

U.S. 547
1977

Sisters
by and for Gay Women

PEACE
ON EARTH
GOOD WILL
TOWARDS
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.

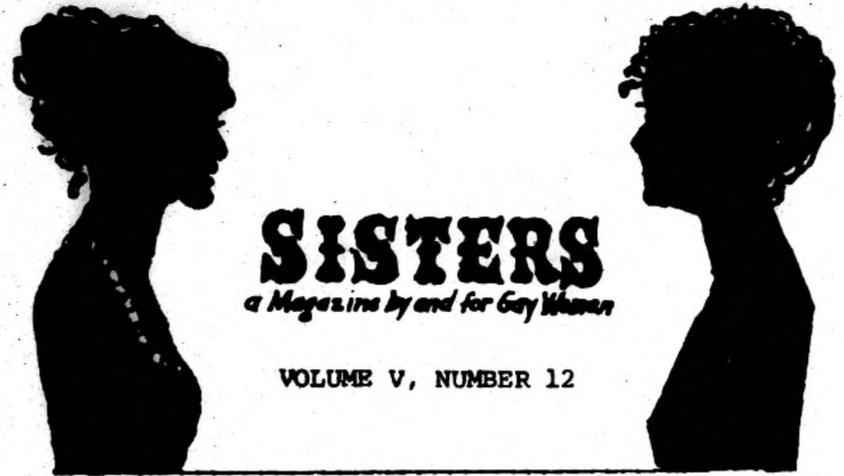
TO SAY AND BELIEVE THAT GAY IS GOOD

SAN FRANCISCO DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AN AFFILIATE OF

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S CENTERS

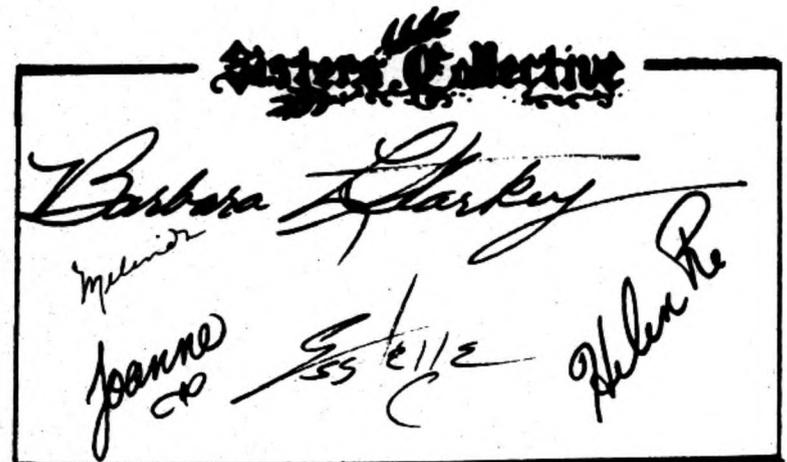
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VIRGINIA
AND ME

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~~CHANGE OF ADDRESS~~

Because we use a non-profit, bulk mailing permit,
 the post office will not forward SISTERS beyond
 city limits - EVEN if you enter a change of address.
 If you move you must send us your New Address if
 you want your subscription to continue.

I never heard of Virginia Woolf until her name
 became the title of Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia
 Woolf" and I didn't relate to that even until it
 became a movie. In a time when the "you should read
 this and that and see this and that" flowed at you
 multitudinously, ripping all meaning from what might
 be pertinent for your particular place in space and
 time, much as a flood rips at the precious surface
 of the earth, taking nature and spreading her around
 - depositing bits and pieces of confusion and disar-
 ray here and there so does the media flood cause as
 much confusion.

So it is that my first experience with Virginia
 Woolf came after friends, excited by her biography,
 showed me her picture. And it was this that turned
 me on. This first glimpse of her that turned me
 quickly from within, grasping at the churning
 flood, exhilarated by something in her face, her
 spirit, her soul that spoke to my soul and said
 know me.

From pictures in her biography I drew, from
 the few glimpses she allowed me to see of her. As
 I pieced together her life from the pictures and
 talking to her I finally finished a sufficient
 portrait. I pieced together her life from the
 pictures and talking to her I finally finished a
 sufficient portrait. Unable to leave her face for
 very long I drew more and more, some not good, unreal
 or abstract and others became closer to the way the
 molecules moved, camera shutter opening and closing
 some fifty or sixty years ago.

Embracing her physically as much as reality
 allows I have now turned to her work, the one
 thing more than any other that has labelled her
 obscure. To say she is obscure is to say I'm obscure
 for reading her fiction or looking at her picture.
 It invalidates her and it invalidates me. But to
 study her and her choices and the limitations



controlling her choices in her time is to learn about and understand my limitations and choices today.

In England at that time women were looked upon as a sex object and all that follows. But Virginia Woolf was determined to write, determined to publish from a very early age. And so she did . . ."

. . . I thought how unpleasant it is to be locked

out; and how worse perhaps to be locked in; and thinking of the safety and prosperity of one sex and of the poverty and insecurity of the other and of the effect of tradition and the lack of tradition upon the mind of a writer, I thought at last that it was time to roll up the crumpled skin of the day, with its arguments and its impressions and its anger and its laughter, and cast it into the hedge". (From "A Room of One's Own.")

How many times I have attempted to do something, to write--my thoughts, attempting a resemblance to something, poetry, or fiction, something, only to come after three or four sentences, two or three paragraphs to the conclusion that what I was doing was of no worth, to anyone, least of all myself. DESTROY! My thoughts my world my life DESTROY. To read that she, too, even though determined, even though published, thought to discard her impressions into the bush is an encouragement for me, backhanded as it seems.

To say that Virginia Woolf was oppressed as a Woman, as a writer is an understatement. The Victorian world she inherited, that surrounded her, the heavy male dominated and controlled English tradition that she trips back and forth through the centuries on is now as much my heritage as it was hers. With patriarchy the domination, economic oppression maintains the lack of tradition now as then.

If not for Virginia Woolf and her spirit this ugly phallic world might be my only inheritance. She frequently justified mental anguish and escaped by nervous breakdowns--periods of insanity at which time her deep hostility for men would flame out at her husband and the men around her. It seems her "insanity" was her only means of communicating how suffocated and in pain she was. The suffocation, the pain and the hostility are mine. And yours. Perhaps if honesty were our watchword, the changes would come and with them the tradition that she so desperately needed. That we so desperately need.

---Ann Fitzpatrick

FEMINISTS ORGANIZE CREDIT UNION

Representatives and individuals from NOW, Feminist Women's Health Center, San Francisco Women's Center, Black Women Organize for Action and Daughters of Bilitis met at San Francisco Women's Center Thursday night, October 3rd., for the purpose of organizing a Feminist Federal Credit Union that would serve the feminist/women's organizations of the Bay Area. There are presently six other feminist credit unions throughout the country.

A credit union is a self-help financial institution. The difference between credit unions and banks or savings and loan companies is simply the difference between people with a common bond setting up their own financial system for their savings and credit needs and people giving up their savings to a corporation whose goal is to make money for its stockholders. A feminist credit union, set up by women for women, is a financial institution where we can invest our money in loans to our sisters instead of in male-owned and controlled banking institutions with sexist lending policies and employment practices. Let's face it--every dollar we have in a checking or savings account presently supports that system which discriminates against us! With a feminist credit union we will be able to borrow where we are not discriminated against because of marital status or the credit rating of a husband or father. We can also be honest about why we want a loan, whether it be for a divorce, an abortion, a vacation or a means to become a self-directing person. We formed consciousness-raising groups to support each other emotionally and to help us understand the changes we were making in our lives, we formed self-help clinics to help us understand and have control of our bodies. Forming a feminist credit

union is a continuation of this process. The field of money, credit and finance is male-dominated, mystifying, and outrageously discriminatory against women. It is not enough merely to pressure that male-controlled system into throwing us crumbs of credit. We must have financial control of our lives!

A feminist credit union would thus be an instrument for social change that would increase both the options of the feminist community and its economic leverage. It would be a financial alternative that would promote self-sufficiency for women and also provide a means of withdrawing our support from the male-dominated system. Thus using our resources to aid the development of a feminist community.

What is needed to make a California Feminist Federal Credit Union a reality? Women.

If you have any further questions or are interested in how you can get involved, call DOB's answering service and leave a message for Helen to call you. Be sure to leave your name and phone no. DOB's Answering Service is (415) 861-8689.

THE GIRLS' GUIDE —1974

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Dear Sisterly Subscriber or Reader,

Due to inflation, the higher cost of paper and increasing printing costs, the DOB Board is struggling to keep SISTERS at sisterly prices.

As a result, we have decided to eliminate one issue per year. Instead of receiving 12 issues a year, you will now be getting 11 issues a year. We regret we've been forced to take this course of action but the choice was not made rashly or without consideration to you. We have decided on the month of August in 1975 to be the month when there will be no SISTERS. Since it is the time of year when most of you take vacations, move, break up, leave home, are not in school, etc.; we feel you are not so likely to miss SISTERS during August in comparison to other months.

In March of 1975, the cost of one year's subscription will go up to \$6.00 and SISTERS will then start selling at bookstores for 60¢ per individual issue.

The best way to avoid the price increase is to renew your subscription now or before March of 1975.

We hope you will understand and continue to enjoy and support SISTERS.

In Lesbian Pride,



Liane Esstelle
SISTERS Coordinator

D I G N I T Y

A national organization for GAY CATHOLICS who love.

Write to: DIGNITY
P.O. Box 16246
San Francisco, CA 94116

SISTERS' ADVERTISING COSTS

IF you would like to make contact and meet other lesbians from your area, near or far-out especially if you're isolated and made to feel you are the only one in Bellflower, Indiana or whatever your situation may be, may we suggest: you put an ad in SISTERS.

IF you have a business, are publishing a gay book, doing lesbian art, etc. . . you may also be interested in using space in SISTERS.

ALSO for those of you who have a Women's monthly publication, we would be interested in exchanging ads on a regular basis.

The outside dark, heavy line indicates the area of space which equals ONE FULL PAGE AD in SISTERS. ALL ads must be camera-ready, in black & white only and submitted before SISTERS' Deadline (see calendar) in order for it to go in the following month.

<u>size</u>	<u>cost</u>
FULL PAGE AD\$30.00
½ PAGE AD\$15.00
¼ PAGE AD\$7.50
one type-written line\$1.00
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and so forth	



A lover's lips but amplify
The dreams her amorous
eyes imply.

---Camille Barry

Willows

I cannot think you
weep
Who, bending with such
gentle grace,
See only your own
loveliness
Mirrored in silent
waters.

---Hope Barnes

Responsibility has ceased
Since we have been apart,
But the load from off my shoulders
Has settled on my heart.

---Katharin Hibbetts

A Source of Inspiration

To her, whose skillful hand has lately formed
The picture hanging here, I owe a debt.
Its beauty, manifest in every line
And hue, delights my conscious hours; and yet
Its loveliness alone is not its charm.
Success, which came to her when youth had gone,
Inspires my soul anew, impelling me
To banish fear.

---Florence Boyer

To Sally. VIII.

The heart of the lover longs
The soul of the lover yearns

And the eyes of the lover wait
For night to break.

To Sally. VI.

I don't know
how you look
but must
escape from you

And the heroine
of every book
I risk
resembles you
to the last detail.

---E. I. Louch

WENDY'S SONG

The would be poetess ponders over her inadequate
store of words.
Love and beauty and sunshine and joy and gentle
and peaceful all do you a grave injustice.
For you are a song so deep it cannot be sung.
You are a song of an instant that flies to fast.
A song of forever lasting until tomorrow.
A song of a tear wiped tenderly away.
Song of passion taken and gently returned.
Song of souls joined in a heart-loves embrace.
A song I, lacking the words, cannot sing.

---Barbara L. Starkey

For . . .

She was of earth,
Lavish, withholding,
Abundance and dear
In her being enfolding:
A vein of iron, hidden and bold
With ancestral force;
A river of ice, secret and cold,
Inaccessible source
Of hostilities old;
A womb of fire--
Was it the pyre
For full hecatombs
Of woman desire?
How sharp the rich savor ascending
To what god forever unbending!

Her now no mythical heaven deceives.
Only the shifting common sky
Domes the dark hair and unquesting eye.
She is of earth,
And hands like pale leaves
Drifting no more
Need not explore
What was sweet and familiar before
The ignoble, dark day of her birth.

---Grace Hunter



Imagination runs wild, rejection upon rejection
is piled heap after heap until I can wade
through it
it's that deep.
And I take my imagined rake,
gather them like so many leaves to me,
tend each individually,
carefully until my mind's room is filled with them.
Then I strike a match,
protect it from rejectioning winds
and I,
I build the most beautiful bonfire you ever will
see.

---Barbara L. Starkey

your cunt was torn badly during
your son's birth,
you tell me!
because he came bursting out
too fast.
My heart was torn badly
during the entire time I loved you
and you didn't love me back,
I tell you,
because I had to keep cramming
all the love I felt for you back
into a heart that was filled to the limits
so it wouldn't pop out to embarrass you
at any inopportune moment.

---Desi Seagull

ONE'S NOT ENOUGH

If I could have but a wish
it would be to have you to myself
for but a day.

To find out how many more days like that we
would want to spend that way.

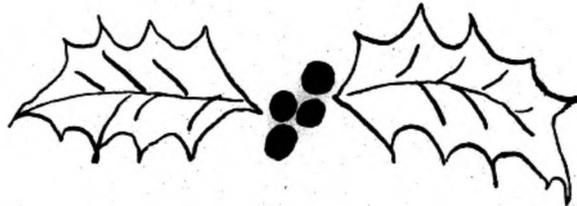
WITHOUT WORDS

Words come often without delay
other times they get in the way
of what I would like to be able to say.
I'd like to talk to you someday
without words.

---Jo Biddle

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Women's Writers Workshop Meets Every Sunday See Page 30	2 Monogamy by Maureen Flannery starts at 7pm	*FOR THIS MONTH DOB WILL BE HAVING RAPS ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS		5 LONELINESS by Melinda & Barb		
SISTERS' DEADLINE Meeting at 7pm	9 SEXISM among Sisters by Ann (The trips we lay on each other)			12 Christmas Pot Luck & Tree Trimming See page 32	13 FEMINIST FILMS SERIES 7pm at Greay & Franklin 435-4495	
	16 The Feminist Party by Poe Asher	ABOUT OTHER ACTIVITIES see p. 32		19 Drinking Problems in the Lesbian Community by Wendy Hayes		
	PHYLLIS LYON & DEL MARTIN see page 32			26 BISEXUALITY See page 31		
	30 COMING OUT RAP					

December 1974



Sisters

by and for Gay Women



I would like a ^{—NEW} RENEWED subscription to the original, San Francisco lesbian magazine *Sisters*. I enclose —\$5 for eleven issues, —\$7.50 Canada and overseas.

NAME: _____
STREET: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

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San Francisco, CA. - 94103

THE
FULL MOON
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& BOOKSTORE

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San Francisco

864-9274

Dear Sisters:

The coverage of Lesbians in *Ms.* Magazine has been, as you know, abysmal. Although at least 30% to 50% of the readership of *Ms.* is Lesbian, the entire magazine has a heterosexual slant.

Now, the primary victory of Elaine Noble--up-front Lesbian in Boston--for a seat in the Massachusetts House, is big news. And this qualifies as Lesbian history and as news by the standards of *Ms.* Magazine.

Therefore, we want not only to see a feature article on Noble in *Ms.*, we want to see her face on the cover. Can you stir up trouble locally on this? Please contact people immediately, urging them to write to the magazine---and insisting on Elaine's mug on *Ms.*

The address of *Ms.* is: 370 Lexington Ave.,
New York, New York 10017

And it is urgent!

Yours in Love & Revolution,
Sue Christopher
Head of Media & Public Relations
Minnesota Committee for
Gay Rights
P.O. Box 4226 St. Anthony
Falls Station
Minneapolis, MN 55414

Dear Sue,

We would love to have an original picture of Elaine Noble to use as a cover for *SISTERS*. If you or any of our readers has one and would mail it to *SISTERS* c/o DOB, we would appreciate it.

(DOB's address is on the inside back cover.)
Also, any information about Elaine Noble would of course be of interest to the Lesbian Community and we would love to print it in *SISTERS*.

SISTERS Collective

MY MOTHER - A DRAG QUEEN

Around 1969, I was really in the closet - afraid that if I saw the movie THE FOX or THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE everyone in the audience would know I was a homosexual, a lesbian, a dyke. Afraid to wear pants, afraid my friends would find out, afraid afraid afraid; but wanting desperately to know what GAY was, to meet other people, to get out of that cellar/closet/darkness before I would scream or die of fright!

My friend/lover and I attended an evening on Gay Life Styles at Glide Memorial Church. We thought it was a lecture course on how homosexuals lived and I guess we thought we'd be able to find out first hand if we were doing it right. We were scared, trying so hard to look straight and pretend that we were sociology students on assignment. Much to our chagrin when the show started, it was to be a night of entertainment: men dressed up as women and mouthing words to female vocalists - A DRAG SHOW!

As I sat there, I realized with shock, that any one of these 4 or 5 men, these queens could have been my mother, with her dyed hair or numerous wigs, her contact lenses, her painted face, her bridge of teeth, her push up bra and pull in girdle, her high heels and sexy clothes, her facial expressions from little girl pout to Marilyn Monroe wet lips. My mother mouthing songs on a stage to my mother making her grand entrance at some Las Vegas Hotel. Her fear of her roots showing when she needed a dye job, her yelling at me to keep them (boyfriend, husband, milkman) busy while she put on her face, her feet always aching when she took off her 3 inch heels. So small and vulnerable when she was barefooted, white ghastly white face and lips, shaved eyebrows and thick glasses.



When her sweat finally poured through her layers of Estee Lauder sickeningly sweet, to hide the fact that she was real, that she smelled, reeked sometimes of fear. . . . Fear she would be found out, not beautiful, not tall, not a blonde, not sexy.

My poor mother a drag queen, from the first minute in the morning when she pulled herself out of bed and took out the clips and toilet paper from her hair. A drag queen a fucking drag queen! And she didn't even know why. . . why she did all these things, WHY?

And there I was again, 3 female impersonators

later, wondering why am I gay, where did I go wrong, how and why do I have this "homosexual sickness"? And it started to come to me slowly, slowly to light that perhaps I could be a real woman by becoming a lesbian, instead of being a real woman by becoming a drag queen like my mother.

---Barbara Collier

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SISTERS



**Season's Greetings
To All Our Friends**

A CHRISTMAS STORY

The following story is reprinted from the December, 1956, issue of THE LADDER. The reason for rerunning the story is not for its particular literary merit, as the author will attest. But it is typical of the situation many Lesbians find themselves in at Holiday time - and after all, it is A CHRISTMAS STORY!



* * *

"There, that does it."

The handmade gold star glittered from the top of the tree. Charlie clattered down from the chair. Sue snapped the switch.

The two women stood back, arm in arm, to admire their first Christmas tree.

"It's beautiful," Sue murmured.

Charlie gave her a quick squeeze. She reached for a tiny package on the mantle and placed it on a lower limb of the tree.

"It may be small in size, but not in sentiment."

"How sweet of you, honey! What is it? When can I open it?"

With Sue this year Christmas would be like the ones she remembered as a child, Charlie thought. It had been years since she'd been at all excited about the holidays. They had been to her something to endure rather than enjoy. But Sue's enthusiasm and child-like anticipation were effervescent and Charlie was actually becoming a reformed Scrooge.

"I don't know. When do you think we should open our presents?" Charlie grinned.

"We always open them on Christmas morning at home - before breakfast," Sue said.

"Well, I guess we should have our own Christmas here the night before."

Charlie's high spirits curdled into a hard lump in the pit of her stomach. She sighed, "I had thought we'd have Christmas Eve to ourselves and then go to our respective parents' on Christmas Day."

"But gosh, Charlie, it wouldn't be Christmas without the whole family being together."

"Well, you will be on Christmas Eve, so why can't we have Christmas morning together?"

"Because Christmas breakfast is a tradition with our family. Mother'd flip her lid if I wasn't there. As a matter of fact, she will probably want me to spend the night."

Charlie slumped into the overstuffed chair, "Families! What about our family? You and me! Don't we count?"

Sue perched on the arm of the chair and ruffled the wave in Charlie's hair. "Let's not get into a huff. We'll work it out some way -- really, darling."

For the five days until Christmas Eve, Charlie thought, brooded and plotted to no avail. She simply couldn't resolve the situation. She wanted to spend Christmas with Sue, but there were the two families, each with its own demands. What she wanted had little to do with what would be. Sue just accepted things as if it didn't matter. And Charlie was beginning to think that perhaps it didn't really matter.

As she left the office amid the well wishing, she muttered to herself, "Merry Christmas indeed! I wish I were a bear and could go into hibernation until the blamed thing is over and done with."

When she arrived at the apartment she found it empty. The unlighted tree looked as dismal as Charlie felt. She walked past it to the kitchen and poured herself a shot.

The phone rang and Charlie begrudgingly sauntered back to the living room to answer it.

"Merry Christmas!" said the voice on the other end of the line.

Charlie stuffed the words back through the mouth piece automatically.

"You don't sound very merry, Charlotte." It was Sue's mother.

"Guess I'm a little tired, but after a bit of Christmas spirits, I'll probably brighten up," Charlie replied.

"I'm sure you will, dear. Are you going to be with your family tonight?"

"No, we'll all be getting together tomorrow. I'm expecting some friends later this evening," Charlie answered.

"That's good. I think Christmas is especially the time when all our loved ones should be together. Is Sue there?"

"No, she hasn't come home from work yet."

"Our plans have been somewhat changed. Nancy and her husband won't be able to make it tonight."

"Oh?"

"Jim is having car trouble and he insists it will be too late by the time he gets the car fixed to bring the children. Even on Christmas Eve, he doesn't believe in relaxing the children's bedtime."

"Gee, that's too bad, Mrs. Geary. They're going to Jim's folks tomorrow, aren't they?"

"Yes, but Nancy promised they'd come here for breakfast in the morning and it will really be Christmas as usual at the Geary's. Tonight, though, since the kids aren't coming, we thought we'd accept the Neman's invitation. That is, if it is all right with Sue. I'm not sure if she'd like to go."

"Why don't you go ahead, Mrs. Geary and let Sue stay here and help me entertain tonight? Really - I need some help. And I'll see to it that she gets over there whatever time you say in the morning."

"If Sue would like to, Charlotte. Whatever she wants to do is fine. Have her call me when she gets home."

"Will do, And Merry Christmas! Charlie shouted into the phone.

---Del Martin

BIG BREAKTHROUGH FOR FEMINIST MUSCIANS!

Olivia Records has just completed recording its first album, MEG CHRISTIAN I KNOW YOU KNOW. This album was entirely arranged, produced, recorded, engineered and designed by a group of 20 women (15 musicians). The result is an incredibly fine album.

Olivia Records was created to help further economic independence and power for women, to record high quality music for women by women, to offer training in all aspects of the recording industry, and to give artists control over their music. MEG CHRISTIAN I KNOW YOU KNOW met all of these goals. All musicians were paid for their work, the entire musical production was the responsibility of the musicians (music and mixing decisions), musical and technical training took place throughout the recording sessions and the result was music of a quality we feel the women's community can enjoy and be proud of.



OLIVIA RECORDS INC, a national women's recording co. proudly offers its first album I KNOW YOU KNOW as an idea for a Christmas gift. Because we cannot guarantee delivery by Christmas we are offering gift certificates. To order gift certificates or records send \$6.00 to:

Olivia Records Inc.
Box 1784 Main City Sta.
Washington, DC 20013



The Local Lesbian sent her name, date of birth, time and money to an astrologer, to see if her homosexuality would be detected in a natal chart reading. The reading came back saying, "strongly attracted to the opposite sex". The Local Lesbian who has been gay for the last 10 years, who has been active in both the Women's and Lesbian Movements, who has done speaking gigs at both high schools and colleges in the Bay Area as an up-front lesbian feminist, resents strongly the implication and blatant comments of heterosexuality throughout her reading. She is now thinking of suing the astrologer for defamation of character and slander.

* * *

For those of who have not yet noticed, DOB's Wednesday nite raps NOW have been changed to Monday nites starting at 7pm. \$1.00 for non-members and .50¢ for members. Open to ALL women! At the same DOB location at 1005 Market St. Rm.#402. Occasionally, we have raps on other nites--read calendar. We've changed to Mondays because that's the time when The

Full Moon is closed and there isn't much happening. When the new Board took over that is one of the first major changes they made. There are some more major changes that will be happening soon in DOB and I will keep you informed when they take place.

* * *

NEEDED: A woman desiring country living and companionship. 40 to 55 years old and who would enjoy hard work, helping with lambing and general farm work. I have cattle, sheep, lambs (now), goats and two horses--one for a beginner rider. I enjoy sports, classical music and some western music. Any interested woman contact: Joyce Bowles at Rt. 1, P.O.Box 7026, Vacaville, CA 95689. Or call me in the evening at 707-448-5759.

* * *

The Women's Writers Workshop, which has been meeting every Sunday at the Full Moon from 3pm to 6pm, NOW--because of the noise and because at times it gets very crowded there--the Workshop will be meeting every so often at individual's homes. Call ahead of time at FULL MOON to get the info. as to where it will be meeting that day. The Workshop is still open to new women and it is free. Mostly, women have been working on poems and short stories in the Workshop, but it is open to other kinds of writing. There are some very experienced women as well as some very new beginners that all partake in giving encouragement, feedback, criticism and readings at this Workshop.

* * *

If you would care to write up a short news item that may be of interest to the Lesbian Community in the Bay Area submit it to The Local Lesbian c/o DOB.

DOB will sponsor a weekly group on bisexuality, beginning Thursday, December 26th, 7:00-9:00pm. The group will explore some of the options, the stresses and the satisfactions of viewing one's self as bisexual and/or acting on the basis of that self-image. Topics for discussion include: roles, commitments, priorities, jealousy, self-esteem, pressures to be exclusively heterosexual, pressures to be exclusively lesbian, intimacy, security, flirtation, labels, keeping an eye to ourselves--our needs. As group leader my orientation is toward personal well-being, rather than methods of political, ideological or sexual gratification. My personal perspective is that of the lesbian woman exploring heterosexuality, rather than the more frequent situation of a heterosexual woman exploring lesbianism. The tone of the group will be one of mutual acceptance and respect, for ideas and for lifestyles. We may talk about personal experiences as well as interesting ideas. The group is open to all women.

I am 28 years old, a senior in psychology at U.C. where I am specializing in women-related issues. I came out seven years ago (prior to the women's movement). I have co-lead women's groups for Break-Away and Marrakech West. For more information call 552-3035 and ask for Val, or come to the first meeting at DOB.

* * *

We are the only Lesbian shoe repair people in town. WE NEED YOUR HELP!! Please bring your shoes to The SHOE DOCTOR at 334 Gough Street or call 626-7157.

* * *

Liane & Melinda are now looking for a place to live preferably near other Lesbians, hopefully for a large two bedroom for not higher than \$230.00 a month. MUST HAVE a backyard and allow pets. Tired of playing straight for landlords, if you know of a place for rent or a gay landlord or gay realtor call and leave a message at DOB.

Dec. 12th CHRISTMAS PARTY at DOB There will be a Potluck Dinner---everyone who plans to attend is requested to bring one dish or must pay \$1.00. Also, we will be decorating a Christmas tree by making ornaments at DOB or bring one with you.

* * *

Dec. 23rd DEL MARTIN & PHYLLIS LYON at the Full Moon (4416 18th Street) starts at 7pm with Door Charge. Meet the authors of "Lesbian Woman". Also, there will be a Christmas party. DOB would like to thank THE FULL MOON Collective for allowing us to the use of their space and cooperation.

* * *

ABOUT OTHER ACTIVITIES THIS MONTH: Because we were behind schedule with SISTERS, other activities did not get in the calendar. However for other calendar info. call these numbers and ask.

S.O.L. (Slightly Older Lesbians, 30+)

call Berni.483-5143
 Scott's Bar864-9534
 Full Moon864-9274
 Women's Switchboard431-1414

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Here is a Christmas gift from SISTERS, on the opposite page cut out along dotted line and you'll have a card that will fit in your wallet.

* * *

DOB CHAPTERS

- | | |
|--|--|
| - SAN FRANCISCO
1005 Market St. Rm.#402
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 861-8689 | - DALLAS
P.O. Box 1242
Dallas, TX 75221
(214) 742-1947 |
| - NEW JERSEY
P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, NJ 07023
(201) 233-3848 | - FORT WORTH
P.O. Box 1564
Ft. Worth, TX 76101
(817) 924-8598 |
| - NEW HAMPSHIRE
P.O.Box 137
Northwood, NH 03261
(Don't say DOB: they
must be anonymous.) | - TAMPA
c/o Warner
Rt. 1, Box 110
Lithia, FL 33547 |
| - BOSTON
419 Boylston St. #406
Boston, MA 02116 | - NEW ORLEANS
P.O. Box 52113
New Orleans, LA 70152 |

 * * * * *

You have just insulted a woman.

This card is chemically treated.

In three days your prick will fall off.

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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.