

University of the Center

MARCH
1974

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

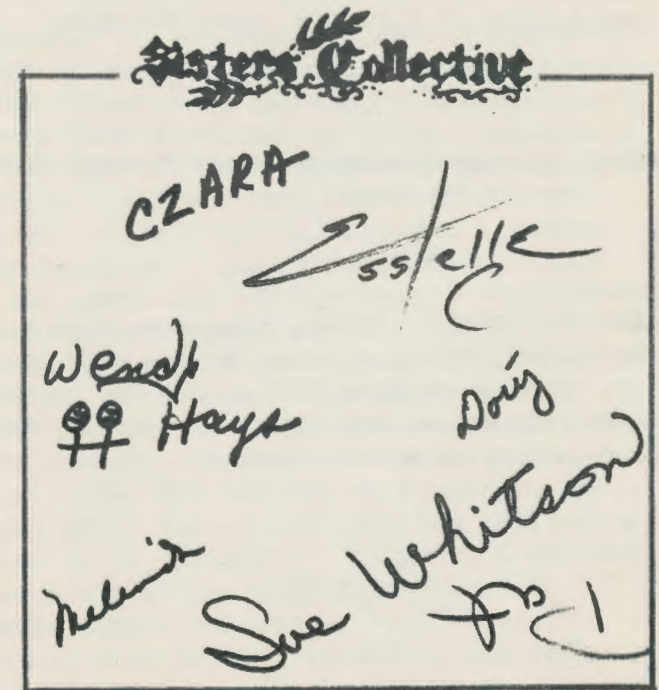
SAN FRANCISCO DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AN AFFILIATE OF

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



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VOLUME V, NUMBER 3



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Cover picture thanks to Linda Preston and
lay-out by Liane.

* * *

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

The following article is an example of the ways
in which lesbians who purport to be feminists
rip off their sisters, and is written in the hope
that lesbian feminists may someday be able to
transcend the low consciousness level portrayed
here.

HOW MANY GAMES CAN TWO PEOPLE PLAY
SIMULTANEOUSLY ?

Honesty, total honesty, was what we started
playing together. I'd rather be honest than
play games any time, but as usual, I bungled. I
passed the ball to myself, and I fumbled: I laid
all of my cards on the table. I wanted her, she
knew I wanted her, and she ran, even though she
was the one who was playing the game of trying
so hard to "understand" me. You see, she wanted
me, too. But she didn't want to love me without
knowing who I was. I loved her without knowing
her. It seems I always fall in love with the
unknown.

She freaked out because I came too close, as
usual. So we grew uncomfortable around each
other, and I just kept on being stupidly honest.
Finally the flak flew, and we weren't speaking.
She was too uptite, so I decided no news is good
news--let her call you when she's ready.

The night we had our falling-out, I became
very depressed, so I went to a friend's house
for tea and sympathy. Then a recent acquaintance
waltzed in, and we spent the night together. It
was amazing how fast I recovered. A little lust
satisfied can do sooo much for one's mind!

Nevertheless, I still thought about her. Sev-
eral days passed, and then I received a communiqué
in the mail from her, asking me to forgive her,
saying she still "cared for" me, and telling me
she wanted to be "friends." Oh shit, I thought,
now we're playing "let's be friends..."

She even signed her letter "with love," a
word she had been deathly afraid to use before,

but it was alright now, because we were just "friends." "Whatever the hell *that* means," I thought.

I wrote her a letter defending myself, and explaining that being "friends" can be just a game, too. However, I decided to file that particular letter because I knew she'd never understand. Instead, I wrote her a simple note saying "I accept." That really fucked with her mind. I was so straight forward and direct with her that the message I tried to convey never penetrated her game-webbed consciousness. She finally understood after I explained that my reply simply meant that I accepted her terms. By now our interaction had begun to take on the proportions of an international cease-fire.

Weeks passed, and I didn't see her. I talked to her a few times on the phone, but she was always too "busy" to see me. "Alright," I thought, "if this is what she wants, I'll play hard-to-get, too." Whenever I talked to her after that, I always made a point of letting her know that I, too, had a full socio-sexual life. And it was true--I did, but there was something missing: her.

But at the same time I was trying to be blase, and show her that I had a full life, I was also trying to show her that I still cared. That was quite a tight rope I was walking. I realized that by trying to match her, game for game, I had painted myself into a corner. Show her too much affection, and she'll get scared and run; show her too little affection, and the result will be the same.

One night I dropped by a friend's party, and she was there. I also saw several friends of mine, so I made it a point to hug them and say hello to them first, coming around to her last. We were congenial, and she said she was glad to see me, which was probably the first time she'd meant anything she'd said to me.

I played the social butterfly, skipping from one person to the next, but skipping back to her from time to time. Then she and an acquaintance disappeared. Checking up on her, I discovered her exchanging never-soul kisses with this mutual acquaintance.

I didn't say anything--I was very cool. But when I finally left, I asked her if she would give me a good night kiss, and she did--for about five minutes. I went home determined not to let her necking with another woman bother me. It was a little thing and didn't mean much, I told myself. I was still hurt, though. I thought it was a very tacky, blatant thing to do.

The next day I encountered the mutual acquaintance with whom she had been necking. The woman started feeling me out about the party ("Wasn't it nice? Did you have a good time?" etc.). I was cool and said I'd enjoyed myself.

The same day I talked to her and *she* started feeling me out, too. Somehow I gathered that they were both testing me to see what my reactions were, to get my gut feelings. This time I was not quite so cool. "Wasn't that party *funny*?" she asked. "Oh, it was just hilarious!" I replied.

Epitaph

She and I are not on such good terms anymore, not that we ever were. The object of this article is to show that when two people play mind games with each other, both parties lose.

- Janine St. Michel

The first Wednesday of each month, MAGGIE RUBENSTEIN of the National Sex Forum and the San Francisco Sex Information Switchboard leads a rap at DOB centered around women's sexuality. February's rap grew out of two articles published in *Sisters*. The first, "Fan Fumbles" by Dory Murphy, appeared in the January issue and warned lesbians against becoming involved with bisexual women. The second, "What's So Bad About Bisexuality?" by Sarah Thompson, was printed in the February issue as a direct reply.

At her February 6th rap, Ms. Rubenstein spoke to the group as a bisexual and revealed her concern over what seems to be a basic distrust of bisexuals on the part of lesbians. And a very real anger at the thought that a small minority of women could so oppress or reject an even smaller, less recognized group of women.

There was a lot of misunderstanding as to what a bisexual is and what a lesbian is. The definitions used were along the lines suggested by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon: a lesbian is a woman whose *primary* (expressed or otherwise) orientation is towards a member of her own sex. A bisexual, then, is a person whose primary orientation can be toward either sex.

As Maggie pointed out, both groups have many things in common. We are women. We have a lifestyle orientation which is at variance with current society. We are united in "living out" our personal inclinations. We seek to live ordinary lives.

This rap was one of the liveliest we've had in quite some time, as the women present discussed their feelings and asked questions. Some definitely felt a difference and distrust of bisexual women: "I had an experience where my partner was having a male lover at the same

time. She was different when she came from him to me." Some were totally unaware that there was a problem: "We're all women, aren't we?" Other comments: "Some of the best lovers I ever had were bisexual." "These labels! I don't call myself homosexual or bisexual or heterosexual. I'm (name). And I relate to (name)."

Several women shared their experiences with bisexual lovers, some good, some not so good. There was also talk about whether anyone present had experienced an attraction for a male. Many said yes, some with the comment that it was usually after a long period of sexual abstinence.

The session ended on an optimistic if somewhat tentative note: a better understanding reached on the part of the people present, with an interest in gaining more understanding. Maggie offered to bring some educational films for the March meeting and asked if anyone could load a projector. Someone offered one that can show either 8 or 16 mm. film, calling it a "dual" projector. "What's that?" asked someone. "That means it's bisexual!" exclaimed a Voice from the Audience.

Join us March 6 for Maggie's next rap.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS LAW REPORTER
180 UNIVERSITY AVE. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY 07102



FOR LOIS

Your hands spill
Over my shoulders.
My back melts.

by Pat Hardman

THOUGHTS ON VIRGINITY: All that issue
over a tissue--
A seal that's broken?
only a token
of violence or mistake.

MIDDLE OF THE END

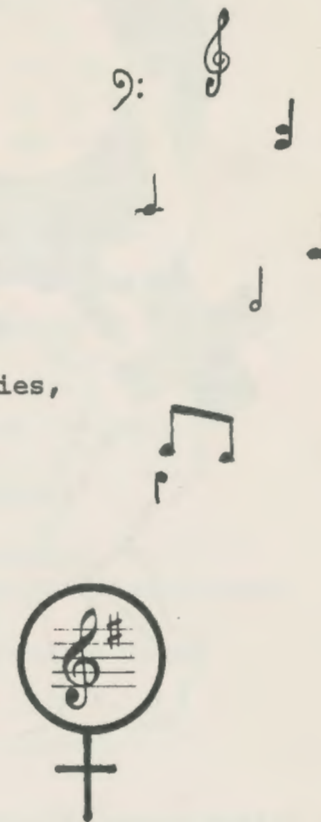
You gave me your world
like a movie just ending
a piece of your life
with the corner torn off

Your first chapter was missing
but the covers told me
enough to know what was lost.

by bitsyangelina

The Music Of Our Lesbian Nation

Lutes, flutes,
Harmonicas, harpsichords,
Guitars, gongs,
Mandolins,
Drummers playing only
With snares or soft palms,
A symphony of musicians
Composing whispering melodies,
Humming
A wind-song
Of leaves kissing.
Notes drifting
like snow flakes
Nesting
In the arms
Of an evergreen.
Music refreshing, liberating,
Inspiring Our Lesbian Nation.



by Dory Murphy



ANTI-LIBERATION

The silent tears of self-hating women
weigh heavy on my heart and
memory slowing me down
making me
crawl
for answers that I can't see.

I fear,
the lies that stem from tears kept silent
and the darkness that follows.

by L. Esstelle

SUFFERAGE

tonight, a grizzly drunk,
with a fetish for hanging out on Polk,
slammed a restaurant door on my hand
and said he would make up for it by

'sucking my pussy -
upside - down, yet' -

(a creative old bum).

I mean, if you oppress a woman,
particularly a dyke,
what better way to apologize?

Poor man,

So surprised, So shocked,
when he got slammed against the wall,
fist in face,
take out sandwich on sidewalk,
beansprouts on shoes,

Sprawling.

End apology, my anthropomorphic doorslammer.

by Deborah Jones

It used to be
that ten minutes couldn't go by
without me injecting your name
into the conversation
somehow, somehow.

Now

I can't recall
the last time I mentioned you
while talking with friends.

It's been that long.

by Desi Seagull

for so long
I've been an embryo
trying to be born.

and I didn't want to grow.
I stayed in my womb alone



safe hidden

secure

but lately I've

been growing

STRONGER

and

I've

seen

some light

coming into my womb.

and today I quickened.
I moved.
I kicked.
I kicked back at life.
the life that's

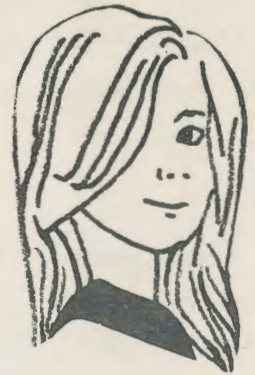
been kicking me.

and today I quickened.
I came to life. I don't think this womb
can hold me much longer.

I'm going to be born
one of these days.

yeah,
I'm going to be born.

Pat Santucci



Sisters

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SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

MARCH

1974

3 Women Against Rape Program at Scott's: 626-9534

4 Every Monday, 7 p.m. - Coffee House Nite at Scott's

10

11 Counseling, Jill, 6-8 p.m.
"Sisters" Collective
NEW TIME: 7 p.m.

17 St. Patrick's Day
Pool Tournament, 6 p.m.
Bagels for Brunch, Every Sunday - 12:30 ~ all at Scott's: 626-9534

18

25 Counseling, Jill, 6-8 p.m.

24 Open Board Meeting - 2 p.m.

31 Happy b-day Helen and Barbara!

5

12

Happy Birthday, Kathy N.!

19

26

6 7 p.m.
Educational Sex Films; Maggie Rubenstein

13 "Art and Self-Awareness" Sue Alexandre
Happy Birthday, Sharon Crase!

20 "Define Your Politics"
A discussion on radical feminist lesbian politics - Bert & Dory

27 "Lesbians and Religion" Terri Roderick
Happy Birthday Mauriss (Sharon) F.

7 "Full Moon" opening
See page 28
Every Thursday, 7 p.m., Volleyball
Call Scott's

14

21 Volunteer Night!
6 p.m. at DOB -
Collate "Sisters"

28

1 Lesbian Mother's Union meeting
7:30 p.m.; 4824 25th St.
- Childcare available -
285-0392

8 International Women's Day
N.O.W. Celebration,
Call 863-6603/566-2787
Scott's celebration,
call 626-9534
Happy Birthday Pat H.!

15 Women's Weekend:
Self-exploration
call Jill or Sue
@ 752-8967

22

29

2 Coffee House & Skills Center Dance
See page 31.

9 Rosalie Sorrels at the "Full Moon"
call 824-2739

16 SOL Party
(Slightly Older Lesbians - 30+)
8 p.m. - call Ginnie, 282-1551

23 Happy Birthday Jill!

30 S.F. Women's Centers may sponsor a dance tonight.
Call Karen, 864-5660

On March 8, 1908, thousands of women garment workers from the factories and slums of New York City demonstrated for an end to sweat shops and child labor. Two years later, in honor of this strike, a meeting of revolutionaries from many countries declared

MARCH 8th, as International Women's Day.

At 4, 5 and 6, she really wanted to be an auto mechanic but her brothers only laughed at her and made it a joke and her parents gave her more

dolls and tea sets and sewing cards and put her in long dresses which always got caught on fences and bushes and got torn and dirty for which she was soundly spanked.

At 7, 8, 9 and 10 she swam, jumped, ran, climbed, threw a ball, rode a bike, yelled and sang further, higher, faster, harder, longer and better than anyone else she knew and everybody said (with a twinkle in their eyes)

what a tomboy - isn't she cute?

At 12 she decided to be a surgeon and she fell in love with her science teacher

Miss Vogel

and loved her more than the sun-moon-stars & air and couldn't eat for weeks and was

really-honey-this-is-quite-ridiculous to her parents.

By the time she was 15 she walked sedately, had good posture, wore make up everywhere, spoke softly, sat with her knees together and her ankles crossed, always worried about bad breath, body odor, big feet, small eyes, and getting muscles & she seemed to cry a lot and no one could ever figure out why.

At 20 she gladly quit school to get married & the two women she loved best in the whole world came to be accomplices to the ceremony & she began right afterward to make a home for her boy-man-child & have babies and put her knight in armor through school

so he'd have a job to support them and all those nights she tried to make something wonderful happen but the magic simply wasn't there and he called her all sorts of names for being so aggressive & forward & independent & sexual & stubborn & she got angrier & angrier and angrier and he told her to stop playing games all the time she whispered help.

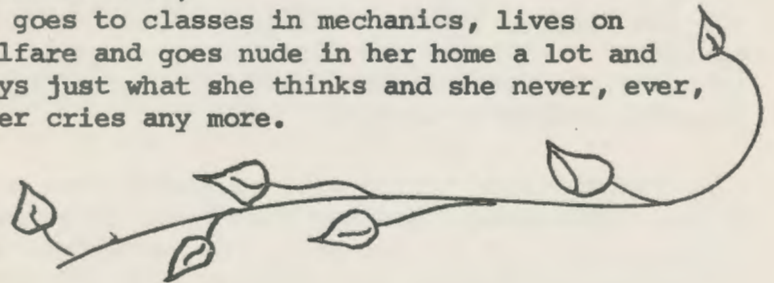
At 23 she met a woman who told her she was beautiful & all sorts of special wonderful things about herself & who showed her lovely new ways and

she threw out her wire curlers & kept her hair short & used panty-hose to tie-dye shirts & learned how to draw & garden & use tools & cook for fun & make papier maché & fix the car & build furniture and one day she took off all her underwear and said *screw that* & everybody said she was evidently

going through another phase.

At 26 she left the man and put the marriage away and took the children and went to search for and found other women who were also learning how to feel their own power & beauty & she talks loud, walks hard, does what she wants, burps or laughs or yells if she feels like it,

goes to classes in mechanics, lives on welfare and goes nude in her home a lot and says just what she thinks and she never, ever, ever cries any more.



QUEST: A FEMINIST QUARTERLY will provide a national forum for longterm, in-depth feminist political analysis and ideological development. Conceived by a group of Washington, D.C. women Quest's first issue will be out in April, 1974.

Quest is aimed primarily at women's movement organizers, theorists, and analysts. This audience not only includes women in the radical women's liberation movement but also those who are developing feminist studies, women in reformist organizations who see the limitations within the existing systems, and activists in other social change movements.

The first issue will focus on the Process of Change from political, economic, and social perspectives. Articles include: "What is Political Change?" by Nancy Hartsock, Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan, "How Lesbianism and Feminism Affects Change in Women" by Rita Mae Brown, poet and author of Rubyfruit Jungle; an analysis by the Los Angeles Self-Help women on their strategy in developing alternative health systems and their ideology of women controlling their biology; and an evaluation of political reformism in the women's movement by Charlotte Bunch, one of the early founders of the women's liberation movement and The Furies, lesbian feminist collective and newspaper. Articles are directed to women who want to solve the problems that face us in creating fundamental change in society.

Future issue topics will be Money, Fame and Power; Self-Concept and How That Makes Us Powerful; Spiritualism and the Movement; Future Visions and Fantasies. We welcome contributors from all over the United States and internationally.

Quest Staff Dolores Bargowski, Charlotte Bunch, Rita Mae Brown, Jane Dolkart, Bev Fisher, Karen Kollias, Lexi Freeman,

Emily Radziewicz Gaumond, Mary Helen Mautner, Gerri Traina and Juanita Weaver.

If you are interested in contributing articles or subscribing, please write

Quest: A Feminist Quarterly
P.O. Box 8843
Washington, D.C. 20003

\$2.00/issue; \$7.00/year individuals;
\$10.00/year institutions.

Bulk rates available upon request.

* * * *



ACHVAH-JEWISH GAY UNION



Invites all women to our next events:

PURIM DANCE: Saturday March 9 at 9pm at SIR, 83 - 6th Street. \$2.00/live music/ come in costume or not, as Queen Esther, Mordecai or King Ahashuwerus. Over 21 only.

PASSOVER SEDER: Monday April 8th at 7 pm at Bethany Methodist Church, 1268 Sanchez. Admission food or wine. Shalom.

For more information: 285-8110; 864-4449, or 658-4263.

THE GIANTPERSON AND HER HELL-HOUND

by Wendy Hays

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

PART II

Last month, we left Gerda, our giantperson(-ess) stomping off to the queen's court to find out what happened to her faithful Hell-Hound, Alfreida (affectionately nicknamed 'Alfie'). You also remember that Alfie, who in reality was an enchanted giantperson (-ess) in the guise of a Hell-Hound, was on the road to complete and total disenchantment.

To continue . . .

The good people of the land were very upset and scared and curious when they heard and felt the heavy footsteps of the giantperson. From their direction, they correctly deduced she was on her way to the queen's court. And being very politically aware, sent a volunteer delegation to "investigate the situation."

Gerda (our giantperson) arrived at court at the same time the following things were happening: Alfie beat the court delegation to the witch by three days; a proper witchly incantation coupled with a touch from one of the First Unicorn's horn made her her old self for the first time in almost 200 years; as a true giantperson (-ess), she is doubletiming it back to Gerda's place to declare and affirm her love for Gerda--not as a horse-sized howling Hell-Hound, not as a giantperson (-ess), but as ALFIE LOVES GERDA!!!! And she did, you know. You have no idea how psycho-physico-emotionally frustrating it can be to be in love with someone who is totally different. An enchanted Hell-Hound and a giantperson (-ess)?!?

IM-POSSIBLE!

Will Gerda accept Alfie as lover instead of faithful Hell-Hound? A good question, and since

I was there I know what happened, and I'm going to tell you: Gerda did.

Now, before she left the enchanted wood, the witch told Alfie (our disenchanting Hell-Hound) that if she went directly to the queen's court, she'd find Gerda there.

* * * *

That day happened to be the queen's scheduled monthly: i.e., once a month she locked herself up with her current lady-in-waiting and whatever goes on behind closed doors went on . . . without bothersome interruptions.

Now, a visit from a giantperson is a bothersome interruption. But if you're wise it's one that you allow because if you don't they get impatient and when they get impatient they tend to flail around a little. If you're ordinary sized, flailing doesn't mean a thing. If you're BIG, then it means A Lot.

So the wise queen (in great disarray) held court (in great disarray itself due to the fact they all knew she was having her monthly) and granted audience to Gerda.

The delegation from Concerned Hamlets And Townships (CHAT) arrived at about that time with the report that there were TWO giantperson (-ess)s (remember, now, Alfie's very disenchanting) stalking the land and what was the wise queen going to do about it?

Yes, there was ensuing confusion.

It didn't straighten out until Alfie arrived, surveyed the kinky situation, and found Gerda, who was quite beside herself, standing by the moat. "What's the matter?" she asked Gerda.

"They've done something terrible to Alfie, I just know it!" wailed Gerda.

"Who's Alfie?" asked Alfie. (She wanted to be sure of Gerda's feelings before declaring herself.)

"My midnight black howling Hell-Hound, whom I love above all others on the face of the earth."

And with this, our giantperson (-ess) burst into tears, which began splashing into the moat.

"Yes, something happened to Alfreida," said Alfie gently. "She was enchanted, and now is disenchanting. In reality, she is a giantperson (-ess) who loves you very much--not as a horse-sized howling Hell-Hound, not as a giantperson (-ess) but as 'I love you.'"

So saying, Alfie the giantperson (-ess) took Gerda the giantperson (-ess) in her arms and kissed her. It was one of those great-big-giantperson (-ess)-sized kisses that even us regular-sized person (-ess)s occasionally receive.

To make a long story even longer, Gerda and Alfie got their shit together and between them managed to straighten out both the queen and CHAT (remember my telling you about CHAT?) The agreement eventually negotiated was that Gerda and Alfie would set up housekeeping in their country castle (complete with Castle Cat) and stay there unless they got permission to walk the countryside. In exchange, the good people of the land would continue making their deliveries right to the castle gate. All talk of wizards and knights in shining armor was studiously avoided on the parts of both parties.

And so they lived happily ever after to the end of their days. I could tell you more about what happened, but that's another story.

* * * *

San Francisco Women's Centers, Inc.

PHONE
431-7767

P.O. Box 40247
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94140

CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING, HOW TO ?

Dory Murphy

Yesterday morning I was dozing on a friend's queen size water bed. My mind was floating from the influence of grass, the heat from the bed, and the sun blasting her rays through the room.

It would be enjoyable if my friend-lover came home from her job to share lunch with me. Noon sex with her would be a pleasure. But it didn't dominate my mind. If it happens, it happens.

Then I experienced a flash of another noon I had spent two years earlier in New York City. I met my lover for lunch. She worked in a hotel accounting department. We by-passed food for lunch. Instead we breathlessly pitted our bodies against each other on a desk top in a storage room. I recall the image of a good sex performance. Very brief. Now I think UGH! How straight oriented her sex was. How easily I allowed myself to be dragged into her games. All in the name of the sacred-cow, "love". I think she was abusing both our bodies to perform a fuck to her middle class background.

I could distinguish between my present relaxed sexual attitudes and my former sexual involvement as performance. This recognition is part of a personal on-going C.R. process. To me, C.R. is not one mountain (or a mountain range) to be climbed. It is a series of plateaus, an evolution, without an end.

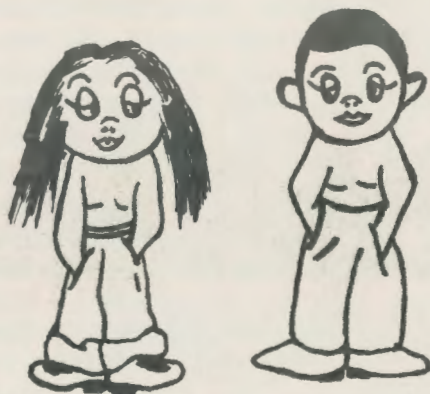
As an individualist, I think C.R. can only be attained by each woman's contemplation and actualization. The lesbian liberation movement is as strong as each individual woman within it. Each ONE is the foundation.

An organization or a C.R. meeting is the means, not the end. It is simply untrue that you will gain C.R. with a group. What a woman can derive from the group is a feeling of reinforcement. The warmth

of sharing her own personal experiences with understanding ears. Knowledge to be realized must be discovered individually.

Each individual woman must accept the failure or success of this movement as her own individual responsibility. We can achieve success by utilizing our own minds' insights. It is in the quiet reflective interior of our minds where the true strength of our movement can be found.

* * *



WESTERN:

"Where's all the Dykes?"

EASTERN:

"So, what's a Dyke? Ya want a Butch or a Femme?"

BROADER NEWS FROM FAR OUT LESBIANS. . .

FT. WORTH, TEXAS: Welcome, DOB Ft. Worth and congratulations on having 21 members already! According to your newsletter you and DOB Dallas had a get-together in mid-February: let us hear about it! And more, too, about the Dallas/Ft. Worth Gay Conference planned for June. (And they used to say "It could only happen in San Francisco.") Ft. Worth's new headquarters are at 2168 Dalford. (Mail and phone information on inside back cover.)



DOB NEW HAMPSHIRE is getting hassled by the P.O. for using "Occupant" and a box number, so we're dropping that from their address.

LOS ANGELES take note: SISTERS should now be on sale at the

Sisterhood Bookstore
1351 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA.
(213) 477-7300

* * *

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* * *



A WOMEN'S COFFEE HOUSE
AND BOOKSTORE,

THE FULL MOON,
will open offically
on
March 7th at 4 pm
Thursday
with entertainment
at 8:30

Betty Kaplowitz will
sing, there will be a
tap dancer and possibly
some poetry readings.

THE FULL MOON is open for donations of money,
dishes, silver, bookcases, time, energy, etc.
They have a lot of spirit. The location is
4416 18th Street near Eureka in the Castro Area.

* * *

Now open, the WOMEN'S TRADE SKILLS CENTER at
51 WALLER Street (at Market) in San Francisco.
On the ground floor is a VW and other small car
repair service operating at sisterly prices;
also motorcycle repair. The SKILL CENTER plans
to incorporate classes in auto repair, women's
survival skills: self-defense; photography;
carpentry; whatever. If you want to teach or
learn or want more info. call at 552-2009

I am doing a study on female sexuality; in partic-
ular the orgasm. I need subjects who would be
comfortable in describing in detail their "peak"
orgasm with a partner and with herself. If you
are interested please call Shirlee at 431-5327.
The results of this Research will be published
in *SISTERS*, it will take months to collect the
necessary information so don't expect to read
the results until at least five months from now.

* * * *

Pat Parker's latest book: Pit Stop is now out on
sale for \$1.00 at Modern Times Bookstore at 3800
17th Street (corner of Sanchez) or call 621-2675.

* * * *

Our own DOB local lesbians, Bert & Dori will be
doing a Poetry Reading at Scott's sometime in
April.

* * * *

ROOMMATE WANTED: Lesbian Mother with 8 year old
daughter is looking for roommate Not lover!
If interested write to this address;

Ms. Lucille Granica
11153 Shirley Drive
Milpitas, Calif. 95035

Your share would be \$100. a month which would
include everything (rent, food, water, utilities, etc.)

* * * *

Newly-forming; U.C. Lesbian Union: a new Lesbian
group at the U.C. Berkeley campus for all gay
women. For info. call Karin at 548-8057

* * * *

There is now a Suggestion Box in the DOB Rap Room,
feel free to use it anytime!

L.L. NEWS CONTINUED

The little Local Lesbian got a Valentine card last month saying: "I couldn't get you a Valentine's Day present because I was flat busted."

ON THE INSIDE:

"And I didn't have any money, either."

(In order to protect the guilty, maintain a relationship, be able to continue Local Lesbian News and her life, the Local Lesbian will not reveal the name of the sexist who sent the card.)

* * * *

Gay Woman, wood sculptress would like to meet other women artists -- Possibly interested in forming a support group, Call Sue at 752-8967.

* * * *

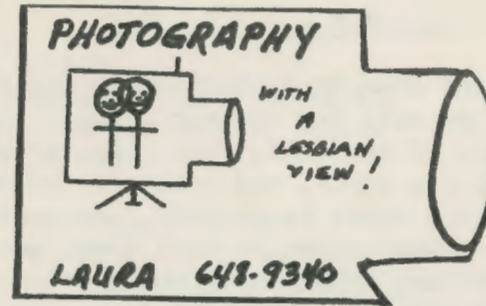
Elderly woman (86years old) in the San Mateo area is willing to pay \$300.00 a month for someone to live-in, would have her own room (free rent). This woman could be a lesbian mother if not more than one child. Elderly woman lives alone and walks without cane, does not need any special medical care just need someone to live-in. If interested in the job call her son, Frank Leavich at 474-5500. Hours could be very flexible and adjusted to your needs. Needs someone mainly to be there during night hours but can be worked out.

* * * *

How would you like to be hung in the De Young (that is the De Young Museum here in SF)? A Gay man famous photographer, Crawford Barton will be having a showing at the De Young. Needs lesbian couples to pose for pictures. Will give you the prints. Also, needs lesbians for group picture 6 to 8 people. Will be starting in March to take picture reflecting gay lifestyles. Call Crawford at 626-6621.

The FULL MOON and WOMEN'S TRADE SKILLS CENTER are cosponsoring a dance for women. Saturday March 2nd Childcare Available \$1.50 Donation
LOCATION: Women's Trade Skills Center
51 Waller Street (at Market)

* * * *



Laura Wilensky (DOB's Art Coordinator) will soon publish a book of photographs she has taken of women in action. It is due to come out in April. All of you who are familiar with Laura's work I'm sure will agree with me, the Local Lesbian, Laura captures rare, honest moments reflecting sensitivity in it's purest form with unstaged simplicity and with a sneaky eye.

* * * *

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S CENTERS FIRSTS:

- On Thursday, January 17, 1974, they held the first BAY AREA WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL (Women Only) with over 20 performers and over 700 spectators. Net proceeds totaled over \$1,100 to go towards support of the Women's Information & Resource Center.

- On Saturday, March 2, Women's Centers will hold the first in a series of workshops on THE ART OF FUND RAISING for women interested in learning all about money and their organization. WOMEN ONLY. If you're interested in knowing all about fund raising for fun & profit, call S.F.W.C. at 431-7767



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INFORMATION PAGE

Pen Friend Club has been discontinued here at DOB. However, for those still interested in meeting other lesbians through correspondence, AMAZON QUARTERLY has started a service named

CONNECTIONS

If you would like to contact women who share your interests we will try to help. Send us a brief description of yourself, your name, address, phone number (if you want), and your age (we can not accept anyone under legal age). Let us know if you want to meet women in your area, women anywhere living incommunes, women with children, etc. --Make up your own categories. Include \$1.00 plus a self-addressed stamped envelope. We'll send you the names, addresses and descriptions of sisters with similar wishes.

MAIL TO: Connections
 c/o AMAZON QUARTERLY
 554 Valle Vista Avenue
 Oakland, California 94610

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WOMEN'S BARS in San Francisco

Scott's
10 Sanchez (nr. Duboce) 626-9534
Peg's Place
4737 Geary (nr. 12th Ave.) 668-5050
Maud's or The Study
937 Cole (nr. Carl) 731-6119
Kelly's Saloon
20th Street off of Mission 285-0066
Thousand & One Nights
335 Jones (Between Eddy & Ellis) . . . 474-1067
La Cave
1469 Sutter (nr. Franklin) 775-2060

DOB CHAPTERS

Property of the Center

DOB San Francisco
1005 Market Street Room 402
San Francisco, California 94103
(415) 861-8689

DOB Boston
419 Boylston Street Room 406
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
(617) 262-1592

DOB New Jersey
P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, New Jersey 07023
(201) 233-3848/IF NO ANSWER,
CALL 674-1111 & leave message

DOB Dallas
c/o Rob Shivers
P.O. Box 5944
Dallas, Texas 75222

P.O. Box 137
Northwood, New Hampshire 03261
(This is really DOB New Hampshire, but they
must remain anonymous locally.)

DOB Fort Worth
P.O. Box 1564
Fort Worth, Texas 76101
(817) 924-8598

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OF THE *SISTERS* COLLECTIVE OR THE SF DOB BOARD.

