THE LADDER: On September 12, 1969, members of the Gay Liberation Front in New York City together with one DOB member, picketed the offices of the famous "liberal" newspaper, THE VILLAGE VOICE. Protest concerned use of highly derogatory terms and defaming names used in articles dealing with homosexuals and Lesbians in the paper's pages. Another facet of the protest was their refusal to carry ads with the words "homosexual" and "gay" in them. The V.V. capitulated almost at once since the presence of pickets in front of their offices did not enhance their liberal image . . . especially during the rush hour.

PLAYBOY FORUM: September, 1969. PLAYBOY continues to do battle pro and con on the homosexual and Lesbian front. Shelley Gordon of Columbia's STUDENT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE, has a letter in this issue defending Rita Laporte's earlier appearance in PLAYBOY (June, 1969). Her reply, as did the initial letter, evoked a noisy and lengthy defense on the part of the editorial staff.

ERIKA MANN, Anti-Nazi writer, member of the famous Mann family, died in Zurich, Switzerland, Wednesday, August 27, 1969. And by amazing coincidence, IVY COMPTON-BURNETT, famous novelist of manners, died on that same day in London, England. The latter, steadfastly refused to consider an autobiography during her life . . . but it is rumored that a "group" biography of Dame Compton-Burnett and her friends exists, and simply waits for the death of the last of them for publication.

GEESE, two one-act plays currently charming audiences in New York City, San Francisco and Los Angeles, is said to be the best to date in dealing with both male homosexuality and Lesbianism. Rave notices follow handsome Kathryn

Wiget, the star of the female half of the show in San Francisco. Bad note is the complete nudity . . . but that's just one of the things that goes with theatre today . . . a fad, and hopefully a passing one.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO: September 25, 1969, Rita Laporte spoke to a group of 150 Sociology students, audience nearly evenly divided between men and women. Talk was the usual introductory look at the Lesbian and the work of DOB. The group (under direction of Professor Mike Howe) asked questions freely, and the talk lasted over one and one-half hours.

WOMEN'S COALITION MEETING: September 27, 1969. An all-day meeting of the many women's organizations of San Francisco, put on by the San Francisco Chapter of NOW (National Organization for Women) and featuring speakers from all of the major women's groups in San Francisco. Rita Laporte spoke for DOB. The 21 organizations announced a nine-point program of action to improve the status women. Because of time limitations, all 21 groups were not scheduled to speak. However, Rita Laporte spoke because the groups present demanded that DOB be heard. She received a standing ovation, and, according to Del Martin, was very well received. The women present seemed both "open and interested," said Miss Martin.

BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL: October 3, 1969. Stan Cates for the male homosexuals, Rita Laporte for the Lesbians, spoke to four of Mrs. Wilson's Family Living Classes, running from 8:45 a.m. to noon. Talk directed at the appropriate age level. This high school, at which many homophile spokesmen and women have talked, must be the best educated group on this age level in the U.S.

RITA IN RENO WITH THE RIGHT WING IN FULL FLIGHT: Special to THE LADDER: The Associated Women Students of the University of Nevada at Reno held a "Sex Week" meeting October 6-10, 1969. Two DOB members in the Reno area arranged for Rita Laporte, National President, to be invited to speak during this week long program. All of the talks were open to the entire university body and the community at large. The Independent American Party of Nevada, a very right wing group, got uptight about the impending appearance of Miss La-

porte and complained to the university and to the Governor of Nevada, Paul Laxalt, according to the NEVADA STATE JOURNAL for October 1, 1969 and SAGEBRUSH, the newspaper of the University, September 30, 1969. The University faculty and the Governor protested the protest, citing freedom of speech, and in the words of Dean of Women, Roberta Barnes, "The organization is interested in helping Lesbians attain a place in society and in urging society to have a better understanding of the Lesbian." NEVADA STATE JOURNAL, October 3, 1969, carried an article stating that Governor Laxalt properly was in no way connected with the events at the University of Nevada, that the university was independent of restraint from his office. AP and UPI happily joined the brou-ha-ha, thanks to the Independent American Party's interest, and sent out wire stories that were carried in newspapers all over the U.S. and even in Europe, bringing attention to, and inquiries as well, to DOB headquarters in San Francisco. While in Reno, Rita Laporte, in addition to speaking for hours at the University to a constantly changing crowd never less than 1000 in number, was interviewed by TV stations KTVN (Channel 2) and KOLO (Channel 8). The interviews were taped and aired during prime evening time. She was also interviewed by the NEVADA STATE JOURNAL and RENO EVENING GAZETTE, with stories appearing in the former on the 11th and the latter on the 10th of October, 1969. A special thank you is due to Reverend John Dodson who acted as moderator during Rita's marathon talk (which included dozens of written questions from the audience), for his positive and sympathetic approach. As this is being written, inquiries and comments are still pouring in as a result of the publicity from this appearance.

MARITAL COUNSELING FOR HOMOSEXUAL COUPLES: Dr. Geoffrey Di Bella of the Family Therapy and Study Unit of Metropolitan Hospital, New York City, indicates that the hospital is freely available to homosexual couples having marital difficulties . . .

EVELYN HOOKER, Ph. D., TRIUMPHS AT LAST: Kansas City STAR (TIMES) September 19, 1969: A 14 member panel of THE NATIONAL INSTI-

TUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH, sponsored by the federal government, headed by Dr. Evelyn Hooker, has recommended to the Nixon administration that the laws dealing with homosexuality be relaxed. The report calls upon the state to abolish all laws making homosexual relations between consenting adults a crime. It further recommends that government and private employers reassess their current standards and hire homosexuals who can pass "normal" screening procedures. (Through the years reports have appeared in *THE LADDER* concerning Dr. Hooker's pioneering work in this field, as well as much material by her ... we are very grateful.)

(Coming next issue, a report on a talk given by Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence LeShan, sponsored by the New York Chapter of DOB...)

BLACK LESBIANS WANTED: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, October 2, 1969. Tom Maurer and Alan Bell, doing the enormous Kinsey Institute research study of homosexuals and Lesbians in the San Francisco-Bay Area, are having trouble finding sufficient black Lesbians for the study. It is vital that they do so, for a balanced study. If you can volunteer, please do. Anonymity is guaranteed. Telephone number around the clock is 771-0466.

ESTABLISHMENT GAYS VERSUS HOMOSEXUAL LIBERATIONISTS: Special to *THE LADDER*, October, 1969. There is a continuing battle between established conservative homosexual groups and the new young liberationists on the West Coast. Reports on this come out regularly in both the *BERKELEY TRIBE* and the *BERKELEY BARB*. These are weekly newspapers, more or less freely available on newsstands around the U.S., especially in larger cities. We haven't space to report on what seems to be a waste of energy (the enemy is not another homosexual or Lesbian, the enemy is out there); but if you want to keep up, now you know how. So far it looks as if N.Y.C. is managing to combine its radical and conservative elements peacefully, as we have been reporting in these pages lately.

REALIST MAGAZINE, November, December, 1969, includes a report on the Kew Gardens Vigil which is reported with somewhat more accuracy in these pages. Reporter Robert Wolf, however,

seems more sympathetic than most of that odd new breed of reporters, the "liberal conservatives," i.e., everyone is good unless gay ... we sometimes wonder why?

NEWSWEEK, October 27, 1969, also passes judgement on the entire summer's activities by the homophile community in New York City, in an article entitled "The Cities." They are, at least in part, sympathetic, or possibly only wary, as they note the increasing reluctance on the part of the homophile community to be brutalized.

TIME MAGAZINE, October 24, 1969: Behavior Section contains a one page report on the recommendations of the panel for the National Institute of Mental Health covered previously in this issue. *TIME*'s view, however, almost totally excludes Lesbians from its survey. DOB National President Rita Laporte wrote to *TIME*, and the letter below appeared in the October 31, 1969 issue:

Equality in All Things

Sir:

Why are we lesbians always given second billing? We do not even rate equality with the male homosexual when it comes to discrimination (Oct. 24).

Many of us, Lesbians and homosexuals alike, cannot help being vastly amused by the phrase, "the prevalent sense of hopelessness and inevitability." For we know the people who suffer from the syndrome: the frustrated psychiatrists and psychotherapists who so valiantly attempt to "cure" those of us who are young enough and hurt enough by society's prejudice to seek out their well-meant help.

And may I add that I hope that stringent laws against *heterosexuals* who "commit forcible rape, seduce children or commit sex acts in public" will remain on the books?

Rita Laporte

National President

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.
San Francisco

TIME MAGAZINE, October 31, 1969: Behavior Section consists of a several page overview of the homophile movement in the U.S. Generally the coverage is good, though many of the "sick" themes are repeated and nauseum. The conservative press has found its salvation in the new "thing." Those poor queers aren't bad, they are sick. It isn't put as boldly

Continued on Page 46

Readers Respond



Dear Gene Damon:

The two letters from that girl (Signed Rachael, *THE LADDER*, October/November, 1969) are fantastic. I've never really felt alone like that, probably because when my friend and I were still back home we knew that there were at least two of us in the world.

Then we found out about DOB. I guess we were both amazed that there was really such an organization.

The only people who made me feel dirty about being a Lesbian were my parents. I finally had to leave home. Later, we were reconciled for a time, but when they found out that my friend and I were out here together, all hell broke loose, and now we are completely alienated from each other...

E.T.

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I thought the letters from Rachael were very interesting. I'm sure that many of us have felt the same way she did. However, there are a few things that she should keep in mind about being gay.

She seems to think that now that she has found out she is a Lesbian, the door to paradise has been opened to her. She has found the salve for her wounds and now only happiness lies ahead for her. She paints a very rosy picture of gay life.

It's true that she may, and probably will, find happiness and the love she seeks with another woman. But again she may not.

Homosexual marriages have as many problems as heterosexual marriages. You don't just meet the right person, fall in love, live together and be happy forever

after. Sometimes it takes you quite awhile to find that person. Then, when the first infatuation wears off and problems arise, there has to be a strong foundation to build the relationship on. You have to learn to adapt yourself to the other person and work together.

All homosexuals aren't beautiful people. People are people regardless of sexual orientation.

The wrong woman could hurt Rachael as much as the wrong man could.

I don't wish to sound like I'm putting the gay way of life down. I think it is the only way to be. I feel it offers much more potential happiness than being heterosexual. But I believe in the old saying "Forewarned is forearmed."

Rachel is too sure that sunny days lie ahead. If she forgets to bring her raincoat, she'll regret it if it starts to rain.

Terry Ellen

Reading, Penna.

Dear Gene Damon:

Liberalization of the laws, believe me, is only the beginning of the end of the homosexual's problems.

As you no doubt know, a series of amendments to the criminal code have just been made here in Canada. Among other things, they legalize homosexual acts in private between consenting adults.

The day the amendments passed into law, the imaginative faculties of a large, middle-aged lady with whom I work (and whom we will call Maude) were stimulated to rare heights. She stomped dramatically into the office at nine o'clock, brandishing a newspaper headlining the amendments, and announced indignantly that she had just been propo-

sitioned on her way to work—by a woman.

Now I personally think the streets of Toronto will be safe quite awhile yet for middle-aged ladies in the morning rush-hour. Not so the girls of our section, however. General consensus was that Maude should have led the propositioner on to some undefined point of no return—difficult to imagine in a crowded street-car—and then called a cop to rid our streets of such depravity.

More curious perhaps is the motivation of Maude herself. Maude, I am virtually certain, is homosexual and damned if she is going to give herself away. Her cover in the past has been to assume the role of initiator and cheerleader at jeering sessions about "fruits" and "fairies" and "queers" and "lezzies." To protest, in fact, altogether too much.

I guess it won't be long now before we hear how she was almost raped by a dressmaker or a girl scout.

Even with prime minister Trudeau on our side, it's going to be quite awhile before we win out over Maude and her imaginative efforts at self-protection.

R. E. S.
Toronto, Canada

Dear Miss Damon:

I have read with sympathy your various assessments of the fiction available on Lesbian love. Your identifying the better writers and their publishers helps many, including myself, who do not have ready access to a reliable bookstore. But...

Yes, there is a "but..."

I wonder whether you realize that many psychologists and psychiatrists feel that there is a useful place for the pornography that you seem so quickly to dismiss? Fantasy may be all that some of us have at times of separation. Fantasy may be all that a few have much of the time. Surely, as the students of human need are quick to accept, fantasy is a better answer to lack than no answer at all. Vicarious experience is the only reason for any written material. Why then should the censor's pen eliminate the reality and substitute for it a mealy-mouth suggestion?

This is not only unfair, but smacks grossly of Victorianism carried to the point of acceptance by those, who, themselves, are fighting for freedom from that

distasteful ethic. Nor is it to invite any of the horrors of sadism and/or masochism that seem frequently and sadly to be part of the Lesbian literature.

What about those who have no one? Are you so willing to gamble that, given the chance to voice an opinion, they would reject the no-scenes-omitted story?

F. B.
New Jersey

(Editor's Note: We would very much appreciate other comments on this subject.)

Dear Gene Damon:

There is a point I would like to make. I am not the esoteric feminist that many of my friends are. I do feel there are certain gains that women need to make. I feel, likewise, that there are certain gains that homosexuals, blacks, Puerto Ricans, etc. need to make also.

However, at the moment my main concern is being able to identify with other human beings, whatever and whoever they are. My concern at the moment is strongly oriented towards the human race as a whole and our chances of survival as a species.

I am concerned with the political tenor of a constituted republican democracy that seems bent on becoming a semi-police state at least and at worst something similar to Fascist states we have had experience with in this century. Thus, as I have become politically and (perhaps) more socially aware, I have been appalled at the relatively insular attitude of most of the women and most of the homosexuals I know. And, in a curious way, I feel "out of it" insofar as feeling that I must take up the banner of homosexuality to the extent where I fail to understand that my humanity and my common bond with others takes precedence over my sex or my sexual preferences.

And I suppose, I might as well go whole hog. I am appalled that a nationwide organization dedicated to the obtaining of civil rights for one minority group seems to have so little appreciation for or identification with the struggle for civil rights of other minority groups. The fight with the Establishment in this country isn't just for or with one group. It's for all of us. When one minority succeeds, it paves the way for others. And if one minority fails, that paves the way for others also.

Hence, when I am told repeatedly at New York Chapter meetings that DOB is a "social organization" and no one wants to discuss politics or some of the other things that go on in this country, I wonder where they're at... particularly in view of the fact that homosexual groups and individuals are trying to get things done legally... but in a vacuum? As though legality has nothing to do with politics or religion or one's social or income level?

It's as though most of the Lesbians I meet feel they live in a separate world that only needs modification where that world touches on another. Let us be treated as equals, with all rights attendant thereto, then leave us alone—and conversely, we will leave you alone. And yet, if our humanity and our common bonds and interests with others is not emphasized, how shall "they" out there know us beyond our different sexual proclivities.

I am more than a Lesbian. I am a human being first—we all are. And what is transpiring in this country (and in the world at large) has a definite bearing on my continued existence as a human being—not to mention being white, American, "western imperialist," female, Lesbian, and all the rest.

None of us are one thing. Yet, when attending some of the meetings, the discussions, etc., one has the feeling that it is a small, restricted world that exists for its own sake. Yet, if you talk to an individual Lesbian, she will tell you she wants to be treated as a human being. It seems to me that somewhere something is missing.

It may seem presumptuous or egotistical to say this, but I can't identify on a sandbar with my head buried in the sand. I spent too many years living that way and I can do so no longer. Hence, I can't get too excited about Lesbians worried about the way they are treated in an office situation (especially when I question the conduct of some that raise the question in the first place) and then hear them exclaim proudly about living in a building or a neighborhood that excludes blacks. And I can't get enthusiastic about people calling themselves a "Women's Liberation Front" raising hell about how they are treated by men but obviously so prejudiced that they damn all men—which, by the way, make up almost

half of the human race.

Granted, there are inequities on all sides of the fence. And granted, too, millions of us (as well as millions of others) have legitimate grievances. And there is no question but that enlightened legislation is needed. But it will not come through on the basis of emotionalism or prejudice, any more than will the rights of others eventually be granted. However, no one can hope to be effective in the world in which we live unless he or she undertakes to consider all the facts at hand.

And the fact remains—laws are passed or bypassed by people with very specific political, religious, economic, and prejudicial motives. And until such is recognized and understood, and until all minorities, including homosexuals, become willing to deal with these problems—yes, even acknowledge that they exist and keep abreast with them—I cannot see a truly effective vehicle for obtaining the rights they deserve and demand.

Allison Hall
New Jersey

Dear Editor:

The article "Wacs Prevail Over Army" was excellent. Having served in the Army myself, I witnessed several such purges. I need not say, but it was extremely rare when a Wac successfully passed through an investigation.

I am acquainted with the type of investigation that the Intelligence Division conducts. It is utterly ruthless and unprincipled. I am sure that the Mattachine Society by their intervention prevented Intelligence Officers from implementing many of their unscrupulous practices. The Society should be commended for the role they played in this victory as well as for their enforcement of justice.

It is not at all surprising that several of the other Wacs chose not to fight. They are often promised the General Discharge if they do not resist. The General Discharge is the less-than-fully-honorable discharge mentioned in the article. However, they are threatened with the Undesirable Discharge if they do attempt to fight the investigation. The latter discharge is given for homosexuality. It is dishonorable in nature and means the relinquishing of most veteran benefits, including employment with a government

agency. With the General Discharge, they receive all veteran benefits and are employable by government agencies. It is unfortunate that so much is at stake that many of the Wacs under investigation will not fight, for if enough resistance were offered, the Intelligence Division might well cease to conduct these purges so frequently if not altogether.

It distresses me to inject a sour note; however, the two Wacs who successfully overcame the investigation are not out of danger. Regardless of where they may be stationed after the investigation, they will be carefully watched. They are each separately prime suspects though they may never again have contact with each other. If they are transferred to a new post, the records of the investigation will follow to the Intelligence Division of that post. No doubt, also, that the new Commanding Officer will be notified of the previous investigation.

If these Wacs were cautious before, they now must be even more circumspect. They must limit contact with any military personnel who display a hint of

homosexuality. In the Army, contact with is equal to incrimination. They must also be careful not to confide in any fellow Wacs, for the confidant may through viciousness or simply fear give the Intelligence Division a sworn statement about the confider's homosexuality.

It is possible that these Wacs will serve out their term of enlistment or they may even make a career of the military service. They may never again be confronted with an investigation. However, it is equally possible if not probable that they will be placed under investigation again. It may well be that they have received only a "stay of execution." The question remaining unanswered is whether or not they will fight the second time, and will the Mattachine Society be there to give aid again?

Lee Knight
Detroit, Michigan

(Editor's Note: The Mattachine Society of Washington and Dr. Franklin E. Kameny do, indeed, stand ready to help in such cases.)

REPORT ON RESULTS OF THE LIBRARY JOURNAL REVIEW OF THE LADDER AND OFFER OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHY "THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE:" APRIL 15, 1969.

by Gene Damon

A total of 213 libraries requested and received the bibliography. Another 6 ordered it without reference to the L. J. article and offered to pay for it. Of these 6, 3 actually paid, all 6 received. In any case, no loss.

75 University libraries requested the bibliography, including 3 cases of multiple requests from diversified branches of the same large university (such as University of Illinois, University of California, University of Chicago).

The same number of public and college libraries requested the bibliography—32 each.

State, City and County libraries accounted for 22 requests.

High school libraries requested 30. However, it is fair to note that surely some of these ended in the wastebasket, since some of the libraries included such unlikely places as small high schools

in the South . . . highly unlikely.

Miscellaneous requests accounted for the remaining 22 requests. These were fantastically diversified, including unidentifiable requests that came from women who identified themselves as "serial librarians" under their names and gave obvious home street addresses. Feeling that these "serial" librarians (in libraries, the word *serial* means a continuing or special publication such as a bibliography or a magazine) were, for ONE reason or ANOTHER, anxious to have the bibliography, and since the whole point of this offer was diversification of our name and address, we gladly sent them. Also included here were requests from 2 schools of nursing, one within spitting distance of my home (I felt like delivering it in person, but squelched the impulse); and such unlikely places as a rest home library (for the active octogenarians), two art school libraries (?) and other weird ones.

Spin-off results included subscriptions from several college and university libraries to THE LADDER, and, in the case of HARVARD, a request for a substantial back file of copies. Also received were a number of follow-up thank you

notes and letters . . . primarily, and very surprisingly, from women. The latter especially pleases me—glad to see courageous women librarians. This is still a field where personal conduct is a vital part of holding a job.

Exactly 30 of the requests included the proviso that if the offer of 200 free was used up, the library still wanted the item and would pay for it. In no case was this exercised, and, ironically, most of these mentions came from the early requests.

Hopefully, if not wholly realistically, there are now 219 more places to find DOB . . . or at least the books about us all.

The first request was sent to us less than a week following publication of the April 15, 1969, LIBRARY JOURNAL (our thanks again to Bill Katz for the review) and the last received was early in September, 1969 . . .

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

Movie Review by Alice Kobayashi

This film, which won rave reviews from the majority of critics, is remarkable by Hollywood standards. But by the standards of a native New Yorker, it is less than half a truth purporting to be a social documentary.

It deals with a good-looking Texan, Joe Buck, who comes to New York to sell his services as a stud to "rich New York women with tutti-frutti husbands," who is cheated out of his money and forced to sell himself to 42nd Street homosexuals. He is befriended by a crippled thief (presumably homosexual) whom he comes to love.

The interaction between Joe Buck (played by Jon Voight) and the crippled Ratso (played magnificently by Dustin Hoffman) is very real. What is unreal and unbelievable is that a native New Yorker, particularly a smart thief like Ratso, would not know enough to go to the welfare department when he is starving or get a doctor when he has pneumonia. Ratso's refusal of medical treatment and his subsequent death are simply romantic nonsense. The death of this poor, poor cripple is no indictment of society—it is an indictment of the producers.

The portraits of sick homosexuals in

the Times Square area are, unfortunately, quite accurate. So are the portraits of sick heterosexuals. In fact, the movie is a rogues' gallery of sick types, with much local color and little explanation. The flashbacks of Joe Buck's childhood, including a scene where he and his girl were raped by a gang of hoods, are supposed to explain him; but to me they seemed incoherent.

More repellent than the sick types, for whom one can feel some sort of compassion, was the Andy Warhol crowd, the "overly precious" of the "Velvet Underground," who managed to get themselves a piece of the footage on which to display their feathers. Frankly, I wish they'd go home to Brooklyn.

(Editor's Note: James Leo Herlihy, author of MIDNIGHT COWBOY, wrote Ratso's death exactly as it is portrayed in the movie version . . . a death for lack of wanting to live.)

KQED-FM REPORT ON SYMPOSIUM by Ocie Perry Special Feature Reporter

Recently a symposium was held by the Council on Religion and the Homosexual at Glide Memorial Methodist Church. I would like to relate some of the topics discussed there with the hope that you the listener may have a better understanding of the homophile community. It is felt that one should no more deplore homosexuality than left-handedness. One can condemn or prohibit acts of course, that is another matter. But one cannot condemn or prohibit homosexuality, as such. The label homosexuality is misleading. People are not either homosexual or heterosexual. Most people are predominantly one or the other. Most in fact are predominantly heterosexual, many are predominantly homosexual: others are attracted to both sexes fairly equally and may be pushed one way or the other by circumstances, convenience, and social pressure. Before we assume that homosexuality is bad and heterosexuality is good, we should recognize that homosexuals are no more necessarily promiscuous than heterosexuals are necessarily chaste. Under the existing law, criminal proceedings against adult persons inevitably fall upon a small minority of offenders

and often upon those least deserving of punishment. The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California believes that the right to privacy in sexual relations is a basic constitutional right. Each individual has the right to decide what kind of sexual practices he or she will or will not engage in, what techniques will be used and whether or not a contraceptive will be used. Public regulation of sexual conduct should be concerned only with preventing rape and assault and the protection of minors. The enforcement policies affecting sex behavior are at present very confused. Much of sex is legitimately beyond the interests of the state. In fact, much of sex law is taken over from religious law. Whatever moral restraints a church may wish to impose upon its members need not be made legal prohibitions imposed upon all citizens. The law by its very nature must represent the will of the majority without unduly infringing upon the rights of the minority and must further ensure equal justice to all. Yet, a documented report in the March 1966 issue of the *UCLA Law Review* leaves little doubt that "equal justice" for the homosexual is pure myth even within the close confines of one country. Recently, the National Board of the United Church of Christ publicly endorsed and gave finan-

cial assistance to the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. This church feels the problem which the homosexual faces to be a legitimate concern of religious community. The diocesan council of the California Episcopal Diocese has a joint committee on homosexuality presently formulating a policy to reflect these changing attitudes. Glide Memorial Methodist Church of San Francisco is providing counseling and social activities for the young homosexual off the street who has no church home. Similar programs involving the homosexual in the church community have been initiated in Chicago, Denver, Honolulu, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, Toronto, and Washington, D.C.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said and I quote: "There is a sacred realm of privacy for every man . . . where he makes his choice and decisions, fashions his character and directs his desires, a realm of his own essential rights and liberties, including in the providence of God, liberty to go to the devil, into which the law generally speaking, must not intrude."

(This report was aired on June 17, 1969 and repeated on demand on June 19, 1969 . . . on station KQED-FM, San Francisco.)

Sydney J. Harris RELATIVE, ABSOLUTE ARE BENT BY WHIM

It's interesting how people are "relativist" about things it suits them to be relativist about, and "absolutist" about other things it suits them to be absolutist about.

A man called me on the phone this morning to ask about a play I recently reviewed. He wanted to know if it is "morally offensive." All I could reply was that it didn't offend me, but I couldn't speak for the party he was planning to take to the theater.

Now, this man would never call me up to ask whether a certain piece of music is "beautiful." He no doubt believes that beauty is in the eye (and the ear) of the beholder. If I recommended a certain poem he didn't like, he would shrug it off with a phrase about "a matter of taste."

People tend to be relativistic about their esthetic standards, but absolutist

about matters of "sex" and "decency" and "obscenity." They want the right to judge for themselves whether a painting or a piece of music is beautiful and appealing, but ask for an objective judgment on whether a play or a novel is "immoral" or "offensive."

But if "beauty" is in the eye of the beholder, so is "obscenity." I personally happen to find the collected works of Mickey Spillane "obscene" in their crude combining of indiscriminate violence and mindless sex—but the public bought such books in the millions, while at the same time regarding D. H. Lawrence as "obscene."

In my own view, esthetic judgments are much more absolutist than sexual ones. There is not a trained musician in the Western world who would not agree that Beethoven wrote greater music than Grieg, or that Schnabel was not a finer pianist than Liberace—no matter what the uninstructed in such matters might believe.

But the very people who would bellow

with outrage if we tried to impose such esthetic standards upon them ("I may not know music, but I know what I like") are the same ones who demand absolute conformity in sexual matters, and who think that "Dirtiness" can be defined by counting noses and accepting the majority opinion.

There are certain absolutes for the hu-

man race—in that the nature of our being cannot be violated with impunity—but sexual customs and practices and attitudes are not among them. It's odd that the people who worry whether certain plays are "morally offensive" so rarely worry about the moral offensiveness of war, poverty and bigotry.

(Reprinted by permission of Sydney J. Harris and Publishers-Hall Syndicate.)



"THEY SEEM NICE ENOUGH, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT
MY DAUGHTER TO MARRY ONE."

THE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH
(The following "editorial is reprinted
from the
HOMOPHILE ACTION LEAGUE
Newsletter for April, 1969,
with permission.)

EDITORIAL
H.A.L. INTERVIEW

The results of a recent study entitled "Homosexuality: An Objective Approach to an Abomination, and other stories" were released to the press on Friday, February 30th, at Iron Mountain. The investigation, sponsored by the Defense Department's Sexual Subcommittee (SS) with an assist from the Joe McCarthy Foundation (MF), was chaired by the eminent psychiatrist, Dr. U. Sockitome. Eager to bring you, our loyal readers, inside knowledge of the research, we, your dedicated reporters, arranged to interview Dr. Sockitome at his home in beautiful downtown . . . Newark.

The good doctor resides in an impressive semi-detached, split-level house whose ordinary exterior—with only Pennsylvania Dutch hex signs for decoration—belies the extraordinary decor within its walls. To convey to you the singularity of the interior, it will suffice to mention the deep-pile, luxurious red, white and blue carpets, the wall mural depicting scenes from the Kama Sutra, the queen-size vibrating couch—and that's only the bathroom, or—as Dr. Sockitome so charmingly puts it—"our little Johnny". On entering the lavish livingroom, one is

impressed with the versatility of this great man who sheepishly admits to having decorated it himself. Ah, when we remember the huge reproduction of Rodin's *The Kiss*, the knives and swords adorning the walls, the life-size portraits of Freud and Mrs. Sockitome, The Elder staring at each other across that crowded room . . . But we digress.

Dr. Sockitome greeted us with quiet authority and, we inferred from his rapid blinking, some nervousness. Sporting his "Have You Had Any Lately?" button, he said: "You make yourselves at home on the couch there and I'll just put on some background music to facilitate easy conversation. There we are. Music, my martini, my cocktail peanuts, and my pipe. Now I'm all ready." We were gratified to notice the blinking gradually coming under his control.

To the strains of the theme from "A Man and A Woman", we asked Dr. Sockitome what were the primary findings of his investigation.

"Oh, as we expected, we found that homosexuality is pathological. The scope, breadth, and meticulousness of our study assured the proper results. We took a random sample of ten representative pathological homosexuals who came to our clinic seeking help. We observed their pathological homosexuality, or, to put it another way, their homosexual pathology. Then we concluded that homosexuality is, indeed, pathological. Thus, science marches on."

We next asked how the doctor

could be certain that an element of prejudice did not affect the study.

"First," he said between gulps, "let me assert absolutely and unequivocally that medicine men, the best men our society has to offer, are neither prejudiced nor dogmatic. However, to protect ourselves from the spurious accusations we have come to expect from the homophile groups (it is, parenthetically, my goal to cure them all out of existence), I say, to protect ourselves, two significant safeguards were introduced. First, to assure that no one viewpoint would dominate, we made this study in interdisciplinary investigation. The diversified training of our team certainly helped to validate our results. The team consisted of five psychoanalysts with medical backgrounds, and five psychoanalysts with psychology backgrounds. Second, each researcher was required to sign and have notarized the following statement of objectivity:

"I affirm that I have been exclusively heterosexual all of my adult life.

I affirm that each of my previous books has been dedicated to my wife.

I affirm that I have no bias against sick, perverted homosexuals.

I affirm that some of my best patients are homosexuals."

Valiantly fighting his tic, Dr. Sockitome triumphantly asked, "Satisfied?"

Indeed we were satisfied. So much so that we asked Dr. U.S. to tell us whatever more he could.

"The homosexual is made, not born. In fact, the making of homosexuals is my speciality," said he. "We discovered that in 9½ out of 10 cases the homosexual's mother is either absent, present, seductive, hostile, rejecting, binding, aggressive, or passive. And, interestingly in 9½ out of 10 cases the homosexual's father is either passive, aggressive, binding, rejecting, hostile, seductive, present or absent." Unfortunately, the other half case was not available for comment.

Munching peanuts, Dr. Sockitome went on: "Of course, I wish to emphasize that the mere dabbler, the sometime-homosexual is not necessarily ill. He might just be having fun. The seriously disturbed person is one whose homosexuality is exclusive," said the exclusively heterosexual doctor, "and compulsive. Now, many of us see homosexuals who do not appear to be ill, but they stay well only as long as they have had their shot . . . a homosexual contact."

At this point in the interview, Dr. Sockitome, blinking rapidly again, asked us to forgive his nervousness. "My wife's been out of town for almost a week," he said with a wink.

"I should like to make one last meaningful point," he said. "Parents who want their children to grow up straight should impress upon them that homosexuals are not only seriously ill—they are also deeply unhappy. All of them. Any homosexual who states otherwise is simply manifesting yet another advanced symptom of his crippling malady: delusions of happiness."

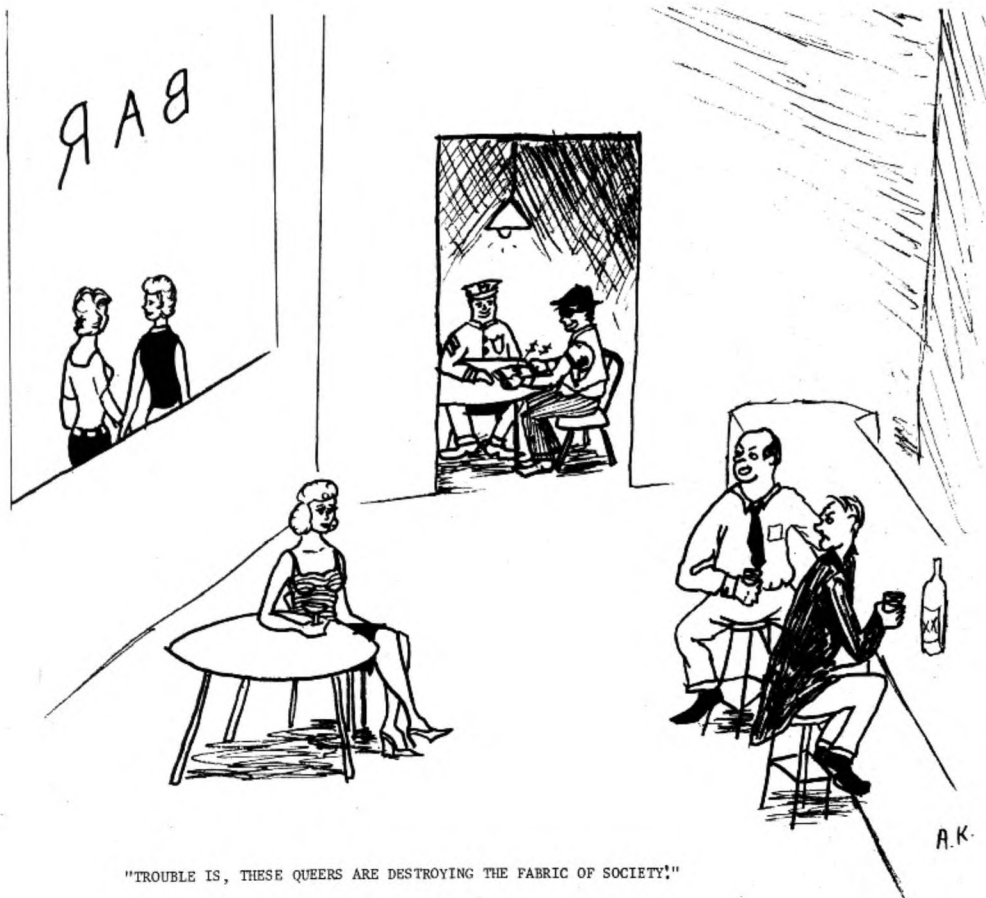
At this point, Dr. Sockitome's

wife returned home. Sensing his desire . . . to conclude the interview, we asked him a final question about his future plans.

"I have already begun work on what will undoubtedly be my most significant contribution to medical science. This country is faced with a grave public health

problem, a critical threat to our security, involving literally millions of our citizens. Therefore, I am making the pioneer and conclusive study of the causes and cure of people who do not brush after meals."

C.F.



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as that, but the loading of the panel of "experts" with eight men, all but one of them sympathetic or openly partisan, and ending the reported sessions with mainly the views of the only dissenting voice, shows TIME's true position. The article purports to be about both male homosexuals and Lesbians, but the split is

about 95% male and 5% female, and that panel of experts, however sympathetic, was 100% male. The best that can be said about it is that it is a better view than TIME has presented in the past, but they have miles to go before any of us dare sleep easily in our beds.

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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We are sorry to inform his many friends and readers that Ben Cat, long a staff member of THE LADDER, has passed on. He was born June 14, 1958. He died on December 18, 1969.

Two Burmese kittens are in residence with Sten and Sandy, but at this date it has not been determined whether they have any literary talent.

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

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- 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.