



The Ladder

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OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 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.

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

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER, 1969

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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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by Gene Damon

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Chapters provide all manner of recreation, an opportunity to work with those who may be less fortunate, a place to learn about our heritage and history, a place, a group with which to fight for our civil rights, a limitless tool to widen our horizons.

In addition to those chapters listed formally in this issue, we have growing groups in CHICAGO (write DOB, P.O. Box 242, BROOKFIELD, ILLINOIS,

60513); BOSTON (write DOB, P.O. BOX 8435 JOHN F. KENNEDY STATION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02214); and MIAMI (write JOAN KENT, VICE PRESIDENT, EAST, DOB, P.O. BOX 3629, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y., N.Y., 10017). CLEVELAND (Write DOB, P.O. BOX 20355, CLEVELAND, OHIO, 44120); DENVER (DOB, P.O. BOX 9057 SOUTH DENVER STATION, DENVER, COLORADO, 80298); PORTLAND (write DOB, BOX 8857, PORTLAND, OREGON, 97208).

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A special note for Southern California residents. The SAN DIEGO CHAPTER is fully operative, and can be reached at DOB, P.O. Box 183, EL CAJON, CALIFORNIA, 92022. The LOS ANGELES CHAPTER is active again and can be reached by writing DOB, P.O. Box 3237, HOLLYWOOD STATION, L.A., 90026.

Photographs of the Independence Day Picketing in Philadelphia, July 4, 1969 shown on front cover are by NANCY TUCKER.

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Photos on this page are of the West Coast Picketing for the murder of Frank Bartley. Photographer, BARBARA STEPHENS.



by Jane Rule

CHAPTER FROM AN UNTITLED NOVEL IN PROGRESS

Dina Pyros ran something between an antique and a junk shop called simply GEORGE'S, wedged in between Charlie Ries' drug store and Cater's Ice Cream on F Street, which cut wide and uncertainly commercial across the whole of the uncertain city.

Dina's "better" customers, like Ann and Charlie Ries from next door and Ida Setworth (one of the town's finest antiques herself), complained about the space she took up with buying empty beer bottles and old paperbacks. But her "best" customers, like Rosemary Hopwood, who was a social worker, and Peter Fallidon, the bank manager, liked paperbacks as much as they did the stripped down and refinished tables and chests.

Dina's friends, like Sal and Dolly who ran the corset shop down the block, wouldn't have an excuse to visit during business hours unless they could bring the bottles Dina had helped to empty over the weekend. Even more important, those people who weren't exactly friends and certainly not customers could always collect a dozen empties or a handful of old mysteries and have an excuse to pass half an hour or an afternoon by Dina's old stove with the cats and the radio. They got in the way sometimes and left sometimes with things more valuable than what they had brought in, though they rarely had either the skill or initiative to carry out furniture. Charlie Ries said they all but ruined Dina's business and too often spilled over into his drug

store. But Dina imagined Rosemary Hopwood sometimes came in because of them, and Dina's friends didn't mind as long as there was some place to sit down and a little air coming in from the back door.

For Dina herself, the people around the stove were as important as the old pieces of furniture she brought in, collected from fire sales, real junk shops, old ladies' attics, sometimes even the dump. She knew good wood and good lines. She had an eye for grain and bone structure in a face as well. Not many phonies of any kind came into the shop and stayed. Anyone who asked, "Who's George?" (or worse, "Where's George?"), for instance, didn't stay long or come back. Nor did anyone who called Dina "George." Whether the Rieses or Ida Setworth approved of the tone or not, there was one—a kind of hum that came from power tools even after they had been turned off or the old tubes in the radio or the cats, some sort of constant that made the shop seem at the same time drowsy and alive.

Something dangerous, or dangerously comfortable, about GEORGE'S or the young woman who ran it, Rosemary Hopwood had thought when she first discovered it six years ago just after she'd come back to town. The line of an old rocker had clipped her vision at thirty miles an hour so that she slowed, drove round the block and parked her rather too expensive car for the price she intended to pay right at the front door. Dina Pyros

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was alone in the shop that morning, crouched at the bottom drawer of an old chest, fixing the last of the brass handles. She went on working while she exchanged looks of appraisal with her customer. Rosemary Hopwood had time, therefore, to consider that face and the price tag on the rocker before she had to speak. There wasn't, she was interested to discover, much margin for bargaining in either the price or the face, which she regretted briefly, knowing no other way to have a conversation.

"I'd like the rocker," she said.

Dina stood up, squarely built, solidly balanced, in a heavy, dark sweater, other uncountable layers of clothing visible at the neck, lined jeans, and boots. She must have said something, but Rosemary's memory of the transaction was that it was nearly wordless. She had the right change. Dina put the rocker in her car. That was all. The radio had been playing, surely. It always was.

The shop had never been empty again when Rosemary came in, once every two or three months, sometimes honestly looking for a piece of furniture, more often simply lingering at the paperbacks, accepting a cigarette or a cup of coffee, strong and bitter, boiled with its grounds in an old tin pot. Occasionally she met someone she knew: old Ida Setworth or Cole Westaway, the boy who had come to live with Miss A. And the faces of those she didn't know, collected around the stove, became familiar to her. For her, there was no conversation ever, just the hum of the shop, voices somewhere in it, from the radio or the people by the stove, and the owner's square, drowsy courtesy. Rosemary would stay a little longer than made

sense and go before she was ready to.

At first Dina had been no more than shocked by Rosemary Hopwood, who was not a woman one could reasonably expect to drop in at GEORGE'S or, for that matter, anywhere else in this by-passed, sea-sided town. That first day she was still dressing as she had in some other world, in black, with something bright and soft at her throat. Her hair was black—and her eyes, and she had a slow, very white smile. Dina was not so much aware of how little had been said as she was of Rosemary's voice, low with breakings in it. When Dolly asked Dina to describe Rosemary Hopwood, Dina could only say, "Around forty, about to age." And Rosemary had aged in those six years, for Dina nearly at once when she discovered Rosemary's name, which was as old as any name in town, then again when Dina discovered that she was a social worker.

"What if she's looking for grass?" Dina asked Dolly.

"It's not as if you were pushing it," Dolly said.

"No, but you know—the kids."

"So? They're better by your stove than down on the docks."

"Still, you can smell it."

"Maybe she's your type, is she?" Dolly asked.

Dina shrugged, as if to say *she* wasn't particular.

"Sal wonders, are you coming over tonight?"

"Don't know," Dina said.

It would depend, as Dolly knew, on whether or not Dina got involved with a piece of furniture or a woman. If a woman, she might bring her along, but if a piece of furniture, she was lost to them.

Dina never really planned her involvements, as long as they were in something of a constant rhythm, which somehow usually happened without her ever directly initiating anything.

So, for six years, Rosemary Hopwood had been coming into the shop, along with a number of other people, and Dina had gotten used to her, though never quite to the sound of her voice. Dina sold her a table or made her a cup of coffee or offered her a cigarette, that was all.

Sal, in the shop just a couple of months ago, saw Rosemary for the first time and said, when she was gone, "I wonder where she buys her underwear."

Dina turned on the sander.

"I don't believe a word you say," Sal shouted uselessly, "you gray-eyed Greek!"

It was not a hard exercise in cynicism since Dina spoke so few, ever.

Saturday morning was always a bad one for Dina because she drank every Friday night at Nick's, partly out of family loyalty to her cousin Nick, partly out of immigrant loneliness for a country she didn't remember, partly out of dull habit. It was a rest at the time, the place full of young men: college students and sailors off the few freighters that still did come in to port here. But she always drank too much. Dolly and Sal didn't know why she opened up on Saturday, except to provide a place by the stove for drifting kids. That was why. She seemed to herself, on Saturday morning, one of them. Often she did no work at all, sat on the back step with a bottle of beer, and stared at weed patches in the concrete. Even addressed, she might not respond, but GEORGE'S was open. The radio

was on. The cats came in and out, over and around her.

"Shall I get that phone?" someone asked.

Dina didn't answer.

"It's Miss A., Dina," the same voice said. "She wants to talk to you, if that's all right."

Dina put the bottle of beer down carefully between her feet, got up and backed away from it. To anyone else, if she had bothered to take the call, she would have said, "I don't *repair* furniture," but to Miss A. Dina would say "Yes" to whatever request. It was not that she had her eye on pieces of furniture in the house, though there were some she would have loved to buy. Neither Miss B. nor Miss A. would ever sell anything. It wasn't either that the old Larson ladies were people no one refused, though that was true. Dina liked old people generally, particularly antiques like Ida Setworth. Still, she could say no to Ida Setworth. Miss A. was, Dina tried to explain, "one of a kind." Not her lameness, no, not that. And Dina had seen better faces. Miss A.'s tended to pudding when she was tired. She was open and closed, open to know and still complete in herself. What she asked for was all that she ever wanted.

"Yes," Dina said, "tonight as soon as I've closed the shop. No, not for dinner, thanks, Miss A., but I'll have a sherry with you before I go."

The effort of that kept Dina from getting all the way back to the door. She settled in her old chair instead, a seat left vacant for her even when the shop was crowded. It turned partly away from the stove and the couch, not quite toward a remarkably orderly desk. From it, she could

seem to turn her back and still watch the front area of the shop. And she could hear, without getting involved in, the arguments about baseball scores or narcs or how much it didn't cost to get to Mexico, usually quietly going on under the sounds of the radio.

The street door opened and Grace Hill walked into the shop, a long-boned expensive woman with migraine eyes and an unalterable mouth. She started a look toward Dina and then veered away. She was too nervous to browse with books. Instead she got very aggressive with chairs, shaking them, turning them upside down, even lifting one or two off the wall where Dina had hung several sets.

"How much are these?" she finally called.

"Price is on the bottom," Dina replied without looking over or moving.

"I'd like to be shown," Grace Hill said.

The others by the stove watched Dina for the moment before she moved, knowing it was a contest. Dina got up, walked over and lifted half a dozen chairs off the wall.

"I don't really want chairs," Grace Hill said.

Dina yawned through her ears.

"Couldn't you come and have a drink?"

"Don't close the shop until six."

"Perhaps I'll come back."

Dina did not respond one way or the other. Grace Hill waited, then turned and walked out.

"Tight ass," one of the boys commented.

"Don't be mouthy about her broads," another said.

"What's mouthy?"

"Tight ass," Dina agreed, and

she reached out to pour herself and the others coffee.

If Grace Hill did come back at six, Dina was not there to know it. She had locked up at five-thirty in order to get to Miss A.'s to pick up the chest and drink a glass of sherry.

Since Dina had wrecked her sports car two years ago and spent three months in the hospital in traction, she had not owned a car. She had driven instead her ancient junk truck, a reliable traffic hazard, built before the car became the first self-destruct art object. Sometimes it was reluctant to start, but there was nowhere in town that Dina couldn't get a push from a gang of kids or a bank manager. And, if she missed the light at M Street and therefore didn't get a run on the hill, she could always turn the truck around and back up, a sight familiar to local drivers and accepted by the police. This evening she was lucky and arrived at the crest of P Street at a sturdy ten miles an hour, only five or six patient cars behind her. Because of the high hedges around the Larson house, Dina did not see Rosemary Hopwood's car until she turned into the drive. She sat in the high seat of her truck for a moment, leaning on the steering wheel. Then she cupped her own ears in her hands, incidentally flattening the wings of her dark, strong hair.

"Hi, Dina," Cole called coming across the drive from the side garden.

Her right hand deserted her head to greet him with a minimal salute, her left hand to open the door.

"I came about the chest," she said.

"It's in the front hall. I'll help you carry it out," Cole said. "Then Cousin A. says you'll stay for sher-

ry."

"She's got company," Dina said.

"Just Miss Hopwood about Kathy."

"What's the matter with Kathy?"

"Well, you know, it's probably about time . . ." Cole said.

"Oh, that."

She followed him to the house and together they carried out the chest either of them could have managed quite easily alone, but, because Cole had nothing but good will invested in the gesture, Dina accepted it. She felt, with a dim kindness, sorry for Cole Westaway. He let so little out but good will. "The kind of guy to grow up to be everybody's left hand man," her cousin Nick said, with some impatience, which Dina couldn't feel. She swung up on the truck deck and let Cole hand the chest up to her. He waited while she roped it down.

"It's a nice piece," she said.

"It's to be a present for Harriet Jameson."

Cole consciously did not offer his hand as she came down off the truck, just as he consciously did not offer a hand to Cousin A. in any of her gettings up and gettings down. But knowing what not to do only left him doing nothing nervously. He would have liked to make Dina a friend of his but he saw no clear way of going about it. He dropped in at the shop occasionally. He saw her often at Nick's; but he felt the distance she kept around herself from everyone, the kids in the shop, the women she drank with. Still, he felt as comfortable with her as he did with anyone.

"Are you going to Nick's tonight?" Dina asked, making a rare effort at a question.

"Probably. Are you?"

"Don't know. Probably. There's a Greek ship in."

Dina wore nothing Cole could offer to take from her, so he led her at once down the hall to the library. She stood stolidly in the doorway for a moment, like the gardener or a plumber; then she moved to the hands Miss A. offered up to her.

"Dina," Amelia said. "Do you know Miss Hopwood?"

"Yes, we know each other," Rosemary said, offering only her very white smile. "How are you, Dina?"

"Well enough for Saturday," Dina said.

"Did Cole show you the chest?" Amelia asked.

"Yes, I can have it done for you in about a week. Do you want me to bring it back here or take it over to Miss Jameson's?"

"Well, yes, that's a sensible suggestion."

Cole was pouring her a glass of sherry.

There was a silence in the room Amelia did nothing about beyond listening to it. Rosemary was the only one less comfortable in it than the others; but what occurred to her to say, tested quickly in her head, seemed either false or forward. She reached for her purse and a cigarette, which signaled Dina to produce a pack from somewhere inside the layers of clothes she seemed to wear in all seasons.

"Thank you," Rosemary said. "I always seem to be smoking yours."

Dina shrugged, waited, and lighted the cigarette. Then she turned to Cole and her sherry.

"We've been talking about what to do when Kathy goes," Amelia said. "Apparently there are more girls than places just now."

"Grace Hill was thinking of taking a girl," Dina said.

"Do you know her?" Rosemary asked.

Dina shrugged again to indicate some ambivalence.

"Well enough, I mean, to know how it would be for a girl in her household?"

"A house full of boys," Dina said. "A lot of work, probably."

"She has come in to see me," Rosemary admitted. "She seemed . . ."

"I don't think it would be a good idea," Dina said flatly, to close the conversation.

But Amelia couldn't accept that, in concern of her own. "Why?"

"Do you know Mrs. Hill?" Rosemary asked.

"No," Amelia said. "I know who her husband is, of course, but I don't know her."

Dina had taken a seat across from Rosemary, her booted feet separately planted on the floor, her glass in a hand between her knees.

"Why, Dina?" Amelia asked again.

"She wants more than she asks for," Dina said. "These kids . . . you need to be willing to take less . . . like you."

"She said she'd had some training in social work," Rosemary said.

Dina looked over at Rosemary Hopwood.

"She's an awfully nervous person," Cole said suddenly. "I don't really know her. I've just seen her in the shop a couple of times. But, if I were pregnant . . ." he stopped stricken.

Dina's laugh was like the bark of a deep throated dog. "I'm with you, Cole," she said. "But you're already in the best house for preg-

nant girls in town."

For Amelia the conversation was both distressing and reassuring. Dina Pyros was no fool; and she was both young enough herself—probably not much over thirty—and in turn enough with young people to make such a judgment sensibly. Still, Amelia now was not the Amelia of six months or a year ago. She was older and heavier with grief. She was alone, with only the mirror of her sister's diaries to look into, where before she had been able to look into her sister's face. Other faces did not do in the same way and never would, much as she liked the two now turned to her—the shrewd, gray-eyed Greek with her broad-plained face and the bred beauty of Rosemary Hopwood, as nerve sharp as Dina was willfully bland.

"I don't know," Amelia said. "I just don't know."

"I don't have to send Agate to you," Rosemary said. "There are two other girls . . ."

"Agate?" Cole asked.

"A bright and angry twenty-year-old from down state," Rosemary said. "You'd like her well enough, but she's obviously going to be a handful at times. And maybe . . ." she turned to Amelia.

"Let me think about it," Amelia said. "Kathy has another three weeks probably."

"The doctor said maybe just another week," Rosemary said, and added, because of the surprise on Amelia's face, "There's a family history of complications."

Dina stood up and put her glass on the table. "Thanks for the sherry."

"Will you call me or Miss Jame-son?" Amelia asked.

"Just as you like."

"Good-bye, Dina," Rosemary said. "I'll have to stop in and see you one day soon. I'm looking for a bedside table."

"Any time," Dina said. "See you tonight, Cole."

"Yes," he said. "I'll see you to the door."

Dina went to Miss A., leaned down, and kissed her, not on the cheek, on the side of her brow, where the old, fine veins made a pattern.

"I like that young woman," Amelia said, when she and Cole had left the room. "Do you?"

"Why, yes. Why would you ask?" Rosemary said.

"You seemed to have some distaste for her boots," Amelia said, smiling.

"Sometimes you want me, just for a minute, to be Beatrice," Rosemary said.

"Yes. It's the shape of your head, I suppose."

"But I like Dina's boots. I like Dina. I confess that for some time I even tried to make friends with her, after I first got back."

"Did you really? And couldn't?"

"No more than you see," Rosemary said, and gave a shrug imitative of Dina.

"She hasn't much talent for friendship. Cole tries, too. She doesn't talk enough."

"No, though today she said more than I've ever heard her say before."

"You want me to take Agate," Amelia said.

"Yes, Amelia, I do, but I don't want to force her on you."

"What if I can't handle her?"

"I don't know," Rosemary said. "You won't have to if you can't, of course. But I don't know what

else I would do with her."

"Is Kathy going to have a difficult time?"

"I don't think so. It's just a precaution," Rosemary said. "And, by the way, something I think you *are* getting too old for is the waiting room."

"Nonsense. It's the one thing I don't feel too old for. And don't you misjudge Kathy. She asks very little, but she's going to need somebody there, and I'll do. I always have."

"Think about Agate. I'll stop in again later in the week."

"There's plenty of dinner," Amelia said.

"I know—with Kathy there always is, but I must go along."

Dina and Cole were still in the driveway when Rosemary came out of the house.

"Anything the matter?" she called.

"A flat," Dina said, "and I've left the spare at the shop."

"Do you want me to drive you down to get it?"

"I can, Miss Hopwood," Cole said.

"I think Kathy's already waiting dinner. I'm in no hurry. Come on, Dina."

"Thanks, then. Thanks anyway, Cole. You go on in and have your dinner. I won't come right back."

As Dina got into Rosemary's car, Rosemary said, "I can bring you right back. I really am in no hurry."

"Neither am I. If you drop me at the shop, I can get Cole to bring me out tonight. He's coming down anyway, to Nick's."

They didn't say anything else to each other until Rosemary parked in front of GEORGE'S.

"Thanks," Dina said, her hand on the door handle; but she had turned to look at Rosemary. "Are you coming in?"

"Shall I?"

"Up to you," Dina said, turning away.

It was as much of an invitation as, and the only one, Rosemary would ever get from Dina. She was not about to refuse it. She followed Dina to the door of the shop and waited while she unlocked it. Then she followed Dina in through the near darkness, cool with scents of wood and cosmetic oils and ashes, into the work shop where stairs led to the second floor. Not until Dina opened the door into her living room did she turn on a light. It was not at all what Rosemary had imagined, this white walled space, rich with textures and deep colors that came from books and rugs and shawls thrown over tables and chairs. On the window sill there were fresh daffodils.

"Will you stay for dinner?" Dina asked.

"Yes, thanks."

Dina went to the kitchen, got things out of a large refrigerator, and turned on the oven.

"Can I help?"

"Nothing much to do," Dina said. "Nick's cook sends things over . . ." She was reading typed instructions to do with temperatures and times on several packages, wrapped professionally in foil. "Do you want a drink?"

"Thank you."

Dina opened a cupboard of bottles and displayed it to Rosemary.

"Ouzo?"

"You like ouzo?"

"Yes," Rosemary said.

Dina poured a generous two jig-

gers into the bottom of each of two glasses, then filled a small jug with water, and put all three on a tray.

"Take these in."

Rosemary put the tray on a table by the couch, looked at half a dozen formally framed snapshots, one of Nick Pyros much younger, one of an old woman in a black shawl who might have been Dina's mother. Group pictures: one a large peasant family probably in Greece, another a large family dressed in city clothes on a city street. Chicago, perhaps? New York?

"Give me your coat," Dina said, standing just behind Rosemary.

For Rosemary that was not possible. The slow, low-flamed need of six years, the moments that collected to hours of standing next, turning toward, only to be offered something, something else—courtesy—turned her now slowly into Dina's arms, face offered up to the face that had hovered over her in a thousand fantasies, serene-eyed always. Rosemary's hands cupped the head Dina had held for herself only two hours ago and drew her down to the slow, seeking appetite of her own mouth, which could discover against all the barriers of clothes what Dina wanted or could be made to want. But Dina's mouth, so reluctant in speech, and her body, so solid and stolid in a weight of soft, carefully undefining armor, moved to answer all questions in the first—not quickly, no, but with an accepting authority, tongue delicate, then deep, a thrusting entrance into all desire, hands lifting and spreading buttocks so that Rosemary must open and cling, her whole weight held into Dina. When she finally felt herself released, she wasn't sure she could stand. She

tried, but kept her arms about Dina's neck, resting her head on Dina's shoulder.

"I've loved you for six years," Rosemary said.

Dina moved then, turned Rosemary so that she could take her coat, laid it casually and yet carefully over the arm of a chair, poured a small bit of water into each of the glasses of ouzo, watching the clear liquid swirl gently into milk. She handed one to Rosemary, sat down heavily on the couch, and took Rosemary with her, onto her lap. She gave them time for two sips of the drink, then set the glasses aside.

Rosemary did not know finally how she had become entirely naked. Dina's hands did not acknowledge or tear at cloth. She touched through it, defining the shapes of breast, belly, thigh, all undoing then without urgency, sexual in itself; hand on groin through nylon, heavy, sure, then on the soft skin of the belly, the hip, the buttocks, gently parted, probed, left quiet for a moment—gradually nakedness, gradual openings everywhere to the hands, the mouth, until Dina knew, owned what she called to, and Rosemary came to her weeping with need beyond any fantasy or experience she had ever had. Dina held her gently, as if she were a child, stroked her hair, kissed her temple until she was quiet. Then she held the ouzo for Rosemary to drink from the glass.

"I must get your dinner," Dina said.

"Darling . . ."

"Don't dress. There's a thing on the hook on the back of the bathroom door—through there."

Rosemary got up, went through a bedroom where she noticed only a

large bed and the sense of other furniture. She sat on the toilet and shook, again like a child, taken to the bathroom in the middle of the night. She had no idea what time it was. Should she take a shower? She didn't want one. Wash at least. She encountered the mirror before she could wish she hadn't, but the face she had gradually grown uncertain of was not there. The curling, tangled hair, the dark, desiring eyes, the full, so beautifully used mouth belonged to a younger face, one she had not seen since she had come home, defeated, six years ago. There was no vanity in her pleasure, simply wonder. The robe was red silk. Rosemary put it on without thinking about it, without wondering who had worn it the night before that.

When she got back into the living room, she found her clothes very neatly arranged on the chair with her coat, and the table was set. Dina was in the kitchen, still in her boots, lined jeans and large, obscuring sweater.

"Do you like retsina?" she called. "Yes."

To drink what has the faint flavor of resin was to feel uncertain of the nature and needs of the body, slight metaphor for the confusion of wood and flesh, of cloth and skin. Rosemary ate with Dina's silence.

"Now," she said, "I want to go to bed with you. I want . . ."

"I have to get the truck," Dina said. "Then I drink at Nick's."

"But I want you like that," Rosemary said. "Don't you want me?"

"A Greek, to marry well, must be a virgin," Dina said.

It was a joke the more pompous and preposterous for Dina's serious face, and Rosemary laughed with

the same low breakings that were in her speaking.

"Do you want to go drinking?" Dina asked.

"I couldn't. I couldn't possibly."

Only as they were driving silently back to Amelia's to the truck did Rosemary begin to feel uneasy. There was nothing to say, and Dina made no gesture or suggestion as she got out of the car. Cole came down the front steps, as if he had been waiting for her.

"Dina?" Rosemary asked.

"Good night," Dina said as she reached for the tire in the back seat.

"I began to think you weren't coming back," Rosemary heard Cole say.

"We had dinner."

Rosemary drove off without speaking to Cole, feeling both older and more foolish than she could quite believe she was. A piece of furniture.

(Jane Rule was born in New Jersey, received a B.A. degree from Mills College in California, and did graduate work at the University of London. She is on the faculty of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada.

Her short stories have appeared in periodicals throughout the English speaking world and she is the author of the 1964 novel, *THE DESERT OF THE HEART*, and a frequent contributor to *THE LADDER*. We are happy to present this excerpt from her novel in progress.)

(Editor's Note: At press time we learned that Jane Rule's second novel, *This Is Not For You*, has been sold, and will be published. The present chapter is from a third novel.)

BY Helen M. Hacker, Ph.D.

HOMOSEXUALS: SHOULD THEY HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS?

At no time since the Civil War has America been so conscious of the problem of civil rights and of the need to do away with discrimination against all minority groups.

One group that has become increasingly militant in demanding their rights and freedom has been the organized homosexuals. They say that they too are entitled to the constitutional rights of privacy, to a job, and to the equal protection of the laws.

What homosexuals basically mean by freedom is the recognition of their equal humanity. They want ardently to be free to drop the mask and be acknowledged as full-stature human beings without fear of intimidation, exploitation, blackmail, and ridicule.

In a very general sense, the psycholo-

gical impact on the homosexual of a self-righteously heterosexual society is like that experienced by the oppressed Negro. His self-esteem suffers because he is constantly receiving an unpleasant image of himself from the behavior of others toward him.

As Donald Webster Cory says, "A person cannot live in an atmosphere of universal rejection, of widespread pretense, of a society that outlaws and banishes his activities and desires, of a social world that jokes and sneers at every turn, without a fundamental influence on his personality."

The claims of homosexuals are just. There is no justifiable basis for depriving any group of persons of full participation in those opportunities which, according to our democratic values, should be

extended to all members of our society.

A person should be able to say yes to being a homosexual without being labeled as either criminal or neurotic. Just as skin color or religion are irrelevant to performance on the job and friendly relations, so also is sexual inclination.

There is no evidence to suggest that homosexuality in itself prevents anyone from functioning adequately in social and non-sexual roles. To date psychological tests have not revealed any conclusive differences in the over-all patterns of adjustment of comparable groups of homosexual and heterosexual males and females.

Thus, unprejudiced persons will support the demands of homophile groups for an end to the pattern of discrimination which has turned them into second-class citizens solely on the basis of their private sexual persuasion.

Many representatives of homosexual organizations, however, go much further. They take the position that homosexual behavior should be evaluated no differently than heterosexual behavior—that it be considered no better and no worse. They argue that it should be a matter of indifference whether a child makes his primary emotional and/or sexual commitment to a member of his own or the opposite sex.

What would the probable outcome for society be if homosexuality were accorded equal rank with heterosexuality—if one were just as good as the other? We do not know to what extent biological facts impel toward heterosexuality. What little we do know seems to indicate that psychological, social, and cultural factors outweigh constitutional and glandular factors in producing sexual orientations. Even if one assumes biological drives toward heterosexuality, they can be circumvented by culture.

In the absence of exact knowledge, however, a plausible assumption is that with no cultural pressure in either direction, fifty percent of children would grow up to be mainly heterosexual and fifty percent homosexual. Or there is the possibility that adult sexual preferences might conform to the normal curve of distribution, with a minority at each end of the curve being exclusively heterosexual or homosexual and the majority in between the extremes showing varying degrees of preferences for their own or the neighboring sex.

Would such a sexual situation serve to reproduce the society? The answer depends in part on the birth rate among those who are heterosexual. But even those who had homosexual proclivities might become parents.

Paradoxically, the very cultural freedom granted to homosexuality might serve to reduce its sway.

First, many men—and perhaps women, too—would feel free to marry members of the opposite sex and have children if they could be open about their need for occasional homosexual "lapses," much as the lack of divorce can be accepted in a country like Italy if husbands are free to have affairs with other women.

Without such permissiveness, many homosexual men who are also capable of heterosexual relationship may steer clear of marriage and fatherhood.

Second, if homosexuality were institutionalized and given the same value status as heterosexuality, it would then involve the fulfillment of obligations and conformity to sexual relations would be subject to the same regulations as heterosexual ones, involving such matters as marriage and divorce, age of consent, the rights, duties, and role differentiation of homosexual partners.

If a system governing homosexual relationships, parallel to that governing heterosexual relations were evolved, then homosexuality would no longer serve as a way to evade responsibility, nor would it be an expression of social hostility or of rebellion against parents.

In short, putting homosexuality on the same plane as heterosexuality would undercut whatever neurotic appeal the homosexual way of life has in contemporary society. Under these circumstances, it is possible that fewer persons would choose a homosexual commitment.

One may note also that making children available to homosexual couples either through adoption in the case of males or through artificial insemination in the case of females, would add to the supply of potential parents.

However, it is important to consider that sexual behavior is an activity which no society has been able to leave completely unregulated and purely a matter of individual choice. Usually, sexual gratification is used as the bait through which various ends, vital to the survival of the society, are obtained. These include phys-

ical reproduction, cooperative relations with others, group loyalty.

It is obvious that producing enough children to insure survival is dependent upon fostering heterosexuality as a value, though not necessarily an exclusive one. Indeed, in the era of the "population explosion," homosexuality may be viewed as serving a valid social function. Besides, homosexuals represent no more of a threat in this regard than do bachelors or priests dedicated to celibacy.

For those, however, who fear that giving completely equal status to homosexuality would result in an excessive submergence of heterosexuality, an alternative solution may be offered. This is to view homosexuality as a career of social worth and dignity, but of a lesser prestige than heterosexuality.

A precedent for this approach is found in many non-literate societies. Among the Plains Indians, for example, a man who did not wish to be a warrior could become a *berdache* without loss of social or self-respect. The *berdache* dressed like a woman and followed feminine occupations. Although they were not always homosexual, some did "marry" other men. A "man-woman" among the Zuni also could receive considerable deference.

Although it would not seem that they were homosexual, the "manly-hearted"

women of the Blackfoot Indians excelled in many activities usually reserved for men. Their sexual deviance was expressed in passionate and unconventional sexual behavior with their husbands.

Some groups have institutionalized homosexuality during certain stages in the life cycle, as in adolescence among the Keroki of New Guinea.

Since we can't foresee all the outcomes, and heterosexuality is vital to the preservation of society, we may wish to play it safe by placing homosexuality on a slightly lower footing. Just as the occupation of Justice of the United States Supreme Court carries more prestige than that of electrician or policeman, so a heterosexual career may be more honorific than a homosexual one. Everyone, however, will not be expected to make the grade, and parents will be mildly disappointed rather than distressed if one of their children does not qualify completely as a heterosexual.

But whether equal to, or a little less equal than heterosexuality, homosexuality need not be without honor in a democracy.

(Dr. Hacker is Associate Professor of Sociology at Adelphi College.)

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by Diana Sterling

IF THE GLOVE FITS . . .

I have never been of the devil-may-care attitude. And I have always (without attempting to give the impression of holier-than-thou) been a hard-working, nose to the grindstone, gather no moss type person. So it's farfetched to say I lunched in Lyle's Department store everyday just because of a little salesclerk in the gloves department. None-the-less, I had begun going there ever since the day of the sale on gloves. I needed a pair. And I recognized the salesclerk as someone who had gone to school with me. She had been in a class or two below me, so I did not know her name.

I began to lunch at the Lyle because I was tired (after four solid years without the slightest deviation) of the backroom where a trio of other tired secretaries and

I took our nourishment. I worked for a woman who was one of the finest lawyers in town to boot. The office building we shared was modern in nineteen hundred and smelled rotgut dank, a smell I hadn't particularly noticed till the day I bought the gloves at Lyle's. To get away from it I lunched more and more at the cafeteria in the Lyle basement, after which I would browse through the merchandise. I suppose, because it was strategically located on the third floor, it's easy to see how I gravitated to gloves.

The salesclerk had big sky-blue eyes that made anyone looking into them an instant sun. I think I had gotten to my third purchase of gloves that first week when I began to lose my appetite and gain it back and lose it and gain it consecutively, like

energy run amuck. From where these bursts of energy emanated, and to where they went, I couldn't be sure. And though I had ideas, I refused to entertain them on the assumption that, number one, I was fooling myself or, number two, I was not fooling myself.

It was during a rendezvous in the stairwell that one of these ideas took shape—and I'm not entirely sure which one it was. I'm sure only that we, the salesclerk and I, talked: mostly about gloves, on the landing between the second and third floors. Then the great iron door opened and a woman came down the stairs, saying she couldn't wait for elevators, and she was cowed by escalators. After which we continued our talk.

Each day.

The salesclerk would come down from three, while I would go up from two in the stairwell where I happened to be at ten after noon every day. I happened to be there not because I was frightened of escalators, or because the elevators were too slow. I simply needed the exercise, and my diligence in this matter can partly be attested to by my figure which is a size nine.

It was in the stairwell one afternoon the salesclerk brought out a pair of gloves from the pocket of the pink smock she wore. Good Lord, she took my naked hand! I began to tremble, indignant. I turned to flee when she said:

"Where are you going?"

"Look," I think I said, "I don't like stair landings."

"Then come see me at home sometimes," she said.

"When?" I said, immediately striking the question with, "Where?"

She gave me the name of a hotel in town.

"Why don't you live at home, for god-sake?" I said.

"You mean with my people," she said, knowing precisely this was precisely what I meant. "They're too many. Too crowded and all that."

Suddenly I felt a great surge of pity for her.

"Oh, you poor kid," I said.

I could see her crowded into one room with twelve other kids and a pair of alcoholic parents.

"You've genuine compassion," she said. "You really have. Usually a girl leaves a home on the west side with well-

to-do folks and they look on her with contempt."

All I could think of to say was, "Why're you working in gloves?" and wondering why I hadn't thought of her at school as particularly well-to-do.

She told me she was only doing it for the summer and that she was going to school to be an architect. I told her I thought it a noble ambition and all but that standing in the stairwell wasn't exactly my thing. I said I thought I'd better go on back and that I ought to stay in my rotgut building from now on. She asked me if I would meet her at her hotel tonight for dinner, and a visit after in her suite. (A suite for godsake.) She said she had things to tell me about herself and her family, who numbered twelve.

So I was right about one thing, and the pride I took in my first good guess made me accept the invitation to visit. I declined the dinner as I had a standing-date to dine on Thursdays with Vera my lawyer boss lady.

After my dinner with Vera, I hurried on down to the salesclerk's hotel for a quick visit. It wasn't that I had to be up any earlier next day, but sometimes I like to stick to routine—even if I've just instituted it. She was in bell-bottoms when I arrived, and a turtle-neck, sleeveless top that made those uncovered parts of her look positively bare. She invited me in with a flourish. The room was lovely for a woman in gloves. As I stood there thinking this, she said:

"Sit down. Please. Relax," indicating a chair that seemed dwarfed by the open bedroom door. I'd swear she pointed to that door!

"Lord God!" I said, "Lay off!"

When she looked at me with that sneaky hurt look, I said I didn't like sneaky people and she was no exception. She said, that being the case, I could go because she was not a sneaky person. It all seemed so preposterous to me while the damn lobster thermidor that I had had with Vera clumped in my stomach. So, to keep my pride, I removed myself from that hotel at once, and I stopped hanging around the Lyle, and returned to my legal secretaries.

On a particularly mild summer day, a couple of days after I had stopped hanging around the Lyle, one of the trio suggested luncheon there and, knowing instant famine, I was the first to second the idea. It goes without saying that we encountered

my salesclerk in the cafeteria line on the way to salads. I hadn't spoken to her until she approached our table, which I felt confident she would do. And it was during the introduction that it came to me I had not as yet gotten her name. So, with the aplomb and the skill that comes from panic, I introduced her flawlessly as my dear friend and former neighbor, Emily; immediately upon which my salesclerk burst into tears. I excused myself, rising to the occasion and from the table, and said to the girls in hushed tones, "Husband trouble."

Satisfied that they were satisfied at the diminutive explanation that waxes large in every female mind the world over (most every), I took my salesclerk by the arm and to the nearest stairwell. It being private and familiar.

"What the hell is it?" I said. "Do you know you're driving me crazy? If you can't be sane when there's just the two of us,

you can try a pinch, a *pinch!* of sanity when there are others around." And I added for good measure, "I don't know how you passed the entrance exams, let alone how you intend getting your credits."

She burst into tears again which nearly broke my heart, and brought me back to the matter of my first concern.

"And what, pray, were you carrying on about in front of my legal secretaries? It is not my fault we were not introduced. I've lain awake nights thinking about it. What could I say? I had to call you *something*."

"But it's true!" she said. "It's true! I am Emily!"

We've been together ever since, which takes in all the last ten years, and perhaps those years we spent at school together, else how could I pull out of a perfect blank the name that seemed to belong so exclusively to her?

Anonymous

SAN FRANCISCO JOURNAL

Friday: On board the TWA super-streak something-or-other, the New York Times unfolded around my knees like a blanket. I don't believe I'm going to San Francisco.

First of all, San Francisco doesn't exist. It's not a city, it's a promised land. They say, back in the concrete canyons of New York, that it is beautiful and smog-free, about forty degrees warmer than the 18° Fahrenheit I just left. The song says that people are hospitable out there. I'm not wearing flowers in my hair, but a peace pendant ought to be a valid passport.

Second, I must explain that this is my first vacation in six years.

My seatmate is friendly enough, which should be taken as a good omen. The poor fellow is six-foot-four, and is terribly cramped in these excursion fare seats. In the course of two martinis, he's managed to tell me how he escaped from penal servitude as an insurance executive in Hartford—with wife and kiddies and country club—to find himself a career as a banjo player with a New Orleans jazz band. Banjo players are hard to find, apparently, and he is being shipped out west for a tour of California. I congratulated him on

actually being paid to visit Paradise.

Plane trips are basically uncomfortable, and the job of the airline, I think, is to keep you warm and snug and minimize the inconvenience of having to stay put in a tiny seat for five hours. Two drinks are definitely not enough—especially when your seatmate runs out of jokes and you've heard all the musical selections that you want to hear and can't bear to watch a Walt Disney movie about a horse and nice young girl from a nice Eastern girl's school—gahh! It's worse than camp; it's contemporary kitsch, and it won't become campy until I'm on medicare.

My seatmate and I have sagely agreed that all introductory geology courses ought to include an airplane field trip. We passed over a couple of the Great Lakes it takes a long time to pass over them, even at 600 m.p.h.—and all the little rivers that drain into the Mississippi. Don't know what state we're passing over now—everything seems to be white and snowbound.

The clouds look like melted marshmallows on a sweet potato casserole, and the sun is always brightly shining at 30,000 feet. It makes me want to open the hatch and go out and play—and I keep telling

myself I'm six miles up and it's 80 below zero out there. There isn't enough air for breathing in this altitude. I am not Superdike. That nice warm feeling is inside the plane with two martinis inside me.

How did I get conned into growing up in a cold climate?

Later: We descended slowly through miles of turbulence and metallic clouds, clouds that looked like lead quartz radiation shields. After landing, I wished my seatmate luck and he invited me to come hear him play at a club called Foggy Fogarty's.

Lisa and her friend Genevieve met me at the baggage counter. Lisa had promised me the couch in her apartment, since it was all I could do to put together plane fare and a little spending money. It was damned good to see Lisa again; 3,000 miles is too far a distance to live from your friends. I pounded her on the back and called her several varieties of an old soak.

We went over to Lisa's place and unpacked, rested, had dinner and went to the DOB business meeting. I wish it weren't so hard to establish chapters: It would be good to know that there was a DOB to welcome you in every reasonable-sized city in the United States.

Saturday night: Exhaustion overtakes me, but I must keep the records. San Francisco is beautiful. It lies open to the tourist like a woman wanting to give love. New York is a clenched fist to San Francisco's open hand—you must pry what you want out of it. But you have to look hard to find ugliness in this town.

The first place I explored was Chinatown. The bus took me past the Black Muslim temple and dropped me off at Union Square, where I took pictures of palm trees to make New Yorkers drool. Then I walked over to Grant Avenue and uphill.

The buildings are all white and pastel colors, except for those in Chinatown, where they are red and gold and jade. And there's no air pollution to turn everything a Madison Avenue charcoal grey. You can buy live fish and chickens and orange and lemon trees in Chinatown; flowers and jade, oriental daggers and paper dragons. And cherry bombs. The Chinese New Year's approaching and every five minutes some dunce explodes a cherry bomb.

I wanted to buy some jade jewelry for my lover back home, but the prices were way beyond my reach. The dumplings were inexpensive, however, and made an excellent lunch.

At the top of the hill—one of the hills, that is—Chinatown ends and a real low-down topless bar district begins. I saw such signs as "Thoroughly Naked Millie" and "Better Things for Better Living Through Silicone." Entering a bar, I was asked for identification but couldn't prove my age to the owner's satisfaction. On the way out, I caught a glimpse of a girl with a pneumatic body and a frozen grinning face, naked but for a G-string, jogging around on a little platform. I felt a bit sick and suddenly wished I were back at Lisa's place.

I turned back into Chinatown and wandered around trying to find the proper bus. Along came a strange contraption, which stopped in the middle of a crosswalk and rang a cowbell.

"What's that?" I inquired of a passerby.

"A cable car," he replied.

"Where do I go to get on to one?"

"Jump on."

So I did and asked another passenger where we were going.

"Fisherman's Wharf," she said.

That restored my spirits. Fisherman's Wharf, I knew, was one of the places one is supposed to see—and I expected old galleons, sailors in woolen caps and striped shirts, fishing boats coming in and dumping heaps of quivering fish on the docks, smugglers selling opium and shanghaiing people on the spot. Instead, it turned out to be a blend of Coney Island, Greenwich Village and a suburban shopping center; a pleasant place, but not a very romantic one.

For \$2 I bought a ticket for a boat ride around the bay and got a couple of good photos of the Golden Gate Bridge, which is painted brick red; and of Alcatraz, which looks like a distillery. We passed a Chinese junk manned by a family of well-to-do white hippies. The junk was also painted brick red.

Some information about cablecars: they are pulled around town by a thick rope running under the street, which winds onto a pulley in the cable car depot. They can't stop on a hill, only on the level places in the crosswalks—so they are

dangerous, especially when it rains, but fun. If the rope breaks, pray.

Sunday: Lisa decided to play tourist guide and take me and Genevieve to Sausalito. It's the Greenwich Village of the Bay Area but has better scenery since it is situated below a hill at the water's edge. There's a marina right in the middle of town, and every resident seems to own a sailboat.

I ordered a pair of leather sandals at the sandal shop and, good little tourist that I am, took pictures of the shops.

We then toured the town of Richmond and spent the afternoon chatting with two girls who had been in the WACs and had a silent, mynah bird named Rasputin, and a nameless lemon tree which was engaged in breaking the world's record for lemon production. The problem was that nobody we knew wanted so many lemons.

Dinner was a leg of lamb at home with Lisa and Gen. Lisa has a strange western accent, strange because it is compounded with the eastern speech she was born to. Gen is a recent arrival from New York and has my kind of accent.

Monday: One of the great things about vacations is that you can sleep until you wake up by yourself.

After a proper breakfast—being well-fed is my primary concern—I put on my peace pendant and serape and went to Haight-Ashbury, which is also called the Haight, or the Hashberry. It doesn't take long to find trouble there. I was standing in the gutter trying to get a picture of one of the psychedelic storefronts, when two tall longhaired fellows came alone and offered to sell me any drug I wanted. We talked about it for awhile. I said I'd be back later that afternoon, and one of the guys said he would bring some acid, pot and mescaline. I escaped quietly but with my hippie-type reputation intact.

It started to drizzle as I approached Golden Gate Park. While I was vacillating about entering the park, two beardless youths came along carrying duffel bags. We said howdy. One boy, a blonde, had just arrived in San Francisco from Fort Lauderdale, and had stayed in a crash pad for two days. He had been evicted because one of the other roomers didn't like him. The other boy had been living with the Hell's Angels and had decided to depart when they carved initials on the bot-

tom of his foot.

They were both broke. I offered to feed them brunch. We ate in a truckdrivers' diner, and the eggs were good, but the hash browns were practically raw potato. Nobody makes good hashbrowns in San Francisco.

The blonde boy was about 20, rather attractive, and obviously used to trading on his good looks. He offered to shack up with me at my expense. I declined.

After brunch, they stood around looking lost, so I bought them a copy of the Berkeley Barb and walked them up and down the street, finding places where they could get free food, clothing and shelter. It's amazing how unresourceful many people are—but it shouldn't have amazed me. I was a welfare worker for awhile.

Later: I went to Foggy Fogarty's to hear my friend, the banjo player. The music was good; real, New Orleans jazz. There were a couple of ancient black men in the band, so old they must have been among the original inventors of jazz. The banjo player had taken an interest in a silver lameed platinum blonde, so he didn't have time to talk to me, and I was rather put out.

All the other patrons at Fogarty's were middle-class, middle-aged types, in evening dress, and I was embarrassingly conspicuous in bell bottoms and a serape. One fellow asked me to dance a few times. It turned out that he had voted for Ronald Reagan and thought I was a hippie and therefore, an easy lay. We argued for a while on politics. I left.

Tuesday: This morning, I told Lisa I was going to be virtuous, packed up my books, and took the bus over to Berkeley in order to study at the university library.

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Berkeley had been rather quiet of late. San Francisco State College was where the action was—fire bombings, police riots, etc. "Aha," said I to myself, "Surely a university like Berkeley has a fine library and will be conducive to study."

It just goes to prove what I have always believed—you can't trust anything you read in the Establishment press. As soon as I set foot in the main area of campus, hoping to find a snack bar (for hot coffee—it was drizzly all day, and I was wet and chilled) and asked for directions to the library, I was surrounded by several hun-

dred screaming militants. They marched six abreast in a large circle—and guess which terrified tourist found herself trapped within that angry ring!

The fuzz were there too, with long clubs and tear gas guns and masks. It gradually dawned on me—in about three-tenths of a second—that I was dressed like, and indistinguishable from, a student—and that it would be useless and cowardly to shout, "Don't hit me, I'm just a tourist here."

The next moment, everybody started running, and I was nearly knocked down by students and cops. It seems that a cop had lost his temper, had pulled a kid out of the line, and started clubbing him. However, the ring was broken and I escaped to the student cafeteria.

Berkeley has one of the most beautiful campuses in the world, and is situated on the side of a hill. One of my friends had advised me not to miss the view from the top. Some day I may see it, too, when my knees stop shaking.

I did see the kid who got hit by the cop. He was being helped by two medics. A billy club is a serious matter.

One of the protesting students explained his view on the matter to me, and gave me a lift to the house of a friend in Berkeley. She went to high school with me and went out to California for college. When I arrived, she was at work, but her lover made coffee and offered hospitality. We had dinner when she came home, and then went to see *The Taming of the Shrew* at one of the local colleges. That play makes our feminist blood boil. We all booed when Kathryn surrendered to Petrucchio. Ah! Well, back in New York, everyone cheers for Shylock when they play *The Merchant of Venice* in Central Park. Who cares what your prejudices are, if you can write plays that arouse people four centuries later?

Afterwards, we rode around in their Volkswagen, telling obscene jokes, and then stopped at an ice cream parlor where I devoured the most gorgeous banana split with fresh whipped cream.

Wednesday: Actually, this is being recorded on Thursday morning. Last night I was in no condition to walk, let alone write.

On the way back from Berkeley Wednesday morning, I encountered a nice old lady from the local Episcopal Church. She was reading *Soul on Ice*, and we got

into a discussion about Eldridge Cleaver. Seems she was assigned to review the book for her church group, which is trying to keep abreast of the times.

We joked around on the bus at Ronald Reagan's expense. A young hippie, who later told me his name was Jeff, joined us and the talk began to take on a decidedly radical coloring. The nice old lady seemed to be enjoying herself immensely.

Jeff and I got off at the same stop. We had coffee together and swapped life stories. I promised to meet him for lunch on Thursday.

Later: Lisa, Gen and I went to meet two of the older people from DOB at a local gay bar, the Opus Hut. I had heard stories about these two gentle friends of my conservative buddy Lisa, and was expecting to meet ancient D.A.R. ladies, in front of whom I would watch my language, pay my respects, and hopefully leave early.

Shortly after Lisa introduced us, the good ladies announced that they were quite tired—having spent the day at San Francisco State College picketing together with the Black Students Union. It seems that San Franciscans are divided into two groups—extreme right and extreme left—and there is scarcely any middle ground. These ladies—who must remain nameless—were not pro-Reagan, so they were automatically pro-B.S.U. Lisa is an exception to this rule.

The food and drinks at the Opus Hut are of excellent quality. After several martinis, half a bottle of wine, and some brandy for dessert, the ladies thoughtfully staggered into their car and drove me home, or carried me. I don't remember the trip well.

These ladies know who they are, and I hereby nominate them for the Honorary Under-30 Award.

Friday morning: I spent most of yesterday with Jeff. He is a gangly Canadian boy who was deported by Uncle Sam for possession of marijuana, and who sneaked back across the border to spend the winter in California. I don't blame him—Canada must be frozen solid at this time of year.

He lived in a squalid rooming house and was proud of its resemblance to the Bowery. He had a racking cough and was just

coming off a month of amphetamine. Amphetamine, like methedrine, is murder on the body. I can't see why anyone plays around with those drugs. After a year, they destroy your nervous tissue and leave you an emaciated moron.

We passed the morning in his bed. He was a sweet willing lad but pretended to have more experience than he actually did, and I didn't want to call his bluff and hurt his ego. My generation seems to have so many damaged youths.

We had lunch in Chinatown. Roast duck is available here at reasonable prices, which is almost never the case in New York. The duck was prepared properly and sprinkled with chopped nuts. The sauce was poorly seasoned, however.

When we parted, I decided that I wouldn't see him again. He apparently assumed that I was a rich New York woman who wouldn't mind supporting a poor hippie for awhile. Well, I am down to my last ten bucks, with a whole weekend ahead of me.

Later: I had dinner with two girls from DOB who lived a few blocks away from Lisa. They were marvellously witty, knew how to prepare a steak and what kind of wine to serve with it, but didn't reveal much of themselves. Being with them was like being with a couple of mirrors—you see yourself, and a host of tricky reflections.

The wine and cocktails before dinner increased my natural fool-hardiness, and I decided to answer an ad from the Berkeley Barb—one of those ads that reads, "Attractive couple wants bisexual girl for interesting relationship." My hostesses seemed to think that I was endangering my life by answering this ad, so I left the phone number with them, with instructions to give it to the police if I failed to turn up in 24 hours.

The couple turned out to be married and suburban, with two children, and as attractive as they said they were.

We talked politics. Everyone talks politics in this city. We got to talking about sex. They said they never went to bed on the first night, just got to know people; and if everybody liked everybody else, they would make another date. They were highly amused at the notion that they might be dangerous.

"Most of the people who place ads are sincere," the man said. "but you should

see some of the creeps who answer the ads and insist that we go to bed with them! Once we got this elderly couple who had been in a motorcycle gang before they got on medicare. They came in wearing leather jackets—both of them!—with all these little chrome studs. And they stayed until four in the morning, rapping about their motorcycle trips, and about how the dame lost her fingers when they cracked up the bike in Nevada... Jeez, I thought they'd never go home!"

We traded sexual histories, you know; when did you first find out about girls, and about guys, and what were your parents' attitudes, and what was your first affair like... At two A.M., I asked the man to drive me home. We made another date for Saturday night.

Saturday morning: My hands are trembling. What a hangover...

In the morning, I called everybody to reassure people that I was not floating around in San Francisco Bay. Then spent the day sightseeing.

It rained steadily all day and I was well-soaked by four o'clock. Someone recommended an Italian restaurant with good home cooking, and I stopped in there to dry off and add a pound to my middle. Afterwards, I went home to Lisa's and changed into fancy pants, then took the bus to Fanny's Drawingroom.

Someone had recommended Fanny's as a good place to pick up girls, and I pass on the recommendation. It's located in Haight-Ashbury and the bus stops nearby. The bar is good and they have a pool table. I don't know if they have any dancing—didn't stay long enough to find out.

After a quick glance at the layout—I hung my coat up, turned around to face the bar—and was invited to have a drink.

The invitation came from a strikingly beautiful black woman in dashiki and Afro hairdo. A guy who was talking to her made room for me at the bar.

"What'll you have?"

"Scotch on the rocks." I grabbed the drink with grateful hands.

"I'm Suzanne. What's your name?"

"Phyllis." It didn't matter which name I gave her.

"A lovely name. What do you do?"

"I'm a student."

"Oh, my. I need to learn so much. Have another drink?"

I nodded. She signalled the barkeeper.

The liquor was moving rapidly.

"Do you go to school here?" I continued.

"No. Would you like to teach me something?"

"Sure," I said. "I've done quite a bit of tutoring, particularly in Spanish and Math..."

"Well," she replied slowly. "I'm particularly interested in anatomy. Female anatomy. Do you think you could teach me about it?" She ran her hands down her dashiki, over her hips. The top of my head sailing off the night.

"I know some anatomy. But I work during the day, back home. Maybe evening sessions..."

"Why not tonight?"

So we were on our way to her place in a little red Renault. Her apartment was well-appointed: hi-fi, bar, full refrigerator, large bed. I drank a third and a fourth scotch. She put some soul music on the hi-fi, and began to dance around the living room, doing a slow strip-tease. I was astonished. I sat there, sipping my drink, staring at her, brushing my hands against smooth chocolate skin and the stiff fringes of lace panties, finally taking her on the rug...

I don't remember how many times we made love that night, but I do remember whispering passionately to her, "I love you, I love you." And somewhere in my head, a voice whispered, "You don't love this chick. You don't even know her." But I went on making passionate love to her out of my own need.

She drove me home in the morning, after feeding me breakfast. We drove past the western part of the city; and for the first time I saw the great breakers of the Pacific Ocean.

We passed a Greek Orthodox or Russian Orthodox church on the way, with a huge mosaic over the entrance and old onion domes on the four corners. Some day I will return to see that mosaic again.

Sunday evening: Saturday was uneventful. I stayed quietly at Lisa's, recovering and writing letters. The couple whose ad I'd answered were unable to find a babysitter for the night, so we cancelled the date.

On Sunday morning, I went to Golden Gate Park, taking pictures of flowers, unable to believe that flowers could bloom in February.

I was unusually tired. I left the park,

looking for a place to have a snack. All the stores were closed on Sunday, and nobody seemed to be stirring in the quiet residential area in which I found myself. Finally, I met a young man, a foreign exchange student from Dublin, who gave me a lift to the nearest coffee shop.

It gradually entered my mind that my exhaustion, burning eyes and parched mouth were the symptoms of fever, and that a good lunch would not banish them. I called Lisa, imploring her to come find me and get me back to her place. And she rescued me, bless her, and dosed me up with cough medicine and put me to bed.

Monday evening: The trip home... I got on the plane at two P.M., carrying luggage, souvenirs, pills and cough medicine. It hurt to breathe. The stewardess gave me two pillows and a blanket, and I tried to get comfortable. Putting the ear-plugs in my ears and turning on Strauss' *Thus Spake Zarathustra* to full volume helped. So did two martinis.

The sky was very turbulent that day, and passengers all around me were praying. I was curiously unaffected, switching the channel to rock music and snapping my fingers.

It struck me, looking out the window, that the wing of a plane is marvellously beautiful—like a Brancusi—withstanding incredible stresses with its pure mathematical curve.

When they refused to serve me any more drinks, I finished off the cough medicine—about 80 proof. It felt like it was dissolving my vertebrae, but it stopped the pain in my chest.

Next time I go to San Francisco, I will bring an umbrella. But there will be a next time.

(Editor's Note: Names of people have been changed to protect the guilty and some place names have been altered. Those of you who are sitting down to take pen in hand and protest the inclusion of this "Journal" in THE LADDER are invited not to put off doing so another day. You are also asked to read the statement on the masthead (title page) of the magazine concerning the nature of the contents of this magazine.)

The young lady who contributed this "Journal" is a graduate student at New

York University in the field of Mathematics. She is a writer and amateur photographer. She is, to use her own description, bisexual.

She feels strongly that even though her behavior is extremely atypical, that she is as entitled to her civil rights as any of the most monogamous and long-married among us.)

BY Martha Shelley

RESPECTABILITY

Last year, there was some talk at the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations about a resolution to condemn "T-room sex." For those who are unfamiliar with this euphemism, T-room sex refers to sexual encounters in public lavatories (generally between gay guys). One wonders what this condemnation would imply—did it simply mean condemning the practice? The people who engage in such practices? Refusing legal aid to guys who were unfortunate enough to be entrapped by the police or spied on through peepholes?

Though these points were never clarified, it seemed to me that the purpose of such a resolution was to make the homophile movement respectable by disavowing "undesirables," and to help create an image of hard-working, properly-attired, decent homosexuals—sort of like nice, clean, middle-class Negroes.

"Yes, we're homosexuals, but we're not like those Greenwich Avenue queens. May we rent your nice apartment? We promise not to attack your children..."

As a person who has made public speeches for DOB, I often grow weary of explaining that most homosexuals don't dress weirdly or are no more interested in seducing children than are most heterosexuals. I am sure that this same weariness is experienced by black people who have to explain that most black men are not interested in raping white women...

We are not going to be accepted as first-class human beings as a result of our trying to seem more respectable than everybody else, and of constantly apologizing for every oddball homosexual who doesn't match up to local standards. The black

bourgeoisie didn't achieve anything by wearing whiter shirts than their white neighbors and keeping their lawns neater—at the same time putting down their poor, uneducated ghetto brothers.

The status-seeking black shied away from his drawling southern cousin. The status-seeking Jew moved out to the suburbs, away from his Yiddish-speaking relatives. And I have seen the respectable homosexual wincing in agony at the presence of a swish queen, or an obvious bulldyke—not out of dislike for the other person as a person, but out of fear of being associated with "that queer" even in an all-gay crowd.

Overheard innumerable times: "I'm an ordinary homosexual—but those queers over there are really sick." Sick is what the psychiatrists call anyone whose actions or beliefs they disapprove of—from John Birchers to long-haired student rebels to homosexual. Can't we afford to scrap that "put-down" phrase—to say what we mean instead of disposing of whole categories of people in the trashcan marked "sick?"

This is not to say that it is the duty of every homosexual to lie and approve of every other homosexual. But the more eccentric types do have the right to exist—the drag queens, the diesel dykes, leather types, etc.—and to be judged on their own merits as people, not merely in terms of their mannerisms or sexual behavior.

If we encourage the attitude of "forgiving" a homosexual his difference and accepting him into society because he is very respectable, wealthy or gifted (Truman Capote, Allan Ginsberg, for example) we will never gain equality for the group as a whole. Sidney Poitier didn't erase white racism—Albert Einstein didn't erase anti-Semitism. Anyway, who wants to be the only black allowed in the Stork Club, or the only Jew in Darien, or the only gay couple at the church social; never really accepted, admitted to the club only by virtue of having bought one's way in with money or special talents, always having to apologize for the "bad ones" in your minority group?

All of us could never become completely respectable, or wealthy or geniuses, in a million years. A few can make it—just as a few will be perennial bums and gangsters. Equality for us, as for any minority group, means more than the right to produce shining examples—it means

the right to produce villains without having the whole of straight society use that as an excuse to keep us all down.

by Barbara Stephens

THOUGHTS ON BERKELEY'S FINEST

Four years earlier when I was living in a respectable middle class area, I found the Berkeley Police to be courteous, considerate and sensitive.

I had been the victim of a mugging and purse snatching in 1962, then victim of an attempted burglary and later a successful burglary in 1965. In each case the police were cooperative and questioned me only on matters pertinent to the case. Nothing irrelevant was asked.

In 1965 I moved to the far edge of Berkeley's Negro-hippy ghetto, and here I found police attitudes entirely different. I had just moved in when police came to my door and asked me the whereabouts of a man whom I didn't know. Then they asked me questions on the "moral character" of my neighbors behind me and those living on either side of the house. My neighbors were pot-smoking hippies and very nice people for all that. I told the police they were nice people—and sort of exploded inside.

Later I was followed home several times by the police—not for transvestism, not for indecent exposure—I was merely wearing skirts that came below the knees.

December 1966, month of the Berkeley marijuana dragnet, my neighbors behind me were arrested on possession charges. The police were thorough: after searching the house and yard of the suspects, they proceeded to search the backyards of the other hippies in the block. I was at work when a dozen policemen went over my flower garden and vegetable patch, tore apart my compost pile and went through my garbage can. They did not enter my house.

All this just goes to show that in dark-town, hippyland and gayville, "all are equal, but some are more equal than others."

I wonder if the time will come when a man can be shot escaping the scene of a parking violation or simply walking down the streets. Twenty years ago in Los

Angeles, a 13 year old Mexican boy was killed for failure to halt when officers in a prowler car demanded that he do so. He was only walking down the street at 7:00 in the evening, and he panicked and ran when the police car came. There were no organizations to protest for him.

I welcome the new homosexual militance; I only hope our militants avoid the pitfalls of violence or alliance with Fascistic organizations. The grape pickers strike and international boycott saw tremendous success, a contrast to the miserable stupidities of the Black Panthers and Third World Liberation Front.

(Editor's Note: A letter from Miss Stephens explaining her references to the Black Panthers and similar groups also appears in this issue.)

READERS RESPOND

Dear DOB:

Thanks so much for taking the charge when I called you a week ago. I was completely broke then. You remember my telling you about the people who had helped me on campus—such as the Dean of Students? Well, I had been going in to him regularly to tell him of my intentions to leave home and go to San Francisco. During the last couple of weeks that I was on campus, things began to look bleak. I had no money and no friends to turn to for a place to stay down there. Well, I finally told this Dean I was going to write to DOB and ask for help. It turned out that he actually called my parents after I told him this, and told them that I would wind up living with lesbians if they didn't come down to school and give me an offer to live in _____ (he suggested a boarding house situation, which they agreed to.)

Originally, my parents weren't going to help me out financially at all, unless I agreed to stay in _____. They didn't want me in San Francisco at all, because they were sure I would just pick up with a gay crowd. Well, when the Dean called them and told them I was bound to seek help from a lesbian group, they immediately felt the impulse to rush out to campus to "save" their daughter. They came

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LESBIANA

THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART, by Robert Westbrook, N.Y., Crown, 1969, is a delightful first novel by a college dropout and hopeful film maker. It is very possibly the first honest look we have had at the long-haired anti-establishment young male, with the public blinders pushed aside. Young Stanley is simply not happy; but he is not unhappy either, and the only message he learns as he misuses his life and future is that he had better quit while he is ahead. Stanley attends Columbia University, occasionally, and attends to his two girlfriends (neither of whom he cares a damn about) occasionally. When his less than real world collapses around him, he retreats into dreams of the movies he may make someday (we hope not, really). In a final burst of stupidity, he joins with two girls on the drug and sex kick and spends enough time bombed out of his mind to wake up . . . Mr. Westbrook is a very good young writer, accent intended both on the young and the writer. The Lesbian elements are minor, silly and unconvincing, but the book is worth the time and trouble, and watching Mr. Westbrook is mandatory.

Reprints abound, many of them very good, a few so-so and some mentioned only for the statistic-minded. Last year's **THE MARCHIONESS** by James Broom Lynce (London, Macdonald, 1968) is out here this year in hardback from Doubleday. Robert Phelps's brilliant recreation of Colette's life through her own writings, **EARTHLY PARADISE**, has been issued in a quality paperback reprint by the original publisher, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969. The same publisher has issued **THE SELECTED WORKS OF CESARE PAVESE**, in a quality paperback edition, 1969. This contains the Lesbian novel, **AMONG WOMEN ONLY**. I do not believe that this has been available since its original appearance in 1959. Herman Hesse, long known to homosexual and Lesbian reading audiences for his many pertinent titles, has become a new "hero" among anti-establishment young intellectuals. Many of his novels

are being reissued, including **STEPPENWOLF**, Bantam, 1969. Well worth searching out if you haven't read it.

Continuing with reprints, Martin Hoffman's fine book, **THE GAY WORLD**, has been issued by Bantam, 1969. Primarily for the male audience, but this is one of the truly fine non-fiction studies. With the upsurge in the women's rights movement, Caroline Bird's excellent, **BORN FEMALE: THE HIGH PRICE OF KEEPING WOMEN DOWN**, is even more relevant this year than last, and we welcome its paperback incarnation from Pocket Books, 1969. Read it, get and stay very very angry.

The 1968 publication, **I AM MARY DUNNE**, by Brian Moore, is out from Bantam, 1969. This is well worth reading even though the heroine is a distressing dunce, for a rather good portrait of a frequently seen Lesbian type. Recommended with reservations, the paperback reprint of Sol Yurick's **THE BAG**, from Pocket Books, 1969 . . . last year's slice of unpleasant life-type novel. Entertainment fluff only in **THE MOVIE MAKER**, by Herbert D. Kastle, Dell, 1969. It is worth paperback cost. Joyce MacIver's **THE EXQUISITE THING**, has found its true home in paperback, Lancer, 1969. Don't worry if you cannot find this one on the stands. And in the same category, **MELINDA**, by Gaia Servadio is out from Ace Books in paperback, 1969. Not worth even that small cost. On the other hand, **THE PASSION PLAYERS**, by Edmund P. Murrar, Bantam, 1969, is a welcome reprint of an excellent novel. You may not care for the milieu, but you should read it.

The real news, though, is that Claire Morgan's classic novel, **THE PRICE OF SALT**, has been issued again, and this time by a new paperback publisher for it, Macfadden, 1969. For many years Bantam kept this continuously available by reissuing it every other year or so. As far as I can determine, this is its first appearance in about five years. Some of you reading this column will find this hard to believe, but there are some who never

have read this novel. If you haven't, please do, for it is one of the two or three all time best in the field.

The movie, **BABY LOVE**, was mentioned briefly in Cross Currents in the August/September, 1969 issue. The book from which it came was a hardback in England. Author is Tina Chad Christian. Berkeley Books brought it out over here as a paperback original this year to tie in with the movie. Nothing special.

"Fitting," by Lin Yatta, a short short story in **EVERGREEN REVIEW**, May, 1969, is a sad explicit view of the black Lesbian world. Not having seen it (the milieu, I cannot comment on the story's accuracy, but you'll believe it while you are reading it. Surprisingly very sentimental and romantic . . . highly recommended.

MOTIVE MAGAZINE, the same March/April, 1969 issue cited in the August/September Lesbian Column for carrying the article, "The Realities of Lesbianism" by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, led me to discover a fine poet in the field. Lynn Strongin's lovely poem, "Vindication of Beauty," was strategically placed preceding the Martin and Lyon article. A check of the biographical and bibliographical section in turn led me to a section of five poems by Miss Strongin, in **31 NEW AMERICAN POETS**, edited by Ron Schreiber, N.Y., Hill and Wang, 1969. The entire section of poems is specifically and clearly Lesbian in orientation and inspiration. Poetry lovers will want this book, and we will watch to see if Miss Strongin does not soon have a book of her own.

(On a less happy note, please see Cross Currents for this issue for an account of the jeopardy of **MOTIVE MAGAZINE**, and the uncertainty of its future . . .)

Reference books for poets are rare. We are happy to announce a new **POET'S HANDBOOK**, by Jeanne Hollyfield, published by Young Publications, Appalachia, Virginia, 24216 (first issued 1969). Subtitled "923 Places to Send Poems," this is said to be the first of an annual publication. We hope the publisher and compiler will be able to fulfill this ambitious project. Everyone who fancies herself a poet will want this. A series of articles at the beginning of the book cover all the general rules about submitting

poetry of every possible type for publication, including all of the clerical details you should know if you expect your work to be seriously considered. There are special chapters devoted "little magazines," greeting card verse, songpoems, and a long chapter answering common inquiries from writers. Under the heading "Markets," Miss Hollyfield lists every possible type of magazine, and she is most careful about dividing them into their correct categories. Further, she is far and away more complete in her entries than the well-known reference tools in the field. Pages 43 through 75 contain "Literary and 'Little' Magazines" and she includes **THE LADDER**, **TANGENTS** and **PHOENIX** (the latter Kansas City, Missouri's homophile publication) with their correct mailing addresses. **POET'S HANDBOOK** is 142 pages long, a quality paperback format on good stock with a sturdy cover. It costs \$3 . . . very well worth it, poets.

Times change, and how. I don't say much about male titles, but it is fascinating to note that a great many of the reviews of **I'LL GET THERE, IT BETTER BE WORTH THE TRIP**, by John Donovan, N.Y., Harper & Row, 1969, frankly admits that male homosexuality is a major theme. Now that's not surprising news, until I add that this book is for children in the 7-14 year age group. **TIME MAGAZINE**, **THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW**, etc., treated this forthrightly, and generally praised it.

A somewhat older novel, just now rightly finding its way into paperback (where it belonged in the first place) is Paul Rosner's 1966 novel, **THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN**, out from Bantam, 1969. If you missed this in its Sherbourne Press Publication in 1966, it's worth the paperback cost now. The story of the love affair between one Maureen Covillian and Josie Miller, set in Hollywood, and like most such novels a reasonably simply romanclet. The women are NOT sympathetic characters since one is pure bitch and the other mildly nutty, but the Lesbian elements are well enough handled.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, July 1969, contains a good article by Martin Hoffman. Dr. Hoffman (whose fine book, **THE GAY WORLD**, was just reissued by Bantam, qv) is emphatically against the "sickness" school proponents. Another article, same issue, is a long interview with

Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson. This interview confirms the report that they are now engaged in a 10-year study on Lesbians.

I'd like to ignore the pseudo-sociological study, *MEN IN GROUPS*, by Lionel Tiger, N.Y., Random House, 1969, but because it reinforces most of the worst prejudices against women it must be mentioned. Mr. Tiger's thesis is that there is a mysterious bond between men (one is hysterically reminded of ONE's masthead quotation from Carlyle: "... a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."). Mr. Tiger sees this bond as more important to the development of "mankind" than the sex drive. He calls this mysterious kinship "bonding." It is supposed to explain all of the male societies, their proclivity for having restaurants and clubs out of bounds to females, hunting, fishing, a beer with the boys, bowling ... the whole bit. Before you start a lynch party for Mr. Tiger, however, it is interesting to note that he is not very much in favor of this state of affairs. He seems to feel that women are held back because they do not "bond"—join into close "fraternal" groups. He specifically feels that this keeps them from succeeding in business and politics. His strongest argument is that since women outnumber men and are not warlike, if they exerted the necessary power, there would automatically be no wars. This book has been widely reviewed, promoted and talked about. Unfortunately, no one seems eager to separate the wheat from the chaff. The probable end result of this book will simply be another reinforcement of male chauvinism, and that we don't need.

A small publishing firm called New Mexico Research Library of the Southwest, P.O. Box 4725, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501, has published *A NEW SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HOMOSEXUALITY*, by Oscar Meek. It is a 34-page paperback, costing \$1.25, and if you do not have any bibliography in the field, this would be a good one to pick up. The preface indicates that the intention of the bibliography is to provide factual and non-sensational research material for students in the field. To some extent it meets this ideal. The primary thing against the collection is the inclusion of some frankly vicious and discredited material, including some items as Irving Bieber's infamous

study and the Peter and Barbara Wyden book, *GROWING UP STRAIGHT*. Most of the book titles used, however, are worthwhile ones. In the selected periodical articles, however, it appears that there was no criteria at all, good, bad and simply inane are included. It must be noted that Mr. Meek heavily covers items that demand changes in the sex laws. He must be thanked for this.

The bibliography includes educational films, and a thorough series of appendices. There are seven pages of general publishers and addresses, three pages of periodical sources, four pages of homophile organizations and publications, and a list of out-of-print search firms. One other point in favor of this tool is that many of the titles listed in it contain extensive bibliographies of their own. Fiction is, as always, ignored, though Mr. Meek does include Dr. Jeannette H. Foster's cornerstone title, *SEX VARIANT WOMEN IN LITERATURE*.

FANCY, by Robert Krepps, Boston, Little, Brown, 1969, introduces a heroine who will unfairly be placed with Candy and Kitten by many reviewers, though she richly deserves a place of her own in the sun. The time is 1925, and Fancy Kittay is 19 years old. She is the property of 46-year-old Luther Mustaff, a glass tycoon, and is most restive. All of the action takes place at a dinner party, given by Mrs. Ardyth Rushingford, where Fancy meets the delights of young love in the form of bumbling kept boy, Paul Hawkins, and much more mature delights in the arms of Ardyth Rushingford. Despite the male authorship with its attendant unavoidable errors in the sexual arena where the two women are concerned, the book is charming and delightful. Fancy is funny, youthful, mature, healthy and not corruptible. Her choice, in the end, seems unwise in view of her intelligence, but the trip is a ball, at a ball, complete with music by Gilbert and Sullivan and the best dialogue in a light novel since the hilarious Louise King novels, *THE DAY WE WERE MOSTLY BUTTERFLIES* and *THE VELOCIPEDE HANDICAP* ...

The key to the book, *COMMANDER AMANDA*, by George Revilli, N.Y., Grove, 1968, 1969, lies in the thoughtful dust covers provided by Grove. So that bookdealers will have a choice, there are

two of them on each copy of the book, the inner cover is of a naked woman, rear view, hanging by her hands from a rope. The outer cover simply presents a vapid, sloop-eyed blonde, looking suggestively out of the top quarter of her eyes (through overly long lashes). Commander Amanda Rosemarie Nightingale, married to a stuffy type, is doing her World War II duty for King and country by serving in the FANYS. Trained as a spy, she is smuggled into France and immediately captured by some runaway members of the occupation forces. The two men and a woman who capture Amanda imprison her in an abandoned schoolhouse, and the four of them are soon practicing all of the recommended games dreamt up by the Marquis de Sade, ad nauseum. Amanda is captured back, through a series of hysterical and frankly funny events, first by the French underground and then by the English. Comically she becomes a national heroine, and is awarded the George Cross and Order of the British Empire. Satire with a very heavy and ruthless hand, with a surprising ending, that demands the book's inclusion in this column, but many will not care for it despite the accomplished writing. Mr. Revilli is said to be a known author using a pseudonym. He is undoubtedly the former, and the latter is easy to understand, too.

Men who are willing to admit that women are human beings with equal rights are rare. Leo Kanowitz, author of *WOMEN AND THE LAW: THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION*, Albuquerque, New Mexico, University of New Mexico Press, 1969, is one of these rare beings, and he is owed some debt of gratitude. Professor Kanowitz offers no real solution to the problems, but he does show very clearly that women who marry men suffer a very total loss of their civil rights as individual persons, whereas men suffer no loss in any sense. He cites at length the laws that ostensibly protect women, but that, literally, take all protection away from them, leaving them vulnerable, subject to the whimsey of males. He feels that the law, like society in general, views women as "an object to be protected—Ibsen's doll in a doll's house—and an object of scorn, distrust, and aversion." The \$8.95 cost of this book, plus the fact that university press publications, however prestigious, will limit its purchase in smaller libraries, mean that those of

you who will not have ready access may skip it. Don't do it, if you care at all about your human and civil rights. Read *WOMEN AND THE LAW* ...

Despite the title, *SEX CAGE*, by Ilonka, N.Y., Vantage Press, 1969, is not pornography or even pseudo-pornography. It is one of those books that fall into the area of too melodramatic and poorly written for commercial hardback publication and not filthy enough for the paperback original market. *SEX CAGE* is what *DIANA* would be if the latter were to be written today, with today's increased license.

The life of Cristine Falkner, Munich journalist, is interspersed with her accounts of the lives of the various famous and near-famous people she interviews. As is true far too often in such books, these people are far too busy falling into bed or planning to fall into bed to have time to have developed into the famous people they are supposed to be. Cristine's own life, from four on, is reminiscent of the afore-mentioned *DIANA*, the complete item by item development of a Lesbian. Ilonka leaves nothing to chance, covering Cristine with every possibly psychological reason as well as implanting the idea that Cristine was born a Lesbian. Cristine's adventures are interesting, completely unbelievable, and fun to read. You won't be disappointed if you don't set your sights too high.

Coming next issue, *WOUNDS*, by Maureen Duffy, author of *THE MICRO-COSM*, and various other goodies.

CROSS CURRENTS

FREEDOM IN CANADA: Ottawa, May 15, 1969. Newspapers across the U.S. report the passage of Prime Minister Elliott Trudeau's bill for sweeping changes in the criminal code of Canada. Reforms include changes in abortion laws and homosexuality. The new law declares that it shall no longer be a criminal offense for consenting adults to perform homosexual acts in private. The vote in the House of Commons crossed party lines and was 149 to 55 ... a very strong victory for a very controversial bill. It has been stated that the Senate almost certainly will also approve the bill. Many will not notice,

but this same bill also restricts the use of firearms ... further indication of the liberal Candian view. In Canada there is still (in many areas) some legitimate need for weapons. In the U.S., this is not the case ... We need many law changes here.

NEW YORK CITY WILL EMPLOY HOMOSEXUALS: New York, May 10, 1969. The City Civil Service Commission of New York City stated that homosexuality is no longer a bar to civil service jobs in that city. The city took this action after two welfare caseworkers brought suit against the city because they had been refused employment on these grounds.

CALIFORNIA STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION: San Francisco, May 10, 1969. The State Board of Education was railroaded into accepting stringent "morality" recommendations from a "special committee"—handpicked by State Superintendent Max Rafferty. The group is out to stop a number of things ... all listed, and concluding with "just plain sin." We would enjoy seeing the Supreme Court rule on the subject of "just plain sin" ...

NIX TO WOMEN IN FRANCE: Kansas City, May 17, 1969. (Paris AP) The National Feminine Assembly announced that 40-year-old Nelly Bonnard-Pontay will not run for President of France ... after all. She was unable to raise the necessary 100 supporting signatures of mayors and senators (all male, of course). Surprised ladies? We aren't!

WILLIAM RASPBERRY, Washington POST, columnist, in his column, "Poto-max Watch—for May 18, 1969, deals with women in government and the enormous discrimination they face. Mr. Raspberry is remarkably outspoken, and entirely fair. He had done a column some time in the past on black discrimination (a subject he is subjectively entitled to discuss) and the "flak" received in the mail, he says, prompted this column. Thank you for this, Mr. Raspberry, we are grateful, indeed.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, April 24, 1969. The Miss Ann Arbor beauty pageant was picketed by an unnamed group (we don't even know if the group was female, but we suspect so). They carried signs such as "I dreamt I was liberated from my Maidenform mentality" and "Women's dream—liberation; women's reality—oppression." Following the action, an on-the-spot teach-in on women's

liberation attracted more than 200 persons.

BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL: May 14, 1969. A group of 50 students met with homophile leaders at the Glide Foundation headquarters on this date to hear a talk on homosexuality. Rita Laporte, Phyllis Lyon and Stan Gates made up the panel. Ninety minutes of education for a future generation. Good!

WOMEN HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS? Mrs. Richard Nixon, in an ill-advised statement on women's rights, brought about quite a storm of protest early in May, 1969, and even managed to cause picketing by NOW at the White House. Mrs. Nixon, in addition to feeling that there is no discrimination against women, feels that women don't want to be in the business and political whirl. Interesting!

... **THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS** ... Los Angeles, March 9, 1969. Early on the morning of March 9, 1969, residents of the Dover Hotel, a Los Angeles hotel that caters to a predominately homosexual crowd, were awakened by screams and cries for help ... Many witnessed the brutal murder of Howard Effland (known as J. McCann) a slightly built, youngish, Jewish male. A grand total of four of the Los Angeles vice squad took part in the "arrest" and "capture" of this desperate criminal (he was said to have made a pass at one of two of the officers). He was beaten so badly that he died of massive internal hemorrhaging, from a ruptured pancreas. On April 4, 1969, inquest was held which determined that the death was "excusable homicide."

LOS ANGELES ADVOCATE, May, 1969, editorialized Mr. Effland's death as "A Hard Way To Die." But, it appears, it is a very easy way to die ... and, worse, a death that society will officially ignore. The moral point or lack thereof of picking up any individual on the street and renting a cheap hotel room for the sole purpose of sexual relationships is NOT the issue. It is not even relevant that the United States now stands alone in its ridiculous laws against homosexual behavior. It is very relevant that any life is held so cheaply, taken so wantonly, with so little excuse, and much less fanfare.

PICKETING FOR LIFE: Berkeley, April and May, 1969. On April 17, 1969,

Frank Bartley, 33, of Berkeley, was entrapped by police officers in Aquatic Park and shot to death "resisting arrest." Again, the moral issue involved are not the point. It is interesting, though, that no charges of any kind were filed against the officers involved. The homophile community, enraged by the death, picketed the Berkeley Police Department on April 25, 1969 and held a mock funeral demonstration which began at the Glide Memorial Church. They also held a press conference with the following representatives of the homophile community presenting their demands: Rev. Charles Lewis, Chairman, Council on Religion and the Homosexual; Rev. Lloyd Wake, Pastor of Congregational Life, Glide Methodist Church; Larry Littlejohn, President, Society for Individual Rights; Del Martin, Chairman, Citizens Alert; Bill Plath, President, Tavern Guild of San Francisco; Rita Laporte, National President of DOB; and Leo Lawrence, Committee for Homosexual Freedom. Very wide national coverage was given to this protest demonstration.

PICKETING FOR FAIR EMPLOYMENT PRACTICES: San Francisco, April, 1969. 21-year-old Gale Whittington, an accounting clerk, for the States Steamship Company in San Francisco, was fired without cause after he publicly admitted to being homosexual in the pages of the underground newspaper, **THE BERKELEY BARB**. This seemingly minor event (for it is most commonplace to be fired for being gay, and most homosexuals accept it as one of life's miserable hazards) touched off an enormous series of demonstrations up and down the California coast. The militant new organization, **COMMITTEE FOR HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM**, began organized picketing each lunch hour in front of the offices of the States Steamship Company every day. Instead of waning interest, as the company refused to negotiate, more and more people joined the lines, including office workers from nearby companies. **LOS ANGELES,** May 2, 1969. By this date, the Los Angeles CHF group had begun picketing the Los Angeles offices of State Steamship Company. Radio and television coverage was extensive in the San Francisco area, but very little national coverage resulted. **PHONE-IN ORGANIZED:** The telephone number of the State Steamship Company was

widely publicized and supporters were asked to call each day between 9:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M. to help get Gale's job back for him.

BERKELEY BARB, May 9-15, 1969, indicates that CHF was then planning to sit-in on the company if they continue their tactic of ignoring the picketing. We will continue to cover this as material reaches us. Attorney David Clayton, representing Gale Whittington for the San Francisco Neighborhood Assistance Foundation, wrote to State Steamship Company:

"There is no reasonable explanation for the termination of Mr. Whittington's employment other than his public identification as a homosexual. All necessary legal action to restore Mr. Whittington to his former position of employment with States Steamship Company is being prepared by the Neighborhood Legal Assistance office."

The foundation is demanding reinstatement of Gale with full back pay. They are also demanding that the company sign a fair employment pledge not to discriminate against homosexuals; not to take retaliatory action against other employees demonstrating their sympathy with the picketing; and, also, to urge other firms in the shipping industry to sign similar fair employment pledges. The CHF may well have moved into the steamship companies offices to continue the talks by the time this reaches you.

MORE ON MURDER: San Francisco, May, 1969. Attorney Mary Montgomery, for whom Frank Bartley had acted as baby-sitter, was retained by his family to press for murder charges against the two police officers who took part in his death.

HOMOSEXUAL POWER: San Francisco, April, 1969. In a speech before SIR members, Dr. Sherri Cavan, sociology professor at San Francisco State College, said that "homosexuals have more power than they realize." Dr. Cavan was very impressed with the reactions of the telephone company to the fight to get an ad (or several ads) into the yellow pages. Attorneys for Pacific Telephone Company have repeatedly told the State Public Utilities Commission that such an ad would "run the company out of business." The grounds they give for their ridiculous refusal are that people would refuse to have the yellow pages in their homes if

the word homosexual were printed in it. Dr. Cavan suggested that homosexuals should become much more militant in their fight for dignity. Among other things she said, "If you try a sit-in in the company men's room, those scared phone executives would be in a bad way."

BONN GERMANY, May 9, 1969. West Germany's lower house of parliament, the Bundestag, passed without any serious opposition, a bill that eliminates all penalties for homosexuality between consenting adults (also all penalties for sodomy and adultery). This is the first revision in the criminal statutes since 1871. Ralph Blumenthal, writing in the **NEW YORK TIMES** points out that since individual states must decide in the U.S., we are probably going to remain behind the rest of the civilized world in reforming our out-dated unenforceable and "criminal" sex laws.

SIECUS, MOMS and PAUSE: N.Y., May 20, 1969. An article by John Leo on SIECUS, an organization carrying the brunt of discrimination against sex education programs in grade and high schools, appeared in the **NEW YORK TIMES** on this date. The Sex Information and Education Council in the United States has probably done more to advance a healthy and natural attitude toward sex in the young than any other group in the United States. As you might know, a number of extremely conservative groups have risen up to stamp out the good work they are doing. Right wing groups like the Christian Crusade and The John Birch Society have helped to organize spin-off groups called MOMS (Mothers for Moral Stability) and PAUSE (People Against Unconstitutional Sex Education). File under the department of you can't win even when you are right.

WASHINGTON POST, May 23, 1969. Bernadette Devlin, the new MP from Northern Ireland, strode into the House of Commons, yesterday, wearing trousers. The first woman to do so in Parliament in all of its 800 years. Thank you very much, Bernadette Devlin.

BOYCOTT AND PICKET WORKS: After three weeks of working at it, COMMITTEE FOR HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM forced a San Francisco firm, Tower Records, to rehire employee Frank Denaro, who had been fired for being homosexual. A union group was formed by the employees of the company, and

they (the union) agreed to enforce a pledge not to discriminate against persons because of sexual orientation. This is a small, but substantial victory.

NOT WITHOUT DANGER: The above mentioned Tower Records victory had its risky side, when teenage hoods attacked the picket lines in front of the store on Saturday, May 24. One man was beaten with a ball bat. The police were most helpful, too, and unusually kind. One policeman told Father Bob Richard (a Catholic priest): "Don't mouth off when we pass here or I'm going to do one of two things. I'm either going to smash your face in, or lock you all up."

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND LEAFLETS are still being passed out daily (May 23, 1969) in front of the States Steamship Company, according to **BERKELEY BARB**, which is following this new militant homosexual activity with great interest. Teams of CHF leafleteers, backed now by SIR's endorsement of their activity (important in that SIR is a large and conservative male homosexual organization with a good national reputation) swarmed through States Lines offices, but politely asked to negotiate with the company. States Lines refused to talk, and shouted insults at the demonstrators, who quietly formed a circle, sang some freedom songs, and left...

PAUL H. LAMPORT, City Councilman (Hollywood) complained to the **SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE** that homosexuals are campaigning against his re-election. Why he should imagine that homosexuals would campaign against his is hard to conceive when he is quoted as saying: "It's inconceivable to me that these characters presume to attempt control of an election in our district." He also complained that homosexual publications are urging his defeat and said that one candidate (did not name him) supported by "such publications" got 4000 votes in the primary, though he stated that his district had 11,111 homosexuals.

He concluded by adding that he is afraid to let his 12-year-old son walk through Hollywood to attend a Boy Scout meeting. As one of these "characters," editing "such publications," I am wondering where the other 7000 voters were during that primary. While any adult knows that no 12-year-old child is safe on the streets of any city in the U.S. after dark, one wonders why this comment made by

this man in this particular context??? (Mr. Lamport lost the election on May 26, 1969!)

NO TO THE NEW LEFT: Radio News commentator, Randy Darden, in an ill-titled speech, "A Conservative Looks at Lavender Power," warned that the Homophile Movement was deceiving itself if it hoped for support from the New Left, or other liberals of this type. He cited Russia as a perfect example of what happens to sexual freedom in a communistic society. He pointed out that the treatment of homosexuals in Castro's Cuba should be enough to keep any homosexual from backing the New Left in any sense. Homosexuals, tired from the constant battle against oppression, need to remind themselves that they are asking into society, not out of it.

THE TURNING TIDE AGAINST US: Leaders of civil rights movements of all kinds began expressing fear, publicly and privately, in April and May and June that we are in for an era of no gain, or slow gains (reported N.Y. Times 5-30-69 et al).

MARY DALY shot down: Lester Kinsolving, Religion Correspondent for **SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE** reports on May 31, 1969 that Mary Daly, "one of America's most impressively credentialed theologians" is being dismissed from the faculty of the Jesuit-owned Boston College. Miss Daly has seven earned degrees, including a pair of doctorates. The administration has refused to give any reason for firing her, but the handwriting was on the wall long ago when she published her fire-eating book, **THE CHURCH AND THE SECOND SEX** (see **THE LADDER**, October-November 1968, for extensive review and commentary). 2500 students from Boston College signed a petition protesting the removal of Dr. Daly. (**GOOD NEWS**: With the aid of NOW, Dr. Daly was rehired in late June, 1969.)

MOTIVE MAGAZINE shot down: **NEW YORK TIMES**, June 1, 1969. Last issue we reported at length on the women's liberation issue of **MOTIVE MAGAZINE** which included an excellent article on the Lesbian and on **DOB** by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon. The next issue, May, 1969, was stopped from going to press by Dr. Myron F. Wicke, general secretary of the Division of Higher Education of the United Methodist Church Board of Education, the publishers of **MOTIVE**. Dr.

Wicke stated that "an especially intense controversy arose over the March-April issue..." As a result of this, Dr. Wicke asked to see the galley proofs of the May issue, and promptly stopped the publication. The reason given for stopping it was the quoting of some "offensive" words in one of the articles in the May issue. Anyone who has seen back issues of **MOTIVE** is going to wonder just what fearful and wonderful words were produced to seem "offensive." A reliable educator in the Methodist church college system, who wishes to remain anonymous, assures us that the sole reason for the harassment of **MOTIVE** is the women's liberation issue, and the article on Lesbianism.

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST: On April 12, 1969, The Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ, adopted a positive and sympathetic statement on homosexuality, entitled "Homosexuals and the Law," which they will present to the National Conference of the United Church of Christ in August, 1969. A future issue will indicate what action, if any, is taken by the church body as a whole.

MORE AS A RESULT OF MRS. NIXON: We can almost thank her for her ill-advised statements concerning women and equal civil rights. Virtually every newspaper in the United States has carried backlash statements from all varieties of women's rightist groups. Late in May, 1969, Hope Roberts, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional women, urged President Nixon to support an Equal Rights for Women Amendment to the Constitution, saying that "such an amendment is necessary as an all-encompassing law outlawing discrimination against women." June 5, 1969 (reported by **THE WASHINGTON POST** and others). In an open letter to Mr. Nixon, NOW's Equal Rights Amendment Committee Chairman, Jean Witter of Pittsburgh, asked him to "charge" the 91st Congress "with the responsibility to pass the Equal Rights Amendment now."

BRAVE LADY: Rita Hauser, delegate to the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, really stirred up Washington political circles during the week ending May 25, 1969, according to an article in the **SUNDAY STAR** of that date, by Isabelle Shelton. Miss Hauser, speaking

at a costume ball, sponsored by the American Newspaper Women's Club, with a number of Cabinet officers and other public servants present, delivered a "rousing call to arms to women to fight sex discrimination in jobs and other areas, combined with the flat statement that the Nixon administration has 'not (done) well enough- in giving women top jobs.'" There was a lot of flak, of course, duly reported by Miss Shelton, as well as some warm support. Miss Hauser is quoted by Miss Shelton as saying she has received calls and letters of congratulation from women "who actually fight the battles of discrimination" ... and knew she knew what she was talking about. Mrs. Virginia Knauer, the President's new adviser on consumer affairs said: "I've been fighting those discriminations she talked about all of my life."

Miss Hauser further said: "I intend to talk on this every chance I get. My field is human rights, and I regard women as part of the human family." But do women regard themselves as part of the human family? One unnamed listener to Miss Hauser is quoted as saying that it was "the wrong speech at the wrong time. Delivered at midday, to an all-women's group, it might have gone over." Which simply means, careful, don't let those big bad men find out you think you are a human being, too, they might not like it

CLASSIFIED ADS AGAIN: As most know, the Equal Employment Opportunity commission's guidelines on the enforcement of title 7 of the 1964 Civil Rights act, state that the classification of help-wanted ads by sex is a violation. The American Newspaper Publishers Association and the WASHINGTON STAR have filed suit to upset these regulations, and the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has remanded the case to the federal District court for trial. In the meantime, the newspapers are allowed to continue to practice this discrimination pending the outcome of the court action. However, NOW of Chicago was picketing the CHICAGO TRIBUNE during the week of April 10, according to the CHICAGO TRIBUNE. The only defense they offer of their action is the "we all do it" sort of thing in saying "All four major Chicago daily newspapers classify the help-wanted ads by sex."

VILLAGE VOICE, MAY 15, 1969. Mar-

lene Nadle, writing in the cited magazine-newspaper, covered the background of the various portions of the women's liberation movement, very thoroughly, in an article entitled: "Radical Women: 'We'd Rather Do It Ourselves.'" It is especially interesting to note that the most militant of the new women's groups came about as a direct result of very specific discrimination by the various radical political movements and civil rights movements male leaders TOWARD WOMEN ... They got tired of it ... and started their own fight.

THIS WEEK MAGAZINE: May 4, 1969. This Sunday supplement magazine, carried by many, many newspapers all over the U.S. (I know this, because 7 readers kindly mailed the whole issue to me ...) devoted its May 4 number to "The American Woman," and messed up the whole thing by blazoning on its cover "... you've come a long way, baby ..." That lost me before I read the interior, but as such things go, popular pap for mass consumption, there have been worse treatments of the subject. The best article is a satirical strike from Marya Mannes ... If you believe what she says, however, you may want to commit suicide. If no one sent you one of these, and if your paper did not carry it ... never mind.

MORE RANDY DARDEN: LOS ANGELES ADVOCATE for May, 1969, gives much wider coverage to Randy Darden's speech against homosexuals being enticed into the "new left." This issue of ADVOCATE contains an excellent report by Ed Jackson. Among other things, the prior coverage left out was that Mr. Darden reported the "greater part of the gay community has a financial interest in a stable, affluent society." Very true. Incidentally, ADVOCATE, for those of you who may not have seen it, is an excellent source of news. Many object (privately) to the ads in the paper. However, those ads pay for the publication ... something to consider while criticizing. When we are without means of communication ... we will die.

S.D.S. CHANGES ... NEW YORK TIMES, UP, June 20, 21, 1969. The S.D.S. National Convention in Chicago ended with the already loosely structured group falling into many splintered areas. Most significant to us is the fact that the group is militantly opposed to the Women's Liberation Movement. This is quite a

change from the group's position of less than one year ago, when they passed a resolution to tie the fight for women's rights to the fight for black rights within their group. (See, "A Time For Sowing," by Susan Fontaine, August/September, 1969).

EILEEN ROBERTA DONOVAN, career diplomat, has been appointed by President Nixon as Ambassador to Barbados ... Miss Donovan is Mr. Nixon's first woman so chosen. For the past four years, Miss Donovan has been assistant director of the State Department's Office of Caribbean Affairs. She was born in Boston, served as a Captain in the Women's Army Corp in World War II, and began her career in foreign service in 1948 when she was assigned to the United States diplomatic mission in Tokyo as an officer in the political advisor's department. Since then she has held increasingly important positions in various parts of the world for the U.S. Government.

IS MOTHERHOOD HOLY? NOT ANY MORE: New York Times, Sunday, May 18, 1969. Feature writer Rosalyn Regelson, in a ringing indictment of our social and moral structure, picks up and shoots down every facet of psychological conformity and gender identity terror, currently employed, deployed and overpushed by the establishment. Her article, with that subtle heading above, manages to cover this wide ground while reviewing the new off-Broadway theatre, New Feminist Repertory, which gives Monday night performances at the Village Gate. This is a cabaret style theatre, using satirical skits, songs and plays, all on Feminist themes. After covering the new theatre group and some of its repertory, Miss Regelson goes on to discuss a number of current plays and dissect them nicely. Virtually every library in any town of more than 10,000 persons takes the NEW YORK TIMES ... My xerox copy of this article does not indicate, but this is undoubtedly in one of the special sections of the paper, such as the "drama" section of the cited Sunday issue. Do not miss this one, no woman can afford to. (The Letters to the Editor of the Drama Section, June 1, 1969 are equally interesting.)

ONE MAN IN MICHIGAN: David M. Serotkin, State Representative of the 75th District of Michigan, apparently concerned about the need for law reforms,

passed around a questionnaire with many queries in the civil rights area, including whether his constituents thought homosexual activity between consenting adults should be legalized. On April 23, 1969, in a letter to the editor of THE LADDER, Mr. Serotkin indicated that while all of the questionnaire's had not been returned to him, at that time the count was 1,513 returned: 333 answered "yes," and 925 answered "no." The rest had no opinion.

OCTOBER 1, 1971, NEW YORK TIMES, June 2, 1969: After that 1971 date, the State of Connecticut will no longer penalize adults for homosexual acts in private. This will make Connecticut the first state to follow Illinois's lead in this area. Two down, forty-eight to go ...

NO MONEY FOR SEX EDUCATION: NEW YORK TIMES, June 2, 1969. In an editorial entitled, "The Way to Sex Education," the NEW YORK TIMES sharply criticized Governor Rockefeller's signing of a law removing sex education from the courses eligible for funds under the state's Critical Health Problems Program ... leaving it up to individual school districts to find the necessary funds to continue this vital work.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, June 26, 1969. Society for Individual Rights (SIR) filed a suit against the Cities of Oakland and Berkeley, and their respective Police Chiefs, Charles Gain and Bruce Baker, asking the Alameda County Superior Court to order a ban on police entrapment, particularly "clandestine surveillance" in public restrooms. This suit was NOT filed in San Francisco, where such practices by the police have long since been stopped by the efforts of the homophile community. The CHRONICLE goes on to say that while no names are named in the indictment, the suit is the direct result of the death of Dr. Philip Caplan, arrested in Lakeside Park by two Oakland plainclothes officers earlier in June. Dr. Caplan died of a stroke, suffered the day following the arrest ... pathologists at Merritt Hospital said the stroke was not connected with his arrest. (One wonders how that is determined, and if the strain of having one's life ruined might not affect one's physical well-being?)

SAN FRANCISCO PROGRESS: June 21 1969. The enormous Bay-Area study of homosexuals, being done by Kinsey

Institute ... got underway in June, 1969, in San Francisco and surroundings and will continue for one year. **SAN FRANCISCO PROGRESS**, a local semi-weekly newspaper, comments that highest estimates of San Francisco homosexual population is 100,000 out of a total city population of 749,000. Sadly, however, they go on to quote Institute Field Director, Tom Maurer, as saying that only 1600 homosexuals will be interviewed. The usual sources will be used (bars, etc., and word of mouth). This will undoubtedly be a good study for the male homosexuals in particular (of less probable value to Lesbians), but there never will be anything resembling an accurate study until someone finds some way to get to the vast majority of upper middle-class and upper-class hidden homosexuals.

TEACHING THE PUBLIC: In every area where DOB has a large and active chapter there is the opportunity for public speaking ... and each opportunity is well utilized if ONE more person is shown the error of stereotype conviction and the need for civil rights for this minority. Rita Laporte, DOB's National President, spoke on May 28, 1969 to a sociology class at American River College. Over 60 people present for the usual introductory view of Lesbians in particular, homosexuals in general, audience response excellent, due in part, to the almost total absence of male students (class is predominately female and many over the usual college age). The day following, May 29, 1969, Miss Laporte spoke at the San Francisco Jewish Community Center, along with Dorr Jones of CRH and this time the group was evenly divided by sex and much of the talk (of course) was on the male aspects of homosexuality. On Friday, June 13, 1969, Rita Laporte took part in a four-speaker session at GLIDE MEMORIAL CHURCH, representing Council on Religion and the Homosexual as well as DOB, speaking to a sociology class from Chico State College. About 50 persons present, more women than men, and a primarily adult group.

NEW YORK DOB DISCUSSIONS: Many, many of you from outlying areas write asking for news of what happens in the chapters ... In an attempt to fill this need, we are beginning in this issue an irregular feature of short write-ups on the Discussion Groups (formerly called Gab

N' Java) held by New York Chapter. As soon as we get a volunteer from the San Francisco Chapter to do the same thing for us, we will run regular reports on their activities as well. Anyone volunteer? We can only report on things we hear about ...

THAW-OUT '69: On Saturday, May 31st, over 400 homosexuals gathered for a picnic in Erie, Pennsylvania, reports a reader in a special release to **THE LADDER**. Attendance was evenly divided between men and women, and an informal survey indicated that people had come from far away as California, Florida, New York, Ohio and Canada. A charge of \$2.50 was made that covered prizes, facilities, and unlimited food, beer and set-ups. Profits are held for more equipment for future picnics. Long before you read this, another picnic will be held in Erie, during Labor Day weekend. Report indicates this Memorial Day gathering was the seventh such event and it is sponsored by a local group (informal). Publicity for these events is said to be by word-of-mouth and "bright but ambiguous bumper stickers." And we are editorially reminded of these words from A.L. Gordon's **SUNLIGHT ON THE SEA**, "Yet some must swim when others sink; And some must sink when others swim; Make merry, comrades, eat and drink—The lights are growing dim."

BOYS SEX SCHOOL PROPOSED: London, Reuters, June, 1969: A reader, delighted with the article, "Is Heterosexuality Natural?" by Marty Anderson in the June/July issue, sent us a clipping about Michael Schofield, author and research worker's proposal to start a school for boys where they would learn the art of making love. Mr. Schofield told the family planning association's annual conference audience that the old idea of "doing what comes naturally" is out. "It must be made clear that a satisfactory sex life is not something that comes naturally," he said.

BRITISH WOMEN: **NEW YORK TIMES** (undated) Columnist Gloria Emerson, writing in the **NEW YORK TIMES** (probably in May or June, 1969) indicates that there is as active a Women's Liberation force in Britain as in U.S. Her article, "British Women Battle for Equal Rights" clearly shows that women everywhere have precisely the same problems ... unequal pay, no personhood, constant

suppression, oppression and the male heel on the face.

FIRMS STILL DENY JOBS TO WOMEN: **DETROIT FREE PRESS**, May 28, 1969. Sylvia Porter begins her hard-hitting article with this line: "If you, an American businessman, are still discriminating against women in recruiting, hiring, training and pay, be warned: The Government is preparing to crack down on any firm which does not take affirmative action to give women equal job opportunities." She goes on to explain that the Federal Contract Compliance Office (OFCC) has issued specific guidelines on eliminating sex discrimination. However, companies are still not hiring women though they are interviewing more of them (they have to). They are not actively recruiting at the women's colleges; most recruiters refuse flatly to interview at women's colleges at all. Recruitment literature still flagrantly cites different pay scales for identical work performed by men and women. When you consider that the drop-out rate for new MALE employees (college graduates) during the first three years of employment is 36 percent. **NOT COUNTING THE DRAFT**, you have literal proof that discriminatory hiring practices have nothing to do with the excuses male employers have long tried to use ... women are better job risks than men. Sylvia Porter ends with: "As a fighter on this front from way back, I've always condemned this bias as evil. Now it's also illegal—but the battle is far from won."

EATING CROW: In the June/July, 1969 **CROSS CURRENTS**, I referred to Ronald Forsythe's article, "Why Can't We Live Happily Ever After," which had appeared in the **NEW YORK TIMES**. I suggested that our alchemists make him disappear. Fortunately my suggestion was overlooked, and Mr. Forsythe, now using his own name, Donn Teal, has done a really good article on the subject of homosexuality in drama called "Why Record Homosexual Anguish?" This latter also in the **NEW YORK TIMES** (June 1, 1969, Drama Section). Apologies, Mr. Teal.

PSEUDO MOVIES: The parade continues as the money boys try to cash in on the success of various more or less "serious" Lesbian films. No way possible to list all of the stinkers, and who cares anyway, but some attention is being paid to

99 WOMEN, a Towers of London Production, starring some talented people in roles they must have disliked. Minor and very sick, according to reports. Another, **FRAULEIN DOKTOR**, with Suzy Kendall and Capucine in the Lesbian roles, sounds pretty bad, but the fans of the latter actress will no doubt want to see it. **SHAKESPEARE'S OWN THING; YOUR OWN THING**, an off-Broadway smash musical, using the tried and true sex-switch material from Shakespeare, is said to be very funny (miscellaneous part-time reporters thanked here). Those with access to it are encouraged to go and see. You others, wait for the movie.

NOW SUMMIT MEETING was held in San Francisco in late June, 1969. Among the victories announced by the National Organization of Women was the previously mentioned reinstatement of the ousted Mary Daly at Boston College. DOB's Rita Laporte and Del Martin attended the meetings, and joined with a group that "integrated" a popular luncheon club for men. They got served ... without incident.

WOMEN AS PEOPLE: **WASHINGTON POST**, June 3, 1969. An article by Elizabeth Shelton, datelined Pittsburgh, covers the fact that psychiatrists, psychologists and sociologists are, in some quarters anyway, beginning to admit that the "double standard" of mental health is detrimental to women. Various scientists, including Dr. Paul Rosenkrantz of Holy Cross College in Boston, point out that sex-role stereotypes are used to set up standards for mental health clinicians and that the "ideal" concepts used are directed at males. Miss Shelton was covering a symposium held sometime in May (apparently) in Pittsburgh. One speaker, Wilma Scott Heide of the American Institutes for Research is quoted as saying: "women may rock the cradle, but seldom rocked let alone guided, the ship of state." She was applauded, says Miss Shelton. Miss Heide further stated that "the absence of women in national leadership has serious consequences for the self-confidence of growing girls."

HOMOSEXUALS AND EMPLOYMENT: An excellent report on this subject, by William Parker, has been issued by The Lincoln-Omaha Council On Religion and the Homosexual, Box 2323, Station B., Lincoln, Nebraska, 68502. This is as applicable to women as to men,

and is highly recommended reading. If you have ever wondered why the various homophile organizations exist, why they go on struggling with inadequate funds and personnel, this pamphlet will give you a few good ideas.

COURT VICTORY FOR U.S. HOMOSEXUALS: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, July 2, 1969. Federal Civil Service employees may not be fired solely on the ground that they are homosexuals, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled on July 1, 1969. The court's opinion says in part that the Civil Service Commission could not justify its dismissal of an employee "merely by turning its head and crying 'shame!'"

LESS LIBERTY IN PUBLISHING: SACRAMENTO, June 21, 1969. Various U.S. papers carried the story of Governor Regan's latest anti-people legislation. This time the target is so-called "smut," and, as you might expect, the homophile press is a prime portion of the target. Two anti-obscenity bills (both said to be impossible to keep on the books by various ACLU groups) are involved.

GOD MADE THEM BUT VIGILANTES CUT THEM DOWN: New York City, July 1, 1969. A group of vigilantes in a neighborhood in Queens cut down a bunch of trees in a park, and set off quite a storm. It seems that the gentlemen of the neighborhood objected to homosexuals in the park. Their grounds? They feared for the safety of the women and children in the area. David Bird, writing in the NEW YORK TIMES, July 1, 1969, reports that fifteen dogwood trees, eleven London planes and some wild-cherry trees were cut down by the group, with the full knowledge and consent of the Police Department. Mr. Bird reports that many residents in the area were outraged by the activities of the vigilantes. The Park Department reported it as a clear case of vandalism and promised to investigate.

PROBE TREES INCIDENT: NEW YORK POST, July 2, 1969. City Cultural Affairs Administrator Heckscher has asked the Queens District Attorney to investigate "an outrageous act of vandalism" over the tree-cutting incident reported above. A Parks Department spokesman estimated the damage at \$15,000. A Mr. Myles Tashman of 76135 113th Street, an active member of the vigilante group, said that a group of men in his apartment

building formed the group and went out at night with flashlights and walkie-talkies to harass the homosexuals of the area, again for the safety of the women and children of the neighborhood. (One wonders what women and children are endangered by male homosexuals? One wonders also what women and children are in the park at 2:00 and after in the morning?)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: William J. Primavera, of Brooklyn, N.Y., writing in the NEW YORK TIMES, July 3, 1969, deserves full coverage;

"Vandalism is against the law, no matter what the reason. It is a disgrace that the Police Department will ignore destruction to a Queens' park, done to weed out homosexuals."

Vigilantes who obviously don't know how to handle their own sexual insecurities should think more about constructive ways to expend their energies. The excuse of protecting their wives and children is absurd. Homosexuals are not in the park looking for wives and children. Besides, I am sure that a woman would rather share a park with some homosexuals instead of thirty or forty vigilantes, running around with walkie-talkies and flashlights, scaring people."

THE LESBIAN'S STORY: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, June 30, 1969. Reporter Julie Smith began her three-part series on Lesbians with an article, "Choosing the Gay Way of Life" which featured National President Rita Laporte (complete with large photo), our own Dr. Ruth McGuire, also with photo, and quotations from primary leaders in DOB including uncredited lines. The long article covered virtually all of one page of the paper, and contained amazingly few errors.

HOW DOES GIRL MEET GIRL? SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, July 1, 1969. Miss Smith's second installment has little to say to a knowledgeable audience, but was again remarkably free of taint or error and totally sympathetic. Both Dr. Joel Fort and Dr. Martin Hoffman (author of THE GAY WORLD) are quoted in the series, along with Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin, as well as repeated comments from Rita Laporte and Dr. Ruth McGuire. The second installment

of THE LESBIAN'S STORY took up a full page of the paper.

HOMOPHILE GAY-IS-GOOD MOVEMENT: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, July 2, 1969. Third, and last in Julie Smith's series on Lesbians, covered the entire movement including the male groups, but left the emphasis primarily on Lesbians. Included in the article is a two-column history of DOB as an organization, repeating the general goals (as stated in each issue of THE LADDER), and, as in the first two installments of the series, there are many good quotations from Lesbian leaders. **PROFILE OF A PAIR**, the life history of Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, was included in this last article, in a separate box on the same page. To our knowledge this is the first time a major metropolitan newspaper has profiled a lesbian marriage with no more and no less emphasis than they might describe a heterosexual marriage. This series is recommended reading for all of you. Those interested should write directly to the newspaper in San Francisco, simply specifying the three dates wanted, and enclose \$1.50 to cover cost and mailing to you.

Our scientific advisor, Dr. Ruth M McGuire, appeared on San Francisco's local NBC-TV 6:00 P.M. News Report on June 20, 1969, interviewed by special features writer Phil Wilson. She spoke about the condition of homosexuality and Lesbianism. We have heard from viewers that she was able to present positive information and opinions that were very well received.

MORE TV, Sacramento, July 2, 1969. National President, Rita Laporte, was featured guest on a variety news show, run daily on KCRA-TV out of Sacramento, as a direct result of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE Article.

CRH SYMPOSIUM: San Francisco, April 24-27, 1969. The success of the first Symposium, sponsored by the Council On Religion and The Homosexual, which was held in October, 1968, prompted the second such meeting. The Symposium is an attempt to bring large portions of the general community into contact with the homosexual community, to aid in mutual understanding. San Francisco leaders in the movement were especially pleased by the presence of a number of distinguished names from the Southern California area. Among others who made the journey north were W. Dorr Legg of ONE; Sten

Russell and Helen Sanders, DOB, Los Angeles; Reverend Clay Colwell, new Chairman of the Southern California CRH movement; and John Burnside and Harry Hay of Circle of Friends.

FIFTH ANNUAL REMINDER DAY: Philadelphia, July 4, 1969. The majority of the East Coast homosexual organizations took part in the annual picket and vigil held at Independence Hall in Philadelphia on Independence Day. The largest picket line ever turned out, with as many as 45 persons picketing at one time. The weather was good, and the crowd was large, including the Deputy Mayor of Philadelphia and his wife and son. Organizations represented were DOB, N.Y., MATTACHINE SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON; STUDENT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE; HYMN (HOMOPHILE YOUTH MOVEMENT); INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL ETHICS; WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP; COUNCIL ON EQUALITY FOR HOMOSEXUALS; and supporting groups, HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM SOCIETY and HOMOPHILE ACTION LEAGUE.

NOT FOR MANY WOMEN, HOWEVER. Unlike past years, this year's picket at Independence Hall featured less women, more men. Another sign of change was that some of the rigidity in dress appeared to be relaxed, and some of the women had on slacks and some of the men, blue jeans. Several sported their "Gay Is Good" and "Equality For Homosexuals" buttons.

LITTLE OR NO PUBLICITY: The Fifth Annual Reminder Day was neat and orderly, there were no incidents, the day was bright and sunny and warm, and the spectators were amused, or intrigued, or even bored. Interviews were taken by the press, though little or nothing appeared in newspapers about this fifth march. And if you are wondering, the march is held each year to remind society at large that "Our society has yet to grant those freedoms of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all its citizens, in particular, its homosexual citizens. We also march to affirm our pride, our dignity, and our self-respect as American homosexual men and women." For some strange reason, society continues to ignore the homosexual and the demand for civil rights. Is it, therefore, impossible to win your rights without violence? Are the only

groups to achieve freedom those who carry guns? We are asking into society, not out of it, and more and more, we are wondering why our cry is not heeded. Can it be that we are using a "language" that cannot be understood?

GAY POWER IN NEW YORK CITY:

Gay power—social and political power for homosexuals—has become a reality in New York, with the inadvertent help of the Police Department. At about 2 A.M. late Saturday night of June 29, the police raided the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar at 53 Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. They had previously closed The Sewer and The Checkerboard, also gay bars within the territory of the Sixth Precinct; but this was the first raid during peak hours, when the bar was jammed.

The raid touched off a riot by approximately 400 homosexual men and women, who yelled "gay power" and threw pennies, garbage and even uprooted parking meters at the police. An unknown number of homosexuals were injured. Four policemen were sent to the hospital, one with a broken wrist. Several homosexuals, who claim that they were suddenly attacked from behind while passing through the area, are suing the Police Department for assault and battery.

Homosexuals continued to riot on the streets of Greenwich Village on Sunday night, June 29, and of Wednesday, July 2nd. Both the Mattachine Society of New York and the Homophile Youth Movement began leafletting the Village in order to organize protest against the conditions which sparked the riots. The newspapers did an excellent job of coverage, particularly the New York Times. WINS radio also gave rapid impartial coverage. The Village Voice, a so-called liberal weekly which serves the Greenwich Village area primarily, but is sold all over Manhattan, did a series of articles on the riots which were noted for a liberal use of such terms as "faggot," "dike," etc., and which received violent protest from a heavily gay readership. The Village Voice has long been known to the gay community for its policy of patronizing contempt towards homosexuals.

CORRUPTION IN THE BARS. It is generally believed that the gay bars in New York City are controlled by the Mafia, in cooperation with the police. Reputable leaders of the gay community stated as much in private during the days

following the riots, and Craig Rodwell of the Homophile Youth Movement went so far as to make such charges in leaflets distributed on Greenwich Avenue. However, no solid evidence has yet been presented in court.

It is also generally believed that in order to obtain a liquor license from the State Liquor Authority, a bribe ranging from \$10,000 to \$30,000 must be paid. Dick Leitsch of Mattachine Society of New York states that when some friends of his attempted to get a license to run a gay bar, the SLA turned them down on technicalities, even though a recent decision of the courts has held that gay bars and intra-sexual dancing in public places are legal. Since the SLA refuses to issue licenses to gay bars, these bars are generally run without licensing, under unsanitary conditions, serving watered drinks at outrageous prices—and are therefore a perfectly legitimate target of police raids. During ordinary times, the police have allowed these bars to operate, overlooking violations in return for a percentage of the take. During election years, these bars become the target for raids and round-ups of homosexuals.

The raids in the Sixth Precinct are believed to have been triggered off by the presence of a new captain, who wishes to make his reputation as a "law-and-order" man during a conservative year by "cleaning up the Village."

GAY LIBERATION MEETINGS: On July 9th, the Mattachine Society of New York held a meeting at Freedom House, 20 West 40th Street, to discuss the possibilities for protest action against the police raids and corruption in the State Liquor Authority. Dick Leitsch reported on the riots and then opened the meeting to suggestions. One young man reported that police were still harassing homosexuals in Greenwich Village, picking them off the streets and beating them up in police cars. He stated that many young runaways, homeless youths who happen also to be homosexual, were especially vulnerable to these attacks, and he requested help in establishing halfway houses or a coffee shop for these youngsters.

Madolyn Cervantes suggested that a strong campaign to end corruption in the SLA be launched. Martha Shelley, of the New York Chapter of Daughters of Bilitis, suggested a gay power rally; and

after about an hour's debate, this suggestion was adopted and a committee was formed to organize the rally.

Miss Shelley subsequently discovered, in consultation with a lawyer and the Parks Department, that a "rally" was defined as a public meeting using sound equipment (louspeakers, microphones) and required permits from both the Parks Department and from the Police Department; and that rallies could only be held in specified areas. These designated areas turned out to be the most unattractive, inaccessible stops in the city. However, it was possible to hold a "meeting" or "vigil" anywhere in the city, as long as no public address system was utilized.

On July 17, the New York Chapter of D.O.B. voted to co-sponsor the vigil along with the Mattachine Society. It was set for 2 P.M. on Sunday, July 27, in Washington Square Park, and leaflets were run off and distributed night after night in Greenwich Village. The committee reported that they were warmly received both by homosexuals and village residents.

Supporters of the vigil were urged to wear lavender armbands (a color symbolic of homosexuality since the era of Oscar Wilde), and a huge lavender banner was constructed, bearing two male symbols intertwined, and two female symbols intertwined. An ad was placed in the Village Voice of July 24, urging people to attend the vigil. Notices were mailed to members of the D.O.B. and the Mattachine Society.

THE GAY POWER VIGIL: The sun shone on July 27, as homosexuals gathered around the fountain in Washington, D.C. At 2 P.M., Martha Shelley stood up on the rim of the fountain and complimented the hundreds who were already gathered, wearing lavender armbands, for their courage in showing up at an open meeting. "The time has come," she said, "for us to walk in the sunshine. We don't have to ask permission to do it. Here we are!"

"We will no longer be victimized by straight people who are guilt-ridden about sex," she continued. "We don't need to be told we're sick—man, if I'm sick, I know where it hurts and I go to a doctor. If I'm happily making love, I don't want a doctor to come to me and say, 'you're sick!'" She also denounced the vigilantes who had been harassing homosexuals in a park in Queens. "Why do you think they ran

around at one in the morning with flashlights to chase people out of the park? To protect their children—or to get a free peep show?"

Marty Robinson of the Mattachine Society spoke about the potential of gay power. He urged homosexuals to petition their government, to organize into voting blocs, and to use the power of the boycott. "There are one million homosexuals in New York City. If we wanted to, we could boycott Bloomingdale's, and that store would be closed in two weeks." He asked those present to join with groups such as the Mattachine Society and the D.O.B. in order to continue the fight for equality. "We will not permit another reign of terror," he said. "We've got to get organized. This is our chance."

After speeches and chants of "Give me a G," "GI!" "Give me an A," "AI!" ... "What does that spell?" "GAY POWER!" the group marched down the street to rally again in front of the Stonewall Inn, scene of the initial riots. At the end of the speeches, there seemed to be about 500 in the audience, but there must have been many people sitting on the sidelines, for at least 1,000 people marched down both sides of the street to the Stonewall. Chants of "gay power" went up again, and the group sang "We Shall Overcome," holding hands in large concentric circles around Sheridan Square Park. Finally, the group dispersed.

The Village Voice, apparently chastened by the flood of angry letters protesting their coverage of the riots, gave the vigil front page coverage, reporting events as they happened without using derogatory language. The other media remained silent, except for television station WABC. One young man reported that his mother saw him on that station and is no longer speaking to him. But he said that he will be with us at future meetings; for like many others in the crowd, this was the first time he had felt self-respect as a homosexual.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If you are planning to move, please 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. REMEMBER, third class mail is not forwardable. Send to CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, 1005 Market Street, Room 208, San Francisco, California 94103.

out last Sunday and offered me a month's rent in a boarding house in _____. They had called up to find out rates, etc. They said I could get a job and that the first month's rent would be paid by them. I told them I would probably stay in _____ only as long as it took me to make enough money to leave for S.F. and keep myself going down there for a month or until I got a permanent job and my first pay-check. I told them I assumed I would only be in _____ for a couple of months, or until the end of June. Now, my folks are trying to dissuade me from leaving so soon. They feel I ought to stay here in _____ under the care of a psychiatrist I have seen only 3 times (who, by the way, has decided I am *not* a lesbian at all!)—and since _____ has fewer gay outlets, it looks more "promising" to my dear old folks than San Francisco, which they consider to be the city of crime and vice.

My mother especially feels that if I were to meet some "nice young men" I would be "OK" and "have a chance for a happy future." Now she's telling me that *all* lesbians switch partners regularly and never have *lasting* happiness. She knows I want a loyal relationship which *will* last and be fulfilling, and she's trying everything in her power to convince me that I will *never* find this loyal relationship that I seek with a lesbian. I told her that I knew of a group in San Francisco (DOB)—briefly mentioned the name—and she grabbed her pencil and pad and jotted it down immediately—said she wanted it so she would have a place to contact me in case I "*ran away and got lost*" (her exact words). I guess she actually figures that DOB would give *her* my address once I got down there, so she could contact me and continue taunting me about the dangers of being a lesbian! I had briefly mentioned DOB, in order to disprove her generalization of *all* lesbians. I said I had attended a meeting there last summer—at which I happened to meet several women who seemed, in my opinion, to be happy and well-adjusted to their way of life. I told her that the members I met were older and had happy loyal relationships—each with *one* woman! Her retort to this was that happily paired women would find no reason to belong to a group of lesbians, unless they were just out to switch partners. She then said she wouldn't believe that any of the members

of DOB had had lasting or life-long relationships with *one* woman. She said she had been doing some "checking up" on lesbian groups and had "found out" that they were just underground organizations for unhappy, defeated, immoral women who had *never* been able to build lasting or permanent relationships with anyone!! Of course, her source of "information" or facts as she would prefer to call them, was not mentioned to me. She's undoubtedly trying to scare me out of my choice in leaving for San Francisco on the ground of an anciently-accepted social assumption, which is the same as a bluff or an inexperienced and prejudiced opinion.

It's not a matter of being "immoral" when a girl decides to go gay. It's a matter of being damned sensible!

I want a deeply fulfilling relationship with a woman now—one that will last. I want to belong to a group which will provide me with the opportunity to meet a girl who is also interested in such a relationship.

My main reason and objective in going to San Francisco is to join DOB and meet such a woman. I don't want to take my mother's word as the final one—especially when it does not represent the voice of experience. She has never known the joys of a lesbian relationship, and she is convinced that no one can find lasting happiness when they operate outside the socially accepted route. My mother's attempts to make me insecure in my decision to go to S.F. have not erased the fact that I am *not* sexually interested in men *nor* the fact that my sexual interests in women are very definitely strong and alive.

Rachael

Dear DOB:

I give you permission to print my letter in the LADDER mainly because I hope that through this account, other girls like myself will be able to find a sense of identity and courage. I'm looking back in my mind to the time when I would have given anything to have someone to identify with. I felt completely alone—trapped in a world of one-way minds. Often, I wondered if I would ever find a way out. I was often sure I would wind up alone with no-one—a recluse with only my unfulfilled desires to keep me company.

I didn't even know there was such a thing as a Lesbian organization or magazine! I was frightened to think of my destiny—knowing of no-one like myself to whom I could possibly turn, for advice and encouragement. I knew there were gay women here and there, but I thought they were impossible to reach—only one in a million. I felt like one in a million, and often I wondered if I was losing my sanity. If THE LADDER had free circulation into the out-of-the-way places, many of these "lone" Lesbian girls would have a chance to get out of their own private "wells of loneliness".

Our own main goal, as members of a Lesbian group, should be to seek out these lonely girls, whom I know, from personal experience, must be going through sheer hell!! My sympathy for these girls results from my own personal experience. Even though I know none of these girls by name I am sure they exist! The problem is in getting to them with a message of reassurance. Solace for the young Lesbian does not come through a psychiatrist, parents, or heterosexual friends. Their desires go on—avoided, ignored, or ostracized by the crowds of strangers around them—and isn't it surprising how your parents and your so-called friends can turn out to be complete and *utter strangers*??!

I want to reach out with words, somehow, and provide a sense of unity and encouragement to these "lost" and discouraged members of the Lesbian world. We are all human and have the full right to "do our thing" when it does not entail violating the rights of others—and homosexuality, of course, does not, *in any way*, violate the rights of heterosexual people. But it seems as though *the right to be a homosexual* is constantly being challenged and/or violated by heterosexual people! They completely ignore the fact somehow, that we do not challenge or violate *their* rights to be heterosexual. Choosing one's own expression of sexuality is an individual right for all, and we haven't formed an army to challenge the rights of the heterosexuals, yet it seems they are constantly on *our* tails! The bulk of heterosexual society, as yet, cannot see sexuality as an open field—a beautiful emotional need open to *many* modes of expression. The woman who makes love to another is just an "inversion", implying abnormality and sickness. But

does "normality" imply health? What may be sheer bliss for many—may be sheer hell for others—yet those others must suffer the tortures of the damned, for, to seek out heaven, would mean instant rejection—something we are all a little frightened of, even when "acceptance" means life with absolute indifference and unfulfilled desires.

The young girl with different desires needs *bolstering* on a major scale. Alone she can rarely make it out of the heterosexual maze! And it is such a frightening experience to stand entirely alone with such beautiful desires that—inside—she feels must not be as "crazy" as society insists they *are*. But, when one woman has to stand *absolutely* alone for any great period of time, she begins to doubt her sanity—to wonder if fighting or searching for the things she desires in life would get her anyplace at all! And, in the back of her mind, she will ask such questions as: "Why do these desires persist inside me, even when I realize there is little chance for their fulfillment in this world?" She eventually has to be honest with herself and admit she *is* different—that she *will* have one hell of a struggle to face, if she is ever to find her own special kind of happiness. Always, the attempt to find happiness in an unaccepted form of life is a struggle, but the struggle would be lessened a great deal, if THE LADDER had wider circulation.

Why should they go on in fear, confusion, and loneliness? Many of these girls need to relate their own particular situation to their own people!

I will always be indebted to DOB for giving me solace at a time when I needed it most. *Your* courage has lifted *me*—has made me more courageous. *Think* of all the girls who could come to this full self-realization with just that little backing and acceptance they so *desperately* need! We must work towards this. It's a *cause* to fight for, and it should be *enough* of a cause to bring together all these women who have *found* happiness in the gay way of life. Surely *they too* can look back in their minds and remember a time when *they* were alone! Now is the time to fight for the ones who are still out there somewhere—lost and suffering!

Rachael

(Editor's Note: These two letters from Rachael are but a sampling of the many

that pour into DOB's offices each year from the isolated and lonely of the outlying areas. Those of us who had been doing this work for many years find it easy to forget, sometimes, that for almost every one of us, at some point along our lives, we were "one in a million" alone in the world.)

To the Editor:

Many of us hate the establishment for good cause: police brutality, racism, intolerance, sexual fascism, and pursuit of an unjust, immoral war. But not all anti-establishment organizations are groovy. The John Birch Society and the Wallace movement are anti-establishment too, as are the Black Panthers.

Let me present my own observations on the latter group.

(1) *The anti-homosexual bias of spokesman Eldridge Cleaver.* His first article in RAMPARTS magazine viciously attacked James Baldwin for being a homosexual and viewed homosexuality as a sickness, not a way of life. I would guess, were he President of the United States, his sexual fascism would exceed any repressions presently existent.

(2) *Anti-Semitic and anti-lesbian views expressed in official Black Panther publications.* An early issue of BLACK POWER urged Negro women to "join with us" in male-female unity. Direct quotes: "Don't be Jew-bitches or bulldaggers." Other issues have featured Nazi-style anti-Semitic poems. Cartoons in the BLACK PANTHER have portrayed policemen as pig-faced "bull dykes" being shot at by handsome panther males.

(3) *Primitive views on women, expressing the worst form of male chauvinism.* Eldridge Cleaver defines women as "pussy power"; Panther sympathizer Stokeley Carmichael says "the only position for women in S.N.C.C. is prone."

(4) *Open advocacy of violence, crime, terrorism and assassination.* MOTIVE magazine (December, 1968) presented an interview with Cleaver in which he stated that there should be a maximum of crime in the streets and assassination of certain people. Recent issues of BLACK POWER give recipes for the making of Molotov cocktails, phosphorus bombs, "people's napalm," etc.

All this gives rise to some personal sentiments.

(1) The 1930's had its fill of the Ger-

man-American Bund, the Silver shirts; the 1950's gave rise to the Minute Men; and the late 1960's saw the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King. How long must this nightmare go on?

(2) The same tactics lead to more police violence, repressions and killings, under which we all would suffer. They subvert plans liberals hold for gun control laws and a "Londonization" of the police force. In London and Canada, disarming the police has even brought on a sharp decrease in homicides and armed robberies.

(3) Militancy is fine, but let's keep guns out of it. If you have to bomb, use flowers, perfume and incense!

B. S.
California

To the Editor:

Thank you for publishing Alice Lawrence's interesting analysis of "Sex Roles: A Glance at Four Cultures" (THE LADDER, February/March, 1969).

As a lay reader, I was not entirely clear about one aspect of the article, and I send in this question with the thought that perhaps clarification from the author will enlighten others besides myself.

The hypothesis Miss Lawrence proposes is that "when conditions make it possible for members of one sex to adopt some of the values traditionally assigned to the other, their personality integration will suffer *unless* they are able to achieve success and *become successful* within that value system." Miss Lawrence later breaks this idea down into two separate hypotheses, which I need not repeat here, and follows it with a brief description of four cultures, which she offers with the suggestion that more extensive research might provide further support for the hypotheses.

My question has to do with the Lepcha tribe, offered as an example of a culture with relatively flexible sex role boundaries, but where maladjustment does exist. To support Miss Lawrence's hypotheses, this culture ought to be one in which there is a *lack* of complete acceptance of the person who crosses the sex role boundaries. But nothing in the brief paragraph describing the tribe suggests any such lack of acceptance; indeed, it is difficult to imagine it, since the boundaries hardly exist! (The tribe does not recognize any inherent temperamental

differences between the sexes; there is practically no such thing as "man's work" and "woman's work.")

Specifically, is there any reason to believe that the man who cooks or feeds the baby is *not* fully accepted in this culture? If there is not, then it would of course be necessary to look elsewhere for an explanation of the degree of maladjustment that exists among the Lepcha.

Not the least interesting aspect of Miss Lawrence's article was the brief discussion of concepts of "maladjustment." I wonder if she might be willing some day to expand on this? This would be an important topic for all LADDER readers to become educated about.

Florence Conrad
Research Director
Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.

Dear Miss Damon:

I find Dr. McGuire (THE LADDER, June/July 1969) has missed a point in her answer to "Anti-symbiosis" regarding Lesbians who maintain a close relationship with an ex-partner.

Consider what happens after heterosexuals divorce. The man has really no problem finding another woman, for whatever reasons he should want one. It is a bit harder for the woman, especially if there are children from the marriage. But she does have ways of making contacts through "Parents Without Partners Clubs", Singles clubs, etc., and certainly has women friends "of her own kind".

This also holds true of the male homosexual—after a breakup he usually heads for the nearest "gay" bar, for companionship if nothing else. Not so for the Lesbian. A very small percentage of mature Lesbians frequent the "gay" clubs. The Lesbian has always had the problem of how to meet others of her kind. The single Lesbian lives in a lonely world often as much *after* a relationship as before. It is this knowledge then that compels the partner who has established a new relationship to feel a responsibility towards the person who is left adrift so to speak.

Every Lesbian knows what it is like to be alone, not to have the companionship (let alone love) of another Lesbian. Dissolving a partnership is a difficult thing emotionally and financially. If one has

truly cared for the ex-partner during their life together, she cannot now walk away and leave her alone and friendless. All parties concerned have been on that road at one time or another and wouldn't wish it on anyone.

Personally, I cannot subscribe to sharing a domicile with an ex-partner; not under any circumstances, but I do not believe in total abandonment, if friendship and help are wanted and needed.

I grant the situation may be "unique" in the annals of marriage but in Lesbian breakups it occasionally occurs and I think the reasons for it are as simple as stated here.

W.L.I.
MICHIGAN

Dear Miss Damon:

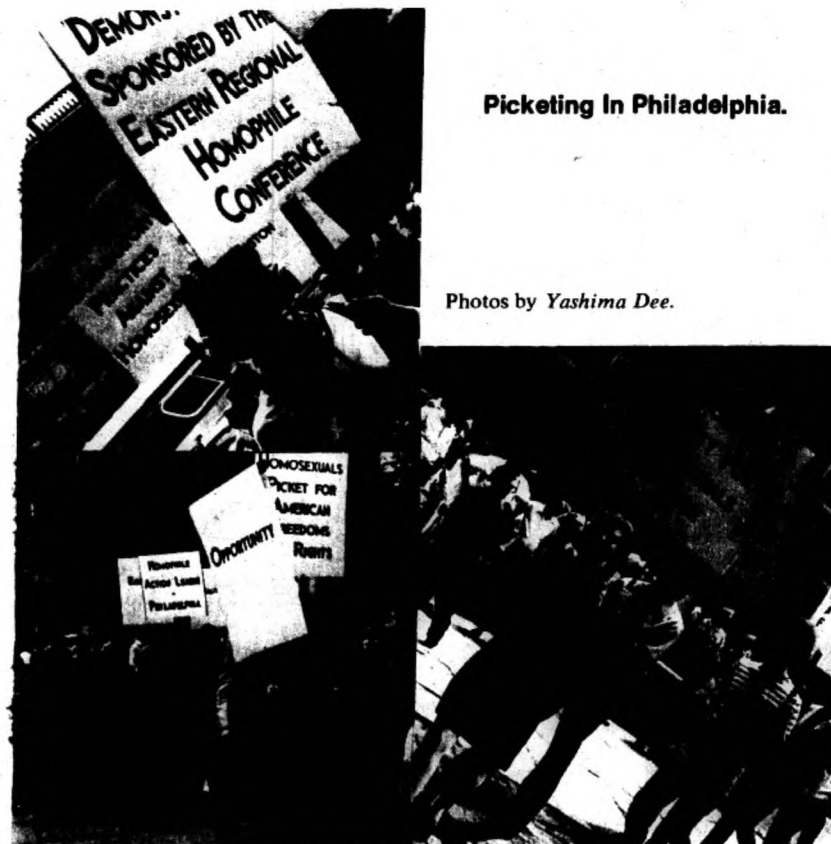
I was shocked and disappointed to discover a highly vicious view of homosexuality in Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul On Ice*. Attacking James Baldwin in general and his novels concerning homosexuality in particular, Cleaver states, "Homosexuality is a sickness, just as are baby-rape or wanting to become head of General Motors."

Later, in the chapter called "The Primeval Mitosis," a sort of Genesis, Cleaver warms up to the subject, calling homosexuality "the product of the fissure of society into antagonistic classes and a dying culture and civilization alienated from its biology." Although this should have prepared me for the finale, it didn't, so his ultimate slam seemed particularly nasty: "If a lesbian is anything she is a frigid woman, a frozen cunt, with a warp and a crack in the wall of her ice." Really, brother. What did we ever do to you?

It seems to me that when a minority cannot recognize and fight for all minorities, the plea for human rights becomes merely a convenient euphemism for personal power.

An interesting note is that Cleaver was a convicted rapist, a fact he confesses with some pride and which he justifies in his book. He did not, however, rape babies. Unfortunately, Mr. Cleaver is considered an authoritative voice both within and without the black community. It is too bad he has wandered so far from his own field of knowledge.

L. B.
Cleveland, Ohio



Picketing In Philadelphia.

Photos by Yashima Dee.

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