



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...

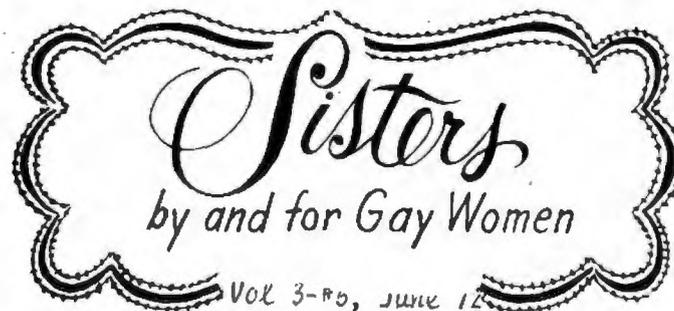
1. To encourage and support the Lesbian in her search for her social, economic, personal, interpersonal and vocational identity within society by maintaining and building a library on the themes of homosexuality and on women; by providing social functions where she can communicate with others and expand 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 - SFDOB

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

SISTERS MAGAZINE

Editor - Karen R. Wells Co-Editor - Linda M. Wesley
Editorial Staff
Beth Elliott, Norma Montgomery,
Terry Ryan, Jenny Whenn, JUDI

CONTENTS, JUNE

Guest Editorial	pg. one
Press Release from Chisholm	pg. five
Dream Come True	pg. seven
An Essay	pg. ten
Psychosurgery	pg. sixteen
The Object of	pg. eighteen
Transsexualism	pg. twenty-two
Poetry	pg. twenty-five
Letters	pg. twenty-seven

Guest Editorial

Feminism lives, and it lives because some women have begun to realize the oppression under which they have existed and under which most women continue to exist. This oppression is male-instigated, because the society in which we live is male-dominated, male-controlled, male-oriented, and was male-created. Men, in their incompetent way, gave birth to our society and took it upon themselves to become the leaders in and of the system. Women were relegated to being helpmates, providing relief from the tensions of making the system "work," doing the shitwork that men did not have time to do since they were so busy functioning in society, raising the children which were the reflections in many cases of male ego, providing a handy sexual outlet when day was done.

Those of us who have broken free of this oppression are angry. Justifiably. The years of oppression are difficult to sweep away and we may not succeed. Then again, we can sure as hell give it a good try.

But mutterings come to me through the gay and feminist press of an anti-male revolution. "Men have oppressed us for thousands of years -- let's get rid of them. Who needs them?" Well, I don't need them. As a Lesbian, men are an incidental in my life. I don't need them to give life to a child I do not want; I don't need them to provide comfort that women provide more adequately; I don't need them to support me; I don't need them to love me. I just don't need them.

But this is not to say that I believe men are useless, destructive or threatening to me

as a woman. Not all women love other women. Perhaps this is a shortcoming in their personalities, but who am I to say to them that they must do without men? I don't like anyone telling me that I should not make it with women; why should I put myself in the position of telling any woman that she should not make it with a man? Isn't the purpose of the women's movement to enable all of us to live with, to love and to respect whomever we choose? Isn't the purpose to raise the consciousness level of humanity so that sexism, in any of its forms, no longer exists and we can function on the human level we choose to function on?

To be anti-male is to be sexist. I, personally, detest sexism on whatever level I find it, whether it is directed against women or against men.

If the female revolution is to take hold, it must be because it offers a viable alternative to the existing structure. To become a world of human beings rather than a world of oppressors and oppressed is a viable alternative to what now exists. To become a female-oppressive society rather than a male-oppressive society is no solution at all.

Killing, aggression, violence are male trips. Isn't our intent to eradicate this sort of stupidity rather than promulgate it? I, for one, have no intention of taking up the gun to kill off the man on the street because he represents the Oppressor. Who am I to judge him? He may very well be as liberated as I think I am. Her also may be more liberated than my "sister" walking down the street. Not all women have their heads together. And not all men are women-haters, or women oppressors. Women, too, oppress other women.

If we are to be free to choose our own life styles, we must also be willing to grant others the freedom to choose their life styles. So someone wants to be heterosexual. Big deal. That's his or her choice. It's not right for me. I couldn't dig it, but I am not about to say that it is wrong. I don't think it is wrong.

To want to kill an oppressor is to oppress. Death is, after all, the ultimate oppression. I cannot claim to detest oppression, to be a feminist in order to obliterate sexism and oppression, if my aim is to be sexist and oppressive in turn. My aim is to bring some sense into a senseless world, not add to the confusion.

My quarrel through the years with political systems has always been the fact that radical change -- in most political terms -- is based on revolution and revolution heretofore has meant "bloody revolution." This is, again, a male-created illusion, an extension of a faulty male-ego which says, in effect, "If I kill you I show my superiority to you and have proved myself a man." I don't have to kill anyone to prove my femininity or bolster my ego. Bloody revolutions lead to oppression because they are begun out of oppression. Murder is, as I say, the ultimate oppression.

What is wrong with the idea of a mental revolution? Change heads rather than remove heads? It's a longer-lasting solution and tends to work, albeit slowly. There are a lot of heads to change; some more stubborn than others. But a changed head is one more human being who will, in turn, change heads. A dead body is a waste.

I believe that we, as women and as gay

men, should stop playing male ego games by reacting to men on their terms. Do we really mean it when we say we have found a "better way" of existing? If so, why must we resort to male dominance patterns in order to present our anger?

We've been systematically screwed by society and the system itself. We know that. But the "enemy" is hatred and ignorance, as always. The solution is education, not violence.

Norma Montgomery

DOB on the air.....

KPFA FM Radio from Berkeley has given DOB 30 minutes of air time every fourth Sunday of every month. This air time is ours for as long as we can use it.

THE NEXT KPFA PROGRAM IS JUNE 25. Future possible topics/guests will be: Dr. Ruth McGuire on the problems of being an older Lesbian; The Lesbian Mothers Union; Lesbians for Chisholm; Lesbian Feminists/Supremacists. And anyone else who wishes air time from the Lesbian Community.

If we are to be free to choose our own life styles, we must also be willing to grant others the freedom to choose their life styles. So someone wants to be heterosexual. Big deal. That's his or her choice. It's not right for me. I couldn't dig it, but I am not about to say that it is wrong. I don't think it is wrong.

To want to kill an oppressor is to oppress. Death is, after all, the ultimate oppression. I cannot claim to detest oppression, to be a feminist in order to obliterate sexism and oppression, if my aim is to be sexist and oppressive in turn. My aim is to bring some sense into a senseless world, not add to the confusion.

My quarrel through the years with political systems has always been the fact that radical change -- in most political terms -- is based on revolution and revolution heretofore has meant "bloody revolution." This is, again, a male-created illusion, an extension of a faulty male-ego which says, in effect, "If I kill you I show my superiority to you and have proved myself a man." I don't have to kill anyone to prove my femininity or bolster my ego. Bloody revolutions lead to oppression because they are begun out of oppression. Murder is, as I say, the ultimate oppression.

What is wrong with the idea of a mental revolution? Change heads rather than remove heads? It's a longer-lasting solution and tends to work, albeit slowly. There are a lot of heads to change; some more stubborn than others. But a changed head is one more human being who will, in turn, change heads. A dead body is a waste.

I believe that we, as women and as gay

men, should stop playing male ego games by reacting to men on their terms. Do we really mean it when we say we have found a "better way" of existing? If so, why must we resort to male dominance patterns in order to present our anger?

We've been systematically screwed by society and the system itself. We know that. But the "enemy" is hatred and ignorance, as always. The solution is education, not violence.

Norma Montgomery

DOB on the air.....

KPFA FM Radio from Berkeley has given DOB 30 minutes of air time every fourth Sunday of every month. This air time is ours for as long as we can use it.

THE NEXT KPFA PROGRAM IS JUNE 25. Future possible topics/guests will be: Dr. Ruth McGuire on the problems of being an older Lesbian; The Lesbian Mothers Union; Lesbians for Chisholm; Lesbian Feminists/Supremacists. And anyone else who wishes air time from the Lesbian Community.

PRESS RELEASE

Gay Citizens for Chisholm
Gary Miller, Chairperson
P.O. Box 77542
San Francisco, Ca. 94107

Many gay people are being attracted to the Shirley Chisholm campaign, the committee has found, because of what she has done not only for gays but for other groups as well.

Shirley Chisholm was the first person in Congress to speak up for gay people. When she first ran for Congress, four years ago, she was asked how she stood on gay issues. Ms. Chisholm was running in a predominantly black, non-gay neighborhood, so she almost risked her election by speaking up for gay rights.

Then in October of 1971, she spoke up for the New York City bill, Intro. #475, which would have ended much discrimination against gays and women. "I wish to express my enthusiastic support for Intro. #475 which will extend the protection of civil rights to homosexuals, as well as provide for stronger protection of the rights of women. The bill answers an urgent need to end vicious and debasing tampering in the private lives of American citizens," she said. Shirley Chisholm was the first person in Congress to speak up on this bill and fight for it.

Chisholm

Chisholm has more gay delegates than all the other candidates put together, and she is the only candidate to recognize lesbian issues by putting lesbians on her slate. If Shirley Chisholm wins in California, these gay delegates will go to Miami Beach for the Democratic Convention:

Douglas Brown, gay bar owner, Club Zodiac, West Sacramento
Beth Elliott, Vice President, Daughters of Bilitis, San Francisco
Joe Gilbert, minister, Metropolitan Community Church, Sacramento
Jerry Hanson, formerly of Gay Liberation Front, Los Angeles

Del Martin, Lesbian Mothers Union, San Francisco
Sharon Zecha, editor, Lesbian Tide, Los Angeles

Since gays are concerned about other issues in addition to gay concerns, many of them are attracted to Chisholm because she is the only candidate to vote consistently against all appropriations for the Vietnam war, the first candidate to speak up for the legalization of marijuana, the first candidate to speak up for the right of women to control their own bodies with regard to abortion.

Gay voters who want to help elect Chisholm by putting up house signs, passing out literature, raising funds, or in any other way should contact Gary Miller, Chairperson of Gay Citizens for Chisholm at (415) 626-7780 or (415) 781-1570



"A Dream Come True"

by

Lynne Greenwood

Laura's eyes dropped to the living room rug and lingered. She sighed. She imagined that a beautiful woman were sprawled out before her on the floor. She could picture her so plainly with her long blonde hair carefully arranged about her shoulders. Dark warm brown eyes. Dreamy and liquid flitting under long dark lashes. A full pink mouth. A graceful body. Tanned just enough for color. Laura would picture her dream girl whenever she thought of her husband. Simply because she portrayed the exact opposite of him. Where he was sort of a hairy brute, she was smooth and soft. Where he was rough and unloving, she would be warm and loving. The opposite of him, which is what she now preferred. To be beautiful - a woman. Yes, she had grown, without realizing it, to resent him. Not only him as a husband, but also as a man. She couldn't be blamed. Women need love to exist. She thought if her dream were real, how different, how wonderful it would be. It would no longer be the big take-it-for-granted oaf and/or did-what-he-wanted-to man. A woman would be different. When coming home from work she would be more thoughtful. It would be a warm loving kiss when she arrived. A longing embrace and much needed words. An 'I love you' or 'Gee, I missed you'. Women were more knowledgeable about things like love, more giving. More considerate towards one another. Was it so much to ask of a man?

Laura wondered how much longer she would have to dream to keep up the strength to go on. She had only been married for five years, yet it already seemed like an eternity. She remembered a song some years back that reminded her of her own life now. It was called 'A World Without Love'. She couldn't remember who had sung it back then, but that wasn't important. Nothing was important anymore, except her dream. She knew dreams of love rarely came true, but it helped her get through her lonely days and nights. It was at night she missed it mostly. Not him so much anymore, she had given up on him, but love. It was nourishment for life.

Her husband's voice had startled her. Not because it was harsh, but totally unexpected. He rarely spoke to her.

"I'm sorry I interrupted," he said sarcastically. He had noticed her dream-like expression.

After staring wide-eyed at him, she choked out an answer. "Yes? What's on your mind?" She tried to smile but failed.

He smirked at her inadequacy to be alert whenever he snapped his fingers. Finally he went on after shaking his head hopelessly at her. "I was just wondering if you would have any objections to having my sister live in with us. I mean since her divorce she's been quite lonely. We have more than enough room for her," he added.

She thought why had he even bothered with that. He fully well intended to do what he wished anyway.

Laura thought how wonderful that would be. Kitty was a wonderful girl. She had always liked her. In fact, they were more like sisters themselves. Yes, they would get on fantastically. Really they had much in common. Kitty had divorced her husband for the very reason Laura contemplated divorcing hers. If it hadn't been for little Laurie, their four year old daughter, she might have. It was for her sake she had stayed with him this long.

Her husband slammed down his book with great disgust. Laura jumped nervously.

"For crying out loud, Laura," he challenged, "can't you train your mind to pay attention once in a while? It seems as though you're always drifting into some dream-land or something. There's no talking to you!"

She wanted to say, 'Maybe if you talked to me more often I'd be used to it.' But instead she shrugged and said, "I'm sorry. Yes, I think it would be lovely. I'd enjoy it."

"That's good," he said, "because she'll be here tomorrow." He was still too angry to kiss her good-night. Instead he turned and went straight to bed without even a word.

Laura sulked. She thought a cold kiss would be better than no kiss at all. She put him out of her mind as soon as she could. Now she thought only of Kitty. She remembered the good times they shared

when Kitty and her husband would stay with them on summer vacations. Two weeks at a time sometimes. She remembered the loving glances they shared while sharing the chores in the house. The silly fights over who would do the dishes. They decided to do them together. How could she ever have forgotten Kitty? There was something between them alright. Maybe a love. A certain kind of love that only a woman can understand. Only time would be able to prove it. Yes, it would be wonderful having Kitty around. Kitty . . .

MOMENT IN TIME

by Marley

I found you in the corner of my mind
hidden behind all the dreams that never ripened
How was I to know that you'd be here
standing in their stead holding your head
above the ruins of my fantasies.

For dreams you cannot touch and dreams
do not reply to all the needs you fulfill
and you were there all the time.

I looked beyond you, I never even noticed you
But you were there all the time.

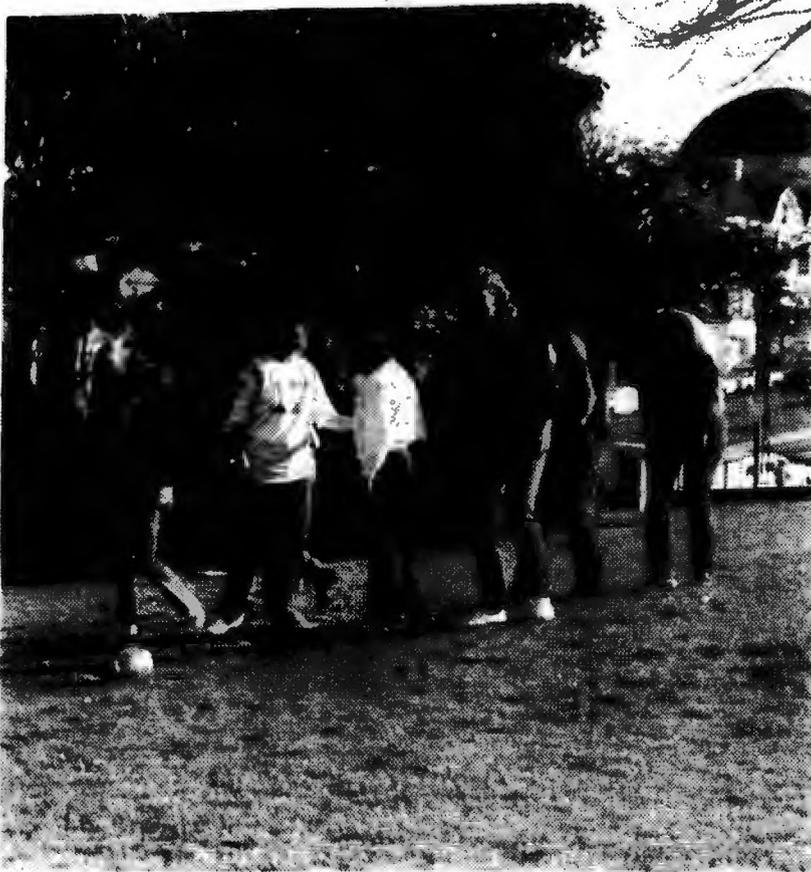


Photos by Jenny Inge

Text by Terry Ryan



#1--Linda Wesley circles the opposition in an apparent attempt to inflict damage to the overall morale. Note primitive dance step, with hands on hips, smirk on mouth, and lips pursed as if to mumble: 'kill; kill.' At first sight, this behavior appeared to pattern ancient aboriginal death rites. On reviewing Ms. Wesley's personal history, however, it was interpreted as just another indication of aberrant personality.



#2--Team A, showing a rare unity in pre-game moments, have discovered to their amazement that they are all on the correct side of the ball (this, incidentally, was the last time that occurred). Jodi (#17) explains patiently to Barbara (white sweater) some of the basic rules of the game: mainly that Barbara can't play. Sharon Crase (#82) chuckles to herself and hopes that no one will notice that she is edging slowly out of the field into the teeter-totter section, where she has been wanting to play all day.



#3--With the first play of the game ready to go, Audrey (left, front) has donned a stocking cap with a Red Cross emblem stapled to the front. In a pre-game interview, Audrey confided to us that with this emblem, and according to the rules of the Geneva Convention, she is immune to damage. What Audrey failed to realize, however, is that no one from Geneva was playing. She was nearly stomped to death by U.S. citizens.



4--This scene depicts the mad clash of sweatshirts as the two teams meet in battle for the first time. Note frozen stance of player in foreground, who is so mystified by the action that she forgets to move. Three plays later and with no apparent change of attitude in this player, a chair was inserted under her, and she was removed from the field.



#5--Jodi(right) finds herself with the ball as Team B, in true sportsmanship fashion, moves in for the kill. Quickly analyzing the situation as potentially dangerous, Jodi runs for her life along the sidelines of Dolores Street, attempting to sell the ball to passers-by on the sidewalk. With Team B breathing down her neck, she finally settles for a crude lateral to a passing bicyclist whose last recorded scream was: "Hey, this is a bike lane, not a dike lane!"

#6--At first sight, it would appear that the first casualty of the game has occurred. On closer inspection, however, we find that behind and beneath all those bodies is the body of Robin, who is painstakingly scraping dew from assorted blades of grass to mix with the package of powdered beer she brought along to the game.



#7--Far into the game now, we detect a certain nonchalance on the part of most players (center facing, Barbara, Linda Wesley; far right, Debbie). Robin, however, refreshed by her powdered ale, and determined to get her picture taken, runs through one of her favorite plays: she hikes the ball, catches the ball, passes the ball, catches the pass, runs for a touchdown and tackles herself. In essence, she played with herself.

LESBIAN/FEMINIST NEWSPAPER
COMING OUT MONTHLY

\$5 a year

the furies
219 11th St. S.E.
Wash. D.C. 20003

Please send me SISTERS for ____ year(s) at \$5.00 per year.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Order from DOB, 1005 Market #208, S.F., Ca. 94103
Mailed in a plain envelope.

THE LADDER



A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY LESBIANS,
FOR LESBIANS AND FOR ALL WOMEN
CONCERNED WITH FULL HUMAN RIGHTS.

A 52 page bi-monthly
magazine containing
fiction, poetry, non-
fiction, book reviews,
art, letters, an art
column, and a
comprehensive news column.

\$7.50 PER YEAR, U.S.
\$8.50 IN U.S.
FUNDS IN CANADA
\$9.50 PER YEAR
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES,
PAYABLE IN U.S. FUNDS

THE LADDER • P.O. BOX 5025
WASHINGTON STATION • RENO, NEVADA, 89503

Events

June



S	M	T	W	T 1	F 2	S 3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sports Day			RAP		Bus.Mtg/	Swmg. Party
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Hike			RAP		Party	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Autograph Party			RAP			Tape
25	26	27	28	29	30	
			RAP			



\$775.00

OUR WEDNESDAY NIGHT RAPS WILL MEET AGAIN IN THE D.O.B. OFFICE, 1005 MARKET # 208, AT 7:00 PM.
 (Since proceeds from the raps go into the House Fund, it was the decision of the membership that we not pay the YWCA \$5.00 per rap for the use of their rooms.)

RAPS: June 7 - Linda Wesley; June 14 - Karen Wells; June 21 - Marley on psychic awareness; June 28 - Betty. All donations will go into the House Fund.

June 4 - Sports Day at Tilden Park. DOB at 10:30 AM SHARP for rides. Bring equipment, lunch.

June 9 - Business meeting, 8PM, DOB office. All women welcome.

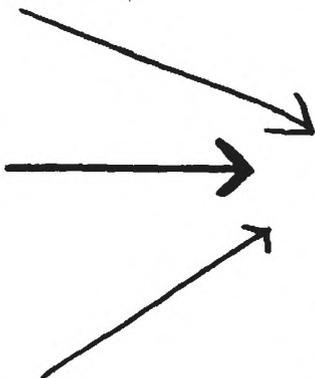
June 10 - Swimming party at the YWCA, 4:30 to 5:30. Be there by 4:00 to be sure of our getting a full hour. 50¢ each, caps, suits towels are 5 ¢ each. Caps required.

June 11 - Hike and picnic at Mt. Tam. Meet 9:00 AM sharp for rides at office.

June 16 - "Slightly Older Lesbians" have their party. If you get tired of noisey DOB parties, this may be for you. TIME: 8PM; PLACE: 1231 DeSolo Dr. (at Linda Mar) in Pacifica. Call 359-4094 for directions. This group will meet every month.

June 18 - DEL MARTIN'S AND PHYLLIS LYON'S new book Lesbian/Woman will soon be out thru Glide Publications at \$7.95. DOB will hold an autograph party after a brunch. Buy their book at the party and 40% of the proceeds will go to DOB. Brunch starts at 11:00 AM, party at 2:00. Del and Phyl will of course be there. THIS BOOK IS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND, written by lesbians for lesbians and other women and men interested in the 16 years of liberation Del and Phyl have been a part of. 1743 8th Ave., Marley's.

June 24 - Tape of L.A. radio program on Lesbians, 1:00 PM at 310 Irving, Beth's home.





the second wave
Box 303, Kenmore Sq Station, Boston, MA 02215

Please send issues # _____ for 75¢ a copy and
25¢ for postage. Enclosed is \$ _____.

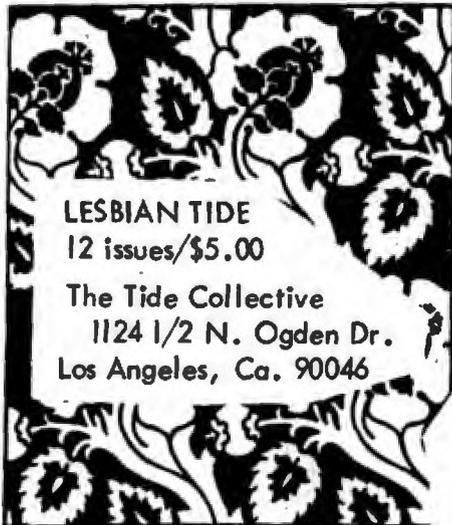
name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____

25% discount on 10 or more copies



Arena Three
ARENA THREE, BMC/SEAHORSE, LONDON.

'PSYCHOSURGERY IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY'

by Peter R. Breggin, M.D.

Reprinted from Medical Opinion, March 1972

It is generally believed that psychosurgery went out of fashion with the advent of psychotherapeutic drugs. This is a mistake. By conservative count, at least 40 neurosurgeons and psychiatrists in the U.S. today perform more than 600 procedures per year. A personally conducted survey indicates that psychosurgeons anticipate a second wave of psychosurgery, at least equal to the first surge, which involved a total of 50,000 patients in the U.S. alone.

In an effort to control "pathologic" behavior, every day neurosurgeons and psychiatrists are excising, irradiating, burning or exposing to ultrasound the human brain. Yet there is no evidence that psychosurgery can blunt or modify specific emotional impulses without destroying other important functions of the brain.

At worst, they are irreversibly damaging the patient's self, the very qualities of insight, creativity, judgment, etc. that separate man from the lower species. At the very least, they are blunting the patient's emotional response.

Psychosurgery was once reserved for intractable mental patients who were too violent to be amenable to other types of treatment, or for elderly and indigent institutionalized patients (often abandoned by their families) in order to make them manageable.

These days, it generally is directed toward a different target population: the neurotic who not only is ambulatory but lives at home and may even hold a job. The indications comprise an amazing array of conditions: anxiety neuroses, obsessive neuroses, personality disorders, and reactive depressions, to name a few.

THE OBJECT OF

Women are main victims

Equally alarming is the fact that women, middle-aged and older, are particular victims of this type of therapy. Extensive research indicates that females are subjected to psychosurgery far more often than males. Depressed, often abandoned, easily subjected to the authority of husband or physician, such women always have been a target for whatever therapy the doctors currently were promoting: drugs, electrochoc, and now psychosurgery.

Dr. Peter Lindstrom of Children's Hospital in San Francisco, who uses a beam of sound to irradiate the frontal lobes, reports that 80 per cent of his neurotic patients undergoing psychosurgery are female; so are 72 per cent of psychotic patients who get the same treatment.

Dr. Robert Hetherington, of Kingston (Ontario) Psychiatric Hospital, declares he was refused permission to do lobotomies on male patients because of the adverse publicity the technique has received in Canada. But he was allowed to operate on 17 women!

The extent of the resurgence of interest in psychosurgery is difficult to measure. Nevertheless, careful search of the literature reveals a spate of articles on the subject in various medical journals during the past five years. They have even organized their own specialty group: The International Association for Psychosurgery. The Second International Conference on Psychosurgery at Copenhagen in 1970 included participants from 16 countries.

**

My first impression was that she was younger than I was and seemed relatively inexperienced. I think she just seemed so -- her face and eyes reflected a Midwestern innocence that may have been deceptive. She had sat down next to me at the bar and wanted to talk. It was her eyes I noticed: they were clear and blue and she looked straight at me when she talked. It tended to make me nervous, in a way, but returning the look steadily gave me some sense of confidence I did not think I had had. I was neither afraid of her nor paralyzed -- my usual reactions to women who attracted me. And she did attract me.

"I haven't seen you here before," she said, a rather standard opening.

"I've been here a few times. I'm not wild about the bar scene." That was only partially true. A large part of my unfamiliarity with bars was due to my inability to muster the nerve to walk in one alone. Sometimes I did manage. And I usually did enjoy the bars.

"My name's Jill," she said.

"Mine's Anne. My friends used to call me Jackie, during which period of my life I had fantasies of meeting someone named Jill."

"Never did?"

"Nope." I looked at her. "I prefer Anne," I said to forestall any possible question of who had given me the nickname or why, which I could see her getting ready to ask. She indicated by a movement of her head that Anne it was.

She asked me if I wanted to dance and it was a fast one and I said no. For a while we sat there,

listening to the music. I was very much aware of her sitting next to me.

"Why don't you like the bar scene?" she asked finally, her eyes again seeking mine and finding them. This time I looked away momentarily, found my cigarettes, lit one. Looked back at her. And shrugged.

"Probably because I don't really understand it."

"What's there to understand?"

"People and what they're doing."

It was her turn to hesitate. The record changed and I asked her to dance.

She was taller than I was -- everyone is -- and danced almost without moving her feet. She smelled very faintly of cologne, tantalizingly. And her body moved against mine deliberately. There is a lot to be said in a three-minute period of dancing close to another woman. She said most of it and what she didn't say, I did. We did not talk, except when the music changed and she said, "Stay," and I stayed. And we danced again.

"Do you understand this?" she asked, her body moving against mine, almost causing me to catch my breath.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes. And no." She pulled away slightly and her eyes wanted an explanation. I couldn't find one that came easily into words, and she could tell. The music stopped and we went back to the bar and our drinks and my cigarettes.

My first impressions of her had, of course, done some considerable changing. I now felt relatively inexperienced and out of my league and was struggling to resume my own self control.

"You know," she said, "you really do have to explain a little further what you are talking about."

"The yes and no?" She nodded. "Well, yes, I understood what was happening. Yes, I dug it. Okay?" I smiled at her and got one in return. "But, no. I am not adjusted to this scene."

"What scene?" she pressed.

And suddenly I was very tired of explaining. "What scene do you think was going on out there?"

Her eyes said she disliked being put on the defensive, too. So I pressed. "Tell me."

"You really want to hear it?"

"Tell me."

"We were trying to fuck each other fully clothed. And it was very nice. And it was not enough. Will you come home with me?"

"You're very cool," I said.

"No," she said, leaving the interpretation open.

"And I don't like tricking," I said.

She paused a long moment, looking at me. Then she shrugged. "Never gone to bed with someone on the first date?" she asked. I had, of course. With guys, when I was still thinking I was either hetero or bi.

"It's different," I said.

"No, it's not one bit different," she said. "It's

even sometimes much better."

"I don't even know you," I said.

"Oh, yes you do. Look at me. I'm a woman and I'm gay -- we share that. We've talked. We've danced. We could talk more. I think we would find that we can talk."

I didn't answer her. "Do you have a car," she said. I nodded. "Will it be okay where it is?" I didn't answer.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," I said.

"Don't play games with me."

"I don't want to play games with you. I think this is all a game." I looked away from her toward the dance floor. "Will you dance with me, again?"

She shook her head. "I won't make it easy for you."

At first I didn't understand what she meant. Then I did. And nodded, and we left the bar.

-- Anne Morgan

TRANSSEXUALISM: SOME QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Dear SISTERS,

The little article on Transsexualism by Angela Keyes Douglas in May, 1972, really raised more questions in my mind than it answered.

For instance, when a gay woman, through the wonders of modern surgery and endocrinology, turns into the male she always thought she should have been, is she still considered to be a Lesbian woman? Or is there a strong chance that she will be ostracized by her former friends because she has become too manly to be attractive to other gay women?

Or, in the case of a marriage, as she strives to become more manly for her feminine wife, what is the likelihood that the relationship will stay intact? Isn't it most probable that she will be rejected by her lover and have to find a heterosexual woman who knows or understands nothing of her female origin to take the place of her gay wife?

Or, on the other side of the fence, is a person who has undergone the complete male to female sex conversion really considered to be a woman? What if she is interested in mating with a woman and not a man? Does this make her a Lesbian? Or does she always remain a male in others' eyes?

If a transsexual is going progressively through the change, at what point does the girl cease to be female, or the fellow cease to be male? What would you say the minimum standards should be for one to be a girl/boy? Where is the dividing line?

Is it the length of hair that counts? The resonance of the voice? The quality of the facial hair; the size of the breasts; or, finally, the organ change itself?

Or is it none of these things? Is it in the mind?

I really think it would be tremendously helpful if someone knowledgeable were to address this subject in depth, because there are a lot of heartaches associated with the change (from both sides). Perhaps some of them could be avoided with knowledge.

A case in point was my friend Anne, who became Robert only to be rejected both by Lesbians and by her lover

because she became so convincingly manly. The result was a suicide which I believe could have been prevented with a little understanding.

S.D.

(A male-to-female transsexual member of DOB replies following.)

Briefly some answers to the questions raised. First of all, because a female-to-male transsexual is considered a man, he could in no way be considered a Lesbian. Indeed, he would resent such a designation since it denies his identity as a male. Gay women would naturally cease to relate to him sexually in his new identity, though whether they would continue friendships would depend on the people involved.

Some transsexuals have continued living with their spouses after surgery. In these cases the previously homosexual relationship would then be heterosexual, or the previously heterosexual one would be gay. However, this is more the exception than the rule, and the transsexual must accept this.

The male-to-female transsexual is considered a woman. Should she be attracted to other women, she would therefore be a Lesbian. She is a woman from birth, or at least from earliest memory. This is because the mind determines sexual identity, not the body. It is because the mind contradicts the body that she seeks transsexual surgery. The objective of a sex reassignment program is to bring the social role and the body into alignment with the gender identity. When the transsexual individual is living completely in her/his chosen identity, there is no reason not to accept her/him in this identity. The sensitive person will recognize the true identity which the body denies, and help the transsexual individual through the transition.

Reputable clinics will not operate unless the transsexual patient has been receiving hormone therapy and living completely as a member of the chosen gender for at least a year. This is to ensure adjustment to the new role before the drastic

and irreversible step of surgery. It is also to prevent alienation or suicide. Robert's becoming "convincingly manly" indicates a successful physical transition. What is hard to understand, though, is why he would expect to be accepted as a Lesbian (and therefore a woman) when he considered himself a man and made his body that of a man. Why didn't he realize that straight women, not gay women, would be attracted to him?

[The process of changing one's sex is a long one and in most cases a careful one. Psychotherapy as well as physical therapy is given to the transsexual person to hopefully avoid confusion or, at worst, suicide. This is not an easy transformation. When a child appears to be one sex but feels he/she is NOT that sex, the conflict between feelings and appearances is very heavy. The young person is made to fit a societal role which she/he does not think is accurate, but the enculturation is there. The best thing we can do for our friends who are in this transition is to love them, support them, teach them to drop their cultural roles in favor of their own REAL self. It places a great demand on the friends of an individual going through this, and often the struggle is so difficult that friends and lovers leave rather than stay. The fear of the transsexual operation is so great, that some feel it is a freaky thing--unnatural or something--and flee, leaving the poor human being lost. Fortunately, we are learning that it is not a freaky thing--it's quite common and medical science is handling it well, usually. It is therefore up to us to handle it on the human-to-human level. Ed.]

P O E T R Y

So There

the moon at midday...
 maybe she knew when
 I was ten playing
 horses at recess
 that I'd never be
 no one's but hers
 ever again.

fine days racing over
 the afternoon dust
 my hair a long mane
 feet, hooves shod in silver
 reflections of red fields
 and stallions the color
 of rust.

no rider had I
 the long lush wind
 was my only master
 whipping me faster
 higher to touch the
 low purple clouds with
 ny neighs and laughter.

even now when the breeze
 bristles burrs 'round my
 knees and wilds my hair,
 I loose my senses and
 thrill in remembering the
 high-tailing prancer I
 used to be before being
 so sternly told to
 "settle, young woman, and
 tie back your hair"

(I tied back my hair

but never did settle!
 and when moon's at midday
 I still am
 and will always be
 Ten!)
 So...my sacred society...
 There!

--Alicia Langtree

Judy

You are a
 sad
 small
 blonde madonna
 in a quiet world
 I would like to touch you
 very simply
 and bring you into this
 brave sunny earth
 of mine
 Please?

--Deborah

Making . . .

A drum beats in the heart of us
 when we love
 when we make love
 and when we make peace
 it is a flute
 singing high
 singing soft . . .

--Deborah

Letters

Dear Karen:

Sorry I haven't written sooner but as you realize the work just goes on and on.

Fighting won't do it Karen. Every action must have an equal and opposite reaction. Therefore, the harder you push the harder the opposite force is going to push back. No one really likes to compromise and in the position the gay world is in we can't afford to meet anyone half way.

I believe that the straight world should be put in the position of not being able to forget that we exist. We must, however, always be aware that this opposite reaction could happen at anytime and that it could put the movement back a hundred years. People must realize that liberation is possible. To some it is just a pipe dream.

Kate and I believe, as we're sure many people do, that the consciousness of the gay world must be raised to the point of all gay people being sure of themselves and each other and for everyone to be able to meditate on the existence of themselves. I AM... But then of course, consciousness raising will not happen just to us. Hopefully someday humans the world over will attain it. It is more important, we believe, for one person at a time to be heard, and heard, and heard. Would it do much more good than all the signs and riots and noise? We think so.

Being able to say I AM with calm and serenity will make a more lasting favorable impression. When the time comes that many gay people will be able to stand up and radiate I AM there will be no need to shout. This is what I want to do in St. Louis. All the screams in the world aren't going to bring St. Louis out but a slow, calm, steadily applied force just might do it.

I don't know if any of this makes any sense to you, Karen. It is all things that I have been thinking for a very long time. I know that Rome wasn't built in a day but that doesn't mean that we have to wait another two thousand years either.

A very reassuring thought, Karen, is that instinct always makes caterpillars grow wings and fly.

Until later we wish you and DOB all good things.

Love in sisterhood,

Marcia,
From St. Louis gay women's
group--maybe a DOB!

**

Dear Karen:

About 1:15 A.M. here. I just came in from an evening with friends. Some observations from my position as high school woman, and generally that being more of spectator than participant. The young gay woman undergoes much hardship. There is difficulty in relating to high school males with mature bodies and "little boy" sensitivity (eg, "gimme, gimme, gimme"). There is little opportunity to meet other older males who would hopefully dissipate the rapidly forming distasteful male pig stereotype.

I personally do not know any gay high school women. With straight high school women, there are obvious barriers. Well, obvious to me anyway. Most of them are into a whole male/female trip. The emphasis is on coupling even if there's nobody you particularly care for. Even though this saddens me, I can understand it. The whole high school social scene is built on such "absolutes" as status, popularity, clothes (in this case the authentic shabbiness of one's blue jeans!) . . . a regular tyranny. And of course, nobody wants to be left out in the cold.

At our high school prom (remember), we'll commence a 24 hour whirlwind of activities with ballroom dancing. Coupling?! Whose dress is more expensive?! Actually I think it might be great fun to waltz around to a string orchestra, approached from a casual standpoint. But the coupling disturbs me. I was thinking of having a close girl friend fly in and we could "make beautiful music" while gliding around the room. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I won't be in Chicago for the prom. I'm going to the East coast to do some independent studying.

More about the high school scene as I see it: High school sisters are so preoccupied with their blossoming sexuality (hetero) that gayness is never mentioned. The school radiates an extremely stodgy set of values on that matter as well as others, anyway.

My female classmates supposedly come from "liberal" homes, yet as far as I can see, early socialization has definitely left its imprint. Enormous preoccupation with physical appearance. Our older sisters' emphasis on finding "the" pair of saddleshoes has only been replaced by hours spent embroidering overalls. In the classroom, the girls are getting good grades. They are attentive, always turn in assignments on time. But there is not the same struggle for ideas, the persistence to be heard that seems to characterize the males. In classes, especially English and Social Science where personal opinions and backing up their validity are important, I stick out like a sore thumb. I talk for about the same amount of time as the average participating male, but compared to the females I'm Verbiage Feminized.

I'm wary in my relationships with high school women because I realize the limitations and I don't want to become frustrated. However, I feel that it's important that there aren't many high school women who I'd really want a heavy relationship with. Not that I'm a snob. It's just that we have been socialized to be DULL! And many of us are.

I'm active in the Women's Liberation Movement. One of its many joys is the opportunity to meet attractive dynamic women who aren't afraid to think, and attempt new experiences. Even more significant is their willingness to fall flat on their faces in seeking growth.

Well, it's pretty lonely for me here. I find myself growing increasingly alienated from both high school males and females. I spend time with people but afraid it's on a superficial level. I mean about as much to them as they to me.

Some good friends. All living quite far away. So I sit back and remind myself I will soon be out of this strangling institution known as high school and will be able to spend time with those I care for. And I'm always open to new relationships.

Incidentally, I'm slowly inching my way out of the closet. In my situation, I have to be cautious. It occurs to me there might be other women in high school that share my sentiments but then I reconsider. I doubt it. I've met some gay women through a workshop and they're beautiful. They don't type me as a high schooler. Their sense of fairness gives me the conviction to feel strength as an individual and attempt overcoming my social, as well as self imposed, limitations.

I'm about to fall asleep as I write this. It just seemed important to share these thoughts with an empathetic soul. Salutations to all the lovely sisters out there. Best wishes for continued success with the publication.

Sincerely,

"J"

**

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Special Interview #2 -- Lydia, as told to Linda Wesley

The First Sex -- a book review of this amazing revolutionary book

A Satire

More photos, more poetry, more humor.

Note to those of you who have responded to Dr. McGuire's research project--do not despair. Dr. McGuire has been ill, but the project will be again under way soon. Keep the faith.

SISTERS MAGAZINE NEEDS YOU--ESPECIALLY YOUR ART WORK. She also needs you to become a distributor for your college or your area.

NOTE to contributors to the SFDOB anthology--materials are nearly collected. We need graphics now. By Christmas we should be ready. We do, however, need graphics.

DAUGHTERS OF MILITIS

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

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

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

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

DOB Boston: 419 Boylston St., #406,
Boston, Mass. 02116

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

WRITE YOUR NEAREST CHAPTER FOR MORE INFORMATION

MEMBERSHIP IN SAN FRANCISCO DOB

Single Membership: \$7.00. Includes half-price to social functions, library privileges, and SISTERS for one year.

Couples: \$10.00. Includes half-price to social functions, library privileges, and SISTERS for one year.

MEMBERSHIP LIMITED TO THOSE 21 YEARS OLD OR OLDER

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY

JENNY WRENN