

50¢

# Sisters

by and for Gay Women



# 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

P.O. BOX 40247

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94140



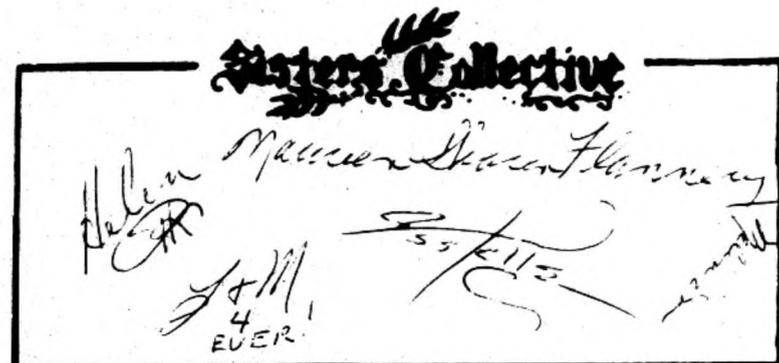
## SISTERS

a Magazine by and for Gay Women

Volume V, Number 10  
October 1974

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C O N T E N T S

As A Virgo Might. . . . . 3  
Dear Sisters of *SISTERS* . . . . .10  
Congratulations Anne. . . . .11  
Poetry Section. . . . .12  
Calendar . . . . .16  
Constructive Criticism. . . . .19  
Book Review: FLYING . . . . .24  
Local Lesbian News . . . . .30

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

Cover thanks to Czara, and hope you'll send us more  
in the future.

\* \* \*

THE DATE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES NOW APPEARS  
NEXT TO THE LABEL ON THE ENVELOPE YOUR *SISTERS*  
ARRIVED IN, ---CHECK NOW---RENEW EARLY AND GIVE  
YOUR SUPPORT TO SISTERHOOD.

\* \* \*



AS A VIRGO MIGHT . . .

The Humane Society adoption center was busy and I jostled into line behind a guy with two mottled kittens crawling all over his chest and shoulders. The big orange kitty -- Bok for short -- cuddled peacefully in my arms and feigned imperviousness, occasionally kneading me a bit and purring a bar or two.

He'd wandered in one day, about two or three months before, had helped himself to the roast thawing on the stove and had curled up on my bed to wash himself and then sleep. What could I do? And what did it really matter that my lease forbid pets?

Bok came and went through a half-open window in the kitchen. I rationalized his existence away by thinking I could merely explain to the landlord that he didn't really live with me, he just wandered in now and then. Mostly now, as the weeks passed.

It didn't work. The unreasonable old man next door didn't like hippies, radicals, noise, cats, perverts, dope smokers (which is to say, in his mind, hippies, radicals, perverts), or -- most especially -- young people. He certainly didn't like me, cat or no cat, and he took the opportunity to report Bok's existence to the landlord.

"You go or the cat goes," he said. I wondered if that meant I could leave Bok there.

"And if you replace him, you will have to go."

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"You go or the cat goes," he said. I wondered if that meant I could leave Bok there.

"And if you replace him, you will have to go."

And he'd waved his pudgy finger at me and said, "Now."

So I was in line at the Humane Society wondering where the rent strike was when I needed it, wondering what I'd do if Bok weren't adopted and all the while I was searching my brain for some catless friend who might take him in if no one else would. So far the outlook was most gloomy. And I was in line, waiting my turn, to hand Bok over, to be put on view for four days and, hopefully, adopted.

I scratched his floppy yellow ears and pretended his fur wasn't sticking to my clammy palms. He purred.

"May I pet him?" someone said behind me, and a hand reached to rub Bok's nose the way he liked.

"I had one like this," she said, chucking his chin. "Ran away."

She had good eyes and was dressed the way I liked -- comfortably. She looked a bit tousled, tomboyish but for the beginnings of gray in her hair. Not dycky -- just damned attractive.

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed tail, commenting on the similarities with her own strayed yellow fellow, and it flashed on me that Bok and her cat were one and the same.

"I was twelve," she said, bringing me back. "Almost fifteen before I stopped missing him." She blinked too quickly and smiled at me, knowing I'd understand.

She had said it all as conversation, so as not to be standing there scratching Bok, as she was now, in total silence. I was intrigued by her a bit and just mustering my courage for an initial comment when her head jerked up and those almost-brown eyes stared into mine.

"You're not giving him up..." she said, and let it trail off.

And I related the saga of the old grump next door and the snarling landlord and the otherwise perfect apartment that was, rent-wise, a steal and which I did not want to lose. At least not as long as I was single.

She stopped my recitation on the marvels of my garden apartment by taking a willing Bok from my arms. Over the minutes his purr had increased until it was now filling the room with a buzz.

"Well," she said, "He's not the clumsy, rollicking kitten I came in for, but I suppose he'll do. Will he play a rambunctious six-week old for me just to be nice?"

"I doubt it," I said, almost grinning. "I think he's a confirmed adult, lazy, mostly content ex-roamer." I broke off because she was looking at me.

Without a word we turned and walked out of the adoption center.

Across the street a man sat in a car waiting, and I knew he was waiting for her. "Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes against the sun. She hesitated a moment, glancing toward the car.

It crossed my mind that they couldn't have much of a relationship, if any, if he stayed in the car while she picked out a cat. I dismissed him from my mind and looked again at this woman who looked to me like a thirty-year-old tomboy.

"Look," she said, "I can't stay and talk. I'd like to, but Buddy will go nuts." Buddy was the guy in the car. She seemed to be searching for words, and I was thinking she didn't need words and thinking I was silly to be thinking such thoughts at all.

"Why don't I take your number," I said. "In case something happens to Bok. I wouldn't want him to get sick tomorrow or anything. I mean, he's not likely to. But it wouldn't be fair...."

I faltered, hoping she would read between the obvious inanities. What had sounded reasonable in my head came from my mouth as an idiotic suggestion. What would my having her number do for Bok should he get sick?

At any rate, I stopped talking and did a slow blush, hopefully one imperceptible to the naked, unaccustomed eye.

"Don't blush," she said, "give me a pen. You should have my number." She smiled. "If not for that reason, then because your landlord might have a change of heart." She paused. "Or keel over, as he deserves."

She pulled an envelope from her pocket, ripped off a corner and -- balancing Bok in a manner he seemed to enjoy -- she wrote down her name and phone number.

"How can you use these?" she said, handing my pen back to me with a shake of her head.

"I like ink pens."

"They leak."

"Not if they're recapped properly."

"Well," she said, and smiled at me and handed over the slip of paper. Then she crossed the street and climbed into the car and was gone.

It had taken her less than five minutes to sweep me completely off my feet and I didn't really have the impression she was working at it. Or even fully aware of it. And, worse, I still did not know even if she were gay.

I didn't think I'd missed the intensity of our seemingly mild exchange. The look in her eyes, that infinitesimal pause before she spoke. They were all meaningless after the moment. Meaningless, but not completely forgotten.

I was into my car, still smiling, before I thought of the slip of paper, now clamped between my right palm and the steering wheel. My hands were clammy and I swore and peeled the paper off my palm. Left on the paper amidst a great blur of the black ink I had a penchant for was:

LESLIE SO

841-5

I spent that entire evening listening to Rita Coolidge sing, "Born Under A Bad Sign" and went through the phone book

pulling out all the L. or Leslie So....'s. There were eighty-three, of which fifteen had the Berkeley 841- prefix, of which nine went to 841-5. I thought that was a rather phenomenal percentage.

I called them all. Bumbling my not-well-rehearsed spiel. None were her. Two of them thought I was nutsy-fruity, several were guys, one of whom tried to pick me up, and one was just ripped out of her mind on grass. Or something. At first, realizing she was stoned, I hoped it was her. But I obviously was only confusing the poor woman on the phone. I know she wondered. Humane Society? Orange Cat?

So I went out and bought a student directory for the campus. Went through it the same way. Called eleven women and three men. The response was considerably more friendly, but no one had encountered me and adopted Bok. Tried the faculty and staff directory. No luck.

Finally put brief ads in the Barb and the Daily Cal. "Will Bok's new owner call, ...." Heard from half a dozen wierdos, and two nice people who wondered what a BOK was. Another one: "Leslie S. - orange cat adopter - lost your number" etc. Nothing.

It was May. The new phone book for the East Bay was due in June. June was a long time from early May. But still, I kept telling myself, you only saw her five minutes -- if that. You'll forget her long before June.

On May 31, I still had not forgotten her, although I had stopped hoping the directory would miraculously come early.

By June 21, the directory still had not come. I kept telling myself (1) she might not be listed; (2) Berkeley is incredibly transient; she might have moved if listed, and her phone would have changed and I'd never know; (3) maybe she had an unlisted number. Anything.

But on July 3rd, I sat by my newly-delivered directory and circled the three new numbers that could be hers.

She was the second one I called, and -- to my surprise -- I recognized her voice when she said "hello."

"Hi," I said, not bothering to tell her my name. She didn't know it anyway. "How's the cat?"

"Bok is doing wonderfully. I think he's ready for a visit from his ex, though."

"You wouldn't believe what my ink pen has led me through the past couple of months."

"I'd believe," she said. And I remembered, from the way she said it, why I had gone to the bother.

- Anne Morgan



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- Anne Morgan



Dear Sisters of Sisters;

We'd like to share the good news with you - the California Academy of Sciences has been liberated! It's Membership Committee has granted a "Family" membership to a "family" of two Lesbian lovers - us!

The California Academy of Science runs the science museum aquarium, and planetarium in Golden Gate Park. (If you've never been there, you should go. The planetarium shows are fun and informative.) I called the chairperson and asked of their definition of "family" for the purpose of Family Membership in The Academy. She hemmed and hawed and finally said, "Well, we won't quibble about it." This leads me to believe that we were granted a special dispensation and that the granting of Family Membership to homo-ophile persons may not be the kind of thing the Academy wants to face very often. Therefore, might I suggest that any of you or your readers who have considered membership, who have visited and enjoyed the facilities of the science museum or any other museum and who would be interested in the benefits of membership apply for membership as a Family if you are a couple. No, Sisters, this is not crucial. It is but a chink, a step. It is important, though, that members of that great and august body which calls itself The California Academy of Sciences be made aware that they are rubbing elbows with members of the gay community, better yet, with vocal members, up-front members of the gay community.

With best wishes to you,

Linda Belzer  
Sue Timmerman



## CONGRATULA TIONS ANNE

A \$30.00 reward will go to Anne Morgan, winner of this month's SISTERS CONTEST for her fine story, "As a Virgo Might . . .".

THANKS TO ALL who have submitted things to us, whether or not you won or were published we appreciate your efforts and the creative energies of Sisters reaching out to SISTERS. For now, SISTERS CONTEST has been cancelled. However, watch for further notice in SISTERS if and when it will again be continued. AMAZON QUARTERLY is offering cash for contributions, see page 18.

FANTASY COMES BETWEEN ME AND REALITY

My energy's used up in fantasy.  
I rest my hand on someone's knee and share  
this quiet moment  
of listening to wind in summer-full trees-  
a woman who actually is halfway across town  
spending her time with another.



Bonnie  
G. Fisher

My room's knee deep in the powdered ashes  
of feelings born of dreams that burned across  
my mind last night,  
so eager for it to happen,  
so afraid it won't  
I pre-live our love in fantasy.

If I don't watch out,  
I'll have lived the whole thing through  
without benefit of you.

---Heather

AND IF I WERE TO SAY

and if i were to say  
in purest honesty

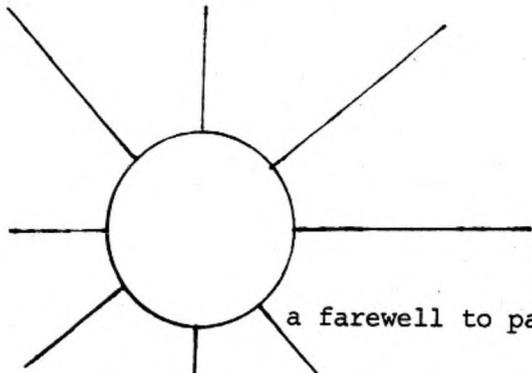
"i fall upon the thorns of life,  
i bleed"

why then,  
i'd be a bloody mess!

SOME DAYS

some days i am simply a  
long scream  
thin and metallic and incredible  
folding into the silence

*These two selections are taken from the  
book, THE POLITICS OF SEPARATION  
poems by Noni Howard  
with the writer's permission.*



a farewell to pamela

Rosy faced Dawn invading, unbidden,  
 Wakes up the pain I'd so carefully hidden;  
 Prodding my body with white shafts of glare,  
 Rouses again all the pangs of despair.  
 I loved you . . .  
 Sunlight devours the covers of night;  
 Bares the aches now distinct in the light;  
 Burns these eyes that are filling with tears,  
 Mourning the morning  
 and all the lost years,  
 I loved you . . .  
 Bring me  
 the peace  
 that comes  
 with the gloaming,  
 Claming  
 the throes  
 of my mind's bitter roaming;  
 Easing the hurt  
 with its soothing  
 tranquility,  
 Hushing  
 a heart made blind  
 to futility -  
 I LOVE you . . .



---betty ellis hibbs

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++

We are two 22 year old women interested in joining  
 a Lesbian collective, commune, cooperative or  
 community. Please write us concerning any contacts  
 or written sources. Debie and Jamie  
 438 S. Lahoma, Norman, Okla.  
 73069



*Sisters*  
 by and for Gay Women

I would like a <sup>NEW</sup> RENEWED subscription  
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SUNDAY

MONDAY

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FRIDAY

SATURDAY

October  
1974

	<p>1 Lesbian Rap Group meets every Tues. in Oakland 7:30pm info. call at 451-1338</p>	<p>2 POETRY, READING: Judy Grahn, Diane Wakowski &amp; Grace Harwood 8pm at Franklin &amp; Geary</p>		<p>4 ROSALIE SORRELLS at Full Moon two shows 8:30pm &amp; 10pm</p>	<p>Happy Birthday Jean Love, E.K. &amp; your Mother</p>
<p>N.O.W. Task Force on Sexuality &amp; Lesbianism meets at Glide 7:30pm 330 Ellis St. PAT PARKER at the Full Moon 8pm SUNDAY</p>	<p>7 Introduction to DOB &amp; the New Board 7-9pm. (SEE PAGE 31) *EVERY MONDAY NITE 7-9pm DOB RAP NITE</p>	<p>8 MARCUS WELBY T.V. SHOW has anti-gay program see page 32 JUDY GRAHN at Full Moon, read her poetry 8:30pm</p>	<p>9 GLORIA STEINEM at College of Marin see page 32 Free Counseling for lesbians at DOB 5-6:30pm OPEN MIKE NITE at Full Moon 8pm THURSDAY</p>	<p>11 Women's film 7pm \$1.00 Franklin &amp; Geary St. 1st. Unitarian Church in S.F.</p>	
<p>13 DEADLINE SISTERS COLLECTIVE Meeting 7pm at DOB Open to ALL Women</p>	<p>14 Coming Out Rap at DOB with Barb &amp; Anne, for women who are just coming out.</p>	<p>15 IN FOCUS gay rap group discussing the problems of alcohol meets every Tues. info. call 567-0526</p>			<p>19 S.O.L Party see page 32 Andrea Waltue (singer) at Full Moon 9pm</p>
<p>20 Women's Writers Workshop with Ms. Mines meets EVERY SUN. at Full Moon 4pm.</p>	<p>21 BISEXUALITY FROM A LESBIAN VIEWPOINT at DOB with Val</p>	<p>23 Counseling with Jill at DOB 5-6:30pm</p>	<p>24 Women's Art Center, New Show opening at 400 Brannan St. for info. call 957-9239</p>	<p>25, 26 &amp; 27 CALIFORNIA STATE N.O.W. CONVENTION in San Jose, for further information call Christine Hunt in Palo Alto at (415)-328-6560</p>	<p>ELSA GIDLOW will do a Poetry Reading, Full Moon 8:30pm Oct. 25th</p>
<p>28 A Rap on WOMEN &amp; THEIR MUSIC with Carol Lenzini &amp; an all women's group named "Witchazel" at DOB</p>	<p>Happy Birthday Melinda Love, Liane &amp; Morsel</p>	<p>30 MARGO ST. JAMES at Full Moon 8:30pm</p>	<p>31 WOMEN'S HALLOWEEN PARTY at Full Moon must come with a costume on.</p>		

POETRY READING with Ora Williams, Julie Becker & Marsha Cowen, 7pm on Oct. 29th, at Eureka Valley Library at 3555 16th Street, San Francisco. (Castro Area)



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In Sisterhood,

*Laurel Gina*  
Laurel and Gina



The first part of the following article appeared in last month's issue of SISTERS this is the continuation and completion of that article.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

by Betty Doerr & Vicki  
Legion

Specific Suggestions

Here are some ideas on how to give constructive criticism:

1. Rather than categorizing a person or her views (as in "that's fucked up," "incorrect," "ridiculous" and etc.), try expressing the emotion you have, for example: "I'm upset about the implications of what you just said," or "I'm hurt and angry with that."
2. Experiment with deleting these words from your vocabulary: "should," "ought," "can't" "must," "hafta."
3. Try to describe the behavior you are criticizing, keeping your observations separate from your inferences or judgements. Rather than saying, "You're acting like a chauvinist," for instance, specify exactly what you're reacting to: "That's the third time you started talking before I finished my sentence, and I'm fed up." You can be this specific even about a whole pattern of behaviors. By giving observations, you increase the chances that someone will understand exactly what you are talking about and change accordingly. You'll decrease the chances that they'll tune you out.
4. Instead of just wiping out someone else's alternative ("You're wrong"), spell out what you'd like in its place: "I'd rather that you do X, for

these reasons . . ." I'm amazed at how important this principle is in talking to non-radicals about the political changes I want. When I only talk about how bad things are, I'm met with defensiveness, fear, or apathy. When I talk concretely and non--rhetorically about what I do want, I'm met with an astonishing amount of agreement.

5. The same notions hold in giving positive feedback. It's hard for me to learn from general statements like "You were a great chairperson," Which of the 37 things that I tried were you responding to? Also, when I hear a positive judgement, I've got to worry about what you'll call me if I don't hit on the magic combination next time around. I'd rather hear your emotions and the specifics of what you liked; "I really loved the way you organized the agenda and sent out materials in advance."

Here are suggestions on how to receive criticism that comes in the form of an absolutistic judgement:

1. When you hear a judgment, try to guess at the feelings and wants behind the label. For example, when someone says, "That's really a fucked-up attitude," you might guess, "Are you upset about what I just said and would you like me to do such-and-such instead?" Paraphrasing like this has three advantages. First, it lets you check out the accuracy of what you heard. Second, it allows you to defuse absolutistic judgments by translating the label into an expression of the *speaker's* feelings and wants. Third, it can work to counteract a punitive dynamic--when someone feels heard, they are less likely to escalate their attack; they're more likely to listen in return.

2. You can help prevent someone from unintentionally wiping you out if you spell out in advance the kind of response you'd find most helpful. For example: "I want to get your reactions to this idea, and I'm

also feeling a little scared about bringing it up. I'd really dig you to say what you like about the idea, along with any suggestions for what you want changed."

Here are some thoughts on helping another person hear your feelings and wants without misinterpreting you:

1. If you're worried that someone may distort your criticism and take it as a personal put-down, you can ask them in advance to paraphrase. "I've got some feedback that I'm nervous about giving you. I want some reassurance that I'm coming across the way I mean to, so I'd like you to run back what you heard when I'm done."

2. You can anticipate a misinterpretation and head it off at the pass: "I'm not saying I hate you forever, but I sure am mad about what you did yesterday."

3. You can acknowledge that you're not blaming the other person for being the sole cause of your feelings. I do this by recognizing that I filter someone else's actions through my own goggles and find that *both* the other person's action *and* my filter go into producing my emotions. I fex blame and give away my power when I say that you're angry at me." I own my power when I say or think, "I'm hurt because I'm taking your being angry as meaning that I'm a bad person." Another way to say this is, "When you realize that it takes two, the power is in you."

---

If you have feedback on this article, we'd love to hear from you. Also, we've gathered alot of information on ways to interact non-competitively in relationships and groups. We'd be glad to share it with you. We're are Betty & Vicki at 107 Ellsworth, San Francisco, CA 94110

# NOBLE WINS!

A self-declared lesbian and an advocate for women's rights has defeated 4 opponents, including an alleged pimp, to win a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Elaine Noble, 30, who produces and moderates the only Gay-oriented radio show in the state, won the Democratic nomination Sept. 10th in a newly created district in Boston. Republicans did not put up a candidate to oppose her in the November election.

*"For she who is honest is noble,  
Whatever her fortunes or birth."*

Taken from the poem, "Nobility"  
by Alice Cary (1820-1871)



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The COMPLETE "index" to "THE LADDER", 1956 through 1972 is now in print. This contains literally thousands of articles, short stories, poems, news items about lesbians and lesbian/feminism. There are hundreds of biographies of famous lesbians and many lesser known, should-be-famous lesbian women. It is a 265 page book, measuring 8 1/4 by 11 inches and it costs \$10.00.

A new lesbian novel, THE LATECOMER, by Sarah Aldridge, has been published by Naiad Press and is being distributed by "THE LADDER". It is a quality paperback and costs \$3.25 including postage.

Work is being completed on a new edition of

"THE LESBIAN IN LITERATURE",

a bibliography of ALL known literature on lesbians available in the English language. It is to be issued in 1975. Cost on it is \$7.50 for advance publication orders ONLY. If you are interested, PLEASE ORDER NOW! ! ! Send your name, address, state and zip code along with your check or money order made payable to "THE LADDER",

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IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THIS, we may be able to begin publishing THE LADDER AGAIN—in the near future-watch for further notice in SISTERS.

Gene Damon  
Editor



# book [review

I LOVE YOU, KATE

& "FLYING"

I find it difficult to give any really adequate review of Kate Millet's new book, FLYING. It seems decades since I read SEXUAL POLITICS. The latter was a good book. But it said nothing of Kate Millet, the person, or what she felt and stood for. FLYING is a complete divergence from that, and it is a great, important book; it is an attempt to reveal all the events and thoughts of Ms. Millet's the year after SEXUAL POLITICS was published and when she came out as a lesbian. It is a rambling journal of ideas and feelings about things as they are actually happening. FLYING is not polished in the traditional sense: sometimes the sequences of events and people become criss-crossed into a maze as Ms. Millet goes from the past to the present, or from imagination to reality. However, her style of free-flowing prose lends itself well to the feelings expressed.

Kate Millet's story is the story of what goes through one woman's mind as she is bounced suddenly into a frightening type of "stardom". Her life that year is a series of flights--both physical and emotional--as she travels from England to America, to England again and back, through speaking gigs, through rallies, writing, filmmaking and complex love relationships, being a symbol in a way she does not quite understand.

Many of her reactions to coming out publicly are interesting: she is at first unaware of the significance of its effect on her public image, then feels guilty--not so much over the "blow" to the women's movement, but over the possible reaction from her mother. Perhaps it seems inconceivable that this leader and author, a representative of women's liberation should open up "Time", see her name in print as a gay woman, and not think at once of what this would do to her image and work in the movement, but "Christ, what will my Mother say." (Whether or not we admit it, this is usually anybody's first flash upon exposure.) In any case, Ms. Millet does not appear to have apologized to either her mother or the women's movement people who criticized her for failing to maintain a proper press image. The book might be considered a total "coming out", an exposure of Kate's own mind in the raw and of her opinions about friends, family, lovers, as well as reactions to political events as they are taking place in women's groups. At a rally on non-violence and the movement she perceives her "coming out" as non-violent as a more threatening form of non-conformity than being gay. Her comprehension of the reasoning processes of this particular meeting (and other political ones like it) is fascinating in itself, as are her opinions of the personalities present--Gloria Steinem, Flo Kennedy, Grace-Ti, Jill Johnston and others. Her alliance with Ms. Steinem is interesting, and if the quotes from Gloria Steinem's speech are accurate, the media have completely distorted a very sensitive, brilliant woman, and made her seem, instead, just a flashy pop figure. I was left with a very different image of Ms. Steinem after reading FLYING.

Ms. Millet's revelations about herself, her family, her relationships with other women and with her husband are so frank as to probably anger those who like the social acceptance of appropriate

masks both in and out of straight society. She literally explodes with a need to be just a woman, a private individual--to be imperfect, and to not feel the need to live up to an image. At the same time, she admits to the enjoyment of basking in the glory and needing the guilt trip of giving without praise, as her role of a "women's movement leader" is attacked by those who are not leaders themselves, while they ask for her energy as spokeswoman. She talks of her energy as spokeswoman. She talks of her dissatisfaction with what she attempts, and her flights into borderline insanity when it's all over. At one point during her filmmaking episode a major battle ensues when Kate Millet wishes to signed director, after having directed. Accusations of elitism are hurled by those with other titles and Ms. Millet goes into a trauma that would seem comic to anyone who has not seen similar situations and the tragic results of forcing people to be ashamed of their desire for reward.

In a sense FLYING seems dedicated to being improper, to giving a lousy image deliberately in order to be free from the responsibility of an image. At times, Ms. Millet portrays herself as totally insane; one section dealing with her agreement to travel from Provincetown to New York for a speaking gig reads like a flight into the unreal in a Joyce Carol Oates horror story. The build-up of both public and personal pressures becomes so dizzying that the simple task of making arrangements becomes a nightmare of non-coping for this accomplished, strong woman, and she begins to see herself as an incompetent fool.

The book has a frankly anti-political message with no clear black or white alternatives, even the conversations of her dearest friends show them with their flaws (much of the material for her work was actually taken from tapes recorded with people's permission). Her account of a women's meeting, which

Ms. Millet refers to as the "elite", brings home truths many would not like to see; imperfection existing in the sanctity of sisterhood itself!

One of the more pathetic and paradoxical moments is recorded of a Christopher Street parade which, at first, is seen by Ms. Millet and her associates as an all-consuming decision, a brave act to communicate, to rock the boat; she tells of the exhilaration and hope the marches felt, only to have it bitterly end in five minutes on the six o'clock news as part of the sports news.

In and out of sad recollections of her repressive Catholic childhood in St. Paul, Kate talks most of all about her love affairs, good and bad, about her abortive, forbidden adolescent crushes; the always distant, ethereal woman that she wants, to the point of self-destruction; and about her battles with lovers who accuse her of exploitation. Her story is so real and so like many of the women that I see every day, that I may never knock a superstar again. One woman, her Celia, is everybody's ice maiden on the pedestal. Her fights with Vita, the accusations of exploitation, the manipulations to be catered to by "clingers" are scenes I see or hear about every day.

Ms. Millet comes out in defence of her husband, Fumio, a fellow artist with whom she maintains a steady, friendly relationship--both sexual and personal--without having the marriage interfere with her love affairs with women. She does not portray this arrangement like some "swinger type"; she writes very seriously and with sensitivity. Her feelings of love for this man as a supportive, giving person and fellow artist are understandable, and she feels it is important to acknowledge love for someone she sees as a non-sexist male. That acknowledgement, in the light of the situation is legitimate, although that type of split level arrangement is simply beyond my understanding. However,

I admire her honesty in putting it in print, to be easily made the target of extreme gay groups and very extreme straight groups.

On paper, Kate Millet's relationships with women than those with her husband, come out far more intense. He seems more like a dear friend to whom she maintains a loyalty based on a mutual interest in art. This could be my own prejudice but it is my personal belief. Certainly her description of Claire and her need for Clair's love compare with no other emotion in the book, even those expressed for her work. The passages of their lovemaking were more erotic and sensitive than any pornography could ever hope to produce. I thought I would fall in love with Claire or Kate, I couldn't decide which? The book ends with her friend from London advising her to love Claire despite the complications, but Kate Millet's alliance to her husband and her conflicting need for Claire, seemed un-resolved--even at the close of the book. Her younger sister, Mallory (an interesting character all through the book) criticizes her for wanting both worlds, accusing Kate of phoniness, but I found her situation to be more that of genuine confusion and doubt. And Ms. Millet does not ask for acception in the first place, she just wants to put it all down.

There are endless comments, little places in the book that could instigate hours of conversation, ideas, quarrels, etc. I could never put down all my feelings or all the comments I could make about all the pages that could be pulled out. I decided to comment on what struck me as most interesting. There are whole periods--in London, filmmaking, sharing care of the brain-damaged child of a friend, her meeting with Doris Lessing (which could be a review in itself), her life in the Bowery, her participation at a Columbia University student takeover--but it would be impossible. Yet, I feel covering what I have still doesn't do justice to the book. Please read it; I found it more relevant

to my life than anything I've read in years with the exception of (for private reasons) Wilkie Gollin's TALES OF HORROR. Kate Millet is one of the two writers I've read who handles a stream of consciousness with skill. I found it surpassed the GOLDEN NOTEBOOK in its honesty about human experience, particularly for my generation--and I am a Doris Lessing fanatic, so I wouldn't say that just for kicks.

---Maureen Sharon Flannery

the second wave

A MAGAZINE OF THE NEW FEMINISM

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A Lesbian-Feminist will provide a tour of the Lesbian Community, including the women's bars or if not into drinking and/or other activities, such as women sports events, entertainment at the women's coffeehouse, gay restaurants, women's dances, women's rap groups, etc. It only costs you \$10.00 plus expenses. This service open for lesbians and is good for lesbians new in town or those who don't want to go out alone or those just interested in seeing what's happening. This is in no way intended to be a sexist ad and people will be screened over the phone. This is on the level of a Grayline tour except your guide will be a lesbian-feminist and will be informative about the lesbian community in San Francisco and Bay Area. For further information call and ask for Berni at 483-5143.

\* \* \*

GAY INFO LINE has information on housing, food, clothing. Their lines are open to serve the gay community. Feel free to call them for info. needed or to give them info. Their hours are more regular than those of other gay switchboards because their phone is kept in a gay commune at 415-621-5749

Dear Sisters,

it's another new year (according to DOB time) and by the time you read this there will be a new Board and lots of changes around the DOB office.

We've decided to change the Rap nights to Mondays starting in October, and will have them every Monday night. See the Calendar for topics and new dates. PLEASE feel free to give suggestions for Raps you'd like to hear, and we always need women to lead them.

Jill will be changing her counseling night and SISTERS Collective will be changing their night.

We always need energy and woman power to help with correspondence, Speakers Bureau and SISTERS. It's a wonderful way to meet women and ALL help is greatly appreciated. So please come if you have any ideas or want to hear what's going on.

At this time we'd really like to thank the old Board for all their work this last year. A special thanks to Liane Esstelle whose work and spirit have kept DOB a strong organization and a good place for women to come.

Barbara Collier, President  
On behalf of the new DOB Board

\* \* \*

Large ROOM FOR RENT in comfortable house in the Sunset, \$85.00 single or \$150.00 double, all home privileges included. We have dogs, so you must like pets. Call Angie at 566-2424 or, if no answer, call 826-7157.

\* \* \*

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN AGAINST RAPE - CALL 647-RAPE. The newly-reactivated S.F.W.A.R. will have phones womaned from 3 pm to 7:30 am every day. Congratulations and thanks to the women who worked to have a rape hot-line put back in San Francisco.

\* \* \*

MARCUS WELBY M.D. is on October 8th in the evening, we urge you to watch this show which is oppressive and anti-gay; then write to this show's sponsors and complain of its unfairness to gays. The L.A. Gays marched in protest and in attempt to not have this particular episode televised, without effect.

\* \* \*

GLORIA STEINEM, will discuss the future of the women's liberation movement at 8pm Wednesday, Oct. 9th, at the College of Marin. Her appearance is the first event of a four-part series entitled "Phase II: New Aspects of Women's Liberation." Other speakers will include poet Eve Merriam and Margo St. James.

\* \* \*

S.O.L. PARTY (for Slightly Older Lesbians 30+), there will be pool playing, cards, dancing, etc. Bring your own refreshments, starts at 8:30pm at 4401 Cambria Street (off of Nimitz FWY) in Fremont, call for directions and ask for Ruth or Dee at (415)-797-4881 or call Berni at 483-5143.

\* \* \*

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