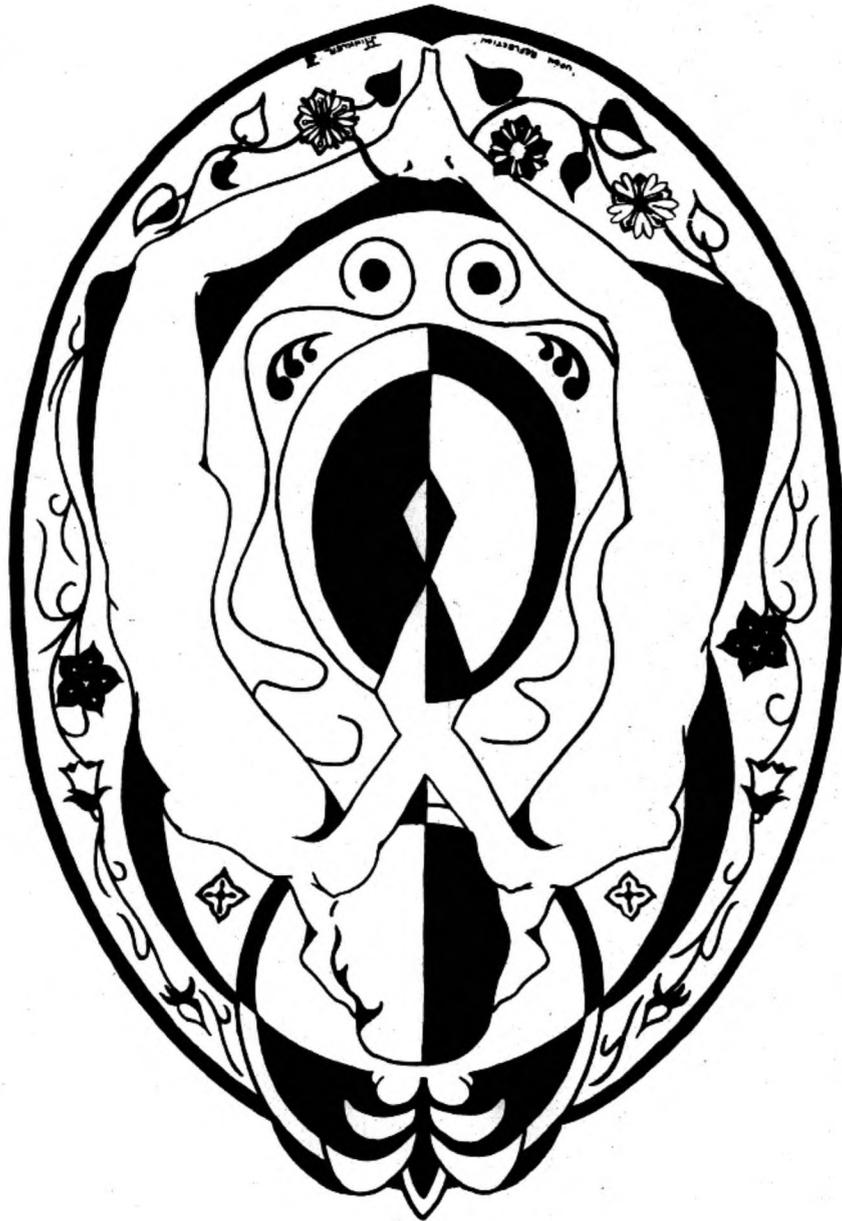


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Sisters by and for Gay Women



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.

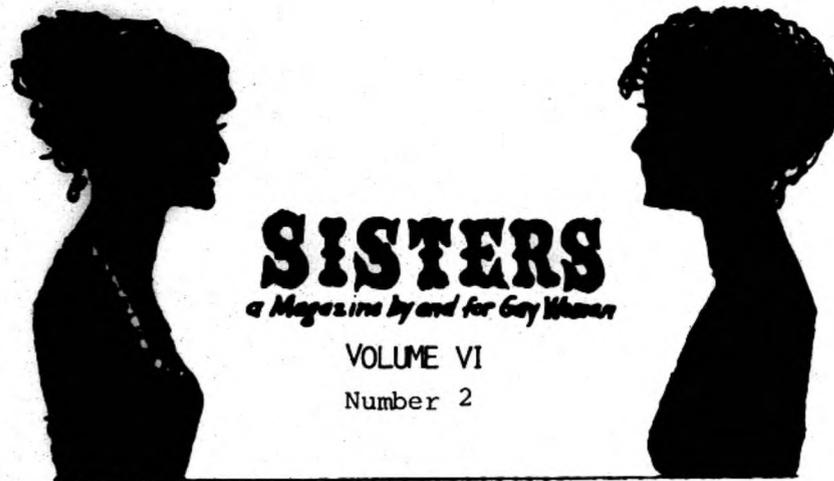
TO SAY AND BELIEVE THAT GAY IS GOOD

SAN FRANCISCO DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AN AFFILIATE OF

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S CENTERS

63 Brady Street

San Francisco, California 94103



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Come to the next Collective meeting:
Monday, June 30 - 1005 Market St. #404
Bring articles, stories, poems, drawings or just your own energy--but be sure to come!!

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Because we use a nonprofit, bulk mailing permit, the post office will not forward *Sisters* beyond your city limits--even if you enter a change of address. If you move you must send us your change of address if you wish to continue receiving *Sisters*.



RITA MAE AT GUERNEVILLE

*Our mother who art in heaven
Sister be thy name
Our washing's done,
Our kitchen's clean
On earth, and it isn't heaven!*

Thus opened the most successful, spirited coming-together of women that Guerneville, California--site of the River Queen Women's Center--has ever seen.

Rita Mae Brown spoke for more than an hour on the foibles, fallacies, fantasies and future of feminism. After noting with pleasure that most of the more than 150 women present were lesbians (and "those of you who aren't, have my deepest sympathy"), she launched into criticism of and explanation for the way things are in society and the women's movement today; and she offered some practical approaches to getting things the way we might like them to be.

CRISIS = OPPORTUNITY

The women's movement is in crisis, Rita Mae asserted, just as society is in crisis: however, noting that the Chinese symbol for crisis is the same as the symbol for opportunity, she suggested that now is the time for us to act. We must stop re-acting, as things happen to us, and start acting through "some real political construction," construction that works within the system. Before elaborating on this however, she asked rhetorically if this meant she is now anti-separatist. Separatism, Rita declared, "is a phony issue. We haven't separated ourselves from anybody: we were thrown out!" Then she continued, quite poetically:

"We're outcasts. We're pariahs--there's nobody that wants their queers. Black

folks and white folks do not want their queers; and rich folks and poor folks do not want their queers; and women and men don't want their queers....You can only separate after you've been invited to the party and say 'no, I'd really rather not come.' That's separatism."

Instead of putting all our energy into civil rights issues that affect women and lesbians--such as the ERA--we should take the opportunity presented by the current economic crisis and make ourselves visible and acceptable--as lesbians--to the rest of society: Ms. Brown asserts that we must ignore the "sexual Ku Klux Klan" and work *with* the system. It will take a very long time, granted, but working politically to "transform" the system is the only approach that will be truly effective. To repudiate the politics as too dirty, to maintain an I-won't-have-anything-to-do-with-that-garbage attitude only gives them, the oppressors, "a free hand to oppress you more." With one of her more colorful analogies of the evening Rita Mae illustrated her point:

"You are in a town 200 miles from civilization....There is one restaurant, you're very hungry, you've been on the road a long time. You go into the restaurant and the waitress comes up to you and says, 'I'm terribly sorry, but we only have bread and spaghetti.' And you say, 'I prefer steak.' That's a useless response, but we do that all the time; all we've got is bread or spaghetti, and we keep saying 'I want steak, I want steak, I want steak.' So we go hungry. Better to eat, gain strength, and be able to open our own restaurant and serve chicken!"

(continued)

THIRD PARTY POLITICS

With the ringing statement that "you can't live like a post-revolutionary in a pre-revolutionary world," Rita Mae Brown declared herself in favor of the creation of a third political party. She has considered and rejected the terrorist approach as inappropriate to and therefore ineffective in America, "which is why," she admitted, "I have come to the tedious conclusion that we have got to do it--quote--'legally.'" And a place to lay the groundwork for another, women's party, might be in the coordination of women's centers around the state. If nothing else, such coordination might stop the incredible duplication of effort that now exists: we might avoid on-going repetition of other groups mistakes, if we would just communicate with one another.

"LET YOUR FEMINIST GARDEN GROW"

Within our organizations we need to be so structured as to allow women the time and space to withdraw from the patriarchal society, to take a "matriarchal vacation," and to "go into a real kind of separatism, to find out how much the patriarchy is within" us. (Rita Mae was a member of the Washington, D.C. *Furies* collective for about two years. She feels that that time, for her, was the real beginning of a purge of the patriarchal conditioning--a purge that must go on forever in all of us.)

Women are still woman-hating, and Rita enumerated the kinds of things women do to each other from that woman-hating place--things that drive women away from the movement. Like, the supreme example, not listening. "What is the woman's classic experience," she asked, "but that her words are not the valid words. What *she* has to say isn't important."

Not only do we still have in us the tape that says women don't have anything to say that's worth

(continued)

listening to, but also to many of us "a strong woman is still a contradiction in terms.

We have a lot of trouble with that aggressive, positive woman who doesn't dissolve into a mass of tears when you disagree with her. We have a lot of trouble with a woman whose skills are so outstanding that she's just dazzling. Instead of saying 'god, am I glad that you can do that,' we just have to

(and here Rita snarls)

get her!"

THE CURSE OF CONFORMITY

Another divisive mechanism that the movement seems to encourage--and must overcome--is the need to conform and the demand that others conform as well. Rita Mae asked "Why do you think that every woman is a mirror, that you have got to look into her face and see if you measure up? I was raised on a little saying that says 'you don't grow up until your mirrors become windows. That woman is not a reflection of you--she is her very own person.'" We must each grow beyond the need to conform and beyond demanding that others conform; we must learn how to love ourselves for ourselves, and to "stop setting up invisible standards about what is a feminist." The only time that it is useful to conform is around goals.

GOVERNMENT VERSUS DOMINATION

Returning to the need for political construction, Rita Mae went into a brief discourse on political science, noting that "women confuse the line between being *governed* and being *dominated*" which she agreed is not too surprising because "government demands participation--we've never participated."

(continued)

If we at least participate in the decision-making process we do, in fact, have a say in our government. Just because we are sometimes--maybe often--on the losing side of a vote we are not *oppressed*: there is indeed a further confusion between being oppressed and being uncomfortable.

"If you're in a political group and some woman stands up and screeches at you: 'You are not a true revolutionary unless you embrace Marxism-Leninism!!' Now, that woman has not oppressed you. That woman has pissed you off. She can't force you to be a Marxist. A policeman *can* force you to go to jail without a trial."

"YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS"

Rita Mae Brown has a fantasy food shop--a market that would provide work for the unemployed and easy access to cheap food for the hungry. Putting her theories and criticisms to a practical application, she said: "I think what we have to do in order to be effective and break out of our oppressed category is feed our people, meet our own needs and meet a critical need for other people who may not be lesbians, and who may not be women. That (need) could be food."

Thus the idea of a market, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," run at a profit only large enough to provide survival for two or three lesbians--younger women to work the store, older women to manage it--in a location convenient to the poorest people. (Food conspiracies are a start, Ms. Brown agrees, but are impractical for the poorest people because they ask for payment in advance. "What's a tomorrow?," Rita echoed the poor hungry.)

Community projects that help fill today's urgent survival needs--let's get out in the open as lesbians in a constructive way, and win the support of the straight community. Then we'll have real

(continued)

power. Let's get out now, while the crisis/opportunity exists.

Ending on a high, positive ring, Rita Mae declared that "You can't look for an answer; you've got to be the answer."

Guerneville will never be the same.

- Melinda Guyol

♀ ♀ ♀

WANTED: Comments on this article, or on any subject near and dear to the hearts of lesbians. The next Collective meeting will be on Monday, June 30, and we need new and interesting material for the next issue. Write about your favorite issue, or send us letters mentioning topics you'd like covered. Now.

♀ ♀ ♀

BAY AREA WOMEN, DON'T FORGET:

DOB GAY PRIDE WEEK DANCE

SATURDAY, JUNE 28 AT 9:00 - ♀'S SKILLS CENTER
51 WALLER STREET, S.F.

BEER + APPLE JUICE

POPCORN - \$2.00

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HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S CENTERS !

Sunday, June 22nd was the second anniversary of the San Francisco Women's Centers and Women's Switchboard move to 63 Brady Street. As noted in the current "Newsletter," "...the women's community is coming close to supporting the general operating expenses of S.F. Women's Centers. Our income has been averaging \$300 per month from donations and memberships: our expenses average \$350 per month, including rent, phone, utilities, newsletter and miscellaneous office expenses. That leaves \$50 we must make up each month.

"A number of women have also pledged to our Staff Support Project in order to support three women working full time as coordinating staff. In addition, The Cambium Trust Fund just granted \$1980 to the Staff Support Project for one year."

Lend a hand to our community-based Women's Centers:

I would like to become a Supporting Member of the Center. Enclosed is my yearly membership fee of:

_____ \$5 _____ \$2 (unpaid worker) _____ \$10
_____ \$25 _____ \$50 _____ Other

I will pledge \$ _____ per month to support the on-going activities of the Center.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zip: _____

Mail checks to S.F. Women's Centers, 63 Brady St., San Francisco, CA 94103. All contributions above the yearly membership fee are tax deductible.

Quoted from LAVENDER U



Dear Abby

April/75

Dear Jay:

Everyone who consistently reads my column knows that I am a friend to the gay community.

I think your publication is a good one, and you may quote anything from my DEAR ABBY column concerning gays.

I am a partner in the struggle for understanding, although I'm straight. (I have been such a vocal supporter, I've been told that many think I am gay.)

All good wishes. . . .

Truly,

THE GLORIA STEINEM OF THE GERIATRIC SET

"Senior citizens" or "golden agers" are euphemistic terms for old people that rankle Margaret Kuhn, one of the founders of the Gray Panthers, a national group devoted to fighting ageism.

(Maggie Kuhn helped popularize the term ageism to describe discrimination based on chronological age.)

"To discuss old age in euphemistic terms trivializes it," she contended. "There's nothing wrong with getting old. You'd think it was as bad as venereal disease."

Maggie Kuhn has been calling a spade a spade all her life. She speculates that she inherited her penchant for activist politics from a favorite aunt who was a suffragette or from her grandparents who worked with the underground railroads smuggling slaves to safety. Her organizational abilities were developed during a long career in social action as a national official of the YWCA and the Presbyterian Church. It's no accident that she finds herself a leading light in the growing militancy of the elderly.

Ms. Kuhn, who never married ("sheer luck" she quips) and prefers the feminist appellation, was one of six founders of the Gray Panthers in 1970. Nevertheless it is she - whether because she is particularly articulate, particularly sophisticated in dealing with the press or because the media always wants a star - who has become the Gloria Steinem of the geriatric set.

But she continues to plead for multiple leadership. "I might drop dead tomorrow. Out of the six us who founded the Gray Panthers - a name given the group by a TV newsman - two were dead inside of six months."

At 70, Maggie Kuhn finds herself busier than

she was before her retirement. "It's escalated. It's a 24-hour commitment. It's a exaltation and a joy but also a burden. My telephone starts at 7 a.m. and I can hardly even get a bath. My house is a wreck. I don't have time to garden and I have a lovely old garden."

It's an almost ironic reversal of fortune for someone who feared retirement. Indeed, she and her five friends who founded the Gray Panthers did so as a sort of insurance policy against isolation. They were afraid that they would no longer be able to work on issues that concerned them, such as opposing the war in Indochina, alone.

"When you retire you lose your community of work and for many of us there is little else. We were all separating to retirement to different parts of the country. We were no loner going to see each other as we once did and we felt sorry for our selves and our situation. It was a sad time.

So they had a meeting at International House in New York and invited everyone they knew who was retired; some 80 people showed up. "They were all excited about it because they had been isolated since they retired."

Today the group has a mailing list of 8000 and 19 different cities with active Gray Panther groups who work on issues of local interest.

In Chicago, the Gray Panthers are fighting for improved health care because, Ms. Kuhn pointed out, "that's where the empire of American medicine is - the AMA, Blue Cross, big drug companies." In Philadelphia the group is focusing on housing; in Boston it's transportation; in the East Bay, nursing homes.

Ms. Kuhn describes the Gray Panthers as a movement rather than an organization. There are no membership cards or dues. There are no membership cards or dues. There is a national office in Philadelphia, where Ms. Kuhn lives, and the mailing list. Anyone, old or young, who wants to work for social change and the elimination of ageism can be a Gray Panther.

In 1973, the Retired Professional Action Group (supported by Ralph Nader's Public Citizens, Inc.) merged its activities with the Gray Panthers.

Maggie Kuhn describes herself as "angry - not only at the injustices old people are tortured by but the injustices suffered by all minorities and by anyone who is dependent in any way." She speaks with real passion about issues like housing and social security and is not shy about punctuating her speech with an occasional "dammit."

Indeed, the group has received some criticism for being too well educated, too professional, too white-middle class. "We are who we are. Why waste our talents? We do have some minorities and poor people. But you can't always expect starving people to organize themselves. We can be the voice of the voiceless."

---Beverly Stephen

REPRINTED FROM THE

"SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE"

April 30, 1975



The Wishing Well

The Wishing Well is a national newsletter dedicated to helping lesbian women reach out to one another. For a \$5.00 membership fee each person receives a listing up to fifty words. This will appear in two consecutive issues and they will receive this without charge. Letters may be forwarded through the project with a charge. To insure confidentiality, code numbers are used and names and addresses never revealed. Through *The Wishing Well* gay women are assisted in locating someone with similar interests, needs and objectives. Write: P.O. Box 1711, Santa Rosa, California 95403.



book review

THERE is a new, warm and loving book that would be a beautiful addition to your bedside bookshelf: *Loving Women* by the Nomadic Sisters, with illustrations by Victoria Hammond. It is, quite bluntly, a lesbian sex manual; but it is almost poetic in its approach, and has none of the matter-of-fact, do it this way flavor that the term "sex manual" brings to mind. The Nomadic Sisters wrote their book because they "thought it was time to expose the joyous, natural side of loving women and of sexual love between women." Their intention is to offer "a handbook providing some guidelines for women wanting more information about female sexual techniques...."

What they achieved was much more than that, because they have captured the *spirit* of woman love.

After opening with a comparative glossary--words defined by Random House and re-defined by Nomadic Sisters--*Loving Women* goes first to the subject of masturbation: "We are hard-pressed to find arguments against women masturbating since it is sexually rewarding, free, allows you to be sexually independent and leads you to being a more responsive, knowledgeable lover when with a partner."

The next chapter, "I Know a Place," offers a variety of environments to enhance your sexual pleasure, and the following chapter, "Time Well Spent" is a flowing discussion of foreplay and touching and kissing and holding. This section is aptly subtitled "Haste Makes Waste," and the Sisters urge, "There's no need to hurry; relax, enjoy and share all delightful sensations with each other. Linger on what feels good and move on if something is not a turn-on."



2
Drawing by Victoria Hammond, from Loving Women.

The message of *Loving Women* is delightfully tied together with quotations sprinkled in appropriate places and by the superb illustrations done by Victoria Hammond (see, for example, page 16). There is a grace and natural flow in her drawings that frees the reader from any discomfort she might otherwise experience when reading a section like "Going Down, Down, Down!" In this section the Nomadic Sisters describe the joys and fears and pleasure and ecstasies that go with oral sex; they note the need for honest communication between lovers, "Since oral sex is probably the most intimate method you will use, it is essential that you listen carefully to each other's feelings concerning oral contact."

Various other touching techniques and touchable areas are the subject of "Give the Lady a Hand," and the book concludes with fine quotations from women about their sexuality and their loving experiences.

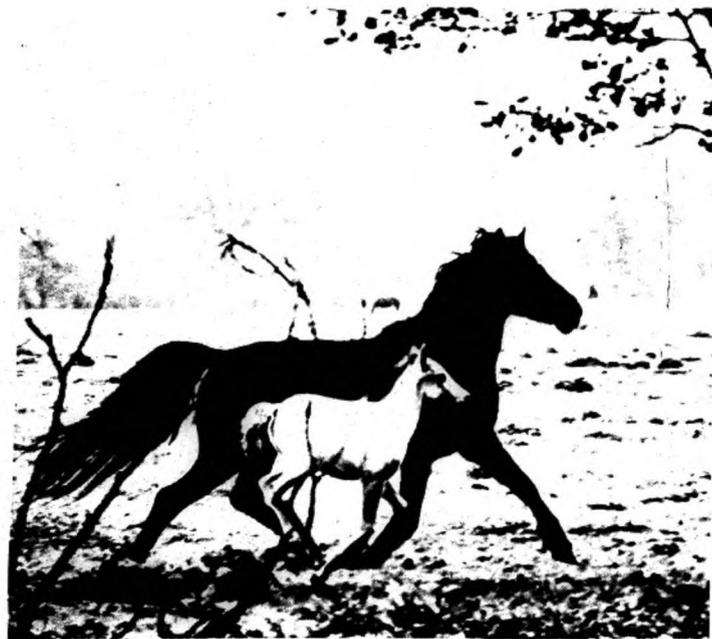
Turn the lights down, light some candles, brew a pot of tea, put some mellow music on; climb into bed with your lover (or your fantasies), and read *Loving Women*--it's a beautiful experience.

-mg

(*Loving Women* is published by Nomadic Sisters, P.O. Box 793, Sonora, California 95370. 8 1/2 x 11, 46 pp. Send \$3.50 plus 25 cents postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.)

♀ ♀ ♀

Poetry



The air is crisp and cold enough
For snowfall, though
Winter is two weeks off.
Most of the birds have started South
Before the cold.
A few birds stay. Do those
Who go, travelers by need, not choice,
Envy the few--
The snowbirds who are free
To go or stay?
We are as free as they.

For Denise

I have grown fonder of you day by day,
Until my heart and world are full of you--
Filled with your laugh and with your love,
And with the sweet scent of your hair.
I can't recall the time before
I loved you.

---Jean

WHEN

you

experience

you will

know

the truth.

---L. Esstelle

these lines,
written in trembling hand,
apologize
for all the loving i never gave
to all the women i passed by.

---Courtney

i want to say i was afraid
everytime i looked at you
winecolored during a party
even when we strutted
 chests out chins high
to the sleaze of ohio bars.

i want to say i love you
to every friend whose life
i eased,
slowly,
out of. . .
you were too much a burden.
i didn't know how
as i danced with my redhaired demon lover
to touch your arm
gather together
softly touch my lips to yours.

i want to say forgive me
for every nite in my sorrow
in cold walled rooms
with men whose lives i half touched
while i drew back from yours.

*

one of my lovers is a machine
she makes me come
like a flash flood
afterwards there is nothing
but the banks of despair

She was a flashy-assed lassy eyed gem
of a woman

A woman with words But didn't know quite
how to say them.

A woman with beauty but had not the grace
to accept it.

A woman whose hands held the world
Oblivion.

A woman whose kisses and arms
held a thousand promises
Yet she freezes.

A woman unlike you or friends of yours.

A woman so like the tide
which rushes forth
And shrieks in retreat to some dying
delight still unheard of.

A woman in whose face felt my hands
And still dreams of some shadow

A woman who stands against God
but wants no part of her ego.

A woman who kisses her armpits
Yet squirms at her wrinkles.

A woman who looks to the children as something
she's given.

A perplexful sort
A somewhat didactic sort
A woman of sorts Really so much
Like me.

---Loni Meeker



To Erotica

Darkness. The rain plays musical plunks
on the leaves of the tree
outside our window.
Inside your hands hold my hips,
draw my pelvis toward you.
Your mouth demands my attention
Your tongue, tasting my urgency,
beckons me to some mystical land.
We move together. In time. Of time.
'Til I, carried out of time, am the rain
escorted by lightening.
The brilliant flashing of comets guide me
as I soar heavenward, Heavenward,
HEAVENWARD!

---Barbara L. Starkey

UNEASY NEST

She had the sort of eyes that made you feel that
she was on to you, was comfortably lying close
to your heart listening to its beat. And if
that scared you to know and you tried to push her
away from cozying next to your warmth, she would
grumble softly, poutily, resisting your pressure
like a sleeping kitten. "You are disturbing me,"
she would mutter because she had the right to
your warmth, you were her home, you belonged to
her. "You don't care."

And you were surprised to be so accused
because you were only frightened. Afraid she
might reject you, leave you to your own empty
warmth one day.

---Biff Lancaster

She Meets Him At A Dating Bar

They are ones in a binary system.

He:
You come here often?

She:
I have never been here in my life.

He:
I saw you here last night.

She:
I come here to talk to someone.

He:
Come to my room. I have a bottle.

She:
But we have only talked. . .

He:
I take it that's your price?

---Arlene Stone

caress me

myself says

preening its self.

who are you
i ask
to come to me asking
for what i need

asking to love when there is not
asking to live when i am not
i cannot follow you

Myself

what will
there be
all
the days
of my life
to
come
home
to

♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀ \$ ♀

FEMINIST FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

The Bay Area Feminist Federal Credit Union is about to be born. On May 7, 1975, we signed our charter and are now awaiting action from the Federal Government (the chartering process usually takes four to six weeks from signing to the granting). Women from the Daughters of Bilitis, San Francisco Women's Centers, Golden Gate N.O.W., and Black Women Organized for Action have joined together in coalition to reassess the needs of women, as seen through the diverse experiences of the women involved. We have endeavored for nine months to realize this goal, so that the members of these organizations will have the benefits of a feminist credit union within their reach.

Historically, the credit union movement grew out of a cooperative effort in the 19th century to make money available to persons usually denied access to it. A feminist credit union can make money available to women usually denied credit due to sex, race, class, age, religion or marital status--or because they want loans for the "wrong" reasons (abortions, divorces, lesbian families, etc.). The feminist credit union will also provide information and financial counseling to support women in dealing with other financial institutions.

There are already feminist unions in Detroit, Washington, D.C., San Diego and New Haven, Conn. In little over a year, the Detroit Feminist Credit Union has obtained assets of a quarter of a million dollars--acquired from the women's community!

Some facts about credit unions: Members deposit savings in the credit union; this money is then loaned out. Because the interest on loans is used to pay operating expenses and dividends on savings accounts, the credit union needs both depositors and borrowers to function. Credit unions are regulated by law, and the Federal Government insures each member's savings to a maximum of \$40,000.

In order to get a credit union charter, the potential members of the credit union have a common interest and are defined as belonging to the four sponsor groups. We are four feminist groups whose common interest comes in recognizing women's oppression--both individual and collective--and are actively working to change the conditions women face and to empower them to realize self-determination. In fact, we are bound together by chains of oppression and are striving jointly to free ourselves on all fronts, including financial expression. Membership in our credit union will be available to members of the four organizations previously mentioned. These groups will be represented at all levels of decision-making in the operation of the credit union (board, credit committee, supervisory committee.)

How you can participate. A measure of the respect and concern we feel for each other as women can be found in how much we are willing to invest in each other's successes and in our common good. Money and the privilege it buys has divided us for too long. It is now time to begin using money to help us come together. Through working in a feminist credit union, we will learn to respond to the needs of all women. We will gain experience in managing a pool of money for our own interests, and we will increase our collective strength in the outside world. We need your participation! We invite

all members of DOB to become active in their credit union. We also invite non-members to join us in formin a stronger lesbian organization that supports our community and its efforts.

If you have any questions, please contact your representative on the Interim Board of Directors, Helen Ruvelas. Call (415) 861-8689 and leave a message.

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SISTERS

a Magazine by and for Gay Women

I'd like to subscribe to the original lesbian-feminist, bi-monthly publication, SISTERS. Enclosed is \$5 for a year's subscription (6 issues). For Canada & overseas \$7.50.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

1005 Market St Suite 404, San Francisco, Calif. 94103



INCIDENT ON THE #7 BUS

A Short Story by Genie, Jo's Daughter

I had spent the afternoon down at the park, digging these flowers out of the grass, little living plants to bring home to my Mary. They were fragile, delicate things--oxalia? Some people call them weeds, but I like them. I'd planned to snip the tiny blossoms so very carefully and place them in my lover's hair. My wild garden is Mary's long and shining hair, and the soft luxurious tangle which shadows the curve of armpit, and graces that mound which only I may claim.

Well, anyhow, I had a shoe box full of earth and plants in my arms when I boarded the #7 bus. It was crowded, as the evening busses usually are, with people jostling each other for space. Just as I reached the last empty seat, a fat man shoved me out of the way and slid into my place. Luckily, I was wearing tennis shoes and levis and a heavy field jacket, because he caught me a good one right across the chest. Rush-hour busses are no place for Haute Couture!

So. There we were. Me, standing cradling that shoebox full of flowers, and shifting uncomfortably with the movement of the bus. He, sprawled out in the seat which should have been mine, being a real Male Chauvinist Pig. Yeah--he was a pig, too. I could smell the stale liquor, the tobacco, the sweat of his dirty body. His eyes were blood-shot, naturally. I could feel him eyeing me (hey, I may dress kinda butch, but I have a very womanly body underneath the sweatshirt and jeans). He kept giving me this "boob-to-butt, tit-to-tail" inspection, y'know? It was really obvious. Maybe I should have felt pity for him; he was so clearly unloved. A dirty, stinking, greasy old bum.

The ride was a long one. I clutched the bar overhead with one hand, and my flowers with the other, and swayed from block to block. When I rang the buzzer for my stop, the fat man got up too, and exited just ahead of me.

As I stepped down from the bus, he turned abruptly and grabbed the front of my jacket.

"Hey, girlie," he breathed.

Those karate lessons paid off. I dropped him with a knee to the groin, and stiff fingers to the jugular. My flowers were crushed a little, but I didn't lose them.

Not then, anyway. They are being held, along with my wallet and keys and felt-tip pen, until Mary comes to bail me out. If they'll let me out, I'm being held for assault. Hell, who knows-- maybe they'll try to pin an attempted rape charge on me, too! All things are possible with your Local Pig Department.

Oh, yeah--I *did* lose a button. Not off my field jacket; those disappeared years ago. This is one of those message buttons. It's lavender, with white letters saying "I'm Angry, Not Gay." It's almost new.

If you find it, I'd like it back.

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FEMINIST WITCH FINED

The following is a press release issued in April by the Woman Soul Defense Committee.



Los Angeles. In the first witch trial of the century, Z. Budapest, High Priestess of Susan B. Anthony Coven #1, was convicted of fortune-telling in Los Angeles Municipal Court and fined \$300 or 15 days in jail and placed on two years probation in which she is forbidden to read the Tarot cards.

Ms. Budapest, who heads a two hundred woman witches coven worshipping the female principle of the universe, vowed not to pay the fine. Her attorney, Marge Buckley, said the conviction is being appealed to establish witchcraft as a valid religion and the right to practice divination as an integral part of that religion.

"Z.'s bail of \$2500 is excessive," Ms. Buckley said, "for a misdemeanor. The judge, Michael T. Sauer, is using this unusually high bail to discourage our appeal."

Ms. Budapest, a refugee of the 1956 Hungarian Revolt, was arrested February 10 by a female undercover agent who requested a Tarot card reading in Ms. Budapest's bookstore, the Feminist Wicca. "The arrest and trial are an effort to stop women's religion from re-emerging," A. Budapest charged. "Because the Feminist Wicca is a visible center of the Women's Liberation Movement, I believe we were singled out for harassment."

Oddly enough, prior to her arrest Z. Budapest and seven other women submitted legal papers to incorporate the Sisterhood of the Wicca as the first incorporated feminist religion in ten thousand years.

"The Sisterhood of the Wicca (meaning Wise Woman) is for women dedicated to the propagation of the

Goddess consciousness. It's a positive female religion," she added.

Ms. Budapest was arrested under the L.A. Municipal Code (43.30) which makes it illegal to predict the future with or without pay. An exemption to this section (43.31) allows fortune-telling by spiritual leaders of a bonafide church or religious organization.

"I was told that this country was founded on freedom of religion," Ms. Budapest commented, "but I was not told this freedom was only for male god oriented religion."

For more information contact Helen Scarlett at the Feminist Wicca: (213) 399-3919. Womansoul Legal Defense Fund, 442 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, CA 90291.



Z. BUDAPEST

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