

JUNE

Volume V, Number 6

50¢

# Sisters by and for Gay Women



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women's expressions

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**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.

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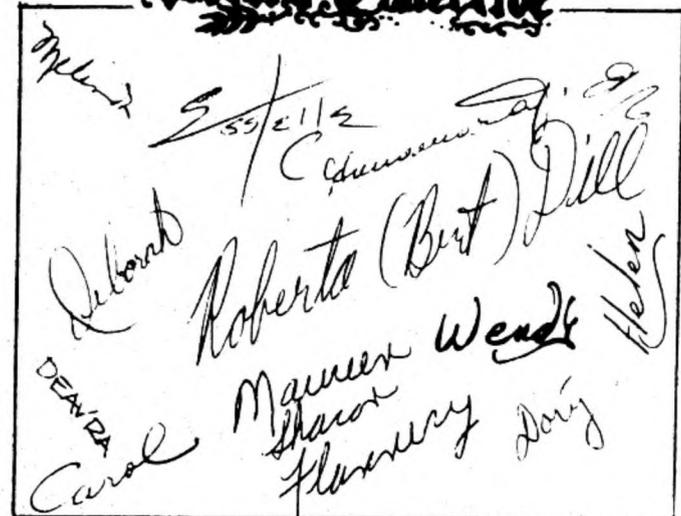
Volume V, Number 6

June, 1974

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LESBIAN DEBUTANTE

A PLEA FOR INFORMATION

by Sally Gearhart

Sisters, we have been remiss in one aspect of our duty: nowhere in our growing volumes of lesbian literature have we any definitive formulation of the proprieties of coming out. Since this is perhaps the most important move in a lesbian's life, our lack of any handy guidelines to the process seems an appalling oversight. Mothers are, after all, reluctant to offer their daughters any instruction in such niceties; any other possible sources of education, i.e., heterosexual literature, have until recently seemed to doubt the lesbian's very existence and thus make no helpful mention of the subject.

This then is a plea for a little lesbian etiquette, for a bit of attention to the amenities of the lesbian debut. In the interest of encouraging some woman-identified Amy Vanderbilt to take up her magic pen and educate us, we offer here a few preliminary remarks on the subject. We might call our considerations a "Prolegomena to the Handbook for Incipient Lesbians" or "Introduction to Lesbianique: Its Purpose and Method in an Alienated Society."

At the outset we must remind ourselves that the term "coming out" is not without some ambiguity. In Ancient Americanese, the term meant only one thing: the initial act of sexually committing love with another woman. While we could here catalogue the preconditions, the mindsets, and even the actual physical techniques explored by lesbians through the centuries, such a recitation seems the task of more extensive analysis.

Nor can we fully examine here a second meaning of the term, what might be called "coming out emotionally." Coming out in this sense involves a woman's self assertion, even if no sexual act ever testifies to it, that she is emotionally a lesbian, that she has feelings for women that she "should"

have only for men, that women and not men are her priority in terms of her time, her energy, her commitment. *The Debut Handbook* (or *Growing Up and Liking It*, as it might fittingly be entitled) will have to spend considerable time on this interpretation of the term, since lurking behind the question of "emotional" coming out is the deeper question, "What is a lesbian anyway?" Thus involved is the whole issue of "lesbianism and/or feminism?" And that's where things get a little dangerous, don't they? not just because of the history of lesbian-baiting that so many women's movement groups have endured, but because with the asking of this question, every woman has to take a peek inside herself. Gasp. So, attention to this kind of coming out may constitute the heaviest part of the etiquetal study.

The third and most recent connotation of the term "coming out" demands immediate attention. This is the "public" meaning, the revealing-for-all-of-the-others-to-see-just-what-it-is-that-really-is-me. This use of the term has its fullest expression in gay pride or in the current atmosphere of liberation. It finds its roots, however, deep in the psyche of anyone who resists hypocrisy, game-playing, or schizophrenia. The desire openly to be who-one-is without fear of incarceration, social degradation, or deprivation of livelihood seems suspiciously "human" as opposed to just "lesbian."

We have to note also in passing that -- as in the case of debuts in general -- there should in the first place be no need for any woman to have to announce who she is or what she intends to continue to be. There is little need for her choice of lifestyle to be of concern to anyone other than the woman or women to whom she commits herself. But then, real needs have unfortunately never been an American priority, either of our founding fathers or of their heirs. And the social issues of the '70's will continue to call lesbians to speak out, to come out, to confront the dominant

male-made values with heretofore hidden lesbian values. Anything short of such confrontation, the call will imply, is one of two things: (1) a perpetuation of repression or (2) a self-deceiving gloss-over attitude that talks about "peopleness" or "human beings" (as if in the real world everyone -- particularly men -- believed in "peopleness" or in "human beings").

Coming out in this public sense raises different questions for different types of lesbians. (We must submit to "typing," sisters. After all, with the butch/femme stereotypes so rapidly disappearing from the scene, that division must be replaced with some other stratification. Rhetoric abhors a typelessness.) Type No. 1, then, is the lesbian who has found her sisters through the gateway of political consciousness. To her lesbianism has never been a heavy oppression but is rather a glorious discovery that somehow offers an alternative to a hopelessly inhuman and oppressive male system. This lesbian often has no job to lose, since she has dropped as far out as is personally possible for her. Moreover, she has very little political rapport with those to whom her lesbian lifestyle might prove an embarrassment or a deep hurt, and thus coming out constitutes the least of her problems. In the kindly and sisterly humor of the movement, she is often called the "nouveau" or "instant" lesbian, a label that she share with her sisters of Type No. 2.

The lesbian of Type No. 2 rejects the birds-and-bees folklore, knowing it to be simply not enough. She views lesbianism as a natural extension of her sexuality, and she often understands that sexuality to be expressed not just in bed but in dress, in movement, in speech, in the entire personality. More often than not, the question of coming out presents the greatest problem to this lesbian. Indeed, "bisexual" can become a label she applies to herself, thus rendering less heinous the revelation that she enjoys sleeping with women, since she clearly also enjoys that

activity with men. The liberal or hip culture sees her as not having gone quite all the way out onto the lunatic fringe.

Understandably, coming out seems to call forth greatest agonies among lesbians of Type No. 3, that is, women who have known of and probably acted upon their sexual preference for years, who have struggled within the system to achieve some respectability even while playing by male rules. They are, by our same kindly rhetoric, the "hard-core-card-carrying" lesbians, surviving in vast numbers all across this great nation of ours in closets of varying degrees of darkness.

*It is to Type No. 3 that we would expect the bulk of coming-out discussion to be devoted, particularly since the public's growing awareness of the existence of lesbianism must cause no little threat to this lesbian's hard-earned security. While she may utter a muffled cheer at the increasingly loud proclamations that "gay is good," she must as well register another unit or two on her paranoia chart, for she knows that straight ears can also hear the proclamations and that straight eyes will be looking with more and more straight-laced suspicion at any deviation from straight behavior. It's a sad commentary on our society that unfortunately some very straight, very un-lesbian, unmarried women will also bear the pressure of the straight world's suspicion.\**

Already a host of questions suggest themselves for Type No. 3's coming out etiquettology. For instance, the closeted and often older lesbian asks:

1. Is there a way to come out gradually or do I have to do it like the Second Coming with two-inch high headlines on our weekly paper's front page?
2. If I come out, how do I continue financially to support my life-long habits of eating and being sheltered from the weather?
3. How can I protect my friends--both the

"innocent" and the "guilty" women--from the insidious stigmatization that will invariably fall on them when my own lifestyle is public knowledge? (Perhaps a mimeographed disclaimer that I can hand out in my home town that says, "I am a lesbian, but Susie and Edna and Geraldine and Elizabeth and my bridge partner and the mayor's wife, etc., are not.")

4. How do I prepare my family--like my sister who is maybe a past Miss America or like my father who is maybe running for governor?
5. How do I deal with the heterosexual couples who have been my acquaintances when the vibrations change from "suspicious wives" to "suspicious husbands"?
6. Can I expect men's sexual overtures to subside into sighs of resignation and regret? Or will I have to deal with threatened male egos that become obsessed with making a "real woman" of me?

So, sister, from just these few preliminary considerations we can discover the vast need for well-documented and earnestly researched standardization of tips on the matter of the lesbian debut. How can we hope to personify new directions for social change, how can we expect to be the wave of the future if we have no rule book, no aids to the decencies of the process itself? Let's do it right, sisters. After all, we would not want to be thought deviant from or ignorant of the ancient and honorable rite of a woman's proper introduction to society.

---

\*As in any stratification, our three types of U.S. lesbian of the 70's are not mutually exclusive, alas. Doomed ultimately to oblivion like the butch/femme distinction, our trichotomy blurs at its edges, presents a host of exceptions. There are women who fall into Type No. 2 who may move into

the political consciousness of No. 1 or who still maintain establishment jobs like No. 3; and it is conceivable (though with difficulty) that a woman of Type No. 1 might be forced back into the closet to live like Type No. 3 or that she might suddenly discover some potentiality in the bisexuality of No. 2, etc., etc., etc.

OO  
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Our special thanks to The \_\_\_\_\_ Tide and Sally Gearhart for use of this article. Although Ms. Gearhart wrote "Lesbian Debutante" two or three years ago, and acknowledges it's shortcomings, we feel it still has meaning for the lesbian of 1974. Yes?

OOOO  
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TO THE EDITORS OF "SISTERS"...

In response to the article "Is There Nothing New to Say," I would like to say that there are indeed happy butch-femme relationships still in existence, and my lover and I, along with many friends, are still around to prove it.

We both dress very butch and enjoy it. We enjoy both butch and femme roles in our interactions with each other. It makes the relationship very enjoyable as well as interesting. Our needs are met sexually with each other and we have no desire to play around. We have our problems as everyone does, but we have a deep enough understanding about our lives together and each other's feelings to protect what we have.

We don't expect others to act or feel as we do: to each her own. We would like to get the same from others, although we don't always get it. We have been laughed at by some women we know who live with lots of other women and who say they do not "role play" at all. If these women exclude us, they are the ones who won't benefit from our ideas, talents, and abilities as members of the gay community.

Yes, we enjoy being butch and femme and dressing up to go to bars and parties and we love coming home together, cooking, cleaning, and sharing our responsibilities as well as our love. We give our relationship everything we've got and that's why we get a lot out of it.

- Jeannie

OOO  
+++

I remember rain-washed trees and sidewalks sewn with puddles winding 'round the waistline of the city and hemming up the ankles of the night--and the smells were so intense that I felt rather than breathed them, and the heavy odor of fresh-bathed soil clung damply to my nostrils.

I walked along the railroad tracks experiencing the wet and cold mingling with the friendly solitude offered by those steely rails to which I had attached myself--a mechanical umbilical cord from the knowledge and familiarity of my present, to the promises and questions of an uncertain future--and me, the parasitic fetus. Three of us had met and bonded, starting so close and growing into each other but we never for a moment thought beyond the experiencing of *that* moment, and we were so engaged in a complicated process of development that was not to be studied for enlightenment or understanding, but which was merely to be dealt with and enjoyed. All our excitement fused in our constant companionship and we knew all the things which did not need to be said and we so studiously avoided saying them. We were wide open and happy and free to be or do or feel *all* we could find to be or do or feel, but only with each other and that's exactly how we nurtured ourselves and protected us not from us, but from everyone else.

That night she'd gotten ill so suddenly and so out of character for one of us accustomed to the total crippling of any threatening elements--at least those with nerve enough to approach us on anything resembling an equal basis, much less physical. And she was down on her back in a darkened room, a container for pain we could not share and host to foreign bodies we could not wage war against. This was her own battle, an internal, solitary struggle for dominance over a general infection; excluding us of necessity, though we hurt for her.

Confused now I lift my head and strain to see through total darkness or hear through heavy silence the evidence of that metal monster whose pulsing has begun beneath my feet--but only *her* face is etched against total horizon and I am aware again of a rising curtain of awareness revealing startled eyes exactly as time glued that instant on my memory in that other present-now-past.

I had held her.

Crossed a road, leaped a river, forged a path, jumped a canyon--and brought reality thundering down around my ears, clogging up my mouth with the full taste of it, and hurting my eyes with its shattering light. So unplanned; so unprepared. It only made me aware of how very long we had practiced mutual avoidance; then illness and suffering brought down the walls like so many blaring trumpets!

For that moment we touched and kissed and quietly held on and refused to think or act or say anything beyond the boundaries of our most basic wants and needs. And it had been so good. So total. And... And with a nervous, jagged laugh and a stumbling apology the wall was rebuilt for the sake of--what? Respect? Self-esteem? Hardly. For *fear* was the wall rebuilt. But I was there when it came down and I'd been seen alive on the other side.

Walking, then, into the night. With the all-consuming roar of the bowels of that train in my head--I began my search. Looking for a gate in that wall, for I had to go through--there was no longer any way back....

♀ ♀ ♀



P O E T R Y  
by  
Judy

Sometimes,  
    When I look at you,  
I smile.  
    You usually ask me why,  
But I'm not always sure.  
    It must be that you make me happy.

Love lightly my heart,  
Try not to possess  
illusive love  
Or she will flee,  
Leaving you desolate.



CLOSET KITTY

Clamshell

Ragged edge

    jagged edge

    sharp and cutting

how closed you are  
tightly clamped  
    against my bleeding fingers  
    prying and  
    cajoling and  
    cajoling and  
    caressing you

to open--show your stuff to me.  
    inside  
huddled warmly  
    quiver - pink  
    and shimmering

such jelly fright  
    of coming open  
    in my hand and bring  
    outside rock-hard  
    walls

and yes,  
you are still safe  
    but  
also sterile.

by Sue Whitson

You have given me a special kind of love,  
A requited love,  
the realization of a lifetime's yearning.  
Days spent together melt into moments  
in their flight.  
Thoughts we share,  
Your loving caress,  
Brighten my reverie,  
assuaging my fears  
And lightening my spirit.  
My being thrives on your love.  
Why do you doubt that you are enough?

oo

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Your Love

Your love touches me: in quiet solitude,  
In secret meetings, In quiet rides  
Along lonely midnight highways.  
When emotions tide to quaking fear  
Your love holds me in safety and becomes me  
to a place not dreamed of, Too great, I thought,  
to hope for.  
And with each sharing,  
Your love satisfies me.

oo

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My one love sometimes seems as two. She is strong  
and steady as a pillar for me to lean on, yet,  
she is shy and vulnerable, needing me alone.  
That side makes her dear. For others in the world  
of men she is impressive, self-sufficient,  
Giving no quarter unless she chooses.  
But in my arms she cuddles small and child-like,  
Having tossed off the trappings of her station.  
She is a giant - she is a child.  
An ocean to be fathomed is my only love.

Bring back the quiet assurances of love,  
The contentment of encircling arms,  
The steadfast promise of a kiss,  
Hope for future sharing, helping loving  
In quiet eyes.  
Bring back the sweetness of hands touching,  
Holding, giving quiet assurances of love.



I miss you tonight,  
With an ache in my body,  
A crying void in my soul.  
Could I hear a word,  
Feel a touch from you,  
The night and I  
Would be at peace.

poems by Judy

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<p>NO "SISTERS COLLECTIVE" MEETING THIS MONTH - A SHORT VACATION</p>	<p>10 COUNSELING 6-8 PM WITH JILL AT D.O.B.</p>	<p>11 CHRISTINE KOWALSKI POETRY READING AT FULL MOON 8:30 PM.</p>	<p>12 SPECIAL GUEST K SAN D.J. DUSTY STREET thanks to linda b.</p>	<p>LISTEN TO DUSTY 10<sup>pm</sup> 2<sup>am</sup> MON-FRI K SAN 95 FM</p>		<p>15 CAROL LENZINI WILL SING AT FULL MOON - 9 PM. SEE PAGE 31</p>
<p>16 HAPPY B-DAY VICKI THE VICKI FROM PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIA</p>		<p>18 PAT PARKER POETRY READING AT FULL MOON \$1.00 DONATION</p>	<p>19 OPEN RAP ABOUT D.O.B.</p>	<p>20 HAPPY B-DAY LINDA B.  GUITAR &amp; SONG AT D.O.B. 5-9 PM.</p>		
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## SEPARATION

by Roberta Dill

Losing or breaking up with a lover can be a heart-breaking, traumatic experience. However, it need not be the end of any woman's existence. There are many rewarding discoveries to be made in solitude. And there will always be more love. Love never stops with one person. One person can never be the complete fulfillment or negation of your love.

(You may be turned off for a time, certainly, but everyone needs time to relax and re-energize.)

When my lover ran off with another woman, I was unaware at first that it spelled the end of our relationship. Since I never believed that monogamy was the perfection of love, I didn't mind her sleeping with another woman. I was especially amused, since it was *she* who had prattled on about the virtues of monogamy, and who had become angry with me because I refused to play the jealous lover whenever *she* touched another woman. I couldn't have cared less who she slept with--all I wanted was equal time.

As time went on, though, and I didn't hear from her, I began to realize that I had been "loved and left," a not too uncommon situation. I began to get angry, not only because my so-called "monogamous" lover was too ashamed to speak to me, but because I was beginning to feel the loss of companionship besides a damned good sex partner.

We weren't really "in love" when we broke up, and our heart throbs long ago had subsided from a thud-thud to a ping-ping, but I still cared for her, and felt her absence.

I began to think of all the women who had been interested in me, whom I'd mostly ignored, while we were going together. I began to regret my enforced monogamy.

Suddenly there was a big vacuum in my life. I found no one to share my bed, my bod or my conversation. Friends weren't much help. The only regret I felt was that there was no one to fill her place.

Instead came the gradual realization that I had lost my SELF. Now that I was alone, I found I didn't even know *who* I was. Or what sort of person I was. I had been manipulated and had my energy sucked off that much. I was quite surprised, having always thought of myself as a very individualistic sort of person.

For the next couple of months, I gradually started becoming acquainted with my self, getting back to my self, and liking every minute of it.

Self-discovery, though it must be pursued alone, is a rewarding experience. I started doing creative things I'd always wanted to do, but couldn't because another person was making demands on my time.

This was when my first creative burst of writing appeared in print, for I finally had the incentive to get off my ass, write down all the things I'd been thinking, and try to get them published. My writing always has proved to be a great source of self-fulfillment and satisfaction to me. It's my gig; not just something to fill time while I'm in between lovers. Nor is it an "outside interest" to give me something else to do and think about when I have lovers.

Even though my re-self-discovery was an exhilarating time, I still found aloneness depressing at times. My writing and several other creative endeavors helped fill the void, and make me feel more like a full human being.

There are many people whose primary concern is finding lovers and being loved. They have no other goal. Their whole self-esteem is based on loving and being loved. Such people are destined to be continually disappointed, for no one can be loved constantly. Everyone, of course, wants to love and be loved--this is a very human need. Even plants need to be watered to grow.

Creative, productive pursuits are essential to personal growth and mental well-being. Something that satisfies me in and of itself, whether an avocation or a vocation, can contribute to my growth throughout a lifetime.

If I'd depended on other's love for my self-esteem, I would have died years ago of self-effacement.

☿☿☿

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## HEY YOU UP THERE

by CD Hamilton

I was born short, of course this is not unusual. After all who ever heard of a 9 pound 6'2" baby? My main problem stems from the fact that I stopped growing at age 13. I feel the time has come for all you biggies to understand them. Being a short lesbian isn't an easy life. For instance, do you realize that the average height of women today is over 9 feet? At least from where I stand it looks that way. Do you also realize that you yell at us little people? We're not deaf, just short. Being little doesn't mean our ears don't work as well as yours. After all we can see as well as any biggies. We just don't have that much to look at, unless you're knee cap oriented.

What about the elbows? Who do you think you've been hitting all these years? Me, that's who! I go out for a couple of drinks and I come home feeling like I've been mugged. Somebody, one of those 9 feet biggies, walks by and POW another black and blue. Lucky for me I don't wear a padded bra - how the hell do you explain a dented chest!

Okay, so you really don't mean to beat on us. Explain the drinks. That's right the drinks. Biggies get a little wrecked and "ZAP" I got a Bloody Mary making its way down my face. You're making life very hard for me, also very messy.

I can just about forget about dancing. What fun is it being dragged around the floor with your nose pressed against somebodies belt buckle? But just lets suppose I wanted to dance. Who in their right mind would dance with somebody who looked like a recent victim of the child beating syndrome. Bruised, throughly Bloody Maryed and deaf. I can hear all those 9 foot biggies saying "Why don't you go to the ladies room and clean up". First off I would spend a great deal of my evening

washing. An excessive amount of water gives one wrinkled skin otherwise known as "monkey skin". Would you dance with a girl who looked like a baby chimp? Besides, I find it humiliating asking for a leg-up to the mirror.

There are other problems we have to deal with - like being patted on the head - holding my hand when I cross the street - helping me up on the curb - putting the phone book on the chair so I can reach the table - and whispering into the top of my head cause you don't feel like bending to my ear. No wonder I never know what's happening.

I hope that I've managed to make you understand us little people. I have one suggestion for you biggies: Try taking one of us home - we may be short but we're sure as hell durable.

## LAVENDER WOMAN



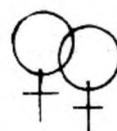
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## IN OR OUT OF QUARANTINE?

by Dory Murphy

"One must not confuse existential aloneness (a universal experience) with aloneness produced by the quarantines of the day." This quote is from *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* by Dr. George Weinberg. The quote can best be illustrated by example.

Joan, a lesbian sister, works in the straight world. The following incident that she related to me typifies "quarantine aloneness." One afternoon at her office there was a party on the next floor. The middle executives, their secretaries, plus a smattering of the female clerical staff attended the party. Joan is a member of the latter group.

While attending this party, Joan felt inferior and uncomfortable. This is a very general statement. Why did she feel so uneasy? After several minutes I elicited from her a clearer picture of her emotions. Everyone at the party was extremely well groomed. Joan is notorious for her slovenly appearance. Secondly, she felt "out of place" with the patter of executive gaming and the male domination inherent in those games. Finally she blurted that her major sense of inferiority was attributable to the fact that she is a lesbian. She thought her lesbianism was as blatant as wearing a gay button. Everyone was critically reading her lifestyle (she fantasized).

Usually Joan is able to function comfortably in her department, where the majority of the employees are females. But at the party she felt the overwhelming oppression of the straight world. She danced her masochistic tango to her own tune. This is a dangerous product of "quarantine aloneness," though it is a favorite game of many lesbians who work in the straight world.

"Quarantine aloneness" is a straight game. I think sisters who work in the straight world pay

enough of a price for their jobs in the form of poor wages, etc. We should not let the straight world rip us off with extraneous and tiring games. If we accept the responsibility of our work load and perform our jobs well that should be the extent of our involvement in our straight jobs.

However, this one game of "quarantine aloneness" can play into our deeper self games. For example, when Joan let it play into her masochism. This is when we should stop and analyze to what extent we will permit straight world games to affect our own life scripts. In other words, "quarantine aloneness" is NOT a price we, as lesbians, must pay for working in the straight world.

"Existential aloneness" is more difficult to describe. Joan told me of an evening she spent at an all women's coffee house. She and her friends went to hear a female guitarist. The entire audience was at ease enjoying the subtle strumming of the guitarist.

Joan experienced a moment of "existential aloneness": she felt displaced and alienated from her surroundings. The intimate crowd of her friends appeared a light year's distance from her. The sense of her individual uniqueness set her apart. She thought a moment of her life had been torn from her control. Even in these mellow surroundings of all women's vibes an emotion could separate her from her enjoyment of the evening. A friend jarred Joan from her thoughts by asking her why she was staring. She dismissed the moment and was able to relate to the remainder of the evening.

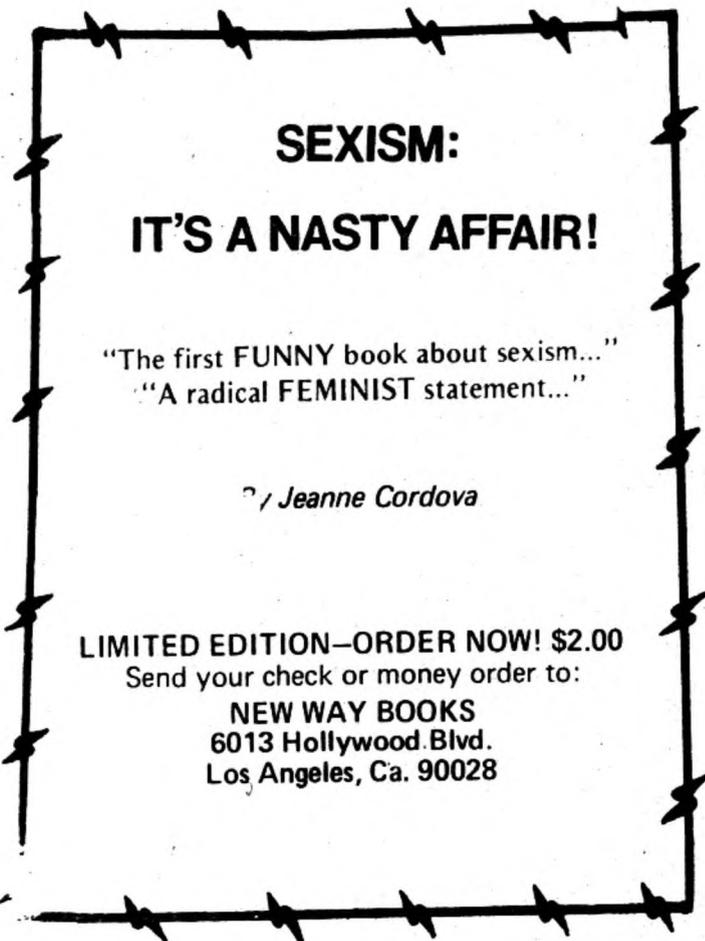
I am not a humanist, but I think there are certain non-gender elements of our existence that are confusing to us as lesbian women. I believe that "existential aloneness" is a common denominator within the human species. "Existential aloneness" is the sense that each of us is unique and apart from one another.

The confusing problem is that we must separate our games. At the party Joan paid a heavy price for an essentially straight game of "quarantine

aloneness." We can minimize the price by understanding the game and learning to deal with it on our own terms. However, "existential aloneness" is an emotion everyone must deal with. It is not a game, but an unalterable fact of human existence.

The straight world deludes us lesbians with many camouflage games. We can diminish their impact on our lives. If we can free ourselves from a few of these games, we can face the more basic realities of our emotions such as "existential aloneness."

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## NEW ENERGY FOR DOB

OR, WHY/DO/THE/SAME/PEOPLE/DO/THINGS/OVER/AND/  
OVER/WHILE/THE/REST/OF/US/SIT/ON/OUR/RUMPS/???

by *Barbara Collier*

On May 8th there was a rap at DOB led by Gail and Diann on new ideas and workable plans for DOB. DOB has many and diversified activities but many women are still dissatisfied, come to one rap and are never heard from again, volunteer for a million things and never show up for any of them.

Most of the shit work, tedious chores and organizing get done month after month by a small group of women. If not for this group DOB would be in sad shape, but as Gail and Diann pointed out perhaps with some more interest groups and new energy DOB could reach and keep more women and be more stimulating for everyone involved.

It's easy to say "nothing interests me," or "let someone else do it," but things don't always get done by "others:" The other person must at times be us, and doing something that interests us can be fun and rewarding too.

The new topics that came up were: (1) Parties at DOB or at peoples' homes; (2) Heavy raps--going in depth into subjects of interest (perhaps not on Wednesday nights); (3) Camping and picnicking; (4) Bulletin board for interest groups and exchanging services; (5) Having DOB open more often--letting it be drop in. Needing volunteers for those nights; (6) Sports, non-competitive; (7) Answering the mail; (8) Organizing dances; (9) Specialties at DOB such as encounter groups, music and typing lessons, etc.; (10) Finding a new location for DOB; (11) Working on a resource center for lesbians, to be housed at DOB; (12) Music night; (13) Writers workshop; (14) Childcare.

We will be getting together with Diann and Gail again on June 5th (the first Wednesday in June) at 7 pm at DOB. If you are interested in any or all of the above, or just want to volunteer a spare Tuesday every other week, please come.

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LOCAL LESBIAN NEWS  
 by your LOCAL LESBIAN  
 serving S.F. & the  
 Bay Area



Some of you have asked,  
 "Who is the Local Lesbian?"  
 because of my kids, my  
 husband, my religion and  
 my Hollywood stage career,  
 I wish to be anonymous.  
 Also, I don't want to

jeopardize my future chances to be on T.V. in a leading  
 part in a toothpaste commercial or to do a duet with  
 Dial Evans on Royal Roger's horse singing, "Happy  
 trails to you, until we meet again, etc." I trust that  
 all of you will understand, it's not everybody that  
 get chances like those.

\* \* \*

COUNSELING & SELF-EXPLORATION for Women--individual,  
 couples or weekend groups, particular concern with  
 lesbian feminist issues and enhancing self-awareness  
 and creativity--flexible fees--for further information  
 call Sue at 751-8967 or leave message for Sue Alexander  
 at answering service no. 861-8689.

~

DOB has pictures of Miss America 1974, Rita Mae  
 Brown, Del Martin, Phyllis Lyon, Gloria Steinem,  
 and Pat Parker. Also, we have recently acquired a  
 nude, autographed picture of Lana Cantrel which  
 says, "To D.O.B - Power to Rita Mae - Lana Cantrel".  
 The picture was sent from New York City given to us  
 with a letter written by Rita Mae Brown on Lana  
 Cantrel's stationery. In appreciation for this nice  
 gift sent to us through efforts of Rita Mae, I,  
 Local Lesbian will send an old 1945, Pin-up Girl,  
 picture of Alexis Smith in a 2-piece bathing suit  
 as a gift to Rita Mae Brown. (Alexis Smith is the  
 person who Rita Mae dedicated her book, Rubyfruit  
 Jungle, to.)

\* \* \*

Woman would like to meet other women in late 20's  
 or early 30's. Please write P.O. Box 5861, San  
 Francisco, CA 94101.

\* \* \*

In support of the women's coffee house, The Full  
 Moon (4416 18th Street), DOB has loaned them 18  
 folding chairs, a bench and a bookshelve.

\* \* \*

BASIC PLUMBING: I would like to organize a plumbing  
 group for women with varying levels of experience  
 in use of tools, etc. Group would work on plumbing  
 in the Skill Center (51 Waller Street), free jobs  
 for community groups, and in each other's homes. If  
 people are willing to persevere and put time into  
 learning this skill, we can probably do some jobs  
 for money. I have been doing plumbing on a part-time  
 basis for the last 9 months. Pam: 648-4335 class  
 will be held on Sunday mornings for \$5.00 per  
 month--sliding scale.

## L.L. NEWS CONTINUED

The Gay Freedom Day Parade is scheduled for Sunday June 30th. They need help. If you care to put some energy towards it, Mike Waggener, parade chairperson would like to hear from you or if you just want further information call Mike at 621-4535.

\* \* \*

Vicki is just recently out here from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and would like to meet some other women from there. If you are call 861-8689 and leave a message for Vicki. And Welcome to San Francisco!

\* \* \*

**STREET FIGHTING:** A self-defense course for women using basic Karate techniques, covering real life situations. The classes will be disciplined and rigorous, with individualized programs for each student. Women of all ages and in all states of physical condition are welcome. Every woman can learn to kick ass. Sliding Scale, classes are being offered at Women's Skills Center at 51 Waller St. Katz: 824-9482

\* \* \*

**CONGRATULATIONS!** goes to Millicent Staten recently elected as Board (State) Rep. of the Golden Gate Chapter of N.O.W. We, DOB, will miss you, Millie but wish you best of luck with your new position.

\* \* \*

I, Local Lesbian, want to thank a sister, Ms. C., from Jacksonville, Florida for the nice letter of support, the money enclosed for DOB and for sharing your thoughts. Even thou we have never met and are miles apart, it feels good to be appreciated. I never realized that people outside the local area would be interested in my column.

DOB has sent a letter of support for the Women's Studies Program at SF STATE and urges other women's groups or individuals to do the same--in order that this Program continue to exist. Mail letter to:

Dr. Henry McGuckin - Chairperson  
Speech Communications Department  
San Francisco State University  
San Francisco, California 94132

\* \* \*

**EAST BAY S.O.L.** (Slightly Older Lesbians 30+) is having a social get-together Sunday, June 30th. Meet at 10:30am at the Lake Chabot Marina for boating, fishing, hiking, relaxing or what have you. Bring your own food and drink for a picnic. A snack bar is available. Take Mc Arthur Freeway (580) to the 150th offramp (Fairmont) in San Leandro to Lake Chabot Road. The East Bay S.O.L. is strictly social so come meet people while enjoying varied activities. Ideas are always welcome. Future events will be announced in *SISTERS* and will be broadcast over KPFA 94.4 FM, Sunday at 8:45 pm. For more information or directions call: Berni at 483-5143 or Betty at 658-3952.

\* \* \*

I have heard from various women, praising Carol for her singing talent. Carol writes most of her own music and lyrics. May I suggest you go and hear what a lot of the women are talking about--Carol will be performing at Full Moon at 9:00pm on June 15th.

\* \* \*

Susan B. Anthony Democratic Club is located at the Eureka Valley Democratic Headquarters, 284 Noe St., San Francisco, C.A. Telephone #861-2515 This is a Democratic Club dedicated to radical feminist politics. ALL women are welcome! Meetings every Tuesday at 7:30pm through the month of June.



DOB in conjunction with Whitman-Radclyffee Foundation, Advocates for Women and EDD (formerly HRD) are sponsoring a new Employment Placement Service for Women especially lesbians. If you are looking for a job or thinking of it, why not stop in or call & ask for Octavia Carter at Advocates for Women at 593 Market St. Rm.#500 in SF or call 495-6750--this is a 3 month trial program and the participation of the Lesbian Community is needed to make it work. If you have any suggestions or comments, call Laura 346-7929 or call Paula 861-8689.

\* \* \*

WOMEN'S SEXUALITY WEEKEND on July 12, 13 & 14, it is limited to 12 women, \$25.00 for the whole weekend, make your reservations Now call and ask for Jill or Sue at 752-8967 or leave message at 861-8689.

\* \* \*

OUT-OF-TOWN-LESBIANS Welcome to San Francisco & DOB Here is a list you may be interested in & have a Gay time during your stay this summer.

The Full Moon (Women's Coffee House)  
4416 18th Street near Eureka. . . . . 864-9274  
Women Switchboard & YWCA  
620 Sutter Street near Taylor . . . . . 771-8212

LESBIAN BARS

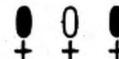
Scott's  
10 Sanchez (nr. Duboce). . . . . 626-9534  
Peg's Place  
4737 Geary (nr. 12th Ave). . . . . 668-5050  
Maud's or the Study  
937 Cole (nr. Carl) . . . . . 731-6119  
Kelly's Saloon  
20th Street off of Mission. . . . . 285-0066  
La Cave  
1469 Sutter (nr. Franklin). . . . . 775-2060

DOB CHAPTERS

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1005 Market St., #402  
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- Boston  
419 Boylston St., #406  
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(617) 262-1592
- New Jersey  
P.O. Box 62  
Fanwood, NJ 07023  
(201) 233-3848
- Dallas  
P.O. Box 5944  
Dallas, TX 75221  
(214) 742-1947
- P.O. Box 137  
Northwood, NH 03261  
(Don't say DOB: they must be anonymous.)
- Ft. Worth  
P.O. Box 1564  
Ft. Worth, TX 76101  
(817) 924-8598

Unfortunately, we have had to withdraw our endorsement of the New York City Chapter (founded by Mary Toyos). Pertinent facts have come to our attention which make continued affiliation with this group inconceivable.

You win some and you lose some: but you gotta keep trying!!



MANY THANKS TO CLIFF KROUSE AND NORTH-EAST COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES, UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES THIS ISSUE OF THE SISTERS MAGAZINE WAS PRINTED, GRATIS.



THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN SISTERS ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE SISTERS COLLECTIVE OR THE S.F. DOB BOARD.