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.
Vol. IV, No. 6

OFFICERS - SF DOB

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The opinions expressed in these pages do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the general membership of the Daughters of Bilitis.

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"Chicken soup? Would anybody like to come to my house for chicken soup, lox and bagels?"

All weekend I'd been waiting for some L.A. dyke to come up to me and offer to feed me. But no one did until the conference was over.

I think the highlight of the conference for me was when an unknown sister walked up to me and gave (yes, gave), me two cold pieces of Pizza. UCLA may be a great institution of learning, but it is very short on the necessities of life, such as cheap parking and cheap food.

UCLA is located in the Westwood area of L.A., right next to Bel-Air. I must say the geographical location of the conference contrasted strikingly with the economic means of most of the participants of the conference. Needless to say, to find a cheap place to eat was next to impossible. Food was little, expensive, and scarce. At least the pee was free.

I and my San Francisco entourage arrived about 7:30 P.M. Friday. On our way into the main auditorium we were harassed by redneck religious zealots who held placards telling us that our "sin" is an offense to God, and exhorting us to repent or go to hell. They called us queers, cunt suckers, and other such interesting names. Here I am, a lesbian at my own conference, being oppressed by these heterosexual chauvinist creeps! I thought of taking my dog repellant out of my pocket and spraying all of them in their bigoted, fanatic, lascivious eyeballs, but I didn't want to get the whole conference busted, so I contented myself with calling them some dirty names. It's a wonder that they didn't get beaten up, because there were some mean dykes there. In any case, I'm positive no one repented.
Friday evening was slated for entertainment, which was quite appropriate. Nobody feels like participating in a heavy political debate when they’ve travelled 400 miles or more. Entertainment—what could be less objectionable and more uncontroversial, especially when it’s done by our dyke sisters? Everyone was having a really good time, until our now infamous preoperative male transsexual got up to sing and play his/her guitar. I won’t mention his/her name because I don’t think this person deserves that much publicity. (“Any publicity is good publicity,” as they say in the starr business.) My point being that we are making a movement star out of him/her, and this person doesn’t deserve stardom, at least not from this lesbian woman’s movement.

Thanks to a small coterie of shit-disturbing dykes from San Francisco and Berkeley, the shit hit the fan when this man got ready to sing. They had to fight tooth-and-claw for the microphone in order to expose him/her as a man and let everyone know what was happening. Can you imagine 1200 stoned, tired, hungry dykes in an auditorium trying to discuss the transsexual issue? There was a lot of screaming and yelling. Finally a vote was taken as to whether he/she could stay. Half the women there didn’t even know who or what they were voting for or against. I just chuckled to myself. (If I didn’t have any sense of humor, I’d never survive in the women’s movement.) He/she was allowed to stay and perform, and 300 lesbians walked out.

After THAT travesty ended, a film called “Home Movie” was shown by Jan Oxenborg, that depicted growing up straight and coming out gay. A gay women’s theatre group from Sacramento put on an amusing play about a man called “Robin Screw,” who, at the end, has his cock chopped off by a dyke. What a great lesbian fantasy fulfillment!

Saturday morning Robin Morgan gave her expected inflammatory, vindictive, man-hating sermon. Having had quite a bit of experience with the male-dominated New Left, she was quick to point out the sexism of some of its members and to stress that the women’s movement must be by and for women only. She emphasized that we cannot waste our time aligning with Socialists, blacks, or any other male-dominated group. She wasn’t too happy with much of anything, but she did express some positive, optimistic feelings towards women working together in the movement. Then came the almost stock-in-trade stories with which we are all familiar, of women being tortured and raped by sadistic, sexually depraved men.

At this time, one of the aforementioned religious zealots appeared on the steps above her with his repent sign. Everyone booed, and the planners of the conference quickly joined arms to prevent him from being beaten up. But by now, some women were so mad that no one could hold them back, so he was chased away by some lesbians and his sign was torn up.

Ms. Morgan called man-hating an honorable profession and went on to discuss the transsexual issue. She specifically referred to the argument that occurred Friday night over whether he/she should entertain. She said that we should never let a man divide us again, and suggested that if one sister had felt that the transsexual should leave, then he/she should have left.

She decried her sisters who contemptuously refer to older lesbian couples who have remained true to one another over a period of years, as “monog.” Ms. Morgan said that polygamy is a concept created by New Left males so they can “gang rape” as many women as they want. “This society has said that you have to fuck a lot, and if you don’t fuck
a lot, then there's something wrong with you," she stated. Her speech, punctuated many times by tears and a trembling voice, ended in tears.

Saturday afternoon there were many workshops scheduled, including Writer's Workshop, Law Reform, Gay Mothers, Prisons, Racism, Women's Studies, etc. There was a general feeling among most of the serious participants at the conference that there were too many things to do, and too little time to relax. I attended the Writer's Workshop, so I will report on what happened there. Everyone just sat around wondering what to talk about. Like, where is our leader? Eventually we got into a discussion of where and how to publish our writing, which I felt was profitable. Then suddenly someone noticed that our time was almost up, and practically everyone FLED from the room! Some serious writers. This was quite typical of the disorganized, chaotic nature of this conference.

Back to the general meeting. The dreaded transsexual issue was brought up again, and the lesbian mothers weren't at all happy with the childcare that was provided. Nothing went right. The meeting turned into a shouting match. Forget Robert's Rules of Order—95% of the dykes there had probably never even heard of them. After things settled a bit, I grabbed the mike and announced that there was a poetry reading going on in another room, thus providing some alternative to the wrangling going on.

Pat Parker and Heather (both from the East Bay), Zelima from San Jose, and I read poetry. Some woman in the audience commented that this had been the best part of the whole damn, stinking conference. I had to agree. It was a refreshing high.

Saturday evening Kate Millet spoke, and what a contrast she was to Robin Morgan! She was breezy, cool, friendly, and intimate. She cracked jokes, read her sensual love poetry, and warmed our hearts and libidos. However, she was rudely pulled off the stage before she had finished, because another group had to go on, and the speakers were being scheduled. Gay people are always late.

Sunday morning was left open so that those who wished could attend M. C. C. church services. After that a general meeting and more workshops were schedules. At the general meeting a woman got up and said that she was speaking for another sister who had been in Robin Morgan's workshop on Saturday. Plainly stated, this sister had asked Ms. Morgan several pointed questions, and each time Robin Morgan had changed the subject on her, and refused to answer her question directly. Her friend, she continued, had felt manipulated by Robin Morgan. This almost erupted into another hysterical screaming match, but fortunately this sister knew when to get off the stage. I thought back to Robin Morgan's speech and realized how truly manipulative it was. She obtained the standing ovation her ego required, but she manipulated the hell out of her sisters.

After this big flap was over, some of the workshops reported on what they'd accomplished. The racism workshop introduced a resolution that at all future conferences we try to deal with our racism. At one time there were 3 resolutions on the floor simultaneously! Then someone announced that we could not possibly presume to speak for the whole conference, since half the people had already left by that time. So none of the three resolutions were passed. Three members of the sexuality workshop got up and put their arms around each other for their "report." It was cute, but not very informative. A member of the lesbian mothers workshop said they were
going to have another meeting in a month or so, and that it was time that the rest of us get ourselves together.

Later on that same afternoon, Kate Millet also had a workshop for herself and others who wanted to read poetry. Kate made one comment which I thought was particularly relevant to the lesbian lifestyle. She said, "I'm so damned tired of this serial monogamy" where you are with one person for a while, then they reject you, and you go on to ONE other person until you reject them, and so on. "Why can't we just love more than one person at a time?" she asked. A good question.

I stayed in Los Angeles a couple of days after the conference, and that was when I met some of the true lesbian activists in L.A.—women who were doing more than mouthing the correct rhetoric. The women who are doing positive things to further lesbian liberation in L.A. are all over 30. I can't see anyone in my own age group actually DOING anything except talking. That's our favorite technique for winning the revolution—we'll TALK the enemy to death.

Never have I heard more talk of sisterhood and seen less of it from my own sisters! Sisterhood is an altruistic concept that states we must put our own sex first above all others, that we should respect and help each other. I feel that the rude interruptions and the screaming and yelling that occurred anytime someone wanted to speak were insufferable. The fascist unwillingness of some to let their "sisters" have their say, if only for a minute, was most appalling. If we proved anything to anyone, it was that we all need to be locked up together in a cage for a long time, for we can't even keep order among ourselves.

The only reason for conferences like these to exist is for meeting people, and reuniting with old friends. Affirmative action happens AFTER conferences like this end, with small groups of people. I think the conference was a flop, not because of faulty planning, but due to the immature attitude of many of those present.

As I commented to many people, the conference was nothing but a mass catharsis, an opportunity for lesbians to collectively rid themselves of their hostility and hate. Once again, outside forces have divided us. Men weren't present at most of the conference, but many women, I think, allowed their rage at the men who have oppressed us, who have made us "queer," who have raped us, to spill over onto their own sisters.

With over 1,000 wall-to-wall lesbians, it should have been beautiful. But it wasn't.

Roberta Dill
A duet of neurotics
plunk on the grass
sipping the night like medicine
sipping each other like new wine
sipping themselves wantonly.

"ginger lox"

Her Office in Jerusalem

"God is a woman,"
said the lady for women's liberation
"She wore nice simple clothes,
and worked in a simple office
from 9 to 5 in Jerusalem."

Karen Robidoux

IN DEFENSE OF ROBIN MORGAN

I have rarely been as moved by a public speaker as I was by Robin Morgan at the West Coast Lesbian Conference in Los Angeles. Perhaps I run the risk of being uncautious, at best, when I say that her speech was a truly integrative experience, both for her and for us.

While some, no doubt, came away with the feeling that Ms. Morgan is bitter and vituperative, the overriding message—and emotion—that came through was love. Love through unity is the only way that women will succeed in the struggle, and love through unity is what Robin Morgan preached that day. Amidst the tiresome rhetoric and jargonistic thinking of some other speakers in the movement, she stands out as a concise, coherent, emotional and intellectual leader.

That last element is not to be lightly regarded. There is a movement afoot, as Ms. Morgan pointed out in her speech, toward antintellectualism, the cult of anti-reason. I don't pretend to have the answers as to why it has taken such a hold on us, but it is something that we cannot afford to succumb to, if our own movement is to be taken seriously.

Robin Morgan's speech contained no elements of that cult of anti-reason; and for that alone, I think, she has been much criticized. This was evident in the afternoon rap session that she had, during which a young woman painfully tried to articulate her own feelings. The pain was evident, but the message was not. Ms. Morgan did her best to field the question, but it was difficult to do because the woman was simply not making herself clear. Instead of realizing what was going on, several women accused Robin of being a middle-class intellectual! How heartwarming it was to have her state that she had not been to college, and that she intended to make no apo-
logies for speaking as she did. Her dynamic affirmation of sisterhood at the end, when the woman came up to the microphone, was enough to bridge the gap between understanding and misunderstanding (which was the real issue, after all).

But there were many who came away feeling that Robin had "put down" the woman. No, sisters. I think it should have been evident to all of us that Robin Morgan is a gifted poet, a gifted speaker—but, most of all, she is a gifted woman. She realized the pain of misunderstanding that was at stake here, as many of us did not.

The ideas contained in her speech, the emotions she aroused (with a fantastic degree of control), and the theme of love through unity will give us much food for thought, discussion, and action in the times to come. I, for one, am tired of the constant nay-sayers who must cover up their own ignorance with false ideology.

Virginia A. McConnell

IN RETROSPECT

Despite all the valid criticism floating around, the West Coast Lesbian Conference was a herstory-making event in the emerging Lesbian Feminist movement. The entire weekend was intense and a great big radical shot in the arm for those of us who had settled into liberal complacency about the shocking state of affairs in society as they pertain to us as Lesbians and women.

I, for one, learned a lot from the Conference, and many things are still unfolding as I sit back in retrospect. One thing that hit me right between the eyes was: the individual women and women's groups all across this little planet of ours are going through the same head trips, are experiencing the same movement problems ("the movement blues"—or "blaaahs") and most important and unifying is that the CULTURE that is developing in the women's movement is similar throughout the country!

COMMUNICATIONS is the next crucial step in our movement now. We must develop a highly effective feminist media to unify. Unity equals strength. Tie in to all the energy sources from the feminist groups throughout the world. (Did you know that there is a radical Lesbian feminist group in Torino, Italy?) "Sisters speak of Mountain-Moving Day" will become a reality.

The most amazing thing that happened at the Conference is that two days in a row, the Family of Woman, a group of Lesbian feminist musicians from Chicago, succeeded in unifying their audience of Sisters. After an exhausting, discordant Saturday, the Family of Woman performed a mass healing and five hundred women held hands in a circle, swaying to the rhythmic message: "A Family of Woman we've become, A Family of Woman, yes we have begun...Sisters speak of Mountain-Moving Day...An army of lovers cannot fail..."
Ecstatic, loving woman-energy vibrated, pulsated in and out of each of us. Such impact! Such certainty! Such ecstasy! I fell in love... Sigh.

Free floating recollections of message words: "Because we love you, we'll give it one more try... It's too soon to die, it's too soon to die."

After a weekend wrought of disappointment, anger and frustration—a time when so many women felt that the Women's Movement was dead or dying, when the word "Sister" had lost its meaning—those words brought back all feeling. Tears, my tears, all my Sisters' tears flowed freely as we cleansed our spirits from the wounds of the day.

"Once I knew a woman. She taught me her pride and strength..." Sisters, we regenerate each other. I know that if that had been a roomful of men and women that the same kind of magic would not have emerged and generated. For it was not just the magic of the group; the Family of Woman; it was the magic of US, the FAMILY OF WOMAN.

Marley

Sisterhood, a poem for Nancy C.

I am white
homoegous as milk
my skin burns white
dry ice
a witch, a saint, a century of old sorrows.

You are black
satin inside sheath of night
the summer season touches you like rain
you lie benign on the earth's blanket of old sea
she carries you on to the sky.

Asleep you believe all.
I encircle you with cloak of crushed flower scent
entrust you with the moss cool secrets of my life
my mind encloses your knowledge for all time.
My hands encase your heart.

Awake you doubt me.
You tear at me.
I come stripped into your hands
like skin peeling down after sunburn.
The winter season pulls at me
I breathe its pungent pine-needle scent.
It pins down my soul in the snow.

Ruth Anthony
**JUNE**

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**Wednesday Night Raps**
(50¢ members/$1 non-members)

6 - Matriarchal studies
   - Claudia
13 - Experience of Loneliness
   - Jill & Sue
20 - Opening up to women
   - Marley
27 - Behind prison walls
   - Deno

**Other Activities**

10 - Angel Island Picnic. Meet at DOB, 11am. Bring lunch fun fun fun

23 - Pt. Reyes Hike to sea and back - 14 miles total. We'll leave early. Call Jackie (eves) 863-8948 for more info.

**Sisters Production**

6 - Articles due.
7-13 - Type articles
7-13 - Type articles.
14 - Sisters layout.
15 - Sisters goes to press.
18 - Collate Sisters and mail. 7 pm.

(For above activities, we honestly need your physical help. If you can help, call & leave message that you want to work on Sisters. We meet at DOB, of course.)
I am no longer gay.
I am a Lesbian.

Gertrude Stein did apply the word "gay" to a Sister, but it is no longer our word. The "gay" men have taken the word and applied it to themselves as well as to us. Since we have very little in common with our "gay brothers," I believe the same word cannot be descriptive of both homosexual men and Lesbians.

Lesbian is our very own word. It has only one meaning and is never misunderstood. We have a copyright on it.

Lesbian is a strong, proud word. As women-loving-women, proud of who and what we are, we must think of ourselves in strong, proud terms—as Lesbians—with a capital "L." Show your strength and pride; show your love—verbally and through the written word.

I am a Lesbian. You are a Lesbian. No longer are we gay.

The other word I would like to discuss is "Dyke." Once again, this is our word. It too deserves a capital. Recently the word has taken on a positive connotation, as opposed to the "old" negative meaning. True, many women fear having any labels attached to them which may accuse them of being masculine, truck-driving, combat-boot-stomping "Dykes." But many women are proud to be identified as masculine, truck-driving, combat-boot-stomping "Dykes!"

It is my opinion that today's younger Lesbians who are proud of the above labels are less hung-up than those who fear the labels.

The recent use of "Dyke" has an affectionate and matter-of-fact connotation. An example of this is demonstrated when a Lesbian walks into a room full of Lesbians and says affectionately, admiringly, sarcastically, plainly, astonishingly, hopefully, lovingly, etc., "Look at all the Dykes!" Translated: "Look at all the Lesbians I would like to meet!"

So for my Sisters (another capitalized word) who cringe everytime they hear someone use the word "Dyke," take the word for your own; love it and use it (capitalize it, even!). Eventually you will even thank some miserable person who tries to use it on you in a negative fashion. Mental hurt can only emerge if we accept "negative" labels as such. If we choose to apply healthy, positive meaning to words intended to sting, we will emerge the victors.

So from one Dyke to another, let us be proud of our Lesbianism! We may be oppressed by the larger society, but we are freer from games and roles than any other minority group in existence. Be proud of us. I am.

Sharon Crase
WOMAN-IDENTIFIED-WOMAN
EXPLORING OURSELVES

Sue Alexandre and Jill Gribin, co-founders of "Counseling for Women," will be offering an on-going 10-week group for gay women to come together for evenings of self exploration and growth.

Focus will be on sharing and exploring ourselves and each other within a safe caring group setting. We'll work with the reality issues of living-in-the-world as a gay woman and also with the intense feeling experiences of anger, fear, and pain, which may have roots in early childhood.

The group will meet one evening a week for 3 hours beginning the week of June 18th and continue for 10 weeks. The evening will be announced. The cost will be $2.50 for students and unemployed and $5.00 for employed women. Limited to 10 women.

Sue and Jill will be leading the Wednesday night rap on June 13th. The title will be "An Experience of Loneliness" and for those women interested it will be a time to experience how Jill and Sue work together with women in a group setting.

Sue and Jill also co-lead Women's Weekends for gay, straight and bisexual women. Their next weekend will be June 22-24 and the cost is $15.00 which includes meals. Limited to 10 women. There is one work scholarship available in exchange for cooking. There will be future weekends in July.

For more information, to make an appointment for individual or couple counseling (flexible fees), or to reserve a space in the on-going group or weekend, call Jill at 647-9301 or Sue at (707) 546-7292. Or send a deposit to Jill at 128 Linda St., San Francisco 94110. You can also leave a message at DOB.

Sue Alexandre and Jill Gribin
"Counseling for Women"

SYLVIA, SYLVIA

Sylvia, Sylvia.
When blood tempted you,
You managed to surrender
By calling it discovery.
You went digging for yourself
In your own flesh.

I cannot believe
It was sight you were interested in
When you held your own eyes
Before your face.

Speech could never save you
From words.
Silence could not teach you
That opposites cannot heal,
That opposites sometimes
Do not even negate.

So what if you were raging
At the stars
When your spit fell back onto your face?

When you finally took action,
I could not prevent you.
While you finished yourself off
Because you couldn't end anything,
I was out walking.

I caught Mary in the park.
She was writing haiku
Above a urinal
And signing them "jesus."

Pat Hardman
BOOK REVIEW

The Dialectics of Sex, The Case for Feminist Revolution; by Shulamith Firestone; Bantam Books; $1.25.

Into the "currently-in" sea of women's movement publications there trickles feminist political ideology. One of the most far-thinking is The Dialectics of Sex.

Shulamith Firestone states that no revolution has succeeded or will succeed until it moves on feminist principles. Until women are self-determining human beings, any social, cultural or political re-adjustment will be reform. The horrors of 1984 are merely a realistically extended view of today's male-defined power/class/sex/race structure of oppression.

All reforms have conveniently shifted power from one group of males to another—obtrusively neglecting the intrinsic core of dependent women and children. Maintaining that dependence assured the role and power remained in male hands.

The proposition of releasing women from their biological definition is not only incorporating present population dynamics and environment, but asking the question "Is motherhood innate?"

As women have never had any definition other than biology, it is interesting to wonder how many women, when they have self-determining free choice, will choose to forego the "joys" of pregnancy and labor.

Chapter 4 explores and exposes the myth of "childhood." Children are initially dependent and during the first years they identify with a fellow dependent--MOM. One of the frequently overlooked bonds between children and women is their "powerlessness." Both are dependent upon, envious of and hateful of "Father" as he wields the word, the "real world" and the Dollar.

What Ms. Firestone brings out in Chapters 5 and 6 had such an impact I will refrain from adjectives.

Chapter 5 is entitled "Racism: The Sexism of the Family of Man." To bring out racism as a sexual phenomenon is touching on a subject that the anti-establishment "establishment" has kept hidden very well. It has been far too deeply sensitive a subject.

Ms. Firestone not only examines this but looks at it in a glaring light, "Racism is Sexism Extended."

How would one envision the 21st Century feminist concept of "love?" First present love as we have been taught, then present love as we know and ultimately what love could be.

Ms. Firestone has helped me better see what has been and what could be, so I confess this is a very favorable review. I would urge every woman who feels herself to be "involved" to grab onto a copy.

Linda Wesley
On being told a mammogram was needed:

Toadie tit
doctors have declared a war on you
lactic sack
plumping up my front
pillow of a matching set
periscopic cyclop eye
that's kept my sweater plastic

Nippled temple
passion sponge
steady medics think you might be filled
with polywog

Erect your raisin head
protrude your mini penis
ejaculate its murky curd
prove them wrong

0 breast
0 home
0 froggie

---

Terry Kennedy

I WAS OPPRESSED BY THE BIG "O"

It took me quite awhile to glean from my
mother's diagrams and careful explanations,
laced heavily with the words "wonderful,"
"delicate," and "beautiful," just why people
wanted to do that erect-penis-enters-the-vagina
thing. It was supposed to feel good! It was
still later that I connected "satisfaction" and
"fulfillment" with my own autoerotic explosions.
It really messed up my fantasies—made them too
long. Somehow, though, I tacked screwing onto
the end of my favorite couple's mutual sedu-
tion and kept the climax for the end. It wasn't
easy.

Nevertheless, the night of my defloration,
I was testing God, not my own sexual responses.
It was a fair trade—my body for some hash
which belonged to two guys a friend and my-
self picked up while dragging State Street. I
got the handsome one. I undressed myself. He
got a little pissed because I dug my nails into
his back. That puzzled hell out of me because
I was only hurting back.

The next day, God didn't make me break out in
boils, and nobody seemed to be able to tell, so
I settled down to wait for my period.

The next time, I had all my fantasies going.
I was good and drunk, and I was really curious
to see if fucking could feel better than mas-
turbation.

It didn't. And it never did. It started
okay, then I wound up either suffocating under
some sweaty, heaving body or perched precari-
ously on top of same. Then I would think,
"what next?" and there never was any next, un-
less it was managing to sneak out and walk home
so I wouldn't have to try to go to sleep in
someone's arms.

It occurred to me that maybe I was a little
strange and preferred oral sex. Then I found
out that women tasted funny, and anyway, that
wasn't "real" sex. When it came to giving them
head, though, it seemed real enough, and there was only one thing wrong with it. Men taste funny.

Luckily, I started going to Women's Liberation meetings. I nearly went to only one, though, because a man was there and these two women kicked him out. I just knew they were lesbians. It didn't take me too many meetings to discover how neat women were when they had their shit together. I was living in the university dormitory at the time, and I also discovered how neat women were when they did not have their shit together.

I wound up doing panels for Gay Liberation before I had even come out.

I felt good. Now that I wasn't screwing, I couldn't be frigid. Wrong!

My first affair was with a butch. I discovered it was not okay to experiment or do what was natural for me. First of all, it wasn't really cool for me to make love to her. That would destroy her ego. I could also destroy her butch image if I didn't have five orgasms every time she stroked my palm. She was virile; I was frigid.

I won't tell you how long I played Juliet to her Babbitt. It's enough to tell you that I left her calling myself a head queer. I called myself a lesbian because I was happy working for other women. Being intimate with someone felt like being sandpapered. I was very sensitive to the pressures of lesbian sex. I didn't want my body to be used to prove to another woman that her lifestyle was just as good as her straight sisters!

Luckily, I started going to a gestalt therapy group. I became aware of the setups involved. As long as I concentrated on the ultimate, the desired end of lovemaking, I kept myself too uptight to enjoy the intermediate things that made an orgasm possible. I kept trying to relax, let go, and turn off my defenses in bed—and of course that was the time when I could

least afford to let go.

I feel now, at least thirty per cent of the time, that if I only love another woman, at least I am not hurting her, and that is rare and fine. It delights me so much to hold hands with someone that I don't need to wonder how I'll do in bed with them.

That doesn't mean I'm sexy. Sexy is hunting down a rainbow and mixing it with grease and smearing it all over your eyelids. Sexy is for other people. Sexy is saying "ooh" every time someone jerks off on you.

I am sensual. I enjoy my own skin, climbing trees or walking barefoot on sand or rubbing my toes or walking barefoot on sand or rubbing my toes or walking barefoot on sand or rubbing my toes or walking barefoot on sand or rubbing my toes or walking barefoot on sand or rubbing my toes or walking barefoot on sand. Sexy is saying "oh" every time I'm happy with my pleasure, she can leave.

I do have orgasms. I also find money on the sidewalk.

In other words, it's only okay to be unsatisfied when you are satisfied. Or, if I can't be made, I can't be unmade. Or, the final solution is to have nothing to prove. Or, I'm okay, you're okay.

At least thirty percent of the time.

Pat Hardman
The Crotch Notchers
To Kathy and all the others

She has no headboard to put the notches in
and still they come into her bed
in shadowy lines
the crotch notchers
and so I see the notches on her spare-haired
part

When I am away they come
into her bed
and make their notches

She says I am the one
they are unimportant
they comfort her
when I'm not there

But they are important
they notched our love
and sapped it's strength

It died.

Mary
Who ever heard of a bar with a monthly news­letter? Well, Scotty, owner of Scott’s Pit at 10 Sanchez in San Francisco, has. She and her lover Kate are doing wonderful and exciting things for their predominantly Lesbian clientele.

Pool tournaments, chess, pinochle, softball, buffets and talent nights are only the beginning.

For on Sunday May 13th, Scott’s Pit sponsored an auction for the Lesbian Mother’s Union to raise money for legal expenses. And do you know how much they raised? Thirteen hundred smackeroos! That’s right, and Scotty also donated a percentage of the bar intake to the cause.

This was a real community effort. Many women donated coupons for their particular services or talents to be auctioned. Two women donated 80 hours of their carpentry skills. One woman donated a free course in Wilderness Survival. Crafts, food, toys, mannequins...

Then on Wednesday night May 16th, Scotty et al hosted a Community Supper with guests Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin. (For those who may not know, Phyllis and Del are co-founders of DOB. They authored Lesbian/Woman and are now working on a book devoted entirely to Lesbian mothers.)

The turnout was astounding—the place was packed, as it was at the Auction.

The happenings at Scott’s Pit are a true service to the community. Since bars are still a major meeting place for the Gay community, it’s refreshing to see a bar owner taking such an interest in her clientele.

A bar doesn’t have to be a place to drown your sorrows. To wit, it can be a place where you can really go to have a good time and meet friendly people. To Scotty and Kate, I say RIGHT ON!

Marley

Dear Editor,

I am an inmate of the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility. I've been incarcerated for over ten years. I don't have any family and I've lost contact with all my friends. I don't receive any mail because I have nobody to write to.

At times the loneliness is unbearable. If some of your readers would care to correspond with me, I will answer their letters immediately.

Thank you.

Billie Banks
#119099
P. O. Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648

*** *** ***

The Gay Community Awards Banquet is ON! It will be held on May 31st at 7:30 pm. If you have not yet made your reservations, there is still time. Contact Barbara/Jodi at 431-7767 IMMEDIATELY! Tickets are $7.00 for singles or $10.00 for couples (marriage certificate not required).

This important event will give public recognition to and acquaint you with some of our sisters and brothers who have served long and dedicatedly in the areas of civil liberties and social change. Because all of us have reaped the benefits from their many years of service, we hope you will help us show gratitude and deep appreciation by your attendance at the banquet.
Ms. Callaneous

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO NEW JERSEY D. O. B.

Remember the House Fund?! Well, a Sister in San Jose hasn't forgotten. She offered to donate $100, if someone or ones would match it. It has been matched and the red line on the thermometer just moved up a notch. Let's keep that red line MOVING. When you mail in your donation, just mark it "House Fund" and it will get there.

Back issues of The Ladder are a collector's item, and guess what else. They are available to you through D. O. B. for $1.00 a piece.

W.A.R. DANCE - Saturday, June 9, at 8:00 pm at Bethany Methodist Church, Clipper & Sanchez. Music by EYES. Poetry by SHE WHO PLAYS WITH WORDS. Juggling by S. F. MIME TROUPE. All women welcome. $1.25 donation. Benefit for Women Against Rape.


PEN FRIEND CLUB. Write name, address and preference for local area or national. $1.00 to cover cost of mailing. DOB, 1005 Market St., Room 402, San Francisco, CA 94103
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MEMBERSHIP LIMITED TO THOSE 18 YEARS OR OLDER

Sisters Collective

We had fun on this issue...

Marley, Pat & Judy

Cover by Valerie Manning