

Sisters



January 1972 - 50¢

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO
CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

...a woman's organization for the purpose of aiding the Lesbian to discover her place in society and of educating society to understand and accept her, without prejudice, and...

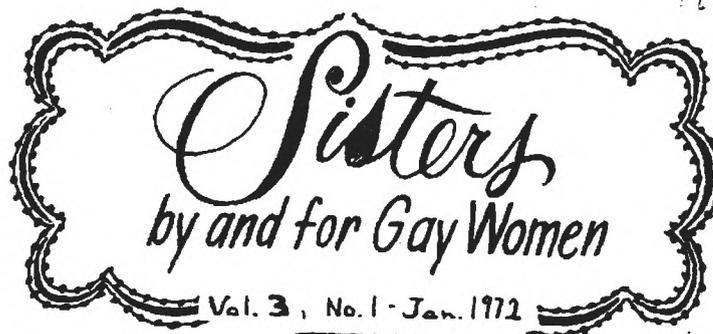
1. To encourage and support the Lesbian in her search for her social, economic, personal, interpersonal and vocational identity within society by maintaining and building a library on the themes of homosexuality and on women; by providing social functions where she can communicate with others and expand her social world outside the bar scene; by providing an organized structure through which she can work to change society's limitations upon her lifestyle; by providing a forum for the interchange of ideas and problems within her own group.

2. To educate the public to accept and understand the Lesbian as an individual, eventually leading to the breakdown of taboos, prejudices, and limitations upon her lifestyle by sponsoring public discussions; by providing individuals as speakers and participants in various forms designed to educate the public; by dissemination of educational and rational literature on the Lesbian.

3. To encourage and support and participate in responsible research dealing with homosexuality.

4. To investigate the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual and to promote changes, providing equitable handling of cases involving homosexuals, through due process of law, without prejudice.

TO SAY AND BELIEVE THAT GAY IS GOOD.



Officers

President-----Sharon Crase
Vice President-----Beth Elliott
Secretary-----Charleen Pylon
Treasurer-----Diane

Staff

Editor-----Karen R. Wells
Co-Editor-----Linda M. Wesley
Editor's Assistant-----Beth Elliott
Poetry Editor-----Terry Ryan
Art Editors-----M. K. Farmer
Jenny Inge
JUDI

CONTENTS

Calendar of Events-----	page 13
Editorial-----	page 24
For Rain It Hath A Friendly Sound-----	page 1
Horoscope-----	page 15
Lagniappe-----	page 25
Letters to the Editor-----	page 18
Linda Wesley at Glide Church-----	page 12
Poetry-----	page 16
Special Interview-----	page 6

"For Rain It Hath A Friendly Sound..."

Christy Jane was sitting on a floor pillow in a wood-panelled corner of a functionally sterile living room and was methodically taking heavy hits from a grass-filled pipe, tooled handsomely in brass and silver. Around her, filling most of the room, were a dozen couples, mostly women. Jeff and Howie were there -- as always -- and another couple whom I didn't know and had no flaming desire to meet. Cathy's parties had a way of being or becoming more than dull.

Had it not been for Christy, I might have been bored, but now I was watching her sit in the corner and get ripped. And wondering where the hell Ellen was. And seeing, out of the corner of my eye, Howie beginning to thread his way across the room toward me.

"Hey, Love," he said, "What's happening?"

"Nothing special. C.J.'s getting blotto and Ellen doesn't seem very concerned. Or aware."

"Yeah," he said. "But don't spend time on her. She's not your concern."

"I know. But she can't handle dope worth shit, and you know it. She gets morbid."

"She's doing okay."

"So far. She's really smashed, though."

Howie shook his head and his brown hair, long to his shoulders and gently curled, caught in his glasses, partially blinding him and making us both smile as he brushed it back. "Aw, Jan," he said, trying not to smile. "Don't worry about her. She can handle herself and she's never done anything good to you. Or for you."

I wasn't really listening. "She's too stoned," I replied.

"Jesus, Jen, I thought you were over her." He sounded faintly irritated.

"I am, Howie. Leave me alone." And that hurt his feelings, so I shook him gently by his sleeve. "Figuratively, jerk. I can handle myself."

"So can she."

Which was certainly true and I knew it. But not when she was stoned. I just shook my head at Howie, not really wanting to explain. "Where's Ellen?" I asked, almost off-handedly.

"She left."

"What?"

"Yeah. About half an hour ago."

"Alone?"

He shrugged. Howie is an Aquarius and plays it to the hilt. You have to twist his arm before he'll mutter an unpleasant truth, but you always know when he's covering. "Tell me."

"She left with Cathy." Howie looked away and I knew there was more and waited. "They've sort of been going together lately. Jeff's seen them out together."

I looked at Christy. She had stopped pulling at the pipe, but only -- I could see -- to tamp more grass in. "Maybe they'll get back before she notices," I said, half to myself, knowing that it really made no difference.

"She knows," Howie said. And I saw her face clearly as she struck a match to light the pipe and I could see that she knew. She took several more tokes then coughed suddenly, harshly, and carefully put the pipe down in the ashtray and sat, elbows on knees, chin on palms, looking at everything and nothing directly in front of her.

I said something soft to Howie, left him and went into the kitchen, poured two cokes, and felt very confident that Christy Jane would not refuse a coke.

"Here you go," I said, pulling one hand gently free from her set jaw and wrapping the warm fingers around the icy glass. She looked at me for a moment; her eyes were beautifully soft (more from the grass than from any passionate feelings about me, I knew) and she was smiling, smiling.

"You're smashed," I said, returning the smile simply because it was so obviously there. She nodded, then carefully offered me the pipe. I took several good hits and was surprised at the quality of the stuff -- I was pleasantly stoned.

"Ellen says it's escapist," she said rather out of the blue.

"What?"

"Stoned."

"Everything's escapist. Ignore her."

"That's escapist."

"But worthy." I was trying to be serious and keep track of the conversation, but I was finding it more difficult by the minute.

"Do you?" she asked.

"Do I what?"

She thought a minute. "Escape."

"From what?"

"Things. Or people. No. Not that. I guess just what you feel. Or think. Maybe."

"Sure I do," I said rather grandly. And promptly lost track of the conversation entirely. "Let's leave," I said. She stared at me. "I mean, just go outside and walk around a bit. Sort of fresh air, or something like that. I'd just like to be outside."

The eyes were still soft, the lips still smiling, but something had changed -- for a brief moment -- behind the blue eyes. "Ellen," she said, and let it trail off. She looked at me, and the softness was gone from her eyes. The smile remained. "Do you have cigarettes?" I nodded. "Let's go," she said.

It was late -- after midnight -- and the campus was deserted so we walked there. It was wet -- not raining, but almost. Fog hung thick and low and the trees dripped moisture. On campus, walking the paths along Strawberry Creek, everything smelled of eucalyptus or pine and there was no noise. We walked in the muffled quiet and said nothing.

The air and damp had brought me down somewhat from the grass and I was thinking a collection of unrelated thoughts, mostly about Christy Jane. And Ellen. Who had it been before Ellen? Was her name May or Mary or something like that? Couldn't remember. And somewhere, drifting in and out of the scene, someone named Jenny ...

"Cigarette," Christy said, and pointed me toward a large tree trunk where the pine-needle covered ground looked reasonably dry. She sat and I joined her and began opening the cigarette pack.

"We broke up tonight," she explained rather abruptly, as though I had just asked what happened. I lit her cigarette. "I know," I said, lighting my own.

"You wanted it to happen, didn't you?"

I shrugged. I could still feel the grass and didn't really want to talk about it all. "Not really, C.J. But you weren't happy with Ellen."

"Yes I was."

"In some ways, maybe. But you seem to be doing a lot of crying these days."

"She was good for me."

"You can do better."

"Meaning you?"

"Not necessarily." We stared at each other and I knew she was as suddenly sober as I was.

"I don't want to talk about it," she said,

and leaned back, smoking her cigarette and partially resting against my shoulder. Not unintentionally, I thought. Long after the two cigarettes were crushed out, we still sat there. I didn't want to move and she wasn't moving, and we sat.

"Will you take me home?" she asked finally.

"Your home or my home?"

But she wouldn't answer and turned away from me and got to her feet, extending a hand for me. I let her pull me up and thought for a moment she would kiss me. But she didn't.

"Well?" I said.

She seemed to grit her teeth. "Yours?"

She was looking at me now, just waiting.

For a long time I couldn't think of any answer. Then I said, "Fine." And regretted it -- and took her hand and started back up the hill toward my apartment.

--Anne Morgan

Everywoman
FEMINIST NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY	SUBSCRIPTIONS:	EVERYWOMAN 2000 WESTWOOD BLVD. LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90024
	12 ISSUES	

SPECIAL INTERVIEW

WITH



CHARLEEN AND LINDA

Knowing Charleen and Linda is an experience of peculiar intensity. I think they're the first purely honest people I have met in a long time. Charleen and Linda are two women who have a lot of definite ideas on a lot of topics, and are willing to spend their time sharing those ideas with others. They have been together over 1/3 of a year now, and it looks like they'll continue this mutually fulfilling relationship for a long while. I feel this way because two months ago I was down, and one night after DOB Charleen and Linda and I went out to coffee and talk, and we have been having mental, psychic and verbal intercourse ever since.

The interview was conducted against a background of music which ranged from solid-shuckin' up the Mississippi blues' to 'wear it on your hair grease crock'.

Charleen is 23, a Cancer -- Linda is 25, a Virgo. Charleen is from Georgia -- Linda from Washington State. Honesty is what holds C & L together. Sometimes it's not easy to tell the truth, but C & L would be on their separate islands of anxiety and pain if they couldn't tell it like it is to each other and the people involved in their lives. A tremendous respect abounds for the freedom of one another.

Question: Where did you meet each other?

Answer: (Jointly) DOB.

Q: When did you notice each other?

C: I noticed the veins in Linda's neck standing out one night at a DOB rap. She was jumping up and down and seemed very intent on making the group understand her opinions.

L: One night I was in a bar and Charleen and some friends dropped in. I felt good seeing her, went over and said hi; she seemed pleased and we rapped. We danced and her dancing really turned me on, because I had only seen a quiet, subdued side of her and she danced double-time electric which showed me an undercurrent of energy and vitality.

Q: Did you think you could get in on together?

C: I knew we were going to have some sort of relationship. I didn't know how long it would last. Linda was so aggressive she scared me at first. I ran the other way until I saw the softness in her.

L: In the beginning, I thought of the first few days as a courtship. Then one day at work I was really looking forward to quitting time so that I could see her. I felt her a good

person and a friend I could trust and be myself with. When it began to get heavy, I refused to consciously hope for more.

(Interviewer's note: Throughout the interview, Linda and Charleen allowed each other equal time in talking, which made the interview more interesting and illuminated their mutual respect.)

Q: Are there 'roles' in your relationship?

C: I think we do have something like roles in our relationship. This probably sounds really Freudian, but sometimes I feel I am Linda's mother; at other times I feel she is my mother. Usually, though, these 'roles' are constantly changing and flowing. I feel we are close friends with an ounce more, because we are also lovers.

L: No. Softness is socially designated as a feminine quality, while strength is masculine. Our relationship is a combination of both, with each of us interacting to meet the individual's need at the moment. When I'm soft and vulnerable, Charleen comes through with a warm protective self and aids me; when she is soft and open, some part of me responds with an emission of secure solidity. There aren't any 'male-female' shit-games. It's all feminine because we are.

Q: What do you think of two women getting married?

C: I think any two people of legal age should be able to get married and receive recognition from the church/state. As for myself, I'm not really into getting married now, though I might want to when I'm older. As an institution, I think marriage reeks. It has, so far, been used to perpetrate a male-dominated society.

L: I think it is a beautiful, deep, emotional, psychic transaction of trust and responsibility: but if two women marry, they have none of the social benefits that are bestowed on 'het' couples. They can't get travel discounts, coverage on health plans, tax exemptions; inheritances are always contested by relatives. And if one or both are mothers, you can be sure some mother, ex-ol'man,

nosey-neighbor-cretin is waiting to do good by taking the kids from such a 'sick' situation and saving them from their mother. Also, a gay couple can't as yet adopt.

Q: What do you think makes a relationship exciting?

C: I have to take things as they come. Linda and I both have separate and similar interests. Sharing my own observations and views and Linda sharing hers add to our knowledge and awareness. I could say we are rarely bored. I think we always have our minds and vocal chords going.

L: I think to be always learning and growing in one's self is important, coupled with the willingness and desire to share with the other. As long as there is a constant influx of new information, ideas, mutual discussion, analysis and understanding, there is never an instance of mental or psychic stagnation. I keep my eyes and ears open and come home and share the day's incidents with Charleen, and we jointly examine them and formulate an understanding. Sometimes it's different because we are, but we still share it from two perspectives.

Q: What qualities do you like in a woman?

C: Independence of thought and action. I don't care for a 'clinging vine' type of woman. But I also like soft, flowing qualities that are associated with womanliness.

L: (without blinking an eye) Honesty. First with myself and others. If you get a couple together who are honest with themselves and each other, you'll have a clean relationship. For however long it lasts it'll be quality all the way. Esthetic sensitivity, exploring mind, sense of humor and a sense of perspective (in that order).

Q: Are you dependent on each other?

C: Yes. I'm dependent on Linda. This doesn't mean I want her to live my life for me or vice-versa, but I do trust her with more of my real self than I do with most people. I trust she will accept even my off-beat moods without thinking I have gone nuts.

L: Wow. Dependent is a word that's been made to sound sick. I guess I am dependent, though. Charleen instills a warmth; well, she's helped me to let myself show it more. She's gentle with my soft side. She holds a part of my soul and I have given it to her in love and trust and she holds in with gentleness and strength. I guess I'm dependent on that: 'that' being someone who allows me to be and give without fear or misunderstanding.

Q: What is the gay community lacking?

C: Right now I think we most lack the ability to be up-front about being gay. And I don't mean we have to run around with signs saying, "I am a Lesbian" or "I am a homosexual." I just mean not feeling paranoid about holding hands on the street or being able to answer our own parents honestly if they ask us if we are 'one of those.' I have a long way to go myself in being completely honest but I'm working on it.

L: We need more honesty with ourselves and with others. Too many of the men are still encased in the 'cock-male ego' syndrome. They haven't yet been able to shake this and get it together on a person-to-person, rather than a genital-to-genital basis. The women's bars are desensitizing but the men's bars are almost dehumanizing. It's sad. There isn't enough pure joyous laughter-- everybody is so straight society imprinted that they have restricted their whole beings on a 5% psychic difference. They are gay; ergo, they must be gay in all things, rather than be persons-- there's laughter but it's always at or with something or someone. By 'pure joyous' laughter, I mean that warm shit of giggling while eating popcorn in a movie, playing frisbee with your dog in the park, or like you're sitting on a bus bench and feel attached and there's this bog glob of sloppy ol' pink bubble-gum stuck to your ass.

Q: What does the women's community need?

L: Well, we are in vital need to communicate openly with our straight-liberated sisters. For them to see and know us without a lot of social images ripping in their brains. They need us to help them, with our understanding of the extent of male sexism. They can't see it because they're too close to it. We need them because we have multi-talents and can't use them. I think the Women's Center is a beautiful place for women. Just WOMEN period--no rules that say gay, straight, none of that shit. If the doors could be open to all women and we could get the size we need, we could have an incredibly productive facility. A garden in the back for home-grown peas, beans and spuds. A mechanics class in half of the basement with a self-defense class in the other half. Upstairs, a cooking group in the kitchen, a couple of nights a week, a sewing class, leather crafts, batiking, carpentry, musical jams, group sensitivities, winter nights sitting 'round the living room in front of a fire place, watching TV, eating popcorn, reading. It's beautiful. There are so many experiences we can share. There's too much potential understanding and communication being lost through fear and stigma. We have to have that center.

This was not only an interview with two women who love each other. This was about two women who practice honesty, and who are searching for a better way to evolve with each other and you. I speak of a couple in the process of transmutation; a rebuilding of the self. Maybe you have found a part of yourself here. These women are building; spiritually, emotionally and mentally. They are very aware of the social realities but aren't pollyannas--it'll take time. They have a dream of a women's center, and with intensity and strong loving desire like theirs it will come about.

Linda Wesley at Glide Church

(Several SFDOB women maintain a literature table at Glide Church every Sunday. Here is one impression of those Sundays with the "straights"..)

Glide tabling is an educational experience. Glide is the "liberal, human, humane, progressive church" of San Francisco, yet here, in this bastion of togetherness one sees an ugly reality: the shifting eyes, nervous twitters and tightly tolerant smiles.

To dissolve the "myth," to bring truth without compromise to these masses of monied, perpetuated policy-makers; to the suave, urbane tourists from Orange County; to all the freak sons and daughters whose hearts are only as full as their stash. In Metuchen, N.J., Greenville, N.C., Ft. Worth, Tex., Viola, Id., Pasco, Wn., Grants Pass, Ore., Winnemucca, Nev., Sheridan, Wyo., Worcester, Mass.--closed bigotry, revulsion, fear and anger all of which we can interact with; but here, in this situation we find a trial by innuendo, a war of presence unrepresented. My presenting myself causes them discomfort which is disturbing to me, yet I must be quiet, cool, unyielding, gentle, strong and receptive. Do they even suspect how well they are grooming me for survival at their game?

Now why, therefore, am I sitting here at 9 am, swilling coffee, rubbing sleep from my eyes, yawning seductively at and with my lover? I am here because I must be here; she is here because she must be here. We are here because we believe something good will come from this type of one-to-one contact. And it's always that one shy, self-conscious girl or woman who walks by three times, smiling shyly, who tells us this is good and this has to be done now. And we want to be a part of touching her and the two or three others--two of whom have come down to the office here on a Wednesday night. Like the song.."gone 10 miles, got 10,000 more to go..."

January +2

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	I
2 Football - Dolores Pk. 2 PM	3	4	5 RAP 7 PM	6	7	8	
9 Dr. Ruth McGuire 2 PM	10	11	12 RAP 7 PM	13	14	15 Roller skating - 1 PM	
16 Football Dolores Pk. 2 PM	17	18	19 RAP 7 PM	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26 RAP 7 PM	27	28	29	
30	31						

EVENTS

Jan. 2 & 16 - Football, Dolores Pk., 2 pm.

Jan. 9 - Dr. Ruth McGuire discusses progress of N.D.W.-sponsored research on women. Bring "sack lunch" and your questions for possible use in questionnaire. (See Dec. SISTERS for details.)

- 166 Staples, S. F. 2 PM.

Jan. 15 - Roller skating party - Playland Rink. \$1.50 for skates & admission. 1 PM - 4 PM.

WED. NITES: 5th - OPEN RAP. 12th - "What's Femininity?" (Marley).
19th - Sharon leads rap. 26th - Charleen's rap.

Feb. 1 - Gay women lawyers discuss child custody, adoption, legal questions for lesbian mothers. Place to be arranged. Don't miss this! \$1.50.

Office hours - Mon - Thurs.: 5 PM - 7 PM. Tues. - 12 - 3 PM. Thurs. 9 - 11 AM.
24-hour phone: 861-8689.

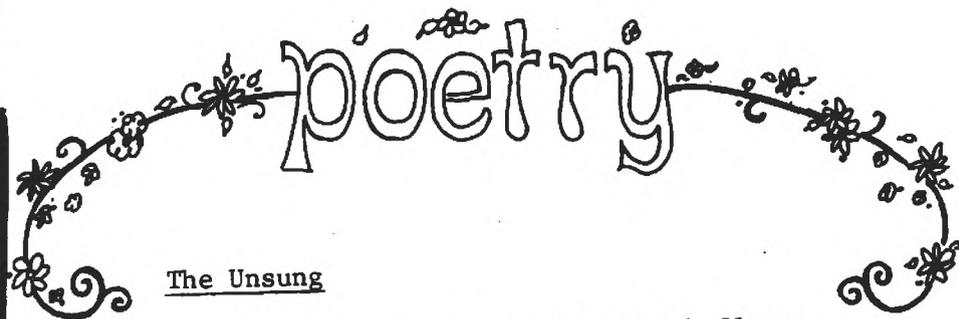
Capricorn Horoscope

Capricorn is a cardinal earth sign ruled by Saturn. Thus, most women born with their sun in this sign express the initiative and activity of cardinal signs through earthy practical abilities. Capricorn women seem to have a talent for persevering work. Once they have set their mind to a task there is no stopping them until they are satisfied with the results.

At times, the Capricorn's respect for tradition and the status quo may take precedence over changing and adapting to new circumstances. Thus, these Saturn-ruled women may become "stuck in a rut." Capricorns are willing to take on responsibility in both personal and public affairs, yet they sometimes complain of being "overburdened" after loading themselves with involvements!

In personal relationships Capricorn women are builders. They work slowly and hold on to what they have. They can be aggressive at times, even "bossy," but their basic nature is cautious and conservative. Paradoxically, they can be timid about revealing their emotional needs to others. Coupled with a less demonstrative nature than most signs, Capricorns can appear cold and lacking in sympathy. But, once a Capricorn has accepted someone as a friend or her lover she will do her utmost to help take care of their material and emotional needs.

Capricorn women are more often interested in long relationships than "fly by night" affairs. Their fidelity and ability to hold a course and see things through make Capricorns well-suited to secure, enduring relationships.



The Unsung

Dawn in the park opens like a pink flower,
A sobering tramp rises like a hero,
Picks a flower for his buttonhole.

In the ghetto,
Blindman's cup at dark day's end
Holds rain and a teardrop,
He gropes hungry to his flat,
Feeds bread crusts
to the alley birds
chirping song.

A streetwalker
Returns to her room alone,
Nurses her baby in the cold,
Gulps down a bowl of beans,
Beds the baby warm with love -
It smiles like a twinkling star.
She re-invades the scarlet night.

--Claire Baker

Untitled

blue tears of longing-to-run
splash harmlessly on the sidewalks
rolled up with us at 9
before the movie even ends

--Karen Wells

Untitled

Half sleeping
half waking
I melt
morning shining
around you.
Half smiling
half yawning
we birth
the day
beaming
together.

--Karen Wells

July Journeys III

Lovers, we kiss, passion playing its mysterious melody;
Rhythmical heartbeats synthesizing bass and percussion;
We, lovers, alone,
Covered with the soft, dark night;
The melody accompanied by the ticking of the clock.
Whispers, husky grace-notes,
In our unending song of love.

--Leslie Reed



Dear Editor:

It was wrong of me to criticize your magazine so perfunctorily and perhaps prematurely. But in rereading the issues you gave me, I am afraid, I reach the same conclusion: SISTERS is lifeless.

Too many magazines, syndicated news columnists, head comic books, stand-up comedians, whatever, are making prodigious (and usually pretentious) efforts to deal with the issues, to make waves, to reach solutions. A noble goal, but one that is rarely achieved.

Operating with minimum help, funds and material is probably the most frustrating experience an editor can have -- and I do sympathize. But it is imperative if you are to have a viable magazine that you function only as an editor. And to do so you must generate more copy from your readers.

SISTERS is not a national magazine or even a strong voice in the underground press. But there is no reason why SISTERS can't be unique . . .

And it could be if everyone got off their political-emotional-cutsie-wootsie asses and wrote about something (anything!) they really felt (as opposed to what they think they should feel something about). You would then have a fun, colorful, READABLE magazine --- and it would stand out against the boring, endless rhetoric that exists in most journalism today.

Maybe in the next issue you could ask the sisters to submit a one-pager about:

1. What they like best about women... their woman in particular?
2. What they dislike most about living with another woman...the problems they encounter?
3. What they feel is the most effective way to resolve differences?
 - a. Ignoring them until they go away (or she does).
 - b. Getting falling-down drunk in a bar.
 - c. Jumping into bed.
 - d. Having a meaningful discussion.
4. What can couples do to celebrate anniversaries that is different but not terribly expensive?
5. What should you say to your lover when you discover you have a hard-on for her mother?

Just some expressions --- of simple things -- by and for gay women -- but hopefully from and to each one of us.

--Michelle

**

Dear Editor:

I have presented my complaints to you verbally regarding last month's SISTERS. At your request, however, I am writing to you outlining some of the glaring mistakes in spelling, grammar, layout, etc.

My prime complaint concerns the quality of writing. By anybody's standards, it was appalling. A few exceptions: Madame Sapphotica, Poetry page,

Graphologist, and, of course, the cover, made the last issue worth the effort.

A conservative review revealed six spelling errors. Can anybody there spell? A donation of Webster's dictionary has already been made - no excuse now.

If the letter to the Editor on the last page was unsigned you should have let your readers know this. I assumed you had forgotten to include the author's name.

Zelima's Song apparently has some significance to the Lesbian community. Why no background information appearing with it?

The calendar shows us all what time Aquarius comes in but doesn't tell us when the next business and board meetings are going to be held.

Another pet peeve of mine are the "in-jokes" that continually appear in SISTERS. Nobody but the four or five people who are regularly in the San Francisco DOB office can possibly understand these little quips. The last one read, "To Liane: For the warmth from the Polar Land". Why not, "To Liane in Alaska, thanks for the \$100 donation"? Aren't all SISTERS readers entitled to share our good news?

December SISTERS looked like it had been thrown together without too much care. I know this isn't the case and I'm sure the editorial staff can do a much better job. SISTERS is a worthwhile publication and, as one of its readers, I deserve better than the last issue.

Sincerely,

I.

**

Dear Editor:

Your lay-out for the EVERYWOMAN ad looks really fine! --but I'd like to ask for a few changes: our new address put in, and for subscriptions please just put:

\$3.00 for 13 issues

and then if there's room, something like "published monthly"(as we changed from once every three weeks to once a month). Thanks.

Your covers are really getting attractive!!

Love,

Marg
Everywoman

**

Dear Editor:

Just want to answer your questionnaire about SISTERS magazine. I am 24 years old and started subscribing to SISTERS in August. I like the poetry page and the letter page too. All the articles and reporting are very good, too. Also showing photographs of the staff lets me know who you are. For girls who are lonely and afraid of coming out of the closet, like me, I think a pen pal page would help us find we are not the only ones around. I admire your courage to come out and say what you feel and see is right. I am not a poet or writer but I am going to go to art school and maybe then I can send you some nice art. I always look for SISTERS every month, because it is my only link to the gay world. Have enclosed a dollar for the House Fund and will try to send as much as I can.

Thanks again for your time and efforts in bringing SISTERS to us. Peace and love to all.

--Mary H. B.

**

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing a money order for a subscription to SISTERS magazine.

I find your magazine entertaining, informative and human.

Congratulations to you and the staff of SISTERS for putting out a superb publication.

Sincerely,

E.G.N.

**

Dear Editor:

Warm greetings to you from Syracuse, N.Y. I am a doctoral student at Syracuse University and have completed all course work and my doctoral qualifying examinations. The next hurdle, of course, is the dissertation.

For over twenty years I have been most interested and concerned about and for the homosexual/lesbian in Education. There appears to be, for the first time, I believe, the possibility of entering, in a scholarly way, what has heretofore been forbidden territory. Surely, I have in no way exhausted a search concerning the above large topic, but so far in my research I have encountered very little. I am particularly

interested in teachers--homosexual and lesbian in secondary education and also my brothers and sisters who are administrators in secondary education. If it is too difficult to gain information concerning those in secondary education, then I shall try to opt for my brothers and sisters in colleges and universities who are teaching/administering. What I seek then, is bibliographical information on the topic of the Homosexual in Education and particularly with reference to those who are teachers and/or administrators; or college/univ. professors and administrators. I would welcome such bibliographical information from other countries as well as here in North America.

I would surely welcome any comments or criticism you wish to make concerning the study I have in mind, or better yet, any suggestions you care to make concerning the possibility of such a study and how it might be carried out. Thank you very much.

Sincerely and cordially yours,

M.S.

(Ed. Note: Please write to the DOB for more information concerning the above letter).

LESBIAN/FEMINIST NEWSPAPER

COMING OUT MONTHLY

\$5 a year

the FURIES

219 11th St. S.E.

Wash. D.C. 20003

EDITORIAL

There can be no excuses offered for December's SISTERS. It was a bad issue. My mother told me there'd be days like that.

It will not happen again. It will not happen because I will now allow an issue of SISTERS to go to press unless it is a good issue. Unless it speaks well for us.

But, it is painfully clear to me as I sit here piecing each issue together that I cannot insure a good issue of SISTERS, that I cannot work a single miracle, and pull quality out of thin air. I cannot do that and I will not try.

There are too many magazines on the "market" that pretend to be open forums for all ideas and ultimately, really, are voices for one particular viewpoint--the editor's. I will not be that kind of editor. I will never pretend to speak for all gay women.

Of course, if I refuse to be your spokeswoman then what am I? I am only what you send to me in your envelopes marked for me. In other words, SISTERS is yours and yours alone, and if you don't submit material--poems, stories, articles, graphics, photos, anything--then the magazine will not be. I will be your task-master, your conscience, your slave, but I will never be your voice.

So. The very existence of each issue of SISTERS depends on you. Believe me, that is a big responsibility. Four hundred women (and some men) receive each issue and that number grows. We reach all points of this country and Europe now (even Australia). It is your love and your caring that people receive. Each issue is a birth, a new light. And it is yours to nurture. I will expect to receive your offerings each month. And I will expect to publish them. I expect nothing less.

Peace and power in sisterhood, K. Wells

LAGNIAPPE

There are very few times throughout the year when the illusive spirits of love and brotherhood come to the surface in our world of turmoil and prejudice. We look about us; daily we read, we see, we hear of barrier after barrier on the long road to peace. Many of us wonder, many are afraid. And then the year brings Christmas to us once more. For a time all of the uproar dies down, falls into a state of suspended animation - as if it must wait because we are too busy with something else, something that won't allow itself and war to exist side by side. The spirit is there, the happy smile, the busy feet - whether you celebrate for religious beliefs, because of a holiday from work, for whatever reason - most of us give way willingly to that spirit.

And this dream-like time of good friends, fun and food - I hold it as long as I may - because it goes as it comes - quietly and at once. We go back to the offices, the drudgery, the battlefields in unison. We put down our brief joy for necessity, for what?

This year I will not put down that spirit, but I will hold it. If we all do the same, how much hate will die? The world is changing, sisters ... one heart at a time.

"I do not have an angry spirit, but the simple heart of a child." --Sappho

--Mary Stuber

HOUSE FUND

Our fund now holds \$280.00! Let's go for \$400.00 this month.

Remember - your pledges are monthly.
Send your dollars to: House Fund, 40
D.O.B., 1005 Market #20B, S.F., Ca. 94103.



MOTHER

MOTHER is published during the first week of each month by and for gay women as a service to the total community. No part of MOTHER may be reprinted without the written permission of the managing editor.

Managing Editor: Sasha Gregory
Editor: R. C. Parker
Reporters: C. Avery
Del Martin
Marybeth Murphy

Los Angeles Bureau:
Mary Perkins (213)542-7905
San Francisco (415)863-4415x19

Subscription is \$3.50 per year or \$5.00 airmail, mailed in plain envelope: MOTHER, P. O. Box 8507, Stanford, CA. 94305.
GWNS is a service of MOTHER.
GWNS and MOTHER are copyright by Mother Publications, 1971.

NOTE

Lesbian artists! Are you searching for an outlet for your work? The Lesbians Speak Out Collective is waiting for your material; the Collective is preparing a second edition of its book Lesbians Speak Out, and is looking for articles, poetry, songs, pictures, drawings, and short stories by Lesbian artists to include in its publication.

The deadline for manuscripts is December 31, 1971 and material cannot be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. The address for all manuscripts is: The Lesbians Speak Out Collective, 1018 Valencia St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110.

The Collective is also interested in compiling a book of Lesbian letters, and will accept these at the above address also.

SF DOB ANTHOLOGY

Submit now - poetry, graphics, fiction,
opinion, photographs.

Material will be printed in book format &
copyrighted by SFDOB.

Send by April 1st, 1972. Enclose self-
addressed, stamped envelope for return.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

DOB San Francisco: 1005 Market, #208,
San Francisco 94103
(415) 861-8689

DOB Los Angeles: 1910 S. Vermont Ave.
Los Angeles 90007
(213) 737-9159

DOB New York: 141 Prince St., N.Y., N.Y.
10012

DOB New England: Box 243 Mattapan Station
Mattapan, Mass. 02199

DOB Detroit: Box 244 Greenfield Station
Dearborn, Mich. 48126

DOB Atlanta: 1620 Hollywood Rd., N.W.
#3A, Atlanta, Ga. 30318

DOB Denver: Rt. 2 - Box 117 - J,
Conifer, Colo. 80433

DOB New Jersey: P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, N.J. 07023

WRITE YOUR NEAREST CHAPTER FOR MORE INFORMATION

COVER: M.K. Farmer

Sisters

January 1972 - 50¢