

## Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID



Well, nothing's happening, nothing's going on anymore. The Gay Community Center is probably going to close, or has closed by now and there hasn't been a women's dance for about four weeks. The Radicalesbians are all dead—tied their construction boots up too tight and strangulated, one by one, and nobody seems to be occupying buildings much these days. Too bad, I sort of miss the old revolution in a way. Marching around in front of Weinstein Hall carrying signs and screaming Gay Power, something about watching Sylvia, the well known star of STAR (Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries) shaking her ass up and down University Ave. shouting 1-3-5-9, lesbians are mighty fine, really tickled me for some reason.

I was marching around shouting and screaming with the best of them when I looked up and saw a field of blue, the TPF advancing, nightsticks in hand. I'd never seen that many cops all together at one place before in my life. My friend Debby and I decided to go inside and liberate the Ladies Room until the bloodbath was over. Debby's friend Sue, Sweet Sue, who was much more militant, oh at least five minutes more militant than either Debby or myself, joined us after the requisite five minutes. The three of us were just sort of sitting there on the floor of the Ladies Room wondering what was happening outside, imagining all the blood and bashed heads and feeling a little bit guilty for having deserted the cause, when all of a sudden an overweight lunatic walked in and began to disrobe.

"Look how much weight I've lost!" she said, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it. Then the tights, what the hell was she doing wearing tights in August anyway, you see she really was a maniac. Pushing her tights and her panties down around her ankles, she began hobbling around, alternating between bending over to examine herself, trying to discover her thighs under her distended belly, that is, and admiring herself in the mirror. It wasn't pretty. You know what else—she had bellicose veins too. Then she started telling us all about the weight she had lost—forty pounds. "Forty pounds?" we said shaking our heads in disbelief, disbelief that this was happening to us. "Forty pounds!" she said. At this point in the dialogue, Debby decided to hip her to the rules of the establishment. This was the liberated women's Ladies Room, she told her, and she could stay as long as she liked if she promised to get dressed. I decided to leave.

Outside, I discovered that a great victory had been won. The cops were



Egon Schiele Sitting Woman, 1917, Austrian

## Seeking Alternatives to the Alternate Culture

gone and we were no longer marching up and down in front of the building, but were inside occupying the sub-cellar of Weinstein Hall for the evening. Hundreds of proud gay women and men, mostly men, milling about the place not knowing exactly what to do with their victory. It was supposed to be a dance, I think, but there was no music. There was plenty of beer though, that was in August, the good old days and now—nothing. Ah well,

maybe there will be a great resurgence in the spring.

Meanwhile, what are women doing during this fallow time. Well, there's always DOB. DOB is really happening these days what with their new loft and all. I haven't been to the new place yet, something about their new image, their new more-militant-than-thou attitude puts me off. I'm sorry but there just have to be some constants in this world. GLF,

GAA and Radicalesbians can go around competing with each other for far out hip and groovy radical points, but DOB just has to be middle class. I don't care if they are calling everyone sisters these days. Sisters! Sisters! DOB is having another one of its fabulous parties this weekend! Remember when their ads used to read "Gay Gals" all the time? I can't decide which is more of a turn-off, the old Gay Gals of days of yore or the new self-conscious Right Ons.

I was at a DOB meeting one time, the meeting at which they announced getting the loft as a matter of fact. A representative from Third World Gays came by to make an announcement. After the president had secured the attention of everyone in the room with the traditional raising of her arms, the hands forming the peace sign and shouting sisters sisters several times, the woman from Third World introduced herself. As befits any self-respecting militant Third Worlder when faced with all this middle class whiteness, she came on hostile. Placing her hands on her hips, she spat out the words, "I'm from Third World." Low murmurings of confusion broke out all over the room. Finally one brave soul spoke up. "What's Third World?" she asked. "Third World is colored peoples" the woman explained. "No dear, the word is black." a very correct woman in the front corrected. The Third Worlder, who looked to be a black Puerto Rican, started at the woman in disbelief. "Colored peoples, you know, like black, Puerto Rican or Oriental." she explained. "Anyone who isn't white is colored." Once again from the front, "Black dear, the word is black." The woman gave up and made her announcement which was about setting up a day care center, something terribly relevant to the lesbian community I'm sure. After a few minutes of berating the women there for being white and middle class and for not having many blacks and Puerto Ricans in their number, she stormed out. The poor DOBers looked at each other in dismay. "You mean we're not radical?" one of them said incredulously.

Maybe I'm not taking this whole revolution thing seriously enough. The thing is, though, I feel much more oppressed, repressed and depressed as an artist and an intellectual in this country than as a homosexual or a woman for that matter. The DOB newsletter has the tone of a society page report on a fund raising dinner of the Junior League and that ain't good. Things like Dian and Gail brought cookies and a wonderful time was had by all offend my sensibilities. I mean after gay liberation, then what? Am I supposed to find a nice Jewish girl and settle down in the suburbs to raise a healthy brood of pussycats? I can just see me spending my Saturdays chauffeuring my pussycats around, taking them to their ballet lessons, rhythm band practice and the orthodontist. Not that I have anything against pussycats, pussycats are one of the nicer things in the world actually.

In conclusion, let me just say that there is a rumor going around that there is injustice in the world at large and even right here in our own fair city. Do not despair though, the mayor's office has announced an immediate investigation of the matter. ■●