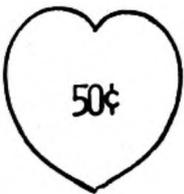


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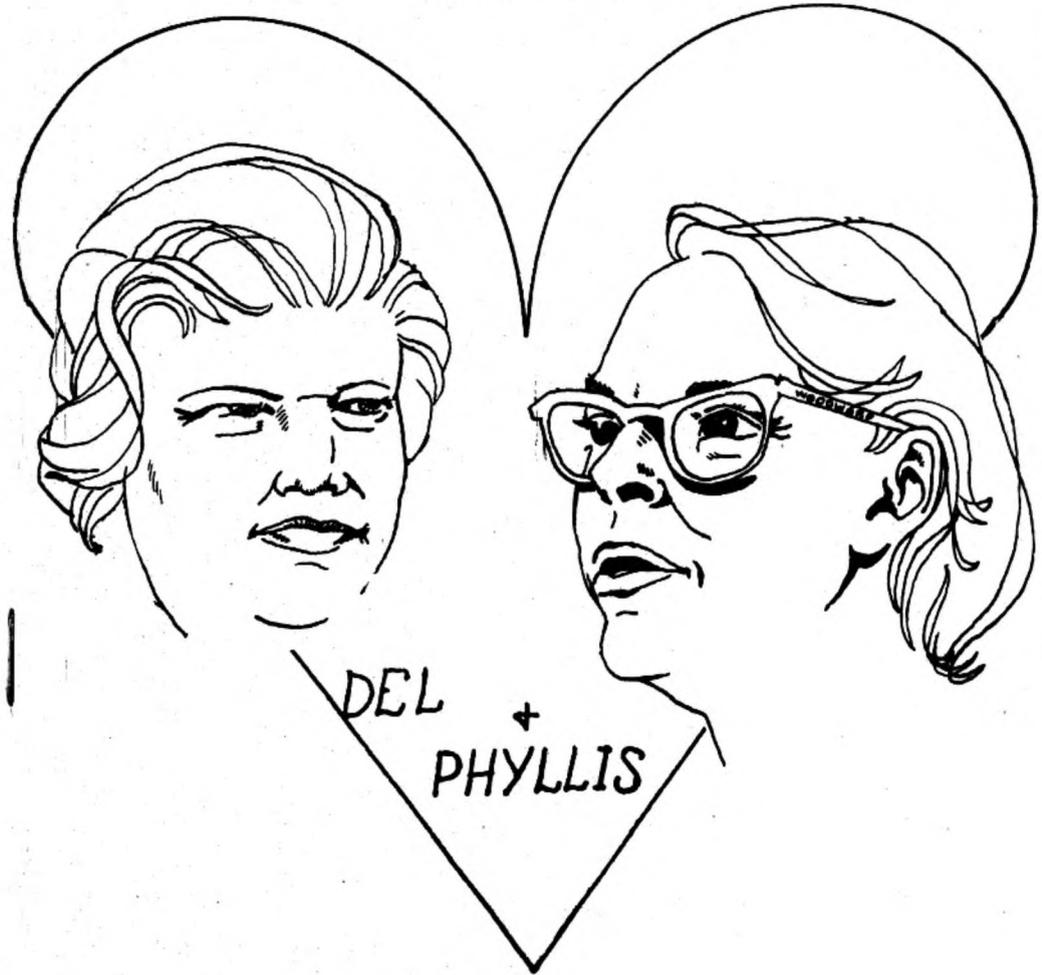


Sisters
by and for Gay Women



50¢

FEBRUARY 1974



DEL +
PHYLLIS

SAN FRANCISCO DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

Statement of Purpose

...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 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

SAN FRANCISCO DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AN AFFILIATE OF

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S CENTERS
1026 MASONIC STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94117



Volume V, Number 2

BOARD MEMBERS

Table listing board members: President (Liane), Vice-President (Millie), Correspondence (Pat & Lois), Treasurer (Melinda), Speakers' Bureau (Linda B.), Secretary (Paula), Art Coordinator (Laura).

Sisters Collective



DEAVRA

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* * *

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* * *

Cover portraits of Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon
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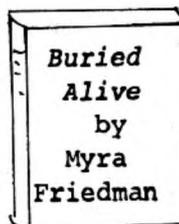
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HAVE YOU MOVED?? If so, please send us your
change of address as soon as you know it: the
P.O. charges us from 10¢ to 25¢ for each re-
turned magazine, and you don't get any issue
they return so we all lose.

* * *

BOOK REVIEW

(The Biography of Janis Joplin)



Eras close. Heroines, villains, winners and losers are regurgitated, with reasonable accuracy, into script. Lacking, in most biographies, is an insight of the social influences that light the stage on which the individual performs.

There have been several works on Janis Joplin: her life, her loves and her losses. Little of this writing has had the perspective of time with which to note the dynamic of culture.

Ms. Friedman looks into the 'Late 60's' - media-madness manipulated and manufactured by and for media. We (25 to 32) cannot yet overview the enormity of culture (counter or otherwise) and its impact on her life or ours. Myra Friedman points out that Janis Joplin, suspended in the eye of the winds, dashed into the edifice of market demands, fulfilled the deathwish of a generation.

Daffodils wilted into poppyseed. The hopes and dreams of the "up-grown" post World War II baby crop turned rancid. Frustration--inwardly corrosive--boiled out even in the reach for a spokesperson.

Janis was "someone" to nearly everyone: woman, singer, slut, drunk, brawler, lover, dreamer, hater, addict, celibate, student; sober, determined, a fidgeter, irresponsible, vulgar, generous, bisexual, talented and lonely. To most she was not-to-be-believed: by her own individuality and talent, doomed to rush out on the tracks of "the mainline trail." The line between consumer/consumed dissolved.

This happened as Janis discovered she was in competition with the media interpretation of her identity.

Myra Friedman has detailed the rise and demise of a "star," our star. Starlight in the distance is pretty, but the mirror she has held up shows it for all its blinding, blazing, frozen solitude.

- Linda Wesley



by Laura Wilensky

The DOB Revolving Gallery

This month we are presenting an exciting new art show that features the drawings of Linda Preston, an extremely talented woman currently living in Palo Alto.

I urge you all to see this exhibit which recommends itself. Linda is showing eleven works done in mixed media, mostly pencil, some charcoal and acrylics. They are studies of women, for the most part nudes, and I think you will agree they are definitely sensual!

Try not to miss this exhibit, and let us know what you think of it. Your feedback will be very helpful in planning future exhibits. Linda's work is available for sale, and if anyone is interested they can contact her at (415) 327-4542.

If anyone is interested in doing an exhibit, or has suggestions & ideas, please contact me at 648-9340, or leave a message at DOB.

* * *

San Francisco Women's Art Center (WAC)

The art scenario is looking very bright. Of major importance is that the San Francisco Women's Art Center has found a home at 400 Brannon Street. At last there is a space where women can work, meet, share & exhibit!

Their first endeavor is enlisting women work crews from the art center membership and getting the space in shape. Once they have finished housecleaning, we can look forward to a housewarming exhibition.

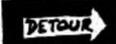
The WAC is also concerned with broadening the art scope to include dance, music & poetry, and to have events that deal with these other art "forms." There will be a benefit of performing arts on February 3 at the Bethany Art Center, 1268 Sanchez at Clipper. Admission will be \$2.00.

* * *

Book Review: *The Women's Eye*

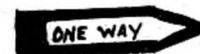
This is an excellent photography book featuring a selected collection of esteemed contemporary women's work in America. The photographers are Gertrude Käsebier, Frances Benjamin Johnston, Margaret Bourke-White, Dorothea Lange, Berenice Abbott, Barbara Morgan, Diane Arbus, Alisa Wells, Judy Dater and Bea Nettles. Ann Tucker has written a very interesting introduction which explores photography from a feminist viewpoint, as well as biographical data on the artists that gives us a good insight into each. I highly recommend this book, and would like to see more books by women photographers. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.: \$6.95.)

* * *

MAKE A  TO



AT 14TH AND MARKET



A LANDMARK OVERNIGHT FOR ITS
GOOD FOOD AND DAILY SPECIALS

DEAR ANN LANDERS,...

The following two letters are excerpted from the San Francisco Examiner of Sunday, January 13:

Dear Ann Landers:

I am always suspicious when politicians, columnists or clergymen speak for most people. Who really knows what most people think? I refer to your statement that "most homosexuals" are not at peace with themselves, that they are tortured and miserable and would give anything in the world to be straight.... To draw sweeping conclusions based on a few specifics is always a mistake....

Apparently you haven't heard that the new credo is to be proud of what you are, be it homosexual, heterosexual, Jewish, gentile, black, white, whatever.

Sign me, Gay Pride

Dear G.P.:

My conclusions are based not on "a few specifics," but on thousands of letters and the research of behavioral scientists who have spent years treating homosexuals....

Homosexuals have, in recent years, banded together to encourage one another to stop masquerading as straights. This takes courage. I have supported homosexuals in their fight for civil rights, and will continue to do so, but Gay Pride is something else. I don't view deviant sexual behavior as something to be proud of.

- Ann Landers

My own answer is:

Dear Ann Landers:

As one of the millions of homosexuals who has never been "treated" for homosexuality, I suggest that you consider these two thoughts: (1) You are reading outdated psychiatric literature and consulting "behavioral scientists" who died ten years ago, in spirit if not in fact; and (2) Do you judge all associative groups--like businessmen, bridge players,

6

housewives and politicians--by the "research of behavioral scientists who have spent years treating" them?

A Proud Lesbian

I urge you all to respond to Ms. Landers incredible statement in your own way. She is an influential person; her attitude toward Gay Pride may make a lot of Lesbians and gay men stay suffering in their closets instead of coming proudly into the Movement.

Write her, now. c/o the newspaper nearest you that carries her column,

or

c/o The San Francisco Examiner
110 Fifth Street
San Francisco, Ca. 94103

- Melinda



GAY FREEDOM DAY

The Gay Freedom Day Committee has scheduled,
Sunday, June 30, 1974

as the date for the Gay Freedom Day Parade in San Francisco. This date coincides with the parades in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. It is hoped that San Francisco's 1974 Gay Celebration will be the largest and most exciting in the country. For further information

392-1270

7

BECAUSE OF A FEW

Nothing gets in my craw more than to have rules made or programs discontinued because of a few inconsiderate, selfish and totally thoughtless individuals. For several months now since taking office I have been quiet about the problems encountered by my lover Pat with the Pen Friend Club. Now I feel it is my turn to bitch, and if anyone doesn't like it you can kindly address your hostility to me . . . because, people, I have some hostility myself. For those of you who have been human and decent my sincere apologies that you must suffer too, but that's just how it has to be until someone can figure out how the few can be taught to think about others . . .

When Pen Friend was first conceived one of the founders of DOB, Del Martin, warned Paula that it was a tricky idea. But Paula decided she would give it a try just to see . . . thinking that maybe with the changes in lesbian lifestyles, i.e. openness, rising consciousness, etc., maybe, just maybe, it would work. As it went along Del's warning bore fruit but, industrious person that Paula was, she kept on. Pat took over in July/1973 with the warning from Paula that it was an energy rip off, but Pat tried too. In the October/1973 issue of *SISTERS* on page #15, Pat printed a true account of what was occurring with Pen Friend and then kept on. UNTIL NOW.

Many of you have been most understanding of what Pen Friend could and couldn't be. But a LOT too have been just down right mean. I am ashamed of those of you who have written to Pat giving her hell because she couldn't find you a bed partner. I am also ashamed of those of you who have gotten as many as twenty names of different women and couldn't find one, NOT ONE that you felt was worthy of your friendship. Just who the hell do you think you are?! I have read letters Pat has gotten of prejudice against women because they weren't the same race, the same age,

the same measurements, the same you name it. Pat has tried until I thought she would climb a wall. And still complaints.

We at DOB work hard. Volunteers to the one. There are many women both on the Board and members who come here weekly to work together to make our people free. But there are always a few who wouldn't be satisfied no matter what.

A week ago, we found out that two pen friends who had been matched up were on the verge of literally killing one another because of a mess they didn't count on, and now they are blaming Pen Friends. This is the LIMIT. Feel free to mess your own lives up if that's what you want, but from now on you will have to do that absolutely and totally on your own because Pen Friend is herewith discontinued!

Lois Small

* * * *

A Smith College dean, Marjorie Hope Nicolson, has explained why women ordinarily get less pay than men do. Says she: "The fundamental reason that women do not achieve so greatly in the professions as do the men is that women have no wives."

* * * *

Masters and Johnson found that the clitoris has as many nerve endings as the penis.

Says Linda B.: "Who says good things don't come in small packages?"

* * * *



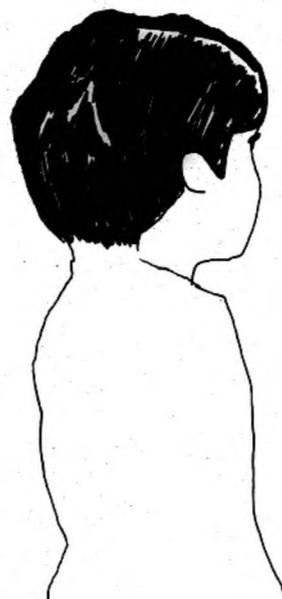
You soar
like an eagle
above the peopled plain
You fly freely
to fulfill Your own ambitions
to maintain Your
 SELF-IDENTITY,
You insist.

Weekly You glide
into my arms
plundering my gift
of comfort and warmth
then ascend to
Your Olympian plane
where no mortal may
approach You

Others kept You earthbound
claustrophobically caged
anemic servile sucking sycophants
clipped Your wings
NOW all You want
is Your own
flagrant freedom

But O, my Proud One
did it never occur to You
that We, Two Eagles
might soar TOGETHER
above the peopled plain?

Roberta Dill



TO My Son, Eric at the Playground
by Shirin

One day you wake up
 Its Spring
Flowers come from nowhere
 To bloom
One day you reach up
 Your touch
Rings once too high for your
 Small body.
One day you're a babe
 diaper swaddled
One day you look up
 you're a boy
Swinging on rings once
 too high
Look around; one day
 Spring blooms
Like night becoming day
 you sleep
Then the sun is high
 you are
Awakened to New Life
 Always there

Ice of Class
by Dory Murphy

Are there too few
Hungry woman-poets
In the movement, vulture,
For you to stalk as prey?
You, like the raven,
Hunt in many disguises.
Tonight you chose
Gleaming cow-girl boots
And a college ring.
Tuesday you clanged
With the clatter
Of your beads and bracelets.
Thursday you flaunted
Your class
In a flowing caftan.
Why, fancy woman,
Do you hover
Over the fragile ice
Of class?
Is it merely
For a chunk of ass?

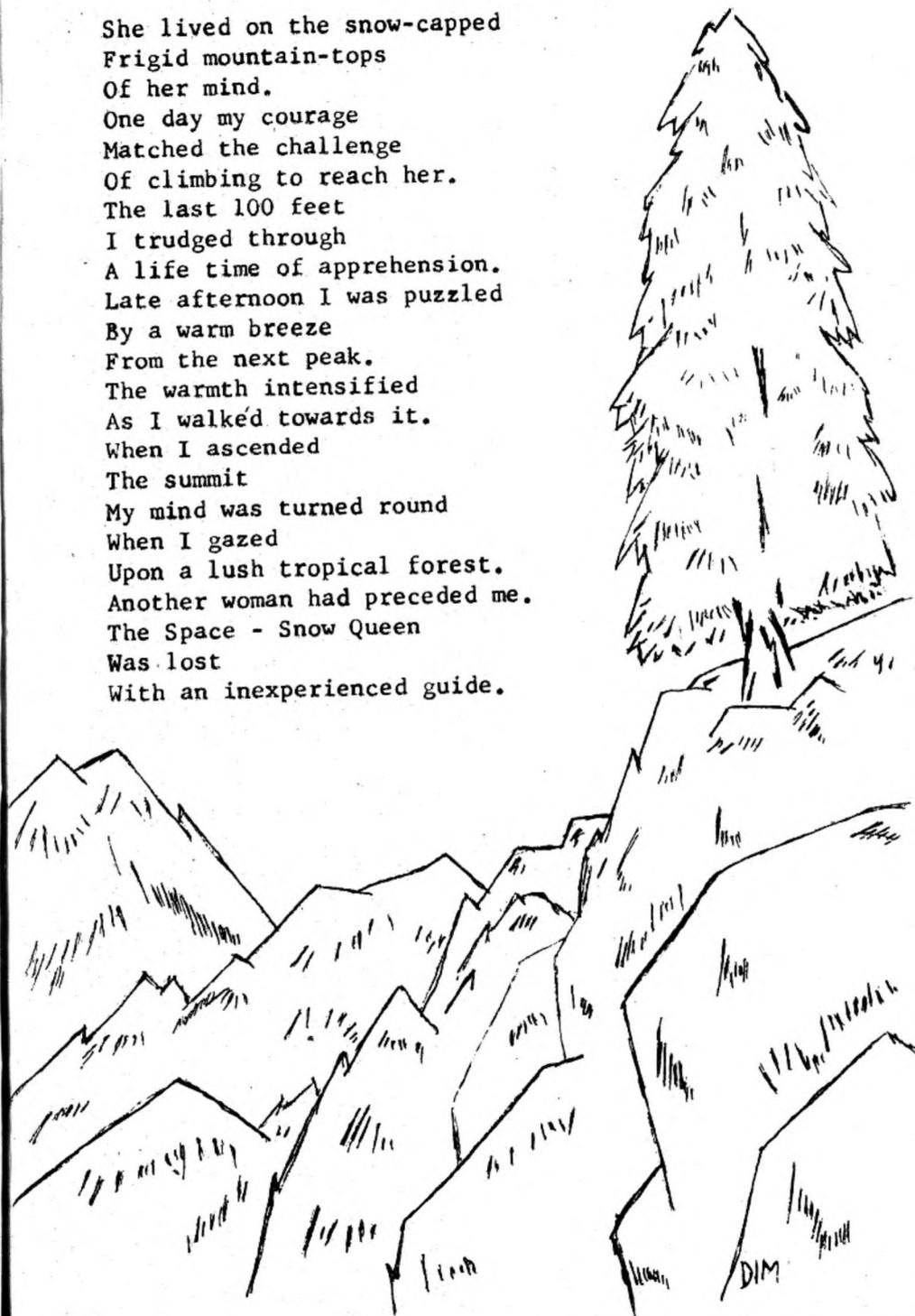


Meditation by Shirin

Shhhh! Listen to Silence
Speaking Softly wordless wisdom
Eyes closed;
Mind
at rest
All in the nothing,
Nothing in the all.

Lost - One Space Queen
by Dory Murphy

She lived on the snow-capped
Frigid mountain-tops
Of her mind.
One day my courage
Matched the challenge
Of climbing to reach her.
The last 100 feet
I trudged through
A life time of apprehension.
Late afternoon I was puzzled
By a warm breeze
From the next peak.
The warmth intensified
As I walked towards it.
When I ascended
The summit
My mind was turned round
When I gazed
Upon a lush tropical forest.
Another woman had preceded me.
The Space - Snow Queen
Was lost
With an inexperienced guide.



Sisters

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SFI

Sexual ignorance is not bliss

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MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

♥ FEBRUARY ♥ 1974

1 LESBIAN BASKETBALL
call scotts 626-9534
(on fridays)

2 1-4 P.M.
WORKSHOP ON
SELF-ESTEEM &
WOMEN

WOMENS COUNSELING
SERVICE-665-0569

3 WOMENS ART CENTER BENEFIT
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1268 SANCHEZ near clipper

4 EVERY MONDAY
COFFEE HOUSE NITE
at scotts 7:00 P.M.

6 7:00 P.M.
RAP with
MAGGIE RUBENSTEIN

7 EVERY THURSDAY
VOLLEYBALL
7:00 P.M.



CALL SCOTTS 626-9534

10 KPFA
LESBIAN AIR
94.1 FM
8:45 P.M.

11 COUNSELING
6-8 P.M.
Jill
8 P.M. DEADLINE
SISTERS COLLECTIVE
MEETING

12 Lincoln's Birthday

13 BERT
DORY &
DEBBIE
will read poetry

14 Valentine's Day
HAPPY 21ST
ANNIVERSARY
DEL & PHYLLIS

15

16

17 OPEN
BOARD MEETING
2 P.M.

18 Washington's
(Legal) Birthday
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BERT

19

20 DEL MARTIN
&
PHYLLIS LYON

21 COLLATE
SISTERS
8 P.M.

22

23

24 KPFA
LESBIAN AIR
94.1 FM
8:45 P.M.

25 COUNSELING
6-8 P.M. Jill
26 HAPPY BIRTHDAY
GERMAINE

27 Ash Wednesday
ADVOCATES
FOR WOMEN
alice

28 MOVIE
"GROWING UP FEMALE"
7:30 P.M.
4284 23RD ST.
FREE & CHILDCARE
INFO: 282-7858

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ALL WOMENS VALENTINE PARTY
at scotts
10 sanchez 8:30 P.M.

FEB. 6TH
WOMEN IN APPRENTICESHIP
by ADVOCATES FOR WOMEN
7:10 P.M. 495-6750

THE GIANTPERSON AND HER HELL-HOUND

by Wendy Hays

A liberated lesbian/feminist fractured fairy tale presented in TWO PARTS.

PART I

Once upon a long time ago, in a faraway land, there lived a giantperson. The biggest, meanest giantperson that ever stomped the countryside. Her appetite was insatiable.

The people of the land did their best to keep her happy. They sent her whole roasted pigs, bushels of potatoes, wagonloads of bread and cheese and ale. But this wasn't enough. "I need some companionship," she said plaintively. "Alfreida is wonderful, but she can't talk." (Alfreida was her midnight black Hell-Hound who chased and ate whole wild boars for breakfast.)

So the people went to their wise queen who oh-so-wisely selected ten of her best, most handsome young men and gave them instructions to, come Hell (or High Water) be Companionable. And she sent them off into the dark woods with a message to the giantperson to the effect that: "Have fun, baby! These guys are real swingers!:"

Alfreida the Hell-Hound spotted our young gallants on the edge of the woods and harried and hounded them all the way to her Ms.treses' dark gloomy castle gates. Alfreida the Hell-Hound really hated men. You see, she was actually an enchanted giantperson who had been turned into a howling Hell-Hound by a wicked wizard because she had rejected his advances.

When the giantperson heard the commotion, she came to the castle gates and demanded an explanation. "Well, you see, Ms., we heard you were in need of Companionship so we thought we'd stop

by. 'er - we have a letter of introduction from our queen."

With that, they handed her the queen's beautifully embossed with-real-gold-and-seals-and-all-manner-of-fancy things-on-it Message. Now, giantpersons are notoriously slow at deciphering flowery messages from queens, and Gerda was no exception to this rule. But after looking up the word "Swinger" in the Amerikan (sic) Dictionary of Slang, she was absolutely livid. You see, the one true love of her life had been the daughter of a neighboring giantperson. She was wantonly slain by a White Knight in Shining Armor. No, our giantperson really didn't care for men at all.

"I have more fun with my \$39.50 vibrator complete with four different attachments and two different speeds!", she bellowed. "Alfie, my little Hell-Hound, chase 'em back to their queen and be sure they tell her if she's going to send that kind of Companionship to send me some wimmin!" With that, she stomped her bardyke boots until the forest shook and slammed the castle gate so hard it fell off its rusty hinges.

"There's something queer, here," muttered the queen when she got the message.

After much thought, she summoned one of her ladies-in-waiting. "Send for the wise guys. Perhaps they can help. If she were a giant instead of a giantperson(-ess) I might be able to do something. Although the way she dresses and acts, I sometimes wonder . . ."

And so the wise guys came, and after much ado and discussion ideas were heard and discarded. One of them happened to mention he knew of a witch who lived about three kingdoms away. "She lives in an enchanted wood with one of the First Unicorns. There are so few of them left," he said with a sigh.

At this news, the solemn council was scattered and shattered by a howl that sounded like it was right out of Hades. Indeed, it was (in a way): it was Alfreida the Hell-Hound howling for joy. You see, Alfie had refused the wizard's advances (remember the wizard?) in favor of a childhood girlfriend. As luck would have it, her enchantment could be broken and her full giantpersonhood restored to her only with the help of a witch and one of the First Unicorns.

With a single great leap, she jumped over the council table and bounded out the door, leaving both queen and council in great disarray. She was headed (as you may have guessed) for an enchanted forest about three kingdoms away.

* * *
Meanwhile, back in her dark gloomy castle, the giantperson was getting restless. She had rehung the castle gate on its rusty hinges and fed the Castle Cat (a Manx, which has no tail and really doesn't belong in this one, either). She was beginning to worry about Alfie, her faithful Hell-Hound. The two loved each other very deeply and had never been separated for more than a few hours at the most.

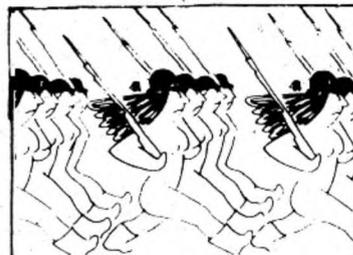
The days passed into a week and our giantperson began to suspect foul play. She also began to think about putting in a personal appearance at court and demanding an explanation. She gave that idea quite a good deal of thought, though: personal appearances always scare hell out of the natives - so much so that they refuse to make deliveries to the gate and dump things at the edge of the forest instead.

Also, when you're a giantperson and you stalk the countryside, you can't help squashing a stray hamlet here and there . . . towns are easily spotted from the air, but those pesky hamlets are always nestled quaintly in a small valley or on the bend of a river where you can't see 'em until it's too

late. And that gets the survivors (if any) to talking about a good wizard or Knight in Shining Armor or something equally distasteful.

A giantperson's love for her faithful Hell-Hound won out: donning her black leather jacket and her black leather pants, she stomped out the door, pausing to jam her black leather hat (with visor) firmly on her head.

What steps did our giantperson take? Did Alfie, her faithful Hell-Hound achieve the disenchantment she so greatly desired? Pick up a copy of next month's SISTERS for the conclusion of this inciting tale . . .



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TO WHO EVER IT MAY CONCERN--

I have written the KPFA's Lesbian Air Collective a couple of times. They have really done a good job. They have really made me feel more positive about myself and my identity. Even though everyone I know is so straight. So now I've decided to write to the Daughters of Bilitis. I will be 17 in less than a month. So that means I'll be 18 in just a little over a year. Farout! I plan on coming out front as a lesbian when I'm 18.

It sure gets to be a drag being with straight people. Like here is one example: You're sitting with one of your friends rapping about "accepting people for what they are" and your friend says, "Well, there is just one thing that I cannot stand and that's lesbians and fags" Wow! You know it gets to be a bummer after you hear that shit for awhile.

I surely must blow it when situations arise like that one. I really have a feeling a lot of my closer friends think of me as one. Well for one I never talk about boys.

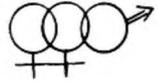
I'm getting to the point where I have to avoid straight people and spend more time being alone. Right now I am in a very positive mood. I really should be doing my homework but it seems like this is more important. I tell you it sure is weird writing to people you don't even know. It is very difficult. Well I just wanted to write to tell you that you are reaching people. It just makes me so happy! Because here I am about 150 miles from San Francisco and I'm living way out in the woods. You just wouldn't believe where I live. I mean it is in the country! But I really dig it. And still you can reach me with your ideas. It's just incredible. You're doing good, and

I LOVE YOU ALL!

Very sincerely
a
lesbian

WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT BISEXUALITY?

by Sarah Thompson



Last month's issue of SISTERS carried an article by Dory Murphy, entitled "Fan Fumbles", in which a stern warning is directed to lesbians of the perils of involvement with bisexual women. I'm concerned, because I considered some of what was written was basically untrue and tainted with a kind of hostile snobbery and prejudice that alienates newcomers from D.O.B. Let me state a few of my own observations about bisexuality.

For starters, labeling ourselves or others, or even discussing labels is a very sensitive matter. Being human and individual is being unique and, therefore, unlike any other. Obviously, no general category is going to be a perfect description, especially when we are dealing with emotions. It would be nice to throw out all labels, but reality imposes itself, and we realize that lines have to be drawn somewhere for us to deal with and discuss anything without wild chaos. And so we have these general labels--just to give us some idea of where we are at, but nothing to glue our personalities to.

When a woman describes herself as bisexual, we must not assume her definition is ours, but ask what exactly she means by it. When my sexual identity is asked, I state that I am a Lesbian because that is my definite sexual preference. But, I also realize that it is a vast world and I have a zillion emotions and experiences ahead of me that I cannot predict. And so, how can I outright deny the faint possibility that, in some faraway place and time, I will meet a man who is unique and who wakes unique feelings in me, and with whom I will be sexually involved? In the sense that I can't deny the possibility, I can be considered a bisexual. And yet, I do not think I have the unstable, and exploitive character that Dory attributes to bisexuals.

Bisexuality is a common transitional stage

many women pass through while they are first "coming out." They have lived in a heterosexual world all their lives and are taking their first cautious steps into lesbian life. Their reaction of wanting to hold on to a part of that straight, comfortable life is an honest emotion born from uncertainty. Let's not shit on them because of it. Too many freshly blooming Lesbians are alienated by the seemingly exclusiveness of the Lesbian social world, and when they hear rash attacks on their emotions they feel they will not find freedom of feelings here, with women, any more than they have with men. A lonely situation indeed! Give these women and each other a chance to discover what it is we really feel--the days of social pressure towards group conformity should be over. Too many individuals I have met avoid D.O.B. because they feel they have to play a role that is not real to them.

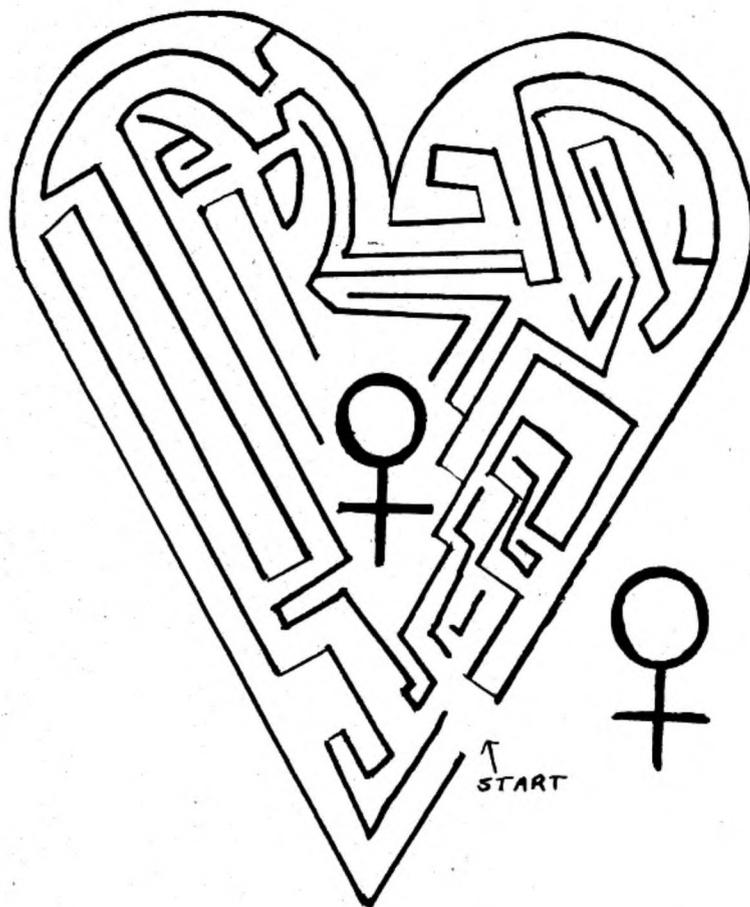
Dory describes the heart of a bisexual as a pendulum that swings from one sex to another. But, bisexuality does not mean necessarily that a person has to have sex with both men and women, but that they can have either form of sex. I see a true bisexual as someone who loves the individual, man or woman, and that the sex joins in with it with the same sincerity as in a Lesbian relationship. It does not mean that, by definition, they are going to feel a compulsion to run out and satisfy their "other half."

As I said before, I don't like to see sisters pressurized. What Dory describes as the "hip status" of bisexuality (which seems to take more of the form of pure and simply exploitive promiscuity than serious expression of identity) is a real phenomenon that Lesbians should be wary of. But it is an image primarily perpetuated by "cock rock males," and shouldn't automatically be foisted on bisexual woman. A Lesbian attracted to a bisexual woman should use her intelligence and get to know her, as she would with any Lesbian, and make her own decisions. If we are strong and confident women, we can certainly afford the basic respect of listening to other women's feelings, without being threatened.

HAPPI VALENTINE'S DAY:

WE HOPE YOURS IS GAY!

Forthwith, a Maze for your solution.



Get to the heart of the matter: can you take our lonely Sister through all the complexities and unite her with her lover?

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE MASHER COMES

I went down to the S.F. DOB office the other Saturday to browse through the out-of-town Lesbian weeklies and monthlies, when Melinda the Muncher got the hots for a hot dog. "Bring me back a BIG one," she said.

Boob-ee-doop down the elevator onto Market Street. All's fine and good until this male starts following me. "How about you come with me, baby?" I ignored.

Again: "Hey, bay-bee, I gotta car on the corner. We'll go to my place. Ten dollahs, OK?"

"'Nuff's 'Nuff," I sez to myself.

Sooo - - time for a Wendy Special. I stopped dead, turned on him, and said in my very best Lucy-from-Peanuts voice "Do you want to get slapped, hun? Doya?! Doya??!! I usually just haul off and slap men who make passes like that!"

BLEEP! He didn't know what to think (or do).

He scurried off and this time, I followed him: "Depraved perverts like you ought to be in jail," I yelled. "Who do you think you are, trying to seduce a poor young girl like me?"

By this time he was shook. I mean really shook. So shook he made the mistake of stopping and looking in a jewelry store window. Pretending he had nothing to do with me. I stood there with him for a while, reading him off for what he was until a small crowd started to gather. As soon as I was sure they knew what had happened, I left and got Melinda the Muncher her BIG hot dog.

The next time a male tries this on you, mash 'im right back!

- by Wendy Hays

* * *



Watch for the OPENING of the Women's Coffee House in the Castro Area on the corner of Eureka and 18th Street. It is called the "Full Moon".

It is due to open sometime in mid-February. After a couple years of fund-raising events it is finally happening. Another alternative to the bars.

* * *

Peg's Place at 12th Ave. and Geary or 4737 Geary is good for Sunday brunch every Sunday 11 to 3pm. You can get a complete breakfast for \$1.25 cheap and up. Take it from your Local Lesbian who goes there religiously every Sunday.

* * *

In last month's issue of SISTERS on page 13 we had a small questionnaire in which some of our readers were kind enough to fill out and send back to us. Most of you have requested that we have more art work therefore, as you can see in this issue we have. Also, most of you have requested coming out or personal encounter stories which we also have

in this issue. Thank you for your feedback and support. Please fill out yours, if you haven't already, and send it in. We have gotten a lot of response from people at long distances, but not any from the local area. We need more feedback to get a better idea what people want to read in SISTERS, in order to put out a better magazine.

* * *

Tiffany's, which was a gay restaurant at 1900 Market, burnt down early in January. It was done by arsonists according to the newspapers. A gay woman named Kay Thornton owned it.

* * *

Another FIRST for Scott's bar is the new just starting Gay women's volleyball games. Which will be every Thursday at 7:00pm. Call Scott's bar for further information at 626-9534.

* * *

In case you may have noticed, there is no S.O.L. event mentioned in our calendar for this month because there has been a breakdown in communication again between DOB AND SOL (Slightly Older Lesbians). This was not an oversight on DOB's side. Please, SOL, if you have an event for this month contact us or leave a message with our answering service and we will post it up in our office. We, DOB, have tried to reach you--your event could have gone in the calendar--but there was no one to be reached.

* * *

Again WELCOME to DOB two very special people in our Movement, Del Martin AND Phyllis Lyon, who will both be here on 20th of February! We will again rent a bigger office space in the same building. We will need volunteers earlier to help set things up. If you can, please come to help out.

Del and Phyllis this month on Valentines Day will be celebrating their 21st. Anniversary. The cover for SISTERS this month is our way of giving them a Valentine for their Anniversary! HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY & ANNIVERSARY Del and Phyllis from the DOB Staff and the SISTERS COLLECTIVE.

* * *

Jill and Liane have been thinking about having an All women's iceskating party. FIRST they both need to know if enough women would be interested in it before going ahead and renting the space which could mean a big loss of money for DOB if not enough women showed up. It would cost \$2.00 a person. If you are interested mention it to either Jill or Liane or if they are no where to be found drop a short note in our new suggestion box which is in the rap room.

* * *

The Truck Stop is the new name for Burks it is under new management! It is now the new gay place to eat. It's very convenient since it is near Scott's bar and it is open 24 hrs. I the Local Lesbian recommend it for its fine food and its a nice place you can go late at night and not be hassled by men.

* * *

On November 10 a new women's bookstore opened. At 1415 Grant Avenue, S.F. 94133 They have posters, feminist books, cards, non-sexist children's books and etc. phone no. 982-1023 They have just started so if you don't see what you want just ask them they will be happy to order it for you.



We would like to use this graphic as a future cover for SISTERS, but we would also like some words to go with it. Can you capture a caption for our cover-woman? If we like your idea, we will use it. Mail in your idea, please print not longer than 10 lines and send it in before the SISTERS COLLECTIVE deadline which is always in the calendar. OR if you are within or near the Bay Area, you can present your idea in person by coming to our next SISTERS COLLECTIVE meeting here at the office which is always open to ALL women for ideas, art, criticism, comments and feedback.

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- *DOB Boston*
419 Boylston Street, #406
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(617) 262-1592
- *DOB New Jersey*
P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, New Jersey 07023
(201) 233-3848/ IF NO ANSWER,
CALL 674-1111 & leave message
- *DOB Dallas, c/o Rob Shivers*
P.O. Box 5944
Dallas, Texas 75222
- *Occupant*
P.O. Box 137
Northwood, New Hampshire 03261
(This is really DOB New Hampshire,
but they must remain anonymous
locally.)
- *DOB Fort Worth*
P. O. Box 1564
Fort Worth, Texas 76101

WELCOME

The opinions expressed in SISTERS are those of the individual writers and not necessarily those of the SISTERS COLLECTIVE or the SF DOB staff.