The 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.
Living a half-life, furtive and insecure behind an office desk? Hindered from doing a good job by the heavy secret of nonconformity? Fired in disgrace without a reference or even a farewell handshake? Of course not. Lesbians are at work in almost every trade and profession, enjoying—as much as anybody enjoys earning a salary—what we are doing, and performing adequately quite unhampered by the fact of our homosexuality.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For obvious reasons, I don't do my romancing in the office and my girl and I don't use the telephone that way."
Maxie also finds that she has little common interest with her fellow employees in other fruitful areas of chit-chat, such as clothes and cosmetics, and here again she is notching up work-hours ahead of them. It should by now be apparent that she works in a distinctly under-supervised office, and her case cannot therefore be described as typical. Nevertheless, there must be many others like her.

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

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

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

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

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

At the risk of being accused of splitting hairs, it should be pointed out that in both cases the disadvantages came from being single rather than homosexual. Against them are the instances where advantages derive specifically from being homosexual and not just from being single.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Seriously,” we said.

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

short story by Junerwanda

Radar!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alicia almost blushed.

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

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

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

"This is where you come in," she finally said. "I don't know which of the women arriving today will be in charge of the budget programming. I had to maneuver to be able to pick them up at the airport, and I could not ask also which one was which, but my... uh, that is, information has reached me that one of them is like you."

She glanced at me, then added, "Speaking with them together, I could not gain my information, as you can understand, so I must speak with them one at a time. That is all."

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

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

I was suddenly wide-awake. Alicia's round-robe plans frequently have some very square corners when she starts playing games. I have found this a Foreign Service syndrome. I think they all watch the wrong TV shows or something. She has maneuvered me into some frightful messes down through the years, though in all fairness I must admit that she has pulled me out of quite a few, too.

"Now wait a minute..."

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

I went.

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

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

At this point, I rebelled.

"Now look, pet, if this is going to be another one of your wide-eyed 'how-did-never-get-here games, I'm not going one step beyond that door."

"No, Robie, no, it will be all right."

She became positive. "Unleash the Bertha so we can leave. We will discuss it on the way."

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

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

"With all this noise?"

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

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

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

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

She snapped her fingers
and smiled and smiled and smiled and... "Isn't that simple? Dicho y hecho."

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

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

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

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

"Besides, you..." "Listen, Alicia, just two questions: why do you think they will allow themselves to be separated and just what makes you think your pigeon will give you your information? If it's all that classified, it won't be... "Leave it to me, Robie, I have my ways." I nodded again, miserably.

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

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

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

I tried once more.

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

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

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

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

"Where have you registered them?"

"Hotel Crillon." She patted my shoulder. "See, Robie, you are awake now."

She was quite satisfied with herself. She flashed me a beautiful smile and darted into the crowd in front of the Customs entrance.

I hate airports. Arrivals and departures, milling crowds, smoke, standing in line waiting for someone to appear. Every airport is the same, too—luggage snapping open and shut in Customs, too much noise; two or three men in Homburgs, red of face because they have to stand in line; a few sabbatical types, pale and frowning; distraught North American mothers sorting out their children and their keys; a few Chinese, looking as though they had missed the parade somewhere; a couple of beauty queens from Little Boro, Stokes County, USA; several camera types already wearing boots and budding beards; a tweedy type with sensible shoes clutching her briefcase; and—I looked again at Alicia—her—her—her—"I asked in a shaky voice."

I tried my most congenial smile. "Or perhaps you would like to go to your hotel first?"

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

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

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

"It isn't that," she said. She looked at me. "Do you work with Alicia here at the Institute?"

"No. We're simply friends."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a loud noise at the door and it flew open. And there she stood, all five feet of her—Lucha! I had completely forgotten about meeting her. She looked at
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their life together far into the future is
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and the next, but plans for twenty, thirty
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up.

Alicia on the line.
off to the kitchen to make more coffee.
hands and knees retrieving papers from
me and her eyes were green—not hazel,
and her eyes were green—not hazel, but green!

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

“Listen,” I snapped, “I have your in­
formation, so come and pick up your
pigeon. My castle is crumbling—I forgot
to meet Lucha.”

And so you know what she said?

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

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

by Julie Lee

...Economics of the Gay Marriage

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

Planning for retirement in one’s twen­
ties or thirties seems ridiculous to most
people, unfortunately, the difference be­
tween planning or not planning often
means the difference between a happy pro­
ductive and active life after sixty, or a
later life harassed by worries about se­
curity and even one’s daily bread. Looking
forward to enjoying the later years, travel­
ing, indulging a hobby, collecting and do­
ing what you always wanted to do but have
no time—all this depends upon how care­
fully you planned for these events in your
twenties, thirties and forties.

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

security then; and it can be done.

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

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

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

There are many ways to plan financial­
ly for the later years. A combination of
several is usually the best. First, and fore­
most, should be adequate insurance. De­
pending upon one’s employer for insur­
ance is not the best policy. Life, health,
hospitalization and major medical insur­
ance should be secured as early as possi­le, preferably in the twenties. At that
age almost everyone is insurable and
premiums are very low. By the time you
reach your forties or later, there may be
some minor physical defect which will
make it difficult to get insurance; also
premiums shoot up steeply at that age.
Medical insurance is especially import­
ant, because one serious illness can wipe
out in weeks what you have accumulated
carefully for years. Life insurance is im­
portant only if one of you does not work.
Here you may encounter some problems,
because some insurance companies will
not permit you to take out insurance pay­
able to a non-related person. More about
this later in the article. A talk with an in­
surance agent often will bring a solution
to this difficulty. If both of you work,
your employers’ life insurance is usually
sufficient. Annuity insurance is another
story—more about that later.

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

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

As you get into your thirties and fort­
ies, planned savings are a necessity. It is
not enough to promise yourself to put
“X” numbers of dollars into your savings
account every week or month. Very few
people have the discipline to do this. Us­
There is no legal protection for gay partners. Your partner will be left without anything. No "legal" marriage guarantees a fixed sum at maturity, protecting the investor from unexpected economic downturns. Most mutual funds are well run and represent safe investment as is possible in today's market.

Playing the stock market is a very risky thing unless you are an expert on stocks and bonds or can get personal expert advice at a reasonable price. The average stockbroker working for an investment firm is not usually a reliable advisor, being in business to make money for his firm first, and for you second. Today's market is for the very rich or the very adventurous. If you value your hard-earned money, stay out and settle for a mutual fund. "Hot tips" are almost always "hot" in the worst sense of the word. Certainly, people, even amateurs, have made huge sums in the market. But it is a gamble with the odds greatly against you. Investing a fixed amount monthly for twenty-five or thirty years will give you a considerable sum of money, and a fine supplement to your social security and pension benefits, if any.

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

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

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

"Very well," you may say, "but who can save money? We spend money every cent we earn." This is more serious than you might think, and a careful look at your expenses and income seems indicated. Ideally, ten percent of income should be saved monthly. Expenses should get the first look. How much do you spend on excessive luxuries? That $2,000 furniture may be the envy of your friends today; thirty years from now it will be worn, probably out of date, and of no practical value. $2,000 in a savings account will grow to around $8,000 in thirty years at current interest rates, if nothing is withdrawn. This is not a fortune, but certainly better than nothing. The same goes for excessive smoking, drinking, entertaining, clothing—perhaps the list is endless. I specify "excessive." No one wants to stop living today to be able to live thirty years from now, but there are reasonable limits. "Living it up" is fine today, but its results may be disastrous in later years.

If, in spite of reasonable expenses, you find that you cannot save money, a hard look at your job is in order. There are limitless possibilities for making a decent salary today in many areas. Additional training may be needed, even if it means borrowing money. A high school diploma is an absolute necessity for any woman who expects to eke out her own living. Such a diploma can be obtained through night-school courses, often free of charge. Two years of college or other advanced training can mean a considerable increase in salary. A college degree is a great help. A graduate degree, even for a woman, almost guarantees a five figure salary. Just changing jobs often brings an increase in income. Doing a good job in one's profession or vocation also helps. New fields are constantly opening up, where extensive formal schooling is not essential, where training is available (such as computer programming), and where good opportunities exist for women. Also, making an adequate living might require having to relocate. Men do this all the time, and there is no reason why women cannot do the same.

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

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

THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE
A bibliography

By Gene Damon and Lee Stuart

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

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.
1005 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103 $2 plus 25¢ handling charge.
FOUR POEMS

SUMMER SYMBIOSIS NO. 1

by Hessa

Mind empty, sense
a shape of fire trying
the crevices
our bodies on the beach
rumpled warm
nest where we burrow bird-
soft buttocks swell
ripe as hot plums wicker-
plopped
feel the original
tight mouth of our navel's
rim grow wide with smiles
stem yielded, the sun's
tug smooth, lipped crater split,
welling
with juice,
rose-bubble that boils
over
into
streams of blazing
garnet, ruby, running molten
running
like lava in my brain:
stained-
glass light against thin
flesh-close blinds
—hushed gallery where
your Aztec face uplifted
slowly turns to me
its dazzle of alpine flowers,
sky-glazed eyes
like mirrors in a copper
mask of bone... 

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

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

Startled by a cry
I wake. The tide has risen.
A gull skims by.
I open parched
lips to refute
brute beds of joy,
vision
rewarded by
your small breasts your
belly mounded soft
to my nuzzled
nose and the welling
glad
thrust of my tongue.
SUMMER SYMBIOSIS NO. 2

Come away from that sad place
child where they finger each other's privacy
nervous as bed-wetted
guilt, feeling themselves up for the night
fix,
and come lie beside me—face-up in the wimpled sand, sun-laved—
our winter bodies white as gulls immaculate as nuns delivered of
brain-fevered messiahs, black habits hung over bleached roots and abandoned . . .
then wake from old dreams petrified as driftwood;
resistless, rise with me buoyant on the languor of dry waves, brine singing in our ears and eyes while slowly our perimeter of sky lowers its breast of radiance—storm of feathered light
the superior bird presence over us
an immense joy taking our thighs
and the sweet cry of welcome

NOTES IN AUGUST

Gone to the Sunshine Coast my joy walks thrush wings decorous, eyes bright, trim feet precisely measuring the height of rock her song
My stomach gnaws itself my thin arms waver flap with the offshore wind my mouth fills with the waters of the Gulf. Gone yesterday! Only five days more, my fingers cry, their nails close-bitten.

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

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

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

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

How shall I feed till your return?

Bruised blue petunias on my skin, anemones of purple juice squashed raspberry and claret spills of last week's fading feast:

lone banquet I make of our correspondence till you come home.
SUMMER SONG

Where have you gone wayfaring summer girl?

I've gone to pick you pebbles, berries, alpine flowers for your mind.

I've gone to gather green-sheathed nuts for winter ripeness.

I've gone to hide the secret sources of your clouds so they won't find us.

When will we go together long haired love?

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

short story by Margaret Elliott

Way Station

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

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

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

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

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

"You said that. Is something up?" "Nothing in particular." "How's Harry?" "I've left him." "Jeanie. Is it for good?" Jean didn't look at Laura. "I think so." "Why?"

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

"I just couldn't stand it any more." Laura sighed. "I'm sorry, Honey. I'd so hoped it would work for you." Jean didn't answer or volunteer any more information.

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

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

"Was he bad to you?" Laura said. Jean heard the concern in Laura's voice. It struck a harsh note in her and made her speak a little sharply. "You needn't worry about it. It was not your fault." Laura looked puzzled. "I didn't think it was, Honey." Silence. "And so you've left him."

They sat and watched the fire together.

"Does he know where you are?"

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

"Where did you tell him you were going?"

"I didn't tell him."

"He'll know.

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

"Yes, I guess so."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please."

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

Laura looked surprised. "But even I told him that wasn't necessarily true!" "But he knew you didn't have any way of knowing."

"How would he know?"

"I told him."

"Oh, Jean." Laura drew back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What have you been doing with yourself?" Jean looked around the room. It was not overly tidy—about the way she'd expected it to be. A jacket was thrown over a chair. The table held a jumble of books and magazines. An easel stood in the corner.

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

"You never painted when we were together."

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

"Well, I'm glad to see you doing something with your art. You were always a little unhappy about that."

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

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

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

"Because he took you out of my clutches."

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

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

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

Laura, still busy with the fire, spoke softly with her back turned. "Okay, Honey."

Jean heard the tenderness in Laura's voice. "I just put clean sheets on the bed today. And that old blue gown you left is clean if you need something to sleep in."

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

"You going to hog the whole bed, Baby?" Laura was smiling, the bright nervousness gone. She looked relaxed and contented.

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

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

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

"No, I better not."

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

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

Laura lay perfectly still.

"I shouldn't have come back here."

"No, it's all right."

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

Laura lay silent.

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

Now Laura turned toward her. "No."

She sighed. "You left because you were tired of hiding. Because you wanted to be socially acceptable and you couldn't be with me."

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

"I'm sorry."

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

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

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

Report by Del Martin

Gay Is Good—So What?

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

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

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

1. Mere passing of resolutions to put on the appearance of being united and strong has proved itself to be meaningless. A majority vote does not reflect concensus. Consequently, between annual meetings of NACHO nothing happens.

2. For too many, the homophile organizations and NACHO represent an ego trip. "We can't move ahead because we bullshit each other and pretend to like each other." There is little attempt to understand each other, to open up real communication lines, to unite in a common cause.

3. "If 'gay is good' is to mean anything, we have to deal with each other at the gut level." Setting up encounter groups would be helpful in getting rid of the anger and hostility and pain that exists—and which prevents the homosexual community from being the real force in society which it should be.

4. Homosexuals need to learn to deal corporately. Otherwise they will continue to go from crisis to crisis as ineffective reactors. The homophile community needs to learn how to organize to exert pressure to bring about change. Real change occurs only when the establishment is forced to change because of overwhelming political and social pressure.

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

Rev. Cromey expressed his disappointment that the Council on Religion and the Homosexual, Daughters of Bilitis, Society for Individual Rights, and Tavern Guild of San Francisco had withdrawn from NACHO. While he realized the difficulties encountered in unifying the sexual community, he felt that organization is terribly important.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The history of the author of OLIVIA is published in two volumes, London, Heinemann, 1967 and N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968. The emphasis in this book is almost entirely male as befits a book dealing with the life of a male homosexual. However, there are sufficient references to the Lesbian members of the Bloomsbury Group (of which Lytton was a charter member) to warrant inclusion here though not in the statistical count. The history of the author of OLIVIA is given in full. She was Dorothy Strachey Bussy, Lytton's sister, and the account given in full. She was Dorothy Strachey Bussy, Lytton's sister, and the account is an excellent novel, and as such highly recommended. The Lesbians, however, are not those that generally appeal to reading audience (from what you say in the mail) so you have been warned. Mr. Murray, however, is talking about a special world, a world of cheap travelling shows, and he tells it like it is (or at least you'll believe it is so).

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

There were several novels featuring the "stereotype" couple, but none of them at all uniquely. The trend seems to be toward complete acceptance and no knocks at all. The best of these is the hilariously funny (with sober moment) ESPEERIE, by Frederic Bradlee, Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1968.

A curious book about a boarding house full of lovable eccentrics, including an easily identified middle-aged Lesbian couple. There are almost nothing but stereotypes in Becky Crocker's funny, nutty novel, MR. LADYBUG, Los Angeles, Sherborne Press, 1968. Set on an island near New York City and really, that's where all the information right there. Olivia Davis's THE LAST OF THE GREEKS, Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1968, though supposedly a more serious novel, again features the "quick look at the nice pair"—light touch in a chatty noisy novel. The last, and the only one of the five that is sober and a little sad, rather than funny, is THE MARCHIONESS, by James Broom Lynne, London, Macdonald, 1968. An ill-matched pair, one who thinks she wants to be a mother, and one who loses ground as she pleads her case.

And the usual go-to-1967 of novels featuring characters dragged in by their sex lives—window dressing, and a few with just minor bits of too little importance to bother chasing them down any farther than your nearest library (which, in the case of the English publication only titles, isn't going to be near enough). So, here are, very minor bits, and "only the sex-life" ones: A SIMPLE STORY, by David Highham, London, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1966 (minor); THE GHOSTS, by Kathryn Perutz, London, Heinemann, 1965, 1966 (very minor); THE DAUGHTERS OF LONGING, by Froma Sand, Los Angeles, Sherborne Press, 1968 (sex and 1967); MELINDA, by Gaia Servadio, N.Y., Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1968 (gaah!); and finally two which will be widely read for their entertainment value, THE MOVIE MAKER, by Herbert Kastle, N.Y., Bernard Geis, 1968 and VENUS EXAMINED, by Robert Kyle, N.Y., L. J. Leaf, 1969. These last are nice professional efforts by highly professional pulp men . . . but they are all sexy fun and games and not to be taken very seriously.

Far too often there are titles that are simply too minor subjectively to rank very highly, yet so very well written that they must be praised as literature. CAUGHT IN THAT MUSIC, by Seymour Epstein,
OTHER STORIES, San Diego, Greenleaf Classics, 1968 (a paperback collection). Of the five stories covered here, and the one thrown in with the mystery titles, only 3 won the hardcover statistics, the other 3 having been either magazine stories or in paperback original collections.

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

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

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

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

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

by Jeannette H. Foster, Ph.D.
As he himself recognized, it was never a for other men involved capitulation of being, a forfeiture of self and manhood. A spotless repute. Cocteau's corresponding to his own stage costume for Heliogabalus, one of his favorite roles. From then— if not before—Cocteau lived his whole life playing a part, never being his natural self. There seems some doubt that he himself was ever sure just who he was; always childishly craving love and approval, always swinging schizophrenically between towering egotism and groveling self-abasement, and toward the end 'impersonating' his own earlier selves.

One early incident which was so 'traumatic' to his family that they contrived for awhile being Cocteau. To one masquerade he took the boy dressed in his own way of indicating its scope is to say that Brown has used Cocteau's own history as a kind of armature on which to hang lavish accounts of drama, poetry, music, art and ballet from the late eighteen nineties to Cocteau's death in October 1963 at the age of 74.

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

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

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

Another powerful factor in determining Jean's life pattern was his adolescent infatuation for the actor Edouard de Max, a very beautiful and effeminate matinee idol who was accompanied everywhere by a train of 'ephebes,' chief among them for awhile being Cocteau. To one masquerade he took the boy dressed in his own way of indicating its scope is to say that Brown has used Cocteau's own history as a kind of armature on which to hang lavish accounts of drama, poetry, music, art and ballet from the late eighteen nineties to Cocteau's death in October 1963 at the age of 74.

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

THE SLEEP OF REASON
by C. P. Snow
N. Y., Scribner's, 1969

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

Of the novel's nearly 500 pages, about half deal with matters but distantly related to its main action. There is at the outset a very modern campus-political uproar over the deaths of four female students, whose death, Penal immunity; then the narrator's narrow escape from loss of vision in one eye; also his relations with wife, stepson, adored own son, and his father, who death hovers and finally occurs near the end. The other half of the narrative deals with the "horror of horrors," seldom mentioned without such adjectives as hideous, unspeakable, et cetera. Lewis Eliot, involved only through loyalty to an old college friend who is uncle to one of the Lesbians, conveys the details indirectly, largely through accounts of legal interviews and a long, minutely recorded trial. Briefly, the boy was abducted, and over a period of some days was beaten to 'teach him to behave,' before ultimately being murdered by heavy blows to the skull. He is strongly reminded of the Loeb-Leopold case some 25 years ago, in which two university men, a homosexual pair, killed a boy of fourteen. The latter comes to mind particularly because of the close resemblance of Snow's analysis of the two girls' motives and psychological states to Meyer's. LEVIN'S COMPULSION, a book-length examination of Snow's text, is a critical study of Snow's title derives from Goya's "The sleep of reason breeds monsters," his explanation of the "horror of horrors" being the transmutation of sadistic fantasy into real action. That this is directly due to the "monsters". "Lesbianism he neither states nor directly implies. Rather, his implication is that both the sadism and the Lesbianism are concomitant results of a spreading complex of factors, hereditary and environmental.

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

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

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

A fable in mauve by Jocelyn Hayward

Stand Up And Be Counted.

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

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

Grizelda was really no braver than the rest of us. She was what you might call an assignment-accepter. One of her adolescent disappointments had been the discovery that there was no longer a white man's burden and that most readers of Lord Snow—and even only of the reviews—are likely to lay the responsibility there. To you who are free of the Average Reader's prejudice, this reviewer's advice is: don't bother to read the thing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At lunch, Grizelda found herself having a meal with Mildred Gleeb who was large and floral and—would have a child, easily shockable. A good aptitude test for the amateur martyr, in fact. Grizelda took a deep breath, agreed that the tuna salad left something to be desired, and added as casually as she could, "Mildred, perhaps you'd care to know that I'm homosexual.""Mildred Gleeb's large, protuberant eyes grew more so. She leaned—loomed even—large across the tuna. Grizelda braced herself for the first blow.

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

At three o'clock Grizelda's boss, Mr. Butterhorn, called her in for disc-
tation. She knew then that one of her martyrrial climaxes was approaching. Risking one's livelihood for one's beliefs was in the professional league. Heart beating wildly, she sat making obedient squiggles, waiting for the opportunity.

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

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

Grizelda did not answer immediately.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mother," she said. "Dad. I cannot tell a lie—"

"Tell me, dear—"

The thing was by now acquiring a certain air which she must leap. She leapt in the kitchen at six-fifteen.

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

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

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

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

Grizelda took a streetcar downtown, getting off at the Roxy Theatre. The billboards outside clamored. "Women in name only—they lived in the shadows of the sexually damned . . . " The theatre fronted on two streets. Grizelda chose the less busy of the two, un­wrapped her placard and hoisted it up. "T's a gross misrepresenta­tion of—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, yes, as I said we have to—"

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

Now this, especially coming from someone who outside the cemetery had hardly personified innocence of the subject (so to speak) in hand, topped off Grizelda's bewilderment. Shaking her head dazedly and to the accom­paniment of Billie's unfervent invita­tion to "drop around sometime—next year if you're not too busy," she went back out into the mauve rain and made her way home.

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

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

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

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

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

"One Who Must Hurt"

To "One Who Must Hurt"

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

You did not, of course, imply that your two love objects were geniuses. But neither did you mention what particular qualities they have, or reasons you had, for falling in love with one by mail and one by geography, but obviously something intrigued you. You are not singular in your neglect to spell-out the attraction. Most people who fall in love with an attribute, or a characteristic, are hard put to it to document their reasons for 'falling in love.'

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

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

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

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

"Sad and Mad"

To "Sad and Mad"

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

In view of the foregoing, your friend might find the contrast of her role with you threatening, i.e. her dependence on you financially, plus your disapproval
of her friendship with her peers. I am afraid, too, that you are going to lose her. But perhaps you can permit yourself some gratifications other than those she offers, so that she isn’t “all you’ve got” for this is, in itself, a devastating responsibility and one few people can accept. It infers that your total welfare is solely in her hands. No one person can be the all-in-all for another.

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

Dear Dr. McGuire: My problem is embarrassing, and you probably won’t want to bother with it, but I don’t know any other way to find out about these things. It is my friend. We are happy together in bed. I’ve had girl-friend activity area, but you do yourself a dis-service to think of yourself as “Dumb.” You may feel uninformed, or inadequate in the genital area, but you have talked about it openly” have you talked about the fact that there is a problem of her dissatisfaction, or, have you discussed in detail what she wants and how you might provide it? You probably have done the latter for you say she wants you to get an instrument. It could well be that your friend is penis-oriented and can derive gratification only with full vaginal involvement.

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

Also, you are mistaken about there being “no marriage counselors” for people like you. Indeed there are. I have never known of a qualified therapist anywhere who would not do his best to help any patient/client with a sexual or any other distressing problem of living. As you know, therapists do not advertise, and so one can hardly look in the yellow pages and expect to find that so-and-so specializes in the treatment of homosexuals, or heterosexuals, or phobics, or depressives, or the problems involved in orgasm-failure. However, if you live in or near any sizeable community you might well find, in your local yellow pages, listings of Community Mental Health agencies, or small private groups, offering counselling and/or referrals to therapists in private practice in your locality. An inquiry addressed to the National Sex and Drug Forum (attention Miss Phyllis Lyon) might bring you further direction or referral information: the address is 330 Ellis St., San Francisco, California 94102.

Finally, in the past two or three years, several excellent books have been published for the layman about sex, its importance to every individual, and, explaining anatomy and techniques of successful genital functioning. With censorship now almost non-existent, your local library should have such books readily available on its shelves. I am told a very recent excellent book is Human Sexuality, A Contemporary Marriage Manual, by James Leslie McCary. Dr. McCary is a Professor of Psychology at the University of Houston. The book is also available through the Behavioral Science Book Service, Front & Brown Streets., Riverside, New Jersey, 08075, or your local bookstore could order it for you.
at the important aspects of sexual relationships and the legalities and mores surrounding them. They do a good service, and they have a wide readership. A vote of thanks is due them for their efforts, however commercial their motivations may be.

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

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

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

ORGANIZATIONS: Few realize that there are dozens of homophile organizations in the United States and Canada. Few realize this because there is little information available. We have a crying need for a complete and accurate listing of such organizations and their current mailing address. A half-hearted attempt at carrying such information is being done by some of the small groups in their newsletters. This isn't enough. Anyone reading this willing to supply a complete listing that is accurate, please contact the editor, Gene Damon.

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

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

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

MILITANT WOMEN: Women are organized in the United States to fight sexual discrimination. No, we are not referring to NOW, The National Organization of Women, often mentioned in these pages, but a group that calls itself The Women's Liberation Movement. As of last November, 1968, when an article on this group (and on women's rights in general) appeared in the college magazine, MODERATOR, which is distributed on a national basis, Women's Liberation Movement was said to be only 10 months old, 800 members strong, with 30 chapters in 12 cities. This group's periodical, THE VOICE OF THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT, reports on their various activities. In their present at Atlantic City last September, in an attempt to disrupt the Miss America Pageant, has been in their only national effort that has won them publicity. We have seen only part of one issue of this newsletter, the October, 1968 issue. However, from the news contained in it, it is apparent that there are a number of radical women's rights groups forming in the United States. Unlike NOW, which appeals primarily to the older, upper middle class types, these more radical groups seem to have young members. We have no information on cost or frequency of publication, but information can be obtained by writing 5336 South Greenwood, Chicago, Illinois.

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

THE FEARLESS SPECTATOR: Columnist Charles McCabe of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, devoted his December 5, 1968 column to misuse of police. "The Armed Preacher: His Caught Use of Police Manhours and Law Enforcement Funds Wasted in Searching Out and Arresting Those Persons "Guilty" of the "Crimes" Frequently Referred to as "Crimes Without Victims." Homosexuals, among others, rank high on the list of those who are punished simply because another section of society disapproved of their behavior. Mr. McCabe points out that we are spending a great deal of money to turn policemen into "armed preachers" while serious (real) crime flourishes.

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

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

NEW YORK MATTACHINE NEWSLETTER for November, 1968, reported at length on a South African movement to make stiffer laws on homosexual behavior. The present laws make such behavior a crime only when people under age 16 are involved, a very realistic view. Beginning in 1966, the Police in South Africa have worked toward stiffer legislation. As we would expect, however, an
opposition group has sprung up to fight against this movement. Information on this is not readily available to newspapers in the United States, reaching Dick Leitsch of N.Y. MATTACHINE privately. Any further developments will be mentioned, for such legislation is vital to all homosexuals all over the world. Whenever any homosexual's freedom is compromised, we all are compromised.

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

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

Dear Gene Damon:

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

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

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

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

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

The Lesbian chooses not to do so. She refuses to be an object, she does not accept and embrace second-class citizenship—although as a woman she is unable to enjoy the advantages of a first-class position. This choice is not, as the Freudians would have us believe, the result of a diseased mind or a bad upbringing. Simone de Beauvoir points out in The Second Sex that Lesbianism is "an attitude chosen in a certain situation—that is, at once motivated and freely adopted."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Martha Shelley
New York City

To the Editor:

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

E. P. G. West Virginia
(Editor's note: Yes, much of the information you mention in the writeups appearing in ARENA THREE for November and December, 1968 is erroneous. Both membership and subscriber numbers fluctuate, of course, but around 1100-1200 copies of the magazine go out each issue, to both paid subscribers and to members (who get a copy as a part of their membership, of course) and to a few institutions and professional personnel likely to be interested in the magazine for its sociological value. The low num-
Lesbians. As Miss Sanders pointed out rather than just sticking to the rights of rights in general, and for minority rights, is going in more and more for women's

Dear Miss Damon:

... of its publications will do anything and organizations in the world, and has all today of all of the dozens of homophile we always need money, but this is true as we can afford to publish it. Certainly

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

S. C.
New York City

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

Dear Miss Damon:

I am pleased to see that I FIF. LADDER is going in more and more for women's rights in general, and for minority rights, as Miss Sanders pointed out (READERS RESPOND, DECEMBER/ JANUARY) we "lose our humanity" when we fail to encompass all civil injustice in our view.

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

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

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