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The Ladder

a Lesbian Review

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AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1969

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

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

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

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THE LADDER

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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.

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ONE FLESH

I will let my hands fall gently
down your sides,
Again and again roll my lips on
your neck,
Your body being mine, I shall
feast again,
Passing you through my mouth
and nostrils,
Ever unable to incorporate your
flesh,
Yet always with my body open
spread over you,
Ready for our desire.
Cover me with your shoulders
and hips,
Pressing a thigh between mine,
The urge of your hard-tipped breast
Forcing my lips apart,
Opening with your hands all the
secrets of my flesh.

Celia Leman

ANNIVERSARY

Sleep carefully, my love.

Choose the morning well for sleeping,
nor be distracted by thoughts of lilies
or camellias blooming in the soft rain,
or bright desert mornings with the sun
glinting sharply on a piece of agate.

You yourself must choose the day,
for sleep and for love.
Time is our only treasure
and we are ever besieged deviously
to pay out our allotted hoard.

Once having chosen,
we'll sleep and love with abandon.
We have nothing but love to hide.

Be touch-close, kiss-close,
and never turn far from me,
even in your separate world of dreams.

This time is ours,
and you are so beautiful.

—JUNERWANDA—

by Vern L. Bullough, Ph. D.

WOMEN IN HISTORY: A NOTE OF CAUTION

In my historical studies of sexual behavior (centered around prostitution and homosexuality), I have been impressed by the fact that so few eminent women in the past have been considered "normal." In fact most women who have achieved historical notice have been labeled as prostitutes, sexually promiscuous, homosexual, or otherwise identified as sexually maladjusted. Usually, however, women are passed quickly over in the historical record, and except for the fact that we know every great man had to have a mother, and most had wives or sisters, we might well assume that women did not exist throughout much of recorded history. This raises a serious question of whether the women in history who are identified as being sexually deviant can be explained in psycho-pathological terms. I am not certain that they can, and if there is doubt that they can be so identified it might be well for us to question how past attitudes affect us today.

One of the assumptions we have to make is that in much of the past there was almost no way in which a woman could earn a living independent of the male. She was watched over by the men of her family, father, brother, and then husband. Women in effect were property, and virginity was usually prized as a mark of undamaged property. Society condemned the prostitute as an individual but accepted prostitution as an institution, in part because it fitted into the male image of society. Moreover, most historical societies had a rigid double

standard in which women who strayed could be punished but the man who was promiscuous was assumed to be acting naturally. Even in societies that accepted homosexuality for men, such as Greece, the female homosexual was ostracized; in fact an unmarried state for any woman in the past had to be regarded as the rare exception and usually was not tolerated. Moreover, in many societies, including some today, women were circumcized to deny them any pleasure in the sex act, no matter how it was performed.

If the above assumptions are true, then I think several things become evident. First, what happened to the woman who refused to subordinate herself to the male, to become another piece of his property? Undoubtedly many such women turned to prostitution as an out, including women who might have had a homosexual orientation. But are all of those women who were labeled as being promiscuous in history really deserving of such a label? On the other hand are all those women who supposedly accepted their inferior state, really so quiescent? If in the male mind the only allowed exception to being a subjected wife-mother was to become a prostitute or to manifest some other form of sexual deviance, then would not the male historian and chronicler explain all women who broke with the accepted role of women in such terms? Would he not also ignore the very real discontent of women who nominally accepted the female role but in actual fact were in rebellion against it? I think this in fact is what hap-

pened. It seems safe to say that, for most of the past, women have not been examined or looked upon as complex individuals. Usually they have been regarded as either saints or sinners or totally ignored; it is the "sinners" who have achieved the most pages in history texts, but this has only served to give a totally distorted view.

Let me amplify just briefly. It seems apparent that women have not always been quite so subordinate to men. If we can utilize the various legends of the past, including the geneology of the gods, as historical evidence, it seems in fact that women were once much more influential; many of the ancient gods started out as females although they ended up as males. Throughout most of recorded history, however, men have been dominant, monopolizing both political power and the ability to communicate with the future (since women were kept illiterate), and it is this distorted picture of women that has come down to us. Only rarely have the males questioned the masculinity or motives of their fellow males, but every female has to run the gauntlet of male prejudice.

One of the earliest women to appear in the pages of history was Hatshepsut, the Egyptian pharaoh. Her male successors tried to remove all mention of her name, or any remembrance of her rule, and today historians do not look upon her as a normal woman but as a transvestite with strong homosexual tendencies, or else as a totally incompetent ruler. Women are not meant to rule, Hatshepsut then either did not rule, or botched up the job, or was really a woman with a masculine drive. Nowhere is a really effective wom-

an recognized.

In Greek society where we have much greater literary source material, we know that women led very cloistered lives, at least after the Homeric age. Almost every woman who gets more than passing mention is a prostitute or otherwise sexually deviant, although obviously Aspasia, the beloved of Pericles must have had something more than promiscuity to account for her very real influence in Athens. Interestingly enough, some of the stories about Greek prostitutes are quite flattering, and in my mind reveal an admiration for the women who broke the bonds of society, yet at the same time there appears to be a determination to keep one's wife, daughter, or sister in the proper channels. Though Roman women had somewhat more freedom than in Greece, those women who achieved prominence in the political or literary scene are usually identified with deviant sexual conduct. I have no doubt that the notorious Messalina, the wife of Claudius, was probably a nymphomaniac, but Livia, the wife of Augustus, who is alleged to have prostituted herself to gain political power seems to have been falsely maligned. She was a woman with a mind of her own, and so obviously she must be labeled as a bad mother, lacking in ability, but who achieved prominence because of her ability to use her feminine wiles which blinded the superior male to the inferior creature she really was.

In the Byzantine Empire, the woman most frequently mentioned is Theodora who was an able and witty woman, co-ruler with her husband. Again, however, she is labeled as being a prostitute, and though her real accomplishments are now

being recognized, for a long time there was a tendency to look upon Justinian as a fool for being unable to free himself from her clutches. Even in her own time, secret anecdotes concocted by the official historian Procopius circulated around Constantinople about her sexual needs and desires. It is these secret scandals rather than the record of her accomplishment which usually receives attention.

In Western Europe, the tendency to make woman either a saint or sinner received further emphasis with the development of Romantic Love. As has often been pointed out, romantic love is in part derived from the homosexual love of Plato, and to Christianize it, the male object in the medieval period was replaced by a female one. Again, however, the love object was not one's spouse, but a woman on a pedestal. A mere glance from such a fine creature sent men (what did women do?) on deeds of derring do, or even on literary voyages (such as Dante), but the women so idealized were not real flesh and blood creatures. Those women who acted as real women, who asserted themselves in a male world, suffered from a bad press. Eleanor of Aquitaine, for example, managed to leave her mark on history through her patronage of chivalric literature and through her marriage to two kings, first the king of France, and then the king of England. Quite obviously Eleanor was a strong-willed woman and as such a threat to men. Thus, in history, and in her own time, she was labeled as promiscuous, a prostitute, or a homosexual. All sorts of lurid tales about her activities on the Third Crusade were whispered about Europe and in the contemporary chron-

icles. When her husband (Louis) divorced her, however, his nominal reason was because she had not given him a male heir. No matter, the king of England quickly seized and married her in order to get her dowry (most of southwestern France). Her English husband ended up imprisoning her and spending most of his time with a mistress, yet Eleanor is blamed for the revolt of her sons, including Richard the Lionhearted, against their father. In fact until very recently Eleanor was looked upon as a somewhat immoral queen who caused trouble for her virtuous? upright husband, the king of England.

Speaking of England it might be well to remember that Queen Mary and Elizabeth of England in the sixteenth century were the first women to rule a western country in their own right. Mary "loused" up the job and so historians have been content to label her as merely a poor incompetent woman, in love with her husband, and obviously helpless to rule effectively. Elizabeth, however, causes more trouble since by any standard she was one of the most outstanding monarchs of history. But what kinds of rumors circulate about her? There are naturally rumors of promiscuity (but nobody says anything about her male predecessors); but the much more popular rumor (and more satisfying to the male ego) is the one that claims Elizabeth was really a man, a male transvestite, if you will. The standard story claims that Elizabeth was sent away from the court as a young girl and that she died. Her guardians, fearful of the king, replaced her with a neighbor boy and since Henry and the court came by only rarely, the deception proved

successful and the male Elizabeth grew up to achieve every transvestite's dream, that of becoming queen. This obviously explains a lot about Elizabeth such as her baldness, and her overpowering desire to collect clothes and shoes. Of course it also effectively denies that woman could be successful as a ruler.

A contemporary of Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici, the queen mother of France, also dominated her country after the death of her husband; but her success is explained in terms of frustrated love. Cast aside by her husband for a mistress, Catherine devoted herself to her three sons; and so her actions are seen as those of a frustrated mother determined to see her sons succeed. Nowhere is she really examined as a capable, complex woman with powerful drives of her own. A more notorious French woman, Joan of Arc, of course represents the perfect embodiment of the sinner and saint, and has in recent years become a choice subject for historically oriented psychiatrists. Joan, as everyone knows, was burned at the stake, and later canonized, so she can either be a sinner or saint depending upon one's perspective. Modern psychiatrists, not content with this dual role, have now diagnosed her as a homosexual with transvestite tendencies. Thus she becomes a woman not satisfied with the female role; and here we reinforce what we still interpret as the only acceptable female role, that of helpmate and mother.

Occasionally women did appear as able in their own right; but usually they had to disguise their very real ambitions under the guise of religion. This was true even as late as the nineteenth century where

Florence Nightingale serves as a good example. Even at this time women who wanted to write issued their works under male pseudonyms and such writers as George Sand are still known by their male pen names. Now, though women have achieved much higher status and more freedom, these historical conflicts remain. Any survey of psychiatric literature indicates the contemporary problem of role conflict.

Consciously or unconsciously, however, psychiatrists are basing many of their own concepts of the female role upon what history has said it was, forgetting that history has been written and collected by men. As a result, I think, many of the psychiatric assumptions about the female role, dating at least from the time of Freud, are based upon historically distorted information. What we now need are effective collaborative efforts between historians and psychiatrists to examine many of the old stereotypes which continue to influence our thinking.

(Vern L. Bullough has been Professor of History at San Fernando Valley State College, Northridge, California since 1959. He and his wife, Bonnie, have been working for many years on a history of homosexuality, i.e., attitudes, laws, etc. They have authored a number of books: *THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION*; *ISSUES IN NURSING*; *EMERGENCE OF MODERN NURSING* and *DEVELOPMENTS OF MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION*. Dr. Bullough is the author of the ACLU statement on homosexuality.)

by Franklin E. Kameny, Ph. D.

WACS PREVAIL OVER ARMY

Last autumn the Mattachine Society of Washington learned that the Army was conducting a "purge" of WACs, in regard to homosexuality, at Fort Myer, Virginia, and Fort Ritchie, Maryland. Fort Myer is immediately outside Washington, close to the Pentagon; Fort Ritchie is about 75 miles to the north, near the Pennsylvania border.

At the outset, letters were written to the commanding officers of the WAC companies at each Fort objecting to any such purges. These letters pointed out that we were prepared, if need be, to send out news releases announcing the crackdown and making very public, among other things, the high percentage of homosexual WACs, a fact which we were sure that the Army would not be particularly pleased to have bruited about. Following receipt of that letter, the commanding officer of one of the WAC companies would not even talk to us over the telephone unless her counsel were present.

Two mass meetings of WACs were called in order to instruct them on how best to deal with the situation. They were given careful coaching as to how to handle interrogations that might occur, including, of course, the basic instruction: Say nothing; sign nothing. They were told that Army investigators have the right to look at personal possessions, and therefore they should place such things as letters, photographs, address books, and the like in the safekeeping of civilian friends.

They were given copies of the leaflet "How to Handle a Federal Interrogation." At one of the meetings, one of the WACs astutely pointed out that possession of that leaflet would, in itself, compromise her if the investigators were to search her belongings and find it.

So, we decided to "compromise" everybody. The WACs took about 100 of the leaflets back to the WAC barracks, and late that night they literally plastered the barracks with them. The next morning there were leaflets on bulletin boards, on tables in lounges, etc. Each officer of the WAC company found one of the leaflets on her desk when she walked into the Orderly Room that morning. Thus everyone had a perfectly good excuse for having a leaflet in her possession, and the good news received maximum dissemination.

Post officers got quite upset and searched frantically for the source of supply. Eventually the Army posted a notice calling to the attention of the WACs the Army regulation on leafleting and billboarding.

The investigation narrowed to two WACs, very close friends, whom we shall call Miss X and Miss Y, Miss X being stationed at Fort Myer and Miss Y at Fort Ritchie. Both Miss X and Miss Y had security clearances. Their clearances were suspended (not quite simultaneously) and investigations of them commenced. This was done initially without written notice to either Miss X or Miss Y.

Because regulations permit such suspensions to remain in effect for

only 90 days, after which action must be taken either to reinstate the clearance or revoke it permanently, it was necessary that we have dated written notice of the suspensions. After an extremely unpleasant meeting with Army intelligence agents near Washington, during which Miss F, a member of the Mattachine Society of Washington, and I laid down the law to them, Miss X was given her written notice that her clearance had been suspended.

During one rather Kafka-like episode, intelligence agents presented us with the wrong document. When this was called to their attention, they snatched back the paper and proceeded to deny that it had ever existed.

We pointed out to the agents that the requirement that action be taken within 90 days meant, as far as we were concerned, 90 days, and not 91 days, or 90 days and 1 hour, or even 90 days and 1 minute. Furthermore, they were informed that if the clearance were going to be revoked, we expected full due process, including confrontation of witnesses, cross-examination, presentation of evidence, etc.

The Army intelligence agent in the case of Miss Y was much more pleasant. He did state, however, that the commanding officer of Fort Ritchie played "god" as far as the disposition of classified information and the issuance of clearances were concerned. We informed him that if every last iota of due process were not observed in Miss Y's case, "god" was very likely to find himself dethroned by the courts.

Ultimately, separate interrogations were scheduled for Miss X and Miss Y. Miss X's interrogation was called off following a telephone discussion between us and the interro-

gator, in which the interrogator was told that no irrelevant questions would be answered, that we would decide what was and was not relevant, and that as far as we were concerned, nothing whatever having to do with homosexuality was relevant to the proper implementation of any proper Army purposes. When he pointed out that their regulations made it necessary for them to investigate these matters and therefore made these questions relevant, we replied that we considered these regulations themselves irrelevant to the proper implementation of any proper military purpose.

Miss Y's interrogation was preceded by one of the longest, most elaborate, most complete and meticulously careful statements of her Constitutional and other rights which it has ever been my privilege to hear. It took the interrogator a full five minutes to deliver it.

Miss Y was asked a series of questions, answers to all of which were refused on grounds of irrelevancy. One of the questions asked was whether she was a member of or associated with the Mattachine Society of Washington. The Society protested to the Secretary of the Army the asking of that question on the ground that since the Mattachine Society of Washington is a lawfully constituted, lawfully acting organization, membership in or affiliation or association with it is of no possible proper concern to the Army under any circumstances whatever, and that the asking of such questions exercises a "chilling" effect upon membership.

The Deputy General Counsel of the Army has written back that it is not Army policy to inquire into such associations, although they refuse to impose a blanket prohibition against such inquiries. The Society

has taken the matter under advisement.

The interrogator in Miss Y's case was somewhat apologetic, explaining that regulations required him to subject her to all of this and that he was only doing his duty. We pointed out that he was taking a position remarkably similar to that taken by the late Adolf Eichmann, and that a duly constituted, lawfully acting court had hanged Adolf Eichmann, setting a precedent for the lack of weight to be given to that argument in exculpation of misdeeds.

Shortly before the expiration of the 90-day period in each case, the Army terminated its investigation and restored the clearances of both Miss X and Miss Y; and both were returned to full regular duty. The Army, however, did transfer Miss

Y to duty at some considerable distance from Washington.

It is to be noted that other WACs caught up in the same crackdown did receive less-than-fully-honorable discharges, because they chose not to resist and not to fight. Obviously all that a homophile organization can do, in the old adage, is to "lead a horse to water; one cannot make her drink." Those who accepted advice and who resisted came out victorious. Those who did not departed ignominiously. The lesson is clear.

(Editor's note: Publishable comments on this article are invited. We are particularly interested in hearing what the probable treatment of these women in the future in service will be from some of you who have "been the route.")



24 POEMS BY RENEE VIVIEN

translated from the French by Gabrielle l'Autre
and one poem dedicated to Renee Vivien
by Gabrielle l'Autre

(Poet Rénée Vivien was born Pauline Tarn in 1877 in London. She was the daughter of John Tarn of England and Mary Gillet Bennett of Jackson, Michigan. Except for a few years in England, Rénée Vivien lived her life out in Paris, though she travelled to other countries, notably to the Greek Islands.

At 22 she learned Greek in order to read the poetry of Sappho in the original. Her prose translations of the Sapphic fragments are fanciful.

She was a disciple of Baudelaire, and was influenced by the work of Swinburne and Rossetti. In her rented villa on Mytilene, she attempted to relive the Golden Age of Sappho. Her

poetry deals exclusively with Lesbian love.

Because of her preoccupation with Lesbian love, she has been ignored by the critics in this country, though she is technically considered an American and English poet in most listings. She wrote entirely in French, and she has not been translated into English. No less an authority than THE COLUMBIA DICTIONARY OF MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE pronounces her verse as having been "unjustly neglected," saying that it "merits respect and admiration because of its delicate purity and perfection of form."

She died in 1909, at age 32, has-

tening her own end by fasting and mysticism.)

(Gabrielle was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin and grew up in the mid-West. After receiving her degree in journalism from Marquette University in mid-Depression years, she travelled all over the western half of the United States and into Mexico.

She served in the WAC during World War II and later went to England and France to study on the GI bill. In Paris she discovered the poetry of R  n  e Vivien, while studying French at the Alliance Francaise.

Family concerns brought her back to the United States for some years. After the death of her friend of eighty years, she travelled again to Europe,

to France and England. Her route, however, featured an around-the-world trip during which she visited many members of the Minorities Research Group (ARENA 3).

She met her present friend at London's famous Gateways Club and they now reside in California.

Gabrielle's own poetry has been published in THE LADDER, ONE, THE ARCHER, FLAME, BARDIC ECO-HOES, ARENA 3, KANSAS magazine, the HUMANIST, and many other little magazines.

Her interests include many languages, in addition to French, German, Russian and Japanese.

We present here a selection of her translations of the poetry of R  n  e Vivien.)

translations from Renee Vivien 'POESIES COMPLETES'

Vol. I, Page 8

CHANSON

Your voice is a knowing poem to cajole
And charm me till all reason perishes.
I love you, oh dearest despair of my soul,
As a sorrow that one nurtures and cherishes.

Slim, tall, graceful, white,
You return from the distant days of before,
My remote friend, oh flower of light,
Pale as the lilies that I adore.

A memory dulls and fades, I am told.
But how forget? I can never
That your voice made itself soft to enfold
Me, to tell me you would love me forever.

SONNET

The pomp of jewels, the vanity of curled tresses
Mix the polish of art with your perverse charm.
Even the gardenias which winter cannot harm
Die in your hands of your impure caresses.

Your delicately delineated mouth expresses
The artifice, the inflections of poetry.
Your breasts blossom in pale luxury
Under the cleverly half-open folds of your dresses.

The reflection of sapphires darkens in the somber night
Of your eyes. Your undulous body that troubles my sight
Makes a gleaming furrow of gold in the middle of light.

When you pass, holding a subtle smile for me,
Blonde pastel surcharged with gems and perfumery,
I dream of the splendor of your body naked and free.

Vol. I, Page 23

LUCIDITY

You fill your leisure with the delicate art of vice,
You know how to awaken the warmth of desire in ice.
Every movement of your supple body is a subtle caress;
The odor of the bed mingles with the perfumes of your dress.
The too-sweet blandness of honey is like your blond charm.
You love only the artificial, what does harm,
The music of elegant words and murmurings.
Your kisses graze the lips like transient wings.
Your eyes are winters starred with icy isles.
Lamentings follow your steps in dejected files.
Your word is a shadow, your gesture, a pale reflection.

Your body has softened from kisses without affection.
Your soul has become withered, your flesh has been abused.
Languorous, lewd, your cunning touch you have used
Till it does not know the loyal beauty of the embrace.
You speak the artful speeches one would hear, to one's face;
Beneath feigned sweetness a watchful reptile lies.
Dark as a sea without reflecting skies,
The tombs are less impure than your bed. But the worst,
Oh Woman! Only your mouth will quench my thirst!

Vol. I, Page 29

CHANSON

I do not anymore wish to see
The world except through the veil
Of your hair, blonde and pale,
For my soul is weary of my destiny.

On my forehead that deliriums opportune,
Over my sleepless eyes that stare,
Spread out the soft strands of hair,
To me like gleaming rays of the moon.

Since the bitter past weeps alone,
Make of that gentle tissue of cloud
For spent hopes, lost dreams, a shroud,
And for joys I have briefly known.

Vol. I, Page 32

CRY

Through their half-closed lids your amorous blue eyes
Harbor vague betrayals, pleasant lies.
The violent, deceitful breath of these roses keeps
Me drunk like a wine in which slow poison sleeps.

Towards the evening hour, when the fireflies madly dance,
Our desire of the moment burns, reflects in your glance.
You repeat, in vain, your words of flattery.
I hate you and yet I love you abominably.

CHANSON

Opulent as the sunset, your mass
Of rose-blond hair.
And oh, Beloved, when you pass,
What trembling of the air!

Your silence is the darkness yet illumed
After a song closes.
My giddy soul is all perfumed
Of your flesh and white roses.

When you lift your lids your pale eyes
Of a subtle, penetrating blue
Reflect the large lights of wide skies.
"April!" the flowers say of you.

Vol. I Page 57

VELLEITY

Loosen your feverish arms, oh my mistress, dismiss
Me. Set me free from the yoke of your bitter kiss.
Far from your lascivious, oppressive scent,
Far from the languors of the bed where our hours are spent.

On the breath of the wind I shall breathe the sharp salt air,
The acrid tang of the algae; till clean and bare,
I shall go towards the wild profundity of the sea,
Pale from solitude, drunk with chastity.

Vol. I, Page 75

THE TOUCH

The trees have kept some lingering sun in their branches.
Veiled like a woman, evoking another time,
The twilight passes, weeping. My fingers climb,
Trembling, provocative, the line of your haunches.

My ingenious fingers wait when they have found
The petal flesh beneath the robe they part.
How curious, complex, the touch, this subtle art —
As the dream of fragrance, the miracle of sound.

I follow slowly the graceful contours of your hips,
The curves of your shoulders, your neck, your unappeased breasts.
In your white voluptuousness my desire rests,
Swooning, refusing itself the kisses of your lips.

Vol. I, Page 114

THE ROCKET

Dizzily I rocketed towards the stars through the night . . .
Compared to my pride, the triumph of gods grew pale
An my wildly joyous ascending nuptial flight
Tore away the shadows of summer like a fragile veil . . .

In a fleeing hymeneal kiss, I was the lover
Of the night, her hair tangled with violets.
I saw the white tobacco flowers uncover
Their caskets where sleep the memories one forgets.

And I saw, high and still higher, the divine Pleiades . . .
I attained Eternal Silence by my long escalade . . .
Then I broke like a false rainbow that the sun succeeds,
Casting feeble splinters of gold and onyx and jade . . .

I was the dream destroyed and the lightning spent . . .
I had known the ardor and effort of the upward fight,
The victory, the monstrous fright of descent,
I was the fallen star which drowns in the night.

Vol. II, Page 110

YOU FOR WHOM I WROTE

You for whom I wrote, oh lovely young women without names,
You whom, alone, I loved, will you re-read my verse
On future mornings snowing coldly on the universe,
By future quiet evenings of roses and flames?

Will you sit dreaming, amid the charming disarray
Of dishevelled hair, open robes, of her you never discover
Wherever you look: "Whether on day of mourning or festival day,
This woman wore always her glance, her lips of a lover."

Pale, giving forth a fragrance to haunt my flesh and mind,
In the magic evocation of night when love should be rare and free
Will you say: "This woman had the ardor I can never find.
What a pity she is not living! She would have loved me . . ."

Vol. II, Page 218

HAPPY VIGIL

With love I spy upon your sleep in the night.
Your forehead has taken on the shadow's majesty,
All the enchantment, the somber mystery . . .
And the hour, like nocturnal water, runs in flight.

You sleep next to me, like a child. In my ear
Your breath, feeble, soft, almost musical,
Follows a steady, rhythmic rise and fall.
Your soul travels a long route, far from here.

Watching you so, I listen, love by my side.
Oh perfect visage, your eyes closed as in death!
Like a very distant song, your sleeping breath;
I hear it, and my heart is peaceful and satisfied.

Vol. I, Page 147

For Andromeda, she has
a lovely recompense.

For Andromeda: The lightning of your kiss, your unrests,
Your veils of a virgin. At this, to her you run
With your languors of a lover, the slow sigh of your appeased breasts,
Oh faithless one!

For Andromeda: the gold-brown evenings, the songs,
The shadow of your lashes on your pupils through the magic hours,
The nights of Lesbos where exalts a fragrance that belongs
To eternal flowers.

For me: fevered, fitful sleep under the skies
Where die the Pleiades; and the grave cadences,
The winter of your voice, the cold abyss of your eyes,
Your pale silences.

(Towards) me quite recently Dawn
with golden sandals . . .

My eyes have seen dawn fleeing in sandals of gold:
On the taciturn mountain-top her swift feet gleam,
On treetops of the forest whose sleeping depths yet enfold.
The nocturnal dream.

Vol I, Page 150
Sleep on the breast of your
tender mistress.

Sleep between the breasts of the conquered love. Rest,
Oh virgin in whose glance a brash adolescent gleams,
And let nuptial Hesperus lead you in your passionate quest
Towards happy dreams.

Vol. I, Page 152

Come, Goddess of Kupros, and pour
delicately into the golden cups the
nectar mixed of joys.

Daughter of Kupros, whose lightning glance destroys,
Delicately with your graceful hands tip up
And pour the nectar mixed of bitterness and joys
Into each golden cup.

Vol. I, Page 152

. . . as for my sobbing: and let
the stormy winds carry it for
all suffering.

Let the evening wind carry away my sob
Towards the prostrate cities and plains of vague tomorrows;
Carry it away to mingle with the aching throb
Of distant sorrows.

Carry it, more grave, more gentle than feeble speech,
A pitiable appeal through the ages that unroll,
To the countless hearts my fraternal love my reach,
Appease and console.

Vol. I, Page 171

And sleep of the black eyes,
(child) of the night.

The grave sunset puts out the golden light . . .
Appeasing all sorrows, extinguishing all joys,
Sleep of the black eyes, child of the green and quiet night,
Dims the noise,

And the soul of the lilies wanders in its breath, unseen,
Not knowing how to content the sighs that suspire
From the ardent sea at the foot of Mytilene,
Tired of desire.

As a sweet apple reddens at
the extremity of the branch, at the
distant extremity: the pickers of fruits
have forgotten it or, rather, they
have not forgotten it, but they cannot
reach it.

As an apple, blushed and golden-skinned,
Balances itself among the verdure and sways
At the extremity of a branch where whispers and plays
A singing, trembling wind,

As an apple against the evening sky
Laughs at the changing will of the breeze in the tree,
You shine forth, mocking the vain cupidity
Of the covetous passerby.

The knowing ardor of autumn enfolds
In your nudity all ambers and golds.
You keep the fruit of your body beautiful
And inaccessible.

(I call this one "Virgin." — Gab.)

Vol. I, Page 167

Someone, I believe,
will remember us in the future.

On tomorrows that fate weaves from the fragile threads spun here,
Future beings will remember what we have done;
At this, mistress I adore, let us not fear
The shadow of oblivion.

For those born after us to this world, where sound
The lamentations of song, will cast their sighs
Towards me who loved you fiercely with an anguish profound.
Towards you, delight of my eyes.

The fluctuating days, the perfumed nights to ensue
Will come to make eternal across the abyss
Of time the joy, the ardent suffering we knew,
Our tremblings, our embrace, our kiss.

Vol. I, Page 173

. . . a virgin with a soft voice.

I listen, dreaming. Your refreshing voice
Runs like the water of a spring over moss,
Appeasing my old sorrows, my persistent loss.
In your virgin sweetness I rejoice.

Vol. I, Page 173

Eros today has torn my
soul, wind which in the mountains
beats down the oaks.

Eros has bent my soul with giant strokes
As a mountain wind twists and breaks great oaks . . .
And I see perish in the fire's moving light
A whole moth flight.

I saw you plucking the fennel and the thyme
And the flower of the wind, the frail anemone,
Oh virgin! and your childlike smile I could see
Where the dawn trembled for a time.

With the vigor of a young shrub my body came to you,
Grazed lingeringly your tender and broken flesh.
You lifted to me your eyes more fresh
Than running water or the dew.

Fatal Eros and amorous Destiny
And Aphrodite whose priestess I am,
We came to pick the fennel and the thyme,
At this, mistress dear to me.

Vol. I, Page 176

I shall be virgin always.

I shall remain virgin as the serene snow
That, in a white dream, lies there below,
Sleeping palely, that winter protects
From the brutal sun.

Like the breath of the north and river of rain,
I shall flee imprint and soiling stain.
The grasp that strangles, the kiss that infects
And wounds I shall shun.

I shall remain virgin as the distant moon
That the sobbing desires of the sea importune,
That the reaching mirror of the sea reflects,
Never to be won.

Vol. I, Page 178

The light ... which does not
destroy the sight ... like a hyacinth.

Night, purple as a hyacinth bloom,
Your light flowers in the orchard of the skies.
Your perfume is chaste, and your gentle gloom
Consoles the eyes.

by Del Martin

NO TO NACHO Why DOB Cannot Belong Legally

1. Membership in another organization is against the by-laws of DOB. This goes back to the 1960 DOB Convention at which time the San Francisco Chapter proposed that DOB take an organizational membership in the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Friends Committee on Legislation. New York and Los Angeles

Chapters were opposed — not on the basis that these are not worthy causes, but when someone joins DOB they join an organization in which they are particularly interested. Members are not necessarily happy to find that their membership also means indirect membership in other organizations in which they may not be so interested. The stipulation

You would have found nowhere in this day
The quiet chamber with candles alight,
Violets and roses and the interplay
Of soft music with the soothing sounds of night,

And a lovely woman with drifting hair
And passionate lips, awaiting you there

In tasteful veils that she would let fall
In response to your demanding caress
To yield her body, slender and small —
A silken fragrance you might breathe and possess.

I have the candles, the alcove, the roses,
The music, the incense, the poems to read,
The private peace that the twilight encloses,
The ardor, the knowledge of love, the need.

But where is a woman such as Sappho knew,
The kind of woman who would have loved you,
The poet's woman? I dream of her, too.

— Gabrielle l'Autre



of membership does not preclude donations to other organizations who may be doing work that may be of benefit to DOB members in the long run. Nor does it prevent DOB from participating in seminars and conferences involving other organizations on particular projects of concern to DOB members. It only involves membership in another organizational structure.

2. There is also the matter of autonomy of DOB. Under the set-up in NACHO which has developed from a conference (a give and take discussion, an exchange of ideas, a chance to find out where different homophile organizations may cooperate in various programs) to a structured organization whose officers may presumably speak out for its member organizations. DOB has always maintained or reserved the right to speak for itself or to okay or agree to any statement made cooperatively. NACHO denies this right.

3. DOB's first loyalty should be to the Lesbian. In an organization dependent upon volunteer help and not enough volunteers, the amount of energy, time and money spent on NACHO has been to the detriment of DOB. The creden-

tials committee of NACHO, despite advice from west coast organizations, structured NACHO into an umbrella organization of organizations whose by-laws do not permit them to participate. Consequently many have dropped out — not just DOB.

4. The structure of NACHO would allow for assessments on member organizations. This means that bills could be run up in the name of NACHO without authorization from DOB, but that as a member organization we would be expected to pick up the tab. DOB has always had a struggle with funding and cannot afford to divert much-needed revenue to NACHO.

5. The main thing, I think, is the matter of unity and consensus. NACHO should have continued as a loosely knit conference seeking areas of agreement and cooperation. Instead it seemed to concentrate on areas of disagreement and power politics. Just as in the case of the 1960 DOB Convention, it is sometimes more politic and in the interest of the ultimate goal to forego an issue rather than lose all that has been gained in the areas of agreement.

OF WHAT USE NACHO?

I am not a joiner. I never was. My twelve year membership in DOB is the exception that proves the rule. I love DOB because it is for women and run by women. It is the only organization I know of that is fighting for the rights of Lesbians. Within DOB I need not make the usual obeisance to the male, homosexual or heterosexual, nor need I expect one day to be taking orders from a male boss (something I will do only for pay).

As most women are not aware of their status as slaves, so some Lesbians do not understand the subtle ways in which homosexuals attempt to undermine Lesbians. From the moment of birth men are taught their "superiority" and women, their "inferiority." It takes time and experience to pierce this heavy veil of conditioning. Most men are not vicious about it; they simply take it so much for granted. Some quotations from a prime mover of NACHO will make this clear: (in connection with a request for DOB's endorsement of a statement on rights for homosexuals that made no mention whatsoever of Lesbians, and to which omission I took exception, he writes) "... these male homosexuals just won't give you a break, will they? Well, I think it's more oversight than evil intent — not that that's good. I just never gave the omission of lesbians ... a thought. It's so easy to forget about women when you're living in a man's world — and it is indeed a man's world isn't it? Always has been and I dare say always will be — in the nature of things, you know. ... After all, somebody has to assume authority and it might just as well be the male."

It is NOT in the nature of things, it has NOT always been so, and it need NOT continue to be so. In the distant past matriarchies flourished. What humanity needs now, and time is running out, is TOTAL EQUALITY between the sexes. In the meantime and as long as I am President of DOB I will fight to keep us independent and to remind the men that we will not be forgotten, not for a moment.

It needs to be said over and over again that the real gap within humanity is that between men and women, not that between homosexual and heterosexual. When all homosexuals, male and female, have their

rights as homosexuals, we Lesbians will have all the rights that women have. To be sure, this is a step in the right direction. We will no longer need to fear being fired from our lowly, boring, and ill-paid jobs by virtue of our Lesbianism. We will be fired, or at least not promoted, simply because we are women. A male homosexual couple will be an economic power indeed. And the Lesbian couple?

Heterosexual women are hampered in gaining their rights because each one is married to a man. Divide and conquer. The Lesbian does not have this handicap. This is our unique strength, a strength that can benefit all women. Yet there are some of us who want to throw this away, to dissipate this force by, in effect, a sort of group "marriage," by allowing DOB to become an adjunct, a "wife," to the male homophile community, i.e., NACHO. Other than disbanding I cannot think of a better way in which to disappear.

Let us not be fooled. It is a fact that men, whether gay or straight, have more need of women than women, of men. Homosexuals are constantly trying to entice Lesbians to join their organizations. I have no objection to Lesbians who wish to devote their energies to the cause of the male homosexual (and incidentally what crumbs we pick up as the men get their rights) but I do not want to see DOB do this. The men will come to us and we will be glad to help them when it is to our mutual advantage to do so. In time some of them will learn that while Lesbians cannot be pushed around like other women of their acquaintance, that we are very nice people when treated as equals.

Over the years DOB has built an enviable reputation and a fine image with the public. We are an old homophile organization, we are National, and for thirteen years we have published THE LADDER. The male homosexuals have not been able to do this and there is an underground element of jealousy. In this year, 1969, the Year of the Lesbian, DOB is growing up and spreading its influence with renewed vigor. A recent review of THE LADDER in the LIBRARY JOURNAL (April 15, 1969) says in part that, "The official publication of THE DAUGHTERS OF BI-

LITIS, INC. is ... serious in purpose, and contentwise seems a bit more mature than its Hollywood fellow." The same article says of Gene Damon's and Lee Stuart's bibliography, THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE, "... it is a model of its kind." This Journal goes to all libraries excepting some of the smallest. Random House has contracted for a book, to be published in October of this year in both hard- and paperback, on the Women's Liberation or Women's Rights movement. No less a writer than our LADDER Editor has been invited to submit an article on DOB and Lesbianism. This book will reach a far, far larger audience than any previous book that has mentioned DOB.

In the coming months 1005 Market Street will be deluged with requests for the bibliography and subscriptions to THE LADDER. More slowly, as Lesbians discover our publications in their local libraries and buy or borrow the Random House book, inquiries about membership in DOB will snowball. More members will lead to more and bigger chapters. DOB can and will become a mighty organization, a force to reckon with working for Lesbians everywhere. All of our energies are needed in our work, our battle.

(Miss LaPorte is our National President — and this issue's Cover Girl.)

by Zee Paulsen

THE SPINSTER

Elizabeth sat alone at the round table in the department store tea room, dusting toast crumbs off her new pink suit. "More coffee?" asked the waitress with the bouffant hair style as she held the coffee pot above Elizabeth's cup. Elizabeth shook her head, wondering how the girl could support that enormous hairdo on such a tiny neck, and asked for the check.

She paid at the cashier's counter, lining up the coins in a row. "May I borrow your phone?" she asked, and dialed the office, telling Martha the receptionist that she'd gotten sick on her coffee break and couldn't make it back for the rest of the afternoon.

"What a pity," said the cashier, her rouged cheeks puffed out in an artificial

smile. She set the phone under the counter. "I hope it's nothing serious?"

Elizabeth didn't reply. The woman was a fool, of course, listening to a private telephone conversation which didn't concern her in the slightest. Elizabeth left through the tearoom's double glass doors and found herself in household appliances. She ran her gloved hand along the top of a highly polished walnut television set, wondering how it would look in her apartment. If she had an apartment. Idly she conjured up an image of the living room she'd have, a long carpeted room with sliding glass doors to a patio outside. Or would it be a balcony off a twentieth-story apartment?

"Hi there, may I help you?" said a clerk, his shirt sleeves rolled up around his elbows. Elizabeth sighed regretfully for the set she'd never own, and said no thank you.

The down elevator was full of people. Elizabeth wedged herself in beside a small boy, who grinned up at her and wiped his lollipop along the seam of her suit skirt. "Davey!" shrieked a fragile blond on the other side of the child, "musn't, musn't, musn't!" The blond looked over at Elizabeth apologetically. "Such a pretty suit," she said. "I hope my little boy didn't ruin it."

Elizabeth, who had been feeling rather charitable about the entire episode, was filled suddenly with a confused rage. The blond resembled her sister Sarah, and the child began to look, more and more, like her six-year-old nephew Charles. Why were boys so clumsy? She glared at the blond, wishing she'd taken a different elevator. She saw enough of Sarah and Charles each evening and weekend; why on earth did she have to be reminded of them during the daytime too? "Children don't belong in elevators," Elizabeth said curtly to the blond when the elevator reached the first floor. Behind her as she strode away she could hear the child saying, "Bye bye, nasty lady."

She squeezed up next to a display of brocade handbags, trying to avoid the masses of people hurrying through the store. Was there simply no place she could be alone? She thought suddenly of her lie to Martha. Really she ought to be at work, since she felt fine. Elizabeth pulled a handkerchief from her purse and patted her forehead. No, she did not feel fine. The headache was much worse today.

"Just relax, Miss Ames," the doctor had told her last month when she asked him what to do about her headaches. "It's all tension." But who wouldn't be tense, she wondered, having to contend with these herds of pushing shoving people?

Last Saturday at the art museum the crowds had been worse than they were today. Elizabeth remembered the day too well; Sarah had screamed through the screen door as Elizabeth left, "Can't you ever stay home and help out? I'm not well, you know. You haven't even washed the breakfast dishes." And then the ride downtown on the hot bus, packed in beside a fat brunette who smelled of perspiration odor. When she reached the gallery all she wanted was a glass of iced tea and a quiet room in which to lie down, but she had walked through the exhibits pretending to admire the pictures. To make it more upsetting, she took the wrong bus back and arrived home just in time for the evening meal, finding Sarah pale and angry in the kitchen as she dished out the potatoes.

"Well," Sarah had said resentfully, "I hope you enjoyed your giddy day of pleasure. I feel terrible." And Stan, talking with his mouth full of meat and biscuits, had muttered, "Elizabeth, if you're going to stay here, you've got to help Sarah. We can't afford a maid, not with the little you give us for room and board each week. Sarah had sniffed, "Your own sister," and Elizabeth, her head aching as it had neverached before, ran to her room.

Why didn't she leave her sister's home and find a place of her own? Elizabeth left the display of purses and walked slowly down the aisle in front of her. She was asking for headaches, of course, by staying with Sarah and Stan. It was a common enough story; she'd seen it in movies and read it in books. But the movies and books never mentioned the loneliness that one would feel if one did move out. She tried again to envision her own apartment, but all she could think of was that she would be quite alone there, quite cut off from her family if she were not with Sarah and Stan and Charles.

She had always felt remote from the family, though, even as a child. She could remember that Sunday afternoon twenty years ago when she was ten and Sarah was seven. They had sat on the front steps in their stiff organdy pinafores, licking the unexpected ice cream cones which Father

had bought them. Sarah had spilled hers; Elizabeth could still picture the sticky lime mound as it melted across the sidewalk. Father and Mother had rushed to comfort Sarah who was screaming in a rage, tears streaking her face. Elizabeth had sat alone on the top step, taking small deliberate licks from her own cone, knowing that she didn't fit in, that she wasn't wanted, that for some unknown reason she was different and therefore unacceptable. It was so clear, so obvious; at the time she wondered why she hadn't realized it long before. And since then she had known it to be true. She was different. She was unloved.

"May I help you, ma'am?" said a soft voice beside her, and Elizabeth turned to see a gray-eyed salesclerk beside her. This was gloves and hosiery; why had she stopped here? "No thank you," Elizabeth said, and hurried off. She knew she couldn't leave her sister's home; she was needed there, wasn't she? They depended on her.

Elizabeth paused in the book department, glancing past the rows of brightly colored dust jackets without seeing the titles. No, she thought dismally, no. There was no dependence or love in that house, not for her. For too many years she had been fooling herself and succeeding, as though she were a con man like the ones she read about in the papers. A con spinner. The thought was almost amusing.

There was a clerk approaching, another of those too-efficient, too-friendly souls which Berkley's employed. Elizabeth scurried away, wondering if there were any peace or love at all in the world. "I'm yearning after something which does not exist," Elizabeth said aloud to herself, and promptly Arlis Howell popped into her mind. Arlis, with her quiet brown eyes, was an unwelcome intrusion on her thoughts, and Elizabeth tried to shove Arlis back to the depths from which she'd come, but it was impossible.

Elizabeth had met Arlis three months ago at a picnic supper the neighbors gave for everyone living on the block, and Elizabeth had attended with Sarah and Stan. Arlis had come with the Pattersons. "I hear she's moving to the city," Sarah whispered to Elizabeth as they eyed the newcomer, "and the Pattersons are putting her up until she finds a place to live here. They say she's a writer. Ugly, isn't she." But Elizabeth had not replied.

There was something warm and winning about the newcomer, and after supper she ventured over to where Arlis sat. "I'm Elizabeth Ames," she'd said hesitantly, and Arlis had looked up at Elizabeth with a clear gaze that took in, or so Elizabeth felt, every hidden detail of her personality.

But she didn't want to think of Arlis. She turned down another aisle, and found Arlis everywhere she looked. The fragrance from the cosmetics counter beside her was the same that Arlis had worn that night; the pile of bright silk scarves on her left reminded her of the dress Arlis had worn.

"Let's get together sometime for coffee," Arlis had said to Elizabeth when the picnic ended. "I'll give you a call once I'm settled." The call had come and Elizabeth had gone, to meet Arlis in an odd little coffee shop in the theatre district where guitar music filled the spaces of silence in their conversation.

Elizabeth remembered, her face reddening at the thought, how she had poured out her life history across the table to Arlis, and how Arlis had sat there smiling, silent, and interested. To think that she would tell some stranger all those fears and worries she seldom admitted even to herself! Yet Arlis seemed to understand. Even odder, she seemed to enjoy listening to Elizabeth. Later when they were collecting their purses, Arlis had said, "I know we'll be great friends," looking over at Elizabeth with such an intensity

by Gene Damon



Flavia Herbert, seventeen years old and alone for the summer in St. Jean-le-Sauveur, by the sea in the South of France, makes a slight error in judgement, just a few degrees, inviting the reader into A COMPASS ERROR, by Sybille Bedford, N.Y., Knopf, 1969 (London, Collins, 1968).

We are told that Flavia, who is her own narrator in recounting this long ago summer, has now grown up to be a very famous writer. We are glad for her, and happier still that she made the compass error, if this book or any like it is the end result.

At seventeen, Flavia is precocious, charming, intense. Her family history

in her eyes that Elizabeth felt faint.

Elizabeth rushed to the revolving door and hurried out of the department store. Her insides were churning; the pieces of toast from her coffee break were sitting like two stubborn lead weights in her stomach, refusing to be digested. Was she going to get sick there in front of Berkley's Department Store, with hundreds of people watching?

"Here's my address," Arlis had told her, pressing a slip of paper into Elizabeth's hand as they left the coffee shop and parted, "and this is my phone number. Come see me, won't you? Afternoons are best. You'll always be welcome. That had been a month ago.

Then suddenly Elizabeth saw the taxicab, and she knew she wasn't going to get sick, that she wouldn't collapse in a heap there on the street. No, she had known all along that she would get into a taxi and go to Arlis, and that when she arrived, something marvelous and perhaps terrifying would occur, something so unexpected that she would not let herself even ponder the thought.

"Want a ride, lady?" called the cabbie, reaching across the seat to open the door for her. She got in, arranging the new pink suit so that it wouldn't wrinkle too badly, and gave him Arlis' address. (*Zee Paulsen is an English major at a Southwestern University. By the time this reaches you, she will be working on her Master's degree.*)

LESBIANA

is romantic and eccentric. Her grandmother, an American, married an Italian prince. He was something of a bastard so she left him and fled to England, taking with her, their daughter, Constanza, who was to be Flavia's mother. Constanza married an Englishman who divorced her, and later died. She then planned to marry a friend of her former husband, but her mother objected. A brother of Constanza, Giorgio, who was left behind in Italy with the Italian prince, grows up to be a thorough going rat who scandalizes the family and causes his (and Constanza's) mother to kill herself.

This has left Constanza with con-

siderable property and money. She plans, at the beginning of this seventeenth summer of her own daughter's life, to marry a French intellectual, Michel Devaux. The problem is that Michel is awaiting final papers on a divorce from a monster of a woman. Constanza and Michel go to Spain to await the divorce, giving their address to no one except their lawyers, and Flavia.

A COMPASS ERROR takes place after their departure ... At first, wanting to be alone, Flavia tricks the various servants and gets rid of them one by one. She has a strict regimen, and no really evil intent. She is a student, and has mapped her life out ... she is to be a don. She is to take entrance exams in the fall and she is to study all summer very hard ... toward that goal. But work and adolescence do not go well together during long hot sunny summers, by the sea, in the South of France.

She becomes excited by the half-motherly half sensual attention paid to her by a friend of her mother's, Therese, wife of a famous painter, Loulou. She begins to go regularly to the teeming Loulou house for meals, sunny swims, and, inevitably the wise reader knows from the first, to Therese's bed. Little enough is made of it ... but that is the tone of the book. Oddly, in this world of overwhelming amounts of pornography, this is a very sensual book. We are told, only, that is to be Flavia's life pattern.

And since we have been warned by the prologue that there must be grave trouble, we are not surprised, really, when Flavia is first tricked into a dinner party at the home of overly curious local aristocracy (who are very interested in Constanza's life) and then introduced to a woman, Andree, after which all the other characters seem pale. With whip-like charm and unbelievable insolence, Andree sets out to captivate and capture the young Flavia. She succeeds, but the match is very uneven. We expect duplicity, and the reader will know, long before Flavia does, that Andree is the wife of Michel, and a bitch incarnate.

The outcome, of course, you must find out for yourself.

Miss Bedford's book is tremendously important, but it falls into a choice

of areas, reminding me heavily of Elizabeth Bowen's 1928 novel, THE HOTEL, and again, of the May Sarton novel, THE SMALL ROOM. Both of these comparisons do the novel injustice, for it is far more important in this field than the other two cited. The comparison to the Bowen book is due, probably, to the fact that we have so few books written about people one can imagine existed. The comparison to May Sarton's novel, simply that A COMPASS ERROR cleverly uses Lesbianism as an essential theme in that NONE of these events could have happened had Flavia been anything except a homosexual female, without any undue or unnecessary or explicative emphasis on the homosexual aspects of the novel. The very necessary attitude of it is there, so what?

Miss Bedford is too honest to try to attach a moral to her story, which would not, in any case, have anything to do with Flavia's Lesbianism. She does, however, provide us with a good view of an adult examining youth — one's own youth, by saying:

"When one's young one doesn't feel a part of it yet, the human condition; one does things because they are not for good; everything is a rehearsal. To be repeated ad lib, to be put right when the curtain goes up in earnest. One day you know that the curtain was up all the time. That was the performance."

I don't even feel prophetic in commenting that this is this year's major novel in our field. You simply take leave of one of life's pleasures in missing it.

Nothing is as pleasing to me as being told that I have missed a story or a novel ... by some kind reader who has found it, and knows it should be shared. A name that will be familiar to some of you, Ann Carl Reid, former editor of ONE MAGAZINE, recently told me of a short story by, of all writers, Colette, that I had previously not found. The story, "Nuit Blanche," is in a collection entitled IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD, published in 1944 in N.Y. by McGraw-Hill. (Ironically, this collection is of stories from HARPER'S BAZAAR MAGAZINE which featured prominently in this column in

the February/March issue.) "Nuit Blanche" is a slight story, with an ending that will irritate the purists, but from Collette, every story is a blessing and a boon.

Furthermore, this same collection, IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD, also contains a short story by Dorothy Baker, "Romance," which is clearly precursor to her novel, TRIO ... featuring a very similar situation. Mrs. Baker is now dead. During the last years of her life she corresponded with Jody Shotwell (well known name to LADDER readers) but steadfastly denied that Lesbians had anything to do with any of her books and denied equally vehemently that she had ever written about Lesbians or Lesbianism. However, readers are not likely to share that view ... whatever the source.

Sara Harris, well-known superficial commentator on the sociological seamy side of America, has, for the umpteenth time managed to present homosexuals in a very undesirable light without apparent deliberate intent.

Her problem is her penchant for classing homosexuals with the undesirable elements in our society. No one questions that there is a homosexual underbelly, just as there is a "tenderloin" for all things, all needs, all tastes. But homosexuals are a minority, and, as such, subject to be judged only by their undesirable elements (i.e., all Negroes are shiftless and lazy, all Jews are tight and grasping, homosexuals are drag queens and bull dykes). For this reason, only, her book, THE PURITAN JUNGLE, AMERICA'S SEXUAL UNDERGROUND, N.Y., Putnam, 1969, is bad propaganda. Internally, of course, Miss Harris is a liberal on the side of the angels, showing, at times, the extraordinary evil inflicted on any and all sexual minorities by the ruling group. Her look into pornographic films, movie censorship in small eastern communities, wife-swapping, etc ... are all to the good. Her major look at homosexuals comes in the form of a sensitive interview with Hal Call of MATTACHINE SOCIETY, one of the dozen founding fathers of the homophile movement, and it is an excellent coverage. Her introduction extends thanks to many beloved names in this work, in addition

to Harold Call, she cites Phyllis Lyon of DOB, Franklin Kameny of Washington, D.C., MATTACHINE, Reverend Ted McIlvanna, and others equally familiar, at least by name to many of you. Her referential phrase, "who helped introduce me to the sad world of the homosexual in America," however, somehow mitigates the pleasure of her credits. All homosexuals are seriously disadvantaged and most are mistreated as a matter of daily living, but it is highly unlikely that most are sad ... whatever else they may be.

There is a rash of novels about the current version of the I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE world, that allows the authors the freedom of sexual inclusion common in today's business and professional novel. Simon Cooper, a capable craftsman, and little more, takes a fast look at the frenetic world of London's boutiques in THE RAG DOLLS, N.Y., New American Library-World, 1969. A chain of London boutiques called "Ragtime" presided over by a very unpleasant type Lesbian, Alex, is the major scene. Her staff includes the expected variety of male homosexuals, domestic and imported, and there is the usual character by character look into bedrooms, boardrooms and bitch fights. To set the tone, one of Ragtime's products is a cologne named "Sweat" (an honest product). Some years ago an enterprising publisher brought out Norah Loft's novel, THE SCENT OF CLOVES, with the dust jacket and the book's binding soaked in clove scent ... fortunately the publishers here did not think of that. If you want to read it, and you will read worse if you insist on reading current fiction ... wait for the paperback.

And along the same line, THE MALEDICTION, by Julian Claman, N.Y., Dutton, 1969. Wealthy entrepreneur, Everard Martin, and his guests, while cruising the Mediterranean on his yacht, engage in a variety of sexual episodes. There is a plot included, but it is male oriented trash of the sort that does poorly in hardcover and well in paperback. There is a good bit of Lesbian activity, but nothing you'll care to read. What is unsettling is that Julian Claman is a very good writer. He really can write ... why, one wonders, is he

writing this sort of thing? Money, one supposes.

PRIVATE PARTS IN PUBLIC PLACES, are still forbidden even in newly liberal England, and Robin Cook's delightful novel, N.Y., Athenaeum, 1969, will be forbidding to his victims. The upper middle class are taking their knocks these days, at the hands of many a writer, but few are as corrosively accurate as Mr. Cook, and very few as funny in the doing.

Lady Quench, battleship that she is, is faced with her disintegrating family. Her husband is a dying vegetable, cared for by the sort of heterosexual male nurse one wishes would be more often featured in fiction — repellent creature. Her eldest daughter, Beatrice, is a student Marxist, with all the attendant distasteful creatures and surroundings that implies. She is also a Lesbian, but little is made of it. Daughter Lydia, potentially lovely, is a loveless nymphomaniac ... who also poses for pornographic pictures. The lovely story is told to us by Lady Quench's nephew, Viper, who deals in the pornographic trade mentioned above — and his partner, helper, fall guy, Mendip (Lord Michael Mendip) a rather helpless homosexual. It might seem unlikely that the resultant story, albeit sick, is very funny, but it is. Not a major treatment here, but recommended for Mr. Cook's wit and charm, and some dialogue you won't believe even when you are reading it.

In reprint land, for a change, there is quality rather than quantity. THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN (volume one) has been reprinted by Harcourt, Brace and World in their quality paperback line, Harbinger Books, 1969. Very highly recommended for the "real life" fans.

Robert Carson's 1966 novel, THE OUTSIDERS, was reprinted by Fawcett Crest in 1967 and is out again this year (1969). It has a fairly important Lesbian subplot which is brought up again and again through the years by succeeding generations of the family involved. Humorously, in the march toward modern times, the incidents become more and more overtly related.

A 1963 paperback original, A MARTINI ON THE OTHER TAB-

LE, by Joyce Elbert, has been reissued in 1969 by a new publisher. Signet. (Originally from Bantam.) This is an excellent Lesbian novel and if you missed it before, don't this time. NOT one of the tripey types, should have been a hardcover the first time around.

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, is now out from Bantam, 1969. Mr. Marcus's play has gone the whole route, publication in magazines and hardcover and paperbacks (both sides of the ocean). The play is, as I have said, very good as it was written Mr. Marcus ... the other uses of his work, something else again entirely.

THE SWEET DEATH OF CANDOR, by Hannah Lees, N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1969, is a beautiful book, and a crowning achievement for a woman who has been writing longer than some of you reading this have been alive. Hannah Lees is one of the many slow working, infrequently published, professional and qualitative writers that are known only to those who are deeply interested in writing as a life force. I watch every writer who once comes out in this field for evidence of some further pertinent work. Many, many years ago, I discovered an old title by Hannah Lees, the 1944 novel, TILL THE BOYS COME HOME, published by Harper. (This will be, by the way, relatively easy to find in libraries.) As the title implies, TILL THE BOYS COME HOME, was a novel about women in wartime, World War II, also only a dim history lesson to many of you. Miss Lees' published interest in Lesbianism has been consistent these long years in that both her 1944 novel and THE SWEET DEATH OF CANDOR are concerned with women who are basically heterosexual in their needs and desires, but who are vulnerable to, and sometimes desirous of, Lesbian affection. In TILL THE BOYS COME HOME, two of the female protagonists share a rather incandescent day of sexual and mental love. Both of them know that their interest is transitory and in the nature of ex-

perience and comfort rather than permanent need.

In THE SWEET DEATH OF CANDOR, the heroine, Lucia, recalls a long period in her past life, and reviews her marriage with Owen Tabor, and her needs that this marriage could not fulfill. Called to the bedside of her dying mother, Lucia meets the young woman, Jill Nimmi, who works for Lucia's father. Jill, unconventional in a way that would not be surprising today, leads Lucia into understanding that masturbation is not a way of life. Lucia is miserable sexually with her husband, but does love him and does not understand why she is made to feel ill and dirty for needing his physical presence considerably more frequently than he seems to need her. Jill's attraction for Lucia is enormous, and there is a tree-hugging scene and an original topless ride in the wind that are electric in their symbolism. Then Lucia meets Dr. Joshua Madden and falls very much in love with him, embarking on a serious love affair. Oddly enough, this affair sends her home a better wife and mother than she was before, so Lucia ends with Owen, and Miss Lees makes it seem quite right. Along the way, however, Lucia does have an overt and brief affair with Susan Thrush, an art therapist working to rehabilitate the ill. The space given to this is brief, one long chapter, but it is real enough to believe in, and very well handled with that same touch of extreme interfeminine intensity that so mystifies the male reviewer and so delights the female reader.

There are other titles this year that are far more pertinent, more major in every way, but there are touches, purely feminine ones, that will make this novel, THE SWEET DEATH OF CANDOR, with its outspoken plea for sexual liberty combined with reason, very well-liked.

LUCY, by Helen Ansell, N.Y., Harper and Row, 1969, is a disappointment in some ways. Helen Ansell has been a sort of cinderella story. Her short story, "The Threesome," appeared in BEST COLLEGE WRITING, 1961, Edited

by Whit Burnett (Random House, 1962). It had been published first in STORY magazine, June, 1962. It was picked as a prize winning story, and appeared in PRIZE STORIES: 1963, The O-Henry Awards, Edited by Richard Poirier, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1963. That is quite a success story for a first short story, and for one so young. LUCY, set in a New England girl's college and in a Catholic Hospital for the aged, does contain some delightful shots, but they read too much like loosely joined short stories ... and, thus, this fails as a novel. The heroine is undefined and unlikeable. Her relationship with a fat, elderly, impotent man, juxtaposed with her relationships with two female lovers, Bessie, a latent sadist, and Ivy, a part Indian, part Negro simpleton, are all equally unpleasant. Ivy is, by far, the most important figure in Lucy's life. Lucy is attempting, we think, to grow up ... but if this is the only path (doubtful?) she might well not have tried. I am certain most of you won't like this book, but those of you who take the literature part seriously, and do not mind too many sweaty but not pornographic love scenes, will want to read this. Miss Ansell, surely, with all of her obvious talent, will someday write a very good book. (See CATCHING SARA DOVE in last issue's column, for a better job of catching this inbetween age and time ...)

Currently the male homosexual literature scene is marked by the glut of sex and silliness that marred the Lesbian paperback scene for so long. A very big exception to this trend, and a book of such outstanding merit that it must be mentioned here, is TIKE AND FIVE STORIES, by Jonathan Strong, Boston, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1969. This is one of those books that has sufficient sensitivity to appeal to the female reader as well, and it is wonderful to note that young Mr. Strong is getting rave reviews. The pertinent titles are "Supperburger" and "Saying Goodbye to Tom." The latter will have you weeping if you have anything resembling a heart.

Special stuff, and he uses that short declarative style of Hemingway ... which works so well in romantic novels ... as often proved by Gale Wilhelm.

Many of you have been asking after **THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK**, advertised in June/July issue. This is by Angelo d'Arcangelo, N.Y., Ophelia Press, 1968, 1969. It is not too easy to review this seriously ... so I will begin by quoting the title page for your edification. It is said to be "for Men and Boys. Also for the edification of Ladies of the Lay Public — Being an introduction to the Arts, Crafts and Sports, and to the History, Sociology and Philosophy of Masculine Love — Also Courtship and Marriage between males — designed to Amuse, Enlighten and instruct all Manner of Readers." Well, as a matter of fact, it is strong in some of these areas, especially in history and sociology and rather outrageous philosophy, but whatever Mr. d'Arcangelo is, he is not a fool and he has written a fairly amusing book. MOST of the book's wholly underserved publicity is over a list of names of living and dead homosexuals ... but 99 percent of the names listed are very dead or simply very well known ... and so who cares? The few who might be considered talking out of turn are so well-placed in their respective fields that no one will give a damn ... At one point the book was withdrawn from publication (deliberately??) to reprint it with ONE famous name taken out of the list. Those of you who have announced you want the book don't want to cut up your copy of **THE LADDER** (thank you for that) to get the coupon, are asked to be kind enough to SAY where you saw the ad in ordering the book. While spending money foolishly, it is one way to help the cause. **THE LADDER** has been mentioned in trade media, including **PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY**, in connection with advertising campaign for this book.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!
This information reached me far too late to include in **CROSS CURRENTS** or anywhere else in this

issue except in the last thing to get done each time (My column, naturally) ... Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon have had a very important and serious article on Lesbianism published in **MOTIVE MAGAZINE**. The article is entitled, "The Realities of Lesbianism," and while it contains nothing new to anyone who has read the homophile movement literature, it is directed at a wide lay audience and is excellent in this context. **MOTIVE MAGAZINE** is published in Nashville, Tennessee. It is normally a monthly magazine, but issues one double issue each year ... the March/April issue ... and it is this special double issue for 1969 that contains their article. This issue, as a whole, is devoted to women, and is called **ON THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN** ... The magazine, believe it or not, is published for the University Christian Movement by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of the United Methodist Church. The magazine was founded in 1941 by the Methodist Student Movement. A check of the 3rd Edition of the **UNION LIST OF SERIALS** (1965) showed that only 28 university, college and public libraries at that time carried this magazine (a very very unusually low number.) The particular use of this article would be in dealing with parents ... and any among you who are having problems involving your parents accepting your Lesbianism might be wise to obtain this magazine (a copy can be obtained for \$1.00 by writing **MOTIVE MAGAZINE**, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee, 37202). I am not recommending that you all (those of you who have not) run out and tell your parents ... that is an individual matter, but those who are having problems might well solve some of them with this very well-written and very complete look at Lesbianism and the movement written for a lay audience.



by Lorraine Lesnam

ACCIDENTAL LIVING PROPAGANDA

(Some years ago, **THE LADDER** ran a very popular series dealing with personal efforts to bridge the communication gap with the heterosexual world at large. Here is a new entry in the series.)

I'm one of those unfortunate people who, on entering a gay bar, is told "You don't belong here," a new variation on the old "What's a nice girl like you ... " Thus, the following is all the more delicious to me; not being a stereotype Lesbian, I can only marvel at the unconscious acceptance I've had.

Tammy was a naive young thing, brought up in a strict religious home. At the time I met her I was free and searching. Tammy stimulated no desire except friendship and we quickly became good friends. However, in respect for her innocence, I said nothing of my own preferences and our little talks on love, etc, were markedly one-sided.

Several months after we met, Tammy suggested we get an apartment together. I said no — aware that I would encounter definite problems in my search if she were my roommate. She asked why not, and I answered vaguely. After a long, thoughtful (not pregnant) pause, she looked directly at me and replied, "Oh, that's all right; you can have your women and I'll have my men."

Connie was another good friend, although of an entirely different mold than Tammy. Connie and I were running buddies, drinking companions, and friends. While we each had a profound and deep respect and

affection for the other, we seldom discussed personal matters (in fact, we seldom talked at all). Often she'd stay with me and share my bed, and for weeks at a time we were inseparable (needless to say, this was also at a time I was free and searching). The matter of sex and love never came up; we each dated and assumed the other was receiving some sort of satisfaction somewhere.

Years later, after I was settled with my beloved, our friendship continued, now including my "roommate" naturally and without jealousy. One evening Connie popped in with a fellow, the first boyfriend we had met, and one about whom she was obviously serious. Introductions were made and we lapsed into small talk. After a while, her boyfriend excused himself, motioning to Connie to follow him. When he assumed (incorrectly) he was out of hearing range, he pulled her close and whispered, "They're Lesbians, you know," the first mention of preferences that had been made. "Of course," she replied, and walked away.

We are still very close to these girls. Tammy has married and her husband also accepts us (we were witnesses at their wedding), and Connie still shares my home on those long nights when my beloved must be out of town.

These are just two examples of the many I could cite; in fact, we have yet to be permanently rejected on the basis of our relationship. My beloved and I met and courted at the place where we worked (a typ-

ical business office), and live romance that it was, the entire staff of over 100 knew of it, yet nothing was said beyond small words of encouragement. Our families know and approve. A fellow I dated in high school knows and assumes the role of handyman/guardian angel.

Certainly, we have heard of and witnessed episodes totally unlike these I've related, especially where there's bureaucracy concerned, but we feel the rewards of being accepted as total persons far outweigh the possible anguish of discovery and rejection. Of course we've had to move slowly on occasions, at work or in an obviously hostile atmosphere, and sometimes we've had to fall back on the old "some of my best friends are ..." tactic, which isn't always dramatically successful. But we feel we can never back away completely; we are quietly determined that as many people as possible regard our love as being as valid as we see it. We make no demands on others nor levy any restrictions on their personal lives. This is our form of LIVING PROPAGANDA.

(Lorraine is 25, lives in "tiny mid-west community" with Beloved, Dog, Cat and Bird. By day she is a white collar worker, has fangs and is student by night. She writes for various underground newspapers over a variety of pseudonyms ... On being asked to provide this sketch to the Editor, she included the information that she was "gorgeous, highly literate, talented and whatever other lies you care to add ...")

Would you like a chapter of DOB in your City? A place where you could meet, have discussions, dances and work for legal rights?

The DOB is interested in forming a chapter in your area. We guarantee your anonymity. If YOU are interested, write:

West of the Mississippi:

Rita Laporte, Pres.
Daughts of Bilitis
1005 Market St., Suite 208
San Francisco, CA 94103

East of the Mississippi:

Joan Kent, Vice Pres. East
P. O. Box 3629
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10017

KARL E. MEYER, columnist for THE WASHINGTON POST, has been traveling in Europe and has been publishing a series of articles on "Frontiers of Permissiveness" (March and April, 1969). If he is to be believed, and there is no reason not to, there is little question that homosexuals will actually have equal rights in Denmark, Holland and possibly other Northern European countries within the next several years. It is significant to note that these various, undoubtedly impartial, commentators from various trade media all give credit to the various homophile organizations in the European countries involved in this sexual reform. So, if you were wondering why we keep on working

reviewed by Jane Rule **CONSIDER SAPPHO BURNING**

CONSIDER SAPPHO BURNING by Nicholas Delbanco is an enormously clever book with a built-in excuse for every complaint a reader might make. In fact, the Sapphic-poet-narrator, for whom the book is a long suicide note, includes criticisms of the sort that would come from both ordinary readers and academic critics. There is no story. The elaborateness of language is often self-indulgent, the copying of meaningless genealogies a bore, the five other characters used rather than realized as people in their own right. But what other kind of suicide note would

such a character leave, carrying all the diseases as well as the gifts of a poet? If one reads the book to the end, it is for the brilliance of language, the moments of great wit, the random insights, and the one curious emotional pull among all the symbolic characters (each of the others has lost his one, most important sense: a painter, his sight; a restaurant owner, her taste; a composer, his hearing, etc.) is the pull of real and believable grief for the death of a lover. And perhaps one also goes on reading to see if the elaborate meta-

phor is finally worked out: six erotically involved characters, five representing the loss of the senses, the sixth, who is the narrator, the sixth sense, or intuition, finally representing basic senselessness. It is a metaphor which ultimately defeats itself, but that's what it is supposed to do. Like a Tinguely machine-sculpture built to destroy itself, this is a self-destructing novel. A brilliant experiment, it exercises rather than requires the mind, offers aesthetic satisfaction rather than sustaining human insight.

by Ruth M. McGuire, Ph.D.

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: Assuming our parents are relatively stable, should we tell them that we are Lesbians?

"Curious"

To "Curious"

Your basic assumption that your parents are "relatively stable" leaves much to be desired, in fact, much that would be absolutely necessary in the area of vitally important information for me to even attempt a responsible or helpful reply. First, I would have to know what your definition of 'stable' is and especially of your qualifying adjective, 'relatively stable'. Then, stable in what areas? Socially? Financially? Emotionally? All three?

Relatively stable could mean that your parents have met and dealt with

many stressful situations in their lives and have remained relatively unscarred. Or, that they have been relatively sheltered and unbuffered by some of the more unsettling of life's experiences. "Relative stability" in their emotional areas could indicate a defensive system, a protective shell, if you will that has not permitted pain and confusion to get through to them. How old are they? What are their moral and ethical value systems?

And, perhaps more important — what about you? How old are you, and what are your own value systems? What are the problems in your relationship that give rise to the question of 'to tell or not to tell' your parents? It is most important that you examine your own motivations scrupulously. Is it that you hate 'hiding' or being 'deceitful' and would feel much easier and more comfortable if your parents knew? Is it that you want to share your joy and pleasure of being "in love." Or, is there the slightest possibility that, subconsciously, you may have a need to 'punish' or bring some painful pressure to bear on them? And again, perhaps unconsciously, could you be 'arranging' your alienation from them — as 'punishment' or 'doing penance' for some undefined guilt feelings?

All these questions should be carefully weighed before you come to a final decision. Often it seems best to follow the rule, "when in doubt — don't."

* * *

Dear Dr. McGuire: This is a composite letter, actually, since the majority of the letters received to date for your consideration, Dr. McGuire, deal with the universal problem of loneliness. Letters ranging from illiterate scrawls to intellectual treatises on "why" DOB should drop its firm policy of NEVER putting anyone in touch with anyone else. All have the common denominator of loneliness and the inability, and/or comfort to these many — who have all signed themselves as:

"Lonely"

To "Lonely"

Loneliness is a universal condition of Man. Undoubtedly every human being has felt lonely, desperately so, at some time or other in his life. It would not surprise me if most humans were not lonely more often than not. One can have the fullest, busiest life imaginable — in almost constant contact and interrelationships with other people — and still dwell in an emotional climate of loneliness.

The poetic concept that "no man is an island" should be amended to, "every man is an island" which is the basic and most painful truth of our existence — of our mortality, if you will. The illusion of symbiosis, or permanent attachment, to someone or something is probably the only thing that saves us and permits us to avoid premature extinction before we have lived and worked for the ultimate fulfillment of our highest potentials.

This illusion of connection, and belonging, is as necessary to sustain life as is air, water, food and shelter. It is usually called by the word "love" and without it we would surely die, sooner than we need. This "love" is seen in many forms; there is love of self, love of one's own kind, of people in general or people in special and specific groups; there is love of God or some particular Omniscience, love of a special, single individual, or love of one's talents and abilities to create some unique product.

The individual who does not love something or someone cannot continue to live. Note I did not say 'who cannot love' for every normal human being can love — has the ability to love. To say that a person cannot love is like saying

he cannot be hungry, as if being able to feel hunger is a response that has to be learned. The congenital gift to every normal infant is the ability to feel hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and love. (Hate as well, of course, because it is the opposite of the coin, love.) People feel a desperate and intolerable loneliness, it seems to me, when they are scared ... something has frightened them into overlooking the fact that they can love — someone, or something.

The thing that causes the 'scare' is undoubtedly a threat to the illusion of attachment, of being connected. The fright is so great it obliterates, usually only temporarily, the knowledge and realization of the basic capacity of the individual to love. When the threat has passed and normal equilibrium is restored, the individual can again recognize and exercise his ability to love. Once 'loving' begins again, the loneliness vanishes.

Undoubtedly the majority of human beings needs attachments and connection with other human beings for the most satisfactory maintenance of the illusion. From our long years of helpless infantile dependency, we have come to believe that only another human can sustain us. For the majority, perhaps, it is the woman — the 'mothering' female who can do this. For the Lesbian especially, it is only the female who can be connected with, attached to, in a 'saving' symbiotic relationship. This may well be why there seems to be so many more 'lonely' women than 'lonely' men. Notwithstanding the fact that there are, numerically, so many more females than males in our world.

In our only recently "freer" society, there still is not ample opportunity, for women particularly, to meet others with whom they might feel compatible and 'loving' and the distressing aches of loneliness abound. Something has to be done if one is not to fall into neurotic decay. Action is indicated. And much can be said for 'compensation' and compromise. There are many ways to do this, none of which will appeal very much to a sad and lonely person, any more than bitter medicine can be presented as palatable to a sick patient. Our very human ability to feel sorry for one's self can deafen our ears and deaden our capacities to probe our in-

ner and outer resources.

But, trite and hackneyed as it may sound, the lonely person must do something to get 'outside' himself. Do something for someone else, perhaps someone less fortunate than one's self. No matter who or what you are or even where you are, you can find someone who needs you — needs your help, in some way or other. Or, if you are isolated in a rural community, there is certainly something that needs your help. I'm sure I needn't spell this out further; anyone able to read the pages of this magazine will know precisely what I am talking about. Select whatever it is that you do best, and like doing best, and work at it for the rest of your life.

* * *

Dear Dr. McGuire: I am married, and have two children under 10 years of age. My husband is neither cruel nor undesirable in any way. If I were heterosexual, I am sure that I would be in love with him. But, I married after a long and unhappy college affair with another girl. I honestly believed that it would work. It has not, and I am in love with a woman here in the city. She is free, in love with me, and in a financial position to take care of all of us until I can obtain my master's degree and

assume my portion of the expenses. I believe that I can obtain a divorce without duress from my husband, but I am wondering about my right to do this in view of the children, who would remain with me (I could not leave them, would not consider this).

"Really Screwed Up."

To "Really Screwed Up."

Again, so much more information is needed to even begin to give you a responsible reply. Your only question is directed to your own concern about your 'right' to deprive your young children of their father. I would need to know much more about their relationship to him, how meaningful he is in their lives, what his departure and absence would mean to them ... and to him. And, how much you care about that. You are faced with a dilemma of serious proportions, and its solution will undoubtedly hurt all individuals involved, in some degree or other. You mention the word 'city' and I hope your city is of sufficient size to offer professional counseling for I feel this problem needs considerably more time and attention than can be given in these pages. Please do avail yourself of competent and experienced professional services if you possibly can. It will be worth it if you can achieve a minimally traumatic solution.

by Junerwanda

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

Paul jerked the terminal door open for me, stamping impatiently as I paused to straighten my scarf. The huge waiting room was a mass of noise and light and movement, and I dreaded pushing my way through the crowds toward the doors of the outside ramps. I have always detested being touched, shoved by strangers.

"There's a corner that doesn't seem to be as jammed as the rest. Shall we try for it?" His voice was abrupt.

I nodded, turning to catch a quick glance at my reflection in the glass of the door.

"Cut it out," Paul snapped. I actually hadn't realized how angry he was until he caught my arm to guide me through the people thronging around the ticket count-

ers. When we reached the corner, I rubbed my elbow with a frown.

"I'm quite sure I'll be bruised tomorrow," I murmured.

"If you mean physically, it's possible." It sounded as though he were gritting his teeth as he spoke. His voice rose, and I glanced around to see if anyone had noticed. As I turned in Paul's direction, I caught a glimpse of his profile and hastily gave him my attention.

"Paul, shouldn't you see to my bags?" That should occupy him for a few minutes.

"I've already taken care of it. I have something to say to you before you leave."

"Please, Paul, let's not go through that again."

"Why not? This is the last of it, and there seem to be some things we have left unsaid. This is the time to say it."

"Them, Paul, not it."

"What? Oh, knock it off, will you?"

He sounded so determined. Every time he sounded determined. It seemed to me that even the air terminals seemed to repeat themselves, but I realized this thought was foolish and discarded it immediately.

"Believe me," Paul's voice broke through my thoughts, "there isn't going to be another time!"

"Paul, darling, please don't." I caught my cue promptly and began to cry softly, hoping my mascara wouldn't smear. "You know I didn't mean anything in spite of what Helen said," I rushed my words along, sounding breathless. "It was just that I happened to run into them at the lounge, and it would have been rude of me to have refused to drink with old acquaintances. And since they didn't know the town, and you weren't home for me to phone or anything, I thought that..."

"You think?" His interruption almost caught me off guard. "Your only thought was what a nice backdrop for your new outfit! I know the story... I've heard it before, remember? I am so busy at the plant, naturally you have to have someone around. The last fellow was a wounded veteran who wanted to be an interior decorator — open-toed sandals, yet — and you were so sure he would do a nice job on our place. The woman before was somebody's college chum, and the man — at least I think he was a man — before that was in your brother's outfit during the war. And I wasn't so damned sure he had ever seen a war!... He paused, and I looked at him admiringly. His memory was better than mine. But he was getting too close to the truth for comfort.

"But, Paul, my brother always..."

"Oh, shut up!" I jumped, startled, even though I knew what he would say. "If I hear anything about your brother once more, I'll..." His voice trailed off. Knowing the tone, I didn't interrupt, as I wanted to be certain that I heard his next words. "It isn't as though you were deprived of anything. I give you everything you want."

Right on script, I thought. Congratulations, old girl. I hadn't missed a sentence since this started last evening. Suddenly, I found myself wishing something different would happen once in a while, that one of us would say something out of character,

something to break the pattern that had become so terribly familiar during the past years. Then it came.

"If it were ever anyone near your own age, I think I could understand." The words lashed out at me, and I was stunned. I turned to look at him, not believing what I had heard. Then I froze into stillness, catching at my self-control, waiting for another attack, a new attack, and fearing it. I glanced around us quickly, hoping no one was listening. I knew that I belied my years exceedingly well, and I didn't like to have my efforts wasted. Stupidity, I thought, sheer stupidity. This was what I deserved for wishing for a change!

"God, I wish I had never married you." Gradually I relaxed, slowly breathing, shallowly. The script had become familiar again. Poor darling always sounded as if he meant it, too.

"You mean you haven't had any happiness with me at all?" I let my voice choke with tears.

"No, I guess I really didn't mean that. It's just that I'm tired."

This, too, was alien, and I smoothed out a frown of annoyance. What was he going to say now? But then, seeing the tears in my eyes, he slipped an arm about me. "Please don't cry anymore. We'll straighten this out somehow."

I continued to cry, this time in sincere relief. The situation had almost slipped out of control, and I was nervous. I closed my eyes and leaned against him, trying to picture our conversation as dialogue, and I suddenly remembered the young playwright I had met at Helen's a few nights earlier. I wondered if she would be interested in my ideas, and I made a mental note to phone as soon as I returned. Then I shrugged.

The day had brought its surprises, and the act was wearing thin. I was not sorry when the loudspeaker above us announced the departure of my plane.

We stood wordlessly as the passengers filed out of the door and toward the silver plane. I glanced at them casually, apparently indifferent to the silent homage of admiring eyes. Then the raucous voice told us there was no more time.

"Goodbye, doll. Let me know as soon as you land. And wire if you need more money or anything." His words were strained, awkward, as he looked at me. Then, clumsily, gathering me close, he kissed me, and I knew the battle was over.

"I'll wire, I promise. Don't work too hard, Paul... and darling, think of me, please." His face left no doubt as I waved and started through the door.

Outside, I paused briefly and pulled on my gloves. That tall young woman in the gray suit who walked past me toward the plane, who carried herself so gracefully,

where had I met her?

With one last quick touch on my scarf, I hurried toward the plane, timing my approach so that we met at the steps. There was a minute of fast mutual appraisal, and then we smiled. Her smile was even lovelier than I had anticipated.

by Wilda Chase

MEN ARE THE SECOND SEX!

Man the Mythmaker, Man the Lie-maker invented a story of creation which places women beneath men and assigns them a semi-human status. Created from Adam's rib? Don't believe it! Women and men have the same genetic heritage, with this difference: the female has two "sex" (XX) chromosomes and the male has only one, plus a "y" chromosome (Xy) which is non-functional and is indisputably held to be a vestigial X chromosome. What does this indicate? That the female is the first sex, the primal representative of the species, and that the male descended from the female through the shrivelling up of a chromosome. In order to test this hypothesis, biologists have experimented with the reproductive cells of various lower organisms. They have found that removal of an X chromosome from a fertilized egg having two (XX) such chromosomes (and therefore destined to become a female) results in a normal male (designated XO) with no disadvantages whatever due to a missing "y" chromosome. In other words, a male is a female *with something lacking!* Maleness could very well be regarded as a genetic disease, somewhat like hemophilia. Sorry 'bout that!

Studies of primitive people have convinced anthropologists that the

male's chauvinistic sense of superiority over the female has its roots in an ineradicable and overpowering sense of inferiority due to the male's less important role in the perpetuation of the species. In some pre-literate societies to this day a man will go to bed "sick" when his wife gives birth; while neighbors come to ooh and ah over him, the mother, having taken an hour's rest following childbirth, returns to the field to finish off a day's work! Studies of the origins of primitive rituals indicate clearly the tremendous jealousy and awe men felt toward the "woman thing," and how men sought to usurp the place of women by inventing their own "thing." For example, women had special huts where they retired to give birth and to ritualistically accommodate one another's needs on such occasions. Correspondingly, men built their very own huts where they devoted themselves to *magic* rituals, to secret rites which the women were forbidden — on penalty of death — to witness. What were these secret rites? Pantomimic imitations of childbirth! Down through the centuries men's secret societies have struggled to keep men's most awful secret: the fact that they are inferior to women and *know* it. It's *women* who have yet to catch on.

In so far as women have been

"conned" into accepting themselves as the "second sex" and the male as the superior and dominant sex, they have been made their own worst enemies. Daily they mouth a language rotten with male chauvinism — Man, Mankind, Man's Destiny, etc. to refer to people in the abstract, and "he," "his," "him" to refer to the individual in the abstract. We must purge the language of male chauvinism, and replace it with *female* chauvinism! To hell with trying to be "fair"; it will take a double dose of female chauvinism to even get the ball rolling. Stop selling yourself short! Get where you belong, **FIRST!**

Man's usurpation of the first place in society — women's place — has led to a grievously unbalanced world that totters on the brink of destruction. We are being exterminated. An old trick for exterminating rats consist of releasing male rats into the population until the male/female ratio is critically unbalanced. At this point, the males harass the females to such an extent that they cannot raise their young, and the population dies out. Clearly, an overblance of male power in a population threatens its survival.

Men must be stopped! Women are entitled to be angry over the historical sell-out of their sex. They must revise their estimate of themselves and restore their primal image of themselves as the Action Sex, the people who *do* things. They must prepare themselves for greater and greater public responsibility; our survival depends on it. Now that biological research has demonstrated the superfluity of a second sex — a male sex — women can and must say to men, "Shape up, brother, or ship out!"

There are some Lesbians whose pride rests on a repudiation of their sex. They may even call themselves men. Have *they* been sold a bill of goods! In so far as they identify with men, they are identifying with inferiority. What do they want? It's simple. They want Action, Participation, Independence, Mastery, *Identity*; all the things they have been taught are men's things. Actually, they are trying to usurp an identity that was long ago usurped from them. They are on the right track in trying to assert themselves in the world, but as long as they do it as pseudo-men they are systematically undercutting their healthy striving toward a true identity; they must always suspect themselves of being frauds. Women must triumph as *women*! Want to climb a mountain? Go to it! Nothing could be more feminine. Want to wear pants? They're *your* pants, so they are women's wear. Want to draft laws, design a building, launch a political campaign? This is *women's work*, sister, and you don't have to go in disguise!

Even in the Homophile Movement women are the second sex. They have to whine, "*We* are homosexuals, *too*," and beg for attention. Why do they need it? Why do women need recognition from men? Because they think that men are the *real* people, and that *they* (women) can be real only by association.

What we need is a Lesbian Movement, a distinctly independent wing of the homophile movement which places its central emphasis on *women*, a place where we come **FIRST!**

We need more than this. We must find our place, or create our place, in the Woman's Movement. We are *women* first, and Lesbians sec-

ond. Our minority status as women takes priority over our minority status as Lesbians. It's not really so hard to merge these two objectives; they lie in the same plane and are pointed in the same direction. On considering the issue, it is hard to see how we could be Lesbians without being feminists. **THINK ABOUT IT.**

(Miss Chase writes: "I was born female by the grace of God, who created *us* in Her image and gave us dominion over all Her creation. I majored in biology, became interested in biological and psychological evolution and my academic interests shifted into psychology

and personality theory. My exploration of the female's non-reciprocal relationship to the male — in all the spheres: economic, political, legal, sexual, and psychological — led me to the conclusion that such non-reciprocity is a violation of the female's *nature* (not to mention *right*), and I landed perforce in the political arena, where we all should have been in the first place. My interests in psychology, philosophy, and politics have become so acute that I intend to devote the rest of my life to the creation of a new theory structure, a new value structure, a new consciousness. In short, I am a writer.")

by Jocelyn Hayward

VARIATIONS ON THE DOUBLE LIFE

"Kicked Joe clean out of bed last night," chortles the young married woman over coffeebreak.

"Oh yes?" I gallop careless into the conversation. "Almost did the same thing on Sunday. I —"

Three pairs of eyes swivel. Snap snap snap. Tea-biscuit ashes in my fingers. Of course. I am not, in their league, a married woman.

"— had a friend over to stay," I finish weakly.

Cynical pause. Farewell, reputation.

Have you ever thought just what it will mean when the labors of DOB are crowned with success and we can all stand tall in the sun, able to take our proud place in a just society?

It'll mean a double bed without dissimulation, that's what.

Sure, it will also mean other things. But down at rock-bottom, on what you might call the night-to-night level, the biggest single problem common to most of us is almost certainly that ultimate giveaway, The Bed.

Sharing an apartment or a car, a liking for olives or a belief in reincarnation can usually be managed without

crisis. But give a parent, landlord, or office colleague just one glimpse of the shared bed. There is then no excuse about thrift or cold feet or fear of the dark strong enough to avert armageddon.

Suddenly it is a terrible thing, The Bed. It has deprived them of the luxury of doubt. At glimpse or mention of it, they blanch as if they have seen the bottomless pit.

Even though, like other people — except perhaps Hugh Hefner — we use it more for sleeping in than anything else.

Even though the only significant difference between our Anything Else and theirs is that we are running positively no risk of refuelling the population explosion.

(But it's Against Nature, they say. Oh so? Do we get in nature's way with little bags and diaphragms and whatnots? Do we pop coils and other undeniably non-indigenous items into our natural mysteries? Do we cram pills which thoroughly mess up nature's timeless round and all that? ...)

We digress. Back to The Bed.)

As proof positive of our noncon-

formity then, The Bed — or at least the fact of its shared tenure — must be concealed.

And quite a remarkable amount of energy and ingenuity is expended on this task of finding techniques for living with/without a double bed.

(The newcomer to the bliss of shared life should probably decide right here to ignore all the following examples and instead migrate to Lower Patagonia or someplace elsewhere mother won't follow. As will become clear, it would be safer and easier in the long run.)

Some play it bold, opting for a one-bedroom apartment, a double bed, and the innocent hope that their visitors will not be the sort to pry behind closed doors.

If there is a corridor closet in the same general direction as the bedroom, they may even try to create the impression of separate rooms by waving vaguely at the two closed doors, mumbling "Sleeping quarters thataway," and hustling guests off to the bar.

But unless one has nerves of iron or unbounded faith in human nature, it is not easy to live on hope alone.

Pretty soon, one is leaping up every time a guest wants to go to the bathroom and personally escorting him right to the watery brink just in case he gets his topography confused, or can't resist a peek.

If this same guest has already been to the bathroom a couple of times, such solicitous chaperonage can look a little quaint.

With the extra (closet) door, there is of course a 50% chance that things will work out all right if a guest manages to slip away unnoticed in search of a bedroom to leave a coat or comb a curl.

The other 50% has the guest falling about in among the vacuum cleaner accessories and the stock of kitty litter which is not so all right.

It is safer to lock all the doors and say the keys are lost. But this is at best a one-shot solution and it won't work at all if there is a locksmith present. People cannot resist demonstrating their special skills, bless them.

Too, locked or permanently closed doors generate their own risks.

There were the two girls who, after throwing a few shindigs at their new apartment, noticed that their friends

were beginning to give them old-fashioned looks. Discreet inquiries revealed that two distinct factions had developed. One had them figured as agents of a foreign power, with the closeted nether regions of their abode full of radio transmitters, microfilm and plans to invade the Pentagon.

The others had decided that they were — shades of Jane Eyre — keeping a maniacal relative from public view.

It might be simpler just to say one is gay and have done with it.

A development of the one-bed technique which helps keep guests out of the kitty litter and prevents rumors about manic relatives involves buying a bed-chestfield for the living-room and hoping people will be silly enough to believe one of you sleeps on it.

Sooner or later, however, someone will want to see how the thing works. If opening it up brings forth a cloud of dust, last March's water bill and a scream of pain from rusty springs, a tiny seed of doubt may be sown.

There was, too, the couple who bought a second-hand put-u-up chestfield and reupholstered it. Six months later, when someone asked how it worked, they hauled it open and were treated to a savage ripping sound and the simultaneous realization that the back panel of a put-u-up should not be tacked down all the way round.

The quicker-witted one of the two turned to the startled guest and commented languidly, "Such a dreadful bore, y-know, having to sew it up again every morning." (She was English. She wouldn't have got away with it otherwise. She probably didn't anyway.)

Of course, one can play it ultra-ultra-safe and do without a double bed.

This means getting two single beds and moving them together each night.

It is not recommended because:

— If any decent degree of togetherness is to be achieved, someone is going to end up sleeping on a sort of Continental Divide, which is not nice.

— If the beds are not on casters, they have to be carried around on tiptoe because of the neighbors. (It's no worse than push-ups, I'm told.)

— If they are fitted with casters, they skid away from each other at the least movement, which means lashing their legs together before retiring.

Naturally, the whole process must be repeated in reverse in the morning in case the caretaker or the plumber comes in during the day.

There is also the question of fire in the night. Anyone who worries this much about a public image will also worry about fire. Sound sleep must be difficult knowing that, in the event of conflagration, one will have to untie half a dozen knots, unwrap several yards of cord and wrestle the beds apart before leaping out of the window to safety.

The alternative to all this is to go for broke — to take a two-bedroom apartment which you can't afford, purely to have an estate which can safely be thrown open for the inspection of all comers at all hours.

Only of course it can't.

I know such a second bedroom. It houses a carpenter's bench, two pairs of skis, a set of snow tires, several gooey lumps of clay which never will be pots, two half-upholstered chairs, three cabin trunks and nineteen hibernating geraniums. The bed is just visible.

Altogether, the room somehow lacks that cosy, lived-in look.

Its owners say there's nowhere else to store all that junk. They lock the door when straight visitors come around.

So, fine, you get yourself a three-bedroom pad and quit eating.

But you still go on vacation.

This brings us to that quaint little ceremonial known in our family as No You Do It This Time . . .

ME (entering motel office mate remaining in car): Have you er a room for the night?

MOTELIER: How many?

ME: Um two.

MOTELIER: Double or twins?

ME (Ostentatiously displaying frayed cuffs): Oh well er I guess um double if it's cheaper.

MOTELIER (long searching scrutiny of mate in car through window): Sisters then?

ME: Yess ha ha right first time. Sisters ha ha.

MOTELIER: Unlike sisters I ever saw.

ME: Half-sisters.

MOTELIER (another long scrutiny, then a look straight in my eye):

Well, it isn't.

ME: Isn't?

MOTELIER: Double isn't cheaper. Which takes us all right back to square one and a total impasse.

Sometimes, however, unlikely things happen.

On this one occasion, we stopped for the night at a bunch of cabins somewhere in the mountains. They were run by a little perky man and a large bovine wife. He confirmed that a double bed was indeed a dollar cheaper and I confirmed that that was jolly fine. He was about to hand over the key when the wife moved in.

"Can't do that, Joe. Them's two girls. Be wanting twins."



I readied my cuffs. But the little man leaped in before I had time to open my mouth.

"They do not," he asserted vigorously. "They want a double. Isn't that right?" with a big, encouraging smile at me.

Not at all sure what I was admitting to, I said, well yes we did.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "They want a double!" He clapped me on the back and I glowed all over and thought how you'd never expect to find such a broad-minded individual tucked away in the mountains yet.

Then he said, "And then, having saved a dollar on the room, they won't take it the least bit hard that there's an extra dollar charge for the TV, hey?" And he clapped me on the back again.

The end of this story is that the TV didn't work anyway. We didn't trouble

to tell him so. We had, after all, got our double bed.

(Miss Hayward, professional writer, humorist and editor, now resides in

Canada. Her last contribution to *THE LADDER* was "Stand Up and Be Counted, A Fable in Mauve" in the April/May, 1969 issue...)

by Aline Sheridan

LESBIANS WHO WON'T SAY "YES"

Just as there are some marriages between heterosexuals that are never really consummated for one reason or another, there is an even greater number of Lesbians who live all or a part of their lives with another woman—but without SEX!

When two women are strongly attracted to each other enough to decide to share a home, but refuse to go to bed and share their passion as well, this more unusual relationship is known as a "Boston Marriage." For like some other women, there are also Lesbians who generally for religious reasons, dislike or fear any sexual expression between human beings in general, but between Lesbians in particular!

So in denying themselves and others all sexual inclinations they are consoled temporarily with the thought that **THEY** are not really homosexuals! Their lives kept well hidden from public knowledge are very similar to those animals who are able to camouflage themselves from their enemies by appearing to look like something they are not.

Sometimes, two women living together will even say they are "sisters" or "cousins" and really live as if they were, when actually there is no such family relationship involved. But people in general do not suspect any two relatives to be Lesbians!

"It would be a great mistake," Edward Carpenter writes in his book *"THE INTERMEDIATE SEX,"* "to suppose their attachments are necessarily sexual or connected with sexual acts. On the contrary, they are often purely emotional in character."

(Carpenter: *INTERMEDIATE SEX* p. 26.)

But one may ask. Does not Love begin before its sexual expression and if so, is it not fear alone that keeps some people from showing their feelings to others in any but a "sexless" manner?

And yet, if homosexuals put LOVE above everything else as Carpenter be-

lieves, then a "Boston marriage" could be as valid as any other kind—perhaps somewhat comparable to a heterosexual relationship in which the wife or husband is physically unable to take part in any sexual acts due to illness etc. For mentally or emotionally, the partners in a Boston marriage are also unable to "consummate" their love physically, and may often deny its existence while repressing any tendency towards it. Or, if they are honest enough to admit that they are also human and have a body as well as a soul they believe that to express their love for one of the same sex completely would be a "crime against Nature"—even if Nature herself urged them to do so! However, they themselves are committing the real crime against Nature—not because they are Lesbians—but because they are trying to live "unnatural lives" without any kind of sexual expression. They won't say "Yes!" to Nature because they feel anything that even suggests a sexual relationship of any kind is morally wrong! Still these same women are capable of what used to be referred to as "Platonic friendships" or Love without sexual expression. The emotions they feel can still be as intense as any that have their climax in the sexual act.

In a recent article in *STATUS* magazine (Feb. 1969), John Brennan has devoted a good many words to the Boston marriage.

"Their union," he says, "may well have more permanency than any hasty and officially sanctioned teen-age marriage."

If their home is referred to jokingly by people as the place where the two old maids live, the neighbors probably won't get suspicious of any such thing as a "love affair" between **THEM!** People in general would much rather believe that either the single women's sweethearts were killed in the war or that neither of them had ever found the **RIGHT** man or surely

they would have grabbed him in preference to living with anyone of their own sex! And so the neighbors are inclined to pity two women living together without a man to give them "Heaven on earth." But actually, the two women—if they happen to be "Made for each other," may be much happier than many of their heterosexual friends, for a feeling of pity can easily come from either direction!

Having in my own life survived several "Boston Marriages" which had their intensely happy moments even without sex (though that wasn't my idea!) as those other more complete relationships in which I found everything a human being could need or desire. But having retained my "innocence" for an incredibly long time I did not even know there could be any sexual relationship between women, and though I had never heard of a "Boston marriage" I believed that women who loved each other just naturally lived without Sex! For I couldn't then figure out what they would do even if they wanted it. And only recently to my amazement a friend of mine asked the same question of my youth: "Just HOW do two women have Sex together?"

So it is still possible even today that some women who live together and love one another don't suspect that there is such a thing as any sexual relationship between women! And when and if they find out that there IS or can be, they may consider it wrong and therefore repress it, even though as Carpenter describes them—"their lives and activities are inspired by a genuine friendship or love for their own sex."

Personally, I even preferred a "Boston Marriage" with a woman I loved and could have in no other way, to the extremely opposite relationship of being even the **BEST** man's wife! But in neither relationship—Lesbian with or without Sex, had I ever wasted any of my time waiting for the "right man" to come along, since I had never had the urge to wait for anyone but a woman!

I do not believe however, that this so called "Boston marriage" is necessarily restricted to two women who live together in such a union because one or both of them objects to any kind of a sexual expression.

I once knew an older woman who married a man her own age for companionship rather than sex attraction and they

lived together as "brother and sister"—a relationship which they mutually accepted. Just as two homosexuals of the opposite sex might marry for the sake of "appearance" and then though having all sexual affairs with another gay person could also come under the same category of a "Boston Marriage."

Mr. Brennan, in his article, is too willing to limit such a relationship as being possible only between two women when there are cases where it can and has existed between a man and his wife as well.

In the case of two Lesbians however, one may be averse to Sex for religious reasons or fearful ones, while the other need not necessarily feel the same way. But as "the homosexual puts Love above everything else" (Carpenter)—the average husband demands his sex relations first of all without regard to his wife's preference in the matter.

It has long been taken for granted by many women that whatever they think or do must be dictated by a man and most usually, their husbands. This common "slave and master" relationship is usually an unhappy frustrating one—whether it happens to be sexual in character or not.

Unfortunately, some Lesbians live together in much the same fashion with one of them imitating the dictatorial and selfish husband as much as possible, but whether or not their relationship qualifies as a Boston marriage they may be equally unhappy. This is despite Mr. Brennan's statement that whenever two women "marry" one of them automatically acts like the male head of the household, while the other submissively plays "wife" and nurses a "neurotic" dog instead of a baby. But Lesbians fortunately, do not ALL live in this fashion.

In the first place, any true Lesbian values an independent spirit in others as well as in herself. As soon as one person tries to dominate another in ANY relationship all the joy goes out of it. In some cases where it exists, it may be less difficult for a Lesbian to be dominated by another woman than by a man, but it cannot in the long run be a much happier experience!

We may think of the very word "Marriage" as being "romantic" in nature, but the word itself was originally a contract of ownership without involving Love! A man bought a wife for a certain price or traded cattle or other gifts for her, so he

would have a female to take care of him in all respects. It was her duty to do whatever he commanded, but no one expected him to "love" her as an equal. There is still this "hangover" in some modern marriages, but more women today want an equal partnership with neither of them doing the "bossing."

This is what the true Lesbian has always wanted—freedom in Love with "equal rights" for both partners. Although this ideal is not always achieved there can be little if any satisfaction in a relationship that "apes" one it has rejected. So if two Lesbians living together have no more individual liberties than the average man of the past—if not the present—was willing to give to his wife, then they may as well have accepted a heterosexual union instead of so close an imitation of one!

But when two women really love each other neither personality will be smothered in the process of living together, whether it happens to be a "Boston marriage" or not. Only too few human beings are willing to share the freedom THEY want with anyone else! This, of course, is exactly the reason many people can't live with anyone "happily ever after."

Of course, there are a number of men who can't imagine why or how any women could love each other instead of a man, and when it happens they often look for

some evidence of masculinity in at least one of the women. Otherwise, how could such a thing possibly happen? Yet, there are women who love those who are as feminine as themselves instead of "male imitations."

And as for church and religion playing an important part in the "Boston Marriage" as Mr. Brennan concludes, is there any type of human relationship in which the Church has not played an important role—whether in the manner of acceptance or condemnation? Though as long as nothing sexual is implied in a Boston marriage, the church could hardly be tempted to excommunicate any of its faithful members for living such a "sinless" life! Also, the founders of most religions were for the most part ardent heterosexuals with the possible exception of the founder of Christianity!

Not all of our Boston marriages have been between women who did not know they were Lesbians or had strong sexual towards those of their own sex. But now that homosexual is becoming more of a familiar word than a rarely mentioned one, it is possible that the day will come when more women will realize WHY they prefer to live their lives with one of their own sex rather than as any man's wife!

by Susan Fontaine

A TIME OF SOWING

During the decade of the '60's our society has, perhaps more than during any other period in our history, become aware of the problems of minority groups, and has taken quantum steps to protect these groups against discriminatory legislation. This trend has been reflected on the college campus, and students have carried their social concerns even further to encompass the unequal status of women. Unlike feminist movements past (attempting to prove that women are as good as men—almost), the goal today is equality. For those espousing this cause, meeting standards dominated by white male values is not deemed equality. Even the militant group, Students for a Democratic Society, approved in late 1968 a proposal to link women's rights with the struggle for black liberation. A

resolution passed by their national council called for a campus struggle "to expose how the schools reinforce male supremacists," to demand classes teaching the history of the battle for women's rights, and to upgrade wages paid female student employees.

The feminist movement has already claimed victories on college and university campuses. Restrictions once accepted are being attacked, and new freedoms are burgeoning. The extent of innovations on each campus varies. Southern colleges are experiencing now, movements begun a few years ago on northern, mid-western, and west coast campuses. For example, women students on North Carolina university campuses will have the freedom of self-limiting hours for the first time dur-

ing the 1969 spring semester. Visiting, within stated regulations, by women in men's dormitories is being effected in schools all over the United States. At Stanford University women have even been admitted as members to a fraternity and occupy one floor of the house. Beginning with the 1969 fall semester, Yale will admit five hundred undergraduate women students for the first time in its history, and *The Wall Street Journal* reports that applications already out-number vacancies ten to one.

Academics have posed no problem to the feminist. In this area women are doing as well as or better than men. The problem here is one of motivation. According to Mary I. Bunting, President of Radcliffe College, women's studies do not seem to them relevant to their future plans. Dr. Bunting contends that the college girl is working for grades or approval, not for understanding or later service, and certainly not for leadership. This is due, to a large degree, to the lack of concern of educational institutions (including women's colleges) in providing opportunities for married women with families to continue on a part-time basis. Little real interest has been shown in women's potential. It appears that the processing is valued but not the product. To explore a remedial approach to this existing problem, Radcliffe Institute was started in 1960. While this program, offering encouragement, facilities, and even financial assistance to married women in the Boston area who are qualified and who wish to carry forward promising scholarly or creative projects on a part-time basis, is working, it can hardly be considered as meeting the vital need for state supported nursery schools and kindergartens.

Unfortunately, even these women, and others with advanced degrees, as well as the average graduate with a baccalaureate degree, face discouraging prospects when they enter the business world. In a recent study, many alumnae report dissatisfaction with the guidance received in college. It is possible that a measure of this dissatisfaction stems from the fact that the women student is not always warned that the level of freedom and equality she is enjoying on the college campus does not prevail beyond it. Many married women will, for one reason or another, find themselves at some time gainfully employed along with the others who have embarked on life-time

careers. Together with women of all educational levels they will total one third of the labor force in the United States. In view of the large number of women involved, it is worthwhile to take notice of certain salient facts of economic life which will be difficult for them to accept. While 70% of women with college degrees work, only 2% do so in executive positions. *The Harvard Business Review* recently abandoned a study of executive opportunities for the career woman because "the barriers are so great that there is scarcely anything to study." Room at the top for the female is equally scarce in the public sector: of 9,000 top-ranked federal civil service jobs, only 1.7% are held by women. The median income of working women with college degrees is 51% that of men, and the pacific "things are getting better" is refuted by U.S. Labor Department statistics records showing that the gap has been widening at the rate of 1/2% per year for the past fifteen years. Mary Keyserling, Director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, says that occupationally women are relatively more disadvantaged today than they were twenty-five years ago. In 1940 women held 45% of all professional and technical positions. Currently they hold only 37%. This has occurred despite the fact that the number of women employed has increased, as has the number of women who enroll in and graduate from institutions of higher education.

Research has shown that women do not receive equal pay for equal work even with current legislation drafted to protect women in employment. Women employees claim that this law is circumvented by giving a different title to the same work if performed by a man. When there is a choice between male and female employees, equally qualified, promotion almost invariably goes to the male. Society's image of the woman graduate as wife and mother will make accomplishments outside of this limited area difficult. She will find that sex is a greater deterrent than race when she discovers a median income of \$3,991 for white women in contrast to \$4,277 for non-white men, even though the educational level for women is higher. Not long ago, *The New York Times* published an article of the job status of women in which it was said that the educated women of America have lost ground in their attempt to place their talent at the disposal of a nation that professes to be hungry for brainpower.

This decline of professional women has been attributed to a combination of factors that include earlier marriages, misuse of education, job discrimination, and what Mary I. Bunting calls "hidden persuaders" (the cultural forces that tell a woman it is unladylike to use her mind). Yet for all of these part-reasons, one has but to look at the classified section of this or any *New York Times* issue to see what type of employment opportunities for females are REALLY available.

These statistics are of vital importance to all women. To those who choose a profession or career, these obstacles will be forces to be battled from the beginning. To the many who marry, there is also a need for concern. Large numbers of these women will, for many reasons, find it desirable or even necessary to seek employment at some period. In any case, discrimination against any group has its effect on society as a whole, and certainly this truism holds with the woman graduate.

These problems now stated, we come to the basic reason for this present feminist movement: old questions with conflicting answers. Can woman take her place in competition with men? Is she inferior, superior, or equal? Proponents of extreme view points are of little help. A prominent gynecologist said "... when you come right down to it, perhaps women just live too long! Maybe when they get through having babies they have outlived their usefulness — especially now that they outlive men by so many years ...". On the other side of the coin, Ashley Montagu in his book, *The Natural Superiority of Women*, states and restates the thesis that women are in almost every respect greatly superior to men, and that men are doomed forever to remain the less important sex. His reasons, however, will be repugnant to many since he feels that childbirth is woman's only function. We know that no extreme view is valid. It seems a fair assumption that some women are more intelligent, more creative, more responsible than some men, and that some men are more intelligent, more creative, more responsible than some women. Feminists are discouraged to read the concluding discussions of a symposium held on the West Coast in 1963 on "The Potential of Women." When three professional men, who had each made astute contributions to the study, were asked the final question, "What is a woman?" they replied in turn, "I think she is a man's

wife," "She is also a man's mother," and "She is also a man's mistress." Ah, the male ego! Must men forever see women only in relation to themselves? Every person is first a human being. This is each individual's primary claim to a just share of dignity. This is neither a man's world nor a woman's world, but a people's world, where both men and women with their individual capabilities used at optimum are needed. All women must develop a new vision of themselves as being fully as capable as men in order to participate freely in society. When this is accomplished, they will be effective not because they are women, nor in spite of it, but because they are human beings who successfully meet the requirements of a given specific.

It is urgent that we accept the premise that "unto whom much is given much will be required." The well-educated woman will perform to a more productive degree in whatever role she chooses, or finds thrust upon her, than her less informed and less talented sister. Educators should impress upon these women their responsibility for service, leadership, and "pursuit of excellence," beyond the rostrum of the graduation ceremony. This is, in fact, a commencement, and the graduate must apply her influence and skills to the improvement of the status of women in the work-a-day world. Hers must be a continuing freedom, and like all freedoms, to be effective it must find its justification in achievement.

A word of caution and a bit of encouragement could be offered the woman student leaving the campus today. The writer of Ecclesiastes has reminded us that to all things there is a season. The feminist movement on the campuses across the country has moved forward with militance and has overturned many ancient conventions. Many of these forward strides are due to the forceful approach and unyielding pressures applied. This vanguard, as well as off-campus organizations such as the National Organization for Women and the Women's Liberation Movement, have recognized the time to sow and have diligently applied forces to the season. Surely we, as women, can do no less than underscore our responsibility to reap this harvest and to perpetuate even more bountiful future yieldings.

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MOVIE REVIEW

"TO INGRID MY LOVE, LISA"

Made in Sweden it's called an "art-film" — made in the U.S.A., it's just a plain old "skin flick."

Like all such films, the story line is a ravelled bit of nonsense full of granny knots. It has principally to do with Lisa, a drunken couturier (female; very feminine); in passing, her associate of ten years, who is chided for having failed to propose to her in all that time (male, very feminine); and Ingrid, a narcissistic hick.

Along the way are one barn floor, littered with hay, and three beds. Of these, four horizontal surfaces, three Ingrid shares with men and one with sappy Lisa. (Now you know why it's being reviewed in this magazine.)

Cast as Lisa, Gun Falk does little but pout half-tumbler after half-tumbler of Teacher's Highland Scotch, and yearn lachrymously after Ingrid, played by a bovine person, Gunilla Iwanson. The conventionally gay male costume designer is played with surprising dignity by Heinz Hopf; but then, he didn't have any sex scenes, so perhaps his conscience was a little easier.

There is a mystery about such pictures as this. What audience are they intended

- "The Eli Girls," *Time*, LXXX, No 21 (November 22, 1968), p.22.
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(Miss Fontaine is in her late 20's and is a graduate student in sociology.)

for? Does a lesbian audience want another picture that degrades the lesbian (if Lisa is accepted as a lesbian) as a drunkard and cradle-snatcher? Do lesbians enjoy the boy-girl sex scenes? Do they enjoy seeing phony sex acts, not symbolic sex acts, of all kinds?

Or are they so close in spirit to the jackoff agents who attend the skin, beaver, boy and basket films that they are willing to pay outrageous prices to look at infantile wrestling-matches billed as the real thing? The sex scenes in "To Ingrid My Love, Lisa" are as phony as those in "I Am Curious — Yellow."

— Jane Race

(Reprinted from TANGENTS MAGAZINE, Feb-April, 1969 with permission.)

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If you are planning to move, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Please send your old address and your new address, clearly marked. You MUST include your new zip code. Help us to be certain your copy of THE LADDER reaches you promptly. REMEMBER, third class mail is not forwardable. Send to CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, 1005 Market Street, Room 208, San Francisco, California 94103.

CROSS CURRENTS

SMUT BILL PASSED: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, March 20, 1969, announced the sad news that the California State Senate passed Governor Reagan's bills against "pornography" ... Few object to bills that are enforceable that protect the young, but most of these bills simply penalize the adult reader. Senator George Moscone, attacked one portion of the bill (dealing with adults) as being a way of "opening up the field of witch-hunting." He further stated that a vote against the bill is "a vote for freedom of the press." Please note that Senator Moscone is a Democrat from San Francisco, local voters will want to remember this ...

OTTAWA, CANADA. Many Canadian newspapers, including the **MONTRÉAL GAZETTE**, reported in March on the upcoming approval in Parliament of sexual relationships involving consenting adults ... Hopefully our Canadian readers will supply clippings on developments in this ...

DENMARK: Newspapers and magazines around the world, beginning in February, 1969, have announced the upcoming legislation in Denmark that will legalize (if passed) marriages between men and between women. Poul Dam, a 47 year old member of Danish Parliament, a high school teacher in Birkeroed near Copenhagen, proposed the new bill. In interviews he has stated that "The law should not penalize people who wish to behave outside accepted patterns, and who are different. People should have the right to live exactly as they want, provided they don't harm anyone else." Mr. Dam has the support of many Danish ministers and a fairly large independent group as well. He is also supported by the famous psychologist pair, Sten and Inge Hegeler, authors of **AN ABZ OF LOVE**.

TANGENTS: Los Angeles based **TANGENTS MAGAZINE** and organization has formed a Committee To Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals From the Armed Forces. Their brief, dated March 21, 1969, is directed to the President's draft reform commission ... It is a well reasoned and articulate appeal based solely on men in the armed forces,

saying nothing about women in the armed forces. With that proviso it is an excellent appeal. Since men are subject to formal draft, they do have the more serious problem. However, next time the women belong in the counting, Tangents. For those of you interested, this particular brief is a masterpiece of logic, and a letter to Don Slater, c/o **TANGENTS**, 3473 1/2 Cahenga Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, 90028, will, no doubt, bring you a copy.

EACH ONE TELL ONE: Public relations is the most vital function a chapter can provide second only to caring for its local members. Recently there has been a stepped-up program of public speaking on both the east and west coasts. On Wednesday, March 26, 1969, Hofstra University in New York held a symposium on homosexuality. Martha Shelley of N.Y. **DOB** and Dick Leitsch and Bob Amsel of N.Y. **MATTACHINE** Society spoke. The symposium was open to all students and faculty and was attended by over 400 persons. Mr. Leitsch spoke on the functions of **MATTACHINE**, and the problems encountered. Martha Shelley spoke on the Lesbian as a woman and a homosexual, and related these topics to the difficulties the Lesbian has as a college student. Mr. Amsel discussed his experiences in working with male homosexuals. The audience was largely sympathetic, and the students were reluctant to leave. Many stayed on until after 5:00 p.m. (the symposium began at 2:00 p.m.).

STUDENT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY held a symposium on The Lesbian at Teachers College, Columbia University, March 24, 1969. Barbara Gittings, Martha Shelley and Rita Brown spoke. The audience was sparse, due to driving rains, but the response was good.

DOB's National President, Rita Laporte, has been carrying the word to high school, college and university classes all over Northern California during March and April, 1969. On March 20, 1969, she spoke twice at San Jose State College, to successive classes in "school health." These are courses given primarily to future teachers. but Miss Laporte's speech was open to

others as well in both cases. On April 9, 1969, she spoke at the Berkeley High (East Campus) along with Dorr Jones (representing the male view). Later in April, she returned to speak to another class at Berkeley High. On April 30, 1969, another talk was given at the San Mateo Junior College. On May 2, 1969, Rita Laporte talked to an enlarged class at the Armstrong College, an old and respected business college in Berkeley. The class "social problems" has an enrollment of eight students, but over 30 jammed into the tiny room to hear about **DOB** and the Lesbian.

PLAYBOY FORUM for May, 1969 contains a letter headed "Abominable and Detestable" from a man who was convicted of a sex crime wherein he was entrapped and framed ... the interesting part is that the woman used in this instance was **EMPLOYED** to entrap Lesbians ... how does that grab you? (The editor would be particularly interested in documentation from anyone regarding entrapment of Lesbians.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH: There is a church in Huntington Park, California, run by dynamic and handsome young Troy Perry. Nothing sensational in that announcement, except that this church welcomes homosexuals. Begun in October, 1968, with a congregation of 12 persons, it had by July, 1969, grown to 300 persons. By the time you read this, it will undoubtedly be much larger. The members come from various religious groups ... to a church where there are two unusual doctrines: 1. They accept all homosexuals, and anyone else, who feels the need of God's love, into full membership in the Body of Christ, the Church; and 2. The church advocates and believes in the legalization of homosexual marriages. (Reverend Perry has been asked to write an article for **THE LADDER** for the December/January, 1969/1970 issue.)

HOMOSEXUALS VERSUS TELEPHONE COMPANY: Public Hearings were held in San Francisco, April 14 and 15, 1969, to again debate the issue of getting the homophile organizations listed in the Yellow Pages in San Francisco. The Society for Individual Rights (SIR) has commenced litigation against the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, seeking to

force the Public Utilities Commission of California to compel the telephone company to publish the following paid announcement in the Yellow Pages:

"Homosexuals, know and protect your rights. If over twenty-one, write or visit the Society for Individual Rights, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, 781-1570."

The company has rejected the advertisement on the ground that it is "controversial" and "objectionable."

It is the position of the homophile groups working in this light that such a refusal on the part of the telephone company is an unconstitutional impairment of free speech. Additionally, that there is nothing objectionable or controversial since the Society for Individual Rights states that homosexuals are a legitimate minority group, that SIR is a bona-fide organization for the advancement of the political, economic, and social interests of the homophile community, and that this advertisement is an effective and suitable means of reaching homosexuals, their friends or relatives, who are in need of and would benefit from the services of SIR.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE and **SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER** carried stories about these hearings, in mid-April, 1969, showing that testimony for the homophile groups far outweighed arguments against.

TO OUR EVERLASTING SHAME, one gray-haired lady, Evelyn Spellman, announcing herself as a representative of the San Francisco Council of Women's Clubs and the local chapter of the National Council of Catholic Women, spoke against the proposed ad. Her grounds, on being asked by the Society attorney, B. J. Beckwith, how she would react if the Pacific Telephone Company refused to run an ad that read "Women, protect your rights?", replied: "I think they have a perfect right to exclude an advertisement for any organization." Maybe so, in Russia, Miss Spellman, but not in the U.S.A. Final disposition on this has, apparently, not been made ... we will keep you up to date.

IMPORTANT BOOK COMING: Rita Laporte, **DOB** National President and Joan Kent, **DOB** East Coast Vice President, jointly announce that **DOB**

has been asked to contribute a chapter to a book being published by Random House in October, 1969.

The book, which will be published simultaneously in hardback and paperback, deals with the oppression of women and will feature articles from all aspects of this enormous subject — with an emphasis on the Women's Liberation Movement. The editor of the book, Robin Morgan, is a member of Grove Press's editorial staff, and, as some may remember, she was a child star on television some years ago.

DOB's contribution will be authored by Gene Damon, Editor of THE LADDER. Our being asked to contribute, reports Joan Kent, is entirely due to Martha Shelley's appearance on the Aline Saarinen TV show, "For Women Only," seen in N.Y.C. during the week of January 13-17, 1969. (Coverage of that show appeared in Cross Currents, April/May, 1969 issue.)

LIBRARY JOURNAL: The April 15, 1969 issue of LIBRARY JOURNAL features a long review of THE LADDER and the bibliography, THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE. Since LIBRARY JOURNAL goes to virtually every library in the English speaking world, it is an excellent public relations break for DOB. The article includes an offer of THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE to the first 200 libraries requesting. At the time of writing (early May, 1969) over 75 had already been received, and requests are pouring in. This means a much wider audience than we have ever had before will have access to us, our address, and the work we do.

LORD LOVE WILLIE BROWN. Assemblyman Willie L. Brown, Jr., whose bill to legalize private sexual relationships between consenting adults was first discussed in Cross Currents last issue, has become a national figure, with newspapers all across the land commenting on his brave stand. **BERKELEY BARB,** March 14 - 21, 1969, contained a laudatory examination of the bill, and a plea to all to support it. Mr. Brown, speaking to a SIR audience pointed out that this bill actually covers primarily heterosexual violations under present laws, though the enforcement is restricted to homosexuals. He admitted that he didn't feel

the bill had any chance of passing, but that he would "continue to introduce the bill year after year" in pursuit of his conviction that what consenting adults do in private "is their business and ought to be left to their business."

Nancy Smith With the Women.

In the beginning we were all "small fragile and precious." Then some of us grew up and were called mature, independent and capable. Others of us grew up and we were still called small, fragile and precious.

... And we had to be protected and we had to sign out if we wanted to go somewhere and we couldn't go anywhere is we forgot to sign out...

... And we had to be taken care of and over a thousand of us lost our lives yearly at the hands of quack abortionists...

... And we had to be provided for by the others so we weren't allowed to have the same jobs at the same rate of pay as the others...

... And we were called nutrient so we nurtured 24 hours a day in the only industrialized nation in the world which has no public day care system...

... And they said we never had it so good because we didn't have to work and most of us went on working 90 hours a week cooking, cleaning and baby-sitting...

... And we weren't supposed to excel or compete with others so we didn't and our minds got stale and we learned to rely on what was left—our bodies...

... And if our minds weren't ours, at least our bodies were, and then we found out they weren't, that the others made harsh laws about sex, contraception and pregnancy...

... And we were called passive so we learned to be silent...

... And we were called emotional so we took tranquilizers and spent thousands of dollars annually on psychiatrists and we wondered why we were unfulfilled and inferior...

... And they said don't complain because nobody has it perfect in this society and they said it to a black man too and he said, "Move over, baby, I've got a vision."

(Reprinted with permission from THE DAILY TAR HEEL, University of North Carolina Newspaper, March 1, 1969.)

READERS RESPOND

Dear Editor:

I am so tired of apologizing, nay thinking I should, feeling I should apologize for not wanting the DOB to include men in our plans and activities. "After all men are people" was the nouveau smart remark heard recently. Well, let me say when men, straight or gay, start treating and speaking of women as people and not something that wishes to hang on to their coat tails on the way to THEIR moon, maybe, well maybe I'll reconsider.

DOB is the only homophile organization OF women FOR women! And whatever DOB feels or says about an issue, be it political, philosophical, or emotional, must be said BY women. DOB's joining NACHO will rob us of OUR voice, for NACHO will speak for us from a man's point of view. And as we all know empirically the woman's, the Lesbian's, point of view will be no differently understood or received in that male-oriented, male-dominated conglomerate NACHO than it is in the world at large.

Right now DOB speaks for the Lesbian with the authority and respect of professional community seeking our advice and knowledge on matters pertinent to the Lesbian. Why suddenly must we have a spokesman who knows little about and probably feels very little sympathy for the Lesbian. What possible advantage would "joining" NACHO have for DOB? Right now I see none.

Eleanor Krane
Treasurer, New York Chapter

LADIES:

I must take the strongest of exception to your mention of the SEPIA MAGAZINE article on homosexuality: "LADDER readers need not look it up, because it ignored the Lesbian as usual" (the LADDER: Cross Currents; February-March, 1969.)

The article most certainly does NOT ignore the Lesbian. You seem to forget that the Lesbian IS, after all, a homosexual, first and foremost — subject to all — yes all — of the problems of the male homosexual and with no special problems as a Lesbian. Nowhere in

the SEPIA article does it limit itself to the male homosexual.

Consider some of the problems taken up in that article: Raids (There were some on women's bars in Philadelphia, last year); Federal government discrimination (as virulent against women as against me — in fact, with interrogations often more virulent and offensive against women than against men; I have recently assisted WACs and Lesbian security clearance holders); the law (as much directed against women as against men); employment (A Lesbian is an "ineligible" for most jobs as a male homosexual); "sickness" (Psychiatric thought classifies Lesbians as being quite as "sick" as male homosexuals); entrapment (See the may PLAYBOY Forum); etc.

There is not a single word in that article (and in the WALL STREET JOURNAL article upon which it is based) which does not apply equally and with as full force to the Lesbian as to the male homosexual. The articles deal with *homosexuals* and *homosexuality* — quite neutrally and impartially as to gender — and absolutely properly so.

That the article does not deal with women's rights is, of course, understandable. That is a fully worthy cause, but one *totally* independent of the cause of the Lesbian (which cause — that of the female *homosexual* —) is, after all, what DOB was set up for). I am dismayed by the increasing effort to mix the two causes — to the evident and obvious detriment of both. If one is a Negro homosexual, or a Jewish homosexual, one may well fight racism and anti-Semitism, as well as fighting anti-homosexuality. One's two battles are far better and far more effectively fought totally separately. DOB and the LADDER would be well advised to do the same — in the best interests of both Lesbian (and all other homosexual) and of women.

Franklin E. Kameny
Washington, D.C.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We must point out, Dr. Kameny, that the WALL STREET JOURNAL article on which this SEPIA MAGAZINE article in question was based was run in its entirety in the OCTOBER/NOVEMBER

Dear Gene Damon:

One letter in THE LADDER suggested that each reader send \$10.00 per month to the magazine to help with expenses. Did this suggestion get much response??? Why not push the idea? It's about the best contribution the readers could make — if they can't bring in more subscribers or submit material. Here's mine for 1969.

Ann Carll Reid
Michigan

(Editor's Note: Miss Reid included a check for \$120 with her letter. This is a little over the cost of one tenth of one issue of the magazine ... We are very grateful for every donation that helps to make this magazine possible.)

Dear Gene Damon:

I found Joan Ogden's "Mono-Bi, and Polysexuality" (June/July, 1969) utterly delightful. I wonder if Miss Ogden is aware of the story, "Automatically Yours, Roger Railbird," by E.F. Cherrytree which appeared in the May, 1969 issue of EVERGREEN REVIEW? This story (satire) concerns the history of a man who, indeed screws his automobile ... believe it or not.

L.R.
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Miss Damon:

A friend whose opinion I respect, but don't always subscribe to complains to me that THE LADDER seems to take one small facet of the Lesbian's personality and make it the whole personality. This angers her anew each time she avidly reads an issue from cover to cover.

I have pointed out to her that THE LADDER is not in competition with the LADIES HOME JOURNAL but is a special-interest magazine with a limited budget and volunteer staff. I said I thought the chapter meetings probably concerned themselves with more than just the sexual — I have heard of style shows and guest speakers. Maybe then THE LADDER could run reports of these activities as a regular feature? I imagine many of us in the provinces would like to know what the chapters are doing. It might even en-

courage the formation of more chapters.

Ann
Auston, Texas

(Editor's Note: We will be bringing you more news of the chapter events, Ann, in future issues, though we are not sure we can promise your friend style shows ...)

Dear Miss Damon:

In the past few years, I have noticed several popular songs that seem to be pertinent to the gay community and some that were specifically pertinent to women. The most obvious one is Kathy Kirby's "The Way of Love," popular a few years ago, that contains the line "What will you do/when he sets you free/the way you said/goodbye to me." A woman is singing a tearjerker to someone who has just left her for a man; if she is singing to a man, then he has just opted for homosexuality; if she is singing to a woman, then the woman has just opted for heterosexuality, after having a homosexual encounter with the singer.

Another is Aretha Franklin's "I Ain't Never Loved A Man" which contains the line "I ain't never loved a man/the way I love you." Were she singing to a man, the phrasing would have to be "I ain't never loved ANOTHER man."

Neither song tries to hide this phrasing; both lines occur in the chorus of each song.

Has anyone else noticed any other song? I would also be interested in hearing, through these pages, of any other unusual references to Lesbianism in the popular media.

Thank you.

Name withheld
Cleveland, Ohio

DOROTHY B. MURPHY, Titusville, New Jersey. TIME MAGAZINE April 4, 1969 features a letter from this lady objecting to the magazine's having referred to Israel's New Premier (in the March 14, 1969 issue of TIME MAGAZINE as "the 70-year-old grandmother." She points out that TIME would not think of referring to Konrad Adenauer as "the 90 year old grandfather."

YOU CAN HELP!

Most of you read this magazine for reasons beyond individual entertainment.

Most of you support the work that DOB is doing.

SOME of you show your support by helping.

MOST of you do not.

In my initial editorial message, September, 1968, THE LADDER, I told you that we need many things: good fiction, good non-fiction articles, good poetry, photographs and art work, newspaper and magazine clippings, letters about your needs, reactions and wants for Readers Respond. We still need all of these things.

Some of you write to tell me that you want to help, but don't know how to help, and feel you lack the necessary "special" talent required. If you can read the magazine, you can write a letter about what pleases you and, especially, what does not please you.

We do need someone to volunteer to review the upcoming crop of movies with minor and major Lesbian themes. Ideally, this must be someone living in N.Y., San Francisco or Los Angeles. Please volunteer.

We have been featuring material dealing with feminist concerns, not necessarily limited to Lesbianism per se. Do you approve of this, are you interested in the fact of your "double" minority status, as women and Lesbians? Where are those of you who have a triple jeopardy to live with? Where are the Black Lesbians, the Oriental Lesbians, the Mexican-American Lesbians, any and all who have a multiplicity of "status" problems to face? We would like to hear about your lives.

If you have a personal problem, talk it over with Dr. McGuire (see her column in this issue). She may well be able to help you, and your story and her reply may well help others, too.

A special note to those of you who make up the hard core lazy, those with real talent and ability to do something for this magazine, your voice in the world, but whose personal concerns, job responsibilities, whatever, keep making you put off the day when you will come forward. Don't wait until there is no LADDER to help.

If you have no other gift, how about sending us a little money, now and then, to help defray the enormous expense of bringing this magazine to you. Every \$1 helps us.

How many friends do you have who would, in theory, be interested in this magazine who have never seen a copy? Christmas is coming, a gift subscription gives us one more paid subscriber, one more person to help in this work. Where are you? What are you doing? What can you do?

WHY NOT! HELP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GENE DAMON Editor

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:
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New York, New York 10017

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Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266

San Diego Chapter:
P. O. Box 183
El Cajon, California 92022

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)