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PRINCIPLES
LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES

From our first Newsletter, 1974: The Lesbian Herstory Archives exists to gather and preserve lesbian lives and activities so that future generations of lesbians will have ready access to materials relevant to their lives. The process of gathering this material will also serve to uncover and collect our history. These materials will enable us to analyze our lives, free from patriarchal control.

The Lesbian Herstory Educational Foundation is a grass roots, community-based, not-for-profit institution housing the Lesbian Herstory Archives, the largest and longest-lived collection of lesbian material in the world. Since our founding in 1974, we have been an all-volunteer organization, collectively run, with self-appointed coordinators making collective policy decisions for the organization. For close to 20 years the archives was housed in an Upper West Side apartment in Manhattan; in 1992 the collection moved into its own home, a four story limestone building in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn.

All lesbian women are important and welcome at the Archives. Every woman who has had the courage to touch or desire another woman deserves to be remembered here, as do lesbians from all places, from every country, from every century, and from any and all political and sexual backgrounds. The Archives aims to collect the full range of lesbian experiences, not just the lives of the famous or the published.

The Archives is dedicated to building intergenerational bridges between lesbian communities, to deepening the understanding of what the lesbian experience meant in different historical settings. In an attempt to demystify the archival process, archival skills will be taught, one generation of lesbians to another; the archives is a people's refusal to be forced out of their collective memory.

With a special Thank You to the Park Slope Civil Council for their grant in support of our 'At Home' series
IN MEMORIAM

in memory of the voices we have lost

The Archives is a place to commemorate lost lovers and friends. As a people, we have been deprived of the ritual of public communal sorrow. Many lesbians have experienced the pain of silence and isolated mourning. Often in newspaper obituaries, a euphemism for the death of a lesbian is: "there are no known survivors". This is not true. We are each other's survivors. We hope that you will remember the lesbians in your community through memorials and letters to the Lesbian Herstory Archives, so that we may mark their deaths and honor their lives. This act of self-scrubbing, free of shame, is at the heart of the vision of the Archives.

Kay Gardner: February 8, 1940 - August 28, 2002. She died of a heart attack in her sleep. Kay was one of the founding forces of women's music, appearing with Alex Deblit on "Lavender Jane Loves Women," on Cassie Culver's "Three Gypsies," and releasing many records of her own, starting in 1975, such as "Mooncircles," "Emerging," "Moos," and many others. These were mostly instrumental recordings, showcasing her use of music as a healing power. She also shared her musical knowledge extensively in workshops at various music festivals, at various universities, through several books, and countless articles in such publications as "Paid My Dues" and "Hot Wire, The Women's Music Journal.

She is survived by her two daughters, Jannie and Julie, who were visiting her at the time, and her granddaughter, David and Reese. Kay also leaves behind her mother, aunt, brother, and her beloved Colleen, the love of her life for the past four years.

Connie Panzarine: 11/26/1947 - 7/14/2001. She was a disabled activist/writer/artist, very active in the peace movement, and a great source of strength and inspiration in the education on the needs of women with disabilities.


Monique Wittig: A leading French feminist, social theorist and novelist whose writings are highly regarded in the gay and lesbian rights movement in the United States and abroad, died of a heart attack Jan. 3, 2003 in Tucson, AZ. She was 67.

One of her most famous works, "Les Guerillères," published in 1969, concerns women warriors who triumph over domination after waging fierce combat. She also wrote "The Lesbian Body," which some scholars consider her finest and most daring work. The two women who are its central point literally take each other's bodies apart down to the muscles and bone as an act of love.

Wittig is survived by her partner, Sonia Zegh, her mother, Maria, and two sisters.

Araba Yacbay Mercer: July 14, 1966-April 8, 2003. Born in Ghana, Araba eventually settled in London where she joined Shaba Feminist Publishers in 1980 and worked with it until its closing in 1984. For the rest of her years, she was an administrator for the International Committee of Women Living with HIV/AIDS. In 2002, she helped to organize a tribute to the poet Audre Lorde. A loving daughter, a wonderful mother, and a beautiful sister, Araba died of breast cancer on April 8 of this year.

Shakia Gunn: A 15 year young dyke, murdered in Newark, May 11, 2003

Adrienne Funez: One of two openly lesbian African American curators working in the U.S. in the late twentieth-century, died May 18th, 2003, from complications related to diabetes. She was fifty-three years old. Funez was introduced to curating at West's Towers. An art historian and popular lecturer, she was a founding board member of GCC-Queer Cultural Center (formerly The Center for Lesbian Gay Bi Transgender Art & Culture in San Francisco).

Long associated with LVA: Lesbians in the Visual Arts, she moderated the influential panel discussion "Homosexual Boots to Silentto Helix: A Dialogue on Lesbian Artistic Sensibilities" (1993) with Barbara Hammer (filmmaker), Osa Hidalgo de la Riva (filmmaker), and Wendy Cudde (printmaker). She curated numerous shows and exhibitions, and is survived by her lover, writer Lisa Kahale, and an extended family of friends.

Carol Sue Levy: May 17, 1944-October 5, 2000. A longtime artist and advocate for the fight against AIDS. She co-founded Art Against AIDS and was well known for the way she used her images to deal with social issues. Her partner, Jey Stephen, passed away in 2003. She was an Emmy-nominated member of the local film and television industry and generously donated her time to grass-roots peace movements, women's causes and local lesbian and gay organizations. She was born in 1932.

Bernice Goodman: A NYC lesbian therapist/activist. Passed away on April 26, 2002

Leslie Ezechiel: August 23, 1943- March 27 1998 She was a jeweler and floral designer.


"Mildred devoted her life to Abstract Expressionism, one of the few African-American female artists trained in that European tradition," said a friend, Don Roman of Atlanta. "She produced an awesome body of work, 5,000 pieces ranging from complex oil paintings to delightful pen-and-ink drawings." Her work is in the collections of the Smithsonian Institution National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington, DC; the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, The Brooklyn Museum; and the American Federation of Arts in New York City, among others, and in numerous corporate and private collections in the United States and Europe.

Among others, she was survived by her partner, Donna Jackson of Atlanta.

Catherine -Kitty Genovese, 1935—March 13, 1964 Forty years ago in the streets of a Queens neighborhood, Catherine Genovese was murdered; her death became a symbol for an uncaring city. In all the articles written about this young woman who grew up in Park Slope, Brooklyn, no one revealed that the woman with whom she shared her home, the home she tried so hard to reach that March night, was her partner. In a recent New York Times article revisiting the crime and the urban mythology that had grown up around it, Ms. Zielonko said, "She was actually my partner... We were levers together. Everyday tried to hug it up.

The reporter writes this admission was understandable in 1964. To end this kind of silence, this isolation of a grieving partner, is exactly why the archives was created.

All contributions, stories, tapes, letters or memories, are welcome.

newsletter 19/spring 2004
Their Story

 TOM AND LENA

The Tom Page and Lena Fiske story came as a part of Dodie Glasson’s special collection. A pioneer in the New York lesbian and feminist cultural and activist community in the 1970s, Dodie shares with us a portrait of two women living together for over 50 years in what has become to be described as a "Boston Marriage," even though these women made their home on Long Island, Dodie now lives with her partner in North Carolina, but in her telling we get the layered, intergenerational history the archives is dedicated to fostering. We also get a detailed picture of the economic hardship that so many independent women faced. And finally, Dodie shares with us the power of the need to remember and so doing, she reveals how new historic understanding springs out of the details.

In Dodie’s own words: "I became totally obsessed with the task of writing Tom and Lena’s story. The more I thought about it the more I remembered. I have excellent recall and these conversations between Tom and myself remain loud and clear. I can even remember the sounds of both their voices, the house dresses they were constantly and the brand of cigarettes they smoked. I remember it all. The story is in my heart and head forever."

I met Tom (Helen Page) and Miss Fiske (Lena Fiske) back in 1953 when I rented a room in their home in Garden City, Long Island, New York. I did not want to live in the restrictive college dorms at Adelphi College and hoped to free myself from the rules that governed our lives back in the 50's. All of my friends living off campus had to sign contracts with their 'house mothers' promising to follow the house rules: 10 PM curfew, calls limited to particular times only, no food in their rooms, no alcohol and NO SEX. And they had to promise to remain "pure" throughout their stay.

During my search I came upon an old unpeeled white shingled two-story home that was only two blocks away from the college campus. There I met an elderly lady with a cigarette hanging off her lip, who introduced herself as Mrs. Page: "but please call me Tom," she said. She took me inside and showed me around. Her home was badly in need of repair with peeling paint, loose shutters and bare old wooden floors. A 40-watt bulb provided very little light, and in the living room I saw a heavyset elderly women smoking a cigarette, sitting in one of the two high-backed chairs. She wore a floor-length hooded blue cloth robe with a crocheted shawl around her shoulders, and gave me a big smile. Both women appeared to be in their 80s.

Tom whispered to me: "Talk loudly, she's very deaf!" Then she shouted to Miss Fiske: "Miss Fiske, meet Dodie. She's here to see the room." I wasn't sure I heard a word that Tom said, but she smiled at another and I proceeded upstairs to see the two available rooms. I picked one that felt right for me and ran downstairs and asked them about the house rules. "There are none," Tom replied. I moved in the next day. Little did I know at that time that I would be living in the company of two marvelous women who had been secretly living together as partners for more than 50 years. I was too busy being a college student and socializing with friends that I hardly noticed how bad things were, and it took me quite a while to begin to understand their situation.

They were living in dire circumstances. I discovered that they didn’t have any money for heat, for food, for medical and dental expenses, they had no cleaning supplies, no vacuum, no medicine – not even aspirin. No one cooked a meal, they didn’t eat vegetables, fruit or salad. I never saw them eat a decent meal, all they ate was a cup of soup and tea. Tom made and served the soup and washed up their dishes. They never had no sandwich, never went anywhere, listened to a tin radio from the 30s, and had very little clothing. I kept a bottle of aspirin in the bathroom that we shared but they never took any.

When I'd bring home some treats they refused them and made me keep them up in my room.

There were three rooms on the second floor and one small bathroom. I lived in one of the larger bedrooms, the other remained vacant while Tom slept in a tiny bedroom at the end of the hall. But Miss Fiske, who was disabled, lived upstairs over my room in an unfinished unheated attic. She walked slowly and painfully with a cane and would bump her way down flights of stairs each day on her belly to reach the first floor. Around 11 PM she would bump her way backwards upstairs to her attic dwelling. It made me realize that this lovely room next to the bathroom, while she was stuck upstairs. For the longest time I was terrified to peek into her room. Finally I did. The attic was cold and dark, and the low slant of the roof made it impossible to stand up straight. There were books piled up all over the floor, and a tiny lamp next to her cot. She had an old dresser under the eaves and some boxes lying around. I remember feeling confused and disturbed why she would be stuck up there - was she making a grand sacrifice just in case some student might move in? Two female students had briefly taken the second bedroom but quickly left, saying the place was old and creepy. I wanted to ask them about this unfair arrangement many times but held my tongue for I knew it wasn’t any of my business.

One day I got brave, and engaged them in conversation about the ‘good old days’. Tom took the bait and started telling me about her life. She was born in the 1890's in Boston and was pressured to get married very young. She gave birth to a son, and then her husband got ill and died. She felt very depressed, and her family encouraged her to take a trip to England. Abroad ship she met Miss Fiske, a 'tiny little lady' who was traveling alone. They became friends and 'we just stayed together all these years.' She said they settled down together as a family and raised her son. I asked her if she ever wanted to remarried and she didn’t back out at me. ‘Absolutely not!’ Although I didn’t understand, I knew better than to bring up that subject again.

Tom spoke mostly about herself and her grief for her son who died of Yellow Fever that he contracted while he was building the Panama Canal. ‘He got very sick and died, leaving his young wife and small baby. It broke my heart,’ she said. Although she remained close to her daughter-in-law and saw her frequently, she hardly ever saw her grandson. He was a married man in his 30s, appeared uncomfortable around Tom and rarely visited. I met him briefly and it was clear he did not like Tom. But I never knew why.

Tom mostly wore worn housedresses with a cardigan sweater and comfortable gardening shoes. I loved listening to her deep strong voice. She explained that she was called Tom because she was always a tomboy and was as strong as a man. Her parents kept trying to make her act more ladylike but they failed. She loved to brag about how strong she was, showed me her muscular arms and told me that she was more a man than a woman. Then she'd laugh and tell me that was a lot like her, which surprised me a lot. ‘Hey, I’d respond, ‘I'm not as strong as you!’ She'd crack up and tell me that I was a wild one just like her. And we'd both burst out laughing.

What about Miss Fiske, I asked. ‘Oh she’s the opposite of me. She’s the quiet ladylike type, she prefers to go out by herself and read her books.’ I couldn’t help but notice that Tom, in her 80s, was still pretty, had her silver hair piled up casually on top of her head, wore no makeup and had lovely clear blue eyes. Many a day we'd sit out on the porch and I'd enjoy listening to her talk about her life. She never asked me anything about mine.

They had no assistance of any kind. Miss Fiske’s babysitting jobs and my rent money appeared to be their only means of support. When Miss Fiske had a baby-sitting job, a car would pick her up and bring her home around 10pm. When she returned she would then limp to her chair next to Tom in the cold dark living room and they'd smoke and listen to their programs. They both

Photo by Dodie Glasson. Courtesy of LHA

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said very little but when they did they spoke to one another loudly in a most formal manner. “Miss Fiske,” Tom would yell, “Did you turn off the outside light when you came in?” “Yes, Mrs. Page, I did.” We would yell back and resume puffing away at her cigarette. I found their formality baffling. I was confused why they always addressed one another as Miss Fiske and Mrs. Page, never by their first names. At times they were almost strangers.

One day I begged Tom to show me her collection of photographs that she had stored away. She laughed and took me downstairs “in the dungeon” as she referred to the basement. We tripped over tons of old broken furniture and finally got to a trunk where she kept all her photos going back to the turn of the century. It was a treasure chest of memories for her. How marvelous these remarkable old black and white photos were. She and I sat down on a box and with the aid of an old flashlight, she showed me photos of her life. Unfortunately, I did not see any photos of Miss Fiske. I wondered if they avoided being photographed together to avoid being thought of as a couple. It is also possible that Miss Fiske was camera shy. I took some pictures myself of the two of them sitting in their chairs.

Over the three years that I lived with them I felt more and more like family. They had so much patience for my endless energy and antics. I would sing and dance for them and they would laugh and have such a good time. I entertained them and tried to make them happy. Nothing I did bothered them.

We were a perfect team.

In the evenings, Tom and Lana were settled into their comfortable high-backed chairs puffing away on their cigarettes and listening to their ancient Melling radio on the little table between them. I would join them by sitting on the floor near by reading my textbooks and I felt at home. There they’d sit, right after right at each other’s side until it was quite late and time to go to bed. Although they no longer could speak to one another, I could feel that they were deeply rooted in each other’s lives.

After I graduated and moved away I tried to stay in touch with them by phone but when I’d call they couldn’t hear what I was saying. Then, one sad day, I called and got a message that their phone had been disconnected. Suddenly they were gone from my life forever.

It had never occurred to me that Tom and Miss Fiske’s were partners in a lifelong love relationship. Instead I had thought of them as two strong women demonstrating steadfast loyalty in an enduring friendship. None of my friends gave their relationship a thought. Most just saw them as two very poor women living a depressing life. Homosexuality wasn’t discussed back then. When I was growing up gays were called “funny,” and I knew nothing about lesbian couples. Even if I would have dared ask my friends what “funny” actually meant, they would have shrugged and laughed. I wasn’t until I became involved at the women’s movement back in the 70’s that I woke up and smelled the coffee. I was shocked- how could I have been that blind? It took me all those years to understand just what their difficult lives as a lesbian couple had been all about. It became clear to me how much commitment and courage it took for Tom and Lana to face the isolation, poverty and the hardships that living together would bring to their lives.

Tom and Lana’s 55-year Lesbian relationship was remarkable and needs to be recognized and celebrated today. In their memory, I want to share what little I know of their lives.

Dodie Glasser
BAR CARDS

Lesbians of the "second wave" have always had their share of entrepreneurial New York City, starting in the decade of the 1980's. Cinnamon and Pyramid Productions offered performance dances and social events often of special interest to African American lesbians. One of the more creative and artistic ways in which these events were advertised was through "bar cards." What you might see at the bar are "bar cards" that are hand-drawn or made by other artists who were inspired to create them. In this issue we are presenting color reproductions of the best of bar cards in the city. We will feature three collections of bar cards in this issue: The New York Times, March 24, 1993, pA15
Model Union Resolution on Domestic Partner Rights, Labor Committee for Domestic Partner Rights, rd, 2pp
New York Radical Feminists Marriage Conference, survey on relationships, Feb 1973, 1p
"The 'New Republic' Reviews Hawaii's Marriage Politics," August 7th, 1995, 1p
New York State Conference on Marriage and Divorce, program, handouts, Jan 19-20th, 1974, 12pp
"Not Quite a Wedding, but Quite a Day for Couples by the Bay," The New York Times, Feb 14, 1993, 1p
Petit, S. "Lesbian Marriages: Tie the Knot (Noose?)," Outweek, Sept 19, 1990, p30-32
Pills Improve for Gay Marriage," news analysis by Andy Ham, LGNY, June 26, 1995, pB6
Proposed Local Law Prohibiting Discrimination Against Domestic Partners by City of New York, n.d., 4pp
Pursele, S. "Gay Groups Oppose 'Ischa Marriage License,'" Lesbian and Gay New York, October 29, 1995, 2pp
Registered Partnership, Domestic Partnership, and Marriage: A Worldwide Summary," GLHSC Fact Sheet, April 22, 1996, 8pp
Saffuto, C. "Lesbian Marriages: Just Say No!" Outweek, Sept 18, 1989, 3pp
Support of Marriage, open letter signed by religious leaders, n.d., 2pp
Varieties of Therapeutic Experience: Conjugal Therapy in a Homosexual Marriage," in Canada's Mental Health, 23, 1975, pp.3-5
"Vermont Public Hearing #2: PlanetOut News Staff, Feb 3, 2000, 3pp
"Vermon Town Meeting Turns into Same-Sex Union Forum, "The New York Times," March 6, 2000, A18
The Wedding, flyer fr. The National Organization for the Advancement of Lesbian and Gay Couples, announcing the wedding ceremony for the Nat. March on Washington, Oct 10, '87, p1
"Widening of Two Women Interrupted by Police," Jet Magazine, April 16, 1983, 1p

From our bibliographic series, marriage and relationships, compiled March 2000. Visit the Archives to see how this collection has grown...
On October 25, 2003, I was privileged to be the guest speaker at the 25th anniversary celebration of the Australian Lesbian and Gay Archives (ALGA). Founded at the fourth National Homosexual Conference in Sydney in 1978, the archives is now a flourishing grassroots research and community resource. When I walked into the community center where the dinner was to be held, I felt right at home. Surrounding the 40 or so tables were archival displays of organizational and political banners; along the walls, long tables overflowed with photograph albums, copies of early publications, carefully indexed buttons. But mostly it was the groups of volunteers, all of whom were to be honored that night, that made me feel a rush of connection. Women and men, many in their 70s and older, queer youth, old-time lesbian-feminists and new time feminist sex radicals were all busy still decorating the room. This was a busman’s holiday for me, an archival moment far away from home. I spoke between the main course—all food prepared by volunteers—and the desert. Just a word about what had been occurring in the Melbourne papers—almost daily newspaper articles questioning gay people’s rights to be in the church, the struggle over gay partners getting the pensions of their deceased partners—voted down—and something I call a ‘paedophile panic,’ that was feeding into the respectability of the growing national homophobia. I carried some of these articles with me—explaining my passion for the subject files to the audience. One article blared, “Time Up for Gays,” says Sydney Bishop.” I have always found clipping these kinds of articles and ironing them under our auspices, in the context of our own historical story, a way of taking the sting out of their assumed power. I am a 23-year-old volunteer at the Lesbian Herstory Archives, where I had a conversation with another young woman. She and her friend were joking around about how she would have really thrived in the 1970s, with all the consciousness raising and the lesbian feminism. “I should have grown up then,” she said. “That time would have really suited me.” “Yes,” I said. “But we need you now. We need all that passionate conviction and energy for the fight now.” That exchange stayed with me, and out of it came this piece.

BY EMILY MILLYA HABBAD
January 2004

For those of you who long for the consciousness raising of the 1970s, for the passion, for the arguments, for the separatism, for the pure innocence to our (ted postmodem eyes) by the noble naivette, I say: We need you now.

For those of you who long for the stealth and the obscurity of the 1980s, for the brave and powerful insurrection on the sanctity of our private acts coupled with the first great moves out into the public sphere, for the tough choices which ostracized but brought a fierce purity to life, I say: We need you now. We need you here.

For those of you who long for the electricity of the Stonewall Riots, for the decadence and fire of the Castro and the Village—Whose neighborhood? OUR Neighborhood! Whose street? Our street!—for that one defining night different from all nights before where you feel your place in history and feel the changes being made, to you I say, We need you now. We need you here. Tonight could be that night.

And for those of you who long for the simplicity of the 80s, where it was a black and white, pared-down struggle for survival and you needed words like swords and bodies tender and tough to chain yourself to the machinery of oppression and let your flesh hijack the status quo, I am telling you, We need you here. We need you now. Tonight could be that night—and the clock is still ticking.

To all my sisters who long for other times, for other birthdays and other histories than the ones they’ve been given, to all my sisters who have heard the tales of our mothers and lovers, who have read the history books both hidden and displayed, who have seen the photographs and felt their hearts race with an unnamed longing for meaning, for purpose that great, I am telling you, these are the times of great change. These are the times of danger—don’t be fooled. And you weren’t born then, lived then, worked and fought and loved then because we need you now. All our ancestors worked and fought and toiled and with only the most tenuous grasp of the ramifications of their actions and their bravery—just like you. Most worked in obscurity, most worked hard just to be able to put food on the table and pay rent and buy the sweet nothing they know will make their lovers smile. This is our history, but do not be fooled. The fight is not over; it is not finished, and when you long for the romantic past, you are loving snapshots only. That life was as long and tedious and full of doubt as this one. Don’t be fooled—We need you here. We need you now. Tonight could be that night—and the clock is still ticking.
WORDS FROM OUR NEAR PAST

One of the oldest parts of the archives' collection are our newsletters, those typed or mimeographed communal sharings that poured out of many American cities in the late 60s and 70s. In an effort to keep a vital conversation going between the near past and the present, we will publish excerpts from these fragile publications.

From Ecstasy (NYC), a publication of the Gay Revolution Party, 1971:

Revolution is the method by which we will create the conditions leading to the destruction of the gender caste system and thereby to the gay liberation of all people. It will be total change which will reach into every part of the patriarchal social order and destroy all of the aspects which restrain freedom... Gay revolution will not produce a world in which women will receive equal pay for work traditionally assigned to their gender, nor in which they will become 'equal partners' in the nuclear family. Rather it will mean that biological sex will have nothing to do with occupation and that there will be no families.

From Gay St. Louis, 1978: M. Kayo writes of 'Days and the Nuclear Family'

There has been much publicity on the gay threat to the nuclear family. We have been accused of actively trying to destroy it by recruiting its youth, by our morality, by our very existence. What is this nuclear family? It is simply mother, father, and children; it is the kind of family in which most gay people grew up. It is also an ideal American life which is decreasing in importance as the divorce rate increases and the number of single parent families grows. As the 'ideal' stereotype 'Father Knows Best' family becomes threatened by societal change, people who fear any alteration in American life become frightened, and feel a need to place the blame on someone or something. Anita Bryant charges that homosexuality is the cause of this 'deterioration'. Phyllis Schlafly attacks the women's movement. Some seek to find the real causes: the American economy, the increased awareness of oppression which makes some people want to bring substantive change to society. These people are not destroying the nuclear family; they are simply part of the changing and growing society.

Mr. William J. Fielding
Newark, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Fielding:

I have just finished reading your book. "Homosexual Life", in which I am deeply and personally interested.

I am of this class of persons, and have found life to be hard in a world of people who do not understand this condition. Because I can find no one of my acquaintance who can advise me, I am writing to you.

I am a young man of twenty-three, quiet and introspective, but outside of my homosexual nature, an quite normal and wholly feminine in my manners and tastes. As to my education, I have completed a two year college course, and have been teaching school for almost seven years. I feel that I want to do something to make my life more contented, but I am at a loss to know just what to do. There have been women and girls I have loved deeply but I can find no one to love me in return, and I am therefore, at times, very unhappy.

Is there any way in which I could become acquainted with women like myself? Could you tell me of some doctor who makes of study of this sort of thing, who might help me.

In there such a doctor near where I live, or in Portland, Oregon, or Los Angeles, California? Hoping that this letter will receive your attention, and trusting to hear from you soon.

Yours very truly,
X.X.

The letter to the left was found while sifting through a pile of newsletters and papers which came in an anonymous donation to the archive. We wanted to share it and choose to publish it while leaving out the writers identity. This letter is an important material document, one of the many pieces at the archives which testify to the courage of lesbian women who have taken steps from reaching out to find community, no matter how hard it may be.

SHORT REPORTS January 2002

The Archives is a living place where something is always happening and the collection is always growing. That's why we have decided to inaugurate a series of short reports on new collections, archival events, and any other happenings we want to share with you. This, our first report, will feature several special collections that I have been processing in my old home. Special collections are large quantities of material that are boxed, numbered and inventoried in our Special Collection Guide at the Archives. They can be organizational papers, the records of a publication, the gatherings of an individual, many times a life still being lived. I have always been especially moved at opening the large boxes that arrive from all over the country and sometimes from overseas, the often recycled boxes stuffed with crumpled newspaper to keep the contents from wounding themselves. Here are some of the more recent gifts that have been sent:

The Dorothy Glass Collection

From the cold of North Carolina, Dorothy has sent us the record of her involvement in the lesbian feminist movement of New York City in the late 60s and early 70s. Her collection is extensive. It includes papers and photographs of her involvement in New York Women Against Rape and her involvement in the International Tribunal on Crimes Against Women (1976), and records of her "Dyke Tales," cultural events that she organized at the original women's center. It also holds photographs of two women who lived together from the turn of the century until the 1950s, women in a Boston marriage. We will feature these images along with the fuller story of their lives in this issue of our newsletter.

The Jacqueline Beyers Collection

GLBT materials from the collection of Jacqueline Beyers, retired Geography professor, University of Colorado, materials developed in connection with research on the Geography of Lesbian Communities, teaching, community Service and activism, spanning the years 1984-1998, is a collection very strong on Colorado materials. We thank Jacqueline for all the time she took in preparing and indexing this rich look at one woman's intellectual and political journey. And finally, we have received the almost 2000 surveys of one of the most inclusive Lesbian health studies done in this country in the 1980s.

I hope you can see that the pieces of paper and snapshots that we touch on a daily basis at the archives represent for us the honor of keeping legacies alive, whether they be of gifts of imagination, of a lover's touch, or of a political passion.

—Joan Nestle for the Lesbian Herstory Archives

On a personal note: When I knew I had to give up my apartment of almost 30 years and leave the country for an unknown period of time, I carefully boxed up my own documents, correspondence, unpublished and published manuscripts and sent them to their rightful home, the Lesbian Herstory Archives. From Melbourne, Australia, April 2003

The Martha Courtot Poetry Collection

Martha Courtot, who died on April 25, 2000 at 58 years of age, was a pioneer lesbian poet in the 1970s. The Archives have received five folders of her poems in manuscript form along with photographs and letters of love from friends and lovers. Here is a poem from the 1972-1973 folder:

I will come to you in early evening and sit and wait while the peace of the house falls upon me like summer rain till I am soaked through. It will not be everything It will be enough It will sustain.

zines!

Do you have any zines? Would you like to donate them to the archives? We are building a collection of lesbian zines since they are important pieces that reflect our lesbian culture.
### FINANCIAL REPORT

#### FOR 2002

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INCOME GENERAL FUND</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Donations General Fund</td>
<td>71,120.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donations Endowment Fund</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>United Way-CURRY Campaign (continued)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love Your Park!</td>
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<td>Love Your Park! (continued)</td>
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<td>Communities and Their Friends</td>
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<td>Matching Funds</td>
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<tr>
<td>Giving and Planning</td>
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<td>TOTAL</td>
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#### INTEREST

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<tr>
<td>Chase Bank Endowment Account</td>
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#### BAR TOTAL

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<tr>
<td>Net Secure/Financials</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yearly Total</td>
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#### EXPENSES

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<td>Parking/Transport Services</td>
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<td>Renault/Memorial Donations</td>
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<td>Bank Service Charges (including wire transfer fees)</td>
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<td>Government Filing Fees</td>
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#### TOTAL

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<td>2003 Financial Report</td>
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#### GRAND TOTAL

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<td>TOTAL</td>
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**FINANCIAL REPORT**

**FOR 2003**

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<th>INCOME GENERAL FUND</th>
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<td>Love Your Park!</td>
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<table>
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<th>INTEREST</th>
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<td>Chase Bank Savings Account</td>
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<table>
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<td>22,870.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>53,999.54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I don’t know, Diana. I’ve been doing a lot of thinking since I saw you last. And the more I try to think it out the more I get mixed up.

"Don’t think— feel! Nice little thrills up and down your spine!" Diana smiled up with twinkling mouth, lifting Dexter’s hand to her lips. There, I’ve left a lot of rouge on your fingers! What is it you don’t understand about us?

Well, in the first place we’re not at all like the women I’ve seen going out together—... I’ve got an answer to that, Diana began triumphantly. "It seems funny to you that I’m so aggressive yet at the same time feminine, and you’re so masculine yet at the same time a little timid. It doesn’t seem to me that you have and I’ve had a little more experience in love than you have and I’m the fire of us—you’re the cool strong earth— you soothe me so, Dexter! We complement each other on a more beautiful plane than I thought could exist between two human beings."

Dexter: "I don’t believe you, Diana. I’ve been doing a lot of thinking since I saw you last. And the more I try to think it out the more I get mixed up.

"Don’t think— feel! Nice little thrills up and down your spine!" Diana smiled up with twinkling mouth, lifting Dexter’s hand to her lips. There, I’ve left a lot of rouge on your fingers! What is it you don’t understand about us?"

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"I want something beyond marriage, something which no other person but you can give me,"

Lesbian Herstory Educational Foundation, Inc.
P.O. Box 1258, New York, NY 10116
Tele 718.768.3953 (DYKE) Fax 718.768.4663
www.lesbianherstoryarchives.org