

THE LADDER



APRIL—MAY 1969

\$1.25

purpose of the *Daughters of* **BILITIS**

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

- ① Education of the Lesbian, enabling her to understand herself and to make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic, and economic implications - by establishing and maintaining a library of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public meetings on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by providing the Lesbian a forum for the interchange of ideas within her own group.
- ② Education of the public, developing an understanding and acceptance of the Lesbian as an individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices - by public discussion meetings and by dissemination of educational literature on the Lesbian theme.
- ③ Encouragement of and participation in responsible research dealing with homosexuality.
- ④ Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposing and promoting changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group through due process of law in the state legislatures.

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

THE LADDER

VOLUME XIII, NUMBER VII & VIII
 APRIL—MAY 1969

NATIONAL OFFICERS, DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.

President, Rita Laporte
 Vice President, East, Joan Kent
 Vice President, West, Rinalda Reagan
 Secretary, Lynd James
 Treasurer, Lois Williams
 Chapter Presidents are also included on The Board

THE LADDER STAFF

Editor, Gene Damon
 Production Assistant, Lyn Collins
 Production Manager, Helen Sanders
 Secretary to the Editor, Maura McCullough
 Circulation Manager, Priscilla Cochran
 Staff Assistants, Karen Wilson, Sten Russell, Ben Cat

THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects, and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization except such opinions as are specifically acknowledged by the organization.

IN THIS ISSUE:

The Lesbian at Work by Jo Harper	4
Radar! —A short story by Junerwanda	8
... Economics of the Gay Marriage by Julie Lee	12
Summer Symbiosis—Four Poems by Hessa	16
Way Station—A short story by Margaret Elliott	21
Gay Is Good—So What? Report by Del Martin	24
Lesbian Literature 1968—An Annual Review by Gene Damon	25
Books—Two Reviews by Jeannette H. Foster, Ph.D.	29
Stand Up And Be Counted—A fable in mauve by Jocelyn Hayward	32
Counsellor's Corner by Ruth M. McGuire, Ph.D.	36
Cross Currents	39
Readers Respond	42
Front and Back Covers by Lili Cultrane	
Interior Photographs—Kim of THE TAILORED POODLE, San Francisco.	
Illustrations by Elizabeth Chandler	

Copyright 1969 by Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., San Francisco, California.

The Lesbian at Work

Living a half-life, furtive and insecure behind an office desk? Hindered from doing a good job by the heavy secret of nonconformity? Fired in disgrace without a reference or even a farewell handshake?

Of course not. Lesbians are at work in almost every trade and profession, enjoying—as much as anybody enjoys earning a salary—what we are doing, and performing adequately quite unhampered by the fact of our homosexuality.

In fact, talking the subject over with acquaintances, I have come to the conclusion that quite a few of us are performing rather more than adequately—this *because of* our homosexuality, not in spite of it.

The following are just some of the points of view and experiences that emerged from our discussions. Faint hearts and employment officers take note!

"Right from the outset, we are able to have a much more single-minded attitude towards our careers than most heterosexual girls." Alison, a research statistician, expressed a common feeling and one of the most important factors. "Knowing at the start that my working life was not going to be interrupted by motherhood meant that I could plan ahead in a way that most of the girls around me were neither willing nor able to do."

Alison enjoys her job. She is ambitious and works hard at it, taking advantage of opportunities for

self-improvement and further qualification as they arise. There is no doubt that she is fortunate compared to heterosexual career girls who have to face the fact that in this age of rapid advance and development an interruption of their careers for marriage and childbearing may well produce a gap in more than time. Often they have to accept subordinate posts under more recently and more highly qualified people, and in some cases they are required to undergo a retraining period in order to cope with new techniques, new equipment, or new qualification standards that have been introduced since their "retirement."

Alison has lived for several years with Mary. Both have made a success of professional careers, both earn good money. Both believe that freedom from the traditional idea of the male as the chief financial provider in a partnership also has an effect on their work attitudes.

"I know that a great many heterosexual women, married ones, take their careers seriously," Alison commented. "And I'm not belittling them. Nevertheless, with them there is almost always the subconscious acceptance of the husband as the chief provider, the senior worker if you like. We don't have that. I'd say we feel equal responsibility towards this aspect of our relationship—50% each compared to perhaps 25-30% with a

heterosexual married woman. And I'm quite sure this reflects in a corresponding sense of responsibility towards one's job."

It should perhaps be noted that Alison and Mary are unusually fortunate in that their approximately equal professional status and earning capacities make it easier for them than for many other couples to share household financing on an equal basis. Many homosexual marriages come closer to a heterosexual partnership in that one of the two has a better job and better earning capacity than the other. Among such couples, however, financing is often still on a 50/50 basis, which means an increased rather than a decreased degree of responsibility towards her role of provider—and thus towards her job—by the lesser earner.

Even in cases where the gap between earning capacities is so great that one partner must be considered the senior provider, the other usually has a less subservient attitude towards her role than does a heterosexually married woman. This is partly for the pure and simple reason that her partner is not that traditional leaning-post, a man, and partly because, if a homosexual marriage is free of the financial burden of children, it produces instead a potential for other financial responsibility. For example, a married man's participation in a health insurance plan almost always provides coverage for both himself and his wife. Homosexual marriages not being recognized by such plans, however, each one of a lesbian couple knows that at any time sickness or accident could convert her into the senior or even sole provider.

Quite a number of homosexual women work harder for rather less profound reasons than these. Hazel, a bookkeeper in a medium-sized office, remembers that from the beginning if there was an unfinished job at quitting time, she was the one most often asked to stay late. "The manager automatically assumed that the married women would want to dash off home to husband and kids," she says. "So he usually asked me. It doesn't happen all that frequently, but it certainly cured me of the clock-watching habit, which is no great aid to efficiency, I'd say."

Hazel, who has (albeit involuntarily) become an efficient and highly valued employee of her company, also commented that she is ipso facto something of an asset when vacation schedules are being planned, since she is free and willing to take leave outside of the school summer vacation period when all the married women with children want to be off.

Maxie is quite a lot younger than Hazel or Alison. She works in a typing pool and she also reckons that she puts more into her job than most of the straight girls around her. Sixteen and a half hours more per month, in fact...

"We're right alongside the sales section, see, and there are a lot of young, single guys in there. I'd estimate that, what with chit-chat across the partition, trips to wash-room to pretty up, and time on the phone to their other boyfriends, most of the kids manage to put away about 45 minutes a day.

"For obvious reasons, I don't do my romancing in the office and my girl and I don't use the telephone that way."

Maxie also finds that she has little common interest with her fellow employees in other fruitful areas of chit-chat, such as clothes and cosmetics, and here again she is notching up work-hours ahead of them (It should by now be apparent that she works in a distinctly under-supervised office, and her case cannot therefore be described as typical. Nevertheless, there must be many others like her.)

It is only right to point out the bad with the good. Maxie's lack of interests in common with her fellow employees takes us into the area—perhaps the only one—in which homosexuality can be said to be a disadvantage in terms of job performance. Although in Maxie's own case this is not so. "There's nothing in the job manual that says I have to be everybody's buddy," she comments. "I guess the other kids think I'm a bit prim or something, but they quit bugging me after a while and we get along okay."

But in big companies which place a high premium on S.Q.—sociability quotient—and which organize frequent social functions among their employees, it is sometimes difficult for a homosexual to create the good relations with other staff members which management requires. Most of us who have worked for these more-than-a-job-it's-a-way-of-life concerns have had to become pretty adept at sliding out of parties and dances to which one is supposed to bring a male escort. And, surely, our working relationships do not truly suffer all that much merely because we haven't frugged on the same dance floor as the district manager.

Nevertheless, it is sad but true that in some such organizations promotions go more readily to the "good mixers" and we are therefore at a disadvantage.

It is in areas where social acceptance is genuinely an integral part of the job function that the worse disadvantages occur. For instance, Jan, a public relations officer, is required to maintain close personal contact with opinion leaders, news-media representatives and so on in the community where she works. This function extends of necessity into out-of-office hours and as a single woman, conventionally speaking, Jane does not fit easily into the social circles in which her would-be contacts move. Neither she nor Ray, her partner, have extravagant social ambitions in any case. But this is just one sphere of Jane's job and recognizing the limitation, she more than compensates by excelling in other spheres.

In the same category is the experience of Beth. An insurance saleswoman who tried to realize a long-held ambition of living in the country, Beth found that, as a newcomer and without the prime requisite of married (or at least *trying*) status, she was quite unable to gain entry into the tight social circles of the small rural city she had chosen. And in such communities of course it is the accepted practice to do business with one's friends. Beth, although her product was in fact superior to some of those being sold by long-established representatives in the community, made no sales and is now back in the city.

At the risk of being accused of splitting hairs, it should be pointed

out that in both cases the disadvantages came from being single rather than homosexual. Against them are the instances where advantages derive specifically from being homosexual and not just from being single.

For instance, Ingrid . . . "As a social worker I come in contact with quite a number of people who belong to a minority group—of race, religion, and so on—and whose problems are sometimes rooted in this fact. Then there are those whose way of life is not acceptable to the majority such as people with problems of alcoholism, vagrancy, and so on. I have no doubt that my own membership of a minority group whose way of life is not acceptable to the majority helps me greatly in understanding the difficulties of many people with whom I work."

Knowing that, as a schoolteacher, her position is perhaps particularly precarious, Irene takes much the same positive view. Faced quite frequently with cases of adolescent crushes on students of the same sex, she has no doubt that her ability to handle such situations tactfully and sensitively has developed from her own adolescent experience when lack of these qualities on the part of teaching staff resulted in a near nervous breakdown in her final year.

"I'm not saying they made me homosexual," she comments, "but they certainly sent me out into the world angry and defiant of rules and regulations. I don't want any of my kids to go out that way. I like them—that's why I'm in this career and I believe I'm suited for it, even if it's true that most of the parents would have me removed in a flash if they discovered I was homo-

sexual."

This comment produced our final words on the subject from Bobs, a square, no-nonsense individual who was present at the above conversation. Homosexuality, contended Bobs, has absolutely no relevance to Irene's or anyone else's job performance. "Irene is a good teacher because she is a good teacher. If she's got that tact and sensitivity bit, she'll be good with kids whatever else she is. I'm a filing clerk and I don't file one bit better or worse because I'm gay, do I? I file is all."

Undeniably, Bobs has a point. There are countless jobs being filled by countless lesbians in which their homosexuality does nothing to help them perform better—or worse, which is equally important. It would be ridiculous to attempt to make a case in favor of homosexuals where no grounds for such exist.

However, since in this instance we were committed to seeking out instances where homosexuality does have some bearing on job performance, we tested Bobs' commendable detachment a little further. "Think," we said. "Is there any facet of your personality—one related to the fact that you're gay—that does anything to make you do your job differently from the girls around you?" (Which was the question we had asked throughout these conversations.)

"Sure," she said. "I don't stretch my eyeballs out of shape leering at Sylvester. He's handsome, you know."

"Seriously," we said.

She thought. "Well, I'll tell you. If a typewriter jams or a bit of electric wiring comes adrift or

there's a big bunch of files to carry someplace, the other kids sit around polishing their nails for an hour till A Man is sent up to fix things. Whereas I . . ."

She flexed her muscles meaningfully. We got the message. Even Bobs, rose-is-a-rose realist, a filing-clerk-is-all, had something to add to our theory that gay girls sometimes do their more than adequate bit to help the working word go round.

short story by Junerwanda

Radar!

I tried covering my head, first with the blanket, then with the pillow, but the ringing continued. When I was up and almost to the door, I finally remembered I had promised Alicia something this morning. But at 5:30?

"All right, all right," I snapped as I fumbled with the lock.

It was Alicia, of course, dressed like a dream and looking as though sleep were something she never even considered. She slipped through the door and past me like a forgotten birthday.

"Good morning, Robie," she said brightly as she went toward the kitchen. "Coffee?"

"Alicia, look at the time! If you're looking for lost marbles, the market won't open until later . . . much later."

"Oh, Robie, stop grumbling. You know you promised to go to the airport with me this morning. I'm a thoughtful person, so I decided to come by, rather than waiting at the house until you picked me up." She was making busy sounds in the kitchen.

"You also thought I'd forget, didn't you?"

Alicia laughed. "Well, there was that thought, also."

"But you said 7:30. I remember distinctly . . ."

"Good for you to get up early. Besides, it always takes you so long to wake up."

Alicia makes good coffee, and as I

Jo Harper is the pseudonym of an English-born Canadian who left school at 16 to acquire an education. Now in her mid-30's, she is still working on it, and meantime makes her living writing—both as a fulltime job and as a freelance hobby—about what she has learned so far. "The Lesbian at Work" marks her first appearance as Jo Harper, though not her first in The LADDER; she has also contributed on several occasions to its British counterpart ARENA THREE.

drank my first cup, I thought of the pleasant friendship we had shared for ten years or so. She is a delight to the eyes and to the ears. Our only trouble—which we discussed long ago—is that she simply isn't lesbian material.

"There are two of them coming, instead of one," she said as she slipped into a nearby chair. "I am not quite certain with which one I must speak, but I shall meet both. The meeting is set for tomorrow."

"Two of what?" I asked blankly.
"People, Robie, two people from Washington. Annual budget time, remember? Don't be exasperating."

I drank some more coffee. Behind the lovely facade was a very capable woman, a Finance Officer for a U.S. educational and health service. I had watched her worry through budget time year after year, and I knew enough to realize that departmental kings might be born, but there might also be a few peasants around after the meetings were over. So much for the *Allianza!*

When she remained silent, I said, "Well, there are two instead of one—first you talk to one and then to the other—what's the fuss?"

"You Americans and your simplifications!" Alicia shook her head in despair. "This is the fuss, Robie. It came to my ears last evening that Alvarez from our small neighbor to the south is presenting

a budget equal to mine, exactly to the penny." She stopped and began pinching her ear in a familiar gesture. "It doesn't seem possible that she should know my budget but it is so. And if she presents my budget with sufficient programs to support it, I must know what they are. It's too late to go—how do you say—underground . . ."

"Not underground, Alicia, roundabout."

"Anyway, I must speak with a Program Officer directly before the meeting. The Officer directly, Robie, not directly before the meeting." Under her breath, she hissed, "Sometimes I hate English!"

I grinned at her, then asked, "What's so hard about that?"

"All information is classified until the open meeting, Robie, and you know it."

I grinned at her again. "Then how did you get your information?"

Alicia almost blushed.

"Don't be impertinent. I have my ways, but today I must speak to the right person. Today, Robie."

"Alicia, it doesn't sound so hard as all that. Why don't you just ask? And where do I come in, anyway?"

Alicia doesn't smoke, but she lit a cigarette for me and passed it over. Then she began to cough and I knew she was nervous. After she stopped coughing, she glanced at me and then back to her empty cup.

"This is where you come in," she finally said. "I don't know which of the women arriving today will be in charge of the budget programming. I had to maneuver to be able to pick them up at the airport, and I could not ask also which one was which, but my . . . uh, that is, information has reached me that one of them is like you." She glanced at me, then added, "Speaking with them together, I could not gain my information, as you can understand, so I must speak with them one at a time. That is all."

"Sorry, lovely one, but I fell off about paragraph three. So I have a *compadre* in departmental circles. So what has this to do with me?"

"Oh, Robie, don't be exasperating! Get dressed now and we shall go. The grey suit, Robie—and I think very high heels?"

I was suddenly wide-awake. Alicia's round-robin plans frequently have some very square corners when she starts playing games. I have found this a Foreign

Service syndrome. I think they all watch the wrong TV shows or something. She has maneuvered me into some frightful messes down through the years, though in all fairness I must admit that she has pulled me out of quite a few, too.

"Now wait a minute . . ."

"Hush," she said, flicking a finger toward the bedroom. "All you do now is dress so we won't be late! Go."

I went.

While I was dressing, she made more coffee, more bright comments, and my bed. She can be useful if she chooses, but it is a bad sign. And she gave me no opportunity to ask more questions.

"The hair up, Robie," she bubbled, "and gloves, the suede ones!"

At this point, I rebelled.

"Now look, pet, if this is going to be another one of your wide-eyed 'how-did-we-ever-get-here' games, I'm not going one step beyond that door."

"No, Robie, no, it will be all right." She became positive. "Unleash the Bertha so we can leave. We will discuss it on the way."

I looked at my watch as I fastened the door. It was 6:30 a.m. Bertha, the mass of metal I fondly call my car, didn't like the early hour she was being forced to move, but she finally gave way and started. And the fog was still so heavy that even the sound of Bertha's impressive exhaust was muffled.

"All right," I said ten minutes later. "You said we would talk on the way to the airport. I'm listening."

"With all this noise?"

The woman can be maddening sometimes. I sulked the rest of the way. When we reached the parking area and squeezed into a slot, I put the keys in my purse and leaned back.

"Now we shall have breakfast, Robie," her voice was lilting. "You must be hungry, *paisana*."

"No, Alicia. I am not hungry. I don't want breakfast. This is where I stay, right here in the car. I refuse to move until I know the price of the chips in this little game you're playing today. Start talking." I meant it and she knew it.

"It is really very simple. All you do is turn on your charm and whisk away whichever of these women is a lesbian. That will give me time to ferret—is that the right word?—the information I need from the other." She snapped her fingers

and smiled and smiled and smiled and . . .
"Isn't that simple? Dicho y hecho."

"Alicia," I whispered, "You are out of your mind. Even if I knew which one—and I don't—I simply can't waltz up and tweak her ear and ask her to come to the Casbah with me. I'll have no part of it." I leaned across and opened her door. "I'll see you later, back at the apartment."

She shut the door—without getting out, of course.

"Robie, this is why we started early," she said seriously. "You are my friend, and I need your help. These women have the information that I must have, but you know they will not speak in front of one another as it is classified material. You know all this." She paused, looking at me. "I am not asking that you rush her back to the apartment before your bed is cool. All you have to do is show her the town, show her the turista sights, be charming, intrigue her, and, above all, keep her occupied so she will not wonder. This is not in fun, Robie. If I do not have my answers prepared by morning, they will be hawking my skull in the plaza."

"And they should," I nodded. "I think you invented the word 'intrigue' . . ."

"Besides, you . . ."

"Listen, Alicia, just two questions: why do you think they will allow themselves to be separated and just what makes you think your pigeon will give you your information? If it's all that classified, it won't be . . ."

"Leave it to me, Robie, I have my ways."

I nodded again, miserably.

"Besides, Robie, you told me that you can always recognize a *compadre* anywhere, any place within your—what you call your radar range."

"Wait a minute, Alicia, that was years ago, when my radar was young, and so was I—very, very young—when I was looking for something. So, do you understand what I'm saying?"

"You said that it was always with you. And you are looking for something, in a manner of speaking," she folded her hands in her lap and looked at me. "Robie, you understand that I need you. You simply pick out the right one and your tactics are your own."

I tried once more.

"Alicia, I simply can't. You know I have to meet Lucha at 11:30. And you also know that I had damned well be

there. You know Lucha almost as well as I do."

"Fine. You have time. Do anything. Go to the beach to see the waves, go to Old Town for history, you might even go to church. I only need an hour or so, and we must leave the airport two by two." She opened the car door and got out. And I gave up.

As we walked through the thinning fog into the building, Alicia was chattering. "I am going to the beach house. I will say that I have to pick up some papers or something. You know the number and you must call in an hour or so. We will break this up very quickly and still be diplomatic about it."

Diplomatic, I thought. Huh! Then I began to function properly.

"Where have you registered them?" I asked.

"Hotel Crillon." She patted my shoulder. "See, Robie, you are awake now." She was quite satisfied with herself. She flashed me a beautiful smile and darted into the crowd in front of the Customs entrance.

I hate airports. Arrivals and departures, milling crowds, smoke, standing in line waiting for someone to appear. Every airport is the same, too—luggage snapping open and shut in Customs, too much noise; two or three men in Homburgs, red of face because they have to stand in line; a few sabbatical types, pale and frowning; distraught North American mothers sorting out their children and their keys; a few Chinese, looking as though they had missed the parade somewhere; a couple of beauty queens from Little Boro, Stokes County, USA; several camera types already wearing boots and budding beards; a tweedy type with sensible shoes clutching her briefcase; and—I looked again at her companion. Blond! A true Nordic blond, with no dark hair roots, tall and cool. She also looked expensive.

"I think those are my pigeons," said Alicia, pulling at my elbow. She pulled harder and finally snapped her fingers. "Come out of it, Robie, and don't talk to me about your radar. I see it is working. I can tell your bird from here, and I don't even have radar." She was triumphant.

And, I thought sadly, she is probably—no, undoubtedly—right. That tall blond goddess would have worked her way through three husbands, would have two children discreetly farmed out, and would

chew gum while doing her nails. Well, back to the tweeds for me. Fun and games were out for the day—and intellect was the order!

As I watched them negotiate Customs (the blond with one of the Homburgs in helpful rein while the tweedy one plowed her own furrow), I reflected. Miss Tweed, aside from her interest in her work, would fall flat in conversation except when discussing some selected quirk of knowledge such as land snails at 14,000 feet or the love life of wrens. (On second thought, she probably wouldn't consider even that kind of love life.) She would insist on paying the cabfare (expense account, you know), check the luncheon tab item by item, and have at least two losing rounds with the language. I found myself looking for the inevitable glasses on the inevitable narrow black ribbon.

Things moved. With her customary dexterity, Alicia introduced us, coffeed us, and paired us off before I had a chance to speak with her again. I caught her for a second and started to ask a question, but before I could finish, she pulled me back to the others.

"Yes, Robie, be certain to call and we'll all have lunch together." Snake in the grass. Now I was stuck.

Eve (the blond, naturally) and Alicia climbed into a taxi, and Toni (Miss Tweed) stood uncertainly by my side. I forced a smile and went after the car. We had also been stuck with the luggage.

Traffic was heavy, and I had little opportunity to study my companion. She certainly was quiet. I finally decided to be as honest as I dared.

"Look," I said, "I'm sorry for all the confusion, but if there is anything of interest in the city that you might like to see, I'll be very glad to show you about." I tried my most congenial smile. "Or perhaps you would like to go to your hotel first?"

She smiled at me in return—a very nice smile—and Bertha veered toward an unsuspecting fruit cart, narrowly missing a street car on the way. By the time Bertha was under control again, the smile was gone.

"Maybe you could stop for a minute?" she asked in a shaky voice.

"Sorry about the traffic," I said as I pulled over, "One does become accustomed to it, though."

"It isn't that," she said. She looked at

me. "Do you work with Alicia here at the Institute?"

"No, we're simply friends."

"Well, could you do me a favor and then forget it?"

I thought this over for a minute. This was sure my day for favors. "Well, I can only try."

"Thank you. I thought you might." The smile appeared again. "I have to take a chance on you. I'm behind on my briefs for tomorrow's meeting, and some extra time today would be a break for me. Could you manage it somehow, the time now, and a place for me to work with a typewriter?"

"The easiest ever," I replied. The wheels were spinning properly again. By the time we reached my apartment and I had Toni settled with my typewriter, paper, carbon, and the rest, I managed to suggest casually that I might be of further help.

"If you are still working from notes on those briefs, I can take your dictation straight onto the typewriter. I might be quicker and easier for you."

It worked. Ten o'clock came and went and so did eleven o'clock. I was up to my ears in statistics about educational programs, and I was getting thoroughly weary of the incidence of ringworm in three- to ten-year-olds before we hit any information which was Alicia's immediate concern. And she was right. Or, rather, her source of information was right. Her budget proposal had been lifted almost word for word. Even her introduction had been used. (I know—I wrote it for her.) The only defense offered was an anticipated—and padded—inflation of the country's currency. Alicia now had her information. Painlessly.

Mentally discarding my cloak and dagger, I rushed Miss Tweed through the rest of her briefs as quickly as possible. I did a good job, though. It was the least I could do to repay her for the information. When we were finished, I reached for the telephone. I was determined that Alicia was going to pick up her girl, her information, and be off. (We had been so busy that I still didn't know whether or not Toni was gay—and I really didn't try to find out.)

There was a loud noise at the door and it flew open. And there she stood, all five feet of her—Lucha! I had completely forgotten about meeting her. She looked at

me and her eyes were green—not hazel, but green!

I glanced hastily around, and the situation was questionable. Toni was on her hands and knees retrieving papers from the sorted piles on the floor. I had not yet picked up the telephone. The scene was handled in Lucha's own classic style. She joined Toni on the floor and helped her gather her papers. She couldn't have been sweeter—to Toni. Then they tripped off to the kitchen to make more coffee.

I snatched the telephone again and got Alicia on the line.

"Listen," I snapped, "I have your information, so come and pick up your pigeon. My castle is crumbling—I forgot to meet Lucha."

And so you know what she said?

"Later, my pet. Right now, Eve is reading to me, some lovely poetry by someone named Sappho." And she hung up.

That is why Bertha and I are sitting here on the beach alone, and I am counting little grains of sand. Radar?

by Julie Lee

...Economics of the Gay Marriage

You met and fell in love; you decided to live together. Now, after a few years of happiness, you are sure that you have found the one with whom to spend the rest of your life. You are in the "and they lived happily ever after" stage. While this may be true in fiction, real life isn't quite that easy. There are the daily problems of adjustment to each other and to the environment, and there is, although frequently neglected, the necessity for planning ahead. Not just plans for this year and the next, but plans for twenty, thirty and more years in the future; specifically, plans for the years after retirement. Apart from the obvious economic advantage, planning far ahead has other benefits: the couple making economic provisions for their life together far into the future is much less likely to break the relationship over a minor disagreement, such steps might help to bridge major crises in their life together.

Planning for retirement in one's twenties or thirties seems ridiculous to most

(Junerwanda writes that she is of Indian/French ancestry, and that she considers Nevada her home base, though she now resides in California. She received her A.B. from University of Nevada in 1948, and then spent the next few years wandering south of the border, with time spent in Mexico, Central and South America, and an extended period in Lima, Peru. She has worked for the government in Peru, run a bar in a Nevada mining town, and she has sung with the Miami Opera Guild. At the end of her working days she held a state office in Sacramento, and she is now retired. Primarily a poet (author of MINT LEAVES and WHAT DREAMS MAY COME) "Radar" is her first story with a Lesbian theme. She insists that she writes for her own pleasure. In addition to her writing, she collects records and books, antique combs and rocks of all sizes, shapes and colors. She offers as incidental information that the collecting of rocks is a naturally acquired hobby since there is "a petrified forest on the Island of Lesbos."

people, unfortunately, the difference between planning or not planning often means the difference between a happy productive and active life after sixty, or a later life harassed by worries about security and even one's daily bread. Looking forward to enjoying the later years, traveling, indulging a hobby, collecting and doing what you always wanted to do but had no time—all this depends upon how carefully you planned for these events in your twenties, thirties and forties.

Looking ahead has always been important; it is now more so than ever. Medical advances have made it likely that you will live many years past the usual retirement age of sixty or sixty-five, possibly well into your seventies, eighties or even longer, and you probably will be active, physically and mentally, for many of these years. At the same time, retirement age is constantly being lowered, so that your chances for being gainfully employed after sixty are getting smaller all the time. It is up to you now to insure your financial

security then; and it can be done.

Early planning for retirement is important for everyone, but doubly so for the gay couple. The law gives certain protection, automatically, to married couples and their children. Social Security of the husband pays additional sums to the wife after she reaches sixty-five, and pays a pension to the widow and minor children in case of the husband's death. Many pension plans protect the widow, and she has other sources of income, such as veteran's benefits, union benefits and so on. Also, most couples have children, and in later years, especially if one parent dies, such children are a form of financial security.

None of these safeguards apply to the gay couple. You are on your own. You may, or may not, be able to get help from your own family, but if one dies, the other one will almost never be able to turn to the deceased one's family for aid. Even if you bring up a child or two, these children might feel responsible towards their mother in later years, but they will only rarely feel responsibility for the other partner, especially after their mother's death.

On the other hand, gay couples have some advantages out of these very same disadvantages. Because in most cases no children are involved, both partners usually work full time. Also the tremendous expense of bringing up and educating children is eliminated, making it easier to save and invest money for the future.

There are many ways to plan financially for the later years. A combination of several is usually the best. First, and foremost, should be adequate insurance. Depending upon one's employer for insurance is not the best policy. Life, health, hospitalization and major medical insurance should be secured as early as possible, preferably in the twenties. At that age almost everyone is insurable and premiums are very low. By the time you reach your forties, or later, there may be some minor physical defect which will make it difficult to get insurance; also premiums shoot up steeply at that age. Medical insurance is especially important, because one serious illness can wipe out in weeks what you have accumulated carefully for years. Life insurance is important only if one of you does not work. Here you may encounter some problems, because some insurance companies will

not permit you to take out insurance payable to a non-related person. More about this later in the article. A talk with an insurance agent often will bring a solution to this difficulty. If both of you work, your employers' life insurance is usually sufficient. Annuity insurance is another story—more about that later.

For a couple living outside of the large cities, buying a house is an excellent investment. Being a homeowner has many advantages; such as better acceptance in the community, a better credit rating, more privacy. Real estate values are increasing in most communities and there are certain tax advantages. It is vitally important that in buying your home you make iron-clad provisions in case of death of one partner. Obviously the home should be in both names, but it also should include a "survivor takes all" clause which will insure that the surviving partner is sole owner of the house, preventing relatives from coming in and taking over. It is best to have the services of an attorney when buying real estate. Incidentally, the fairy tale that unmarried women cannot get mortgages is just that. While an occasional bank may not be willing to give a mortgage to one or two single women, most will if you have a reasonably good employment history and make a fair salary. Of course, the mortgage should be in both names, as well as the house, to avoid legal difficulties in case of death.

A joint savings account is next in importance. Financial experts advise that you have about one year's living expenses in a regular savings account before making other investments. At today's prices this is a lot of money. Possibly a little less might be acceptable. However, ideally there should be enough money readily available to carry you over an acute financial crisis, such as loss of a job. At today's interest rates, savings accounts keep pace with inflation plus a little additional. Most savings banks are insured and represent a fairly safe investment. There is usually no difficulty in getting an account in two names "payable to the survivor," even if two people are not related.

As you get into your thirties and forties, planned savings are a necessity. It is not enough to promise yourself to put "X" numbers of dollars into your savings account every week or month. Very few people have the discipline to do this. Us-

ually each week finds you with another excuse not to deposit money "just this once;" or worse yet, things keep coming up and you draw money out. There are hundreds of ways to sign up for a "compulsory" savings plan. Many mutual funds have such plans, some of them consisting of a combination of mutual fund purchases and annuity insurance. These plans, usually described as "balanced," have the advantage that the mutual fund follows market fluctuations while the annuity guarantees a fixed sum at maturity, protecting the investor from unexpected economic downturns. Most mutual funds are well run and represent as safe an investment as is possible in today's market. Playing the stock market is a very risky thing unless you are an expert on stocks and bonds or can get personal expert advice at a reasonable price. The average stockbroker working for an investment firm is not usually a reliable advisor, being in business to make money for his firm first, and for you second. Today's market is for the very rich or the very adventurous. If you value your hard-earned money, stay out and settle for a mutual fund. "Hot tips" are almost always "hot" in the worst sense of the word. Certainly, people, even amateurs, have made huge sums in the market. But it is a gamble with the odds greatly against you. Investing a fixed amount monthly for twenty, twenty-five or thirty years will give you a considerable sum of money, and a fine supplement to your social security and pension benefits, if any.

Once you have started to accumulate money and other assets, it is of extreme importance to insure that these assets, will go to your lover in case of death. Unless all your assets are in joint tenancy—such as your home, your savings account, possibly some bonds—it is essential to make a good will. This may present some difficulties, such as finding a gay lawyer, or one who is sympathetic to your way of life; DOB might be of help to you here. If you do not make proper provision to protect your beloved in case of death, chances are that the assets you have built together will go to hostile relatives and that your partner will be left without anything. Nobody likes to think of death, but hiding one's head does not solve the problem. It is better to make a will today than to wait until tomorrow; you owe it to your love. There is no legal protection for gay re-

lationships, and much unhappiness, even hardship, can come from neglecting this unpleasant duty.

As mentioned before, there may be difficulties in taking out life insurance payable to a life companion where a legal marriage does not exist. For this, and other reasons, it is extremely wise for gay couples to form a business partnership if at all possible. Of course, if one is the owner of a business already, it should go without saying that the other one should be included as a partner, even if she does not actively participate. In all other cases it may be wise to start some type of business; possibly part-time and on a very small scale. There are many businesses that can be run from the home with a comparatively small investment. If you are in a profession, it might be advantageous to form a small "consulting" firm. There are many ways in which a business partnership can be formed and the advantages are great. In the first place, a business partner is in many ways comparable to a legal mate. One partner can take out life insurance payable to the other. As a partnership, federal income tax returns can be handled jointly as far as business earnings are concerned. There are many legal deductions that can be made when running a business. Finally, after retirement from the job, a part-time business can be expanded into full-time activity; or even as part-time it can add dollars to your income. Many successful gay couples credit a portion of their happy personal relationship to their business partnership.

These are some of the ways in which you can insure your personal security and happiness after age sixty-five. Money you saved together over the years, plus your social security payments and any pension benefits that you may get from your employer, should make it possible for you to truly enjoy your later years and should enable you to do a lot of things you always wanted to do.

"Very well" you may say, "but who can save money? We spend every cent we earn." This is more serious than you might think, and a careful look at your expenses and income seems indicated.

Ideally, ten percent of income should go for savings. If both partners work full time, this should not be difficult. If only one works, this figure is high. However in any case, some money should be put aside

regularly. Expenses should get the first look. How much do you spend on excessive luxuries? That \$2,000 furniture may be the envy of your friends today; thirty years from now it will be worn, probably out of date, and of no practical value. \$2,000 in a savings account will grow to around \$8,000 in thirty years at present interest rates, if nothing is withdrawn. This is not a fortune, but certainly better than nothing. The same goes for excessive smoking, drinking, entertaining, clothing, jewelry—the list is endless. I specify "excessive." No one wants to stop living today to be able to live thirty years from now, but there are reasonable limits. "Living it up" is fine today, but its results may be disastrous in later years.

If, in spite of reasonable expenses, you find that you cannot save money, a hard look at your job is in order. There are limitless possibilities for making a decent salary today in many areas. Additional training may be needed, even if it means borrowing money. A high school diploma is an absolute necessity for any woman who expects to make her own living. Such a diploma can be obtained through night-school courses, often free of charge. Two years of college or other advanced training can mean a considerable increase in salary. A college degree is a great help.

A graduate degree, even for a woman, almost guarantees a five figure salary. Just changing jobs often brings an in-

crease in income. Doing a good job in one's profession or vocation also helps. New fields are constantly opening up, where extensive formal schooling is not essential, where training is available (such as computer programming), and where good opportunities exist for women. Also, making an adequate living might require having to relocate. Men do this all the time, and there is no reason why women cannot do the same.

If a couple starts planning together for their later years in their twenties or thirties, if they save a reasonable amount each month and make careful arrangements to insure that the property "stays in the family," then, barring a national or international disaster, they will be able to look forward to retirement-and-after with tranquility and happy expectations.

(Julie Lee is in her late 40's and lives with her friend of nearly 20 years' duration in suburban New Jersey. The daughter of an internationally known scientist, she has degrees in mathematics and in physics, and worked as a research physicist for many years. Some time ago she gave up her profession, partly in protest over the unfair treatment and unequal financial compensation of women in science. She is active in civil rights organizations, various professional societies and racing car clubs. She and her friend have recently started a wholesale-retail business on a part-time basis.)

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.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.

1005 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103 \$2 plus 25c handling charge.

FOUR POEMS

SUMMER SYMBIOSIS NO. 1

Mind empty, sense
a shape of fire trying
 the crevices
 our bodies on the beach
 rumpled warm
nest where we burrow bird-
soft buttocks swell
ripe as hot plums wicker-
plopped
 feel the original
tight mouth of our navel's
rim grow wide with smiles
stem yielded, the sun's
tug smooth, lipped crater split,
welling
with juice,
 rose-bubble that boils
 over
 into
 streams of blazing
 garnet, ruby, running molten
 running

like lava in my brain:
 stained-
glass light against thin
flesh-close blinds
 —hushed gallery where
your Aztec face uplifted
slowly turns to me
its dazzle of alpine flowers,
sky-glazed eyes
like mirrors in a copper
mask of bone. . . .

 and is it the glint
of quartz, sand-robe you wear
that makes me see
the image of that squatting stone
goddess you posed
for me—

fists dug into her shoulders'
ridge, head back,
cosmic force fissuring
the rock
 with the small dome of godhead she
 pushed from her thighs?

Startled by a cry
I wake. The tide has risen.
A gull skims by.
I open parched
lips to refute
brute beds of joy,
 vision
rewarded by
 your small breasts your
belly mounded soft
to my nuzzled
nose and the welling
 glad
 thrust of my tongue.



SUMMER SYMBIOSIS NO. 2

Come away from that sad place
child where they finger each other's
privacy

nervous as bed-wetted
guilt, feeling themselves up
for the night

fix,
and come lie beside
me—face-up in the wimpled
sand, sun-laved—
our winter
bodies white as gulls
immaculate

as nuns delivered of
brain-
fevered messiahs,
black habits hung
over bleached roots and

abandoned . . .

then wake
from old
dreams petrified as driftwood;
resistless,
rise with me buoyant

on the languor of
dry waves, brine singing
in our ears and eyes
while slowly our perimeter of
sky

lowers its breast of radiance—
storm
of
feathered
light

the superior
bird presence over
us
an immense joy
taking our thighs

and the sweet

cry of welcome

NOTES IN AUGUST

Gone to the Sunshine
Coast my joy
walks thrush wings
decorous, eyes bright,
trim feet precisely measuring
the height of rock her song

My stomach gnaws
itself my thin
arms waver flap with the off-
shore wind my mouth
fills with the waters
of the Gulf.
Gone yesterday!
Only five days more, my fingers
cry, their nails close-
bitten.

I lay on her
soft breast and listened.
All the dark years
I waited for you
said the voice over
and over beat
by beat.

My bird my sturdy
love our bed is
grown anonymous
with eager leaves
since the night
we tenanted
the wild thicket
of the Endowment
Lands.

Today is hot
again. The postal
strike drags on. I think
how we communicate
in sunshine,
needing no sheets, no moon-
light envelope
for speech
any way inaudible.

I think
how midday takes
the rhythm of us
swaying
like bee-heavy flowers
rocked
with each quiver
of mingled pollen.

How shall I feed
till your return?

Bruised blue petunias
on my skin,
anemones
of purple juice
squashed raspberry and claret
spills
of last week's fading
feast:
lone
banquet I make
of our
correspondence

till you come home.



SUMMER SONG

Where have you gone wayfaring
summer girl?

I've gone to pick you
pebbles, berries,
alpine flowers
for your mind.
I've gone to gather
green-sheathed nuts
for winter ripeness.
I've gone
to hide
the secret sources
of your clouds
so they won't find us.

When will we go together
long haired love?

When summer like a pregnant fowl
bears down upon the orchard;
when limbs of golden apricots
yield to the earth in languor;
when ruby liquor bursts the plums
with sweetness;
when I have made
our vaulted nest
where none can find us.

short story by Margaret Elliott

Way Station

Jean came at last to the lane that led to Laura's house. Because of the fog and because the lane was long and because some half-bare trees got in the way, she could not see if there were any lights at the windows. But then, standing for a while and peering at the place where the house was, she could make out dimly a spot of yellow light. She stood there several minutes. The walking had warmed her but standing motionless, the chill came back. Her skin and clothes were damp. Jean lit a cigarette and paced back and forth at the head of the lane until she had finished it. Then she went down the lane, letting her feet carry her forward through the mud, side-stepping now and then to avoid holes of water. And she came to Laura's door.

There was a smell of woodsmoke about the house. Knocking hurt her cold knuckles but she knocked and knocked again and the door opened and Laura stood and looked at her. Laura was a little thinner than Jean remembered her, more like a dark colt than before, with a colt's dark eyes. Laura stepped back without a word and Jean came in.

"Hello," Laura said.

"I came to see you."

"I'm glad you came." But Laura's face looked blank. Then she made a quick bright smile. "Well, take off your coat and sit down." She threw out her hand toward the couch in front of the fireplace. "I'll put another log on the fire. I've been having my first fire of the year but I've let it nearly go out." She went to the wood basket and lifted out a log and laid it across the andirons.

Jean sat on the edge of the couch folding her coat across her lap. She watched Laura work with the fire until the flames leaped around the fresh log. Then Laura came and sat down beside her, turned toward her so that their knees brushed together. They both jerked at the touch.

"I'm a little jumpy," Laura said. "Have you got a cigarette, Love?" Jean took the pack out of the pocket of her coat and put it down between them. Each of them lit a cigarette. "I've gone back to smok-

ing," Laura said.

"I came to see you."

"You said that. Is something up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"How's Harry?"

"I've left him."

"Jeanie. Is it for good?"

Jean didn't look at Laura. "I think so."

"Why?"

A note of almost anguish in Laura's voice made Jean look up. Laura's eyes were troubled.

"I just couldn't stand it any more."

Laura sighed. "I'm sorry, Honey. I'd so hoped it would work for you."

Jean didn't answer or volunteer any more information.

"What was wrong?" Laura said.

Jean thought of Harry shouting, Harry laughing, Harry touching her in the night. He was demanding and dependent and, because of that, cruel. She thought of the way he'd cornered, questioned, taunted her.

"We couldn't get along," she said at length.

"Was he bad to you?"

Jean heard the concern in Laura's voice. It struck a harsh note in her and made her speak a little sharply. "You needn't worry about it. It was not your fault."

Laura looked puzzled. "I didn't think it was, Honey." Silence. "And so you've left him."

They sat and watched the fire together.

"Does he know where you are?"

As if Harry posed any threat to Laura. Harry would cling to what pride he had left. He would never come here. "No."

"Where did you tell him you were going?"

"I didn't tell him."

"He'll know."

In the old days, yes, anyone would have known. But not now. "I have other friends now, you know. I could have gone anywhere."

"Yes, I guess so."

"I just can't stand to be chained. To Harry or anybody."

"I should know that." Laura concentrated on her cigarette. "I don't want to chain you any more."

"You couldn't." And then, anxiously, "I don't mean that to sound like I don't still care about you." Jean shifted against the cushions of the couch.

"I know. It's okay."

Jean expected Laura to reach out and pat her shoulder or her leg—it was the kind of minor comfort Laura had always been capable of—but she realized something had changed in Laura to hold her back.

"Well, anyway, if you need a place to stay for a while, you're welcome here. We may not live in style but we'll live. And we do have the fireplace."

The log was well-charred now along the bottom, cracking into rectangular chunks with red showing beneath them. Laura had come through with the invitation. Harry would be home in the cold house—probably not having lighted even one of the heaters. "It's warm here," Jean said.

Laura got up and poked at the fire until some of the black chunks cracked away and left the hot golden-red exposed. "I'd like a drink," she said. "You want one?" "Please."

Laura went into the kitchen. Jean had gone without even leaving Harry his supper. He wouldn't know enough to fix it himself. He would probably just eat something out of a can the way he had before she married him. He had not led such a bad life then, really. He had been so happy all the time—so different from Laura. He had been open and outgoing with nearly everybody. Looking back, she couldn't remember when he'd first started withdrawing from people.

Laura came back with the drinks. Jean took a sip of hers and looked directly at Laura. "You know what was the matter between Harry and me?"

"What?"

"He couldn't forget about you. Us."

Laura frowned. "But he knew about us when he married you. I thought he said, 'It's not what you were but what you are that counts.'"

"Well, he couldn't forget it. I think he got to believing that everybody knew what he'd married. He got so he wouldn't go out any more. He never let me forget it."

"Honey, I'm sorry."

Jean held Laura's eyes with hers. "That doesn't make it better, though. You have no idea what torture that man went through. I think he really believed that tale about 'once a girl's had it from another woman . . . So he thought he could never be enough for me.'"

Laura looked surprised. "But even I

told him that wasn't necessarily true!"

"But he knew you didn't have any of knowing."

"How would he know?"

"I told him."

"Oh, Jean," Laura drew back.

"Well, why shouldn't I tell him? I wanted to know all about it. He had a right to, after all. How many men would have married a woman with a past like mine? Not many. I know because I'd been looking a long time before I found him."

Laura moved away a little on the couch. She swung the glass in her hand and made the ice cubes clink. "I hadn't known that," she said.

Jean saw the hurt in Laura's eyes. It was a familiar look. Jean felt like an agent of destruction. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Laura turned and faced her squarely. "I'm all right." Her voice was tense with a kind of forced bravado. "You see, I've changed some since you left. You can't hurt me any more, really. I'm beyond all that. I'm living the way I want to live. Sure, I'm lonely sometimes; but I really am doing a lot of things I need to do." She smiled. "You see, you were not the only one chained."

Jean reached out and put her hand on Laura's thigh. They sat there for a moment in silence. Then Jean spoke. "I didn't come here to blame you or make you defend yourself. I came because I didn't have anywhere else to go. I'm just asking for a place to stay, that's all. I'll pay you."

Laura put her hand over Jean's. "You won't need to." And she grasped Jean's hand tightly.

"You know," she said, "I've often thought you'd be back. I don't know whether I really believed it or not but I wasn't really too surprised when I opened the door and you were there. It's good to see you." She smiled at Jean.

Jean didn't smile back. She tried to but it didn't work somehow. She hadn't ever planned to come back. It was a little galling that Laura was so sure of her after all that had happened. The last time she'd seen Laura, Laura had not been able to keep from crying when they talked. Jean had tried to cut her off without a lot of sentimentality but Laura had cried anyway.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" Jean looked around the room. It

was not overly tidy—about the way she'd expected it to be. A jacket was thrown over a chair. The table held a jumble of books and magazines. An easel stood in the corner.

"I've been painting." Laura's voice had pride in it.

"You never painted when we were together."

Laura shook her head. "I didn't need to." She laughed. "I didn't have any frustrations to work out."

"Well, I'm glad to see you doing something with your art. You were always a little unhappy about not working with it."

"Still, I'd almost rather see you than be an artist."

Jean looked at their clasped hands. Hers was beginning to sweat.

"Look, Laura," she said, "I don't want to lead you on or anything. If I'm back, it still doesn't change how I feel about our relationship. That's still not the kind of life I want to lead now. And I still love Harry."

"Because he took you out of my clutches."

Jean took her hand away. "Not just because of that. The only reason I left him was because he wouldn't let me forget about it. Maybe that was something he couldn't help."

Laura went to the fire and poked it some more. "So what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. Look for a job, I guess. I really don't know. She put her coat over the arm of the couch. "I really don't even want to think about it right now. Tonight all I want to do is go to bed."

Laura, still busy with the fire, spoke softly with her back turned. "Okay, Honey." Jean heard the tenderness in Laura's voice. "I just put clean sheets on the bed today. And that old blue gown you left is clean if you need something to sleep in."

Jean got up and went into the bedroom. The bed was turned back neatly. She looked through drawers until she found the gown. But suddenly she seemed too tired to put it on. She sat on the edge of the bed drained of energy. She lay back and closed her eyes. She must have dozed because she didn't know Laura had come in until she felt the hand on her shoulder. When she opened her eyes, Laura was sitting beside her looking into her face.

"You going to hog the whole bed,

Baby?" Laura was smiling, the bright nervousness gone. She looked relaxed and contented.

"Sorry." Jean sat up. "See, I told you I was tired."

Laura was already dressed for bed. Jean went into the bathroom to undress. She felt awkward about closing the door—as though she were deliberately showing Laura that there were still some doors closed between them. When she came out, Laura was in bed lying on her back on the far side of the mattress. Jean had the feeling that Laura had been watching the door and had turned quickly away when she'd opened it. "I'd better sleep on the couch," Jean said.

The hurt look again. "You don't have to be afraid of me if you want to sleep in here. You'll be more comfortable."

"No, I better not."

Laura turned over with her back to the room, facing the wall. "Well, okay," she said.

Then Jean went to her and sat on the bed beside her and put her hand out and touched Laura's hair. She stroked the hair. Laura didn't move or look at her. Then she let her hand rest on Laura's neck, fingers curved lightly about the throat. "Laura," she began, but it came out choked and she cleared her throat. "Laura, I'm sorry."

Laura lay perfectly still.

"I shouldn't have come back here."

"No, it's all right."

Jean waited for a moment. She patted Laura's neck once. "No, I shouldn't I should have left you alone. I have no business encouraging you when I guess I'm just using you."

Laura lay silent.

"I do this to people, don't I? I just hurt people. You know why I left? Because I wasn't good for you just like I'm not good for Harry. You're better without me."

Now Laura turned toward her. "No." She sighed. "You left because you were tired of hiding. Because you wanted to be socially acceptable and you couldn't be with me."

Jean waited a minute wanting to make some gesture of tenderness but holding back, sensing the dependence in Laura. That was a burden she couldn't assume again. She couldn't bear the chains. Finally she spoke.

"I'm sorry."

Laura's arm went around Jean's waist

and she hid her face against Jean's leg. She was not crying; she was just holding on tightly, tightly.

They did not move for a while. Then Jean shifted and Laura let her arms fall away. Jean got up quietly. Standing by the bed, she pulled the covers over Laura's shoulders. Then she went out of the room and closed the door. The embers in the fireplace still glowed dimly behind the wire screen. Jean curled up on the couch and pulled her coat over her feet.

Margaret Elliott is an East Texan from the piney woods. At the age of twenty-four she has retired from school teaching to write. She is a lover of people and animals, and she lives with her three cats in Central Texas. She reads tarot, rides horses, and publishes poetry from time to time.



Report by Del Martin

Gay Is Good—So What?

The Rev. Mr. Robert W. Crome, vicar of St. Aiden's Episcopal Church in San Francisco and one of the founding fathers of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, challenged the American homophile movement in a banquet speech entitled, "Gay Is Good—So What?", which he delivered before an audience of 135 persons attending the annual meeting of CRH on January 13th at Glide Memorial Methodist Church.

"The homosexual community," he declared, "must stop responding to outside stimuli and become a movement of action instead of reaction. Homosexuals may find new ways of living new life styles, if as a community they become involved, if they face their own feelings and emotions," he said. "They must learn to deal with anger, aggression and paranoia. Otherwise their power, their potential as human beings, will be frittered away."

As Chairman of the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations for the past two years, the Rev. Mr. Crome has had considerable experience with the way in which the various homophile organizations and their leaders view each other and deal with each other. He made these observations:

1. Mere passing of resolutions to put on the appearance of being united and strong has proved itself to be meaningless. A majority vote does not reflect consensus. Consequently, between annual meetings of NACHO nothing happens.
2. For too many, the homophile organizations and NACHO represent an ego trip. "We can't move ahead because we bullshit each other and pretend to like each other." There is little attempt to understand each other, to open up real communication lines, to unite in a common cause.
3. "If 'gay is good' is to mean anything, we have to deal with each other at the gut level." Setting up encounter groups would be helpful in getting rid of the anger and hostility and pain that exists—and which prevents the homophile community from being the real force in society which it should be.
4. Homosexuals need to learn to deal corporately. Otherwise they will continue to go from crisis to crisis as ineffective reactors. The homophile community needs to learn how to organize to exert pressure to bring about change. Real change occurs only when the establishment is forced to change because of over-

whelming political and social pressure. Perhaps the homophile organizations need to hire a professional organizer to pull the diffuse feelings of the homophile community and their friends together into a larger community that will be unified and effective.

Rev. Crome expressed his disappointment that the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, Daughters of Bilitis, Society for Individual Rights, and Tavern Guild of San Francisco had withdrawn

from NACHO. While he realized the difficulties encountered in unifying the national movement, he felt that organization is terribly important.

"Gay is good, yes," Rev. Crome reiterated and added that until such time as the Church realizes this, the gay community should withhold all contributions from their local parishes—except, of course, those parishes like St. Aiden's, Glide, the North Beach Mission, etc.

An Annual Review by Gene Damon



Lesbian Literature 1968—

For several years I have reported how increasingly difficult it is to draw a line between mainstream and homosexual literature. Ironically, the statistics this year support this in a reverse manner. There are very few books published in the paperback original field that fail to deal with Lesbianism to some extent. Obviously, in almost all of the cases, the inclusion is entirely erotic and intended for the male reading audience. Therefore, this year, the paperback statistics include only those books which actually substantially deal with Lesbians. Regrettably, even with this proviso, there are few titles in the paperback original field worth reading at all.

As of November 15, 1968, I had recorded 80 new titles from around that same time in 1967. Of these, 41 are hardbacks and 39 are paperbacks. In addition to these titles, that may fairly be statistically included, there are a few books that are of sufficient special interest to readers of the Lesbiana column that they warrant being mentioned again—especially for the benefit of new readers.

For those of you keeping comparative statistics, this seems to be a leveling off period. There are around 1900 hardback fiction titles (new books) published in the United States each year. There were 34 hardback Lesbian titles in 1964, 40 in 1965, 32 in 1966, 46 in 1967, and now, this last year, there were 41. Not all of these, of course, are fiction, though the vast majority of books covered in this column through the years have been fiction titles.

I hear many complaints about "not enough attention" being paid to homosexuals and Lesbians, but this is not really true in literature. When you consider that there are always at least twice as many male homosexual titles each year, you can see that in literature we are not nearly so statistically disadvantaged as we are in almost every other sphere. We obviously provide writers with everything from convenient scapegoats to the interesting possibilities of dealing with the socially disadvantaged.

Some years there seems to be a predominant theme or trend, and 1968 was the year of the individual and collective biography . . . Many vital studies of contemporary and prior literary and theatre and generally artistic groups were published.

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN V.2 1934-1939, Denver, Alan Swallow and N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1967, though not as valuable as the first volume, contains the first appearance of Djuna Barnes in Anais Nin's life.

Philippe Jullian's biography, PRINCE OF AESTHETES: COUNT ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU, N.Y., Viking, 1968 (published in 1967 in London by Secker and Warburg as ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU: A PRINCE OF THE NINETIES), covers, in addition to his flamboyant subject's life, an enormously diverse group of Lesbians, mainly American, living in Paris and taking part in the literary and artistic circles there

from 1885—1910. A good deal of personal information about twenty of the ladies is included, which makes the book a must for the serious collector.

LADIES BOUNTIFUL, by W. G. Rogers, N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968, uses as theme and gathering point those women who financially and otherwise aided various great artists, writers, etc., back in the days when college and university grants weren't available. Again, a large number of these patrons were Lesbians, and Mr. Rogers is very generously frank. The portrait section in this book alone makes it worth the cost of the book.

Maurice Collis's **SOMERVILLE AND ROSS**, London, Faber and Faber, 1968, has been extensively covered in **THE LADDER**. It is enough to say simply that it concerns a famous and lifelong Lesbian pair, who also wrote minor Irish literature. They are considerably better known today for the former fact than for the latter.

WOMEN IN BATTLE, by John Laffin, London and N.Y., Abelard-Schuman, 1967, 1968, is a fun and games reference book on female soldiers, sailors, marines, and a few miscellaneous crusaders. About half were Lesbians or bisexuals. Mr. Laffin does not disguise the fact (except in a couple of odd cases) but he writes as if only active members of the Girl Scouts will have access to his book.

Without possible exception, the most glorious of the lot is the scrupulously edited, carefully arranged, magnificently indexed and lovingly written biography, **LYTTON STRACHEY: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY**, by Michael Holroyd, published in two volumes, London, Heinemann, 1967 and N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968. The emphasis in this book is almost entirely male as befits a book dealing with the life of a male homosexual. However, there are sufficient references to the Lesbian members of the Bloomsbury Group (of which Lytton was a charter member) to warrant inclusion here though not in the statistical count. The history of the author of **OLIVIA** is given in full. She was Dorothy Strachey Bussy, Lytton's sister, and the account includes the real-life counterparts of the three protagonists of **OLIVIA**.

BEING GENIUSES TOGETHER, by Robert McAlmon and Kay Boyle, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1968, is

only minor in interest and is not included in the statistics. However, there is a great deal about McAlmon's marriage to Lesbian novelist, Bryher, and Bryher's affair with Hilda Doolittle (poet H. D.).

So we have seven biographical titles, five of them reflected in the statistics. The remaining 36 hardback titles cover many areas, but are almost all fiction titles. The subjective quality of Lesbian fiction is lower than it has been for several years. Only a handful of these books have general and wide appeal, particularly for those of you who do not read outside of this field at all. In the following brief annotations, I have tried to make clear which ones belong on all shelves and which go only to the "complete collector."

The best novel of the year, subjectively, and one of the three or four better written, is the English entry, **A JINGLE JANGLE SONG**, by Mariana Villa-Gilbert, London, Chatto and Windus, 1968. While it has an unconventional and possibly unlikely ending, it is the closest thing we've had in years to a white-hot and very convincing romance. Very good, and very highly recommended to everyone.

Happily, the very high quality of the humor and fantasy in the kaleidoscopic novel, **HORACE SIPPOG AND THE SIREN'S SONG**, by Su Walton, N.Y., Morrow, 1968, makes it the runner-up. This features a very fey family with unusual powers over all, male and female. It is rampantly Lesbian, but with a very light touch. Not deliberate comedy, almost defies sticking into a previously formed category. For many this will be more popular than the far more serious and much sadder, **A JINGLE JANGLE SONG**.

WINTER DAY IN A GLASSHOUSE, by Sally Griffiths, London, Hutchinson, 1968, is hampered by being a more or less undistinguished novel about boarding schools. This one is hung on the premise of a girl having either been murdered or having deliberately jumped through a plate glass window. The mystery is too easy to unravel and the characters, though meticulously drawn, are dull and boring. It is very pertinent, on several levels and the author does have talent. If you like the genre, this has the necessary message. I may have lived too long to go on enjoying the endless parade of school-days and schoolgirls.

And a lesser entry, but from one of the

Gods, Iris Murdoch, whose **THE TIME OF THE ANGELS**, actually belongs in last year's record having first come out in 1966, from Viking Press (reprinted by Avon, 1967). I admit to having failed to read it as rapidly as I should have—but content myself with the knowledge that those who like her don't miss a title, and those who don't can't be dragged to her kicking and screaming.

Madeleine Rileu's **A SPOT BIGGER THAN GOD**, London, Gollancz, 1967, is about a pair of girls who claim loudly to be heterosexual, but who enjoy playing a private and public game of "let's pretend we are Lesbians." Odd, in the literal sense of the word.

THE MIDLING, by A. L. Barker, London, The Hogarth Press, 1968, is a very special book. Though it deals with the same years as those visited in the earlier mentioned, **WINTER DAY IN A GLASSHOUSE**, this is set outside of school, and seems refreshing for the change. This covers four episodes in the life of one Ellie Toms, from age nine to her middle teens. One of the four episodes is overtly Lesbian. However, the first episode is a wonderful picture of the sort of little girl who is almost certainly going to grow up to be a Lesbian. For everyone, really.

Edmund P. Murray's novel, **THE PASSION PLAYERS**, N.Y., Crown, 1968, is an excellent novel, and as such highly recommended. The Lesbians, however, are not those that generally appeal to this reading audience (from what you say in the mail) so you have been warned. Mr. Murray, however, is talking about a special world, a world of cheap travelling shows, and he tells it like it is (or at least you'll believe it is so).

A curious book, **ONE OF THE CHILDREN IS CRYING**, by Coleman Dowell, N.Y., Random House, 1968. It is seriously approached and quite well done, but there is a cautiousness to the prose that detracts from the novel. Something is wrong with pace, and the reader's attention flags. This deals with an unhappy family (a very very unhappy family, without one single even half-way happy member). The Lesbian is not dealt with sufficiently to determine how accurate his views are. Recommended with reservations, but watch for the next time around.

There were several novels featuring the "stereotype" couple, but none of them at all unkindly. The trend seems to be

toward complete acceptance and no knocks at all. The best of these is the hilariously funny (with sober moment) **ESPERIE**, by Frederic Bradlee, Boston, Houghton-Mifflin, 1967. A light novel about a boarding house full of loveable eccentrics, including an easily identified middle-aged Lesbian couple. There are almost nothing but stereotypes in Becky Crocker's funny, nutty novel, **MR. LADYBUG**, Los Angeles, Sherbourne Press, 1968. Set on an island near New York City and really, that's enough information right there. Olivia Davis's **THE LAST OF THE GREEKS**, Boston, Houghton-Mifflin, 1968, though supposedly a more serious novel, again features the "quick look at the nice pair"—light touch in a chatty noisy novel. The last, and the only one of the five that is sober and a little sad, rather than funny, is **THE MARCHIONESS**, by James Broom Lynne, London, Macdonald, 1968. An ill-matched pair, one who thinks she wants to be a mother, and one who loses ground as she pleads her case.

And the usual group of novels featuring characters dragged in by their sex lives—window dressing, and a few with just minor bits of too little importance to bother chasing them down any farther than your nearest library (which, in the case of the English publication only titles, isn't going to be near enough). So, here are 1968's very minor bits, and "only the sex-life" ones: **A SIMPLE STORY**, by David Higham, London, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1966 (minor); **THE GHOSTS**, by Kathryn Perutz, London, Heinemann, 1965, 1966 (very minor); **THE DAUGHTERS OF LONGING**, by Froma Sand, Los Angeles, Sherbourne Press, 1968 (sex and silly); **MELINDA**, by Gaia Servadio, N.Y., Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1968 (gaaah!); and finally two which will be widely read for their entertainment value, **THE MOVIE MAKER**, by Herbert Kastle, N.Y., Bernard Geis, 1968 and **VENUS EXAMINED**, by Robert Kyle, N.Y. Bernard Geis, 1968, Fawcett Crest, 1969. These last are nice professional efforts by highly professional pulp men . . . but they are all sexy fun and games and not to be taken very seriously.

Far too often there are titles that are simply too minor subjectively to rank very highly, yet so very well written that they must be praised as literature. **CAUGHT IN THAT MUSIC**, by Seymour Epstein,

N.Y., Viking, 1967, Pocket Books, 1968, captures pre-World War II days in one section of New York City. The hero has a chapter long encounter with the daughter of his boss. The daughter is a Lesbian. Good, very very well-handled.

THE BAG, by Sol Yurick, N.Y., Simon and Schuster, 1968, is rather unpleasant (though probably quite true). Very well written, again only if you can take it "like it is."

A special favorite of mine, I AM MARY DUNNE, by Brian Moore, N.Y., Viking, 1968, is a good look at a "pill" as heroine. No, I am not fond of pills, but there is a good Lesbian character in a supporting role . . . fairly substantial, and libraries will have this, it got good reviews.

Minor Lesbian bits only in THE YOKE AND THE STAR, by Tana de Gamez, Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1966, Belmont Books, 1968—but Miss de Gamez is a fine writer, always overlooked by the establishment, but good, and this novel is an exciting recreation of the Cuban trouble and revolution.

A very very minor study is included in Mariana Villa-Gilbert's earlier novel, MRS. CANTELLO, London, Chatto & Windus, 1966—discovered as a result of reading her works after finding the earlier cited, A JINGLE JANGLE SONG. This novel is not nearly so good, but this writer is to watch closely, with two pertinent titles out of four novels, and one very major.

And three who tried hard and missed, but get special notice for effort: IT'S ALL ZOO, by Gerald A. Browne, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1968; THE JACKLOVE AFFAIR, by Peter Menegas, N.Y., Coward-McCann, 1968, and, A CASE IN NULLITY, by Evelyn Berckman, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1968.

Happily there are few titles in 1968's collection that deserve real blasting. A QUIET PLACE TO WORK, by Harry Brown, N.Y., Knopf, 1967, 1968, is a very well-written and very entertaining novel, and it has been widely read. It is, though, a vicious book not because it portrays Lesbians badly and untruthfully, but because it makes a comparison between their behavior and the behavior of the narrator and major protagonist that will raise the hair on your head. From the terrifying to the silly, THE EXQUISITE THING, by Joyce MacIver, N.Y., Putnam, 1968, is a failure from every stand-

point. One very nice Lesbian cast member—who fortunately fades out of the picture with her hide intact. THE EXPEDITION, by Stanley Wolpert, Boston, Little, Brown, 1968, is another howler featuring a Lesbian who throws a verbal pass at a girl who chooses to freeze to death rather than submit to "a fate worse than death" . . . do tell!

Mystery-spy fans will very much enjoy Gina Day's TELL NO TALES, London, Hart-Davis, 1967, N.Y., Stein and Day, 1968. This is very major Lesbian, features a James Bond type female operative. A satire, but with teeth. Bloody fun.

Also for mystery buffs, Anthony Gilbert's short story, "Point Of No Return," in ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, May, 1968. This is subtle, special, excellent. And a more routine entry, Anthony Lejeune's THE DARK TRADE, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1966, reprinted as DEATH OF A PORNOGRAPHER, Lancer Books, 1967.

Short story fans this year get few to choose from, but some good ones included. Robert Bloch's, "A Toy For Juliette," in DANGEROUS VISIONS, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1967, is memorable only because it portrays Amelia Earhart as a Lesbian. E. F. Cherrytree's "Hello Out There," in EVERGREEN REVIEW, December, 1967, is an exercise in self-indulgent pornography for a male audience. "The Marriage Makers," by Monia Williams, in COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, February, 1968, is tailored to its obvious audience, but it's a fairly major study of Lesbianism, with a good and believable ending.

The serious entry in the short story field is the excellent, "An Hour Of Last Things," in AN HOUR OF LAST THINGS AND OTHER STORIES, by George P. Elliott, N.Y., Harper and Row, 1968. This is a major study by one of the really fine short story writers of today—not to be missed. On the other hand, the usually very reliable Harlan Ellison slipped badly in his story, "A Path Through The Darkness," in LOVE AIN'T NOTHING BUT SEX MISPELLED, N.Y., Simon and Schuster, 1968. It's major enough, but it has unforgivable flaws.

James Colton, a quality writer who has been too often in the paperback field and needs to be seen more in hardcovers, provided the story "Getting Rid of Mr. Grainger" in THE CORRUPTOR AND

OTHER STORIES, San Diego, Greenleaf Classics, 1968 (a paperback collection).

Of the five stories covered here, and the one thrown in with the mystery titles, only 3 are in the hardcover statistics, the other 3 having been either magazine stories or in paperback original collections.

This year's only poetry entry is technically a high quality paperback original, but since more and more poetry is being published in this sort of format, which is as well (or better) designed than many hardbacks and is intended and bound for permanent collections, I have included Helen Rosenthal's fine, PEACE IS AN UNKNOWN CONTINENT, Vancouver, Canada, Talonbooks, 1968. Major, overt, exciting and highly recommended.

There isn't much to talk about in paperback originals this year. James Colton included a brief but believable portrait of a "belligerent" type in his male homosexual title, KNOWN HOMOSEXUAL, Brandon House, 1968.

So we are left with an odd year just past. The best books far and away the biographical entries, with perhaps 8 or so fiction titles including half-a-dozen cited musts. One good poetry entry (the only entry in this field—any volunteers among you for checking the many many collections of poetry that come out each year?); and two good short stories.

As is always true, those titles missed in this report, discovered or received too late for inclusion in these statistics, will appear in next year's listing. I include all titles found within two years prior to the basic copyright date, which explains the pre-

sence of some 1966 and 1967 copyrights among these 1968 books. The purpose, always, is simply to bring as many books to as many people, hoping they'll enjoy the meeting. But these books actually have a far more important significance than many of you may have consciously realized. When you consider that almost all Lesbians deliberately hide their orientation (and the higher up they get on the social pole, the professional arena, etc., the better they hide) these books are often the ONLY exposure the literate heterosexual has to our world. It is this that makes them important to us when they are accurate and damaging when they are not. Elsewhere in this issue there is a review by Jeannette H. Foster of C. P. Snow's THE SLEEP OF REASON. This title will be part of next year's statistical report. When you consider the damage possible from this book, which is widely reviewed and is a "Book Of The Month Club" choice, you begin to long for the day when it will be impossible to get a book published that denigrates this minority, just as you cannot publish today IN THE REPUTABLE TRADE PRESS any book which speaks ill of any racial or religious minority.

And ending on a good note—in the August, 1968 issue of THE LADDER, I reviewed John Updike's novel, COUPLES, N.Y., Knopf, 1968. It is simply not sufficiently Lesbian in content to include in any records—but it was a widely read and very successful book about the truth of personal relationships in this country today. We need more of this, and hopefully, we may get more.

by Jeannette H. Foster, Ph.D.

Two Reviews

AN IMPERSONATION OF ANGELS:

A biography of Jean Cocteau
by Frederic Brown
N.Y., Viking 1968

From first to last of his 412 generous-sized pages, Brown stresses the fact that Jean Cocteau was homosexual. His explanations of this fact were: the boy lost his gentle, ineffectual father at age eleven; and his mother is described as domineering and possessive. (One of her brothers,

during a diplomatic mission in Germany, was an intimate of the Kaiser's homosexual circle.) "Mme. Cocteau was the spine of Jean's life: she withstood his paranoid onslaughts, she consoled him, she gave him an allowance, she entertained his friends, she provided him with the order he needed in which to be disorderly. Her influence over him was such that for many years after he left her" (which he finally did at age 40) "his own residences were never more than pads,

opium parlors, curiosity shops which he exchanged for one another, gladly abandoning them altogether to live in villas as someone's pampered child." And all this although she herself was devout and attended Mass every morning.

Another powerful factor in determining Jean's life pattern was his adolescent infatuation for the actor Edouard de Max, a very beautiful and effeminate matinee idol who was accompanied everywhere by a train of 'ephebes,' chief among them for awhile being Cocteau. To one masquerade he took the boy dressed in his own stage costume for Heliogabalus, one of his favorite roles. From then on—if not before—Cocteau lived his whole life playing a part, never being his natural self. (There seems some doubt that he himself was ever sure just who he was; always childishly craving love and approval, always swinging schizophrenically between towering egotism and groveling self-abasement, and toward the end 'impersonating' his own earlier selves.)

One early incident which was so 'traumatic' to his family that they contrived to expunge all record of it was his first escape from home—probably in his mid-teens just before meeting de Max. Being expelled from his school—where though brilliant he refused to apply himself—he disappeared completely for two months. Detectives hired by his uncle finally found him washing dishes in an Indo-Chinese dive in Marseilles. It was here, his biographer believes, that he had his first homosexual experiences and first smoked opium. The latter habit also grew on him all his life despite half-hearted submission to a couple of 'cures.' After that, he had always, so to speak, one foot in the gutter, though his friends included artists (Picasso, Miro, Douanier, Rousseau), musicians (Eric Satie, Prokofiev), and stage personalities (Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Bakst, etc.) of high though not always spotless repute.

Brown's cryptic title is best clarified by a passage some quarter of the way through the book: "If Picasso's periods were marked by his women, Cocteau's corresponded to his men. Women, by loving different aspects of him, allowed Picasso to come into his own . . . Cocteau's love for other men involved capitulation of being, a forfeiture of self and manhood. As he himself recognized, it was never a matter of wanting to possess, but of want-

ing to be some other." The succession of these somewhat dubious 'angels' whom he tried to impersonate occupy most of the book.

It is impossible to enumerate them briefly, and unsafe to declare that all of them were overtly homosexual (e.g. Picasso and the Catholic Mauriac) though in many cases Brown does so explicitly. Cocteau's life was as full of important personages as Proust's (the name index alone covers ten pages.) Probably the best way of indicating its scope is to say that Brown has used Cocteau's own history as a kind of armature on which to hang lavish accounts of drama, poetry, music, art and ballet from the late eighteenth-nineties to Cocteau's death in October 1963 at the age of 74.

As to the biography's significance for a Lesbian audience: not more than once or twice does Brown thus label his feminine subjects outright, though he mentions dozens of prominent Lesbians. (He does not, for example, mention Catulle Mendes's long lesbian novel 'Mephistophela,' though Mendes is cited as one of Cocteau's first 'angels'; she died in 1906.) And yet the reader will recognize Polaire, Liane de Pougy, Colette, Anna de Noailles, and many many later (e.g. Simone de Beauvoir) women identified elsewhere as, at least, bisexual. That Cocteau himself was not an inveterate woman-hater is proved by statements that he 'lost his virginity' in his teens to Mistanguette, the music-hall star, and had a brief and unimportant affair with a titled Russian woman in middle life.

This review has intentionally concentrated on Cocteau's emotional life and avoided discussion of his numerous literary works, which comprised poetry, drama, scenarios for both ballets and motion pictures, and reviews (mostly scathing). He was always—or strove to be—*avant garde*, beginning in adolescence with symbolism, and moving through cubism, dadaism, surrealism whether in art or literature. (He was also, incidentally, an artist of sorts.) In his latest plays and films—the latter, at least, relatively intelligible to American audiences—one can trace his constant retreat from reality. Brown says at one point that all his creative efforts gave an impression of being written half facetiously, extending a moment of experience to fill half a lifetime, his characters 'performing blind,

ritual antics at high speed,' as though he 'played his LP records at 78 RPM, so that even bassos sound like Donald Duck.'

One last facet of his emotional entanglements must be noted: in early youth he loved and 'impersonated' older men—Mendes, Apollinaire, Gide. Then in his thirties and later he became infatuated with a succession of youths—Radiguet, Desbordes, Marais,—with whom he successively lived for not too long periods. (To be just, twice the beloved's death terminated the affair.) Thus, as one commentator quoted by Brown says, he never had an equal as an intimate, and must have suffered all his life from a profound loneliness, which he sought to escape through new loves and more opium, a true tragi-comedy, in his own style of composition.

THE SLEEP OF REASON

by C. P. Snow
London, Macmillan, 1968
N. Y., Scribner's, 1969

It is unfortunate to make one's first acquaintance with Lord Snow through the tenth novel in a series—STRANGERS AND BROTHERS—begun over thirty years ago. As in all such sagas, a wealth of minor characters has been introduced and a few appear briefly on stage in the present tale. Though they are always accounted for by neat retrospective vignettes, one would be puzzled as to which need retaining in memory here, save for the useful *precis* on the book-jacket. Even without the latter, however, a reader would be aware at once that the whole series must follow an autobiographical pattern of the first-person narrator, Lewis Eliot. The *precis* states baldly that this novel reports the normal flow of his life, "abruptly . . . arrested by a horror." That horror—the sadistic murder of an eight-year-old boy by a pair of Lesbians—is the sole concern of any review for THE LADDER.

Of the novel's nearly 500 pages, about half deal with matters but distantly related to its main action. There is at the outset a very modern campus-political uproar over the dismissal of four university students for heterosexual immorality; then the narrator's narrow escape from loss of vision in one eye; also his relations with wife, stepson, adored own son, and his father, who death hovers and finally occurs near the end. The other half of the narrative deals with the "horror of hor-

rors," seldom mentioned without such adjectives as *hideous*, *unspeakable*, et cetera. Lewis Eliot, involved only through loyalty to an old college friend who is uncle to one of the lesbians, conveys the details indirectly, largely through accounts of legal interviews and a long, minutely recorded trial. Briefly, the boy was abducted, and over a period of some days was beaten to 'teach him to behave,' before ultimately being murdered by heavy blows to the skull.

The (London) *Times* reviewer suggests as parallels the 'Moor Murder,' (a boy and girl similarly killed by a heterosexual couple), and a New Zealand instance of two schoolgirls murdering the mother of one of them. Readers on this side of the Atlantic will doubtless be more strongly reminded of the Loeb-Leopold case some 25 years ago, in which two university men, a homosexual pair, killed a boy of fourteen. The latter comes to mind particularly because of the close resemblance of Snow's analysis of the two girls' motives and psychological states to Meyer.

Levin's COMPULSION, a book-length examination of Leopold and Loeb.

Snow's title derives from Goya's "The sleep of reason breeds monsters," his explanation of the "horror of horrors" being the transmutation of sadistic fantasy into real action. That this is directly due to the "monsters" of Lesbianism he neither states nor directly implies. Rather, his implication is that both the sadism and the Lesbianism are concomitant results of a spreading complex of factors, hereditary and environmental.

One of the girls is referred to as 'butch' by a minor police officer; the other reveals herself as an hysterical and pathological liar in the course of the trial. The 'butch's' uncle—Lewis Eliot's college friend—was himself a homosexual, as well as a leader of youth-in-revolt, and a devotee of complete ethical freedom. His niece, after a most unhappy childhood, had been a member of his group. The other girl's home environment was stormy, both father and brother being acute paranoiacs, mother a virtual cipher. The lesbian couple lived in this family's house in a two-room apartment not entirely self-contained, and were hated by the father and son more for their superior earning power than for their Lesbianism. Of the many excursions into philosophy in which Snow delights, one of the most

timely (and all but ludicrous) is the psychiatric report of that part of the girls' trial in which two distinguished specialists in their field draw, from identical evidence, diametrically opposed judgments, one for the Crown, the other for the defendants.

The whole novel (which frankly is in parts rather dull) would not be worth so much attention but for three factors. One, Lord Snow's established literary reputation; two, the reviewers' praise of the book; and third, its acutely unfortunate effect on the Lesbian 'image.' For the two girls' relationship is presented as virtually ideal. Already in their late twenties and early thirties, they have lived together for years and consider themselves inseparable life partners. They operate on pooled finances, owning car, country cottage, and apartment furnishings in common. The more masculine of the two states repeatedly that she lives only for the other girl, and the latter (who has had an unfortunate experience with a man) is as devoted as her somewhat scattered personality permits. Also their emotional relations are stated to be overtly complete and wholly satisfactory.

What the whole business amounts to is that the girls' Lesbianism is not, *per se*, pronounced in the least responsible for their 'monstrousness.' But it is to be feared

that most readers of Lord Snow—and even only of the reviews—are likely to lay the responsibility there. To you who are free of the Average Reader's prejudice, this reviewer's advice is: don't bother to read the thing.

Dr. Foster is a frequent contributor to THE LADDER, and a long time member of DOB. She is now retired but had a very full and interesting academic career as a teacher of college English, literature, and creative writing, and professor of library science at Drexel Institute Library School in Philadelphia, and at Columbia and Emory Universities. She served as science librarian at Antioch College, as head librarian at Hollins College, and as librarian to the President's Advisory Committee on Education, Washington, D.C. She also served as head catalogue librarian at the Kinsey Institute and as reference librarian at the University of Kansas City, Missouri (now University of Missouri at Kansas City). Her book, SEX VARIANT WOMEN IN LITERATURE, 1956, is still the essential source in any study of the Lesbian in literature.



A fable in mauve by Jocelyn Hayward

Stand Up And Be Counted.

There was pale mauve rain falling on the day Grizelda decided to tell the world she was homosexual.

Ever since she had read (probably in *The Ladder*) that homosexuals, until they were willing to stand up and be counted, were perpetuating their status as a misunderstood and maligned minority, Grizelda had been nerving herself for this day. The radio said a volcano had gone off somewhere. Whatever it was, mauve rain would go splendidly with martyrdom.

Grizelda was really no braver than the rest of us. She was what you might call an assignment-accepter. One of her adolescent disappointments had been the discovery that there was no longer a white man's burden and that

she was ill-equipped for a more contemporary load of any other shade.

Thus she decided to start her martyrdom the easy way, with a total stranger. She chose the man with the hairy muffler who sat beside her in the street-car on the way to work.

"Nice day," Grizelda opened.

"Cold," said the man in the hairy muffler.

"But nice," she persisted.

"Quite nice."

Having achieved this limited measure of concord, Grizelda decided to press on. "Actually," she said, "I'm homosexual."

"Is that right?" Hairy muffler had certainly been roused to something. "Is that right?" he repeated, wriggling

round to face her. "Now with me it's always been my sinuses. When I was just a kid, see, they told me I couldn't go swimming with the other kids on account of my sinuses..."

The full clinical saga of his sinuses took until Grizelda's stop. As she got up, he said, "I enjoyed that ever so. Helps to air your problems, hey?" Which left her somewhat vague as to whether she had commenced her martyrdom successfully or otherwise.

At mid-morning Grizelda became mildly involved in the basement with Creakshift—rather more mildly than Creakshift, the supplies officer, wished, judging by his heavy breathing. He was like that with all blondes. He deserved, Grizelda judged, to be informed. Also, she had not told anyone for two hours now, and a martyr's schedule should move faster than that.

So, deftly evading one of his more athletic maneuvers, Grizelda said, "Mr. Creakshift, you shouldn't do that. I'm a Lesbian."

It stopped him only briefly. Then he licked his lips. "An 'if I was twenty years younger," he said eager-eyed, "sure an' I'd be one meself. See you around."

And he winked and went and that was not very satisfactory either.

At lunch, Grizelda found herself sharing a table with Mildred Gleebe who was large and floral and—one would have said—easily shockable. A good aptitude test for the amateur martyr, in fact. Grizelda took a deep breath, agreed that the tuna salad left something to be desired, and added as casually as she could, "Mildred, perhaps you'd care to know that I'm homosexual."

Mildred Gleebe's large, protuberant eyes grew more so. She leaned—loomed even—large across the tuna. Grizelda braced herself for the first blow.

"My poor dear child!" Mildred's hand descended upon hers like a damp pancake. "My dear, what can I do to help? Of course—Rodney! You must let me introduce you to my nephew Rodney! He's absolutely charming and I'm sure if you went out together a few times everything would come right! My dear, you simply must..."

At three o'clock Grizelda's boss, Mr. Butterhorn, called her in for dic-

tation. She knew then that one of her martyrdom climaxes was approaching. Risking one's livelihood for one's beliefs was in the professional league. Heart beating wildly, she sat making obedient squiggles, waiting for the opportunity.

It came when Mr. Butterhorn reprimanded her for a small slip-up of the day before. Grizelda bowed her head for the axe and said humbly, "Perhaps, Mr. Butterhorn, you would prefer to dispense with my services entirely. I am, you see, a lesbian."

Mr. Butterhorn tapped his Kiwanis paperweight with his forefinger, a thing he always did when reaching decisions. Then he said, "Miss Framlingham, my wife and I have always prided ourselves upon our, ah, emancipated attitudes. We are giving a small cocktail party tomorrow. I know Maude would consider it a great ca—a great honor if we could count a self-professed homosexual among our guests. Hrrmph?"

Grizelda did not answer immediately. Mr. Butterhorn, she knew, had been about to say "catch." It had not previously occurred to her that social lionization might be one of the hazards of martyrdom.

"Please say yes," Mr. Butterhorn warmed to his theme. "Why, to date we have had two negroes, an abortionist, an alcoholic, and a white slave trader at our little soirees this season. I think it can fairly be said that we host the most successful parties in Risedale Heights."

Grizelda found tongue. "And I—I'm not fired?"

"Tck-tck," said Mr. Butterhorn, wagging a very emancipated finger, and with that she had to be content.

In the past, Grizelda had greatly feared discovery by her parents. This was surely the next martyr's pyre upon which she must leap. She leapt in the kitchen at six-fifteen.

"Mother," she said. "Dad. I cannot tell a lie—" She was by now acquiring quite a polish to the thing—"your daughter is a homosexual." And stared fixedly at the egg-timer, wondering how much packing time was customarily permitted following the never-darken-my-doors-again line. Grizelda had a lot of clothes.

Her mother burst into noisy tears

over the mashed potatoes. "You mean," she sobbed, "I'll never be a grandmother? O Grizzie, how could you?"

Her father, detaching his wife from the pan, said to her without rancor, "I always told you, Ethel, we should have given her an embroidery set, not a cowboy suit. With revolvers yet. Very phallic, that."

Upon which Grizelda's mother fainted completely away upon the mashed potatoes and Grizelda herself, staring still at the egg-timer, seemed to have no further place in the action.

After a terribly normal supper, Grizelda went up to her room to collect a placard she had prepared against this day. As she was leaving the house, her father called, "You aren't going to write a book, are you? I mean, I don't know just how the bowling club would take it. I'm team captain this year, you know."

Grizelda took a streetcar downtown, getting off at the Roxy Theatre. The billboards outside clamored, "Women in name only—they lived in the shadows of the sexually damned . . ." The theatre fronted on two streets. Grizelda chose the less busy of the two, unwrapped her placard and hoisted it aloft. It said, "UNFAIR TO HOMOSEXUALS—WE AREN'T LIKE THIS."

She walked up and down for awhile. A few people stared at her. The placard was heavy; anticipating martyrrial struggles, she had done it on stout board.

Finally a uniformed usher came out. He was big; when she took her next step—refusal to go away as requested and a sit-in on the sidewalk—he would have little trouble in picking up both her and the placard.

"Come round the front," he said.

"I won't go away," Grizelda replied staunchly.

"I'm not askin' you to go away. I'm askin' you to come round the front. Boss says you're better advertisin' than the billboards. Only they can't see you down the side street 'ere."

Meekly she followed him round to the front. She wished he had told her to go away; it would have been less of an effort to hold the placard up sitting down.

After about ten minutes, two men

approached her. They had aggressive shoulders and they had been looking at girls' legs. Without doubt they were the kind who would feel personally insulted by the very existence of a lesbian. They approached with gleams in their eyes. Grizelda readied for a martyred moment.

"What's it like then?" said the shorter one. "Hot stuff?"

"Well actually," Grizelda replied, "I've only read the reviews. But I can tell you that it's a gross misrepresentation of—"

Fraud," said the taller one, and they walked away down the street behind two girls with suggestive thighs.

Grizelda made one last attempt to stand up and be counted. Gratefully abandoning her placard under a bush in the park, she went up to a policeman just entering the park gates.

"Officer," she said, head bowed in submission, "I am a homosexual. Would you like to arrest me?"

He regarded her gravely for a moment. "Is your car parked close to a bridge, a railroad crossing or the crest of a hill?" he said.

"No, I came down by streetcar. The point is, I'm a —"

"Have you been defacing park property or in any other way causing a public nuisance to park users?"

"No, but the state's laws on homosexuality are quite explicit and you have a right to —"

"Run along," he said. "You're obstructing traffic." And when she had stepped out of the way of the woman with the kiddy carriage, he had gone.

Grizelda now felt a need to consult with someone on the problems of standing up and being counted. Billie and Meg, old friends, lived quite close to the park. She walked through the mauve rain to their apartment. Billie, looking as butch as ever and with a pipe between her teeth, opened the door.

"Well, come along in. You look a bit distraught. What's your problem?"

"I have," Grizelda said as Meg came from the kitchen and put an arm around Billie's waist, "been trying to stand up and be counted, since this is the only way we can end our status as a misunderstood, maligned minority. I have therefore stood up in—"

"Just a minute." Meg partially withdrew her arm from Billie's waist. "Stand up and be counted as what?"

"As a homosexual, of course." It occurred to her as she said it that the subject had never been actually discussed by name between them although over the years there had been innumerable actions that spoke very much louder than words, not excluding the awkward evening when she had found herself alone in a car outside the cemetery with Meg who was at the time both loaded and lonely.

"You mean—" Billie deftly completed the withdrawal of Meg's arm from her waist—"you've been going around talking to people about ho—ho—about things like that?"

"Well, yes, as I said we have to—"

"Maybe you have to," Meg said. "Speak for yourself, Grizelda. Why all this stand-up-and-be-counted garble, I'm not even sure what we're talking about." And she opened her blue eyes wide.

Now this, especially coming from someone who outside the cemetery had hardly personified innocence of the subject (so to speak) in hand, topped

off Grizelda's bewilderment. Shaking her head dazedly and to the accompaniment of Billie's unfervent invitation to "drop around sometime—next year if you're not too busy," she went back out into the mauve rain and made her way home.

Six months later she met an assistant librarian with devastating blue eyes, set up house with her in suburbia, lived happily ever after, and never had the slightest desire to stand up and be counted again. Nor has it rained mauve rain since.

Which just might—by a very wild stretch of the imagination—be one of the reasons why we are still a misunderstood, maligned minority.

Amateur writer and professional immigrant Jocelyn Hayward was born in England, has in the intervening 36 years taken out residence on three continents, achieved little more than a well-thumbed passport, four languages and some large photo albums. Now living in Canada, she believes the travel bug has taken its last bite and intends to turn to other hobbies—writing and reading, music and motoring, cats and cooking, for a start.



THE LADDER NEEDS MONEY IF IT IS TO CONTINUE BEING PUBLISHED.

There are many ways to help. Is your subscription up to date? Are you one of the few persons receiving this magazine free, because someone thought you would be interested. If so, isn't it time you subscribed? And for those of you who can, and there are very few among you who cannot, send us some little extra, take some portion of the money you have and earn and give with it, in effect, your voice for our goals.

Please help us to continue providing this magazine to the world.

Make checks or money orders payable to THE LADDER and send them to 1005 MARKET STREET, ROOM 208, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 94103.



THE COUNSELLOR'S CORNER

(THE COUNSELLOR'S CORNER column consists of your letters on your problems with answers provided by Dr. McGuire. Letters submitted for use in this column should not be over 1000 words in length and should not be signed except by some "code" name chosen by you. However, all letters should be accompanied by a cover note containing your correct name and address. SEND ALL LETTERS TO GENE DAMON, EDITOR, THE LADDER, and not to Dr. McGuire, since this only delays them and might cause them to be lost. No personal replies can be made by mail. Letters not suitable for use in the column will be destroyed.)

Dear Dr. McGuire: I have got myself into a situation where I must hurt someone. This is a terrible thing to do, but I can see no way out. I had begun to fall in love with someone by mail. And then I met another woman who lives near me and whom I can see frequently. Both women love me. Each really does in her own way. And I love them both. For a while I was not sure about my feelings; it is hard to compare two loves when one can be made known to me by letters only. And no matter which one I chose, the other would have to be hurt. And, if I chose the wrong one, all three of us would eventually be hurt. And so I prayed to know my own heart and make the right decision. Now I have chosen. I love the woman who is still far, far away, but who will join me in a few months. This part of my problem is solved. I know my heart beyond a shadow of a doubt.

But how do I go about telling the wo-

man who lives near me that she is not the one? This weighs heavily upon me. She is unhappy and she needs me and I would like to be able to help her in some fashion, not simply crush her. She knows of the existence of the woman afar. And she is still hoping that she can win out with her advantage of being able to see me often and to spend some nights with me. My final decision was made some weeks ago and I have not yet been able to tell the woman near me about it. The time has not seemed right, but will it ever be right?

"One Who Must Hurt"

To "One Who Must Hurt"

Your letter states a problem that is of considerable magnitude not only in homosexual affairs of the heart, but heterosexual as well. This is the condition of 'falling in love,' 'being in love,' or 'loving' someone on slight or nonexistent provocation. One knows and hears about people who are constantly plunging into 'love' through the stimulus of a voice, a smile, a look, an appearance, a reputation, or a product of cerebration. Actors, artists, politicians—even astronauts and all manner of other brave and courageous persons are instant love objects to those who admire and revere the things they do. Repeat, the things they *do*. Sometimes appearances, mannerisms, and even great accomplishments have little relationship to the basic character and personality of the individual adored, or to what they really *are*. Geniuses have been known to be virtually impossible to live with.

You did not, of course, imply that your two love objects were geniuses. But neither did you mention what particular qualities they have, or reasons you had, for

falling in love with one by mail and one by geography, but obviously something intrigued you. You are not singular in your neglect to spell-out the attraction. Most people who fall in love with an attribute, or a characteristic, are hard put to it to document their reasons for 'falling in love.'

As a matter of fact, when one is privileged to know all the facts, the results usually point to a deep and aching need of the individual to *be* loved, and to *love* someone. When one does not have a sustained and on-going loving relationship with another person, it is not at all unusual for one to instinctively attempt to meet this deep, inner need and spend ultimately fruitless and depressing years suffering one disappointment after another at the hands of a never-ending stream of rejecting 'lovers.' My grandmother used to say of personalities and inter-relationships that 'water seeks its own level' but in modern parlance, an individual with painfully unmet needs and emotional hungers is almost inevitably attracted to another with like, distressing emotional starvation.

I would suggest you think very very deeply about all the reasons you think you love the one who is "still far, far away." Perhaps one of the reasons is just that—that she is still far, far away. In instances such as this one you describe, distance is a safeguard, more often than not, for it enables one to postpone the realities of face-to-face relationships and to impress or deny the possibilities of incompatibility, disillusionment and rejection.

It is most unfortunate that you feel your relationship with the woman close by must, as you state, end in your hurting her . . . crushing her. She knows of the existence of the other woman and still is willing to try to win you. Well then, she has accepted a calculated risk in thus directing her efforts and you have not been guilty of misrepresentation or duplicity about your own feelings. Therefore, it would seem that you need not feel so guilty about telling her that the major part of your affectional drives seem to be directed elsewhere. Unless, of course, you have some deep unconscious need to be self-punishing and feel such guilt.

Dear Dr. McGuire: I am terribly in love with a very attractive Latin-type girl ten years younger and we have lived to-

gether, off and on, for a couple of years. She is very intelligent, energetic, and also has the well-known fiery, explosive temperament. This past year has not been so good and now we're fighting more than loving. She is very involved with her family who live close by, and wants to spend more and more time with them acting as the Peacemaker in their constant quarrels and crises. She is a social worker-in-training and thinks she can pour oil on their troubled waters. Our fights are about her devoting so much time to them and so increasingly little to us. I have a good civil service job and, let's face it, am almost totally supporting her. I work hard and when I get home at night I want to stay put and enjoy some quiet and comforts of home. Now she is spending a lot of evening time and even week-ends with her Spanish young friends. I don't know what she does when I'm away at work all day. I'm afraid I'm going to lose her. She's all I've got and I know she needs me. What shall I do?

"Sad and Mad"

To "Sad and Mad"

Your dilemma is a very common one, especially with couples where there is a considerable disparity in ages. Your problem is undoubtedly complicated because of the obvious added disparity of temperaments and cultural background. I would guess that one of the main attractions at first was her vivacity and spontaneity. You may well have wanted this all for yourself, and, not getting it, now must call it 'fiery and explosive' which infers strong denigration. Latin families tend, culturally, to be very close-knit, and an educated, professional member is respected and looked up to for wisdom and the 'right answers.' I assume you did not have the experience of growing up in a like family oriented group, nor, are you accustomed to the emotional lability of Mediterranean cultures. What you interpret as "constant quarreling and crises" may well be simply their way of living—communicating—and one they thoroughly enjoy. I would be astonished if you could fly in the face of history and alienate your friend from her family or the role she obviously enjoys with them.

In view of the foregoing, your friend might find the contrast of her role with you threatening, i.e. her dependence on you financially, plus your disapproval

of her friendship with her peers. I am afraid, too, that you are going to lose her. But perhaps you can permit yourself some gratifications other than those she offers, so that she isn't "all you've got" for this is, in itself, a devastating responsibility and one few people can accept. It infers that your total welfare is solely in her hands. No one person can be the all-in-all for another.

You say you know she needs you. Perhaps it is you who need her. Try to loosen your reins a little. Let her have her family and her friends; be interested in the problems she tries to solve and get across to her, however you can, that you can survive without her constant attendance when you're free, but that you enjoy and deeply appreciate her companionship when you are together.

Dear Dr. McGuire: My problem is embarrassing, and you probably won't want to bother with it, but I don't know any other way to find out about these things. It is my friend. We are happy together in most ways, but not in the one way everyone expects all homosexuals to automatically be happy, in bed. I've had girlfriends before, even lived with one girl for three years, and this has never been a problem before. At least I never heard about it if it was. But the girl I live with now, I know she loves me, but she is not sexually satisfied with me. We have talked about it very openly, and she has even suggested that I might want to get some kind of instrument—but somehow that seems very wrong to me. A friend told me that it was my fault, and that I was just dumb. Well, that may be true, but no one will explain to me what I should know, and I haven't any idea where to go to find out. There aren't any marriage counselors for people like us.

"Dumb"

To "Dumb"

I must begin by rejecting your ending. You are self-punishing to call yourself "Dumb." You may feel uninformed, or inexperienced, or inadequate in the genital activity area, but you do yourself a disservice to think of yourself as "Dumb." Anyone who can talk about sexual or other problems with a loved one is apt to be wise as well as courageous. People who seek solutions to problems through thoughtful, on-going communication are

very likely to eventually find the right solutions.

Perhaps I could be more helpful if I had a few more facts: I would like to know how long you and your friend have tried to achieve mutual gratification, what precisely is the current pattern of your genital activity, what particular thing did you describe to the someone who said it was your fault and that you were "just dumb," and, what is it explicitly that you feel you should know? Another fact would be helpful—when you and your friend have "talked about it openly" have you talked about the fact that there is a problem of her dissatisfaction, or, have you discussed in detail what she wants and how you might provide it? You probably have done the latter for you say she wants you to get an instrument. It could well be that your friend is penis-oriented and can derive gratification only with full vaginal involvement.

If the sole block to your otherwise almost total compatibility is in this sexual area, then what is wrong with your using a dildo, the "instrument" you probably refer to? People deprived of legs and arms use prostheses for their utility and maximum functioning. Is it so terribly different or "wrong" for two people who love each other, and who want to give intimate gratification to one another, to use an available substitute that is a reasonable facsimile of the missing member? After all, dildos have undoubtedly existed as long as women have enjoyed penises. In the full flush of our recent 'sexual revolution' we should feel no shame in accepting limitations of physiology and doing what we now freely can to make reasonable adjustments. And what of your own level of gratification? You say only that your friend is not satisfied. Are you? Your pleasure is important, too.

Also, you are mistaken about there being "no marriage counsellors" for people like you. Indeed there are. I have never known of a qualified therapist anywhere who would not do his best to help any patient/client with a sexual or any other distressing problem of living. As you know, therapists do not advertise, and so one can hardly look in the yellow pages and expect to find that so-and-so specializes in the treatment of homosexuals, or heterosexuals, or phobics, or depressives, or the problems involved in orgasm-failure.

However, if you live in or near any sizeable community you might well find, in your local yellow pages, listings of Community Mental Health agencies, or small private groups, offering counselling and/or referrals to therapists in private practice in your locality. An inquiry addressed to the National Sex and Drug Forum (attention Miss Phyllis Lyon) might bring you further directional or referral information: the address is 330 Ellis St., San Francisco, California 94102.

Finally, in the past two or three years, several excellent books have been published for the layman about sex, its im-

portance to every individual, and, explaining anatomy and techniques of successful genital functioning. With censorship now almost non-existent, your local library should have such books readily available on its shelves. I am told a very recent excellent book is *Human Sexuality*, A Contemporary Marriage Manual, by James Leslie McCary. Dr. McCary is a Professor of Psychology at the University of Houston. The book is also available through the Behavioral Science Book Service, Front & Brown Streets., Riverside, New Jersey, 08075, or your local bookstore could order it for you.



CROSS CURRENTS

FOR WOMEN ONLY, a panel show moderated by Aline Saarinen, appears on the local N.B.C. station in New York City every day from 9:00 to 9:30 a.m. During the week of January 13-17, this featured five shows on homosexuality. Panelists for the "good guys" were Martha Shelley of N.Y. DOB and Dick Leitsch of MAT-TACHINE N.Y., and sociologist John Kitsuse of Northwestern University. Those taking the opposite view (the sickness school) were Charles W. Socarides, M.D. (who is the spiritual successor of Dr. Bergler); a Professor Rice of Fordham Law School (the Roman Catholic view); and co-authors Peter and Barbara Wyden, of GROWING UP STRAIGHT, a book that can be understood entirely by examining its titular prejudice. Those fortunate enough to have been present during the show's taping report that the white hats won.

GAY IS GOOD OR IS IT? Philadelphia, November 4, 1968. THE PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER published an excellent article on an interview with

Clark P. Polak, head of HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM SOCIETY (formerly JANUS). Hubert Stewart, of the newspaper staff, shows clear sympathy without abdicating his role of impartial recorder and reporter, in covering the current civil rights for homosexuals drive. Commenting on the slogan, "Gay Is Good," Clark said that "What I truly feel is that gay should be and can be neutral." To which we can all add, Amen. It should be possible someday to live in this world without prejudice from race, religion, sexual orientation, or anything else that has no bearing on one's usefulness to the community.

PLAYBOY FORUM, January, 1969. We have mentioned in the past that this magazine is taking a vital interest in sexual mores. The "Forum Newsfront" for January, 1969 is again full of letters about homosexuality. Emphasis is strongly favorable. Many people are critical of this magazine for its features that appeal to the "childish" aspects of sexual relationships. However, they take a serious look

at the important aspects of sexual relationships and the legalities and mores surrounding them. They do a good service, and they have a wide readership. A vote of thanks is due them for their efforts, however commercial their motivations may be.

MOVIES: There are a number of them about with male and female homosexual themes. So far none of them have been adequate, but they are supposed to be a beginning. **PARADE**, a Sunday newspaper supplement, in its December 29, 1968 issue, devoted its cover and several pages to viewing in advance Charles Dyer's play, **THE STAIRCASE**, now out in movie form with Rex Harrison and Richard Burton playing the homosexual leads. Most of the article is taken up with telling us how masculine and heterosexual the two leading actors are. A fact none of us were wanting to question. Lately, there has been a lot of this defending of types. It seems that everyone who appears as either a Lesbian or a male homosexual seems compelled to go on record at once as being strictly heterosexual. **THE LADDER** is looking for someone, preferably in the New York area, who is qualified to see and review all of these movies as they appear in the future, and we are promised a flood of them. Any volunteers??

PUBLIC RELATIONS: National President Rita Laporte spoke January 10, 1969 at **AMERICAN RIVER JUNIOR COLLEGE** in Sacramento, California. She has been asked to return again in the late spring and during the summer session.

CHAPTERS FORMING: We announced the forming of new chapters in Marin County, California, and in Reno, Nevada in the December/January issue of **THE LADDER**. In addition to these, a chapter is being formed in the San Diego area. Anyone in that area interested should contact Rita Laporte at National Headquarters for information.

ORGANIZATIONS: Few realize that there are dozens of homophile organizations in the United States and Canada. Few realize this because there is little information available. We have a crying need for a complete and accurate listing of such organizations and their current mailing address. A half-hearted attempt at carry-

ing such information is being done by some of the small groups in their newsletters. This isn't enough. Anyone reading this willing to supply a complete listing that is accurate, please contact the editor, Gene Damon.

UNLIKELY SOURCES: **CONFIDENTIAL MAGAZINE**, for January, 1969, contained a well-written, completely honest article on homosexuality, "Homosexuals in the U.S. Army," by Tom Dove. The article focused on the terrible treatment of homosexuals by the U.S. services—damning men without reason. The article contains a partial listing of homophile organizations and is entirely sympathetic. The same issue has a strongly worded editorial damning our out-dated sex laws, and pointing out how the homosexual is persecuted.

HOMOPHILE ACTION LEAGUE NEWSLETTER, from a newly formed Philadelphia organization, has had some good hard-hitting content lately. Judging only from their first three issues, they intend to slant most of their material to the Lesbian (most of their members were part of the DOB Philadelphia chapter, no longer in existence). However, the organization is open to both men and women, so that slant may soon change. While it lasts, congratulations on your work!

YVONNE MACMANUS, Senior Editor of Brandon House, publishers, has agreed to answer questions from readers seriously interested in getting novel manuscripts published. All questions should be listed as questions, not contained in the body of a letter. Send questions directly to Gene Damon, Editor, **THE LADDER**, 1005 Market Street, Room 208, San Francisco, California, 94103. Miss MacManus will go through the questions and devise an article answering all of them which will appear in a future issue of **THE LADDER**... GET THOSE QUESTIONS IN FAST, please!

MILITANT WOMEN: Women are organized in the United States to fight sexual discrimination. No, we are not referring to **NOW**, The National Organization of Women, often mentioned in these pages, but a group that calls itself **The Women's Liberation Movement**. As of last November, 1968, when an article on

this group (and on women's rights in general) appeared in the college magazine, **MODERATOR**, which is distributed on a national basis, **Women's Liberation Movement** was said to be only 10 months old, 800 members strong, with 30 chapters in 12 cities. This group's periodical, **THE VOICE OF THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT**, reports on their various activities. So far, their presence at Atlantic City last September, in an attempt to disrupt the Miss America Pageant, has been their only national effort that has won them publicity. We have seen only part of one issue of this newsletter, the October, 1968 issue. However, from the news contained in it, it is apparent that there are a number of radical women's rights groups forming in the United States. Unlike **NOW**, which appeals primarily to the older, upper middle class types, these more radical groups seem to have young members. We have no information on cost or frequency of publication, but information can be obtained by writing to 5336 South Greenwood, Chicago, Illinois.

JOE PYNE SHOW: Viewers on both coasts reported that an early January, 1969 segment of Joe Pyne's **Metromedia** syndicated interview show featured a 34-year-old Lesbian identified as "Tracy." All viewers agree that Mr. Pyne abandoned his usual sarcasm and quip approach and was very gentle and sincerely kind to Tracy. Interview further said to be constructive and not damaging to the Lesbian image.

THE FEARLESS SPECTATOR: Columnist Charles McCabe of the **SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE**, devoted his December 5, 1968 column to misuse of police. "The Armed Preacher: His Cost," covers the use of police manhours and law enforcement funds wasted in searching out and arresting those persons "guilty" of the "crimes" frequently referred to as "crimes without victims." Homosexuals, among others, rank high on the list of those who are punished simply because another section of society disapproved of their behavior. Mr. McCabe points out that we are spending a great deal of money to turn policemen into "armed preachers" while serious (real) crime flourishes.

THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS, January 21, 1969: More than 100 male and female homosexuals demonstrated in front of parliament demanding abolition of a law banning sexual relations with a minor of the same sex. They carried banners stating that the law obstructed individual freedom and "made love punishable." Ah! to live in a country where sexual relationships between adults are not punished... we'll be lucky to see that here in our lifetime.

STOP PRESS: By the time this reaches your attention, this event will have happened. Please refer to the first item in this issue's **CROSS CURRENTS**, and note the casual reference to a "Professor Rice of Fordham Law School." He came off badly in the television shows reported in this first item. However, according to **THE KIRKUS SERVICE** bulletin for January 1, 1969 (**KIRKUS** is an advance review tool for use of librarians and booksellers) this man is Charles E. Rice, whose book, **THE VANISHING RIGHT TO LIVE**, is due out from Doubleday on March 7, 1969. The book advocates capital punishment as a deterrent to crime, to the "protection of innocent life." Among the criminals he would execute are all homosexuals. He is against artificial insemination, abortion, euthanasia, suicide, contraception, sterilization and homosexuality. Note the clever juxtaposition of things **EVERYONE** is against with things most civil libertarians support. To quote the gentleman—"The real danger in America today is not the population explosion but the cupulation explosion" **AND** "the law should actively encourage chastity"... This is the kind of madness that makes it a matter of shame to have to admit to being a moral liberal and a political conservative. There is much to fear when men like this still stalk the land, teach in our schools, touch the young lives around them.

NEW YORK MATTACHINE NEWSLETTER for November, 1968, reported at length on a South African movement to make stiffer laws on homosexual behavior. The present laws make such behavior a crime only when people under age 16 are involved, a very realistic view. Beginning in 1966, the Police in South Africa have worked toward stiffer legislation. As we would expect, however, an

opposition group has sprung up to fight against this movement. Information on this is not readily available to newspapers in the United States, reaching Dick Leitsch of N.Y. MATTACHINE privately. Any further developments will be mentioned, for such legislation is vital to all homosexuals all over the world. Whenever any homosexual's freedom is compromised, we all are compromised.

GAB 'N JAVA and Rev. Robert W. Wood, N.Y. Chapter of DOB had Rev. Wood as speaker on December 15, 1968. Rev. Wood spoke on "What The Bible Really Says About the Homosexual." If you live near enough to San Francisco or New York City to attend the meetings, you are missing something if you fail to show up.



Dear Gene Damon:

I have heard many women say, "I'm proud to be a Lesbian!" in the same way that a Negro, a Jew, or any other member of an oppressed minority group may take pride in her heritage. Too often, this pride is irrational, and it is assumed as a defense against the oppressor.

The Lesbian, however, has special reasons to be proud of herself.

People say, "You, a Lesbian, are incapable of relating to men or of loving them." But men have oppressed women for centuries—shall we love the lash? We were only recently given the vote—and we are still excluded from real power in the business and political world, and from many professions and graduate schools.

I haven't got the time to catalogue the injustices of men against women. Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* is the best work available on the subject.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, a column in the Washington, D.C. EVENING STAR, February 5, 1969, by columnist Sylvia Porter, hits hard at unfair wage practices involving women, and unequal job opportunities. We all know this, but apparently the general public hasn't realized it yet, because every week or so another paper or magazine has an article on the terrible treatment of women in the working world. Miss Porter points out, for example, the Equal Pay Act has been in effect for 3½ years, but women workers are still being paid much less than men for identical work in many cases. A more ominous note is that women hold only 37% of the technical and professional jobs in the United States today. BUT, in 1945 they held 47% of such jobs . . . we are going backwards, not forwards.

But getting back to the business of "relating to men"—on whose terms shall we relate to them? Marriage in our society means that the woman takes the *man's* name and makes a home for him so that he can go out and advance in his profession. It is almost unknown for a couple to move to another city because *her* profession takes her there. As Simone de Beauvoir points out, she is the object, both in terms of his treatment of her as an aide in his career and as a sex object. He is *subjective*; the world is seen from his viewpoint. Relating to a man means relating on his terms.

The Lesbian chooses not to do so. She refuses to be an object, she does not accept and embrace second-class citizenship—although as a woman she is unable to enjoy the advantages of a first-class position. This choice is not, as the Freudians

would have us believe, the result of a diseased mind or a bad upbringing. Simone de Beauvoir points out in *The Second Sex* that Lesbianism is "an attitude *chosen* in a certain situation—that is, at once motivated and freely adopted."

A woman may not be fully aware of the circumstances which led to her decision. She may have repressed certain memories. This does not in any way diminish the fact that she has rejected a role of subordination to an oppressor. She is not unresponsive to the man because she "can't help it" but because, deep within her, she has rejected him. Lesbianism is not merely a psychological, personal phenomenon, but a sociological one as well.

She is told, "Your trouble is that you resent men." Every woman has grounds for resentment against men. She may repress her feelings, just as a subject population may profess to adore a dictator and repress the resentment about losing their freedom. She may be aware of her feelings, but find an accommodation to her status. She also may choose to reject the "system."

Any group of human beings in a position of power will fight any attempt to diminish that power. Men resent Lesbians, particularly those men who are unsure of their worth as individuals. Men were in some respects more tolerant of Lesbians in the past, indeed chose to ignore their existence—because their power was more secure, and their contempt for women was so great that they could not imagine any woman functioning without them.

We are a body of women independent of their domination, willing to compete with them on an equal basis—not willing to reduce ourselves to the lowest common denominator so that every living male can feel himself superior to us.

The erotic choice of women for their own sex is only one aspect of the situation. More important is the fact that we represent an alternate way of life for women. The erotic choice of one's own sex is open at all times, in all civilizations. The choice of independence is particularly politically important for women in our culture.

I do not mean to imply that an independent woman is necessarily homosexual. But there are many reasons why an independent woman may rightfully choose

to be homosexual—and chief among these is the fact that most men look upon her as an inferior and attempt to deny her certain civil rights. Some men have respect for women as people—but millions of women grow up in situations where this is not the case.

I do not believe that people are born homosexuals and "can't help it." Most of us cannot change through psychotherapy because of an inner pride which refuses to submit to the male. We need not apologize for this pride. We need not apologize for resenting a culture which has often portrayed women in the various art medias as adoring men who reduce them to an inferior position. We need not apologize, as though we were born with a handicap which prevents us from being "normal." We have made a choice out of a deep sense of pride—and we can be proud of it!

Martha Shelley
New York City

To the Editor:

I have been very surprised by some of the things I have read about DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS and THE LADDER in the English magazine, ARENA THREE (November, 1968 and December, 1968 issues). Surely some of that information was wrong? For one thing, they said that only 200 people subscribed to the magazine (THE LADDER), and one thing implied that the membership was very small, and also that THE LADDER would not be published much longer. The DOB convention I attended several years ago in New York City also had about 100 people or more present . . . and the last convention (DENVER, COLORADO, AUGUST, 1968) was supposed to have only 15 people. What about this?

E. P. G. West Virginia

(Editor's note: Yes, much of the information you mention in the writeups appearing in ARENA THREE for November and December, 1968 is erroneous. Both membership and subscriber numbers fluctuate, of course, but around 1100-1200 copies of the magazine go out each issue, to both paid subscribers and to members (who get a copy as a part of their membership, of course) and to a few institutions and professional personnel likely to be interested in the magazine for its sociological value. The low num-

ber of members attending the meeting in August was caused simply by the geographical location, practically dead center in the United States. Most of the members live in two large urban areas, San Francisco and New York. Many simply could not afford the expense of such a long journey—it costs several hundred dollars in airline fare alone for such a trip. There are a few members in most of the large cities, and a few dozen scattered around the country in the smaller areas. Understandably, most of the outlying people are subscribers only, since they are not located close enough to take part in the activities of the chapters—though we encourage membership in every area. There are around 100 members in San Francisco and 100 members in New York City at this time, with probably 10 to 20 in each of the other major cities of the country. **THE LADDER** will be published just as long as we can afford to publish it. Certainly we always need money, but this is true today of all of the dozens of homophile organizations in the world, and has always been true historically in this movement. Those of us who recognize that the movement itself cannot survive the death of its publications will do anything and everything to preserve their existence.)

Dear Miss Damon:

I am pleased to see that **THE LADDER** is going in more and more for women's rights in general, and for minority rights, rather than just sticking to the rights of Lesbians. As Miss Sanders pointed out

(**READERS RESPOND, DECEMBER/JANUARY**) we "lose our humanity" when we fail to encompass all civil injustice in our view.

It has been said in a number of responsible articles published by the various new women's rights groups that long after the black "man" has full and equal rights black and white women will still be underdogs in education, jobs, wages, etc.

I am sure your readers would be interested in an article that appeared in **EBONY** MAGAZINE, December, 1968, about the "first and only Negro woman colonel" in the U.S. Army, Dr. Clotilde Dent Bowen. She is a physician and a psychiatrist, currently stationed at Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Colonel Bowen is chief of the Review Branch of the Army's new "medicare insurance" program. The article is entitled "The Colonel Is A Lady," and as is often true of **EBONY** feature articles, it covers the subject's personal as well as professional history. Dr. Bowen points out that she received no prejudicial treatment as a black woman (though she realizes that some others have) but that she has been prejudiced against for being a woman. The article is heavily illustrated and shows Dr. Bowen at work; at home (in a split-level home outside Denver) with her white roommate, a nurse, Priscilla Rancourt; playing pool, and clearing snow away from the drive to her mountain cabin (for sports outings) above Denver.

S. C.

New York City

Every Magazine Is New Until You've READ It!

BACK COPIES STILL AVAILABLE

Write to:

DOB
1005 Market Street
Suite 208
San Francisco, California 94103

1. **THE GAY WORLD**, Martin Hoffman M.D.—Significant study of homosexuality with up-to-date conclusions 5.95
2. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS**, Gertrude Stein—Life with Gertrude—genius Lesbian—as Alice might have told it 1.45
3. **MICRO COSM**, Maureen Duffy—The Lesbian world of London—realistic and pertinent 4.95
4. **THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES**—includes **TWO SERIOUS LADIES** and **CAMP CATARACT** .. 2.45
5. **QUEEN CHRISTINA**, Georgina Masson—"Gifted, erratic and eccentric, she was the object of much scandal" N.Y. Times 7.95
6. **SONGS OF BILITIS**, Pierre Lovys 1.25
7. **SAPPHO—A NEW TRANSLATION**, Mary Barnard—Love poetry by Sappho of Lesbos 1.25
8. **THE WATCHER AND THE WATCHED**, Thomas Peachum—"Close to the edge of pornography . . . and well written" Gene Damon 1.50
9. **LULU PLAYS**, Frank Wedekind—includes **EARTH SPIRIT** and **PANDORA'S BOX**75
10. **THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE**, Frank Marcus—Hit play and newly released movie 4.50
11. **THE WELL OF LONELINESS**, Radclyffe Hall95
12. **NIGHTWOOD**, Djuna Barnes 1.50
13. **FIVE GIRLS**, photographed by Sam Haskins 1.45
14. **UNLIKE OTHERS**, Valerie Taylor75
15. **WAITING FOR WINTER**, John O'Hara—Short Stories—eight pertain—two Lesbian in theme95
15. **ANYTHING GOES**, Bine Strange Peterson—Well-written but depressing story of a Danish Lesbian95
17. **THE LESBIAN IN AMERICA**, D. W. Lory75
18. **THE GRAPE VINE**, Jess Stearn—Documentary95
19. Three assorted "Trashies"—Bad but fun 1.75
20. **INTERNATIONAL GUILD GUIDE—1969**—Gay spots, bars and meeting places—the world over—including USA 5.00
21. **SOME FACTS ABOUT LESBIANS**—DOB questionnaire results .. 1.00
22. **W.S.D. 6 Newsletter** Free

If you don't see it—write and ask for it.

Free copy of **OLIVIA** with every order over \$6.00 (Formerly DOB Bookservice)

**gertrude stein
memorial bookservice**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22

Enclosed is my check for \$
above.

please ship the book(s) encircled
above.

NAME

ADDRESS

Note: Your check **MUST** include the postage and packing fee of 10c a book (max. 50c), and tax if New York State resident.

291 MERCER STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

ber of members attending the meeting in August was caused simply by the geographical location, practically dead center in the United States. Most of the members live in two large urban areas, San Francisco and New York. Many simply could not afford the expense of such a long journey—it costs several hundred dollars in airline fare alone for such a trip. There are a few members in most of the large cities, and a few dozen scattered around the country in the smaller areas. Understandably, most of the outlying people are subscribers only, since they are not located close enough to take part in the activities of the chapters—though we encourage membership in every area. There are around 100 members in San Francisco and 100 members in New York City at this time, with probably 10 to 20 in each of the other major cities of the country. **THE LADDER** will be published just as long as we can afford to publish it. Certainly we always need money, but this is true today of all of the dozens of homophile organizations in the world, and has always been true historically in this movement. Those of us who recognize that the movement itself cannot survive the death of its publications will do anything and everything to preserve their existence.)

Dear Miss Damon:

I am pleased to see that **THE LADDER** is going in more and more for women's rights in general, and for minority rights, rather than just sticking to the rights of Lesbians. As Miss Sanders pointed out

(READERS RESPOND, DECEMBER/JANUARY) we "lose our humanity" when we fail to encompass all civil injustice in our view.

It has been said in a number of responsible articles published by the various new women's rights groups that long after the black "man" has full and equal rights black and white women will still be underdogs in education, jobs, wages, etc.

I am sure your readers would be interested in an article that appeared in **EBONY MAGAZINE**, December, 1968, about the "first and only Negro woman colonel" in the U.S. Army, Dr. Clotilde Dent Bowen. She is a physician and a psychiatrist, currently stationed at Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Colonel Bowen is chief of the Review Branch of the Army's new "medicare insurance" program. The article is entitled "The Colonel Is A Lady," and as is often true of **EBONY** feature articles, it covers the subject's personal as well as professional history. Dr. Bowen points out that she received no prejudicial treatment as a black woman (though she realizes that some others have) but that she has been prejudiced against for being a woman. The article is heavily illustrated and shows Dr. Bowen at work; at home (in a split-level home outside Denver) with her white roommate, a nurse, Priscilla Rancourt; playing pool, and clearing snow away from the drive to her mountain cabin (for sports outings) above Denver.

S. C.

New York City

Every Magazine Is New Until You've READ It!

BACK COPIES STILL AVAILABLE

Write to:

DOB
1005 Market Street
Suite 208
San Francisco, California 94103

1. **THE GAY WORLD**, Martin Hoffman M.D.—Significant study of homosexuality with up-to-date conclusions 5.95
2. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS**, Gertrude Stein—Life with Gertrude—genius Lesbian—as Alice might have told it 1.45
3. **MICRO COSM**, Maureen Duffy—The Lesbian world of London—realistic and pertinent 4.95
4. **THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES**—includes **TWO SERIOUS LADIES** and **CAMP CATARACT** .. 2.45
5. **QUEEN CHRISTINA**, Georgina Masson—"Gifted, erratic and eccentric, she was the object of much scandal" N.Y. Times 7.95
6. **SONGS OF BILITIS**, Pierre Lovys 1.25
7. **SAPPHO—A NEW TRANSLATION**, Mary Barnard—Love poetry by Sappho of Lesbos 1.25
8. **THE WATCHER AND THE WATCHED**, Thomas Peachum—"Close to the edge of pornography ... and well written" Gene Damon 1.50
9. **LULU PLAYS**, Frank Wedekind—includes **EARTH SPIRIT** and **PANDORA'S BOX**75
10. **THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE**, Frank Marcus—Hit play and newly released movie 4.50
11. **THE WELL OF LONELINESS**, Radclyffe Hall95
12. **NIGHTWOOD**, Djuna Barnes 1.50
13. **FIVE GIRLS**, photographed by Sam Haskins 1.45
14. **UNLIKE OTHERS**, Valerie Taylor75
15. **WAITING FOR WINTER**, John O'Hara—Short Stories—eight pertain—two Lesbian in theme95
15. **ANYTHING GOES**, Bine Strange Peterson—Well-written but depressing story of a Danish Lesbian95
17. **THE LESBIAN IN AMERICA**, D. W. Lory75
18. **THE GRAPE VINE**, Jess Stearn—Documentary95
19. Three assorted "Trashies"—Bad but fun 1.75
20. **INTERNATIONAL GUILD GUIDE—1969**—Gay spots, bars and meeting places—the world over—including USA 5.00
21. **SOME FACTS ABOUT LESBIANS**—DOB questionnaire results .. 1.00
22. **W.S.D. 6 Newsletter** Free

If you don't see it—write and ask for it.

Free copy of **OLIVIA** with every order over \$6.00 (Formerly DOB Bookservice)

**gertrude stein
memorial bookservice**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22

Enclosed is my check for \$
above.

please ship the book(s) encircled
above.

NAME

ADDRESS

Note: Your check **MUST** include the postage and packing fee of 10c a book (max. 50c), and tax if New York State resident.

291 MERCER STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

WE RECOMMEND:

The Challenge And Progress of Homosexual LAW REFORM



Prepared and Published by:

COUNCIL ON RELIGION
AND THE HOMOSEXUAL
DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS
SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS
TAVERN GUILD OF SAN FRANCISCO

25 or more issues 60c each
1 copy mailed \$1.25 *including postage*

Write to:

DOB
1005 Market Street
Suite 208
San Francisco, California 94103

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.
1005 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103

Please send *THE LADDER* for year(s) in a plain sealed envelope
to the address below. I enclose \$ at the rate of \$7.50 for
each year ordered.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY State Zone

I am over 21 years of age (Signed)

DAUGHTERS of BILITIS

INCORPORATED

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

THE LADDER is a bi-monthly magazine published by Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., mailed in a plain sealed envelope for \$7.50 a year. Anyone over 21 may subscribe to **THE LADDER**.

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.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS and San Francisco Chapter:
1005 Market Street, Room 208
San Francisco, California 94103

New York Chapter
P. O. Box 3629
Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

May we draw your attention to the potentials of a new customer market? The **LADDER** has reversed its long established policy and is now accepting general advertising.

A thousand adult readers regularly receive *The LADDER*, a magazine circulated throughout this country featuring news and views of the homosexual and the homophile movement of particular interest to women.

Most of our readers are women 21-45 years old who have devoted a major portion of their leisure time to assisting the lesbian to become a more productive, secure citizen. Most of our readers believe that discrimination against the homosexual is unfair and unjustified. To these readers your advertisement places you on record as an ally in their personal area of deep concern. Our readers are apt to become and remain loyal customers. Charges for single insertions of advertisement copy are given below.

Please mail your advertising copy and check in full to:

THE LADDER
1005 Market Street Room 208
San Francisco, California 94103

ADVERTISING RATES

Half Page	\$ 45	Inside Cover	\$100
Quarter Page	\$ 25	Full Page	\$ 80

Repeated advertisements at reduced rates.