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

...a women's organization to aid the Lesbian in discovering her place in society and to educate 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; and by providing an organized structure through which she can work to change society's limitations upon her lifestyles; by providing a forum for the interchange of ideas and constructive solutions to women's problems.

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

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

4. To investigate the penal code and to promote changes, in order to provide equitable handling of cases involving homosexuals, with due process of law and without prejudice

TO SAY AND BELIEVE THAT GAY IS GOOD.
What's In a Name?

What's in a name? Frustration and resentment, as far as I'm concerned; because I'm female.

How can I know who I am when I've never even had a name of my own? I was given a "first name" belonging to a grandmother I detested, a "middle name" belonging to my other grandmother, and a "last name" indisputably belonging to my father. My mother had no name to give me, since she herself carried only the names of others. After two marriages and as many divorces, I have been "allowed" to give back my father's name to him and my first husband's back to him. But I'm still stuck with a grandmother's name and a divorced husband's name. Why can't I have a name of my own?

Mary Isabelle Burlingame. Mary was the grandmother I detested because she stood for all the degradation of women in our society--"stood for" in that she willingly put up with it, even "standing" tall and straight and grim-mouthed to take her "due" punishment. Her life was a big zero. Mary, meek and mild, all her life an obedient child. It is a name completely unfitting for me and certainly not one I would choose for myself.

Isabelle, the grandmother I admired, whose name I continue to use (what other choice do I have?) was as opposite from Mary as the two poles. She lived in days much darker than today's woman can even imagine. She described for me the experience of giving birth to my father, her only child. In her words, "they gave the cattle better care at childbirth." So the rest of her life she wore a big wad of cotton in her vagina, to keep her uterus from hanging down in her drawers.

Yet she created a strong, intelligent and human life for herself, even in those dark ages. She was a whole woman, the real head of the household, buying and selling property, and building up a sound financial family institution.
Lest you envision her as a hatchet-faced, masculine woman, let me set it straight. Belle was just that, a belle, in the finest meaning of the word. Vivacious, beautiful, clean and fragrant, her skin was still firm velvet when she died at the age of 87.

Men and women of all ages loved her, and also children. She didn't win them through coyness, her attraction was the over-all beauty of strong, healthy body, mind, and attitudes. She didn't hate anyone, even men, though she might have had some justification in the case of men.

Her love was not expressed in words, or in church, but in deeds. Her deeds, for the most part, were unknown to anyone but the receivers of her loving attentions.

It was years before I accidentally discovered why she served a certain derelict old lady so obviously a lush, tastefully prepared and beautifully arranged luncheon once a week. I thought Grandma was too naive to see through the old gal's mooching, or to know that she spent all her State pension on booze. But Grandma knew all right. And Grandma knew, too, that this was all the more reason why the poor old soul needed a friend and a good meal at least once a week.

Grandma just let us go on thinking what we would, never mentioning her underlying reasons. In her love-giving there was no compromise. She didn't care if others thought she was being taken.

So why do I object to carrying her name as my own? Because it was her name, and I could never be her. Having such great admiration for her, I might choose Isabelle for my name, had I a choice, though perhaps not. There are others, too, I greatly admire; yet I would not adopt their names for my own.

Then—the Burlingame. Again, a greatly admired person, my father was so unique they threw away the mold. I was not and never will be my father.

Now we come to the greatest insult of all: being required to use the name of a man from whom I am divorced. Bad enough it is for a woman to give up her identity willingly (I was never one of the willing) upon marriage; but to be branded the rest of her life with the name of a divorced husband is the peak of cruelty and stupidity. Oh sure, I can take back my father's name via long tangles of red tape, and money I don't have. But I don't want my father's name: I want my own!
On January 26, 1971, Congresswoman Martha W. Griffins introduced the following joint resolution to the House of Representatives, (91st Congress) which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

**JOINT RESOLUTION**

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States relative to equal rights for men and women.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two thirds of each House concurring therein), that the following article is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states within seven years from the date of its submission by the Congress:

**ARTICLE**

**SECTION 1.** Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

**SECTION 2.** The Congress shall have the power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

**SECTION 3.** This amendment shall take effect two years from the date of ratification.

The Equal Rights Amendment is certainly not new. It has been introduced in every Congress for 48 years; but it has had its supporters for more than one hundred years. It has received favorable action but as yet has not achieved final acceptance. (The Fourteenth Amendment has been in effect since 1868, and in all those years the Supreme Court has never once held unconstitutional a law which discriminated on the basis of sex.)

The Equal Rights Amendment was first introduced in 1923 at the insistence of Alice Paul, the leader of the National Women's Party, which had played a dominant role in securing final approval of the Woman Suffrage (18th) Amendment.

On several past occasions, efforts have been made in Congress to modify the Equal Rights Amendment by adding such language as that proposed in the so-called "Hayden rider" of the 81st, 83rd, and 86th Congresses: "The provisions of this article shall not be construed to impair any rights, benefits, or exemptions now or hereafter conferred by law upon persons of the female sex."

These modifications, were designed primarily to preserve existing "protective" legislation and to prevent women from being subject to the military draft.

Those within the movement fought against the "Hayden rider" and other modifications. The attitude is one of "all or nothing." And if it is nothing once again, the bill will be introduced in the 92nd Congress and so on until "all" has been achieved.

To become law, 38 states must ratify the ERA within seven years of Congressional passage, which was in March, 1972. As it stands now, 29 states legislatures have ratified the ERA. Once a state has officially ratified the amendment, it can not reverse its decision, as a few are apparently trying to do today. On the other hand, a state which has refused to ratify the ERA can reverse its decision at any time.

If any of you out there live in a state which has not ratified the Equal Rights Amendment, find out who your Congresspeople are and bombard them with letters urging them to vote for its passage. If Congresspeople want to be re-elected, they will be responsive if enough mail reaches them from their district.

Sharon Crase
A VIEW FROM THE CLOSET

ON HEARING

MORNING. Sounds are alive around us. As our mind climbs through the clouds of unmasked self, we perceive the world in degrees. Without awareness we digest the meaning of today.

AWAKE. Not totally. We lift ourselves from our cocoon and embark upon the sensual. Shallow. The mask begins to drop in place. A reflection in the mirror. We are vaguely acquainted. We avoid too deep and penetrating a look. Somehow, strangers now, we feel there isn't enough time to really know this individual peering back at us.

The tempo builds about us. Other masks hurrying by. Their vehicles of movement different... but the masks, are they not the same? No matter, busy work to do.

TENSE. Awareness as though a lot closed about. Must finish this; must begin that. Sounds more definite now. Audio perception peaking. Grating of air waves vibrating on exposed nerves.


CORRELATE. Self and they. We speak. Reception of words vaguely out of key. Mind still not at its peak. More half familiar masks engaged in busy work. Adrenalin flowing quickly now but draining self. Tired before we begin.


Bothersome work. Almost through. Now escape. Pressed against other masks rushing to lift them somewhat, somehow. Shelter. SAFE! Adrenalin exhausted. Rhythm returning Slowly, slowly...

EVENING. A familiar mask. Exposed slightly. Listening a little more closely. Not too much. Realizing closeness. As close as we dare get. Self rises, surfacing, looks about, retreats. I hear you. Far away. I am trying. This is how it must be. Knowing little of you. Knowing less of me. The rhythm of self much steadier here. If only...more of this, ease is it called? Feeling much more the universe in part as it should be.

NIGHT. Mask leaves in the darkness as drowsiness sedates it. Body beats smoothly now as ebb and flow returns in key with drummer deep inside. Feeling, as tensions leave, a cleansing of the alien vibrations. Now they are gone. Pinacle of light in dark of universe. Self slowly emerging as mind releases control. Drugged by sleep. Do you hear me now? Yes. Are you listening? YES! But will I remember tomorrow? Mask dead. Self only now alive.

We cannot hear. We are all deaf. The universe speaks but we cannot receive it. Our ears are not the key. It is our hearts which must do the listening. Yet, if we cannot hear self then how are we to hear those around us?

We are told by some that self is ego. This is true.
But self and ego are not the negative. Must we assume so readily that self is evil, violent, and to be constantly controlled? By so controlling self what damage do we do? By so controlling self how much of life do we miss?

Is not self the true WE? Is self not perhaps the universe unfurled with wisdom far beyond our eyes, our ears, our lips, but not perhaps our grasp?

We are the controlled and the controllers. Yet through our control could it not be that we stifle our essence, our very reason for existence?

The masks we wear are not masks at all but shells and badges which reveal us as we cannot be. Yet we are. We are aware but afraid and our fear causes us our failures, our defeats. Self has retreated deep inside. We touch it without realizing that when the mask falls into place; that it is then, when mask and self meet, the game we play becomes most clear.

Sappho

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN AGAINST RAPE

It is no accident that the New York Radical Feminists through the technique of consciousness-raising discovered that rape was not a personal misfortune, but an experience shared by all women in one form or another. When more than two people have suffered the same oppression, the problem is no longer personal but political—and rape is a political matter.

It is a matter to be dealt with in feminist terms for female liberation.

We, the San Francisco Women Against Rape, are working toward building an effective Rape Crisis Center for the San Francisco area. We need your help.

We will be providing:
1. Crisis counseling to rape victims.
2. Emergency phones for referral and information, (legal, medical, etc.)
3. Support for women at hospitals, police interrogations, court.
4. Group discussions.
5. Information on rape prevention (various forms of self-defense).
6. Work to have the mass media provide realistic information regarding rape.
7. Ongoing discussions on rape and its political implications.

None of these things can happen without your participation in the project. If you have any ideas or wish to participate, leave your name, address, and phone number with us today, or call us at: 648-7425 or write: San Francisco W.A.R.
P.O. Box 40709
San Francisco, California 94140
SHERI
ADRIENE
RITA
DIANE
Rape is...

- Rape is a crime committed by men against women.
- Rape is an act whereby men gain power over women.
- Rape is an act that all men benefit from. It instills fear which "Keeps women in their place." A woman doesn't have to be raped to understand it.
- Rape as a concept is used by white men to oppress black men, black women and white women.
- Rape is used as a social policy to subdue conquered nations. The victors rape the female population, thereby humiliating both the women and their men. The victors then rape their girlfriends and wives when they get home.
- Rape as a threat is a way of keeping women in their homes and in the company of men, their "protectors". This threat seriously limits the lives of women.
- Rape will create anger in a man only if he feels that his private property has been threatened or tampered with. His essential concern is not for the victim.
- Rape is legalized in marriage.
- Rape is men forcing sex on women because of their conditioned belief that this is their biological right.
- Rape is something that a woman accepts because "natural law" dictates that her vagina should be used mainly to produce children but in the absence of children, used anyhow.
- Rape is the one crime where the victim is made to feel guilty. She is subjected to insults, propositions and other humiliations by the police, hospital personnel and the courts. Although she has been assaulted, she ends up feeling responsible.
- Rape is considered a major crime, but when it actually happens it is not taken seriously unless the victim is murdered (you can't rape a healthy woman.)
- Rape is the least reported crime.
- Rape is a violent crime in which the victim is afraid to defend herself. She is trained to be passive and thinks she is incapable of verbal and physical defense.
- Rape is sanctioned by the state. In New York, corroboration by a witness is needed to prove the crime. In 1969, 1,840 rapes were reported but only one rapist was convicted.
- Rape is committed by male gynecologists, dentists, general practitioners and psychiatrists, either psychologically, physically or through the use of drugs. In the physician/patient relationship the male is in an ascendant, powerful position and the female is in a powerless one.
- Rape is an expression of the hatred of women, not of love. It is an act of violence couched in sexual terms.
- Rape is whenever you feel you've been raped.
- Rape is the ultimate expression of the existing relationship between women and men.

It is a matter to be dealt with in feminist terms for female liberation.

Excerpted from a statement by Mary Ann Manhart, Joan Mathews, Florence Bush - NY Radical Feminists-Spring/1971
### Sisters Production
- **9** - Articles due.
- **14-17** - Type articles.
- **18** - Sisters goes to press.
- **21** - Collate Sisters and mail. 7 pm.

(For above activities, we honestly need your physical help. For more info, call and leave message. Say you're calling to help on Sisters. We meet at DOB, of course.)

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#### House Fund
- Goal: $7,500.00
- Pledged: $1,827.06

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#### Wednesday Night Raps

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>What they call women's intuition. Claudia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Reincarnation as it relates to feminism. Marley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Radical psychiatry—guest speakers, thanks to Carlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Masturbation techniques, from the Sex Information Switchboard - Maggie Rubinstein &amp; Jane Tasle-Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>N.O.W. -- guest speaker from local chapter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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#### Other Activities
- **11** - Business meeting, 8 pm at DOB office, 1005 Mkt. St., Room 402-4. All women welcome. Bring your ideas for raps, events, etc. Free!
- **19** - Sing-along (!) at Marley, Veronica & Charleen's. Jamming, bring instruments, lotsa fun. Could extend into party! 1743-8th Ave. 4 pm.
Editor's Introduction

This is the second of a series of articles on strong women in Chinese and Japanese films.

You're Dead—Japanese film shown at Kinmon Hall. The hero, Junko Fuji, is a 'chivalrous gambler' adept with a knife and with judo. She becomes involved in a farmers' struggle against a military unit in control of a refinery which is ruining their crops. After the farm leader is murdered, Ms. Fuji is relentless. She heads for the War Minister in Tokyo; he appears in a bath towel, a comical, bald-headed old man with a walrus mustache. Taken by her beauty, he steps forward to take her hand, only to be thrown across the room. When he learns that they are from the same prefecture he laughs and cries, 'I'm glad to see a strong Kyoshii woman like you!' He invites her and a mutual acquaintance to drink for the evening. Consequently the War Minister sends investigators to the farming village. In the climax of the film Ms. Fuji exposes the villain before everyone. A fracas ensues in which she easily kills several men (a typical element in this genre) and chases and kills the villain.

Ms. Fuji throws the War Minister's adjutant and twice saves a man from being murdered by hoodlums. While she answers the man who accuses her of cheating by stabbing his hand, the farm leader slavishly submits to the villain's merciless beating. In this genre the female hero commonly overshadows or is stronger than the men in some way—in material arts, initiative, personality.

Ms. Fuji is a blend of two seemingly antithetical sets of qualities: she is compassionate, kind, warm, tender, and she is dauntless, effectual, strong. Familiar maternal scenes take place between her and a little boy; and she is loved not only by him but by a loyal subordinate as well. When she learns that some threatening hoodlums have mistaken her for someone else, she demands an apology. She is straight and tall, serene and cool. There is none of the animal tension and surfacing hostility found in male heroes.

Blind Swordswoman, Part II, Japanese film shown at the Kokusai Theatre. The hero is a blind swordsman who roams around killing men for reward money. She takes up a new life with a farmer, a wide-eyed youth, but their happiness is short-lived. The husband is tricked by hoodlums into losing a great deal of money gambling. They order Ms. Matsuyama to kill the village fencing instructor in exchange for her husband's life. Instead, Matsuyama leaves him and goes to settle the score once and for all with the hoodlums. Her rage at being forced to forsake her happy, peaceful life startles them. The highpoint of the film is a dance-like, dream-like swordfight sequence interspersed with still scenes of Ms. Matsuyama wielding her sword.

Again we find the swordswoman defeating strong, masculine men, up to about 15 of them in one scene. Ms. Matsuyama is stronger than any of the men in the film (except the fencing instructor). She and her husband are opposites: she is worldly, bold, and courageous; he is innocent and timid. Because of his innocence he falls into a trap that only his wife can rescue him from. In the end she leaves him. Ms. Matsuyama is more complex than many a super-male forced to live by the sword. She is tender, gay, and loving. Her profession does not pervade her entire being like a cancerous growth.

These women do not have the toughness found in the strong women of the 1940s Hollywood (Rosalind Russell, Barbara Stanwyck, et al.), in dykes, in many radical feminists, and in machismo males. They lack that defiance of the world, that threatening quality, the hardness and easy provocability. Nor is there the flaunted toughness of the dyke or the super-male. These women have strength which is not easily measured, for it comes from within.
Yet the viewer can sense their tender and loving qualities as well as their strength. Perhaps we could say they are womanly, but it is a kind of womanliness which many women would welcome in men because it would humanize, that is, complete them. Their gentleness grows not out of impotence or weakness, but from inner strength.

Unlike conventional women, their love is not impatient but sustains life in a dangerous world; unlike many men their power is not an animal's nor a machine's, but a human being's because it is integrated with love. With these women love and power are allies which make the woman a person.

The Invincible Eight, a Chinese film shown at the Grandview Theatre. Seven swordfighters, three of them women, attempt to assassinate a corrupt general. The major swordswoman, Miao Ker-hsiu, is the adopted daughter of the general, who taught her martial arts from an early age. Although Miao is small, somewhat delicate-looking, and young (about age 20), she overshadows the men in her inner strength, self-composure, sharp mind, supreme self-assurance, and her effectiveness in martial arts. In contrast, the personalities of the men are sketchy and bland and their strength crude. The men listen to her. She devises a strategy for attacking the general and a weapon to counter his powerful nine whips, wielded by nine men. As in many Chinese swordfighter films, no sex distinctions are made within the fighting group.

(Ms. Miao's swordswoman in this and another film, The Blade Spares None, is one of the strongest and most impressive ever seen by the reviewer. The Blade Spares None is highly recommended.)

Americans tend to associate height, large or muscular build, and surface toughness with power—and conversely, small size with vulnerability and weakness.

Power seems to be a quality of the outer person. Consequently the sheer physical presence of a man tends to make an American woman feel threatened or protected. In reaction some radical feminists take pride in their large size and in presenting a strident, fiercely aggressive image of themselves (say, through obscene language and karate).

On the other hand, the swordswomen of Chinese and Japanese films tend to be slight and to look delicate or feminine. In their novels and films the Chinese do not link power with size, musculature and surface toughness—hence power is not the prerogative of men (nor of the young). A slight, delicate-looking woman may defeat a big man or a little old woman may be a martial arts instructor of young men. This phenomenon is less puzzling if we consider that the martial arts of China and Japan require not so much physical strength and aggressiveness as such qualities as inner strength and inner calm.

Lily Tom

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VALERIE,

Thank you for the best year of my life. Your love has more than made up for all the hurt in the past. I'm looking forward to many more years with you.

All My Love,
Dell
A Dedication to your Closet PART II

Your every action
I map out in my mind
Every word, I take in with meditation
Your name and symbolism, on paper outline
And over and over I copy
The space between us, I question
As I observe indirectly
The nervous uneven silence between us, I measure
Just give it time -
Until we can build enough trust, enough courage
Then hopefully that space we'll minimize
And break that uneven silence and it's pressure
IF only you would smile
As of now, while studying you I try
To be sensitive to your being
Therefore, I'm receptive, I'm passive
Even thou it pains me to see you leaving
   Alone as you walk by
When you think I'm not to notice
I catch your searching wandering eye
You leave always with uncertainty, nervously
silent questions
Vibrate through your whole existence
Perhaps this signifies ...................?
A small crack on your closet walls
   IF only you would smile
In your quiet, calm moments with your soul
I hope you ask yourself
   Why
Inspite of all my feelings building -
   NOT one direct word do I say
Always everywhere looking -
   I look for signs
I saw your Juicy 'Fruit'gum wrapper you crumbled and
   tossed away!

Liane Esstelle
CONTROL

here we two female human beings are
sitting on the couch and i am close to you my
friend the daylight world we've learned has got
our relationship in its grip and i can't move
my arm to where it wants to be
around you.

it stays here alongside my body where it has been
taught to belong when i try to let it go to you
it will only approach and pat your hand 3 times
and return to my side god help me i want you so.

Freddie Creed
(copyright 1972 by WOMEN: a Journal of Liberation, 3028 Grummont Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218)
submitted by Sue Timmerman

RETREAT

Twenty-eight years of fog—and the sun came out.
And so did I.
Eyes unused to sunshine, too weak, went blind.
And I went back in.

Sandy


When they hauled You away for disturbing the Peace for
sitting Tight against the War,
I put another Dime
in your parking meter and
swung on home to watch the
tube news.

Eventually You appeared—
in Black and White—
blew a kiss to the court,
ducked under the bailiff's arm
and Fell out of sight for Thirty Days.

Ah, Baby, Baby
I tell you now—
Wasn't no big thing, but
that Dime—
it didn't last.

Pomerleau
TODAY

Today I am a great beautiful giant
Living in the body of a woman

I am the strong wind
Blowing leaves thru children's hair

Today I belong to life
At this moment I am all live

I am Oak                 I am Willow

     I am all.

    Ann E.

Where is her Support?

For I have seen her lying there
    like a piece of stone
Under enough stress to crumble
Feeling unstone like feelings -
    hard as rock, sharp as flint.
Trying to feel like nothing -
To forget the fear and shame of helplessness
Against an aggressive assault by
    a stronger being.
Never to forget the unappeased injustice;
    to her core - to her womanhood; to her right to life.

The realization of a life of oppression
    of her vulnerability.
Wanting to fight back and survive -
    freely and independently
With the awesome recognition of her adversary,
    of heraloneness;

The isolation of a raped woman.

Sheri
Dear Sisters,

San Francisco is a beautiful city, as we discovered on a recent trip out west. I say 'beautiful' because of its atmosphere. Those of you who live in or around the city may not be aware of the kind of atmosphere I mean. It's freedom. Freedom in almost every sense of the word. Maybe not to you but to us it was a shock to walk down the street holding hands if we felt like it and not get tossed in the gutter by the police or harrassed by onlookers. To go to a gay girls' bar and not fear a raid, or get snickered at or regarded as freaks. To walk into an establishment like that for the first time in your life is almost like coming home after a long journey. We attended a DOB rap session and enviously listened to plans being made and appeals being heard for help on projects. We couldn't volunteer our services because we would be leaving the city soon. But those of you who live there didn't volunteer either. This may be an old cliche, but it's very apropro...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT UNTIL YOU LOSE IT! To us San Francisco is the Mecca. We made our pilgrimage and the Mecca made us welcome, warmly so, and we ach-ed when we left.

Don't any of you remember what it was like being a lesbian in Kansas City, or Houston, Texas, or Buffalo, New York, or Salt Lake City, Utah, etc.? How alone, hidden, paranoic...you were about your true self, your true feelings? Don't any of you recall your first trip to San Francisco, your first visit to DOB? How often do any of you say, in all sincerity, that you wish there was something you could do? Well, my sisters, here is something you can do, very easily, with a minimum of effort and only a little guts. Attend the functions, the rap sessions, the dances, the meetings of DOB. IN ABSENTIA for all of us across this country who cannot be there. We have the only valid excuse...miles and miles separate us from the Mecca. But you who live within driving distance of the city have no excuse except laziness or a don't-give-a-damn-attitude.

So, I invite each of you, I challenge each of you, to either attend in absentia for all of us, or show that I am right in my accusations that none of you really care about your sisters and can't be bothered getting involved for them.

Shawn

lavender woman
lesbian newspaper
the lesbian paper of CHICAGO

$3.00 for one year subscription
SEND TO: LAVENDAR WOMAN
c/o Betty Peters
2916 N. Burling
Chicago, Ill. 60657
WANTED

Gay Woman, in her late 40's or early 50's, to share my home, 2 bedrooms, 1/4 acre, backyard fenced, Vidar, Texas, near Houston. Call Tommie 1-713-769-7520.

Sisters would like to create a "Letter to the Collective" column. We want to hear your praise or criticism or anything you want to write about. Ask a question or make a suggestion. This is your magazine so tell us what you want to read about. Also please send in more articles (on anything you feel would be of interest to our readers). We are up to our ears in poems for a change, so crank out an article this month and help the Sisters take a breather!

Several women's groups have been utilizing D.O.B.'s new office space. Does your group need a place to meet? We are glad to share. Call 861-8689 for info.

Our Wednesday night raps have been highly successful the past several months. Attendance has ranged from thirty to sixty women at each session. If you have not been to a rap recently, then, by all means, drop by some Wednesday between 7 and 9 and witness the changes which have taken place. Or if you plan on being in San Francisco sometime soon, please schedule a Wednesday night at D.O.B.. All women are welcome. $1.00 for non-members, $.50 for members (rent money).

Plans are underway for a Nashville D.O.B.!! Contact Dianne at 3822 Faulkner Drive, Nashville, Tennessee, 37211.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

DOB San Francisco: 1005 Market St. #402-404
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 861-8689
DOB Boston: 419 Boylston St. #406
Boston, Mass. 02116
DOB New Jersey: P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, New Jersey, 07023
DOB Dallas: c/o Rob Shivers, Box 5944
Dallas, Texas, 75222

MEMBERSHIP IN SAN FRANCISCO
DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

Single Membership: $7.00 ($9.00 overseas) includes half-price to social functions, library privileges and SISTERS for one year.

Couples: $10.00 ($12.00 overseas) includes half-price to social functions, library privileges and SISTERS for one year.

MEMBERSHIP LIMITED TO THOSE 18 YEARS OR OLDER

Cover by Valerie Manning